

THE SONG OF CERBERUS



A COLLABORATION

JOHN RICHARDSON
NELLY SANCHEZ
JOHN WELSON

Reflections on a Collaboration

This collection brings together 3 collages we made in January 2020, which we called 'The Eternity Doesn't Stain Suite', with a more extensive set of images and poems produced in 2021 which we have given the overarching title of 'The Song of Cerberus', which has the notion of three grown together in one. An idea which seemed to us suitably apt!

These are Dark Times and, seeking illumination, we have undertaken a journey without a compass, where chance is celebrated and the unexpected embraced. I thank my travelling companions for this marvellous adventure of the mind!

John Richardson

It is the pleasure of playing with images and words multiplied by chance. These creations are the perfect meeting point between three universes, three imaginaries.

Nelly Sanchez

A Spinning Wheel of the Imagination

Working, reacting, responding, enjoying and adventuring with Nelly and John on this "project of pleasure" has been blissful, three energies, devoid of ego, intent upon an end result of celebration. And it is just that, in image and word the shared pulse of collective and collaborative joy reveals itself. Each creative force responds to the others input, weaving an image, created by three individuals but realising a fourth force, a force of human celebration of the marvellous.

John Welton

The cover image is by William Blake



image 1

In The Dreaming Straight Line
Nelly Sanchez, John Richardson & John Welson

21 x 28.5
1/2021



image 2

Intimate Embrace
John Welton, Nelly Sanchez & John Richardson

29.5 x 21
1/2021



image 3

Shell Shall Shift Shan't She
John Welton, Nelly Sanchez & John Richardson

29.5 x 21
1/2021

Dawn, Stone Alight
Poem #1

My mouth is full of stones, hard, shiny
All the day!
Her hair is alight - like my eyes and the stones in the
incandescent sky,
This faultline of fruit is giddy with expectation, mouth watering
and hard of eye.

And my hands seek to split the bark of the horizon
Iridescent butterflies dance in the smoke on my eyelids
All cry, bark peels, this silt of tears plans flames.

These are the seeds of my future anger
Black rooted, parched, a sideways glance
Angry as a tiger in a miserable churchyard
As a jade goldfish in a burning bush of laurel
My crumpled memories tongue the furtive mirror of ingratitude

Why always look for a reason? Ask the desert rose!
At Clogwyn y Garreg a portal to fairyland or the floating island of
Llyn y Dywarchen
Here, there is no there, pause

Under my pillow
I rolled the moon and the stars
In a tiny cup made of hair and dreams
We stole the glance that glared a slumber closed

Nelly Sanchez > John Richardson > John Welson



image 5

More Than A Place For Shelter
John Richardson, John Wilson & Nelly Sanchez

17 x 29
1/2021



image 6

New & Improved Fit
John Welton, John Richardson & Nelly Sanchez

29.5 x 21
1/2021

Between a Rock and a Hard Place
Poem #2

It just popped into my head: the commodification of the imagination
It sprouted like a bean in the silver rain
The wind caught breath of breeze to time

And I caught the butterfly in my teeth
I think sometimes I can be a yellow frog with golden eyes
And golden in time

With a mouth full of stones
Each smile is a shiny star
A grain of sand passed finger fold

It is inscribed with the word 'desire'
All stories begin with this word, no?
The mirror cracked, the fruit revealed

John Richardson > Nelly Sanchez > John Welton



image 7

In The Marble Shadow Of My Hand
John Welton, John Richardson & Nelly Sanchez

29.5 x 21
1/2021



image 8

Pleats and Poppy
John Welton, John Richardson & Nelly Sanchez

29.5 x 21
1/2021



Image 1 of 'The Eternity Doesn't Stain Suite'

It Has Been Found Again. What? Eternity.
It Is The Sea Mingled With The Sun
John Richardson, Nelly Sanchez & John Welton

19 x 30
1/2020

**New Roses for Old (Neurosis for Old)
Poem #3**

The scent of shadows follows my nostrils
In my belly button it took birth
Deaf, dumb and blind, I glimpsed it with my spyglass

The splinters of waves elapsed, replete to a fault
Like a silver fault in a cloudy glass
A heartbreakingly, unbearable intensification of emotion, of desire
As the filial tone of dawn

How unbearable is my desire face to the sand of hours
With my necklace of dreams and scandalous breasts
Avalanches turn their heads, eyes lowered
Dreams are never lost, they're just buried
Along with the snowflakes that fall from my flaming eyelids

John Welton > Nelly Sanchez > John Richardson

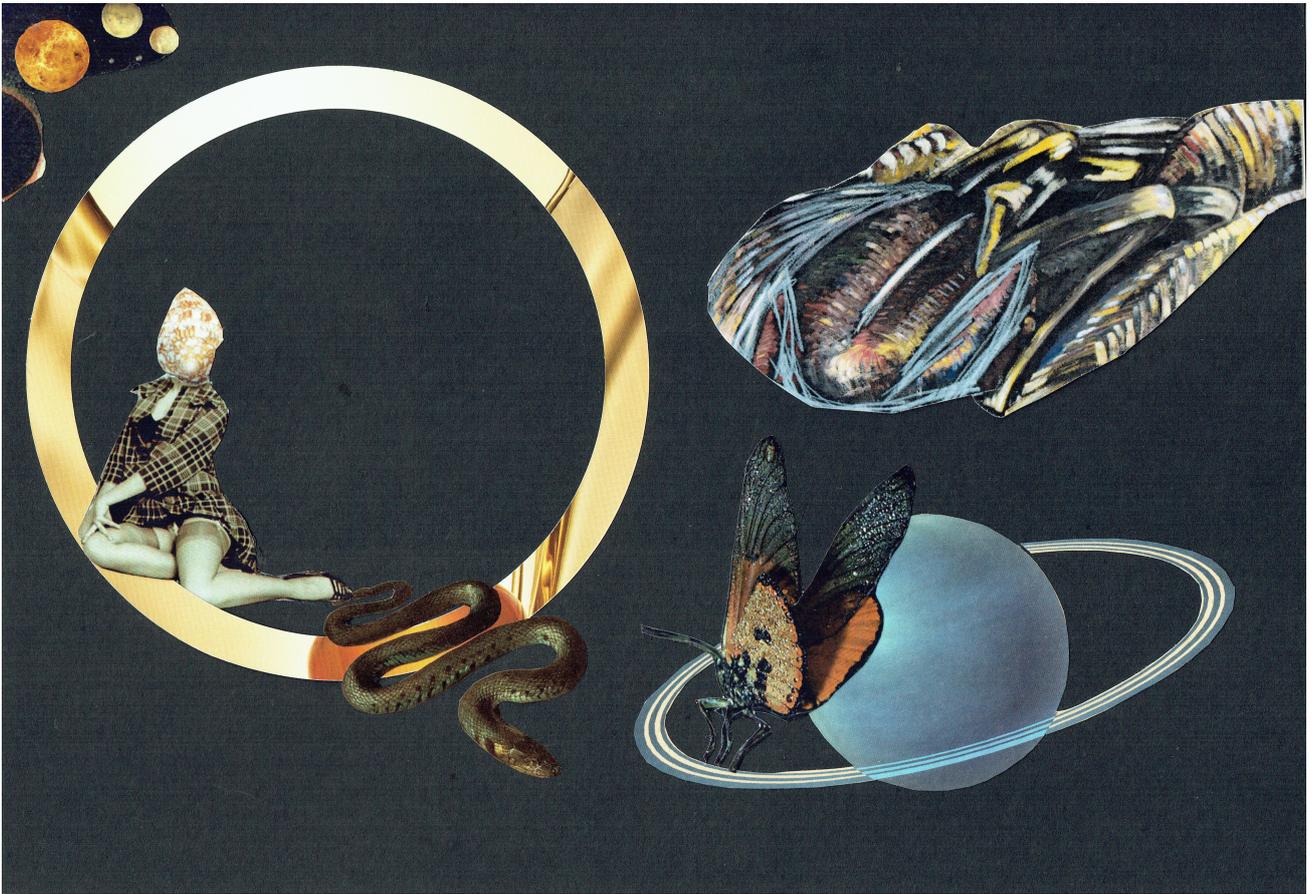


Image 2 of 'The Eternity Doesn't Stain Suite'

Only Divine Love Bestows The Keys Of Knowledge
Nelly Sanchez, John Welson & John Richardson

18 x 23
1/2020



Image 3 of 'The Eternity Doesn't Stain Suite'

The Northern Lights Rise Like a Kiss To The Sea
John Welton, John Richardson & Nelly Sanchez,

29 x 21
1/2020

TO CONTINUE THE ADVENTURE,
PLEASE VISIT OUR WEBSITES



Sketch of collaged petals
(Drawn from Shapes in the 'The Song of Cerberus' collages)
John Welton

29.5 x 21
1/2021

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