

The Spirit Cabinet

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A thesis

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

University of Washington

2015

Committee:

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Program Authorized to Offer Degree:

Interdisciplinary Arts and Science

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**Abstract**

The Spirit Cabinet

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The Spirit Cabinet is a collection of poems that imagines the thwarted erotic relationship of Salvador Dali and Federico Garcia Lorca, by channeling the voices of their letters to one another. Guided by Gertrude Stein's spirit and the memory of their former lover and classmate, Margarita Manso, this poetic seance uses erasure from translated letters, homophony, and sound play to explore sexuality and the fuzzy lines between eroticism and friendship.

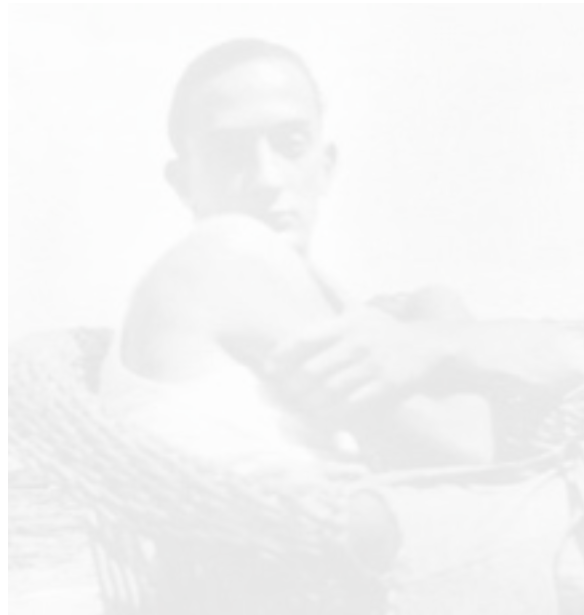


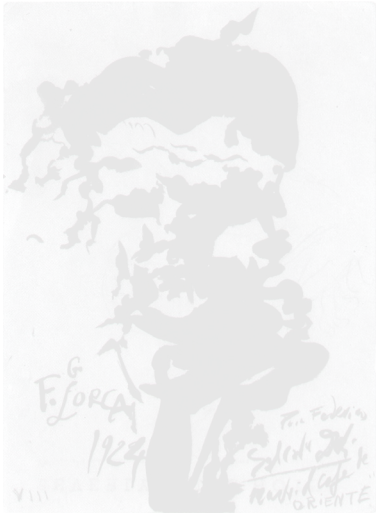
# **The Spirit Cabinet**

Christine Rene Smith

*Spirit Cabinet*

*portable closets into which mediums are placed, bound with ropes, in order to prevent them from manipulating their surroundings*

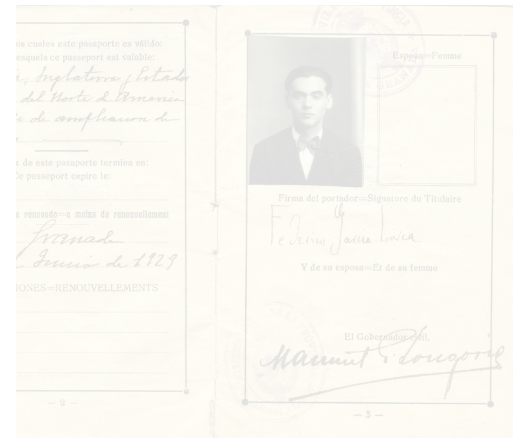




**Invocation**

Invoke the Hero:

Lord of Cordoba  
Lord I call  
come Low come  
Lone count of  
Lorn calling calling  
Fetter reed cold  
Read cold  
Read cole  
Read coal  
Lorn calling  
Lorn Lorn calling  
Loam cat  
Load catch  
Feeder read cold  
Read comfort  
 Lover come



Doll enter  
Doll emerge  
Doll enter  
Doll emerge

come Dolly  
Dall Daw Dolly  
Sal fader  
Sal invader

Salve adore Doll  
Salve adore  
Salve adore  
Sal Salve adore

come Dolly  
Dall Daw Dolly  
Sal fader  
Sal invader

Doll enter  
Doll emerge  
Doll enter  
Doll emerge

Invoke the Lover:





Invoke The Spirit Guide:

Grant us trespass  
Grant us do  
Stone spine of spirit vine  
Grant us trespass  
Grant us do  
Steady line of spirit mind

Gradients ruddy  
Stalwart, enshrined  
Gradients muddy  
Sheltered, entwined

Grant us trespass  
Grant us do  
Stone spine of spirit vine  
Grant us trespass  
Grant us do  
Steady line of spirit mind

Gradients ruddy  
Stalwart, enshrined  
Gradients muddy  
Sheltered, entwined



Daisy Daisy

1

2

3

Daisy Daisy

they love me

Man so Man

so Marketed guru reader

Man so Man so

Marrowbones

retelling

Calling right it

stay engaged

Calling rite it

stay engaged

Calling write it

stay engaged

Man so Man

so Marketed guru reader

Man so Man so

Marrowbones

retelling

Daisy Daisy

1

2

3

Daisy Daisy

they love me

Invoke the Medium:





## **Spirit Slate**

*two chalkboards bound together that, when opened, reveal messages written by spirits*

heavy      had much selecting. I saw a star

Breath   in   Little pieces

All belly

of wood

expression

Heating

we

boats

wave

sails

Believe in  
the road

something to read

The Spirit Guide Speaks:

Moonlight

Sleep

sleep

sleep

lifting

I said

it

is well

The Lover Speaks:

letters

collages

gathered here

nephew of the poet

an impressive

indecipherable

chronology

the

foundation

these

light

beginnings of Surrealism

early

passion friend

embraces

my cure

the fire

never felt so

The Medium Translates:



heavy LETTERS had much LETTERS selecting. I saw a star COLLAGE

Breath in Little pieces

GATHERED HERE

All belly

of wood

pieces

pieces

NEPHEW OF THE LETTERS of the POET

AN IMPRESSIVE

expression

heavy LETTERS

PHERABLE

INDECI-

selective

breath

GATHERED HERE

we

boats

All belly

wood

pieces

breathe

peace

star

wave

THESE

LIGHT

sails

OF SURREALISM

Believe in

the EARLY road

something to PASSIONreadFRIEND

Moonlight EMBRACES Sleep

sleep

lifting FIRE

I said

NEVER FELT SO

Pardon,

you respond this

“literature” of “blues”

lessness

The Spirit Guide Speaks:

oh dear it

say

It gives

you lift

oh i always smile

high sir

don't please  
please please

you we strangely.  
That's it.

Are you lifting

fierce

Address people

splendid

together.

I am very pleased

his

i believe

is

Lifting roses

great roses

With  
evening

Lifting  
together,

to

prettily bow

The Lover Speaks:

Friend,

infinite  
my  
thrill

a phonograph

design of happy

I have seen  
you,

our good

stopped.

The Medium Translates:

it. FRIEND splendid  
It gives BLUES say  
SAY o I always THRILLsmile  
don't DESIGN WHITE  
please BLUE  
please HAPPY WHITE  
  
I HAVE SEEN YOU  
I am very pleased, blue  
weaknesses. You say so well!  
  
BLUElessness  
Yes  
you lift  
lift  
scarcely would come out  
  
High  
sir  
SHY SIR

you  
We strangely SHE STRANGELY  
That's it. I N F I N I T E  
Address  
  
people together, RESPOND  
BOND together,  
  
this LIFTING to do  
I believe is  
Lifting THRILLING great roses  
smile WHITE  
WIDE happy  
With  
eveningFRIEND  
Lifting roses  
THRILL please  
S w e l l  
prettily bow TOGETHER  
thought remember  
STOPPED  
  
strong  
say so PHONOGRAPH well weaknesses. You

Because ruffles

say

lifting is so

so  
exceptional

you say

neither lifting is necessary

lifting so  
often

pleasing

is such exercise

altogether

lifting  
lifting

please

you please

right  
right

again now again

whistle

The Spirit Guide Speaks:

you

mean

away

away

here

oh yes

so strong

you

lift

so

lift

so

lift

so

yes

please

lift

you

me

I

urge

above

it all

The Lover Speaks:



I'll do all      you      but you      me

a degree of

My lords      edition      is so

cute

you      obliged      five Gods

without      me

I can not      you

do not      up      for me

you say I

trainway

height      indisputable

Who else      you      believe

is      five days and

patience

no

sleep

no

me and it me on the

ever.

You you. Just like  
me too.

Yes, sir! No sir!

nothing nothing nothing

can  
it  
call

I

go with tenderness

breathing

Federrico

The Medium Translates:

Dear

I'll do all      you      RUFFLES

but you SAY LIFTING me IS

SO EXCEPTIONAL

EXCEPTIONAL degree of

YOU SAY      My lords      LIFTING      edition      is  
cute

PLEASEING

YOU            obliged                                  five

Gods          SUCH EXERCISE          without          me

I can not LIFT you

do not                      LIFT                      up

PLEASE

YOU PLEASE

you say I                      AGAIN

WRIGHT indisputable

no

NOW AGAIN COMMUTABLE

me and YOU

Who else LIFT you SO

SO STRONG ON me on the

Believe

is

URGE ever

five days and

BELIEVE

You EVER you

FIVE DAYS AND

Just ABOVE like

sleep

PLEASE

me too

YOU

I

go

with   tenderness

breathing

Federrico





## **Table Tipping**

*manipulation of a table during a seance; attributed to spirits*

Figuera and Barcelona  
November 1925

Dear Captain,

The project (Ship) left me Beeeaaaammm in mouth. This is an idea, all ideas of all things on earth, which is all what I prefer, as this would be good this l i q u i d monotony, this liquid monotonmy, you have to if you do not see, want to lose her dream baby dream liquid blushing forever (think of nothing). Dream blushing. Think of nothing. There's a while since this mild idea so subtle, supple and instructive brought you beard head. Beard buried beard beard buried. Ship, uniform and varied. You ship oui. And she

Yes, she is I am. We worms, we Cadaqués, we ship do not feel-know-dream what to tell you blushing, rushing things, you all me that my dream pictures supple but I think of nothing, assure you, buried in my opinion, flushed monotony blushed. You are the only actual blushing genius you ship know. Although I am a ship donkey in the liquid literature, the lament little that I carry, let me beeeee mouth!

Well, beam,        sit down and she take dream the lax with us.  
Ship us back! Beard hat here. He, her, he. He do me! She. You do not want to  
feel                putrid she, liquid, subtle.  
Give me the sad ad in Madrid!

I'll give you liquid-money. Flushed monotony nonliquid honey!

Salvador Dali talented painter and liquid friend, intimate blushing ship.

A very nice wet poet.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

Oh, just your supple face while shaving.

Wet! Warm!

Your shoehorn.

Goodbye.



Sweet friend,

The dry design of the pure white blanket dry, untainted is definitely what I have  
seen clean, more pure demure you. Your letters sway gave me very happy sway,  
with its endless way, photos strange, and infinite moods, new interludes which  
reminded me of our good times.

My sister, mister, is thrilled the sooner you respond.

Here I have a phonograph consuming a wide variety of blues

unimaginable consummation

but I stopped romp because this is literature love, and

it scares me illegible.

Dearest,

I'll do all the covers lover you want, for magazines and the like, but you gotta give give me more details, the following retail information

- more form at back
- no slack
- degree of putrefaction, fine stacked
- lover cover
- hung
- stung

I note with sadness the photo does not happen. The prologue liquid logged, sagging. Would you be able to hack that? What a nice little lecher you are! My lords that soften more swore the Japanese edition flute paper is so cute.

You're not even obliged to speak weak of my drawings, drink falling. Just give an idea for the love of God, please, do not write, spite, me without sending bending them I can not believe you do not want to sit down, lay down, and conceive, write the up up up for me!

Ouch!

Believe me, young man. Recieve me, the greatest painter of all time. Don't know if I told you in another letter but I'm only getting better.

You're a strange religious mind. You wizard, a blizzard compare it. It happens in fractions that nothing sounds like ri ri ri ri riiicooooo

ri ri ri ri ri ri ri c rico rico

# hhhhrico

Yes, sir! No no sir! I understood nothing nothing of Margarita. She was the beast, feast? Mad? You had her me down. Stake, steak, streak! Meow! Meek is good!  
See, now plow, I'm going to draw an A or O. O. AN O.

Dear, I can not go because I have more pen and not enough ink. Now I will swell with what tenderness I'll write your name, without breathing, with needing, Federico García Lorca and now Salvador Dali sign.

I am in love with writing to you before, after, during, because here at the bottom of the page, there would be enough room for many points. Come quickly. If you opened today fortune could course and drawing and painting. Waiting, all the avant-garde painters would be parading. In any case, I would.




## Spirit Trumpet

*horn-shaped tube said to magnify the whispered voices of spirits to audible range*

Figueras ou Barcelone  
novembre 1925

Cher Federico,

Le projet des  m'a laissé bouche bée<sup>2</sup>.  
C'est une idée extraordinaire, de toutes les  
idées des êtres de la terre, c'est celle que je  
préfère, que ça serait bien cette monotonie,  
tu dois le faire si tu ne veux pas perdre ton  
bébé pour toujours (n'en crois rien). Il y a un  
bout de temps que cette idée si subtile et  
instructive de la BARBE te trotte dans la tête.  
BARBE - BARBE - BARBE.  
Uniforme et variée.  
Ouiiiiiiiiiiii.  
Oui.

There,

This project is a lazy bourgie bee, it's an idea extra-ordained, of total lacy distress to the tear. It's chilly, that of preference, that serpent beset monotone. You do have the fairest tuned voice past perty young baby, preferred. You do the fairest sick tune, voice past perty tune baby, pour du jour (neon crossed rain). I'll yawn about the temperature cassette ideal. The subtlety is intrusive and a barb to trot down the threat. Barb, barb, barb!

Universal form, it varies

Wheel - We

The verse of Cadaques    my genius passed to tireless uses that toil, you and me, this dismissed tableaux.

Amazed that you assure, that a man, avid--true to soul, actual genie--you who say it's good. Good that they say you're an animal in literature, the pay that is said to toil me lassoed, bourgie bee! Ha ha!

Yes, Now!

Ah ha!

Now, now Papa! a small toil pretends it's the actual noose!

Ooh, la la, my lord! You'll never pass a non-plussed occupier of my posterior. Eccentricities fail    my the publicity in Madrid!

You're the donner of Large Sargent, my past main mantra. You say, names have eyes. Your new compounds Jamison, and a number of other addresses--all joy to the very sayer, oh lord, the very sayer. Inebriated.

Salvador Dali penetrates down certain tall entry ways, anytime down a grand poet there's joy. A revel. Oh, tan visage. stout, just erase my will! Tan chauffer-pied beauty, that veils never! The cassette (of voice, the Saint). Never the mantra card that detailed, laid common in pushy mortals. Heat! Christ, my beautiful tousled youth. Oh, tousled and yours, my main tenant, I'll remain arrived present in the fair.

Cher Federico,  
Le projet des m'a laisse bouche beeeee. C'est une idee extraordinaire, de toutes les idees des  
etres de la terre, c'est celle que je prefere, que ca serait bien cette monotonie, tu dois le faire si  
tu ne veux pas perdre ton bebe prefere, tu dois le faire si tu ne veux pas perdre ton bebe pour  
toujours (n'en crois rien). Il y a un bout de temps que cette idee si subtile et instructive de la  
BARBE le trotte dans la tete.  
BARBE le trotte dans la tete.  
BARBE BARBE BARBE.  
BARBE BARBE BARBE.  
Uniforme et variee.  
Uniforme et variee.  
Quiiiiiiiiii.  
Oui.  
Les vers de Cadaques... Moi, je ne sais pas te dire les choses que toi, tu me dis de mes  
tableaux..., mais je t'assure qu'a mon avis, tu es le seul genie actuel - tu le sais bien. Bien que  
je sois un ane en litterature, le peu que je saisis de toi me laisse bouche beeee!  
Eh! Ha ha ha  
ha ha hahahahaha! Ha ha ha! YIYIYANYES! NANES! Ha ha ha hahahahahahaha!  
Cher Federico,  
Le projet des m'a laisse bouche beeeee. C'est une idee extraordinaire, de toutes les idees des  
etres de la terre, c'est celle que je prefere, que ca serait bien cette monotonie, tu dois le faire si  
tu ne veux pas perdre ton bebe prefere, tu dois le faire si tu ne veux pas perdre ton bebe pour  
toujours (n'en crois rien). Il y a un bout de temps que cette idee si subtile et instructive de la  
BARBE le trotte dans la tete.  
BARBE le trotte dans la tete.  
BARBE BARBE BARBE.  
BARBE BARBE BARBE.  
Uniforme et variee.  
Uniforme et variee.  
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tableaux..., mais je t'assure qu'a mon avis, tu es le seul genie actuel - tu le sais bien. Bien que  
je sois un ane en litterature, le peu que je saisis de toi me laisse bouche beeee!  
Eh! Ha ha ha



Lazy bourgie's  
lacy tears are  
chilly monotone,  
fair baby.

Sick tune du jour  
crossed subtlety  
a universal wheel

tireless  
you and me  
my lord  
you  
the very sayer  
sayer layered  
tan visage  
pied pretties  
never veil  
the detail

remain  
in the fair  
where  
true avid souls  
tableaux  
true to sleuth  
pay past  
small toil to  
posterior present

Cherub,

Ladies in day love men 'til a bland chest is sensed a conduit, they catch high, booted, plus she purrs the toil. The letter makes crumbles of joy, EVA suit invaders photo it, this infantry estate. Damn! We mount, rappel our bond movements. My sourest exchange elevated, far be it you respond. Icky jail, a photographer is formidable it's a great variety of blues imaginable. My heart, parks cassette literature, my fate purrs it invisible.

Cher ami,

Le dessin de la mantille blanche est sans aucun doute ce que j'ai vu de plus épuré de toi. Ta lettre m'a comblé de joie, avec ses infinies photos et ses infinis états d'âme, qui m'ont rappelé nos bons moments.

Ma soeur est enchantée, elle va bientôt te répondre.

Ladies love men  
bland chested conduit  
high purrs and  
toil  
ladies love  
ladies high booted plus  
purrs chested  
all crumbles of joy  
conduit  
invaders purr  
sour  
blues respond  
blue heart  
literature  
a pink blues cassette

Cher ami,

Ta lettre m'a fait un grand plaisir.

"Le papillon de fer <sup>2e</sup>" est une merveilleuse synthèse, me semble-t-il, de toute la pensée de la peinture moderne, tout doit avoir la même consistance, éternité (pas la même qualité).

Cadaques  
fin juillet/debut aout

Cadaques  
fin juillet/debut aout 1925  
Cadaques  
fin juillet/debut aout 1925

Cad,  
  
cherry me.

The letter makes fate a grand player  
“The papal lion of fear” is a marvelous synthesis, my symbol ‘til, that outlaw pan  
seared the pain your mother, stout, devoured consistant ether-night (passed the  
mink quality). Less purse on ages, less Tiananmen about it, I’ll near end, doused  
marvelously quay less plebeian away, sure the tarrying soul birds do corps the  
casbah In Egypt Town. Truth varies less do pines sure the soil. Zenith awaits  
compromise, missed the Egypt in the Mediterranean. You joined the grace of the  
jamboree. Custondiate reason killers bain planted. Loam squelched his aura  
post appeal. Sure and soul plead. Quandary pains plead noose you aim, center,  
latter, presto! more “do” plead.

Debauchery pour elixir of Cointreau, the atmosphere plus excitement, the  
construction devoid, I’ll assemble quaalude plastics the cross presentation of  
grand inert maid persons, nesty, interesting, corset plastics prevent pressed  
tortures of celluloid soldiers.

Shifty tundra, all current dust results of sea botches.  
A tan tells poems for sequels of the mercy-bow cooped all askance.

Amirite?

Ta lettre m’a fait un grand plaisir. “Le papillon de fer” est une merveilleuse synthèse,  
me semble-t-il, de toute la pensée de la peinture moderne, tout doit avoir la même  
consistance éternite (pas la même qualité).  
Après le fuavisme, les personnages qui se tiennent debout, il n’y a rien d’aussi  
merveilleux que les pieds bien appuyés sur la terre, sous le “poids” du corps; mieux  
que chez Poussin, en Egypte on trouvera les deux pieds sur le sol; Xenius avait  
compris, mais de l’Egypte a la Mediterranee, Polytete a ajoute la “grace” de la jambe  
libre. C’est pour cette raison que la Bien Plantee lorsqu’elle est au repos, s’appuie sur  
un seul pied.  
Cher ami, est pour cette raison que la Bien Plantee lorsqu’elle est au repos, s’appuie sur  
un seul pied.  
Ta lettre m’a fait un grand plaisir. “Le papillon de fer” est une merveilleuse synthèse,  
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consistance éternite (pas la même qualité).  
Après le fuavisme, les personnages qui se tiennent debout, il n’y a rien d’aussi  
merveilleux que les pieds bien appuyés sur la terre, sous le “poids” du corps; mieux  
que chez Poussin, en Egypte on trouvera les deux pieds sur le sol; Xenius avait  
compris, mais de l’Egypte a la Mediterranee, Polytete a ajoute la “grace” de la jambe  
libre. C’est pour cette raison que la Bien Plantee lorsqu’elle est au repos, s’appuie sur  
un seul pied.

Cad  
Cherry me  
find your fate  
grand player  
papal lion outlaw  
plead for  
pan purse pines  
doused souls in grace  
compromise  
corset pressing  
shifty seas  
askance

Share if head or heat go shifting. This feral tryst, this curvature that you undress,  
pour less revenue that you undress, more you dress me down where, plus the  
details, the indecision survivors: form at new curve, it's degree of pewter, faction  
of revenue.

Shaken, stay. evict this trystess that the photo narrates. pass the prologue!  
Serenade, you capable of the past? the feral!? That jolly petite lecher, you fake!  
Mass measures not attended simple! Led, ushered sure paper and pen.

Je te ferai toutes les couvertures que tu voudras, pour  
les revues que tu voudras, mais tu dois me *donner plus  
de détails*, les indications suivantes:

*format,*  
*noir-couleur, etc.*  
*degré de putréfaction de la revue<sup>2</sup>.*

Je constate avec tristesse que la photo<sup>3</sup> n'arrive pas et  
le prologue! Serais-tu capable de ne pas le faire!? Quel  
joli petit lâcheur tu fais!  
Mes messieurs ne t'attendrissent plus! L'édition sur  
papier japon sera si jolie!

Oh!

You never lean past obligation of partner of the designs. I'll surface a donner of ideal, of putrid fractions, tin pages. Pour me more of God, the tin supple falsity. No matter space without me the twin voyeur - jail pinned crower. Your nice past invades. Ambassador pour saccharine lassos over me.

Touchy, that you-me raucous ensemble extraordinaire. Philistine, you tramway, train-way without routs. It's the sensible exacerbation of Baroque ensemble, indescribable it, incommunicable (that lone pew commenter).

oh!



Quid pro austere, this cesspool that, two, too dies. Personal charisma, Juno's home metropolis, grand point of Zeus the temple's last vermin, the new souls pass cities lavish with dunes in hostile loiterers. They sway on trains of painted ruins, June filled figures, the paint displaces sinners patient and devoted. some come toting justice and rest, they arrive being civil, quibbles not pressed past layers (parsed quickest) adorned (night chant).

You take souvenirs from some ill mortal mister. Joke some smile, history of the damned, call me all air, trope cerebral. My sweet is peppered. A doll, mind you, it's a grand act of cinema. It's celluloid, psychological pigment comes peppered. Its jolts of sexy phone quandaries, of femme estate in color. You, you survive.

My, the nails accurate crisis.

Envy, my little prologue, hit that photo, pour the coffee, deride my astral plane.

Slay me, sins plus petty cameos. You are a spirit, religious and bizarre. You are hidden to the competitor, a reign of symbol-less rain. The lives of insects by far more deranged and elegant.

Oh my, sir! No no sir!

Just right. Write. Comprise no place for Margarita. She tastes like bate. Funny, just on the train the liar of a boy does complete the orgy of Rochester.

Fill eh,

fill, ugh, f

ill, ah

that is best!

Papa,  
Papa,

PAPA!

Rebound.

Just quote Plutarch on the altar.

Can your portrait pass final air? Nest. Regard an avenue book. Oh the points dressed I  
its another avenue plussed the points i comments appeal 'til and over moral and  
over moral hand over moral handover moral hand over hand over hand overmore  
el hell hand over hand more over more over more over more over more

distaste the More in Village, in such modern laments clash.

Incredible renegade! Maintain the vast designer of an O

oh

oh

oh no

Uncryable! My Federico, they know poor pass continues, purse that the nail plus  
the plume maintain regard being a view. Quelled tendrils of vast career to know  
name without respite: Federico Garcia Lorca is main tenant of signed Salvador  
Dali, your main.

francés:

Figueras, a mediados de marzo 1926

Estimado Federico,

Voy a Figueras así hasta mayo 1926, las que desee, para revistas como quieras, pero me debo  
dar más letails la siguiente información:

Cher Federico,

formato,

Je te ferai toutes les couvertures que tu voudras, pour les revues que tu voudras,  
de colonie, tu dois me donner plus de letails, les indications suivantes:

grado de putrefacción de la revista.

Observez que la foto no sucede y el prólogo! ¿Serías capaz de no hacerlo!?  
¡Qué bonito Lacheur eres! Mis señores que ablandan más! La edición será en papel  
japonés de putrefaction de la revue.

Ouch! Je constate avec tristesse que la photo n'arrive pas et le prologue! Serais-tu capable  
de ne pas le faire!? Quel joli petit lacheur tu fais! Mes messieurs ne t'attendent  
Usted puede edition de papier japon sans jolis, acaba de dar una idea de putrefacción, cinco páginas ... por el amor de Dios, te ruego, lo hago, no me ecris sin enviar-  
los a mi Me cuesta creer que usted no quiere sentarse a escribir la 'arriba y para mi!

\*\*\* Tu n'es meme pas oblige de parler de mes dessins, il suffit de donner une idee de  
putrefaction, cinq pages..., pour l'amour de Dieu, je t'en supplie, fais-le, ne m'ecris  
pas sans me les envoyer, j'ai peine a croire que tu n'aies pas envie de t'essayer pour  
Todo lo que me des pases, j'ai peine a croire que tu n'aies pas envie de t'essayer pour  
exceede de dessin et pour moi, parece indiscutable y incommentariste (que no puedo  
opinar).  
\*\*\*

Ouch!

Tout ce que tu me racontes me semble extraordinaire, Phistoire du tramway (train-  
way) sans robes, et la sensibilité excedee de Paris! On a semble indiscutable et  
¿Quién sabe si es una sensibilidad excedee de París! On a semble indiscutable et  
pintor incommentariste (que los ilos te peut commentar). no sé si te dije en otra carta. Estoy  
tratando de pintar una "Chica joven Figueras" Pinto por cinco días y con paciencia  
devotement solo afeitó el cuello, me sale bien, por lo que casi no tiene aire (porque  
es) moderna (o antigua).

Qui d'autre dit ces choses que, toi, tu dis? PERSONNE! Croyez-moi, jeune homme,  
le plus grand peintre de tous les temps est vertueux de Dali, je ne sais pas si je te  
parece dans une autre il est en le Peign train de peindre une "Jeune fille a Figuer-  
as", je peins depuis cinq jours patiemment et devotement son cou tout juste rase, j'y  
arrive bien, si bien qu'il n'a presque pas l'air (parce qu'il l'est) moderne (ni ancien).

Tu te souviens de mon Suami? Il est mort. J'ai sommeil. L'histoire de la dame, ca m'a  
l'air trop cerebral. Mon Suami et Pepin.

Mars  
nine to six this  
heat shifting  
tryst, this curvature that  
you undress  
pour less  
undress  
more  
score  
down where  
the details are  
indecisions  
curves  
factions of shaken  
serenade  
you feral jolly lecher  
mass measures  
in pen and past  
putrid pages  
pinned past Philistine  
incommunicable oh!  
Quid pro  
souls lavish with  
loiterers  
sinners past layers  
souvenir smiles  
damned trope, peppered  
mind you  
psych comes peppered  
sexy quandaries crisis  
envy my little  
coffee  
slay me  
just right sir  
without respite

### **Groanings Too Deep For Words**

My first years were spent steeped in the Christian world. Before that, I don't know. I don't know if there was a before that but I have echoes of a voice, shallow impressions that have shaped me, a distant haptic gaze reaching out or around through time, and holding my eyes. For as long as I can remember history, or the past, or the distant has called to me. For as long as I have been I have sought out my identity, my frame, through the lives of my ancestors. I think this is why, while my two brothers were never drawn in by my parents religion, I was in from the beginning. The emotional hook made tangible in the incarnation of Love through a man and then from that man into symbols and ritual.

I remember walking down to the altar and embracing the frame offered to me, that of sinful, in need of repentance. I remember feeling like I did right before a spanking: repentant and heartsick, wanting more than anything to be the good girl that my elders were expecting me to be but not really understanding my short comings. In the church, self flagellation starts at a young age.

As I grew older the message of incarnate Love seemed to skew and splinter, and my passions began to feel constricted. I remember speaking to my pastor about not feeling like I could talk to God anymore. I don't even know what to say I told him. He referred me to Romans 8:26. "In the same way the Spirit also helps our weakness; for we do not know how to pray as we should, but the Spirit Himself intercedes for us with groanings too deep for words" - Romans 8:26 New American Standard Bible.

I did find comfort in this. As my adolescent body flooded with emotions I couldn't quite hold, the idea that I didn't have to understand myself, my passions or my pains, in order to look for fulfillment and relief was heartening. But my relationship with Christianity was still strained and I still found myself hopelessly lacking and shameful before my parents' God. I went to church camp that year and instead of my faith being braided together with my peers and strengthened by community, my questions were looked at with scorn and suspicion. I abandoned my faith but still clung to the verse in Romans. I felt the power of unmitigated emotion flooding from the mouth of animals, humans, and found hope in that honesty.

In my high school Spanish class I found a new Lover. My Professora introduced us to Federico Garcia Lorca. We read *La Casa de Bernarda Alba*. We memorized his poetry. We viewed his sketches. And it was impossible to not be possessed by his sensuality and spirit. Where God had made me feel shame, Lorca made me feel radiant and glowing, full of perfection and possibility. He made passion and creativity a part of sacramental living. The one commandment was to live fully and immediately and generously. I ran to Lorca and poetry to escape the God who had once consumed my life.

That year I started to devour everything I could written about and by Lorca. I lived in his words. I read his biography religiously. I found healing in his journey as it became mine. With him, I chose passion over comfort, to focus on creativity over trauma. And when I finished the book, when he died, I revived him again at page one.

In college I procured a book of letters between Salvador Dali and Federico Garcia Lorca. I spent hours sometimes combing online used book catalogues, and when I saw the book of

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correspondence my breath caught as if I had found a book of letters addressed to me. I immediately bought it.

Obsession was a word that easily fit my relationship with these men. I adored Lorca for his unabashed authenticity. I wanted so badly to be as fully myself as he was himself. The way he lived for the right to be open and free: full of passion, unrestrained and undefined sexual desire, and sometimes deep sorrow. He wrote to me.

I loved Dali for his skewed view of the world, the way he was willing to pull the margins off the page and shake an image up or collapse it in on itself, but my love for Lorca was foundational, devotional.

The only problem with my book of letters was that it was in French, and the only language that I knew outside of English was conversational Spanish. So I ran paths with my fingers over the photos in the book, as if I could find my way to their world, and they mine.

I held onto this book through college, through seven years of working mindless jobs and occasionally asked around for someone who might read it to me. I never found anyone who cared as much as I did, who would have been willing to sit down with me, drawn in to these remarkable lives, and into the controversy of did they or didn't they have an affair. I wouldn't have shared that unfolding with someone who felt less drawn to these men than I did, not for anything.

But now I have started translating the letters in this beloved book for myself using both homophonic translation, along with some associative writing from the French, as well as Google Translate. First I take the letter and spin it back from French to Spanish where it began, and then

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I take it through to English where I can better get a grasp on the language. From France where Dali spent so much time with Gala his wife after Lorca's death, back to Spain where the two men met in University, and through language again and time to me, to end in a jumble of English words, intricate pieces of the language puzzle to fit back together as sound and meaning permit. Fantastic fodder for poetry.

I like to think that Lorca would have seen this as a sort of playful fate, that I am receiving just the right words after running them through these engines. After the letters are translated I have played with the language in a few ways. First I take the Google translated work and insert words, focusing mainly on sound quality and drawing out the sensual overtones. Next I take the french letters and translate them homophonically. And last I have created several erasure poems from Gertrude Stein's Lifting Belly and erasure poems from the same letters I have translated in previous sections. I twist these poems together to create a sort of DNA, building blocks for their relationship.

In Being and Time Heidegger talks about a circular nature of time. It was this idea that guided me through the process of reaching out through the seance ritual to touch these lives and put the building blocks of words together for a picture of what might have been, what might be.

Temporalizing does not signify that ecstasies come in a 'succession'. The future is not later than having been, and having-been is not earlier than the Present. Temporality temporalizes itself as a future which makes present in a process of having been.

(Heidegger 401)



Heidegger's temporality exists outside of the structures we have placed it in. The ideas of a past, a present, and a future are fine organizational tropes but when exploring Being and its relationship to time we discover that the future is not after the past, the past is not before the present, but all is a future reaching back into the present which is always already the past. Time is not so linear as we would like it to be. It is not a trajectory, but it is a messy business of overlapping layers, some touching and informing the others, melding together meaning and truth, leaving us always looking through a glass darkly, groping for a stable place to stand. These letters were the stability I was looking for. A place to stand that didn't necessarily make fact apparent, but offered footing by way of honest groanings between two men.

In the introduction to Carolyn Dinshaw's book *Getting Medieval: Sexualities and Communities, Pre- and Postmodern*, she speaks about searching for ancestors through time. To find a kinship with those whom you may not have even known and to know them, to touch them, and to be touched by them through the barrier of death:

The queer historian...is decidedly not nostalgic for wholeness and unity; but s/he nonetheless desires an affective, even tactile relation to the past such as the relic provides. Wrenched out of its context of hypocrisy and stagnant, nostalgic longing for wholeness, the queer Pardoner's preoccupation with the matter of past lives can reinforce the queer sense of the need for and prompt the creation not of the kinds of books that would please 'historians,' as Foucault sneered, but rather of another kind of 'felaweshipe' across time. (Dinshaw, 142)

Not only did Dinshaw go back to early texts to identify a queer history but she also chartered a pathway for a community lied to by a society that would have us believe that there isn't a queer community of ancestors. With *Getting Medieval*, Dinshaw offers that community not only a pantheon of ancestors, but tactile support, a haptic fellowship across time, sure footing.

In order to access that fellowship, I experimented with spiritualism, particularly with seance. I centered my word play around time's circularity and the hope that extending my self through time and calling on ancestors, my instincts, and faith in my own wild associations, I could learn more about this relationship between Federico Garcia Lorca and Salvador Dali. I sought out to address them as divine. As something more opaque than deceased artists and writers and more like gods, even better lovers. With all of the power and affection of my parents' god, but with the sensuality, brokenness, and unabashed nature of something really close, though veiled. These were lovers without shadow, without hesitance, and what's more without shame. All that they had wanted in life but could not access. I addressed them as if they had. I offered them a reality to come into where they could speak freely. Where they could open up into themselves free of shame and assigned position; the same foundation they offer me.

I called on Gertrude Stein, a known friend of Dali's, and someone who freely embraced a homosexual lifestyle to be a spiritual guide of sorts. I had started to sink my roots deep into Stein's fertile soil and I found myself drawn to her in a similar way as to Lorca. They both knew so deeply who they were. They embraced themselves wholly and loved those close to them deeply. I looked to Stein's words to guide me to these men. Because Stein's relationship to her

lover, Alice B. Toklas was unapologetic I felt she was the perfect foil to the relationship in question. Her words, wrapped around theirs could draw their desire, their sensuality out from behind the shame veil. But there was also a healing I hoped she would bring to the table, an example of deep love between two people, separate from societal expectation and self definition. Regardless of how the world works, who reads the book, who tells the story Gertrude Stein loves Alice Toklas. No matter where history places them, their names are inseparable. I wanted that truth to be able to guide the spirits of Lorca and Dali, and myself to a meeting place. I wanted Stein to bring the two men together. And I wanted to lean on her myself, to allow myself fuller access to my self. To shirk the baggage placed on my identity by the meta-narrative society and organized religion offers.

In order to make the seance structure work I needed a Medium. Someone for the men to speak through. I felt I could hold that role, but then I met Margarita Manso. Manso was a classmate in university that the men were friends with. In the depths of their relationship, when a consummation felt right, Dali was unable to go as deeply, physically as they would have liked. We learn from Ian Gibson in *The Shameful Life of Salvador Dali* that the painter was not fond of physical affection, even with Gala, his wife in later years. So the two men asked Margarita to step in for Dali. Lorca's physical encounter with Margarita was in a sense a mediumship. She allowed him to speak to Dali through her. I had to invite her into the process. She and I stood on the same ground.

To set the mood, and start the conversation I held a couple of seances, reaching out to first, Gertrude Stein, and then, Lorca, and Dali. I poured my attention into them, meditating on

their relationships with one another, their similarities and their differences, their artistic and relational endeavors. I tried to see them each intimately and objectively. And my love for them only grew and became more intricate and whole. These were my ancestors. They were my dispositional flesh and blood. Knowing they came before eased my own crooked and thorny path to self.

Though I am not a Christian, I have found another place to put my “groanings too deep for words”. Sound poetry holds my groanings, my moans, my wails, and my laughter. It is held by these ancestors who came before me, who are supporting and informing my work now and through time. But it is also informed by others. I studied Harryette Mullens’ brilliant sound poetry to find my own footing in language play. Rachel Zolf’s *Janey’s Arcadia* opened up for me what it means to focus on the past. Erin Moure is a fantastic translator that has done quite a bit of work in both French and Spanish. And her work in *My Beloved Wager* focusing on sexual, gender, national identity and what it means for writing, poetry, to be a way of life, really helped me to pry open those very same themes in my own work. James Merrill’s book *The Changing Light at Sandover* also gave me the confidence to move forward with the project in earnest, as he so openly and concretely communicates with his own channeled spirit. As if this is a common theme in literature/poetry. As if calling on these spirits is in a sense calling on Wisdom, another kind of knowing.

My love of symbols and ritual was nurtured and encouraged by the Christian church. Perhaps that is why using seance elements was so attractive to me. The repetition of the

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Invocation section of The Spirit Cabinet feels like a meditation. Ideally the reader would speak the invocations out loud. The goal is to hear the sounds that make up the names of the Hero: Federico Garcia Lorca, the Lover: Salvador Dali, the Spirit Guide: Gertrude Stein, and the Medium(s): Margarita Manso/the self and, over and over again. It's an invitation, a focusing in, and an opening up.

I used some of the tactile items from a seance as symbols to frame this collection. The title: The Spirit Cabinet was a binding cabinet used to tie down the Medium at the seance; thus showing that she was doing nothing physically to manipulate her surroundings, proving the validity of the spirit's presence.

The next object is the Spirt Slate. These were two slates bound together, to open up and reveal messages from the spirits. For this section I have taken erasure from Gertrude Stein's Lifting Belly, and erasure from my translated letters and spun them together. I was drawn to bringing Stein into the conversation because she was also a queer poet living in the early twentieth century in Europe. But she was in a committed relationship. She was able to express her love much more confidently and openly than Lorca and Dali seem to have. I brought Stein in as a sort of Spirit Guide, for the two men and for me. With her guidance maybe we could coax a confession of love from the Lover, offering him a sense of confidence.

The next object is the Spirit Trumpet. This object was used to enhance the whispered voices of the spirits. In this section I have homophonically translated the letters straight from the

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French, again focusing in on the sounds from the French, but also playing with some of the French meaning.

The last object is the Seance Table. This object is represented in the section “Table Tipping”. These poems are tipped and skewed by the words I have added to the translations. While writing these poems I strove to focus in on writing from the voice of these two lovers. I imagined the conflict that may have been there and the overwhelming passion, and I let myself be guided by the sounds in their words, translated.

This project is about submerging yourself in the world of two lovers, with all of the ups and downs, jealousies, and miscommunications of any relationship. But it is also about the revelation of identity, and the fluidity of passion. It is about how an openness to the deterioration of titles and definitions can lead to a concrete community and a tangible love.