

Querido Salvador, Querido Lorquito: Epistolario 1925-1936

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- **“El Meu Amic Lorca”**

Following the death of his wife and muse Gala, in 1982, Salvador Dalí decided to shut himself up. He cared little for what was happening outside his world. The feeling of loss was so great that it seemed as if time did not advance. The old painter was plunged into a deep depression from which he would never recover. He gave up eating and lost weight until he weighed thirty-four kilos. Better to die or let yourself die, that is what must have crossed the mind of the Dalí who prolonged his agony for more than five years. His only consolation was to return to the past, but a past that went beyond the one created in the company of Gala. At that time, he tried to return to the glorious years of his youth at the Madrid Student Residence. One of the first things he did was to seek reconciliation with Luis Buñuel, although his former comrade was not willing to and answered his request with a protocol letter.

And then there was Federico García Lorca.

One of the nurses who cared for the artist assured that during the time she was with him the only words she understood were << el meu amic Lorca >> (my friend Lorca).

(p. 11)

February 6, 2020

- **Put my name in your painting so that my name is of use in the world**

[Barcelona, July 31, 1927]

My Dear Salvador:

Now I know what I lose by separating myself from you. The impression that Barcelona gives me is the impression that everyone plays and sweats with a worry of oblivion. Everything is confusing and overwhelming like the aesthetics of the flame, everything undecided and deranged. There in Cadaqués people feel all the sinuous and pores of the soles on the ground. Now I see how in Cadaqués I felt my shoulders. It is a delight for me to remember the slippery curves of my shoulders where for the first time I felt in them the circulation of blood in four spongy tubes that trembled with movements of injured swimmer.

I would like to cry but with crying without conscience of Lluís Salleras or with the wonderful cry of when your father hums the sardana: << Una llàgrima >>.

I have behaved like an indecent ass with you who are the best there is for me. As the minutes go by I see it clearly and I have real feeling. But this only increases my love for you and my adherence for your human thought and quality.

Tonight I have dinner with all the friends of Barcelona and I will toast to you and my stay in Cadaqués because the express spaces were taken.

Say hello to your father, to your sister Ana María whom I love so much and to Raimunda.

Remember me when you are on the beach and especially when you paint the crackling and only little ashes, oh my little ashes! Put my name in your painting so that my name is of use in the world and give me a hug that really needs it your

FEDERICO

(p. 109-111)

February 17, 2020

- **A Warm Gold Coin in his Hand that he Can't not Wants to Let Go**

Dear:

The air that comes from the sea is delicate. Birds can fly without carrying *spare wings* like the Pyrenees and Caucasus Mountains carry. Among the hotel people there is not even a well-made calf. The girls who come up from the waves *watch* and those who come down from the mountain *want*. I am quite isolated and I don't like to talk to anyone except with waiters who are handsome and I know what they are going to tell me. I always remember you. I remember you too much. It seems to me that I have a warm gold coin in my hand and I cannot let go. But I don't want to unclasp it either, little son. I have to think that you are very ugly to love you more.

[Federico]

(p. 119-121)

February 24, 2020

- **“Anti-Poetry”**

*[My poetry] does not interest me anymore or almost nothing.
It has died in my hands in the most tender way.
-Federico García Lorca*

[Cadaqués, beginning of September of 1928]

Dear Federico:

[...]

Your current poetry falls squarely within the traditional one, in it I notice the fattest poetic substance that has ever existed: but! Not tied at all to the norms of ancient poetry, unable to excite us anymore nor satisfy our current desires. Your poetry is tied hand and foot to old poetry. You may believe certain images daring, or you may find an increased dose of irrationality in your things, but I can tell you that your poetry moves within the illustration of the most stereotypical and most conformist commonplaces.

[...]

-Anti-Poetry-

[...]

Federiquito, in your book, [Gypsy Ballads], which I have taken to those mineral sites around here to read, I have seen you, the little beast that you are, erotic little beast, with your sex and your little eyes of your body, and your hairs and your fear of death, and your desire that if you die may all the lords find out, your mysterious spirit made of silly little enigmas, of a close horoscope correspondence; your big finger in close correspondence with your cock and with the moisture of the slime lakes of certain species of furry planets out there.

I love you for what your book reveals you are, which is all the opposite that the rotten ones have forged from you. A dark gypsy with black hair, childish heart, etc., etc., all that anti-real decorative Nestorian Lorca, non-existent, only possible to have been created by the artist pigs, far from the little hairs and the little bears and hard soft silhouettes, and liquids that surround us, etc., etc.

You, beast with your little nails, you that sometimes death takes half of your body, or that climbs your fingernails up to your shoulder in most sterile effort! I have drunk death on your back, in those moments when you were absent from your great arms, which were nothing more than two crisp covers of the unconscious and useless folding of the ironing of the tapestries of the Residence; ... you, the big orator in your book, I want and admire, that fat orator, that the day you lose your fear, and shit in the Salinas, leave the Rhyme, in short, Art as understood among the pigs - you will do funny, horrifying, [illegible] twitchy, poetic things like no poet has ever done.

Goodbye. I believe in your inspiration, in your sweat, in your astronomical fatality.

This winter I invite you to dive into the void. I have already been in it for days, I have never had so much security.

[...]

Hugs,

DALÍ

(p. 146-150)