

# LINES OF A LIFETIME II

## EROS 1

### Foibles of the flesh



poems

Bruno Scarfe

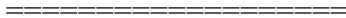




LA GUIRITANA  
Cadiz  
2017 (2)

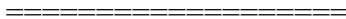
# **EROS 1**

**foibles of the flesh**



**A selection of poems from the collection**

*Lines of a Lifetime*



**BRUNO SCARFE**



With  
*El Estudiante de Salamanca*  
in mind





## **INTRODUCTION ‘Eros 1 – foibles of the flesh’**

‘Foibles of the flesh’ is the first of the three Eros parts (all within *Lines of a Lifetime*), the others being ‘Heavings of the heart’ and ‘*In absentia*’. This division into parts has been difficult, and a number of pieces also suited to this part may be found elsewhere in Eros and, indeed, in other volumes such as Cadiz. Ultimately, the umbrella title Eros should be held in mind as the name generally applicable to all three selections – though the word ‘Eros’ itself has nuances which may be said to reach further afield.

The poems contained in this particular selection were written in Oxford, Auckland, Melbourne and Cadiz, though the majority are Cadiz. While the endnotes provide further information, there are three pointers I have chosen to include here: the two written in Oxford were published at the time; the one from Auckland belongs to a series represented elsewhere in Eros; and a number of those from Cadiz span decades and continents and are in the main retrospective - no surprise! Indeed, could not the poem 'Marketing' anticipate, ironically, the gradual later shift from the world of eros to the table? Finally and sadly: the subject of some of the poems died a year ago. We had been out of touch for over twenty years.

## **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 thought 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 – 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

Contributes 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.

To  
*las de las ilusiones*  
*inexorables,*  
thanks

## **EROS 1: Foibles of the flesh – a selection**

Alchemy I and II

*Las Bellas por conocer (a Lourdes y Silvia)*

Boom and bust

Call of the sun

Choice of stroke

Compensating

*Cosquilla 1*

Curtains

Glorious 1

Glorious 2

Glorious 3

Glorious 4

Glorious 5

Glorious 6

Glorious 7

Glorious 8 – *Glorieuse*

Goodbye to dust

Hard-pressed

The Hungry hours, and after

In the eye of the beholder?

Marketing (to Phoebe)

Night vengeance

*No tocar*

*Otro tango*

Pirelli paradox I and II (to Win)

Sea love

Sitting pretty

To feel his fingers

A Woman's dreams

### **Illustrated**

*Las Bellas por conocer*, Curtains, Glorious 3, Glorious 8 – *Glorieuse*, Goodbye to dust, The Hungry hours and after, In the eye of the beholder?, Night vengeance, Pirelli paradox I and II, Sea love



# Alchemy

I

Your bum laid out flat,  
your bum on a seat,  
your bum on its feet,  
your bum doubled up,  
your bum on the move,  
your bum on the run –

there's alchemy there,  
ready to humble  
or ready to cheer.

A load of humbug?  
A crumb of comfort?  
What's the bottom line?

(I'll take the back seat  
now, if you ask me  
nicely.)

# Alchemy

## II

To turn base metal into gold  
(‘base metal’ – bum, no assets known,  
and ‘gold’ – the assets realised):  
position yourself knowingly,  
then watch the flux mutate and melt  
to fix the moment when it comes  
(and lose no mercury, or time);  
“Snap!” you tell the camera while  
you hold, so as to have your as-  
sets realised, and turned to gold.







# Las Bellas por conocer

*A Lourdes y Silvia*

Conoceros es viajar  
por el cielo y por el mar.  
Sois el sol, y sois el nácar,  
la mar de perlas, el cielo en flor.

Conoceros es viajar  
por la tierra, y al azar.  
Sois la rosa, y la meiga  
tan caprichosa, en tierra ajena.

Conoceros es viajar  
por el cielo y por el mar.  
Sois valquiria, sois sirena,  
la que fascina e impone la pena.

Conoceros es viajar  
expuesto siempre al azar.

## Boom and bust

If all the world were bums,  
and boobs, or  
mud –

in no time flat I'd run  
like hell from  
that.

## Call of the sun

When we were young and reckless  
(so cock-a-hoop and hopeful),  
when we were young and reckless -  
"Shall we dance?" asked Lorenzo,  
"shall we dance?" Lorenzo asked,  
and did we dance!

Though mother tried to warn us  
("Oh darlings, you'll be sorry!"),  
though mother tried to warn us -  
"We must dance now, we must dance!  
don't bother us!" we said, and  
"please don't worry!"

She'd just made us skirts  
full and voluptuous,  
richly woven and red:  
Yes, what a daring  
and what a deep red!  
The skirts she'd made were  
voluptuous and full,  
richly woven and red:  
Yes, such a daring  
and such a deep red!

"Oh my gosh !" said Lorenzo  
(in an aside that we heard),  
"Oh my gosh!" Lorenzo said  
as we raised them and opened  
them and then spread them out wide:  
quite unafraid.

It was the dance of a day  
(playing with - praying for? - fire),  
one only day for a chance  
of a kiss from Lorenzo.

And that's why hibiscus blooms  
shrivel and fade.



## Choice of stroke

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

Taking stock, I stared, then said:  
“There’s too much news! to keep a-  
breast, I need some views of yours”.





## Compensating

Don't be bamboozled  
by faces plain  
and floppy,  
sometimes their owners  
boast bums well slung  
and lively.

Don't be bamboozled  
by bums well slung  
and lively,  
sometimes their owners  
bear faces plain  
and floppy.

## 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!



## 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'.

# Glorious 1

Such fun!

Such glorious, glorious, glorious  
fun!

In black or white, grey,  
terracotta,  
blue,  
subtle as syrup  
or clinging as glue,  
you'll yield  
to the feel  
and message of ...  
mud!

## Glorious 2

Banks of mud  
the river wide,

banks of mud  
beside the sea,

banks of mud  
by moonlight and by day:

silently and still,  
they eye us,  
tempt us to step closer  
and ... succumb.







## Glorious 3

A mud pack here,  
a mud pack there,  
a mud pack  
warm or cool:

they make you all  
recoil  
in disbelief!

How could such gooey  
muck  
be something that nice people can  
enjoy?

## Glorious 4

He sought her out for sixty years,  
he sought her out by night and day,  
he sought her out  
abroad.

She hugged him close,  
she played around,  
she teased him,  
stroked him,  
freed him  
from his thoughts.

## Glorious 5

Is it 'Tarzan'?  
is it 'Jane'?  
or a dull  
'thing' without a name?  
It's '*el barro*', male  
in Spain,  
female '*la boue*'  
in France:  
two views,  
and neuter for  
the 'prudent' English –  
mud.

## Glorious 6

There was a boy,  
and he was five,  
and mud  
got in his boots.

Did his mother let fly,  
all hands and tongue!

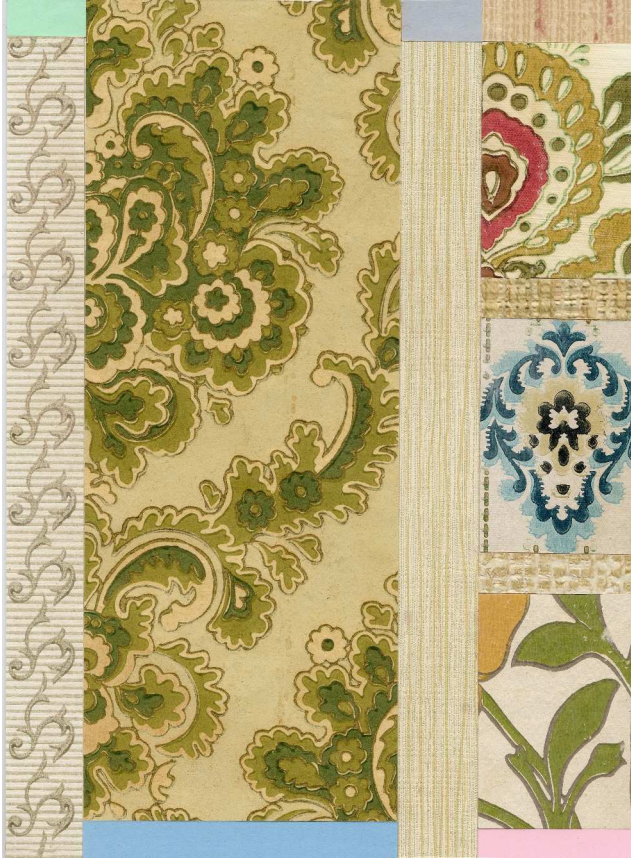
But the treatment  
backfired –  
a flame was kindled  
and the damage done.

## Glorious 7

A foot wrong in the swamp,  
and he had mud  
to his thighs.

‘Shall I wallow? he smiled  
... but a hunter appeared then ...  
waving a gun

(symbol of  
proper  
establishment fun).





## Glorious 8 – *Glorieuse*

Je pense à toi,  
couverte de boue,  
complice du soir,  
témoin des goûters  
défendus.

Je m'approche,  
je m'enfonce  
et tu m'embrasses  
sur les endroits  
où l'on ne s'attend  
pas.



## Goodbye to dust

An age has passed, year on year,  
since last I wrote a word that flowed  
so fiercely and so fast  
from a mind where dismal dust had laid its load.

Where dust –  
had choked the vital tunnel  
through which once poured  
warm winds of fun and laughter,  
  
dried the dancing stream of riotous passion  
and desire,  
  
quite crushed a living body  
with its blood of youth,  
of adventure, and delight.

Need I say more? That dust is gone.  
With you the tunnel sprang open with a roar.  
Now streams flow fast, and swell to raging rivers.  
A body, crushed, now glows with new-found fire,  
and new life is born.

## Hard-pressed

The sea-food market in the square  
is tightly packed and humming; still  
crowds pour in, panting, set to buy.

A nudge – I'm just in time to glimpse  
the bum packed tight, cheeks pertly poured  
in the pants, and set. Crowded, what!

“Not on the market!” I mutter,  
and then the lump swelling in ... my ...  
throat shows it hurts, this food for thought.





## The Hungry hours, and after

Compelled  
to hold the pressure of his love  
to kisses,  
her lips have filled and swollen.  
Blood pulses through their flesh  
with a rhythm  
sympathetic  
to the throbbing of his thighs.  
A subtle parting of her lips  
displays a smile  
fixed  
in a strange suspense of wax and fire.  
As he closes on the incandescent light  
she stamps him  
with her seal, offering a foretaste  
of tomorrow.







# 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?”







## No tocar

Si el hielo  
de su mirada  
quema,

por ella  
mejor estar ya  
ciego –

– o bombero  
graduado  
en deshacer  
carámbanos  
y recelos.

## Otro tango

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





# Pirelli paradox

*To Win*

I

Encircling my darling's Middle Kingdom,  
they run rings round the sluggish populace.  
Their revolution threatens to impose  
fasting, much to the Governor's disgust.

# Pirelli paradox

II

In the East  
Hindu wives reveal well-being  
in rolls which gleam around their loins.

In the West  
belles toil for Lent, welcome cycles  
of famine or (more kindly) 'fast'.



## Sea love

Wind-worn shores, open to the sky,  
your lips;  
and I,  
unfathomed, twilight sea who sighs upon them.

Sun-burnished sands,  
outposts of an unknown land;  
and I,  
the whip-waved, night-cold lover.

Your lips,  
moulded by my swift sea's surge;  
I,  
torn by your curved shores' restless smiles.

## Sitting pretty

Broad of beam and deep, she sat  
straddling the sea,  
her stern epitomising  
generosity.

Curved and full, yet taut and strong,  
she seemed the owner  
of what she was on.

She seemed to spill, overflow,  
encompassing the  
world submerged below.

Dared I barge in on a barge  
like that? she lay at  
anchor, but I sensed a tug:  
who was I to dare  
tug back at a tug like that?

Don't ask me now about her bow –  
I never saw it.  
Aft was where I chose to stare,  
everything was there.

Was this the ship of legend?  
Fabled ship, enough  
to launch a thousand faces.

## To feel his fingers

... Sends shivers flickering  
through her spine, sends  
stabs of pleasure through flesh,  
and bone, and mind.

Smiles ripple round her lips,  
eyes flash, electrified  
at the feel of fingers  
now tensed, now tentatively  
flexed, and now relaxed,  
– gliding lightly  
over every dune and shore  
from cheek to toe;  
– or, each inch a mile,  
dawdling the day-long journey  
past plain, and rise, and river bed  
from wrist to finger's end;  
– or, marking time  
round the boundaries of her breast,  
afraid to wake the spirit of the crest  
and be enticed to dance there  
till they fall.

To feel his fingers  
sends shivers flickering  
through her spine, sends  
stabs of pleasure through flesh,  
and bone, and mind.

Smiles ripple round her lips,  
eyes flash, electrified .....

## A Woman's dreams

Where, Phyllis, does your mind retire  
in the labyrinths of night?

Where, Phyllis, do you fly, to reap  
the pleasures of your sleep?

Do glowing embers illuminate your dreams?

Do flames and rushing waterfalls

hiss and thunder, all night long,

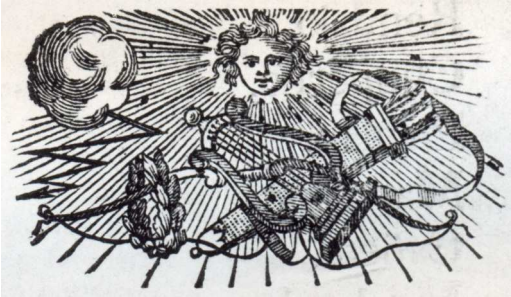
deep in the caverns of your womb?

and leave you, charred and drenched,

on smoking,

shifting,

shores ... of..... idle..... dreams?







## 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

- Alchemy I and II** Cadiz 2001  
Perspectives (see also 'In the eye of the beholder?')
- Las Bellas por conocer*** Cadiz 2007  
I began this as I breakfasted at the *Caruso* on the paseo Marítimo, on learning my (second) marriage was over. I had known the dedicatees working here, as waitresses at the *Gotinga*, plaza del Mentidero. An unexpected meeting.
- Boom and bust** Cadiz 2001  
‘Supply and demand’: now,  
that’s a succinct angle  
from which to look at lust!  
It says more (and less) than  
the title ‘Boom and bust’.
- Call of the sun** (also features in *The Natural World - Heaven and earth*) Cadiz 2015  
Set on the *azotea* c. San Dimas. 'Lorenzo', a name for sun.
- Choice of stroke** (also features in *Words at play*) Cadiz 2002
- Compensating** Cadiz 2001  
If every cloud has a silver lining,  
then every silver lining has a cloud.
- Cosquilla 1*** (also features in *Cadiz*) Cadiz 2010  
First of three consequent on 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 there not long after. The *sirena* / siren image is a recurrent one.
- Curtains** (also features in *Cadiz*) Cadiz 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.

## GLORIOUS

Cadiz

2010

(Apologies to Flanders & Swann) Eight decasyllabic quatrains. Settings are mainly Auckland, Cadiz and Foster, but could echo places like Gilling, Kochel, La Rochelle, Omeo, Oxford, Perth, Tarwin Lower, Tilbury, Waterford and others. Themes include childhood trauma and its psychological effects, escape (adventure?), the feeling eye, self-indulgence, social hypocrisy / paradox, and therapy.

### Glorious 1

Originally:

Such fun! Such glorious, glorious, glorious fun!  
In black or white, grey, terracotta, blue,  
subtle as syrup or clinging as glue,  
you'll fall for the feel and message of ... mud!

### Glorious 2

Originally:

Banks of mud the river wide, banks of mud  
beside the sea, banks of mud by moonlight  
and by day: silently and still, they eye  
us, tempt us to step closer and ... succumb.

### Glorious 3

Originally:

A mud pack here, a mud pack there, a mud  
pack warm or cool: they make you all recoil  
in disbelief! How could such gooey muck  
be something that nice people can enjoy?

### Glorious 4

Originally:

He sought her out for sixty years, he sought  
her out by night and day, he sought her out  
abroad. She hugged him close, she played around,  
she teased him, stroked him, freed him from his thoughts.

### Glorious 5

Originally:

Is it 'Tarzan'? is it 'Jane'? or a dull  
'thing' without a name? It's '*el barro*', male  
in Spain, female '*la boue*' in France: two views,  
and neuter for the prudent English – mud.

### **Glorious 6**

Set just outside Glasgow in the mid '40s. Originally:

There was a boy, and he was five, and mud  
got in his boots. Did his mother let fly,  
all hands and tongue! But the treatment backfired –  
a flame was kindled and the damage done.

### **Glorious 7**

Set a few miles from Omeo. Originally:

A foot wrong in the swamp, and he had mud  
to his thighs. 'Shall I wallow? he smiled ... but  
a hunter appeared then waving a gun  
(symbol of 'proper' establishment fun).

### **Glorious 8 – *Glorieuse***

Originally:

Je pense à toi, couverte de boue, complice  
du soir, témoin des goûters défendus.  
Je m'approche, je m'enfonce et tu m'embrasses  
sur les endroits où l'on ne s'attend pas.

### **Goodbye to dust**

Auckland 1967

Sequel to an attempt to assist a staff member who claimed  
to have a problem with a male student of mine, at her  
request. I fell for her, an outcome she may not have had  
in mind, with consequences all round. This starts my  
Auckland cycle.

### **Hard-pressed** (features also in *Mixed blessings*)

Cadiz 2001

The fish and seafood stands of the Cadiz market, in the  
plaza de la Libertad, are amazing for their number (over  
60), the variety of offerings, and imaginative displays.

'Hard-pressed' stood for title and won, against:

'A metaphysical overview of  
modern socio-economic factors  
which shape female sexual aggression  
(accidental, ambiguous, active),  
and response of the unsuspecting male  
(dynamic, devious or despairing)',

though

'Three sorts of crush' did appeal, as also  
the more tantalising 'Fishy business'.

<b>The Hungry hours, and after</b>	Melbourne	1971
<b>In the eye of the beholder?</b> (See also 'Alchemy I' and 'Alchemy II')	Cadiz	2007
<b>Marketing</b> (features in <i>Mixed blessings &amp; Words at play</i> ) I used to shop at the famous Victoria market on Saturdays alone, with my children Patrick, Isabel and Dominic, or with a friend.	Melbourne	1971
<b>Night vengeance</b> (published <i>Oxford Opinion</i> n.7, 1959)	Oxford	1958
<b>No tocar</b> (features also in <i>Words at play</i> )	Cadiz	2004
<b>Otro tango</b> (features also in <i>Words at play</i> )	Cadiz	2009
<b>Pirelli paradox I and II</b> (feature also in <i>Mixed blessings</i> ) It was all intended affectionately for Win, the 'Governor'. The Governor, poor darling, was early on the scene, aware that fests, though slow, are things of which she'd never hear the last. (This could feature in <i>Words at play</i> .)	Cadiz	2002
<b>Sea love</b> (published <i>Oxford Opinion</i> n.4, 1959)	Oxford	1958
<b>Sitting pretty</b> 'Sitting pretty' was a delight to write, and I don't regret not meeting the owner face to face. She would have known my thoughts, a mix of carnal craving, merriment and awe, and would have been at sea without a compass, chart, or ... me.	Cadiz	2001
<b>To feel his fingers</b>	Melbourne	1971
<b>A Woman's dreams</b>	Auckland	1967



Oudry del.

J.C. Lemaire sc

L'AMOUR ET LA FOLIE.

## 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 an elephant, and also an interpretation in poster colours of a woman of Ancient Crete, 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**

***Las bellas por conocer***

**Curtains**

**Glorious 3**

**Glorious 8 – *Glorieuse***

**Goodbye to dust**

**The hungry hours, and after**

**Night vengeance**

## **Papegados**

*Retrato 'Silvia' / 2:06*

*Salvamanteles 4 'Vislumbres II' / 1:20*

*Salvamanteles 1 'Guadalupe y la Revoltosa' / 1:17*

*Fantasia 'Guadalupe, protagonista' / 1:08*

*'Variopintas y algo revueltas' / 0:02 (clave – key, created as 2:30)*

*'Las Delicias hechas polvo' / 0:01 (clave – key, created as 2:33)*

*Salvamanteles 9 'Guadalupe y su círculo' / 1:25*



Sea love

'Por tierra y por mar' / 2:28

**POEM**

**Pirelli paradox I and II**

**Papegado converted to a Frango**

Frango twist, from my 'Oriens I' / 3:02

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**

**In the eye of the beholder?**

**Cristaleta**

'Cristaleta 2'

## ILLUSTRATIONS – other

The main spacers, emphasising themes of *Eros I*, show six views of a mermaid or siren, forming the exquisite handle of a walking stick given to me by Naomi Earle of Estepona some years ago. It symbolises desire (followed by demise).

Another group of spacers consists of b/w ornaments from printers' blocks made of wood or, later, metal. They were reproduced in the 1970s from the end, title or a text page of plays now in the Scarfe – La Trobe Collection, Glasgow University Library (part purchase, part gift). In the following, BS stands for my collection (pre-Glasgow), BN for the Biblioteca Nacional, quoted when items coincide. My collection numbers in italics indicate a *desglosada*, a play lifted probably long ago from its parent volume (now painstakingly identified) to make up a private collection or for simple commercial gain.

These spacers are:

- a) Cherub with flaming torch reclining on cloud: title page block (cms. 4x2.5) from [Ramón de la Cruz Cano] *El Almacén de novias* (no publisher, but available from Librería de Quiroga, Madrid 1791). Ref.: BS 37 & BN T 25389.
- b) Spray of three flowers: end block (cms. 5x5.5) from *El Trato muda costumbre* [also known as *El Marido hace mujer y el ...*] in collection 'El Fénix castellano D. Antonio de Mendoça' (Miguel Manescal, Lisboa 1690). Ref.: BS 444:i & BN 3/24620.
- c) Cherubs (girl & boy) and bunch of grapes: end block (cms. 7x5.5) from *Los Baños de Árgel* in v.1 of collection 'Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra comedias y entremeses' (Antonio Marín, Madrid 1749). Ref.: BS 99 & BN U 4063.
- d) Face emitting rays, with cloud and lightning (l.), bow and quiver of arrows (r.), lyre (centre): title page block (cms. 6.5x3.5) from [Luis Moncín] *El Queso de Casilda* (José Ferrer de Orga, Valencia 1813). Ref.: BS 648 & BN T 8567.

Other illustrations: coat of arms of the city of Salamanca, a present from clients of my *Octagon* bookshop, Omeo; flowering hibiscus facing the end of 'Call of the sun' (photo courtesy Glen Albrecht); illustration for the La Fontaine fable 'L'Amour et la folie' (Oudry del. & J.C. Lemair sc.), engraving given me by my father Francis Scarfe, then translating the fables for the British Institute, Paris.

The cover photo of the flowering 'Love in a mist' (*Nigella damascena*) accompanies one taken after flowering to illustrate the poem of that name in *The Natural World - heaven and earth* (photos courtesy Glen Albrecht).











