

# *LINES OF A LIFETIME III*

## 'EROS 2'

### Heavings of the heart



poems

Bruno Scarfe





June 2017



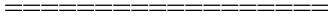
# ***EROS 2***

**Heavings of the heart**



**A selection of poems from the collection**

***Lines of a Lifetime***



**BRUNO SCARFE**



With  
*los vaivenes*  
*y altibajos*  
*del amor*  
in mind



## **INTRODUCTION ‘*Eros* 2: Heavings of the heart’**

‘Heavings of the heart’ is the second of the three *Eros* parts (all within *Lines of a Lifetime*), the others being ‘Foibles of the flesh’ and ‘*In absentia*’. While this division into parts has not been easy and may prompt disagreement, I trust that the subtitle ‘Heavings of the heart’ will convey something of the vagaries of friendship, affection, infatuation and love, and the incredible ups and downs involved. Ultimately, the umbrella title *Eros* should be held in mind as the name generally applicable to all three selections – though the word ‘Eros’ itself has nuances which may be said to reach further afield.

The poems contained in this particular selection were written in Oxford, Munich, Salamanca, Auckland, Melbourne and Cadiz, though the majority are Cadiz. While the endnotes provide further particulars, there are a couple of points to be made now: the four poems written while at Oxford were published then, some twice, and one of those written in Melbourne was also published at the time of writing; and the Auckland series (none published) is well represented here, but ‘To ask, or not to ask’ has a different protagonist and does not really belong,

## **INTRODUCTION General: *Lines of a Lifetime***

I am told I wrote my first poem ‘Summer’, when I was eight.

It strikes me now as embarrassingly flawed. I seemed to think that swallows landed on the ground and, a little while later and at another place I seemed to think I could recognize a particular swallow ... well, I ask you! Not to mention the matter of describing a cat I claimed to be unable to see ... Yet my father was

delighted at this effort. Why? I suppose he considered these ingenuous aspects as secondary, reflecting a child's psychology where reality may come second to the wish and where time sequences are not of the essence. I can feel though that the poem has a sense of rhythm ... actually rhythms, and all over the place, but rhythms nevertheless. I believe he used the poem when lecturing on poetry, possibly making some of these points.

All so embarrassing. And yet there can be no doubting the positive effect his pleasure had on me. Later, during the rest of my school years, I continued to receive his encouragement, and from his mother a little reward which helped supplement my meagre pocket money. Yes, truth will out. So that's how my poetry began ... and continued ... and continues, for even now there can be errors of fact, and controversy regarding suitability of subject and taste, not to mention techniques and presentation.

When, a few years ago, I decided it might be worthwhile at last to bring together and present my poetry, I decided to call it *Lines of a lifetime*, and organised the poems alphabetically by title. This would make for a random reading which would avoid pedantic chronological sequencing and the limitations imposed by an artificial grouping of subjects. But this was objected to, and I was urged to arrange the poems by subject: not at all easy ... as many poems fall into a number of subject categories, leading either to perceived misrepresentation or to obvious duplication. Tough. The total collection now appears under the original title, above, but with these 11 subtitles: 1) 'Cadiz', people, places and situations, 2) 'Eros – foibles of the flesh', 3) 'Eros – heavings of the heart', 4) 'Eros – in absentia', 5) 'Measuring up' and some of the inside story, 6) 'Mixed blessings' food, drink and quirks of the table, 7) 'The Natural World – heaven and earth', 8) 'The Natural World – the

bestiary I', 9) 'The Natural World – the bestiary II', being cattributes A-Z, and others, 10) 'Words at play' games with words expressed in verse, 11) 'Wrestling at dawn' or, Juvenilia.

Hopefully, these subtitles and the accompanying comments will provide some insight into the range and nature of experiences I thought fit to express in verse. The poems, covering the period 1947 to the present, include ones written or conceived in the U.K., Australia, New Zealand, France, Spain, Germany and India. The majority are in English, many are in Spanish and there is a handful in other languages dead and alive.

A las que dieron  
el dulce sí,  
y a las que no



## **EROS 2: Heavings of the heart - a selection**

Ashes

Autumn love

Best friends (to Glen)

The cost

Cycles of love (to Judith)

*Encuentro esdrújulo (a Carina)*

The face she wears (to Win)

*El faro (a María Dolores)*

Focus of attraction

Fragment 2: “Now to win or lose ...” (to Don Fernando)

A fresh reflection

Giftshop blues (to Patricia)

Guillotine (to Eve)

*Inesperada (a Mari Lo)*

*Linda hechicera (a Win)*

Love, so beautiful

Love, underground

María José of the real estate agency

No, not to separate

Ode to *Cupid's* eyes (to Elfriede)

*Sirenada (a Carina)*

Smile-havoc

Spider, or Purple Queen

Them! And ‘us’? (to Patricia)

To ask, or not to ask (to Donna)

To die, or not to die?

Trampled on

Wild plums

### **Illustrated**

Ashes, Cycles of love, The face she wears, Fragment 2, Giftshop blues, Guillotine, *Linda hechicera*, Love underground, María José of the real estate agency, Ode to *Cupid's* eyes, Smile-havoc, To ask, or not to ask, Wild plums







# Ashes

Clenched clouds roll in a one sea's mass,  
toss a rumbling course to less sinister lands.

Once, a gleaming tower spiralled  
in ascending song,  
through cruel-blue skies,  
to a magnet sun.  
The sun died, and night shrieked round  
the sleeping tower,  
cracked its brittle dream and crushed it.

Now, lifeless light envelopes the silent sands,  
and the plain writhes, but cannot die.

## Autumn love

A snake cloud snuffed the candle Moon,  
and spider threads of autumn rain  
danced down the dead-leaved streets.

In the shelter of the trees  
I drank the dew that glistened on  
the midnight panther of your hair.  
Each time I saw your face, I smiled,  
but let no storm tossed kiss disturb  
the calm shores of your lips;  
– only the raindrops' silent spray,  
and the music of the wind.

# Best friends

*To Glen*

Jostling, they slip and sway,  
bob and bounce, tremble, shake:  
all a-flutter, they seem  
of a mind to curtsy!  
Fresh-faced, innocent and  
smiling, in groups and crowds.

They dance in silence, sing  
in time to some hyper-  
tune (near), gone long ago.  
They whisper, their shapely  
trumpets mute. Scents, waiting,  
lie funneled well inside.

The face they wear- pale blue,  
a careful blush of pink -  
includes some semitones  
of hue, cream and purple,  
in profusion; lip-shaped  
borders grace the outlines.

Demure, unassuming,  
unpretentious, rustic -  
they seem the essence of  
politeness, patience, trust:  
vulnerable as such ...  
and of no consequence.

How could gentle beings  
like these, survive? No, not  
survive ... but prosper! with

no apparent effort.

(They stand there tall, their legs  
green pennants in the breeze.)

Well, they persevere, they're  
positive, show purpose;  
a hint of people who,  
if pushed, just might insist,  
play urgent, be stubborn,  
end up most obdurate.

They raise their offspring through  
the seasons, everywhere:  
among geraniums, herbs  
and succulents, below  
the spreading cumquat bush,  
the wisteria and rose ...

Quiet (and pretty!), gentle,  
certain, busy: they run  
their lives decorously.

- "Oh yes? but petunias  
are promiscuous, aren't they?"

Say 'generous', instead!



## The cost

Come, taste the silence of my rooms,  
feel fungus blossom on the wall,  
see ice-grey beads of perspiration drip  
                        down  
from the ceiling.

Come, smell the gloom of endless corridors  
and hear my thoughts in blotched and slimy skins  
crawl  
    across  
        the floor  
            like rotting fruit.

My blood exudes a stench of putrefaction  
as it                through my body to my brains.  
oozes

Why did love break?  
Why did it shatter into fragments in the dust?  
What hope is left?  
Is all the world a grave?  
And must I mourn for ever in the rain?



# Cycles of love

*To Judith*

Sun! Spring  
of surprise,  
new leaves are words of welcome  
from the trees.

Sun!  
Summersaults of leaves  
in orgasm  
form arabesques.

Sun! Autumn.  
Shadows shape graves longer than hope;  
leaves decay, disengage  
and drop.

Winter.  
Branches, bared, are withered tongues of trees:  
trees powerless to follow  
a fallen sun.

# Encuentro esdrújulo

*A Carina*

Aguanto, platónico,  
de la muy carismática  
con aspecto bético,  
palabras enigmáticas:  
¡placer paradójico!

Nada de frígida –  
puede que mística.

¿En total? nítida-  
mente una mítica.





# The face she wears

*To Win*

Every year  
spring smiles, summer laughs,  
autumn

sighs for a  
touch of winter, masked  
in tears.

*She's* all seasons,  
at random,  
daily. "Surprise! " she  
claims, "that's fun!"  
(within reason)

# El faro

*A María Dolores en su día*

Me llamo 'Nada'.  
Soy un carámbano tímido  
que, abandonado, se derrite  
entre ácidas olas  
de desesperación.

María Dolores,  
con sonrisa sirena  
y ojos ruiseñores,  
eres la llama  
que para siempre disipa  
las calamares olas  
que me seducían.



## Focus of attraction

In this river, fishes groped an isolated life,  
each one alone,  
deep down in densely waving weeds –  
so green and gloomy,  
and under stones, and in the cold clay banks.

Each one alone.

And see them now! They've sprung to life,  
streak up and down,  
score the surface,  
leap from wave to wave –  
gold and silver gleaming in the sun.

Hear them laugh, and sing!

Though the weight of water flows on as before,  
new life inside will make it change its course.



## Fragment 2

*A Don Fernando*

Now to win or lose

a toss, a tussle,  
a draw, a raffle,  
a bet, a million –

is to lose or win  
a trifle.

Love? a heart? a hand?  
... stand apart, above:  
the only ones alive  
long wonderful, once won.

## A fresh reflection

*Narcissus*  
*papyraceus* peers  
from white

small-petalled  
sprays, past straps of leaves,  
and smiles:

"Such a height, this  
stem! and what  
a scent! ... so much black  
seed! I'm free ...  
to spread and thrive."





# Giftshop blues

*To Patricia*

I've seen Byzantium  
on show,  
    (Aren't the shadows long  
    today?)  
lapis-lázuli  
and gold  
    (Run, my love, it's turn-  
    ing cold!)  
and magnificent  
their shape!  
    (Winter's come to seize  
    his throne)  
Massively, each ear-  
ring hangs  
    (imperturbable  
    and bold.)  
while chants and incense  
rise.





# Guillotine

*To Eve*

The sun's shafts pitted  
the rusting path,  
and flaked leaves - shaking,  
tilted, tripped and fell;  
the Persian gold  
swam heavy on the ground.

From other trees slipped  
leaves of a vanished –  
still present – time;  
curling, dry green  
at their lispig edge,  
they floated on gravel

like pond leaves  
in the lost heat  
of the lost summer.

The steel wind  
had guillotined  
the trees;  
curled copper hair,  
smile-eyes,  
snatched me  
from the rasping razor's edge.

# Inesperada

*A Mari Lo*

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





# Linda hechicera

*A Win*

Eres oro,  
eres plata:  
pan y vino,  
¿todo? ¿nada?

Eres sólo  
luz y sombra,  
hado, hilo,  
punto y coma.

Eres trébol,  
as y suerte,  
brindis, río,  
cruz y puente.

Eres sol,  
eres luna:  
¿mi destino,  
y fortuna?

# Love, so beautiful

Why, Phyllis, are you frightened?

Is our love –  
a growth of worms,  
a mutilated animal,  
or twisted,  
wicked  
child?

Is our love –  
the sort of thing  
for which you dig a hole?  
the sort of thing  
you secretively bury  
in an unmarked grave,  
at night?

A fire!  
our love's a fire:  
a fire leaping in the sky  
with cleansing flames –  
with gorgeous white and yellow flames –  
that burn all things  
into one.







## Love, underground

All night long I lie there, half asleep,  
and clasp her by her neck,  
her arms, her legs,  
by her buttocks and her breasts.

I fold her to the contours of my body  
and hold her fast.

And all night long her body sleeps beside me,  
her mind at peace a thousand miles away.

She cannot answer, cannot calm  
the never ending preying of my hands.

She does not know I love you  
in my sleep,  
is unaware to what degree  
in clasping her – I think I'm clasping you.



## 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.

## No, not to separate

God, I would rather be  
    a worm,  
    a larva-laden fly,  
    a rotting carcass in the sun  
than have to hear your courteous, callous, call:  
    “It will have to stop!”  
and then  
    “No more!”

Gouge out my eyes with acid,  
crush the bone that binds my brain,  
tear out my tongue and trample it in dust –  
but  
    never,  
    Phyllis –  
    no,  
    never make me stop,  
and  
    never make-believe  
we did not really love each other once.

The horror of your message,  
    still camouflaged with secrecy and care;  
the horror of your thought,  
    that wants to see what I’ll do next!  
Grind my teeth until the nerves scream out,  
pull my hair till all the scalp is blood –  
and mind and body deprived of air  
asphyxiate in convulsions of despair.





# Ode to *Cupid's* eyes

*To Elfriede*

Eyes superb, soft, strong, and mystic:  
grapes dark dancing in the summer sunlight,  
sun-kissed cherries, musical and deep –  
your Cupid's eyes, pure symbols of your soul,  
reflect the innocence of sleep.

Great, glorious, I love them  
as I love  
you.

Tender, as the harvest mellow,  
enchancing as a fountain of delight,  
dark, mysterious and gay  
as a windswept lake  
on a starlit night.

# Sirenada

*A Carina*

¡Tú eres la sal,  
tú eres la miel!

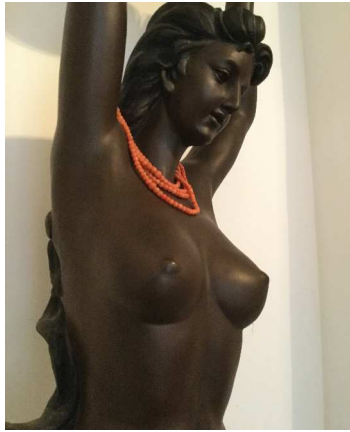
– olor a sándalo  
y clavel,

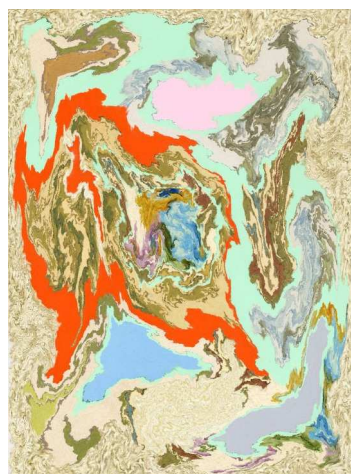
– son de pífano  
y tambor,

– escalofrío  
en la piel.

¡Tú eres la sal,  
tú eres la miel!







## Smile-havoc

Draw, knife, draw  
the tears, the pain, the blood  
strung wirewise  
and wrapped around the thorn-wood  
of a dry-stoned love.  
None so bitter  
as the salt-almond eyes of an image –  
vision not for me,  
no-one, never.

## Spider, or Purple Queen – *Tradescantia pallida*

Imperial  
purple, leaves sheathed and  
pointed;

succulent  
hopefuls, stems zigzag,  
hurried;

Schlub! 'Wandering  
Jew'? ... a mess!  
'*Amor de hombre*'  
(restless) .... plus  
blush of flowers!

Them! And ‘us’?

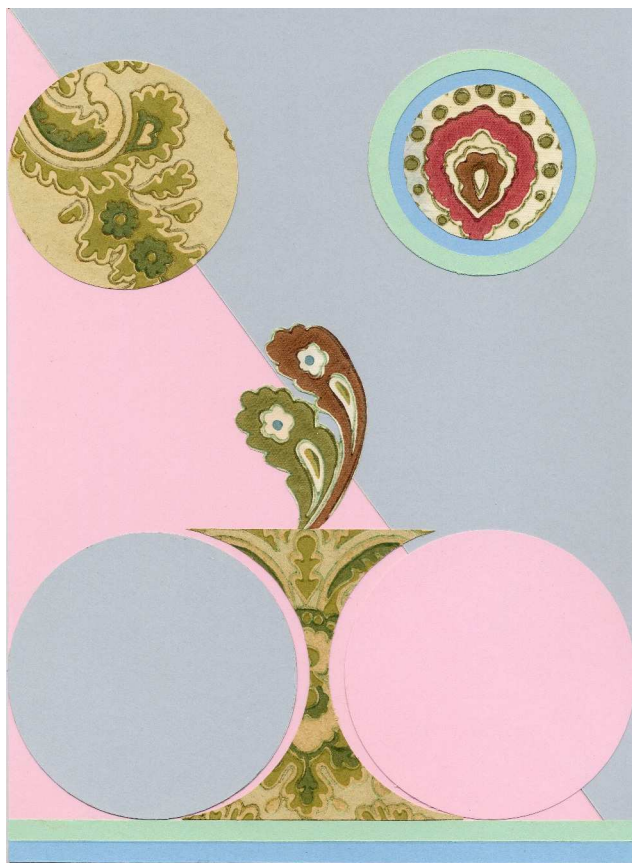
*To Patricia*

So Jane looks strange, in Omeo,  
and Steve sounds glib, here in Cadiz

we think ... ! But are we sure that we  
can see ourselves objectively?

Yes! We should know, familiar us,  
each famous and each blind in love.

I’m James Bond on the Malecón,  
you’re demure ... Marilyn Monroe.



## To ask, or not to ask

*To Donna*

No, I'll not strip my lady naked, and  
plunge to death through cumulus clouds of breast;  
her smouldering hills – her thighs – are tempting, yes,  
why not invade them then? and die of thirst.

I know her neck, now, know her hands and eyes;  
I've kissed her lips, I've raced across their shores  
drunk with desire, I've slipped between her smiles  
and swum deep down inside them to explore.

She's kind. She drives electric rivets through  
my brains, sends blood in warming waves to stir  
rebellion in my lands. So kind, I said:  
"To live, oh let me breathe the ether of  
your clouds, and drink your secret well of fire."  
I waited then ..... and all she did was smile.

## To die, or not to die?

What it is  
to thirst for further pleasure in each other!

What it is  
to fit so closely to each other –  
    to touch and join,  
    to separate in play  
in order soon again to toss together!

When all is done,  
then the moment always comes  
when we hardly  
– when we no longer –  
    recognize each other,  
– when you have drunk the glass of wine  
    I had to offer,  
and I lie, faintly murmuring, and pass  
through seas of warming winds  
and light,  
where life is stopped and all is still,  
and there is not, now,  
a road left we can follow.

A state of mind and body  
that cannot long continue.  
If I could die! if only, if only  
I could die  
as I lie with you and hold you  
in that world  
where life is stopped and all is still!



If only Death could close the door  
and shut out all the road by which we came,  
then our pleasure,  
uninterrupted, would survive.

## Trampled on

She scratches scoria  
on the wooden floor –  
    like glass in faces,  
bodies on barbed wire.

She grinds  
    and grates  
        her way  
            across.

The floor contorts,  
        and shrieks,  
crazed and crippled  
    by the war.





## Wild plums

Here barely sensed, there sensual and bared, their skin –  
vermilion, crimson, gold – mocks the monochrome of leaves.  
Bearing branches sag; branches, barren, ache at the  
lick and slap of skin with its scream of flesh inside.

You sense the scream; you see the flesh flow into breasts,  
you see them grow from innocence of kittens' eyes  
to soporific pomanders, to succulence  
of cantaloups, to suns that fool and stun the mind.

I had, like you, to hold those worlds of teasing flesh.  
Like you, I knew a moment's hope before the fall.  
Blind slave of dreams that none of us can verify,  
I, also, crashed through thorns and sank into the slime.  
I lost; I'm damned to live, and hope, and lose again.  
They won; tomorrow, they'll lie rotting in the rain.



## Notes

### THE POEMS

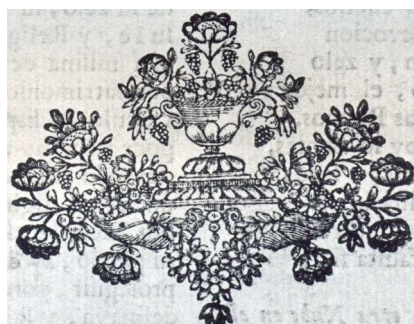
<b>Ashes</b> (published <i>Oxford Opinion</i> v.4 n.4, 1959 and <i>Pembroke Bullfrog</i> 1959)	Oxford	1959
<b>Autumn love</b> (published <i>Oxford Opinion</i> v.4 n.2, 1959 and <i>Pembroke Bullfrog</i> 1959) The face lingers quite clearly, but what was her name?	Oxford	1958
<b>Best friends</b> (also features in <i>The Natural world</i> 1 - Heaven and earth) Glen's favourite flowers: she cultivates them with great care and success on our <i>azotea</i> in San Dimas, and rescues their infant and teenage members when I remove them from what I consider less suitable homes.	Cadiz	2015
<b>The cost</b> Sequel to an attempt to assist a staff member who had a problem with a male student of mine, at her request. I fell for her - an outcome she may not have had in mind. The consequences were dramatic and finally crushing. The Auckland poems relate to this event.	Auckland	1967
<b>Cycles of love</b> Interpreted, philosophically, by Judith Rodríguez.	Melbourne	1971
<b>Encuentro esdrújulo</b> On Carina, charismatic Celtic owner then of the <i>Diván del Mónaco</i> . She took an early interest in my <i>papegados</i> , and tried to help me house hunting. She was to show me <i>La Bella Escondida</i> , an invisible tower in calle José del Toro - at a time unfortunately when that building was due for renovations. I was not able to wait. With regard to the (humorously expressed) poem ... Hace falta una brújula para dar con la cúpula. But would such a device work in the mist, or a mirage?	Cadiz	2002
<b>The face she wears</b> Affectionately and with some perplexity, on the problem of mood swings.	Cadiz	2004

<b><i>El faro</i></b> (See website: PROSE ... notes for an autobiography – Salamanca.)	Salamanca	1958
<b>Focus of attraction</b> (also features in The Natural world - the Bestiary 1)	Melbourne	1970
<b>Fragment 2</b> (also features in Words at play) The series began as games with words and sounds, an offshoot of my English classes with Don Fernando of the Cadiz Port Authority. A note, here, on Fragment 2: It all began with ‘once’ and ‘wonderful’, ‘one’ and ‘won’. ‘Now’ (on time) got in, ‘own’ alone, lost out.	Cadiz	2004
<b>A fresh reflection</b> - <i>Narcissus papyraceus</i> (also features in The Natural world 1 - Heaven and earth) Tiny flowers with a gorgeous scent, it was an unsolicited gift from the birds, probably pigeons, and started to spread all over our <i>azotea</i> in San Dimas. Its bulb makes it very difficult to pull out and remove ...	Cadiz	2015
<b>Giftshop blues</b> On some earrings, desirable but with insecure fastenings. They would have suited Patricia Leon, or ‘Trish’. I tried to persuade the gallery to improve the fastenings, but they couldn’t. Rather symbolic (see also the poem ‘Trish 6’ in Eros 3).	Cadiz	2010
<b>Guillotine</b> (published <i>Pembroke Bullfrog</i> 1960) Set in the Christ Church ‘Meadows’, Oxford. Eve helped save me from myself.	Oxford	1959
<b>Inesperada</b> (also features in Cadiz) Just one look and a hug from Mari Lo at the <i>Maroma</i> helped in a period of depression.	Cadiz	2009
<b>Linda hechicera</b> On the enigmas and <i>vaivenes</i> of the relationship.	Cadiz	2004
<b>Love, so beautiful</b> (See 'The cost', above)	Auckland	1967
<b>Love, underground</b> (See 'The cost', above)	Auckland	1967



Penelope ... and the siren.		
<b>María José of the Real Estate Agency</b> (features also in Cadiz Cadiz)	Cadiz	2002
María José (pretty and independent) introduced me to the strange and run-down <i>finca</i> in calle San Dimas. The 'East Wind' is the sometimes wild Cadiz <i>Levante</i> .		
<b>No, not to separate</b> (See 'The cost', above)	Auckland	1967
<b>Ode to Cupid's eyes</b> (See website: PROSE ... <i>My Ampleforth Years, 4: Germany – work, love and travel.</i> ) On Elfriede, of the Munich publishers 'Piper' where I worked for two months soon after leaving Ampleforth.	Munich	1957
<b>Sirenada</b> (features also in Cadiz) (See 'Encuentro esdrújulo', above) Light, lyrical, dramatic - one of my favourites - and platonic, alas.	Cadiz	2002
<b>Smile-havoc</b> (published <i>Cherwell</i> v.104 n.12 1959 and <i>Pembroke Bullfrog</i> 1960) Set in a first floor café near the Students' Union, in the Oxford Cornmarket. The object of my fascination ... probably a Latin.	Oxford	1958
<b>Spider, or Purple Queen</b> - <i>Tradescantia pallida</i> (also features in The Natural world 1 - Heaven and earth). I now know this plant, which seems to thrive on our <i>azotea</i> in San Dimas, by its Spanish name ' <i>Amor de hombre</i> ' as opposed to its various English names.	Cadiz	2015
<b>Them! And 'us'?</b> Prompted by Patricia Leon's observations on a new neighbour of hers in Omeo, and my growing doubts on the optimism being shown by my otherwise charming estate agent in Medina Sidonia (Cadiz). All about perception, self-perception, identity ... and reality.	Cadiz	2011
<b>To ask, or not to ask</b> Not part of the Auckland series as mentioned above, but originating and ending there, rather unhappily. Quite a story. It was possibly written up later, in Melbourne.	Auckland	1967
<b>To die, or not to die?</b> (See 'The cost', above)	Auckland	1967

<b>Trampled on</b>	Melbourne	1970
<b>Wild plums</b> (published <i>Meanjin Quarterly</i> University of Melbourne v.30 n.3, 1971)	Melbourne	1971
Set near our home in the semi-rural Eltham of the '70s.		



## Notes

### **ILLUSTRATIONS from my collections of *Papegados* and *Cristaletas***

My background as an artist is almost nil. As a schoolboy at Ampleforth in the '50s I managed to exhibit clay models of a cat and elephant, and also an interpretation of a woman of Ancient Crete in poster colours, at the annual 'Exhibition'. At that time I also did some pencilled sketches (I'd forgotten my camera!) to illustrate my travel diary 'Spanish Impressions', excerpts of which were soon to be published. Apart from that I had some success with photographs taken while running my first bookshop in Foster, Australia in the '80s, with close-ups of beach sand formations (b/w), landscapes and studies on reflections (b/w and colour). Generally speaking, though, there was nothing to indicate that anything special might happen as the second millenium got under way.

Having bought a 150 year old house (a 'finca') in Cadiz, Spain, I set about its repair. The 24 room brothel-turned-lodging house was home for six months to a building gang whose foreman caused me grief. He didn't want me around. In the end I thought of salvaging bits and pieces of the peeling wallpapers (spiders, flies and even lizards lurked behind), saying I wanted the papers as a record. This was partly to keep an eye on things (unbeknownst?) and partly to satisfy my pleasure at the designs and colours of the wallpapers ... and the just exposed pastel paint schemes underneath.

It was with time on my hands as I awaited completion of the house renovations at c. San Dimas 10 (known in its brothel days as c. San Telmo 6), seated at my then home in nearby c. Beato Diego, and surrounded by bags bulging with wallpaper remains – that I gradually became aware of growing discontent. This art work, for all that it had been created by small time artists, had now been freed from the walls to which it had been assigned, and was hoping for a chance to make a bit of a show. And there was I, conscious of this find, remembering it *in situ*, and dwelling on its curious designs and stimulating colours – frustrated: all because it lay there at my feet bagged up, invisible.

So I hit on a plan. I would stick samples of the wallpapers onto card and so

bring them easily to mind. Days later, having scraped old plaster off the back of some papers, and washed and dried others (watching in dismay as papers tore and colours ran) I set to work. I assembled my first wallpaper composite, incorporating strips of new card to match the paint underlay which had been so long lost to sight. I liked the result.

But my task was barely completed when I became aware that most of the designs and colour schemes remained unrepresented. So I set about creating another picture, and another and ... another. Which made 30, soon to be followed by a further 30 when two new papers came to light (and much later by six more when I incorporated Roman coins retrieved at Jimena de la Frontera). There were elements of every design and colour. Meanwhile, my pictures developed from basic arrangements of scraps, to considered abstracts and works with a theme. From a picture shape serving to display aspects of functional wallpaper art, I had gone to using wallpaper to create pictures.

What I had made are 'collages'. Dissatisfied at the lack of a Spanish word, I named my collage a *papegado*, from the Spanish for paper (*papel*) and pasted (*pegado*). After all, here we were in Spain, the wallpapers were Spanish, and the transmutation had occurred in Spain ... and Spaniards are open to neologisms. My *papegados* gave rise to exhibitions at the Cadiz *Casino* (reviews *Diario de Cádiz* and *La Voz*), the Cadiz *Ateneo* (intr. Marisa de las Cuevas, profesora de Historia del Arte), *Quilla*, and online through La Rampa Gallery. They have also appeared at several commercial establishments, and were made especially welcome at Casa Lazo. Recycled art, what?

## **POEMS**

**Cycles of love**

**The face she wears**

**Giftshop blues**

**Guillotine**

***Linda hechicera***

**Love, underground**

**María José of the real estate agency**

**Ode to *Cupid's* eyes**

## **Papegados**

*'Las Cuatro Delicias II'* / 1:07

*Retrato 'Winifred Ann'* / 2:09

*'Oriens II'* / 3:03

*'Aequitas'* / 3:05

*Fantasia 'Flor y las Cinco Delicias'* / 2:15

*Salvamanteles 3 'Al compás de la música I'* / 1:19

1:26

*Fantasia 'Gloria se impone'* / 2:02

**To ask, or not to ask**  
**Wild plums**

*‘El altar de los deseos’ / 1:15*  
*‘Diana’ / 3:04*

**POEMS**

**Ashes**

**Papegados converted to Frangos**

Frango twist, from my *Retrato*

*‘Christof, dueño del Gotinga’ / 2:11*

**Smile-havoc**

Frango twist, from my *Retrato* *‘Ana, cocinera del Gotinga’ / 2:13*

But recycling did not end there. While walking along my local beach at La Caleta, I used to be bothered by the amount of broken glass lying around on the surface of the sand. It struck me as a hazard. Eventually I collected some and dumped it in a heap for all to see, hoping someone would get the hint and initiate a tidy up. No luck. But I had noticed two things in doing so: neither my feet nor my hands got cut, and many of the pieces of glass were attractive for both their colours and shapes.

So I started collecting the pieces, some small and some substantial. They seemed to come in three colours: green, brown and clear. A rather limited range, you might think, were it not for the fact that each of these three was represented in a multitude of shades, from deepest green to a quite delicate green (almost blue), from brown verging on black to a delicate shade of amber, from a crazed and milky whiteness to completely clear. As for the shapes, these bits of glass seemed to represent the remains of a million and one bottles (and accompanying glasses?). Many of the pieces were mere shards, no more than splinters, but others could be whole bottle bases or whole bottle necks and openings.

You may guess what happened next. I had moved on from collages to montages, or from *Papegados* to *Cristaletas*, the latter being my neologism (another one) which incorporates glass, *crystal*, and an allusion to La Caleta, my beach of supply.

The beach continued to reveal fresh glass with each passing tide, and I continued to find that none of the millions of pieces, whatever their size or shape, seemed to cause injury.

**POEM**

**Cristaleta**

**ILLUSTRATIONS – spacers and front cover**

The first illustrations, suggesting themes of *Eros 2*, show views of a mermaid or siren holding up a lamp (the latter not always visible). I had chanced on her while searching for *patio* lights with a bit of oomph in Chiclana, a town some miles distant from Cadiz. And there she was, large as life and most brazen, on the pavement in front of a shop. I was impressed, embarrassed, and let her be. I carried on with my shopping ...but could not find the lights I wanted, and returned empty handed to Cadiz. A week or two later I returned to Chiclana still looking for the right sort of lights ... and there she was, on the pavement. I ignored her, and this time managed to find lights that suited the *patio*. As I was leaving I enquired about the price she might be fetching, expecting it to be way above my means. It was not (alas?) and so I swallowed my shame (why?) and asked for her to be conveyed to my home in Cadiz. She is adorned currently with what was my mother's favourite necklace - of coral, appropriately. And the name I gave her, Bérénice? that's another story.

Photos 1 and 5 (of the total of six) are courtesy of Glen Albrecht.

The second group, consisting of printers' ornamental blocks (usually general purpose) were made of wood and, later, metal. These here were copied in the 1970s from the end or title page of plays now in the Scarfe – La Trobe collection (part sale, one third donation), Glasgow University Library. Arranged here (only) by date, these are as follow:

- a) Face staring over a set of outstretched wings, all mounted on a tessellated stand: end block from *Casa con dos puertas mala es de guardar* in Vera Tassis' collection 'Primera parte de comedias verdaderas del célebre poeta español don Pedro Calderón de la Barca' ([Viuda de Blas de Villanueva, Madrid 1726]). Ref.: BS 152:i & BN T 2576.
- b) Cherub standing between two wide spreading fronds with three flowers apiece, one full, one in bud, and one spent: end block from *También hay duelo en las damas* in Vera Tassis' collection 'Tercera parte de comedias de don Pedro Calderón de la Barca' ([Viuda de Blas de Villanueva, Madrid 1726]). Ref.: BS 732:i & BN T 2578.
- c) Half-length figure of a cherub (?) peering between swirls of foliage: massive end block from Bernardo Joseph de Reynoso y Quiñones *Más resplandeció en*

*su ocaso el sol de la Magdalena – segunda parte de su historia* ([Bernardo Peralta] Madrid 1732). Ref.: BS 718 & BN T 7548.

d) Flower in full bloom between two fronds, the flower accompanied on either side by a flower in bud and, on either side below, a flower spent: end block from *Filis y Demofonte*, a ‘zarzuela’ in vol.1 of the collection ‘Obras poéticas, póstumas, que a diversos asuntos escribió don Pedro Scotti de Agoiz’ ([Lorenzo Francisco Mojados, Madrid 1735]). Ref.: BS 308:i & BN 2/56310.

e) Wall stand with urn and an abundance of flowers and grapes: end block from *La Devoción de la misa*, in vol.5 of Fernández de Apontes’ collection ‘Autos sacramentales, alegóricos e historiales del Fénix de los Poetas, el español don Pedro Calderón de la Barca’ ([Viuda de Manuel Fernández, Imprenta Supremo Consejo de la Inquisición, Madrid 1760]). Ref.: BS 236 & BN T 3161.

f) Wide, low ceilinged room with a gentleman pronouncing on one knee before a lady, standing, expostulating and gesticulating: opening wood block from *El Padrino y el pretendiente* in vol.8 of ‘Teatro, o colección de los sainetes y demás obras dramáticas de don Ramón de la Cruz y Cano’ ([Imprenta Real, Madrid 1789]). Ref.: BS 567 & BN T 3700.

The remaining spacers depict a traditional Spanish *jarra burladera* (a potter’s trick piece jug) signed underneath ‘Punter [19]56’ and probably acquired while in Madrid in the '70s, and the not well known flower *Narcissus papyraceus* of the poem ‘A fresh reflection’.

The front cover shows the plant ‘*Amor de hombre*’ (see ‘Spider, or Purple Queen’ in the notes).

All three photos are courtesy of Glen Albrecht.



