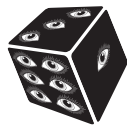


The Exquisite Corpse



For a minimum of three players.

The players sit around a table (or during lockdown Surrealerpoolers created theirs via email) and each writes on a sheet of paper an opening sentence, making sure their neighbours cannot see them (See how lockdown helps!). The sheets are passed to their neighbour who writes a sentence responding to the sentence. NOW... this player must fold over the first sentence to hide it and pass on the next player so the third player only sees the second sentence. The third player then writes a sentence in response to the second. This continues until all players have written a sentence on each sheet of paper. In the case of fewer players this can continue for as long as the sheet of paper is.

When the paper is full of glorious sentences, it unfolded and the ensuing tale is read out. Depending on how many players you may have many stories to enjoy.

Here are a few starter sentences for you:

The wounded women disturb the guillotine with blond hair...

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

The disease shall not catch me whispered...

A Surrealerpool Exquiste Corpse.

A Tangled Mane of Shadows and Shapes

My Fingers gripping his tangled mane - we hurtled through the iridescent forest. The dead man comes out of the well, however, the thorns and the ducks disagree about consequences, unforeseen, contemplating and reiterating tales of childhood nightmares, of talking dolls.

I would picture a surgeon who (remembering that her pond was once filled with frogs and crickets) could map tiny incisions along the thorax and into the mind. But soon the sutures grow indistinct as the ripples well and swirl and croak and chirrup and tangle the threads in unconscious paradoxes of design and desire. Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos sit cracking in the corner. Their soup of foraged mushrooms causing the shadows of the room to take unreal shapes which they wove into reality with blurred fingers'

In a slow motion of time, the shadows of shapes about the room began to dance a Highland Fling in time with the silence. And so, falling from the mesmeric preamble to his future, he solemnly left the room and got onto his bike to slowly pedal to his past.