

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

a sporadic shout from Surrealists in Wales

available as a hardcopy in a limited edition & online

FREE #4
June/Mehefin 2021



In March of this year one of our Welsh Tribe of Surrealists, Jean Bonnin, received - completely unsolicited - a piece of religious propaganda which, quite naturally, he greatly resented. Inspired by Jean's reaction and eminently sensible proposal that we 'make a bonfire on the Preseli Mountains and burn all the religious 'great' books all in one go...', it was decided that this issue of Once Upon A Tomorrow/Un Tro Yfory should take its place in the great anticlerical tradition of Surrealism - one thinks of Artaud's Address to the Pope; the famous photograph of Benjamin Peret insulting a Priest; the 1948 declaration of the Surrealist Movement, 'BACK TO YOUR KENNELS, CURS OF GOD'; any of Buñuel's films; Guy Ducornet's 'Surréalisme & Athéisme' (I could go on!) - and be themed around our unwavering opposition to religious delusions.

WE REAFFIRM - NO GODS, NO MASTERS!

John Richardson
May 2021

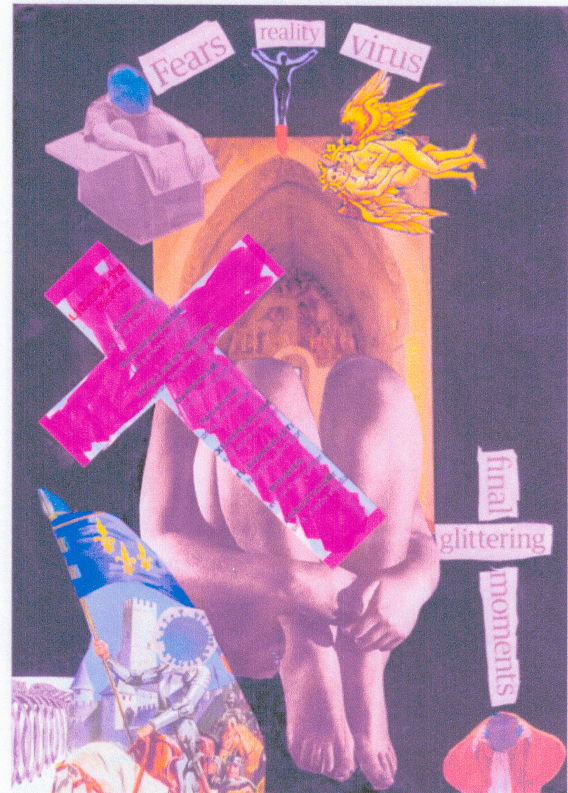
*Ps. the sun's not yellow, it's chicken -
24 May 1941*



Eve - May 2021

John Richardson, Jean Bonnin, Neil Coombs, Darren Thomas & John Welson

THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF WAY OUT OF HERE...



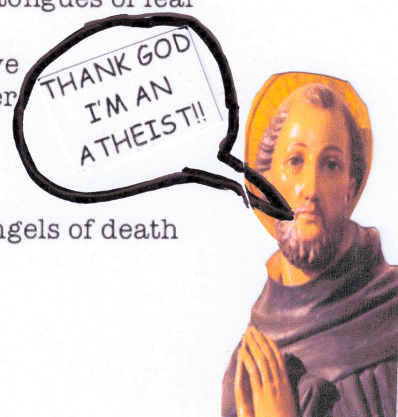
Final Glittering Moments - May 2021
John Richardson, Darren Thomas, Jean Bonnin, John Welson & Neil Coombs

Poem in response to the provocation!

May your porcelain gods tumble and crack
May your clay jesuses be trampled under foot
Your lines of trees are sentry soldier men
Upright, distinguished, awaiting their demise
May you indeed throw away your chains
To replace them with handcuffs and an iron bit
Your flowers are weeds
As your affection rotten and decayed
Slashing beauty with your tongues of fear
Your control and lies
And your abhorrence of love
Drip dripping purified water
From your putrefied well

Yet poetry and dreams
Shall always defeat your angels of death

Jean Bonnin
March 2021



RESPONSES TO INQUIRY ON RELIGION - APRIL 2021

When I think of god I think of.....

When I think of god (which I hardly ever do) I almost invariably think of Impatient Youth's version of 'Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition'.

Jean Bonnin

I think that man and woman made god and not the other way round!!

John Richardson

I think of Nietzsche signing some of his later works as 'Dionysus the crucified'.

Darren Thomas

When I think of god I think of how very misguided and misinformed some people can be to be duped, deluded, blinded and myopically hoodwinked by something so essentially destructive to the essence of human freedom



John Welson



What would you replace St David's Day with?

I would replace St David's Day with - 'Poo on the head of a Tory Day' ... knickers down, arse out of window, and await a passing yummy mummy or Tarquin to saunter by with a warm bottle of Prosecco in their bag. Then spray for the greater good...

Jean Bonnin

A Day of Surrealist Circus with dreams performed by acrobats on an invisible high wire without the aid of a reality safety net!

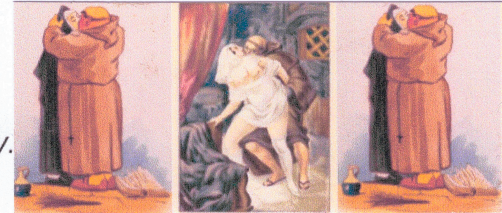
John Richardson

A two-way mirror.

Darren Thomas

I would replace St David's Day by a day of celebration of human liberty.

John Welson



His Mother's Milk - May 2021



**John Richardson, Neil Coombs,
John Welson, Jean Bonnin & Darren Thomas**



**The Family Eye-con
John Welson**



As I prepare this edition I hear the reprehensible Dominic Cummings speaking about the UK Government's calamitous mishandling of the Covid Pandemic. **We are confronted with the Spectacle of Chaos & the Chaos of the Spectacle!!**

JR 26 May 2021

Detourn Marx's famous comment in 'A Contribution to the Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Right' (1843) that, 'Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, and the soul of soulless conditions. It is the opium of the people'.

Religion is bullshit, the heart of bullshit, the soul of bullshit. Whereas opium is quite nice.

Jean Bonnin

The Spectacular consumption of commodities is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, and the soul of soulless conditions. It is the opium of the people.

John Richardson

'Religion is the sideboard of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless word, and the soul of souls conditions. It is the opium of the people-pleasing piss-pots, Amen'

Darren Thomas

Religion is a pollution of the spirit. A toxic opiate that corrupts human lucidity. Its sigh is the last strangling gasp of oppression to lungs blackened by oppression and subjugation. But, humanity has a heart that can beat with the pulse of freedom in a world of lucidity.

John Welson



**The Pope
Darren Thomas**



**Stairway of Contemplation
John Richardson**

**The Black Carbuncle Lanced
(... 'starless and Bible Black...') Dylan Thomas**

There were certain "givens", social mores, tools of oppression and subjugation that held individuals, communities and a nation in a state of petrified subjugation and oppression, the population, heads lowered like rabbits caught in car headlights cowering below the sword of Damocles.

In the 1950s rural communities of Wales were strangled by both Church and Chapel, their acrid stench was omnipresent, like a mantle of lead, its life draining shadow stifled a land and a people that deserved better.

My mother and grandmother baked bread in the farm kitchen on a daily basis. The farm workers and family feasted on both the fresh bread and Bara brith and if any was left over at the end of the day then it was given to the farm workers to take home. On Thursdays my mother would bake cakes, fruitcakes, sponges, rock cakes and an invention of her own, the "coffee kiss". These delicacies would be given to the family and shared with neighbours (often retired farm workers who lived in the local cottages). The local vicar took it upon himself to visit the farm on a Thursday afternoon knowing that he could inveigle himself into the hospitality and indulge himself consuming thick slices of fruit cake. My father tolerated this for a few weeks, but he made a silent note of it and decided to act. One Thursday he entered the kitchen and viewed the vicar and calmly said to him, "my wooden hay rake is on the left hand side of the kitchen door and yours is on the right hand side of the door". Father looked away and left the kitchen. The vicar took his leave and ceased his Thursday visits.

The parasitic black carbuncle had been lanced.

John Welson
April 2021

'Freres, Dieu est mort!'

We remember with great admiration the intervention by members of the Lettrist movement on Easter Sunday, 1950. During the High Mass service, Michel Dourre, disguised as a Dominican monk, climbed the rostrum and gave a blasphemous sermon on the death of god!
Fortunately, the Lettrists escaped being lynched!!

Brother JR

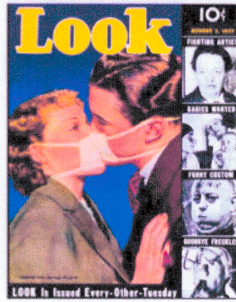
FROM THE LABORATORY
OF
DÉTOURNEMENT



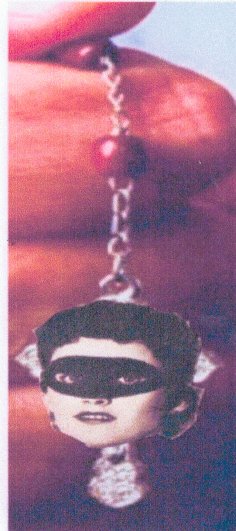
John Richardson

a combination of parody & seriousness...

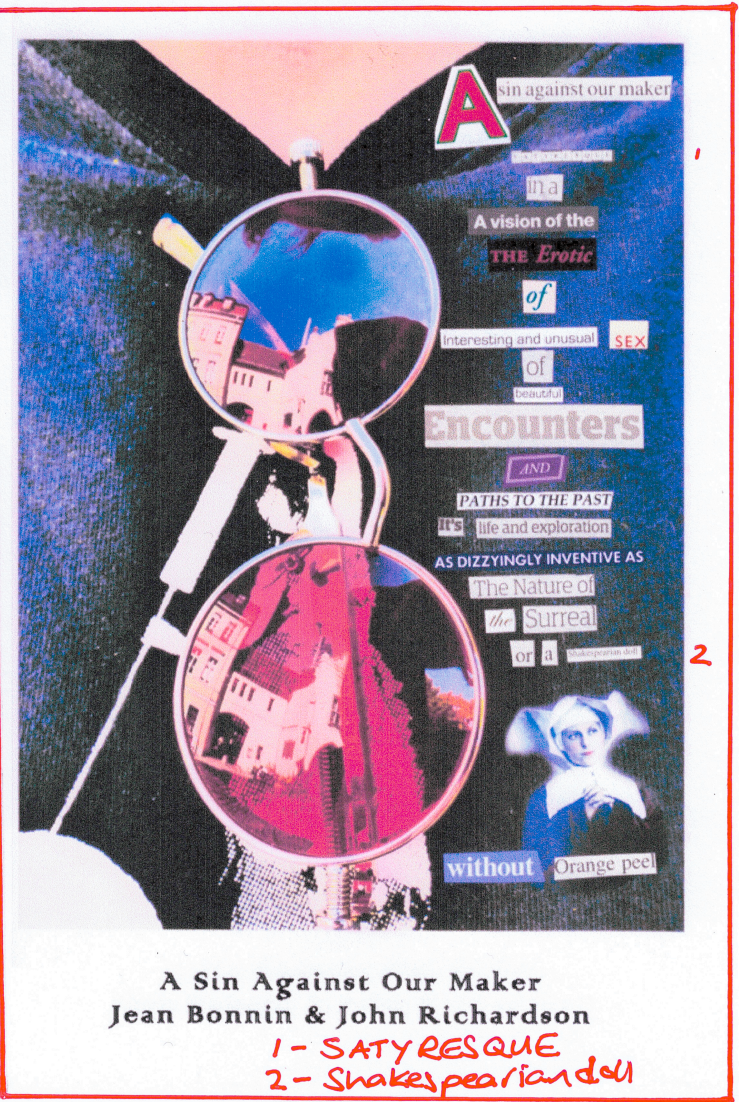
This phrase, the title of the book's preamble, is a quote from 'Détournement as Negation and Prelude', Situationist International (1959). An A4 book with over 80 pages, the works – mainly in colour. Available now from www.johnrichardsonsurreal.com £10 (postage £2 UK, £5 non-UK)



Mad Love



Lord, Is This Right?
John Richardson



A Sin Against Our Maker
Jean Bonnin & John Richardson

1 - SATYRESQUE
2 - Shakespearian delu

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John Richardson, Darren Thomas
&
John Welson

To continue the adventure, please
visit their sites....

www.jeanbonnin.com
www.neilcoombsart.wordpress.com
www.johnrichardsonsurreal.com
www.johnwelson.com



Humphrey Jennings
Poetry & Prose: The Surrealist Vision

Edited by Michel Remy & Neil Coombs
With an interview of Charlotte Jennings by Antony Penrose

Published by Dark Windows Press

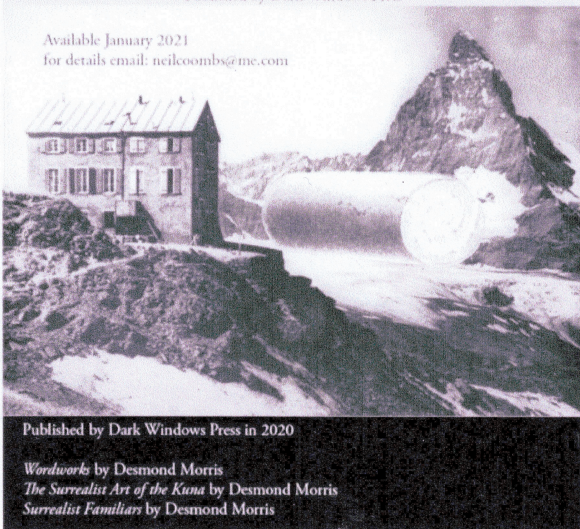


CLYRO

SURREAL

PRESS

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by
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Clyro, Wales



New Panel Festoon album
out soon. With Christophe
Vantghem & Jean Bonnin...
will be available from
www.jeanbonnin.com



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