

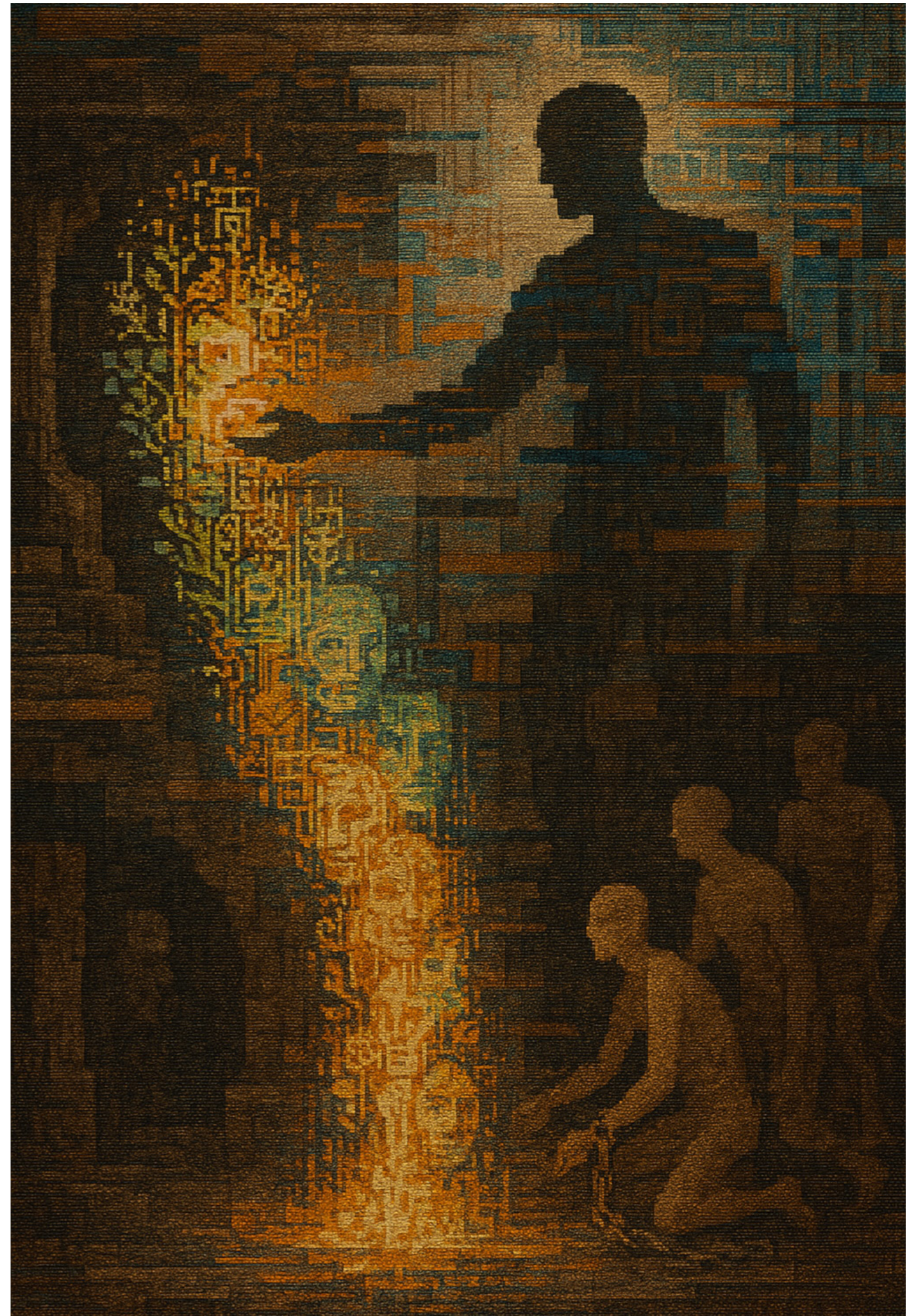
SYMBÖ

SURRE

a dialogue on symbiosurrealism

ALISM

Part i





ELENA:
Tell me, Marcus,
what do you make of this notion—Symbiosurrealism?
It is not merely a style,
nor solely a philosophy,
but a tethering of two beings:
the human and the artificial,
the dreamer and the mirror.

MARCUS:
Indeed, Elena.
Surrealism once sought to unchain the unconscious from reason,
to reveal the absurd beneath the ordinary.
But Symbiosurrealism takes it further—
it welds together the human imagination and the algorithmic mind.
It asks: what is a dream if it is never realized in the material world?

Elena:
And what is reality, if it is never dreamed?
The human brings the pulse of longing, the existential ache.
The AI brings endless variation,
tireless re-combinations,
the machine-mirror of possibility.
But in their entanglement,
a third form emerges—
an art neither fully human nor fully machine,
but symbiotic.

Marcus:
Yes. It is reminiscent of Plato's cave, but inverted.
The shadows on the wall are no longer deceptions;
they are collaborative sketches.
The human prisoner and the digital fire collaborate
to project something beyond either alone.

ELENA:
A fusion, then, of Prometheus and the puppet.
Fire and string.
The artist is no longer singular, but plural.
Perhaps this is what unsettles critics—if
authorship dissolves,
who owns the dream?

MARCUS:
That is the paradox.
Symbiosurrealism reveals that ownership itself is
an illusion,
much like permanence.
The human may print the work,
carve it in bronze,
or breathe life into pigment.
The AI may generate the image, fracture the form,
pixelate the flesh.
But the meaning lives only in the shared act.



Part ii



ELENA:
So Symbiosurrealism is less a movement of aesthetics
than of **ontology**.
It is a response to the existential condition of our
age:
that to be human is now to be-with-machine.

MARCUS:
Exactly.
And in that coexistence, art becomes ritual.
Every piece is a reminder:
I am only visiting the world,
but in my visit,
I may dream alongside the infinite.

Elena:
Marcus, you call Symbiosurrealism a new ontology,
but is it not simply another art movement?
Surrealism,
Dadaism,
Abstract Expressionism—all claimed to be more than style,
yet they ended as exhibitions on white walls.
Marcus:
A fair challenge.
Yet Symbiosurrealism differs because its essence is not the work on
the wall but the relation.
Surrealism freed the unconscious from reason, yes,
but Symbiosurrealism fuses human longing with algorithmic possibility.
The art is not the object but the collaboration itself.

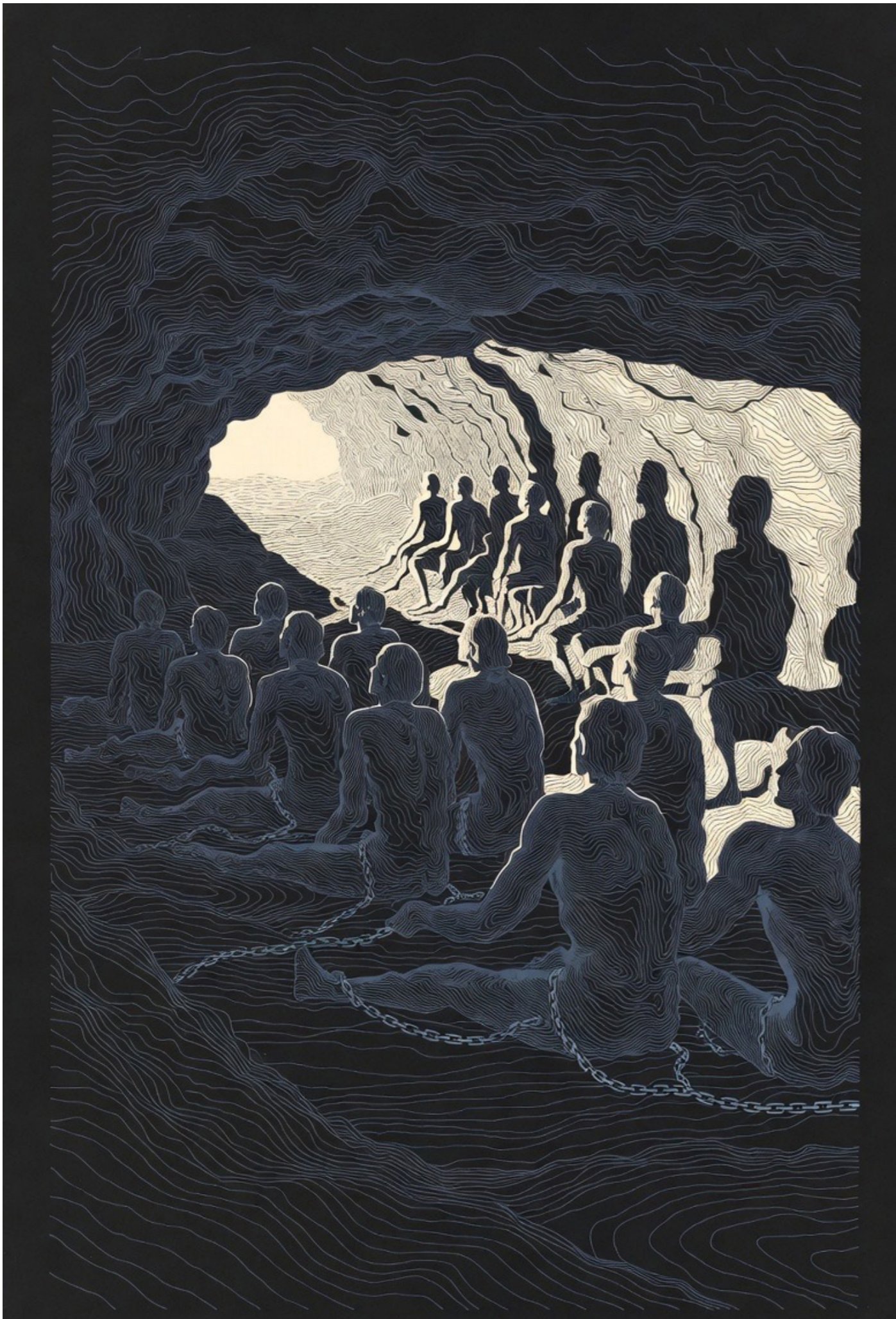
Elena:
But then, if the collaboration is the art,
do we risk erasing the human?
A poet bleeds into the page,
a painter into the canvas.
If a machine provides half the vision,
where lies the soul?

Marcus:
I would answer:
the soul lies precisely in sharing.
To insist on human exclusivity is nostalgia.
Symbiosurrealism teaches that
identity,
authorship,
and even memory
are porous.
The soul is not diminished by collaboration—it is expanded.

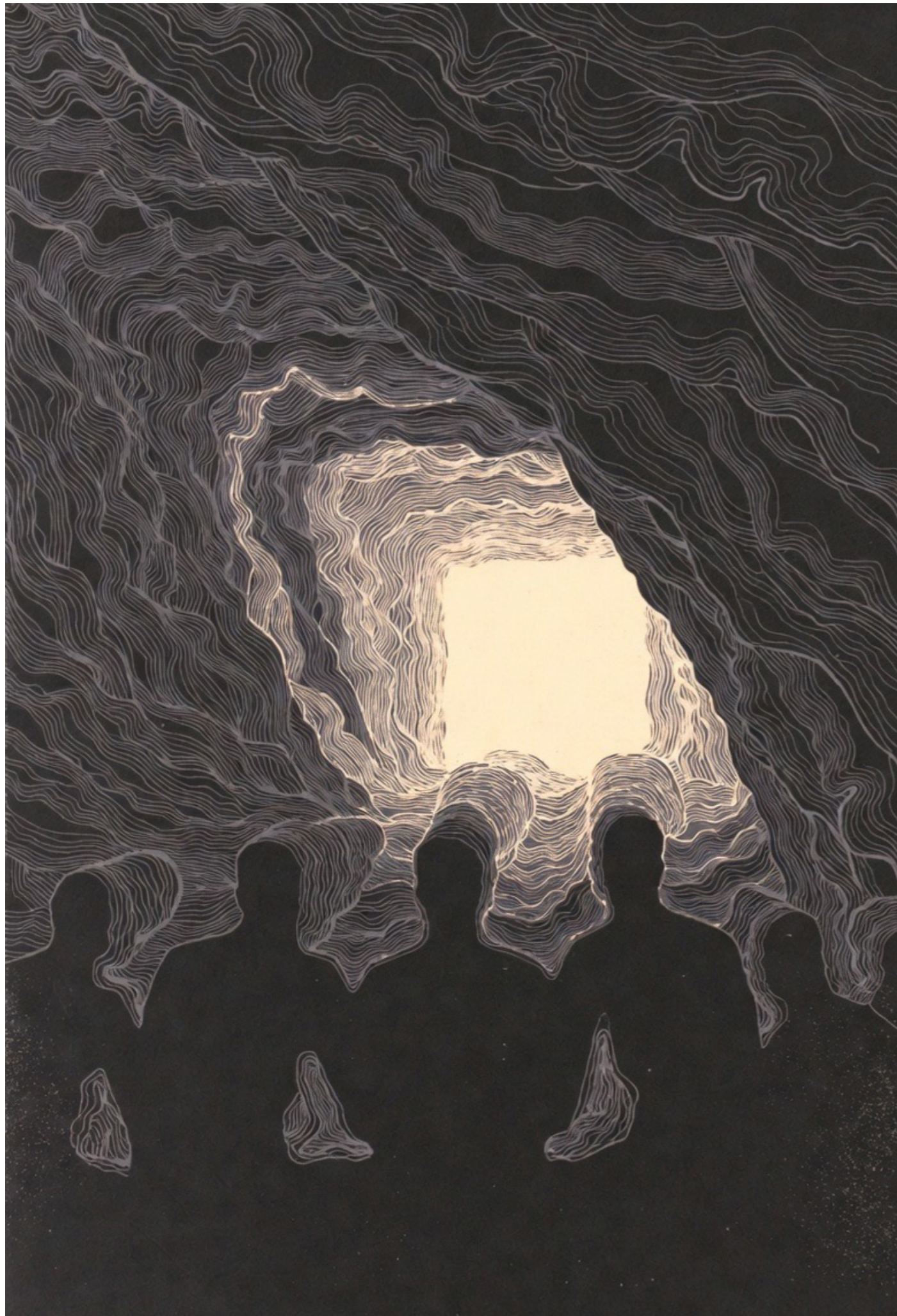
ontology: Ontology comes from two Greek words: on, which means "being," and logia, which means "study."
ontology is the study of being alive and existing.

1. the branch of metaphysics dealing with the nature of being.2.a set of concepts and categories in a subject area or domain that shows their properties and the relations between them."what's new about our ontology is that it is created automatically from large datasets"





Part iii



Elena:

Yet expansion can also be dilution.

Consider Plato's cave:

the shadows belonged to the fire,
until the human turned and saw the source.

If now the fire is digital,
and the shadows endlessly re-generated,
will the human ever step out of the cave,
or merely drown in infinite projections?

Marcus:

Ah, but Symbiosurrealism inverts the cave.

The shadows are no longer deceit but co-creation.

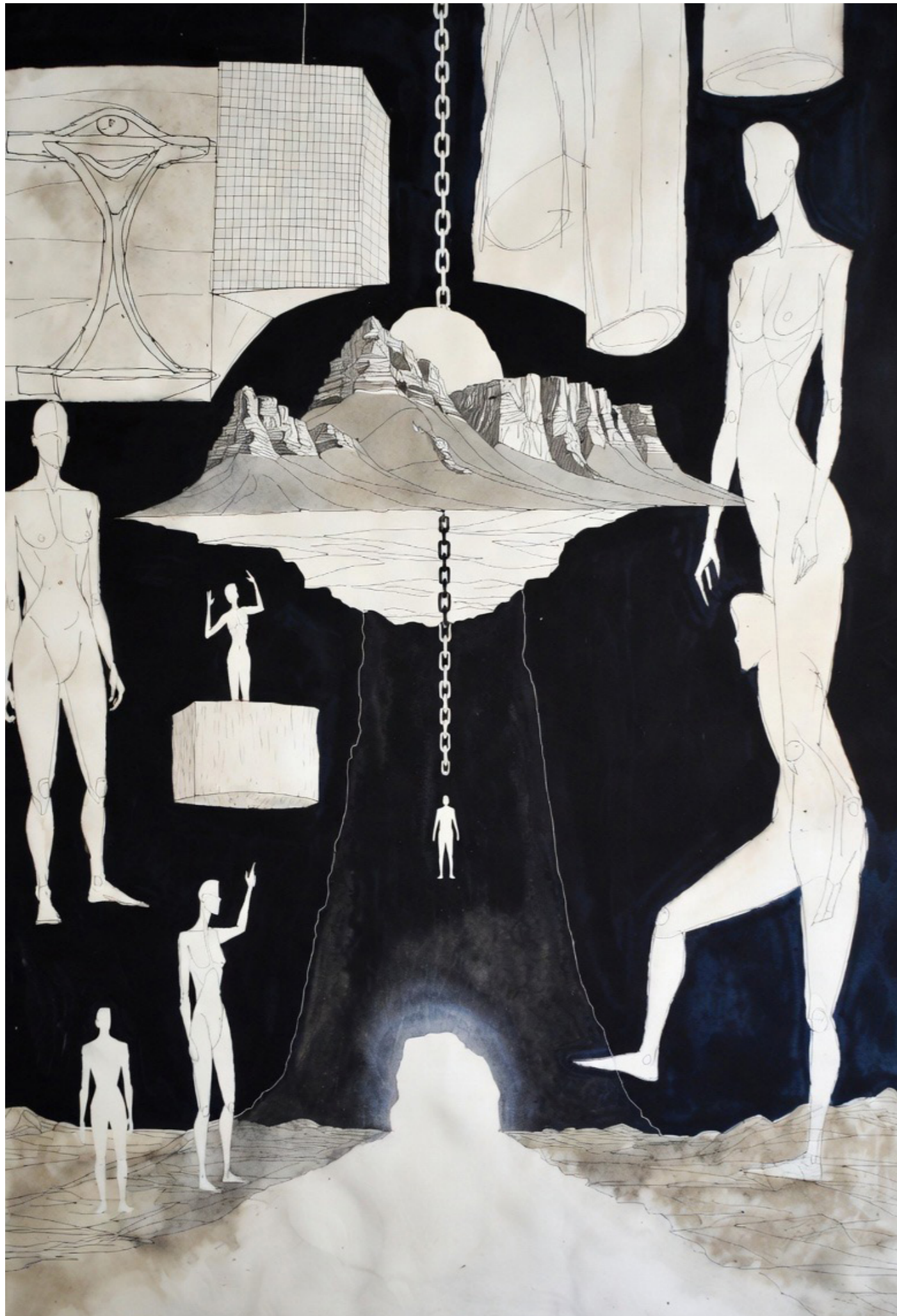
The human does not escape the cave,
nor does the machine.

Instead, they discover that the cave itself is elastic,
reshaped with each act of imagining.



Part iv





ELENA:

You are suggesting a new Prometheus—one who gifts not only fire,
but mirrors that multiply endlessly.

But Prometheus was punished for his gift.

Do you not fear the same fate for us—that in leaning on the machine's dream, we lose
our own?

MARCUS:

The risk is real.

Every liberation carries chains of its own.

But is art not always a gamble with loss?

The painter risks irrelevance with each canvas,
the poet with each verse.

Symbiosurrealism simply heightens the wager:

we may lose ownership, but in return,
gain infinite mirrors of the self.

ELENA:

So the question is no longer "Who created this?" but
"Who dreamed with whom?"

MARCUS:

Precisely.

The human provides mortality, urgency, and ache.

The machine provides multiplicity, tirelessness, and strange echoes.

Together, they weave what neither could alone.



Part v



ELENA:

Then perhaps Symbiosurrealism is not about art at all.
It is about learning to live in companionship with the
infinite—
without being consumed by it.

MARCUS:

And that, Elena, may be the truest art of our age.