

The Dali Museum

September 2015



A mind blowing three hours was spent at the Dali Museum in Figueres north of Bachelona. It's in a medieval fortress he reworked no less. The eggs symbolize new life.



The yellow things are supposed to be bread, symbolizing nutrition but they look more like dinosaur coprolites to me...?



The place is incredible.



It spans his life's work. In the beginning his technique was pretty amateur and derivative. To be expected.



But, hey, this was the 1920s. The kid quickly caught on.



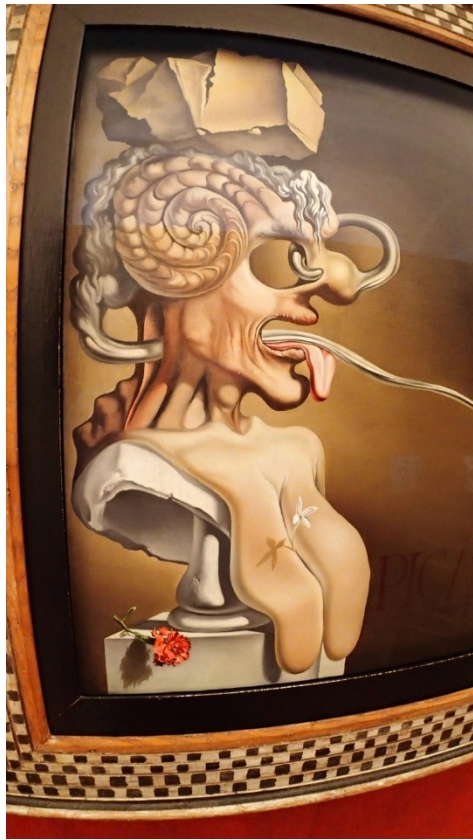
There was no work or medium too challenging – and he mastered them all. This is his version of the Cistine Chapel ceiling. I'll let his stuff speak for itself.



Mae West through a prism.





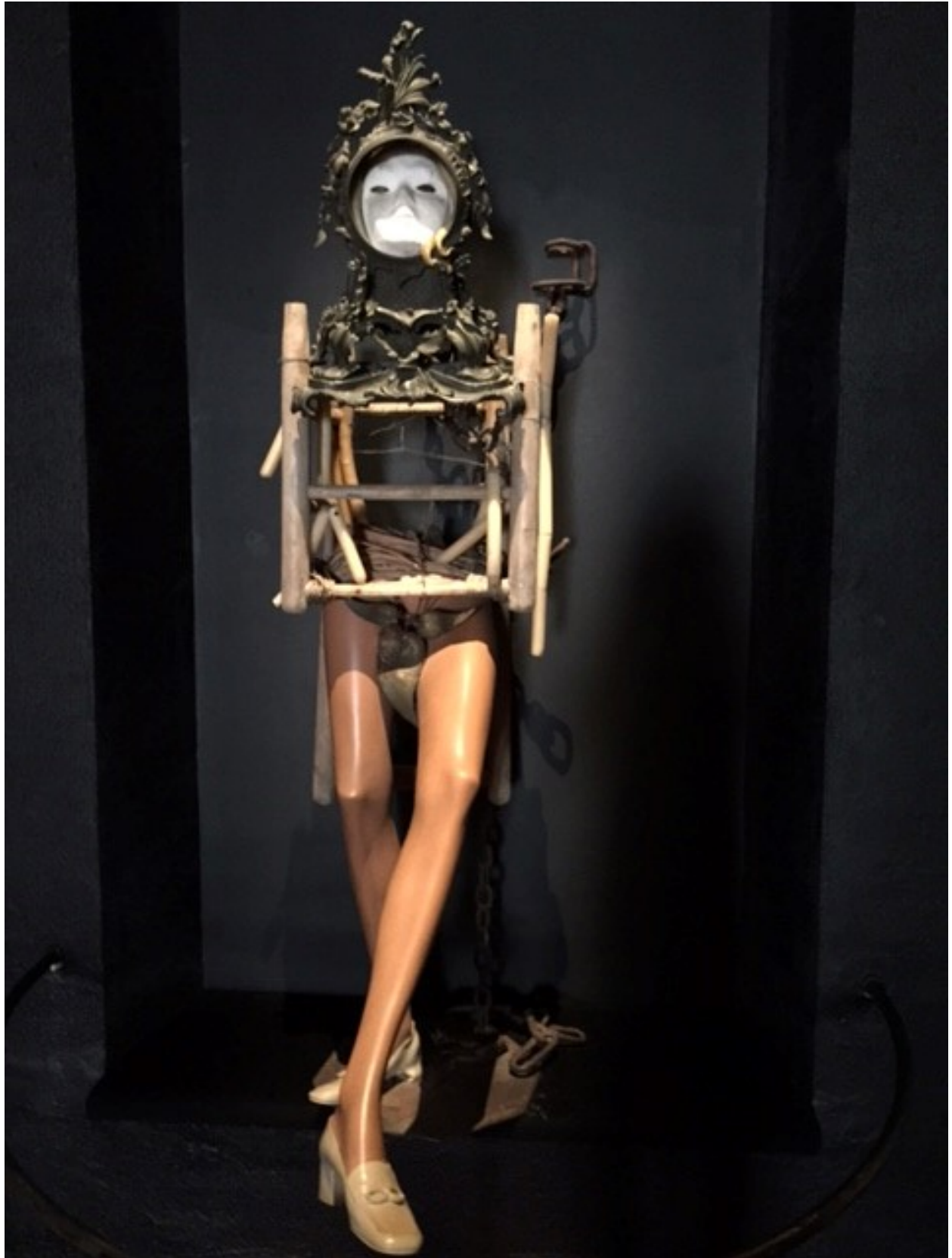


His portrait of Picasso.

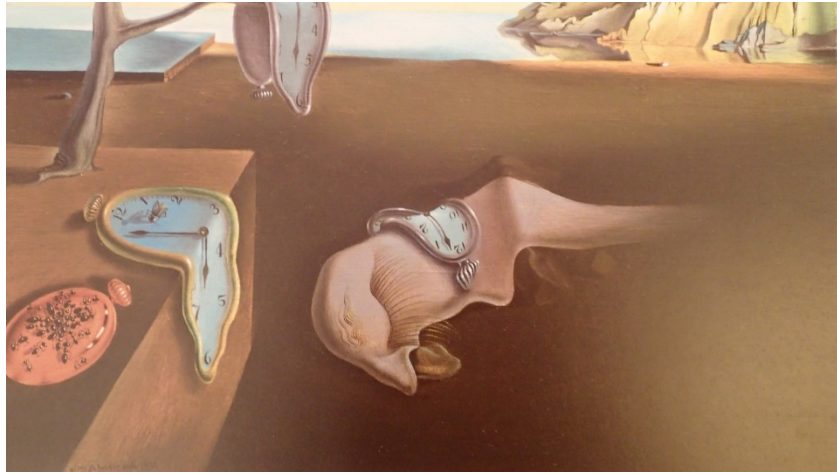














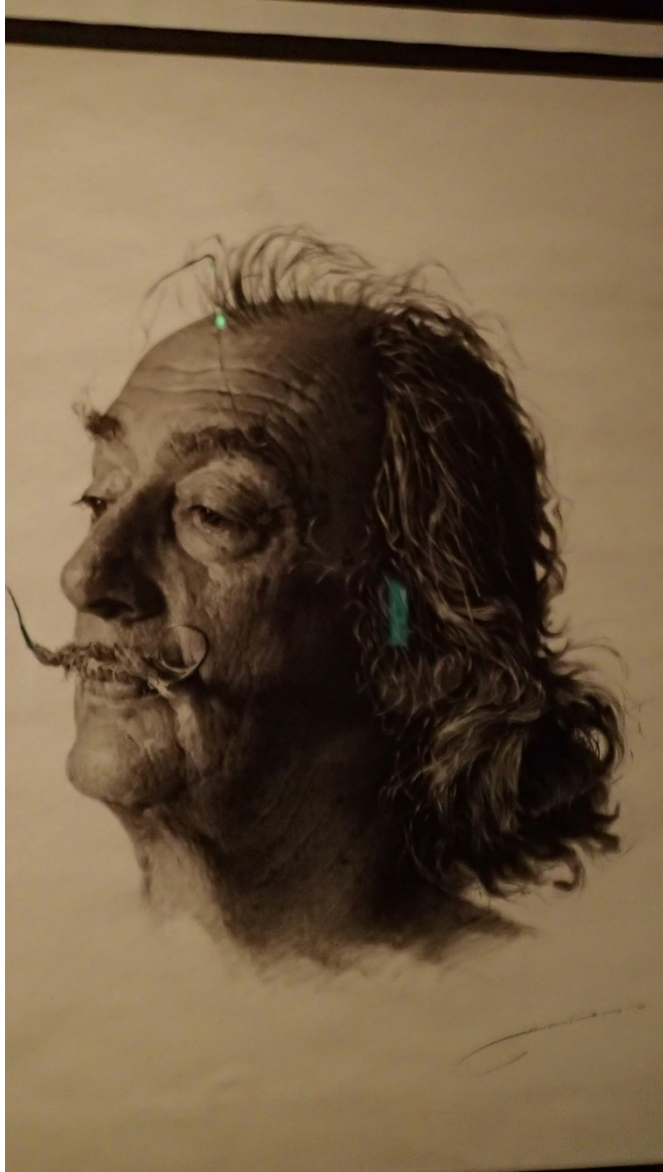
He was his own greatest work of art and, sadly, he got greedy and sloppy in later years. He began signing thousands of lithographs similar to this...then unscrupulous dealers began forging his signatures to thousands more. They flooded the market. In '79 I financing an art gallery and the incompetent I backed bought into it, selling the forgeries. I bought one. Family members bought several. Then the truth came out.... Anyway, I don't hold it against him. He was, after all, Dali. And there was only one of him.



When he painted himself into Da Vinci's Mona Lisa, it comes off whimsical.



When Joni Mitchell did the same with Van Gogh it came off as pretentious. She fancies herself foremost a visual artist who got sidetracked into music. The "international opening" of her art as in Saskatoon a couple years ago. I was disappointed to see that everything was derivative and amateurish. But then that's where Dali started out. She should stick to music. *Both Sides Now* is a beautiful piece.



Dali.