

LINES OF A LIFETIME IX

'THE NATURAL WORLD'

The Bestiary 2, or Cattributes 'A'-'Z'



poems

BRUNO SCARFE

October (late) 2017

THE NATURAL WORLD 3

**The Bestiary 2,
or CattrIBUTES 'A'-'Z'**



A selection of poems from the collection

Lines of a Lifetime



BRUNO SCARFE



With
¡Chapeau!
¡que esta gata se lleva el 'gâteau'!
in mind



INTRODUCTION 'The Natural World 3: The Bestiary 2, or Cattributes 'A'-'Z'

'The Bestiary 2, or Cattributes 'A'-'Z' is the third of the three parts of *The Natural world* and volume nine in the overall collection *Lines of a Lifetime*. It follows *Cadiz*, the *Eros* series of three, *Measuring up*, *Mixed blessings* and parts one and two of *The Natural world* (part 2 has six more non-Cattribute cat poems, mainly on *Noche*).

Cadiz, late November 2008: there was a sound of scuffling nearby – that is in the area between the door generally open onto the main street and the closed wrought iron and glass one which opens into the house – so I went to investigate. I had heard what seemed like voices and some little feet retreating rapidly up the street.

What did I find? A diminutive black kitten had been dumped at my door. It had been left there in a cheap red and yellow plastic cage. Nearby there was a bag of pellets, a bag of sand ... and a letter. It was brief but correctly written, and the message it conveyed expressed regret that the owner could no longer keep the kitten. Would I help?

I had had plenty of cats before, but that had been in Australia. There I had lived in an outer Melbourne suburb, in a detached house with half an acre of garden. That had allowed comfortably for a pet-keeping situation. But now I was living in a semi-detached house with no garden – and nobody to help. I had decided I was in no position to keep a cat again, both for its own sake and for my own convenience.

So I put the cat, the cage and the accompanying paraphernalia onto

the pavement. I trusted that someone else would be moved to collect it. Who knows? Maybe the very individuals responsible for the dumping would come back to see what had happened ... and repossess it all.

Nothing happened. It was night. It was raining. The wind was blowing. It was winter. And it was not exactly warm. After a seemingly interminable wait ... I relented. I collected the cat and its belongings from the street, and brought them inside. *Noche* as I came to call it, being black and a creature of the night, had taken up residence.

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, 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 couple in French.

To
Giovanni Andreoni, Barbara Fleming and Win Jodell
for redressing my views on that other world,
the world of the canine:
Thanks

THE NATURAL WORLD 3: The Bestiary 2 – or Cattributes 'A'-'Z'

- Cattribution 'A': "Attributes ..."
Cattribution 'B': "Balanced be- ..."
Cattribution 'C': "'C' for Cat ..."
Cattribution 'C*': "Closely clasped ..."
Cattribution 'D': "Dietary ..."
Cattribution 'E': "Energy? ..."
Cattribution 'E*': "Exorcise ..."
Cattribution 'F': "Forgive? me? ..."
Cattribution 'G': "Greetings may ..."
Cattribution 'H': "Hunter, she ..."
Cattribution 'I': "'I' to eye ..."
Cattribution 'J': "Joker? judge? ..."
Cattribution 'K': "Kittens know ..."
Cattribution 'L': "'Language'? 'Words'? ..."
Cattribution 'M': "'Mouse' no more! ..."
Cattribution 'N': "'Noche!' you ..."
Cattribution 'O': "Orifice ..."
Cattribution 'P': "Purrs persuade ..."
Cattribution 'Q': "Quiescent ..."
Cattribution 'R': "Racing, nose ..."
Cattribution 'S': "'Sex'? what's that? ..."
Cattribution 'T': "Tail up, or ..."
Cattribution 'U': "Upwards she ..."
Cattribution 'V': "Victory! ..."
Cattribution 'W': "Double 'u' ..."
Cattribution 'X': "Xigent ..."
Cattribution 'Y': "Yesterday ..."
Cattribution 'Z': "Zymandias ..."

NOTE: there are a further six (non-Cattribution) cat poems in The Bestiary 1.

Illustrated

All the poems are illustrated. Most of the illustrations consist of photographs by Glenwys Albrecht. There are also four of the usual kinds by Yours Truly.



Cattribute 'A'

Attributes

of a puss arranged alphabetically,
but unavoidably
amplified by wide ranging references,
with apt omissions (well, I ask you!)
and some additions – or truths intuited,
announced by the cat and / or yours truly,
offered in deference to
her species.



Cattribute 'B'

Balanced be-

haviour? She can eat till her belly's round
and then fast; bawl for hours

and suddenly purr; bolt off through the house
and then curl up quite tight in a ball.

Well, she can balance excess, both 'good' and
'bad'...and can, of course, balance on a wall.

She never wears white, mind you,
purely black.



Cattribution 'C'

'C's for Cat,
from the Atlantal isle of Cadiz,
coupled to the mainland
by a causeway. I'm a circus artist,
cool and cute, but the occasion for
cataclysmic catastrophies if cat-
apulted wrongly (hear me caterwaul!).
I'm a coastal cat – clearly
'C' worthy.



Cattribute 'C'*

Closely clasped,
 each morning I cradle and caress her,
show calmly that I care,
 and tell her warmly that she's beautiful.
She reclines there confident, purrs cool
 answers, her supple form and fur a food
I crave. Uncalculating, give and take
 skips words and worlds, draws us more
 close than close.



Cattribute 'D'

Dietary

supplements for newtrition ... spare me, do!

Just vary the menu,

with dollops of liver paté, garlic
chicken, and FRESH pellets; water tastes
better off the shower floor (by the way).

The alley cats can have my scraps, bites which
won't – I hope – precipitate
diegestion.



Contribute 'E'

Energy?

I've got loads, enough to meet all my needs
forever. I just sit

quite still and engrossed or curl up and dream!

So that's it? No. It starts off the flow

in my own reverse system dynamo,
where enigmas and brainwaves discharge in
springs and spurts of bodily
energy.



Contribute 'E'*

“Exorcise
me? his dark and lustrous, ebony girl?
how odd!” she mused, “but why?”
as he rang for help. “Father” he muttered,
“in an unlit corner there are lights
still and full as moons, now on now off, first
here then there, and glowing.” “I see!” she hummed,
“black night and I are one! – plus
both my eyes.”



Contribute 'F'

'Forgive'? me?

I favour that, though frustrated and 'just'
a cat. To a frown or

shout or smack, I ask "now what was that for?"

Unfed, unfondled, forlorn, forgot:

I wonder "am I here, or am I not?"

'Forgive and forget!' – I'll not 'forget'; but

'forgiveness'? now there's a cause

I'll give for.



Contribute 'G'

Greetings may

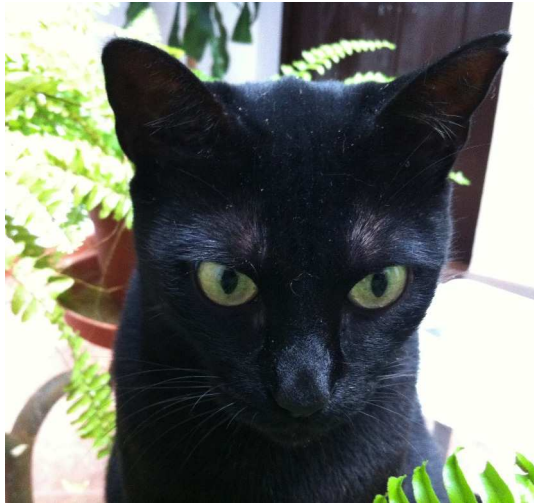
be given in a whole gamut of ways.

Gyrating round legs is

a game. A gingerly nose rub is grades
more groovy and generates bonding.

Touching? – her run to the door and then gaze
as you manage the keys and the shopping.

Who would guess there's such give in
a greeting?



Cattribute 'H'

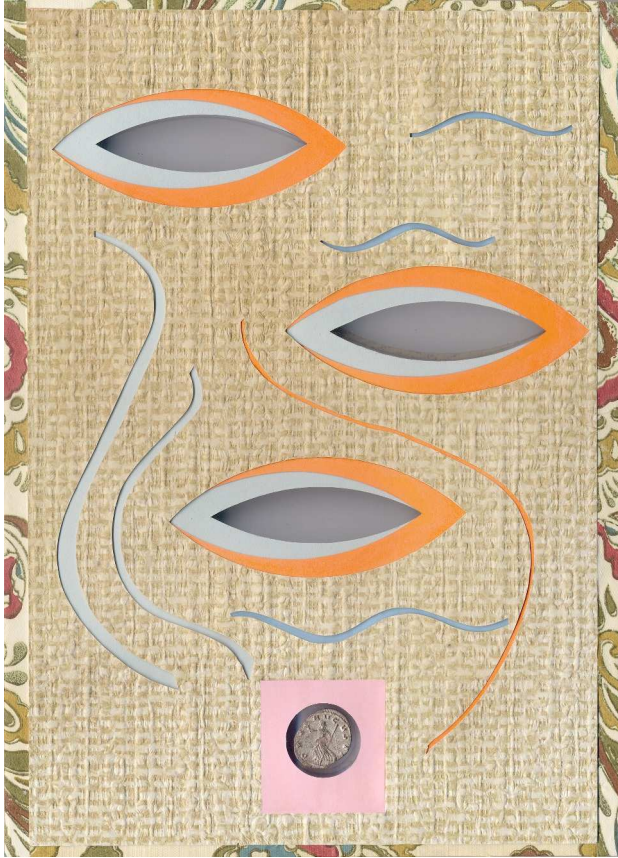
Hunter, she

hugs the ground, trickles forward, round eyed, ears
pricked. Hush! Then, still more slow

hesitates, hallucinates a gourmet
jungle haul – feathers, fur, beast or bird?

Hurries then, hides in the bric-a-brac woods, slides
past the carpeted hills, and hindquarters

rippling, pounces on her prey –
one big toe.

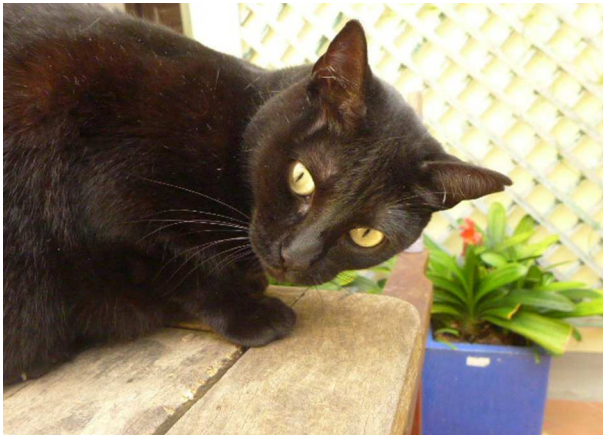


Contribute 'I'

'I' to eye:

such fine harmony when your eyes project
the 'I' that dwells inside!

But the outside world, moved by other 'I's
turns your simple eyes to mirrors, where
it reads pride and fear, tearfulness and smiles.
I myself see curiosity and airs,
the urge to rule ... But there! I'm
hypnotised.



Cattribute 'J'

Joker? judge?

or jaguar? She's every one of these.

She can stalk and jump, then move

faster than eye focus, and ... disappear;

or fearing no rejoinder, pass un-

jaundiced judgement on Darwin, jibes and Jews;

or just play peek-a-boo with me or you,

unpredictable, in and

out of packs



Cattribute 'K'

Kittens know.

Who needs school, Torah, Bible or Koran?

Is their secret – karma,

earned long ago, perhaps in Katmandu?

Or is their secret source in tuition,

from when they snuggled down and suckled with
their kin? They master knocks and nudges, kicks

and clouts to graduate as cats,

with kudos.



Cattribute 'L'

“‘Language’? ‘Words’?

A load of codswallop!” she thinks, grooming
herself nonchalantly.

“I can screech and yowl, hiss or purr ... and miaow!
And I talk with my tail, eyes and ears,
my arched back, my claws, my teeth ... and my lick!
And as for what matters – Elsewhere and Now
and Why – there’s a lack of ‘words’
fit for these.”



Cattribution 'M'

'Mouse' no more!

I've roughed it up and chewed it to the core.

It may have been a cork,

a bag, a piece of string: here in this house

I cast everything I see as mouse.

If king and queen or those in charge, who make
those round them jump and dance, could watch my play!

Now, just between us – guard your

fingers, thanks!



Cattribute 'N'

"Noche!" you

call now, and wish I'd answer to 'my' name!

I, Queen of Nubia, knew

you when, lexicographer magician,
you fled from Atlantis to my court.

As cat, there's much I need to negotiate
but in return, Sir ... since you love me still,
I'll let you stroke me day or
night, at will.



Contribute 'O'

Orifice

hours always offer occasions galore
to locate and to lick

odds and ends into shape, and they call for
olympic adroitness to perform

outside-in, downside-up, acrobatics.

Such a sound ecological practice:

original self-serviced

openings!



Cattribute 'P'

Purrs persuade,

purrs reward, please the heart and open doors.

Opportunists? ... or pure?

What price the spell they purposefully produce?

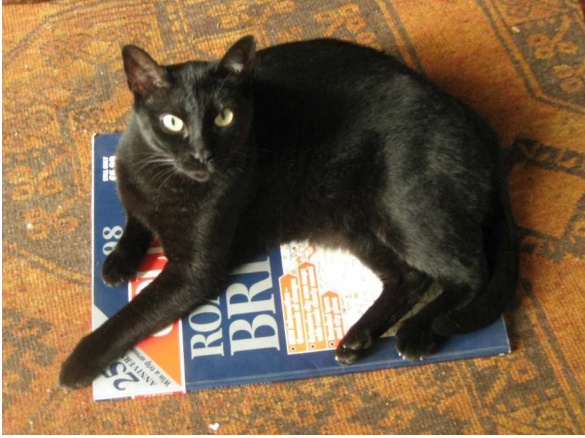
Are pulse and pitch premeditated

to punctuate the peace, and mesmerise?

All plots or ploys? – no, innocent pursuits:

purrs are prayers from paradise,

quite perfect.



Contribute 'Q'

Quiescent –

in quantity slight but quality high,
she's in no quandary

now as to whether and what to request,
nor quirky now her desires are quelled,
nor querulous in the least little bit.

With quasi-quenched quaintly quizzical eyes,
she's the very quintessence
of quiet.



Contribute 'R'

Racing, nose

stretched out ahead, her tail streaming behind,
she's a riot of legs

as she gallops with a whoosh up the near
vertical stairs to the roof garden.

I'm almost tripped, I'm left in the rear, yet
it's me who'll open the door! Why the speed?

– she's a child, quite black and wild,
on her toes.



Cattribute 'S'

“Sex'? what's that?”

she called, stretched on her side across the floor.

“It's what you're searching for”

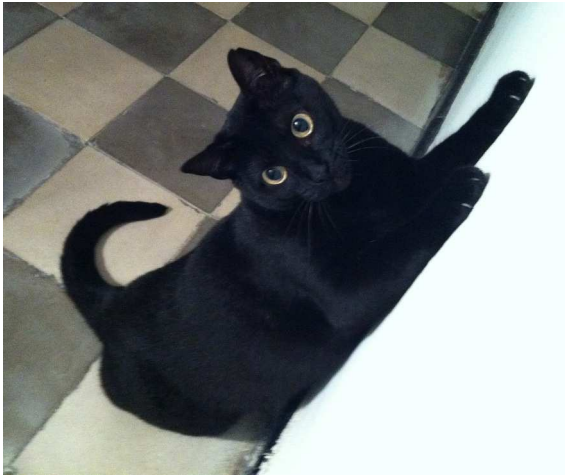
I thought, staring as she rolled and wriggled
with no sense of shame, hindquarters raised.

“Help me!” she wailed. “Now please!” I said, “some self-
control! And when you go out, see you take
precautions!” Though for a twelve
week old cat ...?



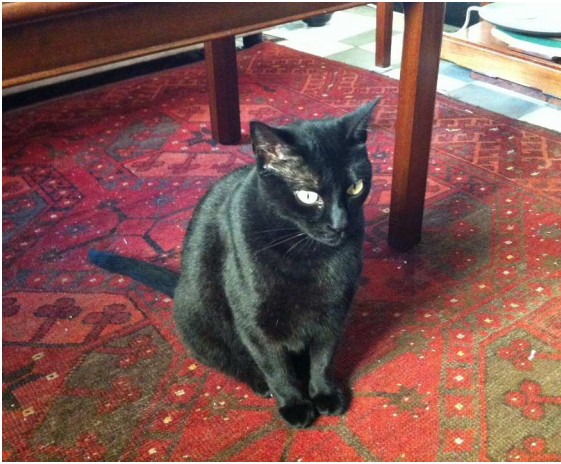
Cattribute 'T'

Tail up, or
 down, or flowing, or curled about her paws,
it talks treats, nonchalance,
 travels, truce: a signpost (minus details!).
No hint of the girl turned prankster, truant,
 stunt artist, acrobat, all tooth and claw
tearaway, a black cavorting demon
 at falling night. But that's an-
 other tale.



Cattribute 'U'

Upwards she
 reaches, straightens easy and elegant
and absolutely black,
 to brace herself there against the window
and stare at life in the street below.
 Ballerina and child – curiosity
and poise, innocence and grace, with the jut
 of her tail just hinting at
 sexual urge.



Contribute 'V'

Victory!

Master didn't shut study or drawing
room when he conducted
the viewing! but I let off the crystal,
fabrics and vellum with a warning.

Did he intend to leave the rooms open,
and why did he say "fittings included"?
(... is what I've had, a 'pyrrhic'
victory?)



Contribute 'W'

Double 'u'... ?

What a worry! Why! I've wrung a whole three words under double 'u'

from my master's weighty *Oxford* and these are a write-off. I feel quite muddled.

Is *Oxford* wrong? Whether that's wishful me or not, such fair-weather friends spell trouble.

... Or is 'u' a letter you don't double ...?



Contribute 'X'

Xigent

xorcist of xpired foods, she xudes
eccentric ecstasy

as she xamines them for xellence,
before xpressing her succinct views.

Xercising her xtrasensory
perception, she xults in xposing
(rarely xonerating)
the *ex*-perts.



Cattribute 'Y'

Yesterday

might be today if you and I decide
to play. But though I'm Yang

I'm human now, and you're a cat, my Yin,
today. What has ended can't begin,

so wave goodbye to what you can't bring back
and prize your black fur coat and full moon eyes,
rare items in tomorrow's
yesterday.



Contribute 'Z'

Zylandias

O King of Kings, watch me pace or stand dead
silent gazing out at

space. From Zanzibar to antipodean
Zealand and from Pole to Pole I'm Queen

by night, and though we may seem different, we
meet each day unknowing and share one fate.

So join me as I sleep, and
dream of Z.



Notes

THE POEMS

The Cattribute poems concern a young cat born in Cadiz probably some time in November 2008. The poems were all written in Cadiz early in 2009. They were first published by Glen Albrecht (BookWright 2016), and presented to me as a surprise gift. I was so impressed by their appearance that I was inspired to try to publish the complete series *Lines of a Lifetime* in a similar manner. Here's to *Noche!*



Cattribute 'A'

13 March

The alphabetical arrangement 'A-Z' is a classic one, with all the advantages (and some disadvantages) that supposes. Perhaps the main general advantage of such a programme is that it demands further input; a secondary advantage is that it widens the range of aspects to be studied; a third advantage is that it allows / invites / obliges variation in the presentation. With regard to the announcer in any given piece, sometimes it is assumed to be Yours Truly, sometimes the cat, and on some occasions both of us in dialogue. Good luck, reader.

Cattribute 'B'

01 March

Cattribute 'C'

15 February

Though Cadiz is not an island, the isthmus of which it forms the head is substantially man-made, developed on a series of

pre-existing reefs.

Cattribute 'C'*

26 March

The beginning of what became a habit, and continues to be in 2017. When she enters a room she surveys the scene, bounds onto my lap, make herself comfortable, and falls asleep ... close beyond words, and calling for an extra poem.

Cattribute 'D' (also features in *Mixed blessings*)

06 March

Her dietary preferences (demands!) have evolved substantially since those early days. They are now quite boring, alas, and involve only tinned food (quality, of course) and pellets.

Cattribute 'E'

08 March

Cattribute 'E'*

(no date)

When over 99% of a cat, and all of the night are black what do you see? Enough ... to want to call a priest to exorcise (eyes?) that troublesome 1%.

Cattribute 'F'

18 February

Cattribute 'G'

16 February

Cattribute 'H'

13 February

Her hunting successes are principally with butterflies, cicadas, dragonflies and lizards (alas), cockroaches, house flies, moths and silverfish (o.k.). She has failed to catch birds, especially those drinking at the birdbath, usually doves or sparrows. At night one of her stranger idiosyncracies is to roam through our darkened home yowling, moaning and crying as she drags one empty folded plastic bag after another (on one occasion there were no fewer than seven) from the ground floor kitchen to our bedroom on the first floor. We call it 'rattling', but ...? (see also below, the note for 'Cattribute 'M'').

Cattribute 'I'

08 February

Other poems concerned with visual perception / interpretation are 'Gifts of sight' n.4 in the set *No nonsense, now!*, 'Point of departure' and 'A Question of identification', all three in the volume *Measuring up*. Also, but from a different angle, are '*Ausencia 2*' and '*Ausencia 3*' in the volume *Eros 3*.

Cattribute 'J'

28 February

Speak of multiple personalities! Her photos portray them well and almost constitute a portrait gallery..

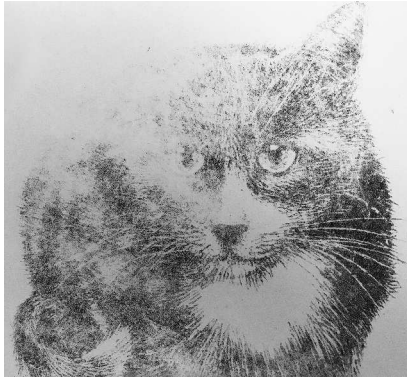
Cattribute 'K'

24 February

Cattribute 'L'

02 March

Cattribute 'M'	10 March
<p>She has tackled a number of items such as a fine 19th c. sofa, sundry carpets and some chairs. One of these is illustrated here ... converted to the status of a work of art (see also the note for 'Cattribute 'H").</p>	
Cattribute 'N'	17 February
<p>I was told by a clairvoyant in Australia that I was once a lexicographer at the court of Atlantis. That's as may be. But there can be little room for doubt concerning <i>Noche's</i> exalted past as Queen of Nubia.</p>	
Cattribute 'O'	06 February
<p>She doesn't smell, though occasionally she exudes a mildly perfumed scent.</p>	
Cattribute 'P'	02 February
Cattribute 'Q'	01 February
Cattribute 'R'	06 March
Cattribute 'S'	26 February
<p>Finally I was persuaded that a vet should be called, to put her out of her misery (no, not put her 'down': it's all in the correct use of the preposition).</p>	
Cattribute 'T'	11 February
Cattribute 'U'	03 March
Cattribute 'V'	07 March
<p>I made it a practise always to keep <i>Noche</i>, still a kitten, out of certain rooms where there were things that mattered. But since my home in c. San Dimas was on the market, following my wife's departure, I had to endure frequent incursions by house hunters, who expected doors to be opened for them ... and left open for them to wander at leisure.</p>	
Cattribute 'W'	11 March
<p>The '<i>Oxford</i>' in question could be my 20 volume <i>Oxford English Dictionary</i> no less, or my <i>Concise Oxford English Dictionary</i> depending on <i>Noche's</i> application.</p>	
Cattribute 'X'	21 February
Cattribute 'Y'	22 February
Cattribute 'Z'	14 March
<p><i>Noche</i> and Yours Truly share a fascination with Shelley's 'Ozymandias', to which she has added one extra dimension.</p>	



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 (Vejer). They have also appeared at several commercial establishments, and were made especially welcome at *Casa Lazo*. Recycled art, what?

POEMS

Cattribution 'I'

Cattribution 'N'

Cattribution 'Z'

Papegados

'Pax' / 3:06

Retrato 'Alicia en el jardín de los tiempos' / 2:26

'El Oráculo' / 2:16

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 glass drinking ware?). 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

Cattribute 'E'

Cristaleta

'*Cristaleta 5*'

ILLUSTRATIONS – by Glenwys Albrecht

These consist of 28 photographs selected from Glen Albrecht's large collection and used here to illustrate this volume of Cattributes. Just a few of these photos have appeared before, and these were in her publication on the subject in late 2016 (see opening comments in notes on the poems).

All photos bar two (the 'unknown cat' off *Noche*'s tired meal mat, and the chair) are of *Noche* in action, most are by camera, and all are set at c. San Dimas 10, Cadiz. The locations extend to almost every room of the house, a *finca*, the main sites being the library, the *patio* and of course the *azotea* or roof garden.

One illustration which calls for comment shows 'The chair stripped bare by her cat (with apologies to Marcel Duchamp), a work by the Dada artist *Noche*, one of a collection of Anarchic Works', as Glenwys Albrecht puts it.

ILLUSTRATIONS – spacers

The spacers which open and close this collection are two (of a set of four) Spanish plates, one representing autumn / *otoño* and the other winter / *invierno*. Both have a *mayólica craquelada* finish and are by Abad of Puente del Arzobispo. This set of four, which began to serve as spacers in The Natural world 1, has now been shown in full.

They came from a little shop run by a charming old lady who specialised in traditional Spanish pottery, in c. del Príncipe, Madrid.



