

CADIZ

people, places and situations

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A selection of poems from the collection

Lines of a Lifetime

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BRUNO SCARFE

CADIZ – A selection of poems on people, places and situations

<i>Amor de prostíbulo (al Duende)</i>	<i>Calle S. Dimas 10</i>
<i>Ausencias 1</i>	<i>Calle S. Dimas 10</i>
<i>Ausencias 2 (a Teresa)</i>	<i>'El Senátor', calle Rubio y Díaz</i>
<i>Ausencias 3 (a Teresa)</i>	<i>'El Senátor', calle Rubio y Díaz</i>
<i>Bound and unbound</i>	<i>Calle Beato Diego de Cádiz 9</i>
<i>Contigo (a Glenwys)</i>	<i>'El Malibú', paseo Marítimo</i>
<i>Cosquilla I</i>	<i>'Quilla', La Caleta</i>
<i>Cosquilla II (a Maribel)</i>	<i>'Quilla', La Caleta</i>
<i>Cosquilla III</i>	<i>'Quilla', La Caleta</i>
<i>Cumplir</i>	<i>Casco antiguo</i>
<i>Curtains</i>	<i>Calle Beato Diego de Cádiz 9</i>
<i>¡Denuncia! (a Lourdes)</i>	<i>'Al Solazo', plaza del Mentidero</i>
<i>In a flat spin (to Apolonia)</i>	<i>Calle S. Dimas 10 & plaza de España</i>
<i>Inesperada (a Mari Lo)</i>	<i>'Maroma', Real Club de Tennis, avenida Duque de Nájera</i>
<i>Juxtapositions (watercolour)</i>	<i>Plaza de Filipinas</i>
<i>Un lugar para armas tomar (a Olimpio)</i>	<i>'La Rambla', calle Sopranis</i>
<i>María José of the real estate agency</i>	<i>Comunidades del sur & calle S. Dimas 10</i>
<i>Messages (oils on canvas)</i>	<i>Plaza de Filipinas</i>
<i>Miércoles (a Carmen y Ramón)</i>	<i>'Casa Lazo', calle Barrié</i>
<i>Observations (cursory, of course)</i>	<i>Calle Beato Diego de Cádiz 9</i>
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<i>Recital at Santa Catalina, Cadiz</i>	<i>Castillo de Sta. Catalina</i>
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<i>Sirenada (a Carina)</i>	<i>'Diván del Mónaco', calle Montañés</i>
<i>Speaking of domes</i>	<i>Casco antiguo</i>
<i>Still (life)</i>	<i>'10 de Veedor', calle Veedor</i>
<i>Summer busyness</i>	<i>Calle Sta. Rosalía & calle S. Dimas 10</i>
<i>Surrounds I and II</i>	<i>'Restaurante S. Antonio', plaza de S. Antonio</i>
<i>Ya no sirven (a Milagros)</i>	<i>'La Aduana', calle Corneta Soto Guerrero</i>

Illustrated

Amor de prostíbulo
Ausencias 1
Ausencias 2
Bound and unbound
Cosquilla 2
Curtains
¡Denuncia!
María José of the real estate agency
Recital at Santa Catalina, Cadiz
Still (life)
Surrounds I and II
Ya no sirven

Amor de prostíbulo

Al Duende

Sin dueña
ni chicas, ya se
queda.

En sedas,
copas, disfraces,
sueña.

Por la casa
se mueve
feliz y cálido
el duende.
Cuida, y calla.



Ausencias 1

- Ha sido burdel – me dicen, y contesto
- en su tiempo. – ¡Famosas hembras! – agregan;
- lo eran – digo – pues tuvieron su momento.

Y quitándome la razón, azotea
abajo nos llega, cálida y espesa,
la fragancia excitante que nos ofrece
tu muy poco discreta dama de noche.

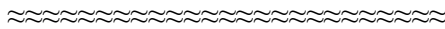


Ausencias 2

A Teresa

Se echó de menos al bajar la temperatura,
y desde palacio se difundió de inmediato
la noticia de que se había dado a la fuga
una chispa locuaz de la fragua de Vulcano,
saltando de un golpe la franja entre dios y el hombre

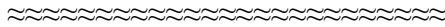
hasta detenerse en tu mirada.



Por el pozo risueño de tus pupilas
de súbito se extiende una capa fina
de azabache reluciente, donde gira
y centellea esa chispa bailarina,
incandescente.

Y así mandas, desde el más allá,
una mirada interminable y benigna

rebotante de íntimas verdades.



Siendo dioses, no se afligieron nada al pensar
en esa pérdida y los vaivenes del azar.
Tranquilos, pues, juzgaron que ‘ausente’ no es ‘perdido’,
y que iban a aprovecharse de lo sucedido
al promover el futuro diálogo visual.
Con lo cual, bailando, dieron el luto al olvido.



Ausencias 3

A Teresa

Los Tres Pretendientes –

La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:

Nosotros somos
el barro
barro negro del Mar Muerto,
la medianoche
noche sin luna,
un pozo de mina
insondable,
los negros más
negros de Nubia,
la tinta
tinta negra en papel blanco,
es lo que somos.

=====

La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:

Pero ¡venga, vamos!
Basta ya de tanta propaganda
rimbombante
y altisonante.

Faltan detalles
más probables
para distinguir entre nosotros.
Nos toca ir al grano.

=====

La Obsidiana:

Soy del volcán
y soy de piedra,
puñal de altar
y de la guerra;

el Azabache:

Soy de carbón
de bajo tierra,
vuelto en alhajas
para ganar
un corazón;

el Ébano:

Soy de la selva
y de madera,
soy clarinete
que eleva el alma.
A mí se me ve vivo,
delicado,
bien pulido,
con aplomo;

el Azabache:

a mí resucitado,
reluciente,
resistente,
y ostentoso;

la Obsidiana:

y se ve a mí - presa,
la tez vítrea,
con caprichos
peligrosos.

=====

La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:

Nosotros somos
de pura sangre,
de sangre azul,
los tres iguales;

de otros entornos
con otros rasgos
y desiguales;
Así, pues, somos.

=====

La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:

Escoge, señorita de
la mirada inolvidable.
¡Que disfrutes! Y sentimos,
ya tener que despedirnos.

(¿Cuántas tendrán las pupilas
hechas tan a su medida!)

Bound and unbound

Bound for Cadiz in the heat of summer,
on briny decks, from the Antipodes:
once resplendent, serene and proud – they were
kings no longer, but brooded like birds trussed,
squashed, and fretting to stretch and spread their wings.

Few, if any, perished on the voyage.
All three thousand strutted their stuff once freed
chaotically, in packs and singly, drunk
throughout the house, smacking the walls and floors.

Foxed and dog-eared, sleeves stained and jackets torn,
in every size, colour and condition –
conjured memories of lost times and lands.
They jostled my mind, charged my attention:
incredible tales! inspired telling!
of orthodox and others – countless clans.
None missing? Dismissed! and I washed my hands.



Contigo

A Glenwys

Vente conmigo querida
te lo suplico,
al chiringuito de Réynold
el 'Malibú',
a ver la puesta del sol.

Me da igual ~

que no sirvan horchata,
chicharones al uso,
ni pechuga de pavo
ni jamón de Jabugo,
cuchifritos ni chícharos,
chirimoyas cremosas
(pa' chuparse los dedos),
leche frita, torrijas,
ni cuajada con miel,
y no se halle el anís
Chinchón dulce (¡sin hielo!)
auténtico de 'la Alcoholera'.

~ al estar tú conmigo en el Malibú.

Nos pondrán un gin tónico
(un Rives) en balón;
más papas aliñadas,
pez espada y caballa,
acedías y sardinas
y más de *un* boquerón,
albóndigas, pimientos
asados, croquetas y
filetes a la plancha;
nos pondrán carajillos
de brandy, o café
y anís la Castellana (en balón).

~ ¡Sin igual,
al estar tú conmigo en el Malibú! ~

Entretanto chirigotas,
el chapoteo
de las olas, la inquietud
de este levante,
y el paseo de la luna.

Cosquilla I

En alta mar, Ulises mandó ser atado
para no ser seducido ni destrozado.
¡Pues vaya pena,
– en Quilla estoy, en la mismísima Caleta,
y con ganas de conocer a estas sirenas,
y no las hallo!

Cosquilla II

A Maribel

Poderosa dama es doña Quilla,
protegida por San Sebastián
y Santa Catalina.
La corteja gente esclarecida,
a la que le da la bienvenida y
le place festejar.



Cosquilla III

Innumerables son las quillas que surcan el mar
buscando qué comer
hasta acabar en la playa abandonadas y mal,
mientras que una hace alarde de su perfil de mujer
y se deja querer
¡la muy desenvuelta! en la proa de su náutico bar.

Cumplir

Por el casco antiguo circulaban
en sus motos
chicas con el pelo que ondulaba
desenfadado y suelto al azar,
y hombres con el cabello alisado,
erizado, o a la moda, calvo.
Corriendo, de prisa todos.

Mientras que iban los demás
a pie, despacio; unos pensaban
en sus compras y recados, otros
en sus faenas, otros en dar
una vuelta, despreocupados.
Caminando,
por el casco antiguo circulaban.

¡Vaya! ¡Qué ejemplar afán de todos
– de motociclistas y peatones –
de cumplir bien con los requisitos
de la señal *Utilice el casco!*

Curtains

As the wind blows,
the curtains dance –
two muslin girls
all legs and arms.
They dance to the tune
of the wind that blows.

As the wind blows,
the pace advances
from waltz to tango
to Charleston and
jig – from staid, to
gay, to magic.

As the wind blows
and dresses chance
to flow or cling,
they dare the sun
shine through the fabric
showing everything.

As the wind blows,
their movements entrance:
dresses balloon, rise
and fall, billow
again, and swirl
and sink, pell-mell.

As the wind blows,
the dresses glance
sideways, reveal-
ing all! (reveal-
ing domes arched against
the wall of the sky.)

As the wind blows
more calmly, they sit
on the sill, suggest-
ing two bottoms
voluptuously
shaping the folds.



As the wind blows
the curtains dance –
sensuous, full,
athletic, trim,
boisterous, merry,
or lazy and still.

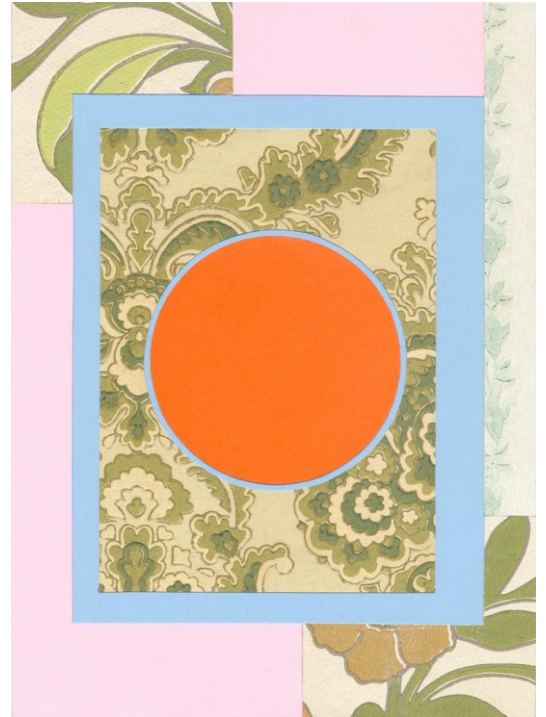
I, didn't dance –
 I could have touched,
 I might have clasped,
 I would have kissed,
 I should have loved –
I would have lost
my footing on
the window-sill.
I'm too old now
to need such things,
but not ready,
yet, for 'curtains'.

¡Denuncia!

A Lourdes

‘Oh look!’
thought Lourdes, and yelled
ambiguously cool:
“¡Bruno
me está tocando el
culo!”

(en la inauguración de ‘Al Solazo’)



In a flat spin

A Apolonia

One was a stage set,
orchestrated,
cool,
dressed fit to kill,
overwhelmingly
'class'.

The other was soul,
quite intimate,
warm,
its see-through disguise
widow's weeds,
'home'.

Inesperada

A Mari Lo

Por las nubes color de plomo
que me seguían,
asomó un sol de oro precioso:
¿de quién sería?

Juxtapositions (watercolour)

In line across,
a golden battlemented wall.
In front – such utter anarchy –
the branches of
a flowering jacaranda tree.
A roadway heads
through the tunnel in the wall and
out beyond it.

Dominating all, a column
white-stone and, oh! so elegant
lifts the Queen of Heaven
to the sky.

Un lugar para armas tomar

A Olimpio

Para comer en el café bar
la Rambla,
no ponen sólo cuchillos, mas
navajas.

María José of the Real Estate Agency

With shake and tap and
flickering jingle
of a tambourine,
click-click-crack of
castanets,
a high-pitching
piccolo,
soul of a flute –

that's my girl! bursting
into the quietness
of the closing day.

Dust-devils spin
out of the Inland,
spray flashes, fizzes
flung from the breakers,
gusts of air bring
word of the East Wind,
sparks sizzle over
incandescent coals.

Into the quietness
of the closing day
– that's my girl, bursting

with shake and tap and
flickering jingle
of a tambourine,
click-click-crack of
castanets,
a high-pitching
piccolo,
soul of a flute.



Messages (oils on canvas)

From left to right, straddling the scene
the City's bastions
quarried from the sea,
great blocks of reef-stone
grey, and brown, and gold.
Unblinking, massive
they dare the English raze the town once more.
Impassively.

In front,
the tangled fretwork of a tree
describes a purple crescent on the sky –
the jacaranda, in its ecstasy,
alive.

Forwards
to an archway in the wall
through silent darkness
runs a road,
and rests again in sunlight just beyond.
It calls us on.

In the forefront on a base all chipped and worn,
with fragments still of coats of arms and scrolls –
a shaft of light
of stone and marble,
white,
a column – rises high and silhouettes
the Queen of Heaven on the sky.

Miércoles

A Carmen y Ramón

Era de noche
y en pleno invierno
que me fui al bar
a disfrutar
un plato del tiempo,
el muy casero
‘Potaje de coles’.

Ajetes hubo
y judías, mucho
garbanzo y unos
cachos de carne;
y no obstante
a pesar de una
orden de búsqueda
y de captura,
no acudieron
las coles, ni las
de bruselas, ni
las de las flores.

‘Potaje de coles’
se denomina,
receta más básica
con o sin *brássica*
(ni caracoles),
que siempre invita
a repetir.

(Casa Lazo)

Observations (cursory, of course)

The Mother speaks in cursive,
her monologues
though thick and gruff
rise quickly up
from the courtyard three stories down below.
'Rise'? no; 'flow', better suits a style
where fifty words
are one interminable sound,
each a casualty in a stream of drowned.

The Daughter has a younger style.
She waits,
and then lets fly a choice of words
all fast
and sharp
and clear
which ricochet and echo round the yard,
each sentence ending in a curse.

Perro destino

En las esquinas de las calles
de Cádiz capital,
abundan monumentos
de la gloria nacional:
defensores de antaño
que alejaban a invasores
de ultramar.

¡Que perduren en sus puestos
los cañones!
¡que recuerden, que proclamen
los cañones
tanta gloria nacional!

Inocente, preguntaba
si servían
los cañones
de apoyo a las casas
demacradas del lugar.

Inocente, preguntaba
si servían
los cañones
para inspirar respeto
a los coches circulando
sin parar.

Y con risa me decían:
– Con los ojos y narices
se aprende su destino actual:
para los perros les sirven
de molde para mear,
mear, mear.

En las esquinas de las calles
de Cádiz capital,
abundan monumentos
de la gloria nacional:
defensores de antaño
que alejaban a invasores
de ultramar.

Plegaria

A María

¡Que Al Liquindói,
de incierta fama,
guardaespaldas
gaditano
y cicerone
de Al Capone,
mire por mí, hoy!

Recital at Santa Catalina, Cadiz

Sitar plucked,
the notes at first
exploratory
float, tremulous
and languid,
across the hushed and open Castle square.

Confident,
they gather pace,
work up to a
frenzy, wait there,
and subside.
War, then peace, in the ancient Castle square.

Flexible,
they tease, and tunes
unfolding are
detected and
promptly dropped.
Just games, over the watchful Castle square.

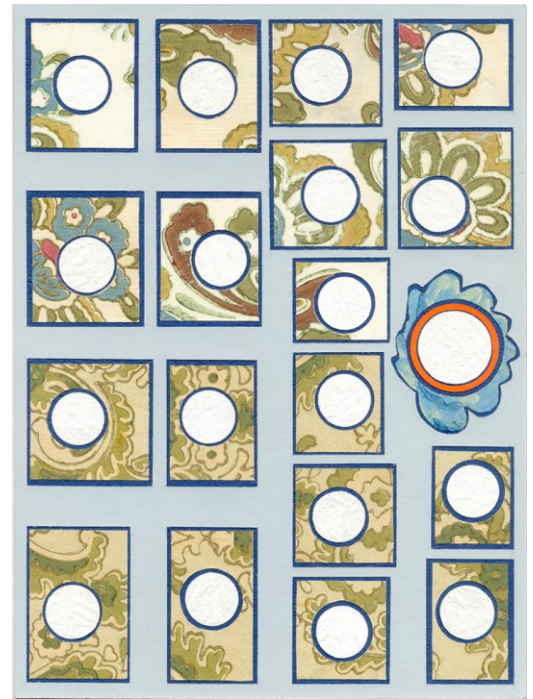
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The raga grows
– grips the ear –
sounds quiver,
pulse, pile up,
jostle, spill
and overflow,

in tandem with
the rhythms
– of challenge,
dialogue
or echo –
of tablas tapped.

* * *

Below the Castle, black Atlantic waves
break and flow
as the dancers'
dresses rise and
fill, then sparkle,
swirl and fall.



Through the Castle, the gusting summer wind.
– Opposites,
complementary –
each figure, face
tells its tale,
charms the heart.

Behind the Castle, white – the silent Moon.
The dancers
pause, their arms speak
towards the sky
of loneliness,
desire, love.

The wraps fall still, the ankle bells are quiet.

Las sinpapeles

Por la malla de las papeleras
de la calle el Levante sopla
indecente. Gran asustabolsas,
a las inquilinas desaloja
¡tan inocentes! ¡sin estrenar!

Cogidas aún por el cuello, gimen
indefensas en el aire y exigen
con gestos teatrales que las libren.

¡Buen transeunte! Échales un cable,
sea chal, collar, reloj o corbata
(un pésa-me a tu manera) para
que aterricen en casa y no vayan
a quedarse vírgenes en balde.

Sirenada

A Carina

¡Tú eres la sal,
tú eres la miel!

— olor a sándalo
y clavel,

— son de pífano
y tambor,

— escalofrío
en la piel.

¡Tú eres la sal,
tú eres la miel!

Speaking of domes

The work of years,
raised centuries ago
to honour God,
these domes of stone
impress their perfect curves of white or gold
against the sky.

They let in light
and, down below, create a zone of calm
and quiet.

They're landmarks, yes,
but engineered
to crown God's house of prayer.
They stand there now.

(2001)

Still (life)

Eyelashes may stretch and quiver,
designed to win:

ponytails blowing in the breeze
may stream at will:

shooting stars may thread the heavens
with filaments
of light:

but none of these moves me so much
as – in a vase
collected, calm –
ears of wheat, elegant and tall.



Summer busyness

Swallows swoop from
Rosalía,
up San Dimas
and then back.

Their shadows run
across the walls
in wild pursuit,
gain, catch up
and overtake.

Their calls, their cries,
their squeals precede,
accompany
and follow.

Surrounds

1

Between walls of cork
and doors of glass

– people sit,
and talk,
indulge,
grow weary,
– while wines,
in silence,
lie still,
maturing

between doors of cork
and walls of glass.



Surrounds

2

The ‘Cork and Glass’ pub, British? No, the
‘San Antonio’ restaurant, Cadiz,
ambience for gentlemen and ladies.

Bacchanalia, orgies? No, the likes
of you and me once more relaxing,
for which the bill proposes (later)
sundry diets, and medication.

Wine, not genii, in the bottles;
but cells are similar: imagine
then, the monks inside, their spirits poised
to find fulfilment, elsewhere (later).

That, however, is another tale,
on soul and body – not what surrounds –
called “Looking ahead, now’s not for real”.

Ya no sirven

A Milagros

Estalló el vaso. Por el suelo
rodaron cristales, con el duelo
de los clientes, y de la gente
responsable del medio ambiente.

– ¡Vaya susto! dijo pues, atónita,
Milagre. – ¡El vaso ya sin vida!
dije, – ¡y su futuro se acaba!

– ¡Ay por Dió! pensaron, ¡qué bobadas!
¡Basta! Rotos, ya estamos libres.
¡Vengan juerga, cachondeo, cines!
Vasos jubilados de este mundo,
lo vamos a pasar cojonudos.



Notes

THE POEMS

- Amor de prostíbulo*** 2004
Set in our house (called a *finca* in this part of the world) in calle San Dimas. It used to be a brothel, and more recently was a boarding house for students of the nearby Medical Faculty. It was the curious welcoming atmosphere which pervaded the run down building that prompted my purchase. The house has two addresses, the original one for its entrance on calle San Telmo.
- Ausencias 1*** 2007
The reference is to a flowering bush planted on the *azotea* (roof garden) at San Dimas 10 by Win, absent in England at the time of writing.
- Ausencias 2*** 2007
On a gaze from very close friend Teresa who ran the Q & Q bookshop then situated in calle San Francisco, as we shared a drink at the nearby Senátor.
- Ausencias 3*** 2007
(As per previous)
- Bound and unbound** 2001
In 'Bound and unbound', three words in
hiding
introduce the theme; well, can you
find them?
- Contigo*** 2012
While the fare at Reynold's *chiringuito* was alright and the venue fine, on Glen's arrival everything changed and seemed suddenly quite wonderful.
- Cosquilla 1*** 2010
Maribel Téllez and her husband invited me to contribute something to the visitor's book at 'Quilla', their restaurant on La Caleta; the *sirena* image is no throw-away one for me.
- Cosquilla 2*** 2010
(As per previous) References include one to the famous Golden Age poem, and others to the fortresses on either side.
- Cosquilla 3*** 2010
(As per previous) '*Quilla*', the name of the premises, stands for Cadiz-speak 'girl', and also for the keel of a boat.
- Cumplir*** 2007
Reference was to the recent introduction of a policy on the compulsory use of helmets for motorcyclists. It took a while to catch on.
- Curtains** 2001
Set in my third-floor flat in calle Beato Diego.
'Curtains' is home cabaret.
Inner Voices Limited
(open seven days a week,
with wind and sun permitting)
can offer you a sound-track
which will make you wet your pants.
- ¡Denuncia!*** 2011
Lourdes based the décor of her premises on my *papegado* portrait of her, and gave a reproduction pride of place. I had known her for years as waitress at

- the nearby Gotinga, and had never behaved improperly. Too much *cava*? 2002
- In a flat spin** 2002
Home hunting in Cadiz with agents Santiago and María José. He showed me a flat in the plaza de España, she the house in calle San Dimas.
- Inesperada** 2009
A look from Mari Lo helped in a period of loneliness and depression.
- Juxtapositions (watercolour)** / see 'Messages' 2001
'Juxtapositions'
minimalist
records no more
than shape and light
impacting cleanly on my mind.
- Un lugar para armas tomar** 2009
Set in what was Olimpio's Galician café bar with its vast array of *tapas* which includes many seafood dishes (the latter referred to here in a play on words).
On another tack, his *pollo al ajillo* was the best in Spain. He retired in 2014.
- María José of the real estate agency** 2002
María José was responsible for facilitating the purchase of the *finca* in calle San Dimas. The 'East Wind' is the Cadiz *Levante*.
- Messages (oils on canvas)** / see 'Juxtapositions' 2001
But 'Messages', for oils, is something else.
Should I have overlooked the man-hole cover in
the road?
And the bush beside the column?
And vehicles beyond the tunnel in the wall?
And – oh dear – who
is it really watching from the column
in the sky?
- Miércoles** 2009
Carmen and Ramón produced some memorable dishes here, especially in the line of *guisos* and *potajes*. I was to regret their departure.
- Observations (cursory, of course)** 2001
Set in the flat in Beato Diego.
'Observations',
– cursory of
course –
is close,
but oh to know the reason for
the high-pitched monologue and cursed
response!
- Perro destino** 2002
This subject matter deserves a place in a local (satirical) *chirigota*.
- Plegaria** 2010
'*Al Liquindói*', as María's premises are called, is Cadiz-speak for keeping a look out. I have personified it. María, sadly, left shortly afterwards.
- Recital at Santa Catalina, Cadiz** 2004
This was one of many August outdoor functions, forming part of '*Las Voces de Dios*' cycle. It was given by the Tapangroup from India, and was called '*Sangit-Kathak*'. Win urged me to write up our night. The fortress, part of

- the sea defences, passed recently to civilian use. It has been well restored.
- Las sinpapeles*** 2010
 The background reference is to immigrants from N.Africa who disembark from *pateras* along Spain's Mediterranean beaches – even in Cadiz. They are known as '*sinpapeles*' as they have no documentation. The town hall *papeleras*, though good looking, are a disaster in windy conditions and soon minus their contents. I shared my views with the *Diario de Cádiz* to no avail.
- Sirenada*** 2002
 On Carina, charismatic Celtic owner at that time of the 'Mónaco', who took an early interest in my *papegados*. She was one of many who tried to help me in my house hunting, during which she showed me *La bella escondida*, a hidden tower in calle José del Toro – at a stage unfortunately when that building was due for major renovation work. I was not prepared to wait.
- Speaking of domes** 2001
 The setting is humble Cadiz.
 In 'Speaking of domes', I forgot
 to add: not all are round, for some
 are multi-faceted, and some
 are steep, shallow, wide, or narrow.
 (London, I chose not to mention).
- Still (life)** 2003
 I don't know who set up the restaurant bar display, Juan the owner or the waitress who then went on to work at a childrens' bookshop in plaza Mina.
 Dropped: the lashes of myth and masque,
 a horse's mane, a comet's tail,
 the silent arrogance of grass.
 After-thoughts: colour of the wheat?
 bleached gold; location? number 10,
 the reefstone counter of the bar.
- Summer busyness** 2007
 View from my library.
- Surrounds I & II** 2003
 My companion was Win. Part two began as a footnote, but took off.
- Ya no sirven*** 2001
 I used to breakfast at the Cafetería Aduana, calle Corneta Soto Guerrero, and came to know the hard working staff of the time ... Virginia, José, Veronica and others, well. *Milagre*' is Cadiz-speak for one of them, Milagros.
 En 'Ya no sirven', hay más puntos de vista
 posibles, en cuanto al destino
 de los cristales 'fallecidos':
 se convierten en espejos y bombillas,
 o, ya en átomos reducidos,
 surcan olas del infinito.
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THE ILLUSTRATIONS – see ‘ART WORK’ for general information

POEMS

Amor de prostíbulo

Ausencias 1

Ausencias 2

Bound and unbound

Cosquilla 2

Curtains

¡Denuncia!

María José of the real estate agency

Recital at Santa Catalina, Cadiz

Still (life)

Surrounds, I & II

Ya no sirven

ILLUSTRATIONS – title, and ref.

Papegados

Fantasia ‘Gloria se descubre’ / 2:01

*‘El burdel de la calle San Telmo 6, a pleno
rendimiento’* / 2:12

Retrato ‘Teresa’ / 2:08

Sobrecubierta 3 ‘Lomo de seda’ / 2:24

Fantasia ‘Oriana, protagonista’ / 1:10

Salvamanteles 4 ‘Vislumbres II’ / 1:20

Retrato ‘Lourdes’ / 2:04

Salvamanteles 10 ‘Flor y su círculo’ / 1:26

‘Sai Baba Avatar, y los devotos I’ / 2:19

Fantasia ‘Altisidora, protagonista’ / 1:05

‘Risueñas y casi discretas’ / 0:03

(clave / key, originally 2:29)

Cristaletas

‘Cristaleta 1’