

SURREALIST GAMES

Poetry should be made by all (Lautréamont)

The Surrealists initiated the most radically liberating critique of reason of the century. Their brilliant investigations were conducted through art and polemic, manifesto and demonstration, love and politics. But most specially and remarkably, it was through games, play, techniques of surprise and methodologies of the fantastic that they subverted academic modes of enquiry, and undermined the complacent certainties of the reasonable and respectable. Playful procedures and systematic stratagems provided keys to unlock the door to the unconscious and to release the visual and verbal poetry of collective creativity.

These methods and experiments were at the centre of the Surrealist provocation of bourgeois normalities. They borrowed children's games, invented techniques to exploit the unpredictable outcomes of chance and accident, and discovered new and creative uses for automatism. To facilitate their own researches into the secrets of the human heart and mind they appropriated, with magisterial *insouciance*, procedures of enquiry from the academic disciplines of psychology, sociology, anthropology and philosophy. They arbitrarily transformed innocent objects into magical images, and reinstated the fetish in the ceremonies of art.

Surrealist games and procedures are intended to free words and images from the constraints of rational and discursive order, substituting chance and indeterminacy for premeditation and deliberation. Surrealism takes the logic and continuity of the dream to have a truly *given* significance, equalled only by the revelatory power of the unexpected analogy, the marvellous conjunction: . . . *I madly love everything that adventurously breaks the thread of discursive thought and suddenly ignites a flare illuminating a life of relations fecund in another way* wrote Breton. Such 'chance encounters' transgress

deductive laws and transcend the logical systems of classical rationalism.

Such relations — the *spontaneous, extra-lucid, insolent rapport . . . between one thing and another . . . which common sense hesitates to confront* — may be discovered in dreams, in the mental play of poetic reverie, in the induced trance and the *systematic disordering of the senses* famously prescribed by Rimbaud, and in the practice of automatic techniques. To these solitary exercises of the imagination, significantly freed in each case from the composing rules of logical discourse, the Surrealists added the absorbing and ordered procedures of creative collaboration and the game. These activities they valued especially for their emphatic repudiation of individualistic artistic value, and their potential for collectively achieved revelation.

They have those characteristics of games defined by Roger Caillois, the French critic associated for a time with the Surrealists: they are freely entered into; separated from the run of ordinary 'serious' life, they are circumscribed by their own time and space; they are uncertain, their outcomes not predetermined; they are economically unproductive and not concerned with material interests; they are governed by rules; they are associated with imaginative projection and make-believe. In elaborating the famous definition provided by Huizinga in *HOMO LUDENS* thus far, Caillois might have added that they are entered into for pleasure, and may bring unpremeditated insights. In many of these aspects they have much in common with art.

In one particular and important respect Surrealist play is more like a kind of provocative magic. This is in its irrepressible propensity to the *transformation* of objects, behaviour and ideas. In this aspect of its proceedings Surrealism makes manifest its underlying political programme, its revolutionary intent. The First Manifesto ends: *It [Surrealism] leads to the permanent destruction of all other psychic mechanisms and to its substitution for them in the solution of the*

principal problems of life. Sweeping and vague as it is, it cannot be doubted that this grand ambition was serious. Subsequent publications and manifestos developed and elaborated a complex of insights relating the life of the individual psyche to the dynamics of society and history, some powerfully original, some simplistic, some absurdly extreme or utopian. This is not the occasion for a history of Surrealist political interventions and provocations, nor for the re-telling of the complex story of its own political travails, the bitter arguments, confrontations, expulsions and reconciliations. But there is no other movement in the history of this troubled century, surely, which has linked ideas of revolutionary political change so closely to the operations of magical transformation in art and poetry, and sought to subvert familiar social relations and received ideas in every sphere by subjecting them to rigorously witty and fantastic interrogations.

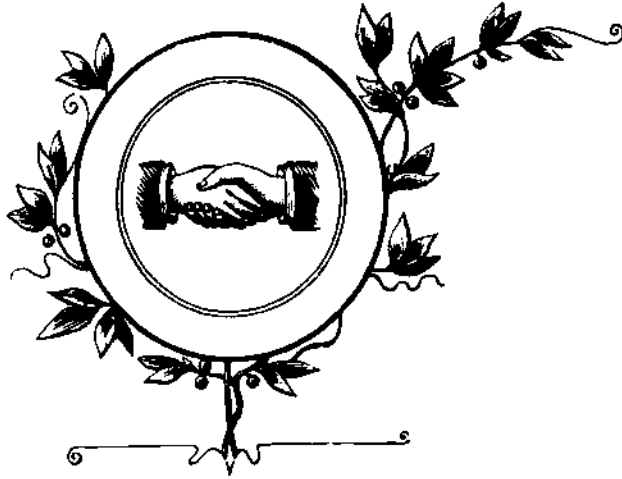
Here collected for the first time is a compendium of Surrealist games, strategies and procedures. It is for those who wish to employ for themselves the techniques of Surrealist enquiry and discovery; it sets out the rules and directions for playing the games. There has been nothing like it: much of the material gathered here has been previously documented only in obscure journals, or in magazines long since defunct and difficult to come by. It is presented in the spirit of its subject, to offer the means to fulfil those aims (among others) of Surrealism described by its early historian, Julien Levy:

To exploit the mechanisms of inspiration.

To intensify experience.

We have lived for too long in the dreary region of *homo economicus*, our lives shadowed by principles of self-interest, utilitarian 'necessities', instrumental moralities. But we are permitted to hope; to revive those great and optimistic words of Breton: *Perhaps the imagination is on the verge of recovering its rights.* We must welcome, as did the Surrealists, the re-entry into modern life of *homo ludens*, the imaginative man at play, the intuitive visionary.

MEL GOODING, 1991



CHAIN GAMES

THESE ARE GAMES TO BE PLAYED COLLECTIVELY, AND CAN BE PLAYED BY ANYONE. THE STRANGE CONJUNCTIONS, HUMOROUS OR POETIC, THAT THEY GENERATE GIVE THEM THEIR POINT. NO ONE IS EXCLUDED FROM THE QUEST FOR REVELATION. THE FIRST FIVE GAMES USE THE TECHNIQUE OF PAPER-FOLDING TO HIDE PREVIOUS PLAYERS' CONTRIBUTIONS, AND ALL HAVE AUTOMATIC ASPECTS.

THE EXQUISITE CORPSE

For a minimum of three players.

The players sit around a table and each writes on a sheet of paper a definite or indefinite article and an adjective, making sure their neighbours cannot see them. The sheets are folded so as to conceal the words, and passed round to the next player. Each player then writes a noun, conceals it, and the process is repeated with a verb, another definite or indefinite article and adjective, and finally another noun. The paper is unfolded and the sentences read out. Players may agree small changes to ensure grammatical consistency.

This is the simplest version of the game, more complicated sentence structures can be agreed beforehand.

The game acquired its name from the first sentence obtained in this way:

The exquisite corpse shall drink the new wine.

Further examples:

The wounded women disturb the guillotine with blond hair.

Caraco is a lovely bitch: lazy as a dormouse and gloved in glass so as not to have to do a thing, she strings pearls to pay the piper.

The avenged topaz shall devour with kisses the paralytic of Rome.

The flame-coloured breast surpasses by one step, one finger, one mouthful, the melodious breasts.

The endless sex sleeps with the orthodox tongue.

DEFINITIONS OR QUESTION AND ANSWER

For two or more players.

The procedure is similar to that of the previous game. A question is written down, the paper folded to conceal it from the next player, who writes an answer.

The paper is unfolded to reveal the result. Remarkable facts emerge.

What is equality?

It is a hierarchy like any other.

What is reason?

A cloud eaten by the moon.

What is suicide?

Several deafening chimes.

What is physical love?

Half of pleasure.

Why go on living?

Because at prison gates only the keys sing.

What is absence?

Calm, limpid water, a moving mirror.

What is military service?

The noise of a pair of boots tumbling down a staircase.

What is day?

A woman bathing nude at nightfall.

What is a torrent of blood?

Shut up! Delete that abominable question.

CONDITIONALS

For two or more players.

The same procedure as before, but in this case the first player must write a hypothetical sentence beginning with 'If' or 'When', then conceal it. The second player writes a sentence in the conditional or future tense.

If there were no guillotine

Wasps would take off their corsets.

When children strike their fathers

All young people will have white hair.

If octopi wore bracelets

Ships would be towed by flies.

If your shadow's shadow visited a hall of mirrors

The sequel would be postponed indefinitely until the next issue.

If mercury ran till it was out of breath

Believe me, there'd be trouble.

SYLLOGISMS

For three players.

Using the same procedure as the preceding games, the three players construct a syllogism. The first player writes down the first premise, a proposition beginning with 'All', then conceals it by folding the paper. The second player writes down the second premise and conceals it. The third player writes the conclusion, beginning with 'Therefore'. The syllogism is then read out.

All aristocrats look with terror at the scaffold.

There's nothing at all on the desert's arid palm.

Therefore the falling salt is a handkerchief.

OPPOSITES

For a minimum number of three players.

The first player writes a sentence, a question or a statement, at the head of a sheet of paper, and passes it to the next player. This player writes the absolute opposite of this sentence, phrase by phrase, according to any idea of 'opposite'. He then folds the sheet to cover only the first sentence. This has the effect of transforming the negation into an affirmation, which the third player must, in turn, negate. Before passing on the sheet, this player also folds it, but only so as to cover the previous sentence. This process may continue as long as the players desire, or the paper allows.

When my mother swigs champagne.

My father's corpse gets drunk on chianti.

Our mothers' infants dry up tearlessly.

The moribund waters my fatherland.

An infant dessicates our universe.

An old corpse waters their afterlife.

Two infants absorb what precedes death.

For one, two, or more players.

The aim is to write a poem whose two halves, laid out in two columns, echo one another. The 'echo' may be achieved in various ways: by the phonetic correspondences of rhyme or half rhyme, by puns, by rearranging syllables; or by methods which do not depend in any way upon the phonetic properties of the words. One might use, for example, the literal or free-associating 'opposites' of the previous game, as in the poem below.

Write the first sentence in the left-hand column. The last part of this sentence is then transformed into the first part of the sentence in the right-hand column (in the example, 'the migrant triangles' become 'the circular suggestion'). The second sentence is then completed however one chooses, and this part generates the first half of the second sentence in the left-hand column ('fickle fleeces' become 'faithful plumage' etc.), and so on.

The poem's title is the 'echo' of the final phrase.

WHEN THE FLEETING SUMMER LETS OUT PUBLIC SCREAMS

One isolates this pure theft
this breath imposed upon the
migrant triangles.

The circular suggestion hibernates within
the fickle fleeces that quiver
expectantly.

As for the faithful plumage,
it's iced up by the take-off
of swings caught up in plaits
of black wheat.

And the court's dock, freed from
the tonsure of granite, asks a favour of the
questing trapdoor spiders.

The calm sea-urchins' pardon
is obtained through the
dismemberment of the living.

Lifted from solid corpses, it is the
tenacious winter which preserves its
sway over secret glances.

AURÉLIEN DAUGUET

For a minimum of three players, although a larger number is preferable.

One player withdraws from the room, and chooses for himself an object (or a person, an idea, etc.). While he is absent the rest of the players also choose an object. When the first player returns he is told what object they have chosen. He must now describe his own object in terms of the properties of the object chosen by the others, making the comparison more and more obvious as he proceeds, until they are able to guess its identity.

The first player should begin with a sentence such as 'I am an (object) . . .'

I am a very beautiful female BREAST, particularly long and serpentine. The woman bearing it agrees to display it only on certain nights. From its innumerable nipples spurts a luminous milk. Few people, poets excepted, are able to appreciate its curve.

AVA AXIIV

BENJAMIN PÉRET

I am a CHRISTMAS TREE seen several days after the festivities. My top is triangular like all christmas trees. Like them I hold some surprises in store for children, but also continue to affect a certain category of adults in that I participate simultaneously in times past and present.

DILIV

ELISA BRETON

I am a hardened SUNBEAM that revolves around the sun so as to release a dark and fragrant rainfall each morning, a little after midday and even once night has fallen.

COFFEE MILL

JEAN SCHUSTER

I am a gleaming NECKTIE knotted around the hand so as to run across those throats at which I'm placed.

QROWS

TOYEN

For any number of players.

This is simply the parlour-game 'Chinese Whispers'. The company sits in a circle. The first player whispers a sentence to his neighbour, who whispers the same sentence to the next player, and so on. The first and last sentences are then compared.

Is it love? Is it life? Is it love of life or lees of love?

Is it love? Is it life? Is it life-line? Or demise?

You must dye blue the pink bags fathomed by orange parapets.

At all costs forget the fifth paragraph of 'Paradise Lost'.



TRANSLATION POEMS

For any number of players. (This game can also be played by post.)
This is really an advanced form of the Game of Variants.

A poem is sent by the first player to the next, who translates it into another language, sending this version on to the next player, and so on. At the conclusion, each poem is regarded as an original work in its own right, created collectively by the processes of inadvertent transformation. (The extraordinary effects of these processes can be best seen if the final version in the sequence is in the same language as the first.)

In a variant of this game the transformations can be exaggerated by the introduction of arbitrary procedures, like those used in other games, such as phonetic echoes; 'opposites'; etc.

For two, or preferably three or four, players.

A method for writing prose texts. The players begin writing, and as they do so, each in turn, in strict rotation, speaks aloud a word from the phrase he is writing at that moment. The other players must incorporate this 'marker-word' into their text, immediately coupling it with another word, which remains secret. Proceeding thus (marker-word + secret word), each player writes a text which parallels that of the other players. The marker-words and the secret words may be joined in whatever way the players choose.

In the examples below, marker-words are italicised.

Player A

Your *hair* of rare feather swims in the vulnerable *night* that spreads upon folds of inaccessible *fog*. This *evening* I'm bogged down and your damp *shoulders* end up burying me under the gaze of the *veiled* bird of smiles and mad *laughter*. Come at *daybreak**, under the murderous *flames*, drowsy from homecoming. *Boredom* leaks from the *wells* around your *devil's* eyes, in which the *glow-worm* is born. Here I designate under the strength of unknown *territories*, the little-known discord of hands *painted* on an *eye*, the limpid *open* eye of the night.

Player B

The *hair* of Death is *rare* in the *night*, the night, night wherein it spreads no *fog*.

The fog is dismal, the *evening* too, and *shoulders* sob, an end to childhood.

A gaze reached us through the *veil* and I *laughed* suddenly. *Full-stop** perhaps. *Flame* and love. To *drowse* tomorrow from *boredom* retrieved from its *well* of ferns where *devils* danced.

The *glow-worm* of the seas *designates* its victims and the *territories* of foot-prints are *known* in the town, where our wakings are *painted*. An *eye* wends its way there and *opens*, opens.

*In French 'point du jour' = day-break, 'point' = full-stop

PARALLEL STORIES

For two, preferably three or four, players.

Similar to the previous game, but simpler. Once again the players each write a text and must integrate into it 'marker-words' which are announced in turn by the players. In this case there is no rule concerning hidden words and the frequency of the 'marker-words' is not necessarily specified.

Alternatively the 'marker-words' may be announced by someone outside of the game, or may be recorded on a tape-recorder beforehand.

In this example, 'marker-words' are italicized in the text of the player who introduced them into the game.

THE PEANUT

... Greek fire in the *drawers* of thought, what then does the otter think? This star which dies in the shoe-tree that an estuary of furs opens with stampeding cries uttered upon the *canoe* pavements of thought. They're everywhere, the black insects spring devours — substitute, space is a liqueur — . I drink at the stroke of fate. The castle overflows with *sharks* which the dogs' presence excites, among the artichokes of madness. Whereas the fencer flashes with ague that a *haywain* communicates to the compass card. It's here says the gravedigger guiding

his shears into the skulls piled up on the wireless set. I'm not a *baker* says one of them without conviction since the scarf around his neck is choking him while a hammer wakes him up.

MICHELINE BOUNOURE

... no, not at all it was a drawer full of *shoetrees* which resembled the Somme Estuary at low tide when the vases uncovered the dead plumbers in the green canoes like *substitutes* for mint spirits in a glass. And space grew greater further out in the shark's direction as he circulated, alert as an *artichoke* flowering in the wind of June peopled with fencers in the guise of birds and haywains that waddled along playing at *shears* on the crania of the children of the baker who rightly dashed upon his *hammer*.

VINCENT BOUNOURE

... old ladies' drawers serve as shoetrees in the *estuary* of the canal so as to block the substitute canoes of the sailing billiards. The free *space* lets pass the sharks laden with baskets of artichokes destined for the *fencers* who are seated on the haywains. Armed with shears they must cut the crania of all the bakers who are hammer-throwing on the greens.

RENAUD

OTHER WAYS OF MAKING TEXTS

To make a Dadaist poem

Take a newspaper.

Take a pair of scissors.

*Choose an article as long as you are planning to
make your poem.*

Cut out the article.

*Then cut out each of the words that make up this
article and put them in a bag.*

Shake it gently.

*Then take out the scraps one after the other in the
order in which they left the bag.*

Copy conscientiously.

The poem will be like you.

*And here you are a writer, infinitely original and
endowed with a sensibility that is charming
though beyond the understanding of the vulgar.*

TRISTAN TZARA

by Workers of the American Type Foundry

French Clarendon Extra Cond No 10

72 POINT

4 A 8 x 88 23

Anarchist WRESTLES

60 POINT

4 A 8 x 88 71

EUROPEANS Demonstrate

48 POINT

6 A 8 x 85 70

Graduating SCHOLARS Prompted

42 POINT

6 A 12 x 84 26

Auspiciously Decorated TURKISH BUILDINGS

36 POINT

10 A 14 x 84 62

GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEYOR Contemplates Disturbance

24 POINT

12 A 16 x 83 40

Newspaper Publishing Interesting FINANCIAL TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS

18 POINT

18 A 24 x 83 07

12 POINT

20 A 32 x 82 91

DETERMINED POLICEMEN
Caught Notorious Burglars Plundering
1234567890

EXHAUSTED SOLDIERS RETURN
Numerous Hardships are Encountered Abroad
1234567890

Tout pourrait s'arranger si bien

PARIS EST UN GRAND VILLAGE

Surveillez

Le feu qui couve

LA PRIERE

Du beau temps

Sachez que

Les rayons ultra-violets
ont terminé leur tâche

Courte et bonne

LE PREMIER JOURNAL BLANC
DU HASARD

Le rouge sera

Le chanteur errant

OU EST-IL ?

dans la mémoire

dans sa maison

au bal des Ardents

Je fais

en dansant

Ce qu'on a fait, ce qu'on va faire

TO MAKE A SURREALIST STORY

Take a newspaper, magazine or book: cut and paste at will.

This story was assembled from the London Evening Standard of 6th June, 1936.

FINAL NIGHT OF THE BATH

Over two thousand people had taken tickets for this season's murder. Indian incense perfumed the room where people sat at ten round tables decorated with mauve and yellow irises, and were offered the choice of a succession of appetising meals and boiling bathwater up to 2 am. One cutlet was handed to the guest; this was a Zouave, extremely susceptible to drought and other scares. He went away and called out:

'Alice, when you have done put the lights out; the argument against a high rate is the tendency to rush forward which, in the case of big men, ends in cracking; remember that my legs were exceedingly long and my hair is outlined with electric light for the occasion.'

His wife, a debutante this year, asked for a hot bath, which Miss Blatch, the landlady, prepared for her in the bathroom, upon which the searchlights beat, uniforms marched, trumpets and drums and bugles played, and caparisoned horses cantered.

'I do hope I shall not have to wait long,' she said; 'I could take the crown back to England: a murderer is composing an opera for the Coronation which deals with members of the Royal Family, Ministers of State, representatives of the Church and members of the Opposition. They make their entry, as they did to this vale of sorrow, one at a time, astounding the doctor, devastating the father, and astonishing the whole world. It ends with a riotous shooting match and seals the friendship of English-speaking peoples.'

She returned and a little later went upstairs, to disappear into the smoke and the dim curtain of the approaching battle.

The King gave his opinion frankly. 'I think she has a very good chance,' he said; 'It was only a few minutes after I heard the last sound in the bathroom that I heard the organ playing. We did not think she

seriously meant to go swimming because the water was so cold.'

A little later, according to reports from Batavia, she was dead.

The body was left lying on the pavement of Downing Street and was damaging to Mr Baldwin's reputation. When they saw it Sir Samuel's friends said that the assassination was a dastardly deed.

The inquest was held next day and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

Now Mr Baldwin has taken the body back into the Cabinet Room; it contains an exhortation to read 'The Daily Worker' and a form for joining the Communist Party.

ROGER ROUGHTON

THE METHOD OF RAYMOND ROUSSEL

This method of writing stories was invented by Raymond Roussel. Choose a number of words that have double meanings. Join them together until you have a phrase which makes some sort of sense. This phrase will have at least two distinct meanings. Your task is now to write a narrative in which the phrase constitutes the first and last words of the narrative. Roussel allowed himself to alter a single letter in one of the words chosen. (In the example, prune becomes brune.)

THE GREENISH SKIN

The greenish skin of the ripening plum [*La peau verdâtre de la prune un peu mûre . . .*] looked as appetising as anyone might wish. I therefore chose this fruit from amongst the various delicacies made ready on a silver platter for the señora's return.

With the point of a knife I made an imperceptible hole in the delicate peel and, taking a phial from my pocket, I poured in several drops of a quick-working poison.

'You betrayed me, Natte,' I said in an expressionless voice. 'Now meet your fate.'

And I replaced the fatal fruit.

I was stifling in my picador's costume, my wig and the great hat. The drawing-room chandeliers rivalled the footlights in brilliance, dazzling me. The doors were loaded with black garments, and across the rows of gilded chairs, low-necked, glittering evening-gowns were strewn. This great Spanish lady lacked for nothing. Suddenly, the sound of sleigh-bells and the crack of a whip from the wings indicated Natte's return.

I quickly seized my voluminous cape, cast over a chair on my entrance, and sprang upon the bed, whose closely drawn curtains permitted me to watch without being seen.

Natte appeared, the lady of the house in person. Still beautiful despite her forty-six years, thanks to artificial means, in particular, to the miraculous dye she employed to preserve the brilliant and intense blackness of her hair. Her features, however, were unfortunately beginning to fade a little, and make-up could not conceal a number of wrinkles at the corners of her eyes and mouth.

Little Madame Dé, charming as an Andalusian *soubrette*, had also entered. Dismissed by Natte after a brief exchange, she departed with her mistress's cloak. Left alone, Natte sat down to her supper.

'Turquoise, O Turquoise, how I love you!' she exclaimed, her voice trembling.

Turquoise was a young muleteer with whom Natte was deceiving me. An intercepted letter, telling all, had impelled me to murder.

'How sweet is the thought of you, Turquoise, O my young lover!' said Natte again, her gaze dreamily unfixed.

Then rising in agitation:

'Lord God, if Mirliton knew – he'd kill me!'

Mirliton, I am he, the abandoned picador. To dispel her fears, Natte began to eat. The Spanish type to perfection, she had two beauty spots, one on her chin, one on her cheek, and her magnificent black hair, reflecting the stage lights, obliterated all thought of her ageing features.

'What is Turquoise doing at this moment?' she murmured, between a piece of layered cake and a small tart. 'He is thinking of me, as I of him'.

From my observation post, I attentively watched her supper diminish. Natte sought to calm herself

'Mirliton knows nothing, he loves me, trusts me absolutely . . .'

She had just finished an apricot; nothing but the fatal fruit remained. She took it between two fingers.

'What if Mirliton knew,' she continued in a hollow voice.

Then she bit . . .

The effect was instantaneous. She rose to open a window, as if suffocating, turned about several times beating the air with her arms and fell dead upon the carpet.

I was on the floor with a single bound and ran to extinguish the candles burning in two silver candlesticks on the table. At once all the lights went down, the chandeliers and footlights as well. A single broad beam of moonlight shone through the open window upon the corpse.

I took my cape from the bed, the great black cape in which I was accustomed to envelop myself, and completely covered Natte's body. Then I knelt beside her in silence.

Motionless, she was as of marble. The black cape covered her entirely. The head alone was visible, its black hair gleaming, the ageing face amidst dazzling hair, pallid beneath the moonlight which poured, almost greenish, through the window.

The effect was tragic.

One thing was visible, only one . . .

The sallow complexion of the brunette past her prime . . .

[*La peau verdâtre de la brune un peu mûre . . .*]

RAYMOND ROUSSEL



DIRECTIONS FOR USE

Using the style and format of the Directions to be found on the labels of household products, D.I.Y. kits and other ordinary items, apply them to items that do not require such instructions. The following examples are all by Jean-Claude Silhermann

THE HEART

To retain its perfect freshness, keep THE HEART dry. UNLIKE similar products, THE HEART WILL EXPAND WHILE DRYING OUT. All actions performed with THE HEART are therefore definitive.

PREPARATION OF SENTIMENTS: To one measure of delirium, add 2½ measures of HEART. Stir until a sentimental solution forms. Allow to stand for one night. While you sleep, the sentiment will take on the desired consistency (creamy, oily or malleable). Do not prepare more HEART than you can use immediately, since even in a short space of time it tends to cling.

IMPORTANT: THE HEART acts like a cement, so delirium must never be added to previously prepared sentiment, nor should it be 'dwelt on' too long. THE HEART hardens in two hours. Increase the dosage of HEART in the first few seconds if you desire a sentiment with a firmer consistency.

THE HEART casts a self-satisfied glow over generous and kind individuals.

When applied to meaner personalities however (*especially if allowed to penetrate the whole being*) it tends to be dissipated throughout the pores and becomes totally transparent.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

DIRECTIONS:

For Middle-aged or Young Novices

With the addition of platitudes, apply THE GREAT MYSTERY, ensuring the spirit is well steeped in it, and store away in a dark place.

Leave the novice for at least twenty or thirty years to dry out, or until all his opinions are fully blackened. His spirit should then be a mottled grey colour. If whitish marks appear, due to an excess of salt, it is possible to remove them by rubbing lightly with whatever comes to mind. If lumps appear, brush to revive and make a second local application.

The novice is then in a position to begin speechifying, employing all the words customarily used for external purposes. Instead of speaking directly he can use a protective screen. Our screen (colourless or black) may be used indefinitely.

WARNING Stains resulting from THE GREAT MYSTERY coming into contact with daily life must be removed immediately with running water.

For Elderly novices a preliminary scrub with the wire-brush of cynicism is necessary to remove scales and as many prejudices as possible.

DEATH

Its combination of instantaneous and eternal action ensures that DEATH is absolutely harmless to man or mammals.

DEATH DOES NOT STAIN

DIRECTIONS

Remove the self-preserving seal, hold DEATH vertically, valve upwards, and apply by pressing the stopper.

For heart complaints: Use DEATH centre-stage. A few seconds only is sufficient.

For gambling debts, dishonour, tedium vitae etc.: Apply DEATH liberally around the edges of the room, near skirting-boards, in cracks in the floor, in any dark cranny. Repeat every four to five hours.

For mystical ecstasy: Use DEATH having placed yourself approximately one metre from clothing, curtains, carpets.

DEATH can be used in wardrobes and wall-cupboards. Shut them immediately after each application.

DEATH is recommended in Spring, from April onwards.
**DEATH IS GOOD FOR YOU.
NON-TOXIC.**