

# **SURREALISM or ones lost in time**

Science –fiction story

By **FARHAD MAMMADOV**

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### **Some where in England....**

Immense gallery, perfect indoor lighting. Only two men present in this hall, though the other one as ever, overburdened with melancholic and pacific English noblemen. Only Mister Ortega and tall young guy with peculiar exterior of a “con” in sharp glasses. That funny looking guy standing by the painting coming third in row, dubbed as “The lost time” otherwise Melting clocks, almost bowed down before it, peering at every tiny detail of a one century old painting. As if, he was going to cry out “Evrica” or at least “Found” after while, thought Ortega.

Seconds later, four-eyes guy in a gradual and soft manner began slipping his forefinger towards “melting clock” just like a kid first time up to experiencing the fire. However something unpredictable made him change his mind, thus returned his right hand back into his pocket immediately. Gave a sharp look to his gallery companion. Ortega sniffed scornfully and uttered in a silent tone

*“What a jerk, this masterpiece is not for poking finger...I really wonder, if old bastard comes in time?!”*

What a brilliant arrival...perfectly in time. Indeed. Beforementioned old bastard entered the same hall with brown brief-case in left hand. His black oriental styled boots were covered with heavy dust all around, unpolished.

Eccentric Italdesign grey PalZeliery costume made him look older than he was. He had irregular bone structure, just like one who'd been sitting behind the google-box and stuffing his stomach with junk food for more than a year – and without even lifting his greasy butt from a sofa. He was utterly plum one.

Don't you find it interesting that, there's no one in this hall, Herr Holtz?-asked Ortega from his scholar german colleague. Four-eyes guy whose ears cathe'd this perfectly loud address, made a "face" and continued staring.

What I find interesting is why the heck we met in this God forsaken gallery...We could at least meet at some pub or cafe?

61, old german archaeologist heavily stepped towards Ortega,...their hands met. He gave a mobile look around.

"Yeap...pfu...- exhausted and all in sweat, he transferred the case from one hand to the other. His eyes met the "con". - is he really a genius or what?...why he stands so close to the painting, like he's gonna eat it now?"

"German machine, german sense of humour..."

Holtz opened his case and grabbed out a file with red coverage. Opened. There were bunch of A4 blank papers randomly sorted inside. After one minute search, he found the proper one and passed it to Ortega. It was report containing some statistical data and charts as well. In order to make comprehension as effective as possible, Holtz accompanied Ortega's reading with his own audible explanation.

*"We carried out several digging in Northern Iran, the whole province is known by the local residents as Southern Azerbaijan, so there in city Tabriz. It came out that, this area is the most ancient part of continent where magg tribes lived once. (note- the word magician is derivation from word magg). During diggings in Tabriz, our team uncovered some ancient magician fighting weapons and enormous treasure comprised of jewelry of various and even unknown kinds...But can you believe it. Even treasure did not astonish us as strong as what we found besides. Empirically and rationally its almost impossible but..."*- for good narrative effect he paused for five-six seconds on purpose

*"For God's sake, but what?"* he asked

*"A mantel...mantel once belonged to tribal leader. However, to be honest, some tiny fragments had been devastated. Even though, in whole, it has been kept perfectly intact and fresh. Material is neither silk nor fiber and cotton, something knitted from unknown type of cloth much stronger than today's Kevlar. At moment our research team is engaged in puzzling it out"*

*I see, soon, we'll gonna face good bunch of bloody cardiological problems,"* said Ortega returning his stare back to painting. Same did Holtz. Since footsteps had been noticeably audible, foureyes's leave made co-scholars feel more comfortable.

Painting had a dizzy blue background. Two female-sex (most probably) supernatural creatures standing in too different position and pose. But woman bone structure for sure. Couple of drawers hanging out from their body and sort of wood sticks or scaffolding from back stood as if it served a proper bearing. The first surreo-lady both hands open and slipped forward, just like a woman pushing off the drunken ungentleman reaching out to kiss her. The second one however, half-face, seemed like playing with red liquid matter - blood, most probably. Besides, painted to the depth of background, there stood a girafee, unconforming to the whole context, from a point of a first time seer. Dark giraffe was all in blaze, burning like a "kebab" in a mangal.

*"What a silly painting we have here?! What's the name of the artist ?"* Holtz asked in aggressive manner.

*"You don't even have tiny speck of respect toward the art. Patient you must be. Artist of this magnificent masterpiece is Avida Dollars "*- he said smiling

*"Avida Who?...what a bizarre name. Never heard of one. I wonder , what the heck, such a rookie-seemed artist doing in such a famous gallery"*

*“But I’ve already asked you to be patient and behave yourself. Actually, it’s not his real name. Avida Dollars means “Obsessed with money”. Such a nickname nominated by Andre Breton was. We may call him the “father” of surrealist trend. The painter’s real name is Salvador Dali, the title of painting “Burning Giraffe” one of the first masterpieces of surrealism. Appointment of our current meeting in such premises had not been accidental one. You know art is almost my prime hobby - tendency of surrealism, in particular. And I’m investigating the trend as well. To be honest, you are the first colleague whom I share it with...”*

Ortega pointed out the painting and proceeded,

*“Today marks a tremendous day in the history of this gallery. Today is exhibition day of both great and young but professional artists’ works in “surrealism” and “cubism” themes. This day, is already fifth day in row, since exhibition got started. Therefore the low density of art-fans must not wonder you. And besides, - Ortega glanced his silver watch on left hand- after, nearly, half an hour gallery is to be closed. The other hall, larger one, is dedicated to cubism, and exhibited works of Picasso and George Brak most predominantly are. So lets say, “therefore” the main noblemen or pretending-noblemen of the town are crowded in that hall, not in this one”* at last after a quite long and monotone talking, Ortega decided to make a pause for a moment and take a deep breath. Too muggy atmosphere. Perfectly claustrophobic conditions. The interior and improper design of the gallery itself had sort of invisible choking cloud.

*“Frankly saying, I have some basic information on surrealism. However I never did understand the implications of such artistic works,... I think it’s just a nonsense created by an artist. No rational context. I wonder why people tend to like such kind of paintings...And I also know that one of representatives of surrealist trend, sheize, I’ve forgotten the name, what was his name, I guess it was Moro”*

*“Joan Miro”* uttered Ortega with cosmic irony.

*“You bet he is. Joan Miro...so its said that most of his works had been inspired by visual hallucination when he was deadly hungry.”*

*“Not “most”, but only one piece, I mean his best painting ever, “Catalan landscape”*

*“Whatever! Don’t get me wrong, like I’m “negatively charged” against art or drawing. As a matter of fact, I’m the fan of Botticelli and Tsian great medieval Italian artists. Can your Dali or Miro draw up the ideal face complexion what Boticelli did in his “Birth of Venus”. You bet no. Surrealism...surrealism...I don’t think such painting can have secret implication or at least any meaning at all”*

*“You are hurting me my friend with your arrogance. In fact you are too ignorant in this field. You spoke of irrationality, but I must assure you that the rudiments of surrealism have very much to do with psychological theory of Sigmund Freud”*

He sighed and contiued.

*“This painting, Burning Giraffe, has always been clash point of various subtle critics all over the world. Some of them considered it nothing but repercussions of delirium, others, made assertions of a painting as a secret agitation tool of Fascism. There were times when Andre Breton himself used to adjoin the latter group of critics. Nevertheless, after while Dali faced the challenges and in 1937, about the painting said only these words “masculine cosmic apocalyptic monster”. Which meant, all wars waged throughout the history of universe are repercussions of female craft and ruse...”*

*Even great Peril of Athens who in his deathbed spoke his last but the most brilliant short speech that “...my friend you praised me a lot both in my life time and now facing the agony, but you’ve never mentioned my most brilliant features...that I’ve never been jealous of someone in my long life, and no one has ever put on funeral black dress because of me”, even Peril, undergoing the mesmerizing charm and ruse of his wife Aspasia campaigned against the ally*

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