

## Dalí's destruction of Paris with Picasso and his annexation of Leopold Sacher-Masoch's textual territory

By Frédérique Joseph-Lowery

It has always made me uneasy to read Dalí's pastiche of Sacher-Masoch's short story *Sapho's slipper*, which he retitled *Les pantoufles de Picasso (Picasso's slippers)*<sup>1</sup>. To a French reader (and probably numerous non-French readers as well) this text has a particular resonance. It is impossible to read Dalí's text without being constantly reminded of the occupation of France by Nazi Germany, along with the shameful collaboration of the Régime de Vichy. Given the political turmoil at the end of the 30s, the idea of Parisians rejoicing at that time – Dalí's text is set in 1937 – is extremely troublesome. It's even more so after the recent events in Paris when the artistic team of Charlie-Hebdo was decimated (January 7<sup>th</sup>, 2015), some policemen killed, as well as other civilians. The protest that followed with millions of people marching in several cities of France led by fifty world leaders had never been seen but after the liberation of Paris. The emotion that Dalí's text still generates today is inseparable from the history of Paris that Dalí/Rastignac wanted to conquer at the time, to emulate Picasso, whom he describes in his text as a Parisian celebrity, on the model of the Austrian actress Schroeder from the Sacher-Masoch's short story that Dalí rewrites. As a critic one can try to project oneself into the context of the period, which Juan José Lahuerta rightfully did,<sup>2</sup> providing us a wealth of information. But literary texts as powerful as Dalí's also derive their force from the resonance they continue to exert on our time, how different these are. Dalí's text is entirely written in future tense, except in one paragraph. This tense, extraneous to a classic narration, invites us to look ahead.

Dalí's text is extremely devious. The genre of the pastiche, as well as the nature of the text he chose to rewrite, predisposes him to paint Paris with an Austrian light, since the words he uses to describe the French capital are almost the exact same words Sacher-Masoch used to describe Vienna. The occupation of Paris thus begins on a literary level. Paris is occupied from beneath, on the model of Dalí's French text seemingly alienated by an Austrian author. Dalí's pastiche does not respect the rules of the genre, now replaced in literature studies by close readings. He does not transpose Sacher-Masoch's texts as Baudelaire or Proust did before him. Neither of those authors did the kind of "cut-and-paste" that Dalí performed to an absurd point, but with a political agenda. The first sentence sets the tone: "The winter of 1937 will spread its white and powdery rug of snow over the ramparts of the *happy* French capital, and over the countryside of Fontainebleau and Montmorency." [My emphasis] Which ramparts is Dalí speaking about? From the seven original walls that protected Paris, only a few ruins of ramparts remain, even if the configuration of the boulevards still testifies to the pattern of the old fortifications. These ramparts fall under the snow to embody an immaculate victory. Snow itself is a white army, a

powerful device of erasure, which Dalí uses as a painter would when priming his canvas. Dalí's annexation of the text means to erase half of the words of the pages he kept, fully one sixth of the original story.

The clear sign of the destruction of Paris is the comparison of the capital to the mythological Pegasus, with broken wings. By its color, this Mythological figure blends with the white attack. Pegasus is an image of the poet, which Gustave Moreau celebrated, as well as Odilon Redon. Dalí must also have had in mind the stunning white horse of Picasso's stage curtain for *Parade*, with magnificent and gracious opened wings. This horse is traditionally depicted near a source that symbolizes inspiration. The numerous images of Pegasus, which Dalí painted much later, are blue. This color brings to mind water. In Dalí's pastiche, the color of the water is white: the snow. Here, *Inspiration* is not represented by the flow of a source but by a water rendered semi solid, the snow which melts precisely at the moment when Picasso's and Dalí's paths intersect. This element underscores the climax of the story, and is emblematic of the desire that Dalí feels for Picasso. Without the snow, Dalí would have never thrown his coat on the ground, to prevent Picasso from dirtying his slippers while crossing the street.

I elaborate on the significance of Pegasus from a stylistic point of view whereas Dalí's comment on Pegasus is political. The wings of the horse are broken because of a "sagacious pornography", he writes without introducing this idea at all. It is difficult to decide whether this "sagacious pornography" is to be understood literally or symbolically: "A sagacious pornography, at that time, will gnaw at the ardent wings of the Parisian Pégasus, who will secretly waive amalgams of contradictory emblems in the political life, joy and fury of German companions." [My translation] Which French person, or political group or party, at that time, would speak of German friends? Contradictory emblems are scattered in the beginning of the text, such as aristocracy rejoicing despite a strong Front Populaire, which will form the first French socialist government, a year after the publication of Dalí's short story (1935). I also deeply doubt that the French aristocracy would be celebrating the rapprochement of the country with the USSR. One could argue that it is easy for me to speak in retrospect, and that my interpretations are unfounded and anachronistic. However, that is not the case. In 1934, Dalí sent a postcard to Breton that ends with: "My hypothesis about the futures and the more and more truculent antagonisms between Italian fascism and Hitlerism seem to be confirmed. No war before 2 years."<sup>3</sup> Dalí's predictions set the war in 1936 or after. It is of course with this prediction in mind that he sets his short story in 1937 (a year before the invasion of Austria by Nazi Germany.) The Austrian nationality of the author he chooses to pastiche is of course meaningful.

The catastrophic political context is also essential for him to restage the Surrealist trial in which his Hitlerism was put into question. In fact, the ambiguous political signification of the introduction of his short story seems to do the exact opposite of exonerating himself. Dalí

only *seems* to protest against Picasso's accusation of being a secret suitor of Hitler (formerly Schroeder in the original text). It is quite convenient that he hears the accusation in Picasso's mouth, whom he imagines speaking to his collector Paul Rosenberg, when he is peeking in the master's studio. No matter how furious he is, since he is not supposed to be there he cannot loudly refute the accusation. Here in his answer (that I rephrase): "I am not a stain. That stain that you see as me in your painting (to call someone a stain, *une tache*, in French is an insult) is not me. I am áasquez". Many years later Picasso seemed to prove him right. According to his biographer and friend John Richardson, in his appropriation of *Las Meninas*, Picasso "realized that he's painted Velázquez like Dalí." He adds: "only one Spaniard could do this to another. But also, when he's doing it, it's when he is negotiating secretly business with Francoists to have a retrospective, so those paintings were done very much for Spain." <sup>4</sup> Here is Picasso accused of Franquism, the fault being Dalí's. How can one rewrite history.

The mock trial implicitly inscribed in Dalí's pastiche (as Lahuerta demonstrates in his essay for the *Picasso/Dalí. Dalí/Picasso* exhibition catalogue) also needs to be read in light of the end of the pastiche. After Picasso stepped on Dalí's coat, the artist wrote a long description of the coat and compared it to the:

Copious and unpleasantly drenched skirts of the well known Dalinian [wet-nurse]<sup>5</sup> which are tenderly nutritive and atavistic, and her edible and heavy sweetness resting with all its force of gravity, as she sits absent-mindedly in a large puddle of water, her head obstinately bent over an indeterminate labor, the back plump, militaristic and Hitlerian, stooped with the persevering and magnificent obstinacy of 'soft structures' of good quality.

This cherished coat bears the stamp of Hitlerism.

I strongly believe that in this paragraph the adjective Hitlerian, indubitably political, conveys for that reason the phobic nature of the wet-nurse, so important in Dalí's iconography. Nazism, the political embodiment of hate and destruction, is for Dalí the best way to express his feelings towards the mother figure thrown in his text in a dirty puddle. Dalí has indeed written a long poem (his opera *Être Dieu*) in which he compares the female sex to a cloaca. According to which logic other than that of fetishism does one pass from Picasso walking on Dalí's coat to a coat that is compared to a Hitlerian wet nurse? Free association? The logic at the core of Sacher-Masoch's text guides Dalí. In the original text, the hero (played in Dalí's pastiche by Picasso) throws his fortune to the admired actress in order to possess one of her slippers. The deal is that the actress will donate all the money to save a homeless old lady from the street. In other words, the possession of a female shoe takes place at the condition that it fills a financial gap that a female

frail body personifies. The relationship between a cherished shoe and a female gap obeys the logic of the fetish at the core of Sacher-Masoch's text.

What is a fetish? A fetish is a mental construct, a conceptual creation, a kind of placebo, a band-aid for the poor little boy who happened to fall upon the sight of his mother's genitals, off guard. This vision is so traumatic, writes Sigmund Freud, that the child hallucinates his penis being cut off. The mental band-aid covers the wound, and tries to make the pain go away by replacing it with an exciting image, a little like children's band-aids with Mickey Mouse or Scooby-Doo on top. To be efficient the image on the band-aid has to bear some features of the traumatic vision, to some extent. It keeps a portion of it, that is when the fetish is created. A fetish is a mnemonic construction. The sight of the pubic hair, for example, will evolve into a fur coat under which the female exposes her naked flesh. In other words, the coat in Dalí's pastiche does not become a fetish because Picasso, the beloved man, stepped on it. Dalí develops a fetishistic bond with it because it brings to his mind the mother figure that he began to paint in his canvas as a wet-nurse, sitting on the beach, and probably busy repairing some fishnets.<sup>6</sup> This recurrent figure is traumatic and excitable, at the same time. Dalí does not show her offering her breast. He never stopped to paint her back "tenderly nutritive", he said, and kept her "edible sweetness" hidden from view. She systematically shows her back to the viewer. Similarly, when Dalí paints Picasso, he distances himself from this mother figure. The long heavy hanging naked breasts grafted to the grey haired chest of the cubist painter are misleadingly promising. They suggest plenty of milk, but how can anyone suck them since they are deprived of nipples?

The scene that Dalí imagines in his pastiche – taking off his coat for Picasso – is a rewriting of a passage that in Sacher-Masoch's original text has nothing to do with fetishism. Dalí cuts Sacher-Masoch's text long before the concluding scene of fetishism *per se*. His scene is unquestionably fetishistic in the light of a much longer different text by Sacher-Masoch, *Venus in fur*. Dalí alluded to this novel at the end of his article *De la Beauté terrifiante et comestible de l'architecture Modern-Style (Minotaure, 1933)* : "There where Venus of Logic fades away, where the Venus of bad taste, the Venus in Furs is heralded under the sign of the unique beauty [...]"<sup>7</sup> According to this description of *Venus with fur*, which Sacher Masoch based on Titien's painting *Venus at her mirror*,<sup>8</sup> Dalí's homage to Picasso is purposely in the worse possible taste. I wanted to know more about the coat that Dalí wears in his text, so I Googled it, based on Dalí's description: an alpaca piled overcoat. It is not properly a fur coat, but it looks like one, from the pictures of similar coats made in the 30s that I found on eBay.<sup>9</sup> The coat is made of alpaca wool woven in such a way that the loops create a faux fur effect. In the 1934 documented photographs of Dalí's arrival in New York, in winter, his coat does not seem to be the one he imagines. However, several pictures of Dalí and Gala two years later (in New York again) show that his fantasy became a reality. Which fantasy? A funny one, certainly. The reader who has read the

original story by Sacher Masoch is invited to imagine a sexual scenario in which Dalí is offering himself to Picasso as a kind of Venus in fur, whereas Picasso the transformist behaves as Sapho, the name of the Greek lesbian poet and probably the stage name of the successful celebrity actress in the original story. All of this with a smell of *ménage à trois*, a perfect French cliché, since Gala also appears in the short story, in the marital bed, waiting for her libertine husband (the couple just got married in January 1934).

Picasso himself staged this type of scenario in front of Brassai's camera in 1944. We see him posing in front of an enormous canvas on which a woman exhibits her naked body.<sup>10</sup> At the center of the canvas (contrary to the Venus pubic area skillfully blending with her fur in Titien's painting) Picasso's nude shows her black pubic triangle. In front of the canvas, on the floor, Jean Marais, Jean Cocteau's lover, takes the pose of the model. He is elegantly dressed, opposed to Picasso who wears baggy pants and plaid slippers. Ah, Picasso's slippers! So prominent in a more famous photograph by Brassai, which Picasso disliked.<sup>11</sup> Brassai confides in his book *Conversation avec Picasso* (1964) that Picasso did not appreciate their presence: they seem so staged. What's more, left and right foot appear inverted. These slippers are not a fetish. Only a single shoe can be a fetish, not a pair. Its function is a placebo. It repels the threat of castration, of a penis, not two. By replacing Sacher-masoch's title *Sapho's slipper* (singular) with *Picasso's slippers* (plural), Dalí destroys the fetishist potential of the slipper and discloses the parodic nature of his text right from the start.

Picasso's slippers are not erotic, but are a fashion statement symbolizing the domestic interior. Picasso's fans want to see Picasso at home, he writes. They do not follow Picasso "in order to watch the moment in which his imperialist pupilla dilates and becomes bloodshot as a new imaginative prey approaches, a new and glorious conquest of the irrational",<sup>12</sup> they just want to see him at home, wearing his Charentaises. Nothing sexy here. A man in his Charentaises is a turn-off, like a couch potato. Plus, at the time the Charentaise had lost its novelty. The iconic felt plaid slipper, based on the 17th century slipper that French peasants wore in their wooden shoes to be more comfortable and warm were designed by Dr. Jeva in 1907. In Dalí's pastiche, Picasso's slippers are not fetishized as they were in Brassai's photograph, they are simply homey.

Neither Picasso's art nor his vision excite people's curiosity. What people want to see, writes Dalí, is Picasso knitting stockings. This also is not a flattering image, from what he later writes in his autobiography. "New York, your cathedrals sit knitting stockings in the shadow of gigantic banks, stockings [*pun on stocks*] and mittens for the Negro quintuplets who will be born in Virginia, stockings and mittens for the swallows, drunk and drenched with Coca-Cola, who have strayed into the dirty kitchens of the Italian quarter and hang over the edge of tables like black

Jewish neckties soaked in the rain.” That’s probably one of the most racist statements of his autobiography.<sup>13</sup>

Picasso’s knitting stockings is not exactly a figment of Dalí’s imagination. Picasso identified with a woman knitting, in a drawing from 1927. Contrary to the alleged title *Femme tricotant*, the model posing in front of the painter is not knitting anything. She is probably mending some cloth. The position of her hands cannot be of a knitter and there are no needles in view. The yarn seems to unravel on the depicted canvas within the drawing, into a happy festive doodle. Also, in 1926, Picasso created a collage entitled *Guitare à l’aiguille à tricoter*. This collage with two real wooden knitting needles was reproduced in *La Révolution Surréaliste* in June 1926<sup>14</sup>. In his text Dalí probably recalled Picasso’s drawing of the supposed “knitter” because the scenes of women mending, sewing or making lace were particularly important in his works at that period.<sup>15</sup> The image he chose for the cover of the catalogue of his second exhibition at the Dalmau gallery is a cropped study of his sister mending, so that her work is out of frame.<sup>16</sup>

In contrast, in the painting that he chose to show to Picasso, *Noia de Figueres*,<sup>17</sup> when he paid him a visit in Paris in 1926 the making of lace takes center stage. Lace will play an important role in his career. Everyone recalls the comic scene of his imitation of a bullfighter piercing his copy of Vermeer’s lacemaker with a long narwhal horn in the zoo de Vincennes in 1955 because Henri, the nearby rhinoceros, did not deign to do so. Around the same time, Dalí explained in his *50 Secrets of Craftsmanship* that instead of a mirror, like Da Vinci, it is a row of spider webs through which he would give a painting his final look, the so-called *aranarium*. Ana Maria Dalí describes in her autobiography the long evenings that the mother, the grandmother, and aunt spent sewing. She also mentions the wonderful intricate paper lace that their grandmother made and at which the children marveled.

It is unclear why the female craft that Dalí depicts in his canvas would be the reason he showed it to Picasso. Should we interpret this choice in relation to the paper doily in the collage that Picasso created for the cover of *Minotaure*, in 1933? Or does the fetishistic nature of lace, evident in his *Objet à fonctionnement symbolique*,<sup>18</sup> play a role in his decision? There is a fragment of white folded lace on the edge of the vertical box of matches located right in front of the heel of the red female shoe, although barely visible in the reproductions of Dalí’s object. The lace can almost be read as a sheet pushed away by the naked couple having sex, whose photograph is stuck in the back of the box, a kind of improvised bed, side up.

Dalí’s comment on the canvas he presented to Picasso is not very helpful. Here is what he says in the epigraph of the pastiche, the only passage in his text, which is not a rewriting of a former paragraph by Sacher-Masoch: “The painting I showed to Picasso was a painting that I always found truculently ugly. It was for sure the most appropriate painting to be taken as a model.”

The *Noia in Figueres*, Ana Maria making lace, does not strike me as being particularly ugly. It is rather carefully composed. Several sketches show that Dalí carefully studied his perspective.<sup>19</sup> He must have been particularly proud of the way he located the vanishing point. It corresponds almost exactly to the eye of the model focusing on her lace, more exactly in the back of her left eye, as if Dalí were pointing her inner vision, not surrealist yet. I located that spot by extending the lines of the tiles, as well as the oblique lines of the façades on the left of the image (the church and the building next to it). Projecting the source of his sight from which the painting results almost in the eye of his model shows how much the painter identifies to the sewing figure, with other means than Picasso appropriating the yarn of his “knitter” to draw lines on his painter’s canvas. Dalí discloses another sign of identification: he placed his signature exactly under the hanging red thread of a spool set on the edge of the balcony where his lace maker sits. This thread is put on display for his own purpose, for him to sign as a painter. The red thread is of no use to his lacemaker: she is making white lace.

The identification with the lacemaker is especially significant given that the sitter is his sister. Contrary to other paintings by Dalí that emphasize her brown curls falling on her shoulder or her back, Ana Maria here has a typical haircut of the 30s, to which the family album testifies.<sup>20</sup> A common point between Dalí and Picasso is how their art relates to the bond with their sisters. Ana Maria Dalí was the painter’s favorite model in his early career. As for Picasso, he swore that he would have abandoned painting if God had saved his little sister from her fatal disease. By projecting the vanishing point a little far off his sister’s eye, Dalí prevents their respective visions from being one. He stays away from a strict incestuous vision, but close.<sup>21</sup> Is it that closeness that renders the painting “ugly”, as he says? Because of its libidinal content? Or is it his desire to be close to the vision of the sister that makes him paint this painting so badly, from a realistic point of view at least? Why is he so wrong in how he describes his sister making lace? He has been consecrated a miniaturist by André Breton, he who could make a collaged photograph look like a painted one and vice versa, remarked Louis Aragon. It makes sense that he would identify with one of the most meticulous feminine crafts. Why would he paint it so poorly? There are three gross mistakes in this work, for anybody who has ever observed lacemakers; and Dalí did twice, even if he painted them from far.<sup>22</sup> The 1926 painting he showed to Picasso is so unrealistic that he stays far from reality, in contradiction with what one would expect from the choice of a close-up frame. Twelve bobbins would be necessary to make the piece of lace displayed in his canvas. He painted five. That odd number is another mistake. A lacemaker always works with two bobbins at once, by either twisting them in one hand, or from one hand to the other, or both. Finally, she would certainly not hold the bobbins the way Ana Maria does. The bobbins are designed so that you hold them without touching the thread with your fingers. Otherwise, the thread would be spoiled. The more you would touch the thread, the

less it would stay white. White lace is all about virginity. The making of the dowry is all about presenting oneself as a virgin to the husband. This is far from being incidental. ORLAN, who denounced the tradition of dowry making by embroidering with thick black thread sheets stained with sperm, in her performance *Plaisirs brodés* (1968) declared that she did so as a feminist artist, and because family history and art history intersect.<sup>23</sup>

In Dalí's perspective, the significance of the lacemaker is based on the fact that she embodies a certain type of vision, an acute vision, as he said in his conference at the Sorbonne University dedicated to Vermeer's famous painting. In other words, the significance of the painting that he showed to Picasso epitomizes his own vision as a painter, which he also projects in Picasso, as can be seen in the fourth paragraph of his pastiche.

After imagining Picasso knitting stockings, he fancies that a pin falls in Picasso's blood, "walks" in it and then comes out. He does not imagine a pin pricking his finger like a certain fairy tale character who pricks herself while spinning and then falls asleep. No, the pin falls in his blood and "walks" in it. The description of the path of the pin is convoluted and delirious. The pin is used like a *banderilla* weakening Picasso whose blood is compared to that of a bull. In fact Dalí imagines a miniaturist bullfight, symmetric to the disproportionate mockery of the bullfight in the Zoo de Vincennes in 1955 (celebrated in numerous paintings by Picasso):

[...] not a single ~~hair~~ pin will drop in his blood of a tragedian without the Paris smart set being informed of the piquant and silver-plated progress of the *pin* in his truly bull-like circulation, and also, above all, of the intimate site in which are located the subcutaneous ulterior motives by means of which *the needle* will be expelled with the slow nostalgia of a metallic and supersmooth "comedo" which has always characterized it. [My emphasis]

I have corrected Haim Finkelstein's translation. The French published text says *épingle*, not *épingle à cheveux*, as does Sacher-Masoch's French translation, from which Dalí wrote his pastiche. The other difference with Dalí's original text is that Dalí does not repeat the word *pin* twice, but uses a pronoun. As a result, given how complicated this sentence is, one could miss that his sentence says that a pin falls in Picasso's blood, but comes out as a needle. Am I splitting the hair in four here? Surely not. Dalí uses a metaphor to depict Picasso's creative process. To follow with precision what he does at that moment is essential. That he breaks the thread of his metaphor is symptomatic and meaningful. Something escapes him in Picasso's thinking process, something he cannot *pinpoint*. That is why his metaphor stabs Picasso in the back. Dalí can see how the inspiration enters into Picasso's blood, like any saint touched by God in his blood, by stigmata. He can also see how Picasso expresses an idea, like a needle pulling the thread out.<sup>24</sup> But one step, one zone, that of "intimacy," he writes, is blurred. It cannot be located. There is a gap, to which we recognize the fetishistic nature of his vision. Two female tools are at his disposal, but he needs a third one to fully convey and see Picasso conceiving his



paintings. His secret desire is to penetrate Picasso's creative intimacy. This explains why his depiction of the task itself, lacemaking, is so poorly rendered. What matters is how absorbed the woman is in her art. Hence the cropped drawing for the Dalmau catalogue. When describing the wet nurse, Dalí insists on her absent-minded attitude, with "her head obstinately bent over an indeterminate labor." The indeterminate labor is a displacement (in the Freudian sense) of the indeterminate female "zone of intimacy", a feminine interiority that Dalí's fantasy projects into Picasso.

The indeterminacy of the proper term, pin *and* needle, conveys the impossibility for Dalí to come to terms with the other gender. Dalí does not comprehend what the woman is doing. A pin and a needle are two radically different objects. A pin holds something in place. The lacemaker holds some stitches with pins. As she works, she pins her lace in process on the paper template beneath it. A good lace maker does not copy a template; she interprets it, like Dalí in his minute cut-and-paste of Sacher-Masoch's text. A lacemaker working with bobbins does not use needles. It is a contradiction in terms. A needle is used to carry the thread in and out of a fabric. A lacemaker makes stitches in the air, like the spider, *punto in aria*, in Italian. She does not prick a fabric: she makes one. Dalí suddenly needs to make a needle appear in his text because his art takes priority over the craft. It is the painter who is speaking, a painter whose watchword is acuity. *Acute* comes from the Latin noun *acus*, *acutis* : needle. The paradox is that his painting of the 1926 lacemaker is far from being acute. From this point of view, it is awfully wrong.<sup>25</sup>

I certainly would not have paid attention to the slippage from pin to needle in Dalí's text, or if I had I would have probably attributed it to some negligent writing, or as an effect of the delirium at work in this text,<sup>26</sup> had I not noticed the same slippage in two other texts by him, both dedicated to the lace maker by Vermeer:

What made me upset the most in this canvas is that everything exactly converged on a needle, on a pin, which is not painted but suggested. Very often, the reality of that pin, I felt it in my own flesh. [My translation].<sup>27</sup>

And:

Everything exactly converge around a needle which is not drawn but just suggested. And the acuity of this pin, I felt it, very real, in my own flesh. [My translation]<sup>28</sup>

Dalí is confronted by a lack that he feels in his own flesh, he writes. This is a typical hysterical somatisation of the other gender.

The similarity of the terms in the three texts I have compared, and more importantly the same incapacity to name the "thing" as a pin, not a needle, despite the fact that he does not see it *per se*, goes hand in hand with his other remark linked to the same issue: the absence of anything visible (painted, but he does not know how). The female creative process can only be conceived with "nothing there". Dalí is the living example of the male psyche that sees female's gender as

“a sex that is not one”, as Luce Irigaray<sup>29</sup> famously argued. Picasso, to Dalí’s eyes, belongs to this category, and for that reason, Dalí misses his “intimate place” of creativity, he fails to penetrate it, or feels threatened by it. Picasso is for sure a farcical travesty of Sappho, but this is only the manifest content of the text. The depiction of the creative process in feminine terms is far more interesting. It shows that Dalí, contrary to what ORLAN tended to think about both male artists, does not ignore female creativity. He seems obsessed with it, to the point of searching for this form of creativity in Picasso’s work (for obscure libidinal motivations). His mistake is to look for it where he cannot find it (the best way not to find it), whereas several female artists of his time could have widened his art, if not satisfy his totalitarian (and archaic) desire to be both genders.<sup>30</sup> Hannah Höch who incorporated crochet patterns and fragments of lace in her collages was one of them. As for lace, knitting, and many other textile materials, these are a common medium in contemporary art.<sup>31</sup>

[1]The French title hammers Picasso’s name with a *p* alliteration whereas the *s* alliteration of the English title gives it a much softer resonance. Unless specified otherwise, the text originally published *Cahiers d’Art*, in 1935 (vol. 10) will be quoted in its translation by Haim Finkelstein. See *The Collected Writings of Salvador Dalí*, Cambridge University Press, 1998 (section 8).

[2]“Picasso’s Slippers and Dalí’s Paraphrases”. in *Picasso/Dalí. Dalí/ Picasso*, The Dalí Museum, St Petersburg, Florida, 2014, p. 24-53.

[3]*mes ipoteses sur les futurs et de plus en plus truculents antagonismes entre le fascisme italien et l’itlerisme semblent se confirmer. Pas de guerre avan 2 ans*. The postcard is reproduced on the André Breton website:<http://www.andrebretton.fr/file/269990/plain?size=full>

[4]John Richardson, *Picasso The Mediterranean Years, 1945-1962*, 2010, p. 42. I thank Charles Stuckey for pointing my attention to this quotation.

[5] I corrected Finkelstein’s translation of *nourrice* with wet-nurse (instead of nursemaid), particularly appropriate in this text where snow plays such an important role.

[6] *Le Sevrage du meuble-aliment*, (*The Weaning of furniture-nutrition*), 1934, n. 373 in GSD cat. Rais.

[7]The original sentence, “Là où la Vénus de la logique s’éteint La Vénus du mauvais goût, La Vénus aux fourrures” s’annonce sous le signe de l’unique beauté”, is translated in English by Haim Finkelstein. Dalí made several illustrations *Vénus à la fourrure* in 1969. “

[8][http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Venus\\_with\\_a\\_Mirror#mediaviewer/File:Titian\\_-\\_Venus\\_with\\_a\\_Mirror\\_-\\_Google\\_Art\\_Project.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Venus_with_a_Mirror#mediaviewer/File:Titian_-_Venus_with_a_Mirror_-_Google_Art_Project.jpg)

[9]<http://vintagehaberdashers.com/tag/alpaca/>

[10]<http://artistandstudio.tumblr.com/post/47316222092/picasso-and-jean-marais-posing-as-painter-and>

<sup>[11]</sup>Brassaï's photograph is reproduced in the *Picasso/Dalí. Dalí/Picasso* catalogue, p. 24.

<sup>[12]</sup>This last adjective shows that Dalí speaks of Picasso as much as of himself (See *La Conquête del'irrationnel* (1935).

<sup>[13]</sup>*The Secret Life of Salvador Dalí*, by Salvador Dalí; p. 332. Translation by Haakon Chevalier.

<sup>[14]</sup> See p. 21 of the pdf published by The Bibliothèque Nationale de France: <http://gallicalabs.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k5845116s/f1.pdf>

<sup>[15]</sup> See in GSD cat. Rais. n. 51, 80, 147, 177, 181.

<sup>[16]</sup> See Robert Descharnes and Gilles Neret, *Salvador Dalí, L'œuvre peint*, 1904-1946, pl. 234 (p. 105)

<sup>[17]</sup> N. 189 in the online catalogue raisonné of the Gala-Salvador Dalí Museum.

[http://www.salvador-dali.org/cataleg\\_raonat/fitxa\\_obra.php?obra=189&inici=1926&fi=1930](http://www.salvador-dali.org/cataleg_raonat/fitxa_obra.php?obra=189&inici=1926&fi=1930)

<sup>[18]</sup> Cat. 57, p. 173 in *Picasso/Dalí. Dalí/Picasso* catalogue. (1931, reconstructed in 1973).

<sup>[19]</sup> See the preparatory sketches reproduced in Robert Descharnes and Gilles Neret, *Salvador Dalí, L'œuvre peint*, 1904-1946, p. 106 and 107.

<sup>[20]</sup> See *Els vint primers anys de Salvador Dalí. Album familiar*, Museu del Joguet de Catalunya, p. 94, 2012.

<sup>[21]</sup> On Dalí's expression of incestuous desire for his sister's anus (and other body parts), see *L'Amour et la mémoire*, Editions Surréalistes, 1931, p.8-11.

<sup>[22]</sup> *Noies en un jardí. Les cosines*, c. 1919, N.77 in GSD, cat. Rais. *Puntaire davant el mar a Cadaques*, c. 1921, N. 440 in GSD, cat. Rais.

<sup>[23]</sup> Photographs from the performance *Embroidered pleasures* can be seen on ORLAN's website: <http://www.orlan.eu/works/performance-2/nggallery/page/1>

<sup>[24]</sup>The other metaphor that Dalí uses is the "comedone," which I leave aside for clarity. Dalí expands that metaphor much longer in his article "Apparitions aérodynamique des êtres-objets" (*Minotaure*, 1935) where he compares the extraction of the comedons to the thorn [(é)pin(e)] that the sculpted Spinario boy extracts from his foot. The comédon is also called a *point noir*, in French. Point/pointe, it's always the same imaginary sharp thin object. Dalí also ridicules in passing the famous essay (*On the Marionnette Theater*) by Kleist, who calls forth the Greek sculpture to discuss the concept of male grace.

<sup>[25]</sup>To be exact, I have to add that the first form of lace was needle lace (*reticella*). Was that the kind of lace the women of Dalí's family were making? In his painting (and Vermeer's), the lace is made with bobbins, which excludes needles.

<sup>[26]</sup> In fact, I am currently finishing a manuscript on the status of thread in Dalí's written and painted work *Dalí au fil du temps*. This is why Dalí's slippage could not pass unnoticed.

<sup>[27]</sup>« Ce qui m'a bouleversé le plus dans ce tableau, c'est que tout convergeait exactement à une aiguille, à une épingle, qui n'est pas peinte mais juste suggérée; très souvent la réalité de cette

*épingle* je la sentais réellement dans ma propre chair , ”*Oui*, Denoël/Gonthier, 1971, p. 42. [My emphasis].

<sup>[28]</sup>“Tout converge exactement vers une *aiguille* qui n’est pas dessinée mais qui est juste suggérée. Et l’acuité de cette *épingle*, je l’ai sentie très réelle dans ma propre chair.” *Journal d’un génie* , La table ronde, 1964, p. 146.[ My emphasis]

<sup>[29]</sup> *Ce sexe qui n’en est pas un*, Éditions de Minuit, 1977.

<sup>[30]</sup>In *Picasso/Dalí. Dalí/Picasso* conference, Vicent Santamaria de Mingo and Hank Hine, speaking of the breasts (without nipples, I insist) depicted in Picasso’s portrait by Dalí, explain their presence as an allusion to the Ovidian fable of Tiresias, to which Apollinaire alludes in his play *Les mamelles de Tyresias*. The sexual fantasy at work in this story is to experience both genders. In Apollinaire’s story, however, Thérèse denies her femininity and transforms her breasts into balloons that float away. By calling female breasts *mamelles*, a derogatory term which is normally used for animals (udder), femininity is grossly ridiculed.

<sup>[31]</sup> I have reviewed and interviewed numerous artists on that matter (Sheila Hicks, Tracy Emin, Louise Bourgeois, Judith Scott among others) for *art press* magazine.