

I thought I knew what I was getting myself into when I boarded the plane for Spain, with Gala and Salvador Dalí. So, what if they were outrageous, provocative, perverse, and neurotic. They were also, distinctive, brilliant, powerful, and hilarious. In many ways they complimented each other, so perfectly, and Gala always seemed to know exactly how to reign-in Salvador's compulsive behaviors. But then, who reigned in hers, was the question. Over sixty years have passed and still I try to remember climbing that exterior ramp of the plane, with Dalí ahead of me soliciting Gala's white gloved hand for protection, and her holding on to the railing with one hand, while with her other shielding her teased out hair, from the reckless air blowing in disarray. I picked up on the maestro feeling out-of-sorts, as he persisted to reach back for Gala's hand while ascending.

"Galushkina, sabes que traveling by boat *es mucho mejor*."

"Galushkina, you know that traveling by boat is much better."

The gawking passengers who followed behind me giggled curiously, recognizing Salvador Dalí reaching the top of the steps, weighed down by an attached carry-on tube of canvases. Dalí created



Dalí Esque-Apades

A fictionalized account

by

Begonya Plaza-Rosenbluth

2

a visual impression, standing at the entrance of the plane, looking out in the direction of the Manhattan skyline.

In a very theatrical manner he expanded his lungs, and taking-in a deep inhale, let out a holler, "Adieu to *Nueee-vaa Yorr-kkk*." He waved, and gushed, "look at us my little bee, my nymph, another year that we bid adieu to *Nueee-vaa Yorr-kkk*." Dalí extended the sounds of his trembling voice with playful rascal-like expressions, intoning a thick accented medley of English, Catalán, Spanish and French.

The passengers cheered, instigating him to wave ever more unabashedly to-and-fro.

"*Nuuu-eeeva Yo-rrrk, Dieeevaai-ne Dalíee* will miss you." Straight faced, Dalí put on a show, exploiting his eccentric personality to deliberately project a subversive magnetism.

Gala turned back, and with a wink, exuded the thrill of a happy child, which I assumed was because of me, feeling naively indispensable.

At the entrance of the plane, there stood a tall uniformed man, who shook Dalí's hand with a gregarious greeting.

"Welcome on board, *señor Dalí*." The man said, courteously.

Wild-eyed and frisky, Dalí responded, "*Estimado capitán, recuerde usted*, that you are carrying precious cargo." ("*Dear captain, remember...*")

Gala whispered to me, "You're in for the adventure of your life, *mon chou-chou*." Also pausing to take a final look at the New York skyline.



I considered the 'adventure of my life' had already begun, in that moment when we met, by 'objective chance', like Dalí called it; an encounter responding to the subconscious needs of both parties.

"You certainly are most precious cargo, *maestro*," The pilot lauded Dalí, and acknowledging Gala, bowed his head. "And you, *señora* - Mrs. Dalí, today is my honor to be your captain."

With an affronting stare, Gala extended her gloved hand for the captain to kiss.

Holding it he said, "I promise you *y la señora* that I will deliver you safely to Spanish land." Kissed it, and remarked, "Your paintings maestro, are of patriotic importance to Franco."

Dalí bellowed smugly, "divine Dalí's surrealist paintings are only a fraction of his versatile and uncompromising personality. The sum of Dalí is what bears his genius and foment his loyalty toward our *caudillo*." Dalí emphasized, *caudillo*, as in, dictator.

"Well said señor Dalí. No worries, you are in-good-hands." He pointed to the two smiling stewardesses, waiting ahead invitingly. "Allow our wonderful stewardesses to escort you to your seats and start you off with a glass of cava. We'll be taking off shortly." The captain turned away to his cockpit.

Dalí's predisposed latent fears manifested when he abruptly headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" Gala grabbed Dalí by the sleeve.

Passengers were beginning to crowd behind us.



She quickly straightened out the large carry-on tube strapped to his body, then, inconspicuously popped a tiny red pill into his mouth, and pushed him back inside the plane.

The transformation was unrealistically instantaneous. Dalí expressed gaiety again, revealing the white of his eyes shining bright as he opened them wide, and approached the stewardesses.

Gala noticed my puzzled look, and offered me that same red pill from her gold, enamel plated box. "You want?"

"No, I'm groovy, thanks Gala." I answered suspiciously, thinking that they were Dalí's medication.

"Have one." Gala forced the tablet into my mouth, and said in a quiet laugh, "They are 'fire balls' silly."

My tongue was on fire, and I couldn't believe that the Dalí's were endowing those tiny hot cinnamon flavored candies with anti-anxiety healing properties. It was hilarious. Dalí was deluding himself intentionally. They were both playing make-believe games and childish pranks to affect themselves, each-other, and anyone who engaged with them. They tried to subdue their agitated states, by adopting the craziest methods, and disruptive unconventional behaviors.

After the first time Gala took me out, alone, for dinner and a show of flamenco, she brought me back to their hotel suite at the Saint Regis. Dalí had already returned from his own night out. The second we entered the door; we could hear him wailing.

"Gala, Galina, Galushka, *ven, ven*, hurry, *mi* Gala, come."



There was chaos everywhere. It was a dismal sight of objects and damp towels, stained of acrylic oil, scattered about the plush Persian carpeted floors. The setting was apocalyptic with windows wide-open, and curtains blowing in the cold night air.

Gala rushed to him as I followed meekly. The sight of blood on their white silk bed-sheets startled Gala into a rage. I kept back, quietly observing in dismay as she hurried to care for Dalí's wound. Berating him, and that's the first time I saw her pop one of those red tiny pills into his mouth.

"*Dermo, merde, joder, fuck, fuck, fuck.*" Gala cursed in French, Russian, Spanish, and English.

"*Galina, una mosca horrorrosa. Que mosca maldita!*" (Galina, a horrendous fly. What malevolent fly!) Salvador whimpered and whined for Gala's mercy.

It turned out that Dalí had been battling a fly. Its invasive and persistent buzzing, and air acrobatics encircling his canvas, had disrupted his work space and impaired the flow of the maestro's brush strokes to the point of exasperation. The chase that ensued with Dalí trying to shoo the fly out a window, swatting at it with his wet oil-stained towel, produced such cataclysmic disorder that it looked like Armageddon had arrived.

Feeling defeated, Dalí had taken refuge inside his bed, and now, weeping under his white silk covers, gripping his small wooden amulet with one hand, that he always kept nearby for protection, he fell asleep. But after a brief moment, woke-up, and with elevated paranoia was convinced that the filthy bug had made it way under the bed sheets, and onto his lower-back.



Certain that he felt the fly incrustated into his skin, he scratched and scraped trying to rid himself of it with his long middle-fingernail. But when presuming failure, Dalí opted for using a shaving blade. Fortunately, that is when we arrived, and it was just in time before the maestro could do worse self-harm.

When Gala saw that Dalí had snipped-off a growth of his own skin, belonging to a large birth mole on his lower back, she howled, "You crazy shit! *No es una moska! Que mierda! Tu estas loco!*" (It's not a fly, what shit, you're crazy.)

It turns out, we never found that repugnant fly, but I marveled at how in his hometown of Cadaqués, Dalí would handle his native ones of Empordá, with such tender praises, calling them the most pristine, exquisite, and elegant 'dipp-teeerranss' in the world. To attract them, he would smear sweet sticky nectar of dates on the tips of his upturned mustache, and once glued to his whiskers, he'd have them captive, and desperate to get away. Their vigorous fluttering wings would tickle the elated Dalí's nose and lips, to exhilarating heights.

The contrarian Dalí lured flies to his mouth, but yet recoiled when a beautiful female got too physically close to him, as I saw one of the two airline stewardesses do when trying to take him by the arm to escort him to his first-class seat. Though Dalí inspired that familiarity from women, it caused him enormous terror. What a waste of young feminine beauty.

One of the airline stewardesses was a blond with an iridescent olive complexion, and the other was a brunette with pale porcelain, glistening skin. They both, when smiling, displayed white, sparkling teeth, and had sensuous curvaceous bodies.



Dalí always enjoyed an entourage of young pretty people around him and Gala. If they weren't young and pretty, they better be top celebrities, or at the very least, non-conformist intellectuals to stimulate Dalí's imagination. But most of these regulars just seemed bizarre, and starved for belonging, even at the expense of eliciting ridicule. I could include myself in that group, except, proudly can say that I was hand-picked by Gala, who much preferred more intimate, and quieter times, and barely tolerated the spectacle always surrounding Dalí.

Dalí refused being escorted to his seat in first class, and instead headed toward the opposite end of the plane, with Gala following. I accepted the glass of cava from the lovely brunette, with a side glancing grin.

She said to me, "Salud," smiling.

I gulped down the welcoming spirits with one swig.

Both girls had a thick full head of hair propped-up in a stylish bun, and their lips were red and luscious like voluptuous pomegranates. They wore tightly fitting dark blue uniforms with the Iberia Airlines pin placed seductively on their lapel area. For a quick moment, I was inevitably turned-on, and could not help imagining their naked delights, comparing with Gala's.

The night of the fly incident, had also been the night when I relinquished my virginity, thanks to Gala.

I had arrived to their hotel without a clue of what was going to transpire. Initially, I was under the impression, that the three of us were going out, for a platonic evening. I waited in the lobby of the hotel, until suddenly, I was summoned upstairs to the Dalí's suite. When I arrived, to



my surprise, I found Gala alone, lounging next to an intimidating wild cat. It was their pet, from Colombia, named Babou.

"Dalí is out," Gala blurted. "Dalí is with his little whores." She smirked, petting the spotted predator. "But what those tramps don't know is that my Dalí is impotent." She spewed, and sniggered. "*Donc*, Dalí doesn't like to engage." She chuckled with her cat eyes fixed on me, and continued, "Unlike I, who likes very much to engage." While petting her ocelot she asked very deliberately, "How about you?"

I smiled uncomfortably, not knowing what to say, where to look, and feeling a bit disoriented, I fidgeted.

After an apprehensive silence with Babou, leering at me, she murmured, "I will teach you how to engage, *mon beau*." And with a mischievous gaze, she took my hand, very gently, like a loving mother, almost, and guided me to another room.

"You stay here." She commanded an obedient Babou.

She handled me skillfully, with persuasive gestures, Gala laid her capricious temptations in my way. And I too obeyed. The normalcy of this rite-of-passage incident was surprising. I let her take care of me amidst all the luxury as she immersed my naked, grimy body into a steaming hot bubble bath. She took her time, and with her own hands she scrubbed me down until squeaky clean, and spanking new. Afterwards, she polished me throughout, with scented oils of sandalwood, interspersed with slow loving kisses, in eagerness to possess me. My whole body



pulsated as my heart rate rose. Every carnal exaltation coaxed mysterious moans out of me. I felt that same kind of aliveness as when dancing.

"Seeing you dancing, I wanted you," Gala murmured to me.

At twenty-two, I was finally an unashamed man, liberated from the chains of my harsh upbringing. The Dalí's lived unfettered, and guilt free lives. Their child-like readiness to play conveyed innocence, even when behaving cruel or perversely. It's hard to explain, but their actions seemed to come from a place of unbounded curiosity, which inspired me endlessly.

I gleamed into the stewardesses' cleavage while putting down my empty glass of cava, and heard Gala's voice.

"Allez, allez chou chou."

Then, a loud, resonating "Ouch," rang throughout the plane.

Dalí's obtrusive tube had hit a woman over the head.

The woman looked at Dalí with an angry expression, mumbling to herself loudly, "I'm here minding my own business - and this man comes along - hits me - and doesn't even apologize? The nerve."

Dalí proceeded through the aisle, struggling nonchalantly, towards the back of the plane.

"You are my slave." Dalí exclaimed, looking directly ahead.

Gala interceded, disingenuously apologetic, "My husband is very sorry."

Gala was a Russian from Kazan who trusted nobody, except her virtuoso, Salvador Dalí, and her tarot cards; the source of all her knowing. Fortunately for me, they always cast me as the



flawless, fetching gigolo, who was capable of sustaining Gala in a punch-drunk state of orgiastic vitality, and could quench her frivolous need to play-act the doting mother. But as all in life is impermanent, so was my lucky streak.

Before we boarded the plane, and while waiting at the terminal, Gala persuaded Dalí to carry his tube of masterworks strapped onto him. While she knotted a rope from his cowboy belt-buckle to the tube of rolled up canvases, Dalí stood in hiding, behind a New York Times that he held spread open, pretending to be reading.

"Many *larron* around here." She mumbled.

"What do you mean, Gala?" I asked her.

"My tarot warned me that Dalí's paintings need security." She rolled her eyes. "I am a witch. Nothing escapes me." When finished she patted Dalí's behind, uttering, "*Allez, allez amour.*"

Dalí turned to us and whispered, "Dalí will conceal his works in a reliable place at the back of the plane."

They believed in their own games, and Dalí toiled through the aisle like a helpless prisoner, shackled to his works and his notorious ego. In 1960's passengers boarded from both ends of the plane

"Excuse me, sir!" hollered angrily another passenger who had entered from the tail of the plane, jerking his hand onto his pained shoulder.



Dalí puffed-out his chest, intensified his eyes with upturned eyebrows, and clapped his hands in a bull-fighter stance. "Excuse moi. I-ammm dii-vaaiine Saalvadorrr Dalí."

The man massaging his wounded shoulder, jumped-up and exclaimed, "*Olé*, Dalí! Your mastery is my feast. May I - touch - your mustache, maestro?"

Dalí struck a pose. "*Nooo!* it's worth millions, but - you can kiss Dalí's feet."

"Salvador Dalí, Salvador Dalí everyone." The man repeated with amusement.

Gala pushing Dalí along, maintaining her usual scrutinizing glim.

A woman behind me complained in Spanish, "*Joder, empezamos bien, con el loco del barrio deteniendonos.*" (Fuck, we're off to a good start with the neighborhood clown, slowing us down.)

"Don't you know who that is? *Loco no, no, no.* He is Salvador Dalí." The man bragged boisterously. "Wouldn't you like to make his millions!" His voice echoed throughout.

A mature looking stewardess came rushing towards us from the back of the plane. She held a pair of scissors, and with a stern expression lunged at Dalí, who instinctively jumped back. In a matter of seconds, the binding rope was cut loose, and she was off with the carry-on container.

"Y'all's holding everyone up." She declared with a belting Texan twang.

"*Excuseee-moi.*" Protested Gala.

"Return to your seats, please." The woman contested with commanding calmness.

"Put down our private property, now." Gala's voice bellowed in a heavy French baritone.

"Ma'am, during flight, your property will be securely guarded. Now, please go sit down."



"No! First, you show us where you're taking our property to, or I'll get the captain." Gala retorted.

The stewardess shot back with professionalism, "The captain is trying to take flight, *señora*, and needs everyone seated immediately. So, please, *por favor, s'il vous plait, spaseeba*. I'm asking you to take your designated seats, right now, and allow others to do the same."

Nobody contradicted Gala. She was fired up with her pupils ready to pop-out of their sockets. So, I took her gently by the arm, and escorted her and Dalí through the incoming crowd, back to the front of the plane, and to their seats in 'first class.'

"The paintings will be safe, Gala." I whispered in her ear with my most soothing voice.

Dalí whimpered, "Galina, we must not lose equilibrium and descend into a deadly spiral."

I tried humoring them, "Maestro, you promised me that 'the Dalí's' will never die."

"At least not betwixt this crowded caaa-cooo-phhho-oniiee, nothing to do with Dalí."

Before accommodating themselves, Dalí searched his pockets, and Gala looked around.

Gala nudged me, insinuating, "Sit there, in that empty seat, *mon chou chou*." Her eyes pointed across the aisle.

Dalí pulled out a pencil and drawing pad, and continued to scramble with increased urgency.

"That's not my seat, Gala. I'm on the other side of the curtain, which is just groovy by me, really."



Dalí let-out a hefty sigh of relief, finally plopping himself down in the posh roomy window seat, triumphantly raising a hand in the air, holding up his wooden talisman.

“Thank heavens,” I said happily.

Gala persisted, "later, when we're up in the sky, I'll sneak you back here to first-class, *mon chou chou*." She too finally sat down.

"Groovy," I said. And leaning down to them I sputtered enthusiastically, “I'm having the time of my life, and we're not even in Spain yet."

"Don't get too comfortable, *chou chou*, I'm coming for you."

"That's groovy Gala." I winked, asserting, “but better I get back to my seat," and scurried off to the economy section, eagerly anticipating some 'alone time.'

The aircraft picked-up speed and lifted off just before dusk. New York and my boyhood were now behind me. I was flying high on delusional convictions and beliefs that becoming a 'flamenco' dancer in Spain was my destiny. It had to be, for Gala had promised it to me.

As we encircled the vast New York Island, surrounded by water down below, I regarded the brightly colored Manhattan sunset transmuting into an array of shinning outlines contrasting with shadows bouncing off elevated sky-scrappers. I was getting a last overall view of the greatest city on earth, as our plane headed west before turning east and into the Atlantic Ocean. Then, emanating from behind New Jersey's horizon, the Hudson River rippled with a silvery glow. I was enthralled with a pang of nostalgia, watching Manhattan disappear beyond the closing sea of cumulus clouds. Seeping into my psyche were unexpected confronting doubts that like parasites



pestered me for leaving. Fleeting memories of recent struggles, full of conviction, trying to achieve my dreams to become a dancer prompted a now bygone freedom. Did I wimp out? I wondered. Or was this 'objective chance' my truest fate and most direct path to triumph.

Floating in the skies, within this constricting time and space, I reflected in a frightful silence. But, no sooner did sunset give the stage to night, that I moved on to more immediate gratifying prospects.

Next to me sat an elderly peasant woman with eyes closed, engrossed in quiet prayer, rubbing a strand of beads in her roughened hands. On her other side, sat an old pudgy man, (probably her husband.) He wore a cardigan sweater, and over his head a Basque beret. He read with strained concentrated eyes through bottle thick eyeglasses that pressed heavily over his wide bulbous nose.

Very quietly, I took my jacket off and laid it over my thighs, allowing urges to fire-up every nerve ending in my body, and wanting to relish my obsession with Gala's sex, that same adrenaline rush of sensuality, again was induced. Over the fabric of my pants in the area of my throbbing flesh, I impulsively swept my wanton fingers, urging my heart to palpitate hard. Just as in that inappropriate intimacy with Gala, when fearing being found-out by the maestro.

My paralyzing dread was appeased by Gala's knowing whispers, “Dalí is happy whenever I am happy, chou chou, and he will like, that you can perform such gargantuan feat.”

While reliving Gala's pleasing gestures I meant to retain the lessons that she had instilled in me, and again, the mantle of my skin flourished with shivering goosebumps.



"*T'es moi, mon désir.*" She giggled like a whimsical nymph, between bites and tender slaps on my reddened buttocks. She repeated the word, "*pompis, pompis, pompis.*" Amused to no end at that simple Spanish word.

I didn't know how old she was, and guessed that maybe she could be as much as ten or even fifteen years my senior, but never did I imagine her to be forty years older than I. Her libido was voracious, and she had more vitality than me. When I mistakenly orgasmed too soon. For what did I know? I didn't know anything! I had zero experience, except for a few insignificant trysts.

Gala growled, "Stupid, not yet."

"I'm sorry, Gala, I'm sorry." I apologized profusely.

"You withhold until I climax first. Always, you must first fulfill, my pleasure." She sneered with a crushing rebuke.

"Okay." I replied meekly.

I gotta say, her emasculating approach inspired my resolve to improve, and the challenge of self-control in that cramped claustrophobic seat next to those respectable elders was a welcomed exercise. I muffled my bubbling inner volcano, effortlessly, this time.

The night she invited me to stay in their adjacent suite, after she had treated Dalí's wound, she slid into my bed. At some point she pressed my head down to her fragrant moist genitalia, and begged me to, "feel it, let the touch of your tongue and fingers inform you. Don't fear it, loooo-vvve it."

Through my dazed and intimidated innocence, I wanted to chuckle.



Dalí Esque-Apades

A fictionalized account

by

Begonya Plaza-Rosenbluth

16

After Gala's body contorted frantically, she moaned with fury, "Quick, chou chou, quick, enter me, enter, quick, thrussssstt," lusting, and pining, she pulled me to her by my hair.

As I rose up for air, heaving, amid the smothering space of vaporous fumes, I spotted my imminent fear. It was ghost-like, the figure peering through the faintly visible crack of opened door. And as it appeared more clearly, I felt my heart stop, and my manhood deflate. I was recognizing the darkened silhouette of Salvador Dalí. When our eyes met, he stroked himself even more furtively, until with increasing agitation he jerked about in a frenzy, emitting sparks of fiery energy from his wild eyes toward me.

Implicated in this triad of euphoric vivacity, with confoundment, I became a junkie.

"Divai-iine Dalí doesn't do drugggss, he IS drugggss." His words were proven correct, for in the Dalí's I found my addiction.

Gala had claimed me not only for herself but also for her Salvador, her genius, her 'avida dollars.'

And this is how, all the while privy to their mythic Dalí esque-apades, in Port Lligat, I played jester, lover, model...

"*Chou chou*, quick, come, come, *allez, cookie, allez, allez.*"

Gala's jubilant voice - in real time - snapped me out of my gripping contemplations, and brought me back to her reality.



"I have a seat for you in 'first class' *mon chou chou*, with more cava - Come." Gala smiled at me with raised eyebrows and piercing black eyes. "Next to Dalí, and moi. *Allez, allez, viens ici.*" She beckoned me with her fingers to come to her, "*immédiatement.*"

And so, I did.

