

SURREALISM or ones lost in time

Science –fiction story

By **FARHAD MAMMADOV**

Published by Farhad Mammadov at Smashwords

Copyright 2015 Farhad Mammadov

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com or your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

state which dared to attack the island where Aspasia was from. One of the biggest war ever in the history of mankind, battles for Troy had been ignited by woman as well."

Such new and interesting information shook the foundation of Holtz's prejudice about surrealism. He was successfully convinced that in fact such paintings have much more deep implications than thought.

"Yeap, old friend. Sure... What a donkey me. Always ignored such paintings. By all means, apocalyptic monster – these womanlike creatures playing with blood, dark grey clouds...I wonder, how come I never thought of that. – Holtz wished to see the happy and victorious face of Ortega who striked a perfect ball into his goals. However, his face was pale and gloomy. Like he was frustrated with something. – I thought would be happy as you just gave me a good lesson on art"

"For what, for repeating the perfect lie of Dali ... In fact it was a trick. A trick to conceal his Nazis dreams. I think surrealism is other than that. This painting has something undiscovered yet,...something unprecedented, something new,...it has peculiar power...something supernatural. 12 years I've been gathering all kind of information regarding this painting. At last yesterday, I could decipher the real implication of such painting, theoretically... However it should be also validated in practice. Therefore I did invite you to this gallery not other. You'll be my assistant in this unprecedented experiment. We will be just like Marks and Engels, changing the history of mankind.

Since being kid, I have been mesmerized by "travel in time" stories. Herbert Wells made huge contribution to promotion of such theme. His novel "Time machine". I've questioned to many scholars about the possibility of traveling in time...But the answer always said "It's possible according to Einstein's Theory of Relativity, but in fact, its impossible". It was not time machine from the novel what had been revolving all around my brain so long time. It was just an fragment from episodic dialogue inside novel.

Within the dialogue they mention about a scientist who thought of picture as a perfect optimum for traveling in time. Thus, according to him, when we page the photo album of our childhood, for example, we somehow travel back to those times, body stays static, but soul shifts to other time and space. Such travelling may take place from quarter seconds to 2-3 minutes depending on the circumstances."

"Soul...are you kidding me?" – asked Holtz little bit astonished- I thing it was a metaphysic approach and has nothing to do with reality. You are a scholar, you shouldn't believe in such things...Soul! Ha-ha-ha. Big up yourself, colleague! Big up yourself

"I did not finish...My assumption is also based on this conception. However unlike the idea of that scholar, my assumption is of more profound nature and assumes the traveling in not past only. Future as well..." for a moment Ortega made a break and addressed his German colleague

"Did you know that, his last days Salvador Dali spent inside his museum and passed away there as well?"

"Why? Had he become broke those days?"

"Holzt you are inattentive as ever. I said 'his museum'. He showed an initiative and in 1974, had been provided with a building, formerly Municipal theatre, in Figueres and from that time on building had been at his disposal. He showed an initiative and gained himself a museum. Only one can show initiative who has whether money or authority,... and when you have authority, money comes willy-nilly. Cause and effect meine freund, cause and effect. Before you interrupted me, I was talking about his last days in museum. So, its allegedly said that, in 1989, several weeks prior to his death, different couples, thus one loving couple and two young friends, disappeared inside his museum...Figueres museum had been their last destination according to

witnesses who saw them hour or two before their mysterious vanishing. In my view, they experienced traveling in time unintentionally, that without their rational consent. To put it mildly, those couples stuck in time, for more than a decade. They stumbled in past my dear friend.

All narration of Ortega seemed pretty like a perfect script of a science-fiction movie or something, but in fact he was involuntarily captivated by giant Spanish 'orc' i.e. Pr. Ortega.

"Very interesting. From now on, I'm surrealist be sure. You amazed me Ortega..."

Ortega interrupted him aggressively

"Will you listen or not?!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon"

"I think Dali knew those visitors vanished because of this painting and blamed himself for their disappearance. In spite of being rather aged and sick, stayed in museum all the time to observe the visitors so they not disappear as well. People of city did not take it into serious, but he made up a special snap regulation prohibiting the entrance of visitors in couples; they should come either solely or in groups. Although such new conditions badly impacted the rate of visitor, he yet stood on his own. Several days after, he was found dead in the hall of a building holding new regulative poster in his right hand. 'No couples allowed, visit solely or in groups'"

After a long pause, Holtz encouraged himself to ask the question worrying him all this time.

"All right. Lets say, traveling in time is reality indeed. Then how can you validate the idea that only couples may travel in time via "Burning Giraffe". Why not one or three travelers?"

Ortega burst into slight laughter

"Very merely. This..."- he did not complete his sentence when heard loud coughing behind him. Both of them winced with sudden interruptance to such a harmonic silence around. It was a museum employee on black trousers and white shirt. Black guy in his 20's most probably.

"Excuse me Sir, but we are closing now"

Ortega slipped toward him in a childish manner, grabbed a hundred pounds, and poked it into employee's pocket.

"If you prolong the closure for quarter an hour, you'll get hundred more."

Money utterly changed the complexion of young servant. Generous smile unveiled all of his flashing white front teeth. As Ortega put it, 'cause and effect'.

"Thank you Sir, I'll do all my best, indeed" – disappeared within seconds.

"Now we must conclude the dialogue and get in to experiment. The question of yours 'Why only couples?' has a reasonable explanation. Thus you know that electric devices and gadgets work on power, on energy. In order to use a simple walkie-talkie, we must have a battery. Energy is product of plus(+) and minus (-) ionization process inside battery. Human can attain such power as well, applying it for time travelling. Only challenge, is finding out two opposite men, in all terms and extract energy for enabling transmission zone.

That is why, I chose you Holtz, not Madam Anderson, for realization of experiment. I think me and you are utterly opposite men. I'm metaphysician, but you are bloody empiricist. I'm patient, you are intolerant, in contrast. I am known for my pacifistic views, on the other hand you are supporter of war. Money is no more than fragment of paper for me, but you – you're greedy flay-flint jumping into mud for a quarter. Perfect antagonism. You remember, last week, when we dropped in to pub and had a good time, I did not have enough cash for paying the bill. Even

though, you made no effort for doing me a favor, saying “pays who invites”. I hope we’ll major breakthrough in the history of mankind.

“You son of a bitch!

“Hey...Hey... Pipe down! Don’t forget that, we’ll share same achievements if succeeded. Money...A lot of money you’ll get, I promise”.

“OK. Lets get started or that cheeky young guy’ll reduce your current salary in to nothing. What should I do?”

“Only stand aside the painting, and stare at it in 450 angle. And I’ll do the same from other side. Staring must be sharp one for stimulating negative and positive energy. I will persuade myself that we will succeed in this experiment and travel through time, you in contrast, should do the opposite...doubt and doubt, ironically smiling and sniffing”

“Wait a minute...If succeeded, which time and space we’ll travel. We’ll we go to past or to future?”

“According to my brilliant theory, we’ll emerge in 1937, date matching with year when Dali finally finished it. We’ll emerge in his house. About traveling future...hmm...I’ll explain you later. Now let’s start it”.

Both scholars, took their positions like a football players before whistle blown. All attention on Burning Giraffe. Nothing happened first. Until Holtz nervously uttered “I’ve told you that its not gonna happen...trifle!” What they saw was enormous multi-color thunder in circumference around them. Painting had become transparently liquid and sucked both of them inside. Both felt moving through darkness in a deadly speed. Collision and fainting fit. Before opening eyes, he heard the sudden voices and sounds. Not that sudden when it starts instantly,... rather like it was in his brain all the time, but someone was gradually voluming it up.

“W...e...eee...we...di...d...We did it!” – it sounded like Ortega. He opened his eyes astonished of all around. It was small roof, pell-mell room. Red wallpapers and small roof were reminding of classical Spanish interior. Room was messed up with trash, drafting, brushes of different size, cardboard and so on.

“We did it you son of a bitch! You were right. But wait a minute, where is painting, the Burning Giraffe?”

“Somewhere inside the room...Lets look for it”

When they turned back to wall behind them, strong acid streamed all over their body, they were paralyzed to the see the painting. But I was not most horrifying part. Frameworks, color and background were the same as in museum. However there was no sign of any object , either monsters or giraffe on the painting. Painting hasn’t been finished yet. **“STUCK IN TIME”**

by Farhad MAMMADOV