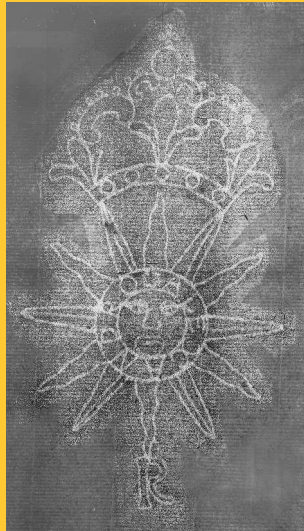


LINES OF A LIFETIME X

'WORDS AT PLAY'



poems

Bruno Scarfe

November 2017

WORDS AT PLAY

Plays on words expressed in verse

A selection of poems from the collection

Lines of a Lifetime

BRUNO SCARFE

	V	E	N	
F	E	W	G	S
Y	I	N	E	R
N	E	L	W	Y
	L	D	I	

With

“*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.”

(Noche *dixit*, in 'Cattribute L' from *Lines of a Lifetime IX*:

'The Natural world 3' - the Bestiary 2)

in mind





INTRODUCTION '*Words at play: plays on words expressed in verse*'

'*Words at play: plays on words expressed in verse*' is volume ten in the overall collection *Lines of a Lifetime*. It follows *Cadiz*, the *Eros* series of three, *Measuring up*, *Mixed blessings*, and *The Natural world* series of three.

'Words at play' (a selection), refers to pieces where points of language such as meaning, function, value and presentation constitute the focus of attention, developed hopefully in not too pedantic a manner. 'Plays on words' (a selection) refers to the use of puns, of which the title / sub-title of this selection offers an example.

As has happened before, there are duplications due to subjects treated previously like *Cadiz*, *eros*, the mind, cuisine and nature developed with recourse to word play or presentational techniques.

And there are omissions, mainly answering to a wish to minimise duplication. The main ones are the series *Cattributes* (starting with the title) and the series *Mind the monkey*. But other series also contain word play or plays on words, as do many individual pieces.

The decision to include pieces (even where the language factor may seem minor), and exclude pieces (even where the language factor may seem major) has been difficult, and there will be objections.

All the pieces here bar two have been written in *Cadiz*. These are '*Surréalismes*' (on nature, atmosphere and the supernatural, but with an emphasis on representational techniques) written in Oxford, and '*Marketing*' (appearing in *Eros - Foibles of the flesh*, where desire and frustration culminate in a play on words) written in Melbourne.

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.

All thanks

To my father,
Francis Scarfe (1911-1986)
academic, critic, novelist and poet
Director of the British Institute, Paris
C.B.E., Légion d'Honneur, F.R.S.L.

for a linguistic sense of humour

WORDS AT PLAY: Plays on words expressed in verse – a selection

Actors for all reasons	<i>Miércoles (a Carmen y Ramón)</i>
Administering	Mover and shaker
All in a letter	<i>No tocar</i>
All's not well	<i>El Optimista</i>
<i>Apurados</i>	Other people's
<i>El Bellaco en pelotas</i>	<i>Otro tango</i>
<i>Bonito error (a Carmen y Ramón)</i>	Out of its depth I and II
Choice of stroke	<i>Padre Nuestro</i>
<i>Una Copa de más</i>	<i>¿Para sordos?</i>
<i>Cumplir</i>	<i>Pasatiempos: Sol y sombra</i>
<i>¿De sastres?</i>	<i>La Pérfida</i>
Diuretic	<i>Plegaria (a María)</i>
Doctor Foster: last known whereabouts	Poor Idea
Followers all	Punishing heat
Fragment 1: "Scallywags ..."	Spellsetter
Fragment 2: "Now to win or lose ..." (to Don Fernando)	Strangers in Paradise
Fragment 3: "Saffron ..."	<i>Surréalismes</i>
Fragment 4: "Juniper berries ..." (to Ann)	A tail to wag a dog
Fragment 5: "I love to see ..."	<i>Té con tomate</i>
<i>Frustra impeditur</i> (to Thompson of Kilburn)	Thank God for Sunday
Games: Gobbledygook	A Timely spring
'Gay' re-cast	Top dog
Holus-bolus	Touched
<i>El Jinete de la Ginebra (a Antonio Núñez)</i>	Unbecoming a croupier
Loud-mouthed Word	<i>Vaivenes del cielo</i>
<i>Un Lugar para armas tomar (a Olimpio)</i>	Wing din
Marketing (to Phoebe)	Yours truly, Q.C.

Illustrated

All's not well, Fragments 1-4, *Frustra impeditur*, *El jinete de la Ginebra*, Mover and shaker, *Plegaria*



Actors for all reasons

“We’re the action”
Verb called, and sneered
“adjectives are idlers”.

“Sloppy talk” cried
Adjective, “we’re
sensitive, *exacting*”.

Administering

Now there is a Minister
 (female) for Equality,
why not add a Minister
 (male this time) for Quality?

All in a letter

Since e-mails are so simply done,
are free, and travel fast,
the mails we knew may soon become
mere relics of the past.



All's not well

They fund research
to redirect
rogue meteorites from Earth,

but feel no need
to disinvest
in oil wells out at sea.

Apurados

Agotado, y con sed estaba
Lanzarote, y no se contaba
con los veintidós ni con su amante
para servir y acompañarle.

El Rey Artús pues, se ofreció
ponerle algo ‘de lo mejó’.

– ¿Cómo, amigo, callas la sed?
Recuérdame ya de una vez.

– ¡Coño! ¿Qué se cree? le contesta,
¡una ginebra y una siesta!

– ¡Jo’er! le contesta Artús con saña,
¡la Ginebra está ya agotada!

El bellaco en pelotas

‘Sol embotellado de Andalucía’
el anuncio del Tío Pepe decía
según recuerdo, y me gustaba.
Ahora he visto otro, que rezaba
‘Jamón de botella’. Contemplaba
confuso lo que vaticinaba
con respecto a su precio y sabor
hasta darme cuenta ... del error.

Bonito error

A Carmen y Ramón

“¡Qué lasaña más rica! ¡vaya esmero!”
le digo contento a la cocinera.
“No, ¡que es de atún!” me contesta seca,
“es lo que se emplea, ¡que no es mero!”

Choice of stroke

“Keeping abreast of the news?”
she murmured, bending over
as I thumbed through my paper.

Checking stocks, I stared, then said:
“I’ve butterflies! to keep a-
breast, I’ll have to switch to yours”.

Una copa de más

“¿Qué quiere beber señor?”

“Un tinto ... del Duero, natural.”

Y me pusieron una copa de tinto, mejor de lo esperado, así que luego les pedí más. Me pusieron otra copa, algo sin ton ni son.

“Vaya, ¿por qué me han puesto otra copa?”

“¿Y no lo pidió señor?”

“Vino sí; no hacía falta otra copa.”

“¿No lo pidió natural?”

“Sí, pero con respecto a la copa ...”

“Sin copa estaría fatal.”

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!*

¿De sastres?

Talones tengo, claro,
y aquí traigo pan:
¡Esto es saber vestirse!

... ¿En cueros, *yo*?
... ¿No véis,
son los pantalones a
la moda de mañana?

(Los pienso patentar.)

Diuretic

My ankles, oedematous, repel
in their spongy, sluggish, swollen state –
when this man comes up, cradling a tray.
“Die, you heretic!” he seems to say.
I freeze. There’s a clink, he bends, and then ...
offers me a coffee. “That should help!”

Doctor Foster: last known whereabouts

As Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
he heard his mobile ring.
(But was the call for him
at all? or was he an imposter?)

It came from a plain in far away
Spain, from a firm renowned
for converting the ground
from a desert to marsh: in a day.

“‘Turf!’ – your name out in audiofile space –
got us smartly to think
of peat moors and their link
with rain. We’ve a suggestion that’s ace!”

“‘Doc’, and ‘oster’ with an ‘F’, is how
I should be filed” he spat,
“and Peter Moore, who’s that?
and a shower for Othello! now?”

They never managed to right his name
and found the Moor too much,
while he found it a touch
strange that people should ring him from Spain.

These brains from the plain who master the
rain, decided to fly
him a sample of sky
regardless; he’d be flabbergasted!

But an atmospheric pressure change
downloaded a blunder

of discharge and thunder
on Foster, just out of mobile range

of a local emergency post.
He was swept down a drain
first past Gloucester, then Spain,
till disgorged in the Nile near the coast.

“Gloucester?” he asked the wrong crocodile
who’d failed English but heard
him, and guessed that the word
stood for lunch. But the Doctor used guile
and pretended to dial
for first aid – at which the
crocodile swam out of the picture.

Foster survived and set up a store
and chose to stay there, not
Redmarley D’Abitot
where he’d practiced his medicine before.

Now ‘Crocodile Catch!’ in his window
means a number of deals
in no-fuss burger meals
with the following stealing the show:

‘Dial-a-burgers! we home deliver!’
‘Get mobilised! crocoburger rolls!’
‘Crocoburgers! savour the flavour!’
‘Crocoburgers – clinical controls!’
‘Fosterburgers – predigested!’, plus
‘Buy a burger! the Foster’s on us!’

Followers all

“I want some words”
Idea announced,
“for what I have in mind.”

And in they bounced,
each followed by
.... ideas! all out of turn.





Fragment 1

Scallywags,
hobgoblins,
tramps:

a troop of monkeys
 cooking up a lark;
they'll put your living
 daylights in a funk;
fumes and flies, ooze and
 squelch, and pools of dust –

scallywags,
hobgoblins,
tramps.



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.



Fragment 3

Saffron, they claim
(from the stigma of the crocus)
gives food flavour,
gives food colour,
lends a delicate aroma.

Some fast-food cooks
– mainly chasing
profits cheaply,
and thoughtless slaves to microwaves –
say such talk is hocus-pocus.

But fragrance left, to smell and taste,
and colour (look!),
gently tell that saffron's claims aren't
gobbledegook:
some stigma's worth its weight in gold.



Fragment 4

To Ann

Juniper berries,
elderberries,
sloes:

exuberant preludes
 to smiles and sighs;
clusters of jet
 set for turning to wine;
sharp eyes in hiding,
 fast among the thorns –

juniper berries,
elderberries,
sloes.

Fragment 5

I love to see

(in disbelief) how plovers hover
over the open fields,

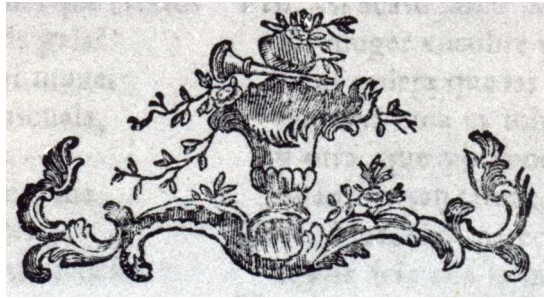
sparrows land in a sea of pigeons,
sneak 'their' bread and scatter,

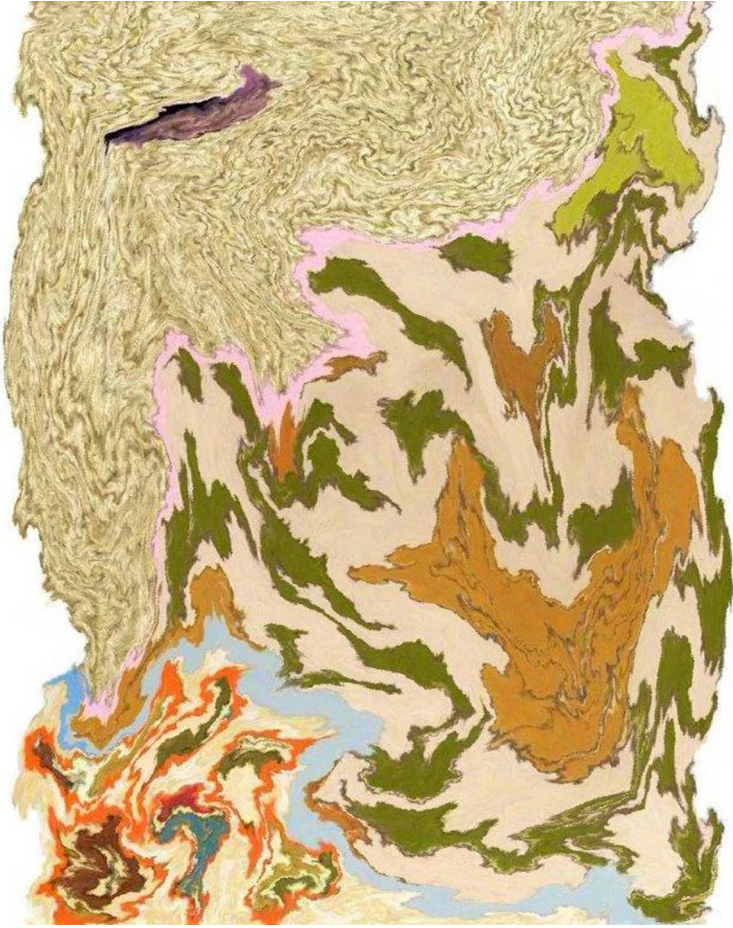
ants ease some clumsy bundle past rocks
and leaves that block their track,

swallows squeal, climb in zigzags, glide in
games of lead and follow.

While up on high

clouds career, pause for breath, and dawdle,
riffraff, have-beens, bounders,





Frustra impeditur

To Thompson of Kilburn

Though clocks, which give the time, expect to die,
we, who spend it, will argue it's not time.

Games: 'Gobbledygook'

I rave of frogs,
of sassy turkeys,
ibis.

I rave of beds,
do rave of jibes
on boring claws
up root or log;
my awe apart,
my ire low,
I rave of far ago.

I spruik jargon,
spruik tasty verbiage,
gobble.

'By Gobbledygook'
(Is my tag so dim?
– or classy?)

GAMES

Gobbledygook

b o r i n g ■ c l a w s
■ f a r ■ o ■ l o w ■ p
f ■ v e r b i a g e ■ r
r ■ e ■ ■ b ■ s ■ ■ ■ u
o r ■ i ■ l ■ s ■ g ■ i
g o b b l e d y g o o k
s o ■ i ■ d o ■ ■ b ■ ■
■ t a s t y ■ j i b e s
I ■ p ■ a g o ■ ■ l ■ a
■ j a r g o n ■ b e d s
u ■ r ■ ■ o ■ b ■ ■ i s
p ■ t u r k e y s ■ m y

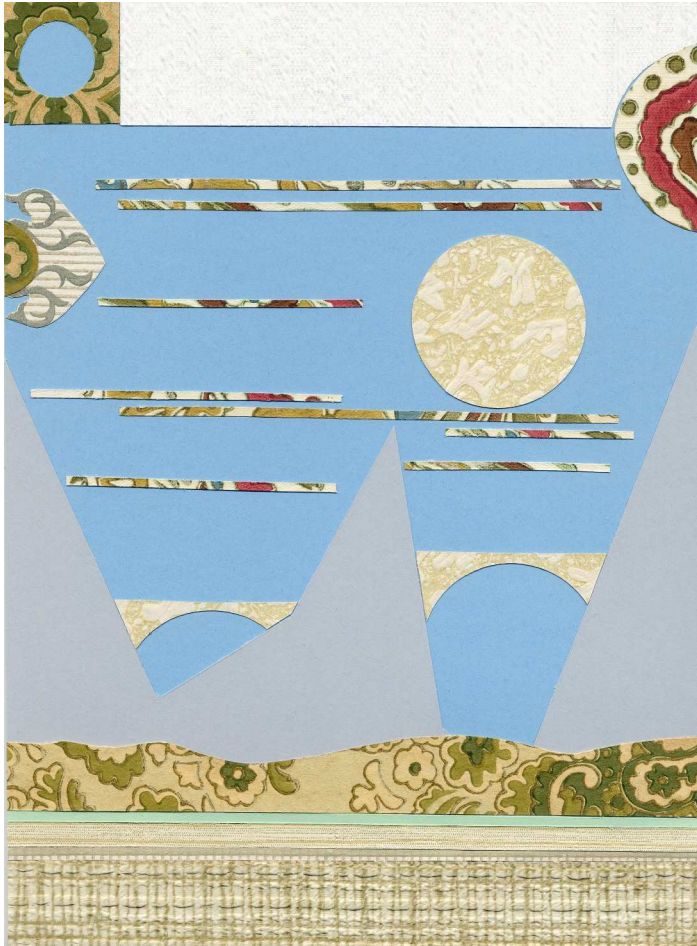
‘Gay’ re-cast

Bandaged again,
Gay groaned in pain –
“Why did I sing and dance?”

“You’re not to blame”
the nurse explained,
“for having been re-cast”.

Holus-bolus

“... holus-bolus? diced?
in your salad bowl,
Dear?” ... “No! Let us ... fry
my boletus, whole!”



El jinete de la Ginebra

A Antonio Núñez

Ebrio iba, cabalgando, y cabalgaba
por tierras que, ondulando, ondulaban
y despertó; soñando pues, soñó que iba
escalando los montes de su querida.

Loud-mouthed Word

The Idea ran the interview
along very seductive lines:
it fooled the Word, which was after
a job, into speaking its mind.

Well! and did the Word blow its own
trumpet, and then rubbish its mates!

When the Idea said “Sorry!”, and
impetuously “‘Mate’, but you’re not on!
You talk too much, so you’re a risk”,

the Word replied, “As for you, you’re
a jumped-up bastard *Idée fixe!*”

Un lugar para armas tomar

A Olimpio

Para comer en el café bar
la Rambla,
le ponen cuchillos, y además
navajas.

Marketing

To Phoebe

Side by side and
separate, so long,
he came to drink again
the nectar on her tongue.
“No! no!” she said,
“why don’t you try
a nectarine, instead?”

Miércoles ... en Casa Lazo

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.



Mover and shaker

I'm Rhythm, quick and
slow, happy, sad,
hysterical and ... mad?

My baton moves
first thoughts then mood,
its tempo stirs the soul.

No tocar

Si el hielo
de su mirada
quema,

por ella
mejor estar ya
ciego –

– o bombero
graduado
en deshacer
carámbanos
y recelos.

El optivista

En el camión
el anuncio rezaba
– DE CORAZÓN –
(lo que faltaba).

Ay ¡tonto de mí!
que me había comido
la ‘i’.

Other people's

Today, a normal-looking man walked past
emitting
music.

“Good heavens!” I thought,
“a Musical Man!”

No luck.

It was just
a radio out for a walk in some pants.

Otro tango

Aquí tienes un amante quilla,
de categoría,
para complacer chocho y barriga.

Out of its depth

I

The silverfish
turned up its toes
when it couldn't have the last word.
It proved too much
of a mouthful.

Out of its depth

II

The world of letters would last far better
if silverfish
gave up their dish
of words, and went
for 'Cocksure'*, the last word in French letters.

*Poet's copyright / patent pending.

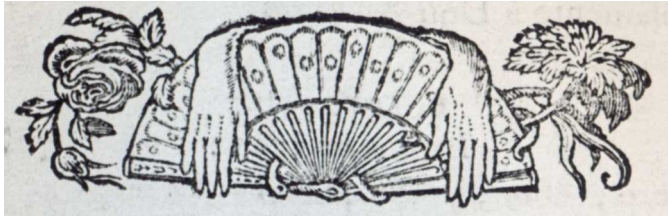
Padre Nuestro

Dios, diosa, madre, padre –
todo:
los hispanglo hablantes
debieran adorar
sólo
a la Universidad.

¿Para sordos?

Vaya son
más monótono,
suplicio infernal:

“Go ... o ... o
o ... o ... ol!”
música del bar.



Pasatiempos: 'Sol y sombra'

Olor a toros:
la plaza a sol y sombra,
con calor.

Olor a corridas de toros,
a plaza de sangre,
a plaza de polvo,
a plaza de pena:

¡ay! qué asco, y ¡ay! qué calor.
Sol sin sombra
y sin amor.

Olor a corridas de toros,
a música y paso-
dobles, con sed de hielo,
de agua, y de vino,
la copa de coñac y anís:
sol y sombra
con abanicos.

Olor a toros:
la plaza a sol y sombra,
con calor.

PASATIEMPOS

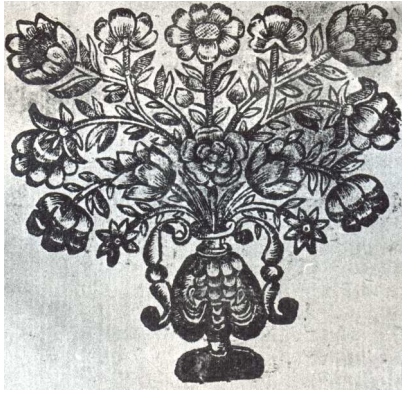
Sol y Sombra

a b a n i c o s ■ ■ p ■ c ■ ■
■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ h i e l o ■ p
■ t ■ ■ ■ s ■ ■ ■ n ■ r ■ a
c o n ■ c o ñ a c ■ a ■ r ■ s
■ r ■ ■ ■ l ■ y ■ ■ ■ v i n o
■ o ■ p ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ d ■ d
■ s o l ■ Y ■ s o m b r a ■ o
a ■ ■ a ■ ■ a ■ ú ■ ■ s ■ b
■ ■ ■ z ■ s i n ■ s e d ■ ■ l
c o p a ■ o ■ g ■ i ■ e ■ d e
a ■ o ■ a m o r ■ c ■ ■ a ■ s
l ■ l a ■ b ■ e ■ a n í s ■ ■
o ■ v ■ ■ r ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ c ■ ■
r ■ o ■ ■ a g u a ■ o l o r ■

La Pérfida

En su camiseta se leía *Rock and Roll*.

¿Por qué tanto afán en comunicar
que se iba al Peñón
a tomar un bocadillo de jamón?





Plegaria

A María

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

Poor Idea

The Idea, quite clear in its head
as to what it wanted to say,
initiated

 a painstaking
 search for the
 Mot juste.

After many
 vicissitudes,
 it found a
 candidate.

On the day, the Word turned up drunk
with its mates, all after the job.

The Idea, its head in a spin,
consulted a mirror, afraid
of detecting
 symptoms
 of mistaken
 identity.

Punishing heat

You're in the stone,
you're in the wood,
my books, my bed, my clothes.

You're hot. Why don't
I flick a switch
and put the heat on *you*?

Spellsetter

I'm Rhyme, sublime
or infantile –
I've a hundred hats here.

My echoes high-
light choice ideas,
o.k.? and ... hypnotise.

Strangers in Paradise

“I’ve changed my name”
said Queer, “to ‘Strange’,
more socially discreet.

Plus, when I die
I may now meet
Stranges in Paradise.”

Surréalismes

La C est rouge
la D est verte
la C la C
la C nage

l (e-)
e n t
m

parmi

les QU
mO eurs
C QU
R I s
G R
des sE pents
R

nuages (qui sait?)

qui s'é-
v a n o u i s s e n t

SQU L TT S

f
e
u
i
l
l e
e s é
m m
o
r u
t f
e
s

au crépuscule

A tail to wag a dog

“I’m ‘Procrastinate’”, it said pompously,
and “I’m ‘Delay’”, managed the word behind.
‘Temporize’ and ‘Put off’ turned up duly,
and had a slow, blow-by-blow slanging match
due to different class and ethnic backgrounds.
Idea had advertised for ‘A word, pre-
ferably a verb, and single – for a
report on government initiatives’.

Idea dismissed Temporize on account
of its temper (rising), and Put off be-
cause well, you could tell it wasn’t single.
“Now what?”, Idea wondered, unimpressed by
the first two words, at odds with each other.
Whereupon, addressing all and sundry
and no one in particular, in strode
“Filibuster!”, again “Filibuster!”
“My name’s ‘Filibuster’ – I’m so sorry
I’m late! I couldn’t get here earlier
it’s just in my nature, I can’t help it.”

He got no further. “My word!” said Idea,
“you’re just what I wanted: a word which knows
itself, is true to itself, lives its part”,
adding, “you’re on, I’ll take you, the job’s yours”.
More calmly, “.....and I can’t help it either.
I only wanted a variant on
‘defer’, and you march in and add a whole
new perspective! not just slow, but bold! Wow!

But”, sadly “it’s quite confusing. Too bad,
I’ll just have to look for another hat.”

Té con tomate

“¿Qué te tomaste? ¿un té, Marta?”

“Pues ¡anda! Tomás, me tomé un té mate.”

“¿Y luego no comiste nada?”

“Comí un mollete y aceite con tomate.”

“¡Té con tomate! ¡disparate!”

“¡Toma! ¡que no me dispares ni mates!”

“¿Marta, estás harta? ¿qué te falta?”

“¿Lo dices por el té o por el tomate?”

“¡¡¡Por lo bueno de un santo más!!!

Queda té, ¡tómalo! ¡ja! ¡qué mate!”

Thank God for Sunday

Saturday night,
the Week dived into bed,
done for.

Sunday off! (thank God).

Monday morning,
back on the job, driving
the days.

A timely spring

Though one swallow doesn't make a summer,
it only takes one hare to make a spring.

Top dog

Leading their boss,
they'll make him stop,
start, reconnoitre, run.

They'll sniff, they'll wee,
they'll pooh and see
that master tidies up.

Touched

The sun broke out of the haze,
the wall broke into a smile.

Unbecoming a croupier

William nearly put
a spoke in it, deal-
ing at the wheel of
fate, willy-nilly.

Vaivenes del cielo

O Paco,
en todo cuanto arreglas
ahí vas dejando huellas:
¡qué celo!

No sé si ¡maldito ... !
o ¡bendito ... seas!

Wing din

She makes a racket as though to tell
the world at large this cicada's ... well.

Yours truly, Q.C.

“I love our boss”
sighed Querulous,
“he whinges all the time”.

“Get snuffed, now!” coughed
Cantankerous,
“he’s so like me, he’s mine!”





Notes

THE POEMS – all written in Cadiz, except for 'Surréalismes'
(Oxford) and 'Marketing' (Melbourne)

- Actors for all reasons** 2010
Language and the creative process: “Anything you can do, I can do better ...”.
- Administering** 2009
Politics: a place for priorities.
- All in a letter** 2009
I.T., progress, values: ‘e-’ casts its spell.
- All’s not well** 2010
Outer space, progress, industry: an ecological dilemma.
- Apurados** (also features in Eros - *In absentia*) 2001
Mediaeval literature, the Round Table: *el alivio prohibido*.
Los otros (veintidós) - los ausentes -
son los doce pares, menos él
aquí padeciendo mal de sed
y mal de amores, Lanzarote.
- El bellaco en pelotas** (also features in Mixed blessings) 2007
Advertising, gastronomy, and on similarities of sounds and spelling
(*jamón de bellota*, i.e acorn-fed ham is highly regarded): *¿botellas?*
las bellotas se imponen ya.
- Bonito error** (also features in Mixed blessings and The Natural world 2009
- the Bestiary 1)
Cuisine, where tuna is known as *atún* and *bonito*, the latter being also
an adjective with a quite different meaning (see also '*Miércoles ... en*
Casa Lazo): *el pescado se confiesa*.
- Choice of stroke** (also features in Eros - Foibles of the flesh) 2002
Desire: the booby prize.
- Una copa de más** (also features in Mixed blessings) 2007
Hospitality business ... and the custom of a fresh glass for every top-
up: *al lavavajillas con el detalle*.
- Cumplir** (also features in Cadiz) 2007
The law v. custom, and the extremely difficult introduction of a
regulation on the compulsory use of helmets (*casco*) for
motorcyclists (*casco antiguo* is the old city centre): *la ley sí, pero*

¿las ganas?

¿De sastres? 2004

Fashion, need: *el emperador está desnudo*.

Diuretic 2011

Medicine, communication: fear of the unknown - scalpel, pistol?

Doctor Foster: last known whereabouts 2007

I.T., nursery rhymes: reinvented as the mobility man.

Followers all 2010

Language and the creative process: the word, father to the thought.

FRAGMENTS 2004

The series began as games with words and sounds, an offshoot of my English classes with Don Fernando of the Cadiz Port Authority.

Fragment 1

Language, word association: some rather doubtful relatives here.

Fragment 2 (also features in Eros - Heavings of the heart)

Language – written and spoken, values: win some, lose some.

It all began with

'once' and 'wonderful',

'one' and 'won'.

'Now' (on time) got in,

'own' alone, lost out.

Fragment 3 (also features in Mixed blessings)

Language, progress, gastronomy: stigmatised, with honour.

'Hocus-pocus', 'gobbledygook',

the antithesis of saffron,

earned their place;

'mumbo-jumbo' and 'codswallop'

though, missed out, as did 'bamboozle',

while 'enigma' (in a dither)

missed the race.

Fragment 4 (also features in Mixed blessings)

Language, word association: more meaningful relatives.

Juniper berries: love at first sight (oh, dear!), "not suited", they said, "for Omeo".

The elderberry wine Ann's father made was heaven, and - for a while - persuaded.

The tang of sloes, however few, surprised

- in jams derived from autumn fruits found wild.
- Fragment 5** (also features in The Natural world - Heaven and earth) 2017
 Language, sounds, nature: the subversive echo.
- Frustra impeditur*** 2007
 Time, mortality: *tempus fugit, frustra impeditur*. Inspired by the memory of a panel by Thompson of Kilburn positioned pointedly by the entrance to the main study area at Ampleforth College, York. Thompson was famed for his work in oak, samples of which can be found throughout the school, and recognised by his trademark mouse.
- Games 'Gobbledygook'** (also features in The Natural world - the Bestiary 1) 2007
 Towards a crossword, minus the clues (and see the preliminary notes for Fragments).
- 'Gay' re-cast** 2010
 Language, homosexuality: a word hijacked.
- Holus-bolus** (also features in Mixed blessings) 2004
 Language, cuisine: hot mushroom salad, anyone?
- El jinete de la Ginebra*** (also features in Eros - *In absentia*) 2007
 Mediaeval literature, the Round Table: *Lanzarote se va de viaje*. Prompted by a late night conversation and literary duel (over a gin tonic?) with my friend at Carina's other premises, the *Jambalaya* in calle Sagasta.
- Loud-mouthed Word** 2001
 Language and the creative process: so who's in charge?
- Un lugar para armas tomar*** (also features in Cadiz, Mixed blessings and The Natural world - the Bestiary 1) 2009
 Cuisine, shellfish: *¡Ojo!* Set in Olimpio's Galician place *La Rambla* (calle Sopranis), with its generous array of *tapas*, many of them seafood dishes (one of these appears here as a pun). On another tack, his *pollo al ajillo* was of the best in Spain. Energetic, enthusiastic, affable - I missed him on retirement in 2014
- Marketing** (also features in Eros - Foibles of the flesh, and Mixed blessings) 1971
 Desire: a fruity kiss. I used to shop at the famous Victoria market on Saturdays alone, with my children Patrick, Isabel and Dominic, or with a friend.
- Miércoles ... en Casa Lazo*** (also features in Cadiz, and Mixed blessings) 2009

- Cuisine, cabbage and sprouts: *en el día indicado*. Carmen and Ramón produced some memorable dishes, especially in the line of *guisos* and *potajes*. I was to regret their departure.
- Mover and shaker** 2010
Language and the creative process: adrenalin and more.
- No tocar** (also features in Eros - Foibles of the flesh) 2004
Love (dysfunctional): *el amor no correspondido*.
- El optivista** 2008
Advertising: '*trompe l'oeil*' e *ilusión*.
- Other people's** 2001
Loud music (noise), progress, invasion: freedom of speech?
- Otro tango** (also features in Eros - Foibles of the flesh) 2009
Desire (a cocktail): *bailarlo ... en Cádiz*.
- Out of its depth I and II** (also features in The Natural world - the Bestiary 1) 2001
Silverfish, language: of words and certain letters. The second poem began as a footnote. Not a useful sort of fish and its silver anything but sterling.
- Padre Nuestro** 2009
God: *la oración se licencia*.
- ¿Para sordos?** 2010
Football, entertainment, invasion: *la tiranía de la afición*.
- Pasatiempos 'Sol y sombra'** (also features in Mixed blessings, and The Natural world - the Bestiary 1) 2007
Bullfights, dilemmas, and crosswords minus the clues (see also the preliminary notes for Fragments): *traje de luces y pasodoble*.
- La Pérfida** (also features in Mixed blessings) 2009
Politics (Gibraltar), fashions: *al Peñón sin ton ni son*. T-shirt slogans are anathema to me, in particular because the wearer is gullible enough to wear what he hasn't taken the trouble to understand. I remember the case of a classical concert given in the delightful courtyard of the church of San Francisco, here in Cadiz, where the person responsible for helping the pianist turn the pages was wearing a T-shirt which carried ever so clearly words in English to the effect of "f ... you". So I like to make fun of them - shirt and wearer.
- Plegaria** (also features in Cadiz) 2010
Language: *¿Peligro en la calle Concepción? ¡Vaya!* María's café-bar *Al Liquidóí* - the Cadiz-speak name meaning 'to keep a look out' - is

personified here. María, sadly, left soon after.	
Poor Idea	2001
Language and the creative process: not stuck for words.	
Punishing heat	2010
Temperatures, progress: a conditioned response.	
Spellsetter	2010
Language and the creative process: when an echo's o.k.	
Strangers in Paradise	2010
Language (words highjacked), homosexuality: they queered his pitch.	
Surréalismes (also features in The Natural world - Heaven and earth, and the Bestiary 1)	1960
Language visuals or representational techniques (all on a typewriter), settings, mood : <i>des pressentiments</i> .	
A tail to wag a dog	2001
Language and the creative process: the word empowered.	
Té con tomate (also features in Mixed blessings)	2007
Language, confusion, cuisine: <i>y por poco ... hubo tomate</i> . Bread and tomato paste is a standard breakfast item, but not so tea.	
Thank God for Sunday	2001
Time, routine: Godforsaken, almost.	
A timely spring (also features in The Natural world - the Bestiary 1)	2011
Sayings, language: on seasonal alert. Why not let hares have a word and take their place in the world of sayings?	
Top dog (also features in The Natural world - the Bestiary 1)	2010
Dogs, social structures: who's more dogged? It's a scene to be believed. But Jesús - a neighbour - and his dog pass my window every morning and have a nicer relationship.	
Touched	2002
Cause and effect, language: at breaking point.	
Unbecoming a croupier	2004
Gambling, fate: a case for the Bill?	
Vaivenes del cielo	2008
Technology (messy), progress: <i>¿hay contraindicaciones, sí o no?</i>	
Wing din (also features in The Natural world - the Bestiary 1)	2011
Cicadas, language: in full form (not at all ill). Such a shame people - and my cat - kill cicadas, when they're just trying to communicate.	
Yours truly, Q.C.	2010
Personal: could I be barred from the Bar? a question of concern.	



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

All's not well

El jinete de la Ginebra

Papegados

'Disfrazadas, entre cuadros y círculos' /

1:14

'El viaje irreal' / 1:16

POEMS

Frustra impeditur

Plegaria

Papegados converted to Frangos

Frango twist, from my 'Aeternitas' / 3:01

Frango twist, from my 'A troche y moche I' / 1:01

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.

POEMS

Fragment 1

Fragment 2

Fragment 3

Fragment 4

Mover and shaker

Cristaletas

'*Cristaleta 11*'

'*Cristaleta 8*'

'*Cristaleta 9*'

'*Cristaleta 10*'

'*Cristaleta 3*'

ILLUSTRATIONS – spacers and covers

The spacers used to introduce and close this collection are word riddles. The clue to the first: “A succession of *views*, named”; the clue to the second: “Alas, not each of these saints will inherit”.

The ten (b/w) spacers are printers’ ornamental blocks (usually general purpose) made of wood and, later metal. These 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. These are (here – only – in hypothetical chronological order) as follow:

- a) Vase of flowers from the perspective of an inverted triangle, starting from a minimalised base and expanding via an elongated spherical body (adorned with a head full-face and two in profile) to culminate in a wide reaching spray of nine blooms and various leaves: end block from *El Rey sin reino*, in the collection 'Parte veinte de las comedias de Lope de Vega Carpio, Procurador Fiscal de la Cámara Apostólica. Dividida en dos partes' [Esteban Liberós, Barcelona 1630]. Ref.: BS 672:i & BN R 25133.
- b) Basket of flowers, the basket squat and adorned with lozenge shaped markings, one dangling flower to left and right with the remaining dozen or more standing to different degrees of attention: end block from Antonio Cardona *El Más heroico silencio*, in the collection 'Parte veinte y una de comedias nuevas, escogidas de los mejores ingenios de España' [Joseph Fernández de Buendía, Madrid 1663]. Ref.: BS 459:i & BN T-i 16 v.21.
- c) Two handled vase with a flower on its face, bearing an irregularly arranged bunch of six or so blooms and leaves: end block from *No hay amor donde hay agravio*, in the collection 'El Fénix castellano, D. Antonio de Mendoça' [Miguel Manescal, Lisboa 1690 (R)]. Ref.: BS 534:ii & BN 3/24620.
- d) Single-jointed two-handled eccentrically shaped vase (effect of a woman with hands on hips) holding twelve large and two small flowers: end block from Diego Ximénez de Enciso *Santa Margarita* as in BN collection 'Comedias varias' or 'Comedias de los mejores ingenios de España' and bound under title of first item '*La Comedia de la Reina de las Flores*' [(no colophon) 17...]. Ref.: BS 692 & BN R 11269.
- e) Basket of flowers - a formal almost square effect achieved despite the quite irregular arrangement of the flowers, outstanding items being one flower opened fanwise on the left and another full-face in the centre: end block from *Antes que todo es mi dama*, in Juan de Vera Tassis y Villarroel's

'Octava parte de comedias verdaderas del célebre poeta español D. Pedro Calderón de la Barca' [Viuda de Blas de Villanueva, Madrid 1726]. Ref.: BS 65:i & BN T 2583.

f) Large elaborately carved flat topped ornament framing a very small basket with some half a dozen fruit: text interval block from Pedro Calderón de la Barca *Duelos de amor y lealtad* [(no colophon) on the occasion of the *desposorios* of the Infanta María Luisa / Archi-duque Pedro Leopoldo, Madrid 1764?]. Ref.: BS 264:ii.

g) Horizontal arrangement of an upright opened fan, a pair of gloves discarded over it at either end, a full rose to the far left and an indeterminate plant (or spent flower) to the far right: text header block from *El Sueño*, in v.VIII of the BN collection 'Teatro, o colección de los sainetes y demás obras dramáticas de D. Ramón de la Cruz y Cano' [Imprenta Real, Madrid 1789]. Ref.: BS 729 & BN T 3700.

h) Triangular arrangement of a horizontal two-arm ornament supporting, centre, an urn full of branches and an overflow of vegetation (?), the whole surmounted by a trumpet: title page block from the '*sainete*' (author not given) *El Hidalgo de Barajas* (Librería de Quiroga, calle Concepción Gerónima junto a Barrio-Nuevo, Madrid 1792). Ref.: BS 342 & BN T 27518.

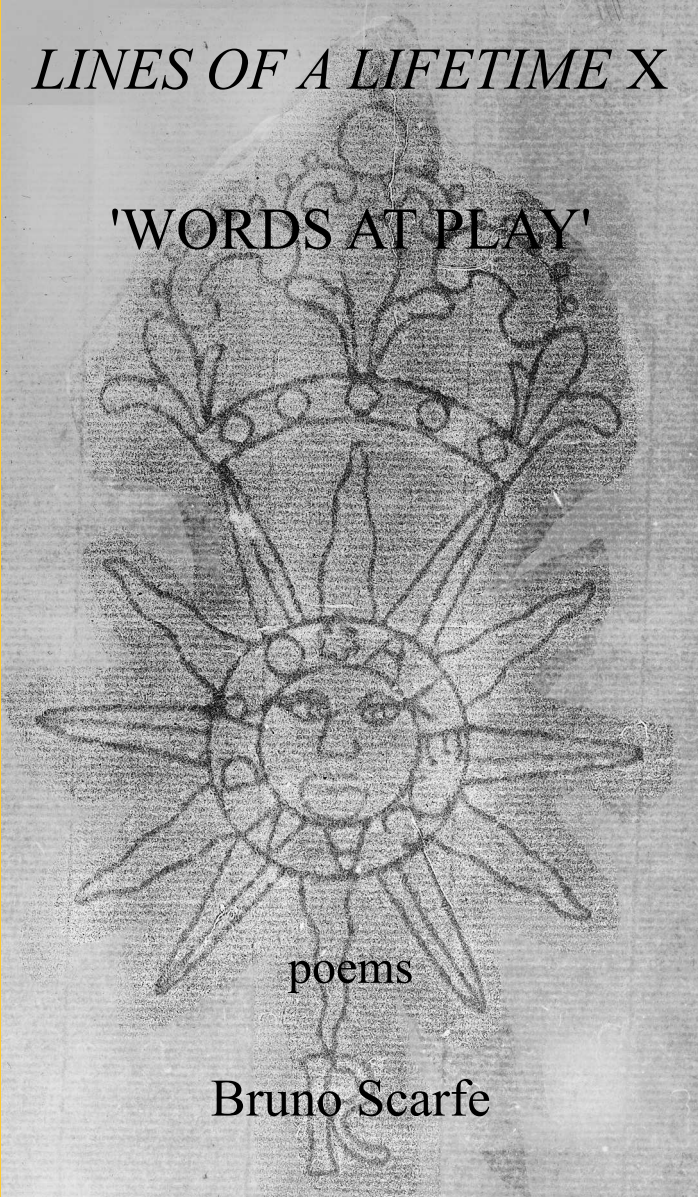
i) Wall bracket displaying a globe, a book open and several lying down, a wand (for Hermes or Mercury), part of a bagpipe or other instrument, and branches with leaves: title page block from the '*sainete*' (author not given) *El Paje de la llave* (Ildefonso Mompié de Montagudo, Valencia 1840). Ref.: BS 570:i.

The front cover illustration shows the watermark in the paper used for printing Calderón's *La Protestación de la fe* (Antonio Sanz, Madrid, undated [unusual for AS] but circa 1752). Ref.: BS 641 & BN T 25343 and T 5617. The religious play was withheld from publication for some years due to the sensitive nature of the subject, conversion of Queen Christina of (Lutheran) Sweden to Catholicism. The watermark design (copy 641:i:b, leaf C2b.3a) tells you the paper maker's christian name was Alexandro; it suggests via the combination of visual allusion and verbal metaphor that one of his surnames was *Soler* (the sun standing for *sol* and the dangling R, pronounced, for the final *er*); and it suggests via simple visual allusion that his other surname was *Coronado*. The pale lines of the trademark picture indicate thinness in the paper caused by the (wire) design limiting the flow of liquid paper mix during manufacture. The illustration has been made using x-rays, and is repeated on the back cover in its negative state (processes courtesy the Reserve Bank of Australia).

	D	A	B	
I	S	N	I	R
P	E		C	L
T	C	M	A	I
	K	I	O	

LINES OF A LIFETIME X

'WORDS AT PLAY'



poems

Bruno Scarfe