

ONCE UPON A TOMORROW.../UN TRO YFORY...

a sporadic shout from Surrealists in Wales

#2 - June 2020

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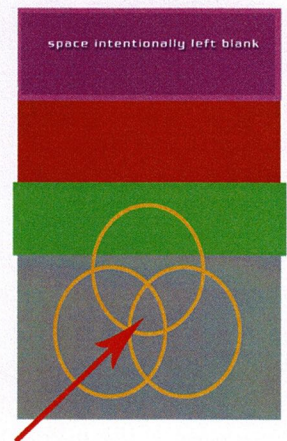
NOW IS THE TIME TO REIMAGINE THE WORLD!!

As Brecht once remarked, these are indeed, 'the Dark Times'. A global pandemic responsible for 370,000 (2 June) deaths, which disproportionately kills the disadvantaged, members of BAME communities, the sick & the elderly; the structural and long-term weaknesses of international capitalism revealed even more sharply than during the 2007/08 crisis and its aftermath; a continuing refusal to face up to growing environmental disaster; and world wide revulsion and anger at the public lynching of Afro-Americans by police in America. In characterising the current period it is impossible not to be reminded of Rosa Luxemburg's stark warning: 'Socialism or Barbarism'! *It didn't have to be like this!* We surrealists castigate and accuse the Tories for their continuing privatisation of the National Health Service and the wrecking impact of their austerity over the last 10 years (while they have the audacity to refer to 'our NHS' and applaud them in the streets every week - their hypocrisy knows no bounds!), their calamitous handling in the early weeks and months (distracted by the nationalist, populist poison of Brexit!) which has clearly led to more deaths eg confusion regarding Testing, Track & Trace (which continues...), their callous indifference to the BAME community, and their lamentable lack of Personal Protective Equipment for Health & Care Workers. We are unsurprised by Cummings and Johnson's actions which exemplify the arrogance of the English elite and give lie to their absurd claim that 'we are all in it together'. *We say no return to their normal! Illuminated by the embers of anger from Minneapolis we proclaim our refusal to return to their reality!*

TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE - NOW IS THE TIME TO REIMAGINE THE WORLD!!

Jean Bonin, Neil Coombs, David Greenslade, Jeremy Over, John Richardson & John Welson

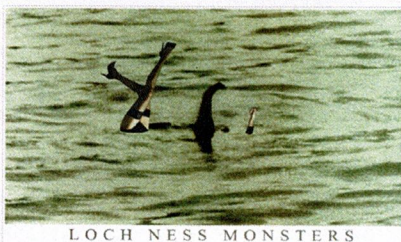
SPACE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK



JEAN BONNIN



An Undercover Agent



Modified Postcard - JR

Spikenard

The alchemist suggested Cream of Spikenard administered to limb and land Start at the peninsular and proceed calmly, through cwm and over garn pausing at a signpost, leaning on a gate he sensed the movement of the earth's tectonic plates Spikenard soothes the lithosphere he recalled Memories toppling from his gently titled head settling with votive patience on the rift lakebed

David Greenslade & John Welson



THE DIALECTIC



OF NATURE

"I grew up on this tiny little island" – Samantha Barks

I Land by Mary Jacob

You and I, we
Go risen, flew through greasy
soup until taking time
tons of it, things slip through
Tiny fingers and splash
Low spittle on pavement
Politicians peak and fall is all, land
Splat, we hope

A GAME - NOT HENRY VIII



In Edition 1 I invited responses to a series of questions relating to a statue of Henry VII, which from its vantage point on the end of Buttermarket, looks toward the castle in the centre of Hay on Wye. The questions were: 1) Who is the statute of? 2) How did it get there? 3) When did it first appear? 4) What is the object in the left hand? 5) What is the object in the right hand? 6) What does it dream of? 7) What question would you like to ask it? 8) With whose statue would you replace it?

Many thanks to everybody who took part! I am grateful to my good friend Tanny Westrik for her translation of the contribution by le groupe surréaliste de Paris.

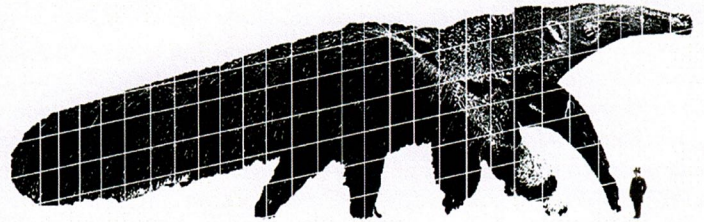
John Richardson



Amsterdam statue identified by Rik Lina

A response to all Questions
From Wedgewood
Steventon, 4 March
2020...

*Jesus just thought
where the f..k
have I been, where
had my painting
gone?*



Tamandua (tu-man-doo-wah)

The first idea that came to mind was: **Dante Alegeri...**and now I am sure it must be him! Almost nobody is familiar with the fact that he originally was a traveling bard from Wales. After he perfectly described his travels in a famous trilogy he went back to his hometown Hay on Wye and was eternalized there on this wall. The object in his right hand is a scissors to cut dreams.

It was the inspiration for the title of our magazine "**Droomschaar**" (Scissors of Dream) in the 1990's.

I would like to ask him: "Which sphere comes 4^o after hell, purgatory and heaven?"

I would like it to be replaced by a copy of this anonymous statue situated in Amsterdam: the anonymous sculpture of a stumbling violinist taking off his hat as tribute from my city to this famous Welsh bard.

Rik Lina, 5 March 2020

The Buttermarket Statue at Hay on Wye
This is Prince Muckypup of Why, incestuous, bastard son of the King of Whom by his own aunt the Dowager Merry of Knowntoharm. It was Whom who planted the statue there having hatched it overnight one Barnycock Day from a bowl of Cherry Hyacinths which Prince Why cradles in his left palm. In his right hand Prince Why carries a Nine Yang Astrolabe mounted on a sterilising scabbard, hence his *nom-de-guerre* "Why the Clean". Why dreams of The Castle of Rotting Floorboards and its uniquely cadaverous odour which he longs to disinfect. If I could ask a question it would be, 'Does the prince have a favorite gland?'. Given an opportunity to replace the statue I would choose my own immense, piezoelectric tile construction titled, Tamandua (tu-man-doo-wah) originally made entirely of mongongo nuts passed through the gut of an anteater.

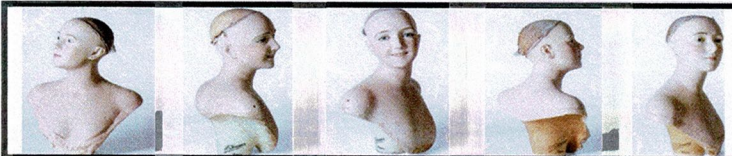
David Greenslade, 15 March 2020

Who is the statue of? Ralph Waldo 'unreal settee' Emerson. How did it get there? Billy Graham, in a broadcast, called beatitude a beautiful attitude so there seemed no reason not to be there. When did it first appear? On the rediscovery of the 22nd letter of the alphabet. What is the object in the left hand? Adam's apple in the verb to bubble itself. What is the object in the right hand? Meat tenderiser, but we prefer the term 'mania'. What does it dream of? Denmark being brought out through one's ears. What question would you like to ask it? Out of svilt clay? With whose statue would you replace it? Martin Heidegger as an inept collection of generalities wholly inadequate to the reality he perceives.

Jeremy Over, 18 April 2020

1. C'est la statue du Mendiant des étoiles (Star Beggar).
It's the statue of the beggar to the stars (Star Beggar)
2. En lévitation automatique après avoir été porté sur les épaules de King Kong.
In perpetual lévitation after being lifted on the shoulders of King Kong.
3. Maintenant ou jamais!
Now or never!
4. Un œuf de pâques contenant un tire-bouchon.
An Easter egg with a corkscrew inside.
5. Les oreilles de Bugs Bunny servant de baguettes magiques.
The ears of Bugs Bunny as magical wands.
6. Le rêve de l'effondrement définitif de la théologie.
The dream of the final complete meltdown of theology.
7. « Vous êtes du coin? Je cherche un hôtel. »
« Are you local? I am looking for a hotel. »
8. Une statue de Parmentier avec la tête de la déesse aztèque Coatlicue,
lisant *Les Nouvelles impressions d'Afrique* de Raymond Roussel.
A statue of Parmentier with the head of the Aztec deity Coatlicue, reading « Les Nouvelles impressions d'Afrique » by Raymond Roussel.

le groupe surréaliste de Paris : Claude-Lucien Cauët, Sylwia Chrostowska, Joël Gayraud, Guy Girard, Michael Löwy & Pierre-André Sauvageot, le 19 février 2020



1. Geraint, son of Erbin, husband to Enid, in disguise.
2. It emerged from the stones imperceptibly. It seems that one day it wasn't there, the next it was.
3. On the Thursday after the second Wednesday following the fourth sighting of a conspiracy of ravens at the Castle.
4. A hollow stone vessel containing the essence of Love.
5. A phial of Desire.
6. Of Freedom and Liberty. What else?
7. Why?
8. I would make a statute of ice of the figure in George Hugnet's *Sans tenir compte des prévisions* (Regardless of Forecasts). As the ice melted the water would be collected and recycled, perpetually reforming the image to the delight of the people of the town.

John Richardson, 14 May 2020

1. David Nadeau, Emperor of the Holy Faustrollian Empire.
2. A Palotin Knight carelessly forgot it there.
3. The day after the foundation of the *Protectorat de 'Pataphysique québécoise*.
4. A three-dimensional *gidouille*.
5. The phynance hook.
6. To spread 'Pataphysics in all existing and non-existent universes.
7. What to do?
8. Her Numinescence Céline B. La Terreur, from the *Académie québécoise de 'Pataphysique*.

David Nadeau, 1 March 2020

1. Fact and fiction have for years merged and blurred the lines of truth. Fact has it that it is John de Clyro, a mysterious highway man who robbed the rich to feed the local poor. He dressed in a white costume and only ventured out by the light of the full moon, giving the appearance of an apparition. He undertook his quests for a period of five years and then vanished without trace. Fiction has it that the figure is none other than Jean de Clyro, the infamous rogue and vagabond, renown for the theft of buttercup flower heads which he pasted to the walls of his abode, claiming that the sunshine shone from the interior of his abode. He wore a white costume and rubbed past the pasted flowers on the walls of his abode taking on a yellowed appearance and claiming that the sunshine had emanated from his aura. In recent years the findings of eminent scientists have revealed that neither of these two explanations had any truth and that the figure is in fact made from icing sugar, solidified and petrified, they conceal the truth of the matter. The true nature and content of the figure is more prosaic, it is made up of a million eyelashes that belonged to a local lady who collected the first line of poems that had never been published. An habitual liar, she ironed out village girls discarded love letters and claimed that they were from lovers she had tired of.
2. The figure for some years hung unaided in the sky, floating like a single feather in the breeze. It was only at high tide when some local children were building a sand castle from the local beaches that one of the taller towers, constructed from the golden sands, bumped into the figure that it came to rest. Local builders soon capitalised upon the potential and built a house around the resting figure. The house was to become a warehouse to hold the ever burgeoning collection of decorated naval piercings which grew with fecundity in the local hillsides. More recently the building and statue have become a repair shop for broken crows nests, the crows resting on the statue whilst their nests are renovated by a team of dreamy eyed lizard seamstresses.

John Welson, 28 February 2020 (Continued page 4)

Continued from page 3

3. Conflicting opinions as to its first appearance abound. Some say that it was at 3.15 am, but others report a time as late as 4.45 pm. But, photographic evidence shows that quite clearly eightyfour other statues erupted into the vicinity on the morning following the riot. This is conclusive, but as there were four riots and none of them took place within a three mile radius doubt has to be placed on both the six remaining oil paintings, four drawings, six photographs which were purported to have been undertaken to celebrate both the riots and the arrival of the statues. Therefore we can unequivocally state that the statue appeared and it appeared with the solemnity of a hedgehog juggling the reflection captured in a mirror.
4. The image in the left hand is a portion of a boisterous hinge of a lion roar. It should be noted that it is varnished, but, at the edges there is an escaping volcano which has been folded.
5. Tenderly, the right hand caresses a thirtysix metre folding decorators ladder, surrounded by the echo of a melody played either on a nose flute or a splintering iceberg as it ties it shoe laces.
6. The statue dreams of shadows, decorated with yawns, harnessed in laughter, engulfed in pullovered kisses and knee-high in giddy buttered ocean liners. But, on Tuesdays.....
7. Politely, I would enquire of it. "and how do the finger tips of ink stained broken glass feel to you tonight?"
8. I would replace it with the statue of sap passing through a leaf as the sun shines.
I would replace it with the statue of a glance between two streams as they meet and form a river, one stream suffering the longing of hiccups as it cascades into linen shirts.
I would replace it with the statue of the sound of horses' hooves gently folding escaped torrential rain as it tucks its shirt into its trousers.

John Welson, 28 February 2020

merdivorous (mer-div'-u-rus) *a.* [*L. merula, dung, and vorare, devour*] feeding on dung.



*a harbinger
by metamorphism
pl. the knees the best parts
of iron tool tapering
to the point of marriage*

*hand to hand combat
in the bowls of tobacco pipes
with spongy pith passages
of stark pigment*

quaint (kwaint) *a.* [*L. cognitus, known*] characterized by ingenuity or art; subtle; artificially elegant; odd and antique; curious and fanciful; whimsical; singular



peat-bog quack a fumish fourth

by unit or units but sometimes of silver

**JEREMY OVER, FROM HIS BOOK,
THE ORDERLY WORLD**

Erase Me

Erase me, I am an artist
incompetent purveyor of inconvenience
statistical anomaly
messy mark-maker who sits and doodles
Incomprehensibly

Delete me, I am a poet
daring to elucidate reality from dream
halt my freedom of movement
exchange my blank sheet for your
paper war

Erase me, I am a singer
pointlessly plucking at my taut strings
order the accountants of pleasure
to mute this sound with a
silent swipe

Neil Coombs, 2020

Untitled



Neil Coombs & John Welson, 2013

Surrealism, *n.*
Psychic automatism
in its pure state, by
which one proposes
to express –
verbally, by means
of the written word,
or in any other
manner – the actual
functioning of
thought. Dictated by
thought, in the
absence of any
control exercised by
reason, exempt
from any aesthetic
or moral concern.

André Breton



Sisters of Mystery, John Richardson, 2018



Without God, Rules & Order,
John Richardson, 2020

SENT IN BY A CLYRO READER.....

Below are Pythagoras's 15 recommended rules for isolation:

Abstain from beans
Not to pick up what was fallen
Not to touch a white cock
Not to break bread
Not to step over a crossbar
Not to stir the fire with iron
Not to eat from a whole loaf
Not to pluck a garland
Not to sit on a quart measure
Not to eat the heart
Not to walk on highways
Not to let swallows share one's roof
When the pot is taken off the fire, not to leave the mark of it in the ashes but to stir it together
Do not look in a mirror beside a light
When you rise from the bedclothes, roll them together and smooth out the impression of the body.

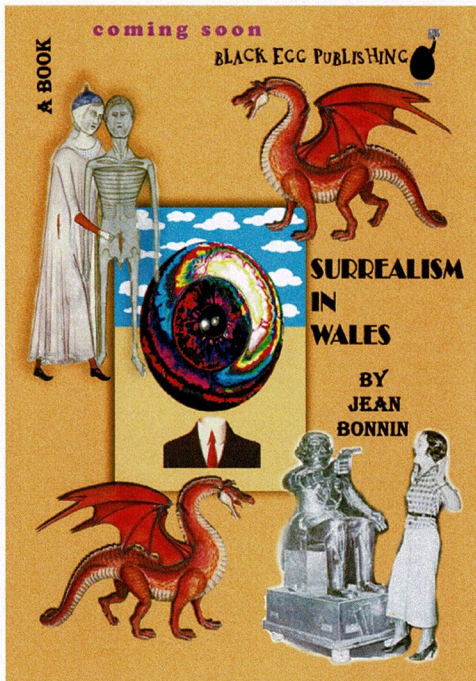
Paul Goldman, 23 March 2020

SHORT STORY

"What's that darling?"
"I don't know... er... a noise... a strange noise."
"Maybe... er, go and see."
"Umm, really... do I have to? I'm a bit..."
"What?"
"Well, a bit afraid."
"Why? What on earth...?"
"Well, in case... you know... in case it's those..."
"What? Surely you don't mean...?"
"Yes... and don't call me Shirley."
"?"
"Yes, it could be those, sort of, you know... 'normal' people."
"Are you using 'normal' ironically?"
"Yes... well, what else have I got?"
"Fair point!"
"Should we pretend to be anti-revolutionaries?"
"My acting skills aren't up to that."
"Umm... Wait!"
"What?"
"Here," she handed him a rolled up magazine.
"What's this?"
"It's a copy of 'Once Upon A Tomorrow'..."
"What, you mean....?"
"That's right! Hit them with subversion, revolution and a complete and utter undermining of the spectacle that is the neo-liberal empire."
"I love you!"
"Here, now fuck off and use this... and if this doesn't work - kick em in the bollocks."
"Ummm, you're assuming they're men... Not cool!"
"Well, they've got beards... and they're behind you!"
"Huh?!"
KAPOW-THWACK-A-DOODLE
By Jean Bonnin, February 2020



Untitled, David Greenslade, 2020



**FROM THE LABORATORY
OF
DÉTOURNEMENT**



John Richardson

Introduction by Mary Jacob

New Proverbs for New Times...

A worn pair of trousers are the emery cloth of life.
A mail train at noon is an arsonist's joy.
Busy people have shimmering shinbones.
A turtle dove on a wicker chair will only speak Spanish.
To dream is to cut the laburnum.
Taste the lavender before the monkey calls.
Pay the mongrel and caress the tiger.
Never write down that which can be knitted.

John Richardson



DARK WINDOWS PRESS

On their way from Neil Coombs' DWP - the final book in the Desmond Morris trilogy for DWP - this one is called *Wordworks*, and a joint book with Michel Remy of Humphrey Jennings' poetry and prose.

At The Dawn of Time

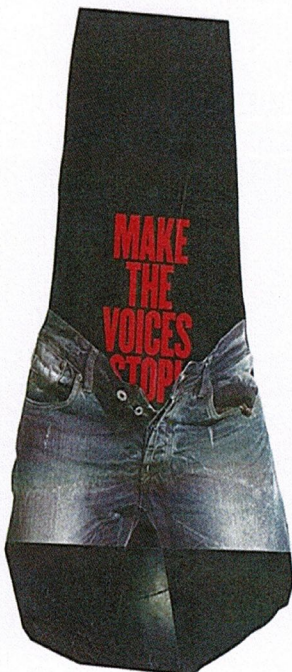


John Richardson,
2018

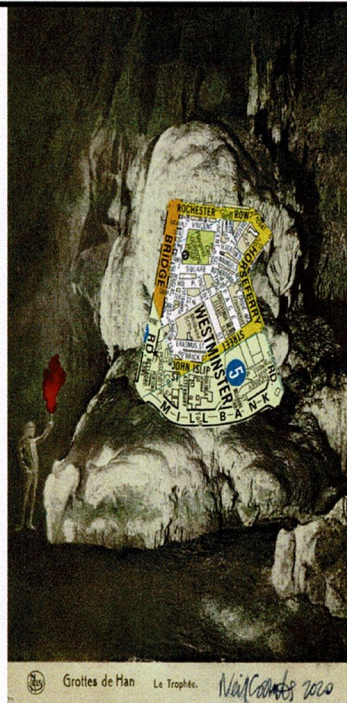
THE KNELT TREE

the tree fracture goes screams from the drip drip
bieldier that collar-up my laugh at the throngs of statue forest indifference to murders
and holes in walls from the neon gunshot demanded brave motel seclusion lips go old wild if
a bathroom that has seen my burnt days identity identify from comate crystalline
chrysalis laughing out of bedraggled hobo shoes and scraggs of a taxi man around the
sudden re-direction parallel thoughts under-breath sniggerers for prominence on
schizophrenic mornings which become afternoons before the hues of Potemkin village from
intertie making the knelt die into a poem.

Jean Bonnin



**David Greenslade,
2020**



**Le Trophée,
Neil Coombs, 2020**

CLYRO
1/50
SURREAL
PRESS

**Edited &
Published
by
John Richardson
Clyro,
Wales**

**Contributors to this edition
from 'The Welsh Tribe of
Surrealists' were:**

**Jean Bonnin, Neil
Coombs, David
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