

LINES OF A LIFETIME I

'CADIZ'



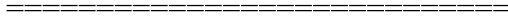
poems

Bruno Scarfe

LA GUIRITANA
Cadiz
2017 (2)

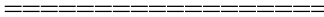
CADIZ

people, places and situations



A selection of poems from the collection

Lines of a Lifetime



BRUNO SCARFE



With
El Purgatorio de San Patricio
in mind



INTRODUCTION General

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 1', 9) 'The Natural World – the bestiary 2', being Cattributes A-Z, 10) 'Words at play - games with words expressed in verse', 11) 'Wrestling at dawn - 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, four are in French and one is in Latin.

INTRODUCTION Specific to the volume 'Cadiz - people, places and situations'

While poems produced before I came to live in Cadiz are not relevant, there are doubts as to which of the poems written in Cadiz most deserve to be represented now. And while the endnotes should justify inclusions, this may be the place to refer to some of the poems with a Cadiz connection which do not appear, being included instead in another volume or volumes. They follow with title (in bold) and setting / subject, and collection (in brackets).

‘Above and below’ I & II: Jerez, Playa Victoria / perspective (The Natural world – heaven and earth). **‘Absence 1’:** c. S. Telmo / dialogue (Eros – *in absentia*). **‘Acierto de Peregrino’:** *Champions* (now *Carrefour*) supermarket, c. Londres (now c. Alcalá Galiano) / spiritual values, the *Camino de Santiago* (The Natural world – the Bestiary 1). **‘Apurados’:** *Nuevo Retiro* bar, c. Argantonio / Round Table à trois (Eros – *in absentia* & Words at play). **‘El Bellaco en pelotas’:** *Veedor* bar & grocers, c. Veedor / food, slogans (Mixed blessings & Words at play). **‘Las Bellas por conocer’:** *Caruso* pizzeria, paseo Marítimo / personality, fate (Eros – foibles of the flesh). **‘Bonito error’:** *Casa Lazo* bar & restaurant, c. Barrié / food, words (Mixed blessings, The Natural world – the Bestiary 1, & Words at play). **‘Cattribute C’:** c. S. Dimas / cat C.V. (The Natural world – the Bestiary 2). **‘Una Copa de más’:** Cadiz / drinks (Mixed blessings & Words at play). **‘Elegir su elixir’ I & II:** Cadiz / *anís* (Mixed blessings, The Natural world – the Bestiary 1). **‘Encuentro esdrújulo’:** *Diván del Mónaco* café bar, c. Montañés / infatuation (Eros – heavings of the heart). **‘Hard-pressed’:** *Mercado de abastos*, plaza de la Libertad / place, sex (Eros – foibles of the flesh & Mixed blessings). **‘El Jinete de la Ginebra’:** *Jambalaya* bar, c. Sagasta / Round Table fantasy à deux (Eros – *in absentia* & Words at play). **‘¿O?’:** *Supersol* supermarket, c. San Rafael / charity (Measuring up). **‘¿Para sordos?’:** Cadiz / sound (Words at play). **‘Real’:** c. Beato Diego 9 / sounds (Measuring up). **‘The Shout’:** Cadiz / generosity (Eros – *in absentia*). **‘Still life plus’:** c. Beato Diego / colour, sound (The Natural world – the Bestiary 1). **‘Them! and “us”’:** Cadiz / identity (Eros – heavings of the heart). **‘Trish 4’:** Cadiz / lifestyle (Eros – *in absentia*). **‘Trish 5’:** c. San Dimas / I.T. (Eros – *in absentia*). **‘Trish 8’:** *Parque Genovés*, av. Dr. Gómez Ulla / foreboding (Eros – *in absentia*). **‘Up and away’:** c. S. Dimas / starlings (The Natural world – the Bestiary 1). **‘Why say it all?’:** c. Beato Diego / reality (Measuring up).

All thanks
al artífice
de todo el tinglao
Glenwys Albrecht

CADIZ: People, places and situations – a selection

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

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







Amor de prostíbulo

Al Duende

Sin dueña
ni chicas, ya se
queda.

En sedas,
copas, disfraces,
sueña.

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



Ausencia 1

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

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



Ausencia 2

A Teresa

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

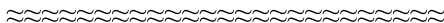
hasta detenerse en tu mirada.



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

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

rebosante de íntimas verdades.



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

Ausencia 3

A Teresa

Los Tres Pretendientes –

La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:

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

=====

La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:

Pero ¡venga, vamos!

Basta ya de tanta propaganda
rimbombante
y altisonante.

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

=====

La Obsidiana:

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

el Azabache:

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

el Ébano:

Soy de la selva
y de madera,
soy clarinete
que eleva el alma.

A mí se me ve vivo,
delicado,
bien pulido,
con aplomo;

el Azabache:

a mí resucitado,
reluciente,
resistente,
y ostentoso;

la Obsidiana:

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

=====

La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:

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

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

=====

La Obsidiana, el Azabache y el Ébano:

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

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





Bound and unbound

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

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

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

Contigo

A Glenwys

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

Me da igual ~

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

~ al estar tú conmigo en el Malibú.

Nos pondrán un gin tónico
(un Rives) en balón;
más papas aliñadas,
pez espada y caballa,
acedías y sardinas
y más de *un* boquerón,
albóndigas, pimientos
asados, croquetas y

filetes a la plancha;
nos pondrán carajillos
de brándy, o café
y anís la Castellana (en balón).

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

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

Cosquilla 1

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





Cosquilla 2

A Maribel

Poderosa dama es doña Quilla,
protegida por San Sebastián
y Santa Catalina.

La corteja gente esclarecida,
a la que le da la bienvenida y
le place festejar.

Cosquilla 3

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

Cumplir

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

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

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



Curtains

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

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

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

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

As the wind blows,
the dresses glance
sideways, reveal-
ing all! (reveal-

ing domes arched against
the wall of the sky.)

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

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

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





¡Denuncia!

A Lourdes

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

(en la inauguración de ‘Al Solazo’)

In a flat spin

To Apolonia

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

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

Inesperada

A Mari Lo

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

Juxtapositions (watercolour)

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

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

Un Lugar para armas tomar

A Olimpio

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



María José of the Real Estate Agency

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

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

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

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

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

Messages (oils on canvas)

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

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

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

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

Miércoles ... 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.

Observations (cursory, of course)

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

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

Perro destino

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

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

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

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

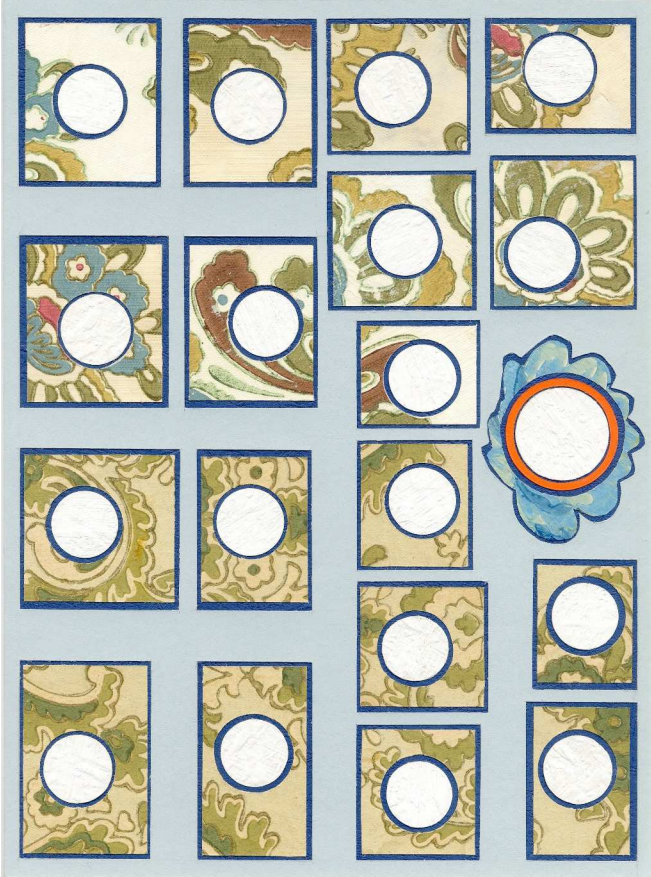
Y con risa me decían:
– Con los ojos y narices
se aprende su destino actual:
para los perros les sirven
de molde para mear, mear, mear.

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

Plegaria

A María

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



Recital at Santa Catalina, Cadiz

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

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

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

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

in tandem with
the rhythms
– of challenge,

dialogue
or echo –
of tablas tapped.

* * * * *

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

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

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

The wraps fall still, the ankle bells are quiet.

Las Sinpapeles

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

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

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

Sirenada

A Carina

¡Tú eres la sal,
tú eres la miel!

– olor a sándalo
y clavel,

– son de pífano
y tambor,

– escalofrío
en la piel.

¡Tú eres la sal,
tú eres la miel!

Speaking of domes

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

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

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

(2001)



Still (life)

Eyelashes may stretch and quiver,
designed to win:

ponytails blowing in the breeze
may stream at will:

shooting stars may thread the heavens
with filaments
of light:

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

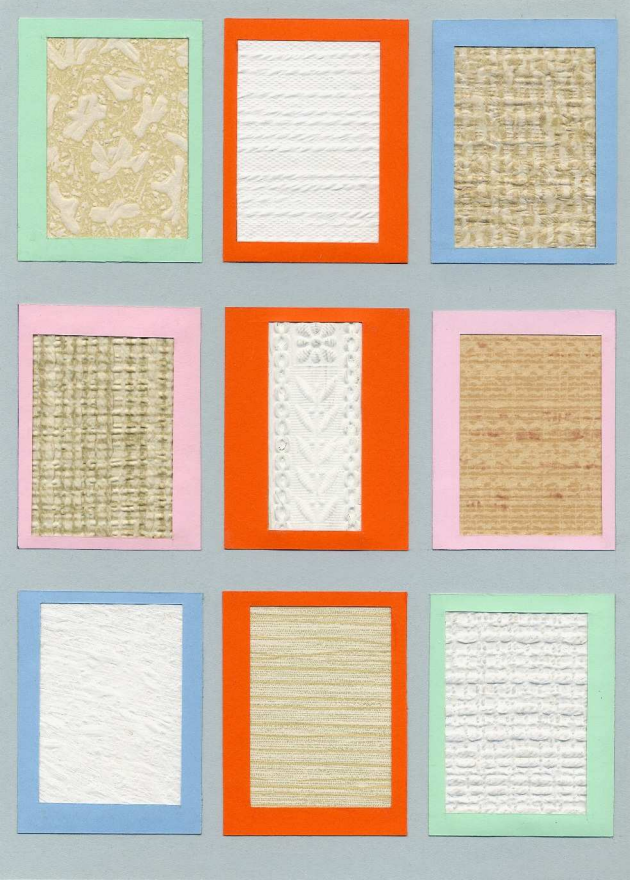
Summer busyness

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

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

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





Surrounds

I

Between walls of cork
and doors of glass

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

between doors of cork
and walls of glass.

Surrounds

II

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

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

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

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





Ya no sirven

A Milagros

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

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

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



NOTES

THE POEMS Preamble

Notes? Why notes? Literature-wise I was brought up, or brought myself up, on collections of poetry by just the one author, or anthologies where a number of authors – sometimes even whole crowds of them – were represented. There were no notes or, as a concession, maybe there were dates of birth and death but nothing further. Matters have improved somewhat since then.

I believe, as editors responsible for the above must have done, that a poem should be able to stand on its own. Yet nothing exists in isolation: everything has its context. What I would have given to know more about a poem! The when and where and why of it ... and indeed more about its inner self. It was almost as though the poem had been a starting point, had made its presence felt, had engaged the reader ... who then wanted more.

The notes which follow, aiming to address the question of the where and when and why, will on some occasions no doubt seem parsimonious, on others verbose. The occasional brevity or indeed silence may be the result of a wish to be respectful of confidentiality and intimacies, or just to preserve the poem's mystery without inflicting an interpretation. As for verbosity ... sorry!

Moving on. I have had a lifelong interest in association of ideas, association of words and the interrelationship of words and ideas (see the early 'As you like it' in *Wrestling at dawn*). While this may be deduced from the nature and workings of some of the poems, it can be identified easily in the presentations.

Thus most of my collections include a poem or two with a preliminary number in roman, where the 'I' represents the main poem, and a 'II' or 'III' collects, saves and develops some of the associated words and ideas which missed out in the main poem, but which have finally made it. Indeed, there are poetry notes in which I offer snatches of verse (I hesitate to use the term 'poems') to 'rescue' yet more words and ideas, all of them deserving, from oblivion.

In *Lines of a Lifetime X* 'Words at play' there are a couple of pieces on the subject, featuring in the end notes among ones which refer to 'language and the creative process'.

Notes

THE POEMS

- Amor de prostíbulo*** (also features in Eros - *in absentia*) 2004
Set in our house at calle San Dimas, 10. The building, a *finca* in this part of Spain, was once a brothel, and more recently a boarding house for students of the University's nearby Medical Faculty. The welcoming atmosphere which seemed to pervade the run down building together with the curious feeling of some benign presence were instrumental in prompting me to buy it. The house has two entrances, the original one on the side street at calle San Telmo, 6.
- Ausencia 1*** (also features in Eros - *in absentia*) 2007
The reference is to the *dama de noche* ('night jasmine', *L. cestrum nocturnum*) planted on the *azotea* or roof garden by Win, absent in England as I wrote this. (This could feature in Words at play.)
- Ausencia 2*** (also features in Eros - *in absentia*) 2007
On a gaze from a friend who ran the bookshop *Q & Q*, then in c. San Francisco, as we had a drink at the nearby *Senátor* (pron. accented). (This could feature in The Natural World - heaven and earth.)
- Ausencia 3*** (also features in Eros - *in absentia*) 2007
(As in *Ausencia 2*, continuing) The jet I associate with earrings from Santiago de Compostela, the ebony with a soulful clarinet ensemble from Havanah, and the obsidian with rock samples from Mt. Tarawera in New Zealand.
- Bound and unbound** (features in The Natural World - the Bestiary 1) 2001
In 'Bound and unbound', three words in
hiding
summarize the subject; can you
find them?
- Contigo*** (also features in Eros - *in absentia*, and Mixed blessings) 2012
While fare and setting at the *Malibú*, Reynold's beach bar or *chiringuito* off the paseo Marítimo had usually been good, both were transformed on that evening. *Chirigotas* are Cadiz carnival songs, rhythmical and slightly Caribbean, usually satirical, played anywhere anytime. The *Levante* is a tiresome wind from the east or south, reaching at times gale force intensity. This beach, the Victoria, makes for excellent sunset watching.

COSQUILLAS (tickles)

2010

Series of three poems the result of an invitation from Maribel Téllez and her husband Rafael to contribute to the visitors' book at *Quilla*, their restaurant-bar / gallery at La Caleta. I was to exhibit part of my *Papegados* collection (see Notes - Illustrations) there not long after.

Cosquilla 1 (also features in Eros - foibles of the flesh)

The siren / *sirena* image recurs.

Cosquilla 2 (also features in Mixed blessings)

This poem concerns Maribel's rôle at *Quilla*. There is an echo of a famous Golden Age poem, and mention of the fortresses to either side.

Cosquilla 3

'*Quilla*', Cadiz-speak for girl, is the name of the ship-shaped premises and is personified in the restaurant's figurehead. It also means a keel.

(This could feature in Words at play.)

Cumplir (also features in Words at play)

2007

The law v. custom, and the extremely difficult introduction of a regulation on the compulsory use of helmets or *casco*s for motorcyclists. The old city centre, incidentally, is known as the *casco antiguo*.

Curtains (also features in Eros - foibles of the flesh)

2001

Set in our third-floor flat in calle Beato Diego.

'Curtains' is home cabaret.

Inner Voices Limited

(open seven days a week,

with wind and sun permitting)

can offer you a sound-track

which will make you wet your pants.

¡Denuncia!

2011

Lourdes based the décor of her bar in plaza del Mentidero on my *papegado* portrait or *esencia* of her, a copy of which featured prominently. I had known her for years as a waitress at the nearby *Gotinga* ... but not under the influence of so much *cava*. (This could feature in Eros - foibles of the flesh.)

In a flat spin

2002

House hunting in Cadiz with agents Santiago and María José. He showed me a fine flat in the plaza de España with all-night youth drinking *Movida* sessions outside and a leaky bathroom upstairs, she a house in c. San Dimas which promised to be a renovator's 'delight'.

- Inesperada*** (also features in Eros - heavings of the heart) 2009
 Just a look and a hug from Mari Lo at the *Maroma*, the Real Club de Tennis, avenida Dr. Gómez Ulla, helped in a period of depression after my wife left me.
- Juxtapositions (watercolour)** (see 'Messages') 2001
 Set in the plaza de Filipinas.
 This 'Juxtapositions'
 minimalist
 records no more
 than shape and light
 impacting on my mind.
- Un Lugar para armas tomar*** (also features in Mixed blessings, The Natural World - the Bestiary 1, and Words at play) 2009
 Set in Olimpio's Galician café-bar *La Rambla*, calle Sopranis, with its generous array of *tapas* many of them seafood dishes, one of which is referred to here in a pun. On another tack, his *pollo al ajillo* was hard to beat. Energetic, enthusiastic, affable - I missed him on retirement in 2014.
- María José of the real estate agency** (also features in Eros - heavings of the heart) 2002
 María José, pretty and independent, introduced me to the strange and run-down *finca* in calle San Dimas. The 'East Wind' is the sometimes wild Cadiz *Levante*.
- Messages (oils on canvas)** (see 'Juxtapositions') 2001
 But 'Messages', for oils, is something else.
 Should I have overlooked the man-
 hole cover in
 the road?
 And the bush beside the column?
 And vehicles beyond the tunnel in the wall?
 And – oh dear – who is really watching from
 the column in
 the sky?
- Miércoles ... en Casa Lazo*** (also features in Mixed blessings and Words at play) 2009
 Carmen and Ramón produced some memorable dishes, especially in the line of *guisos* and *potajes* (see also '*Bonito error*' in Mixed blessings and Words at play). I was to regret their departure.

- Observations (cursory, of course)** 2001
 Set in the flat in calle Beato Diego. From here one was struck also by the sound of snoring and music of sorts, usually flamenco or pop, from below, and much yapping of dogs from one of the flats nearby.
 ‘Observations’,
 – cursory of
 course –
 is close,
 but oh to know the reason for
 the high-pitched monologue and cursed
 response!
- Perro destino** (also features in The Natural World - the Bestiary 1) 2002
 Could this warrant a place in a local and satirical *chirigota*?
- Plegaria** (also features in Words at play) 2010
 María’s café-bar *Al Liquindói* - the Cadiz-speak name meaning 'to keep a look out' and a much used expression - is personified here. María, sadly, left soon after.
- Recital at Santa Catalina, Cadiz** 2004
 ‘*Sangit-Kathak*’, by the Tapangroup from India, was one of the many August outdoor events available when 'La Teófila' was Mayoress, and formed part of ‘*Las Voces de Dios*’ cycle. Win urged me to write up our night. The fortress (1598 -), one in the ring of sea defences, passed recently to civilian use and has been well restored.
- Las Sinpapeles** 2010
 The title (only) derives from the *sinpapeles*, refugees from N. Africa who disembark from *pateras* along Spain’s Mediterranean beaches and even at Cadiz on the Atlantic, and lack identifying documents. The town hall wastepaper bins or *papeleras* are good looking, but a disaster in the wind and soon empty. I tried to share my views with the *Diario de Cádiz...* (This could feature in Words at play.)
- Sirenada** (also features in Eros - heavings of the heart) 2002
 On Carina, charismatic Celtic owner of the cafe-bar *Diván del Mónaco*. She took an early interest in my *papegados*, and helped me house hunting. She was to show me *La Bella escondida*, an invisible tower in calle José del Toro – at a time unfortunately when that magnificent building was due for renovations. I was not able to wait. As it turned out, I should have had to wait about five years. (See also '*Encuentro esdrújulo*' in the same collection.)

- Speaking of domes** 2001
 The setting is humble Cadiz.
 In ‘Speaking of domes’, I forgot
 to add: not all are round, for some
 are multi-faceted, and some
 are steep, shallow, wide, or narrow
 (London, I chose not to mention).
 (This could feature in The Natural World - heaven and earth.)
- Still (life)** (features also in The Natural World - heaven and earth) 2003
 I don’t know who was responsible for the restaurant-bar display at
Veedor 10, Juan the manager, or the waitress who then went on to work
 at a childrens’ bookshop in plaza Mina.
 Dropped: the lashes of myth and masque,
 a horse’s mane, a comet’s tail,
 the silent arrogance of grass.
 After-thoughts: colour of the wheat?
 bleached gold; location? number 10;
 ... and reefstone counter of the bar.
- Summer busyness** (also features in The Natural World - the Bestiary 1) 2007
 A morning and evening close-up sight from our study giving on to San
 Dimas. The speed of manoeuvre is incredible, mishaps rare. Flights:
 over a period of about four months from April to August, give or take a
 fortnight.
- Surrounds I & II** (also features in Mixed blessings) 2003
 The décor at that time - glass door, walls dressed in cork - was quite
 something. My companion was Win. Part two began as a footnote, but
 took off.
- Ya no sirven** (also features in Mixed blessings) 2001
 I used to breakfast at the *Aduana*, and came to know the hard
 working staff of the time ... Virginia, José, Verónica, Elena, Mamén
 and others well. ‘*Milagre*’ is Cadiz-speak for one of them, Milagros.
 En ‘Ya no sirven’, hay más puntos de vista
 posibles, en cuanto al destino
 de los cristales ‘fallecidos’:
 se convierten en espejos y bombillas,
 o, ya en átomos reducidos,
 surcan olas del infinito.



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

Amor de prostíbulo

Ausencia 1

Ausencia 2

Bound and unbound

Cosquilla 2

Curtains

¡Denuncia!

Papegados

Fantasia 'Gloria se descubre' / 2:01

'El Burdel de la calle San Telmo 6, a pleno rendimiento' / 2:12

Retrato 'Teresa' / 2:08

Sobrecubierta 3 'Lomo de seda' / 2:24

Fantasia 'Oriana, protagonista' / 1:10

Salvamanteles 4 'Vislumbres II' / 1:20

Retrato 'Lourdes' / 2:04

María José of the real estate agency	<i>Salvamanteles 10 'Flor y su círculo' / 1:26</i>
Recital at Santa Catalina, Cadiz	<i>'Sai Baba Avatar; y los devotos I' / 2:19</i>
Still (life)	<i>Fantasia 'Altisidora, protagonista' / 1:05</i>
Surrounds I & II	<i>'Risueñas y casi discretas' / 0:03 (clave / key, originally 2:29)</i>

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
Ya no sirven

Cristaleta
'Cristaleta I'

In addition, the cover illustrations *Cristaletas* 6 and 7 have been taken from my collection of the same.

ILLUSTRATIONS - other

There are twelve spacers used, introducing, accompanying and closing the collection.

These are Roman silver coins from the province of Cadiz, unearthed by a local farmer in the 1930s near Jimena de la Frontera, Cadiz. An account of the find appears in H.D. Gallwey 'A hoard of third-century *antoniniani* from Southern Spain' (*Numismatic Chronicle* 1962). Eve Gallwey and I donated the whole of Colonel Gallwey's prize selection, left to us, to the Museo Nacional, Madrid in the late '70s.

The coin reverses here are all from pieces struck for the Emperor Gallienus, and should measure some two cms. in diameter. These are, in sequence:

Iovi propugnat, Aeternitas, Diana felix, Victoria germ, Apollo conser, Virtus, Libert, Aequitas, Germanicus max, Pax publica, Pax; there is one sample obverse, enlarged here from two cms.: a bust of Gallienus himself.



