

# GAZETTE OF THE HOUSE OF THE PEAKS

By Daniel de Culla

**WHY WE LIKE IT:** *Daniel de Culla is a raging prophet of artistic celebration, a literary renegade who bucks bronco in a territory without rules. His smelted word strings, poured from a shimmering crucible are axe and file finished, the line between poetry and prose is trampled gallantly; sweetnesses are screamed from the street corner from which he blasts. Post-modernist formalist images by his own hand sing like a chorus in a glade. The original submission is in Spanish; the English translation is the author's own. We didn't edit it in the interest of voice authenticity—the rough cuts and bumps are part of the reading experience. Art is nothing if not flux, right?. (Spacing is the author's own.)*

## GAZETTE THE HOUSE OF THE PEAKS

**We're here, next door, right next to the Segovia Aqueduct, sitting on the terrace of a bar in front of the Casa de los Picos, (House of the Peaks), on Calle Real de Segovia; very close, also, from the Mirador de la Canalejas, from where we can see a wonderful panoramic view of La Mujer Muerta, a mountainous alignment of the Sierra de Guadarrama, and, on the contrary, of the Conciliar Seminary, where the Poet spent more than five years to "Study to cure and serve God and you," as he laughing tells us.**

**The grace of being here, this February 29, 2020, is because the Poet presents these two new books of him, and he has chosen Segovia for being half Segovian and half Aragonese; "Therefore, the next presentation of my books will be in Huesca"; He has promised us; while telling us:**

**- We could have been in Washington DC, USA, because I have been invited to the Split This Rock Poetry Festival 2020 (Friday 28); showing us the invitation.**

**And, smiling:**

**-But, we are better here.**

**We are next to "The House of the Peaks", because this house was a refuge for his mother when the aviation of the two sides of the civil war bombed Segovia, and his mother, at that time, with four of her daughters, here she's hid, along with other Segovians Wo/Men with their children.**

**-Attend, Juani; attend, Luisa; that father has marched to Alto de los Leones for many days, mother told the elders.**

**Pilar cried, Lupita moaned, and her mother Daniela, to the smallest said:**

**-Don't cry, Pilar, don't cry, Lupita, if the Moor hears you, they will come and kill us.**

**The truth is that we have accompanied Dany, because he has promised to invite us to eat farm beans and Segovian suckling pig, with Segovian dessert puff pastry cake, in the Hostal "El Hidalgo" Restaurant, after the church of San Martín, an archbishop's palace rehabilitated thirteenth century, which smells like a holy brothel.**

**"Good Morning, Pero Diaz", and "A Flight through Segovia" are his two new books full of Art, Poetry and Prose, which we have loved the seven that have come to accompany him, all "males", to this presentation in "my Segovia".**

**He has given us one of his books, to choose; and, later, we will accompany him to the Public Library to leave a copy of his "A Flight through Segovia".**

**From the entrance door of "El Hidalgo" we see, from behind, the statue of Juan Bravo, in the square of his name; that famous communer decapitated by the evil inclined, vicious, thief, false and similar things king Carlos I.**

**One of those present, Francisco de la Santísima Trinidad and Todos los Santos, who was, as a young man, suitcase and novillero in Extremadura and Portugal, broke the conversation and admiration we had about the two books presented, shutting us up and asking:**

**- Why don't you know what Daniel wants to express when he says: "I believe what the Segovian son of coalman believes"?**

**-Well, everyone exclaimed.**

**Addressing Daniel, they begged:**

**- Account Culla, account.**

**Daniel told them:**

**-Francisco refers to things of faith that I learned in the Seminary, and about the Holy Trinity, something so superior, doubtful and disputed by theologians.**

**A colleague of mine, son of a coalman in Segovia, by the way, from Vallelado, married to a woman from San Cristóbal, explained to me about the three divine people, three and one, taking the cassock down, making three folds, and then , extending it, saying:**

**-So, Daniel, look: there are three things and all, one.**

**Everyone laughed, some thinking of another mischievous thing, that, also, are three and one excellently erect.**

**Happy and satisfied with their gifted books; the Poet made us listen, before arriving at “El Hidalgo”, the Manifesto in Defense of Miguel Hernández, of the Association of Collegiate Writers of Spain, to whom the government of the City Council of Madrid cannibal and frank facade has withdrawn some verses of freedom and concord of the Almudena Cemetery, as well as other names of remembered and revered republicans killed by the sacred fascists.**

**We all support the Manifesto that ACE-Andalusia has sent to us and, walking through Calle Real, which are three streets and a small square: Cervantes Street, Juan Bravo Street, Corpus Square, former Major Synagogue, and Isabel Street the Catholic, until arriving at the Restaurant set, after the church of San Martín of Mozarabic origin with Romanesque style.**

**-Gerineldo Fuencisla. February 29, 2020.**

**Translate: de Culla**

**THE BOOKS:**

**BUENOS DIAS, PERO DIAZ**  
**GOOD MORNING, PERO DIAZ**



# **DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Back Cover**



**Daniel, exquisite poet. Your work explores the plastic of the Word and the Verb at the tip of a cocoon. ” “Gerineldo Fuencisla**



**Author-Editor: DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Título: BUENOS DIAS, PERO DIAZ**

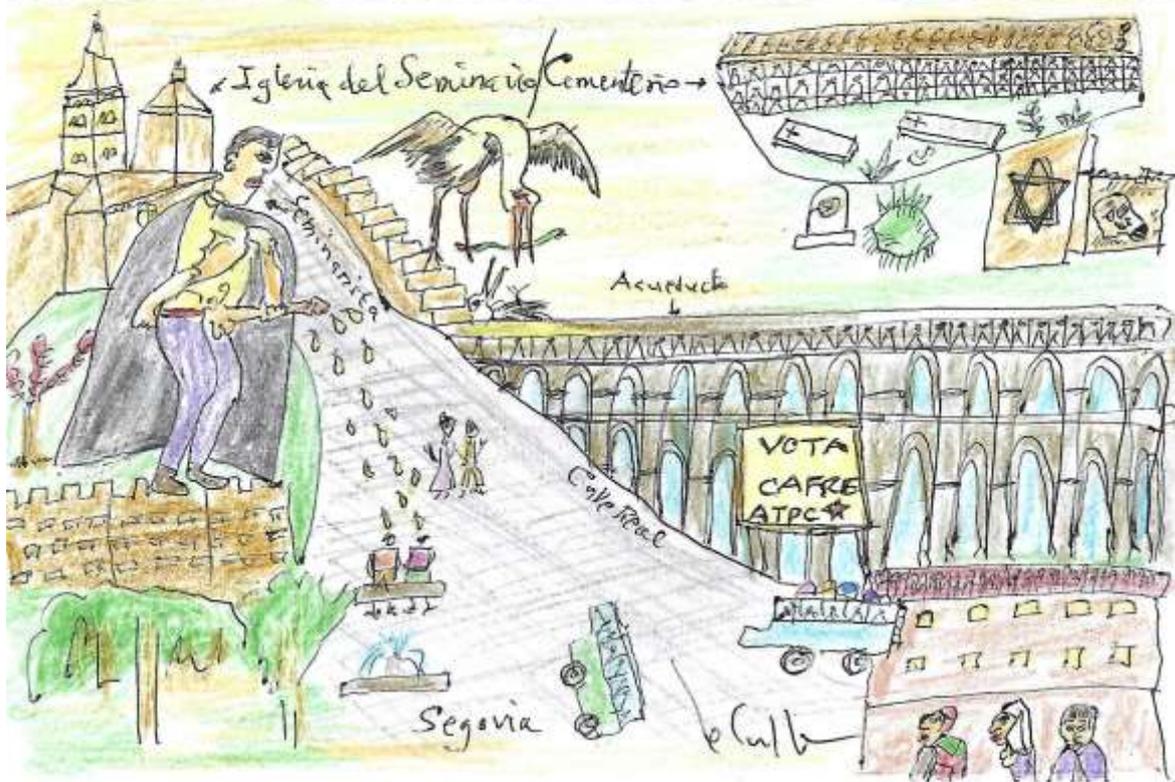
**GOOD MORNING, PERO DIAZ**

**Gender; Poetry, Prose, Drawings and more... in b/w**

**Pages: 696**

**Year: 2020**

# UN VUELO POR SEGOVIA A FLY THROUGH SEGOVIA



DANIEL DE CULLA

**Back Cover**



**“Following this “Flight through Segovia ”, I was amazed”. Gerineldo Fuencisla**

**Author-Editor: DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Título: UN VUELO POR SEGOVIA**

**A FLIGHT THROUGH SEGOVIA**

**Gender: Poetry, Prose, Drawings and more... in colour**

**Pages: 320**

**Year: 2020**

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** ...tell you: this "Gazette" is a writing signed by Gerineldo Fuencisla, a Mine's close friend, and inspired by me, in the presentation, among friends, of my two books, in Segovia capital. The idea of going to Segovia was mine, since I am Segovian by birth, and I studied in its Conciliar Seminary, because, innocent child as I was, I wanted to study for a priest, and to become a saint; because my my mother said that priests live like god, until Lust awakened, and a spiritual father put his hand on my holy Arsehole, "like a dog' flea".

*The Song of Songs, of Solomon; The Spiritual Canticle, by Saint John of the Cross; and the three great books of our spanish literature: The Book of Good Love, by the Archpriest of Hita, La Celestina, (Tragicomedy by Calisto and Melibea), attributed to Fernando de Rojas); and Don Quixote, were the books that inspired me and inspire me in all my literary events.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** *Gerineldo I met him at Café Gijón, in Madrid, in his literary evenings of Poetas Malditos, back in 1977. He is a man who goes free, and does not want to be labeled. He painted and did some poetry, which we read in Café Libertad, in Madrid from time to time. With him and other friends we moved in Burgos with the name "Grupo Poético" Elogio del Rebusno ", back in the year 2000. Now, I ask him for something sporadic and he just does it to me.*