

Bonhams

MAGAZINE | WINTER 2015 ISSUE 45

George Luks
Out of the Ashcan

Andy Warhol
Shocking works

Draw your guns
Larry McMurtry on the artists
who won the Wild West

Club classic
Peter Alliss toasts the most
famous golf painting in the world

and
Last in the line
Bear Grylls celebrates
the Land Rover Defender



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The background of the poster is a detail from Claude Monet's painting 'Water Lilies' (1914-15). It shows a pond with several blue and white water lilies, green lily pads, and tall, dark reeds in the background. The painting is characterized by its soft, impressionistic style and vibrant colors.

RA

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Claude Monet, *Water Lilies* (detail), 1914-15. Oil on canvas, 160.7 x 180.3 cm. Portland Art Museum, Oregon, inv. 59.16. Helen Thurston Ayer Fund. Photo © Portland Art Museum, Portland, Oregon. Exhibition co-organised by the Royal Academy of Arts and the Cleveland Museum of Art

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George Luks (American, 1867-1933)
Copley Square, Boston, c.1904
American Art Sale, Bonhams New York
on 18 November 2015
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MOTORING EDITION

See inside for details

Help support our future

Annibale Carracci, *The Holy Family with the Infant Saint John the Baptist* ('The Montalto Madonna') (detail), about 1600. Bought with the support of a number of gifts in wills and donations, 2004

As a charity the National Gallery needs your support to ensure we continue to be one of the world's great art galleries.

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Editor's letter



Philip Hollis

One of the many excitements of putting together each issue of this magazine is the astonishing range of beautiful, curious and unusual items offered for sale at Bonhams. Yet it often strikes me how impromptu themes emerge from forthcoming sales.

In this issue, I was struck by the notion of pioneers. Take the artists, Frederic Remington and Charles Marion Russell.

They weren't the first painters to depict the Wild West, but with their vivid illustrations of life on the range – a collection of which is to be offered in New York's American Art Sale in November – they were responsible for propagating enduring myths of the cowboy era. (Did you know that *High Noon* has been screened at the White House more than any other film? Me neither.) One man who has marinated himself in legends is Larry McMurtry, whose Pulitzer prize-winning Western epic, *Lonesome Dove*, is a favourite of our Global CEO, Matthew Girling. Turn to page 54 for the real story on the taming of the oh-so-aptly named 'Wild West'.

Another creative pioneer is Andy Warhol. Nowadays, we are so swamped with reproductions and reworked 'found' images, that it is hard sometimes to appreciate how iconoclastic Warhol was. As a celebrated example of his *Electric Chair* series comes up in the

Contemporary Art sale in February, on page 30 Adrian Dannatt examines the artist's grim obsession with death and disaster as a condition of the modern age.

Elsewhere in the magazine, Rachel Spence investigates the ongoing disparity in prices for the work of female artists compared to their male counterparts. Compare the £2 million offered for the most expensive painting by Abstract Expressionist Lee Krasner to the one by her partner, Jackson Pollock, which hammered for £37 million. Read all about it on page 46.

In another field, for the past 70 years the Land Rover has forged a path across the wildest terrains in the remotest areas of the world. As the two millionth Defender is sold for charity by Bonhams, Bear Grylls salutes this most intrepid – and pioneering – of vehicles.

Finally, mention must be made of a pioneer of the kitchen: our own Tom Kemble, Head Chef at Bonhams Restaurant, which has just been awarded a Michelin star – the first for any auction house, anywhere in the world. On page 67, Tom gives us an exclusive recipe from his autumn menu. We hope that you discover works in the magazine that will similarly whet your appetite. Enjoy the issue.

Lucinda Bredin

Contributors



Bear Grylls

He embodies the British spirit of adventure, so it comes as no surprise that Bear Grylls' favourite mode of rough-terrain transport is the doughty Land Rover Defender. On page 18, the author and TV presenter pays tribute to his travelling companion and marks the manufacture of the two-millionth Defender to be auctioned for charity by Bonhams.



James Fox

Blue is the colour for Cambridge University art historian, writer and broadcaster James Fox, presenter of the acclaimed recent BBC TV series, *A History of Art in Three Colours*. Ahead of the sale of an exceptionally rare blue diamond ring at Bonhams in December, Fox describes the story of this elusive hue and its age-old allure for artists and craftsmen. Page 26.



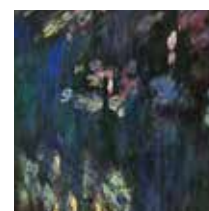
Philippa Stockley

The novelist, painter and contributor to many national newspapers and magazines – including the *Financial Times* and *Country Life* – gets a rare glimpse inside Hooton Pagnell Hall, owned by generations of the same Yorkshire family. On page 50, she reveals a hidden treasure trove that reflects 300 years of changing times and tastes.



Larry McMurtry

The American Wild West has inspired not only great pioneering artists, but also hugely popular writers such as Larry McMurtry, prolific author of award-winning books and screenplays, including *Brokeback Mountain*. McMurtry pays homage to the long-lost world of the cowboy, as depicted in a collection to be offered by Bonhams in New York.



Wilbur Smith

His native African continent forms the backdrop to more than 35 of his historical adventure novels that have sold more than 120 million copies worldwide. But the setting for the author's favourite room could not be more different – the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris with its magnificent Monets. As he relates on page 80, he has been visiting these regularly for 50 years.



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Fine Jewelry

New York

Tuesday 8 December

10am

An Important Diamond Ring, Harry Winston, 1986
set with a square emerald-cut diamond,
8.30 carats, G color, VVS2 clarity
Estimate: \$300,000 - 500,000
(£200,000 - 300,000)

Enquiries: Lauren Robbins
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bonhams.com/jewelry



News

In and out of Bonhams' salerooms



Clockwise from left: Matthew Girling, Kohei Nawa, Alison, Lady Deighton
Top right: Francesca Bellini Joseph with Massimo Izzo,
Right: Nadja Romain, Brita Fernandez Schmidt and Fatima Malekiwih

Above: Naomie Harris
Below: Mark-Francis Vandelli and Viscountess Weymouth

✱

Feminine touch

An evening of art and performance at Bonhams New Bond Street raised more than £850,000 in aid of the humanitarian charity, Women for Women International. Guests at *She Inspires Art* in September included Bond star Naomie Harris, Viscountess Weymouth and the Japanese artist Kohei Nawa, who mounted *Trans Double Yana (Mirror)* – his first installation in the UK – for the occasion. Other guests at the gala, organised by Lady

Alison Deighton's dedicated committee and artistic directors Tamar Arnon and Eli Zagury, included Mollie Dent-Brocklehurst, Royce Pinkwater, Laurence Custot, Tarka Russell and artists George Shaw and Kevin Francis Gray, who, thanks to the charity's generous patrons, were commissioned to create new work to be auctioned on the evening by Bonhams' Global CEO, Matthew Girling. No one wanted to go home.



Old Master Paintings

London

Wednesday 9 December

2pm

Johannes Cornelisz Verspronck
(Haarlem circa 1606-1662)

Portrait of a Gentleman

oil on canvas

81.6 x 68.2cm (32 x 27in)

Estimate: £120,000 - 180,000

(\$200,000 - 300,000)

Enquiries: Poppy Harvey-Jones

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bonhams.com/oldmasterpaintings

News



All images courtesy of Patrick McMullan



Madison Avenue

Earlier this year, Bonhams and *Avenue Magazine* joined forces to honour Blaine Trump for her dedication to philanthropy in Florida and New York at an evening at the

auction house's New York headquarters. Among the guests were an array of international stars and celebrities who were surrounded by works from the Modern & Impressionist Sale.

Clockwise from top left:

Bob Colacello and Daisy Prince; Consuelo Vanderbilt Costin; Dayssi Olarte de Kanavos; Karen LeFrak, Calvin Klein and Blaine Trump; Jamie Tisch and Julian Grady; Blaine Trump, Lynda Carter and Cece Cord



Chinese connoisseur

William 'Billy' Winkworth was one of most erudite and interesting 20th-century collectors of Chinese and Japanese works of art. It was no surprise that young Billy developed a taste for it – his father, Sir Stephen J. Winkworth, was an eminent collector of Chinese art and one of the founding members of the Oriental Ceramic Society.

Winkworth junior went on to work at the British Museum in the 1920s and later at Sotheby's. His knowledge and exceptional eye is reflected in a collection to be sold at Bonhams in Hong Kong in December. Winkworth advised the owner on buying from some of the most renowned Chinese art dealers in London of the day. A very rare pair of iron-red and green-enamelled jars, Yongzheng six-character marks and of the period (1723-1735), estimated at HK\$ 2,400,000 - 3,400,000, right, are among a number of superlative pieces of porcelain in the sale *Exceptional Chinese Art from a European Private Collection* in Hong Kong on 3 December. The jars form part of a unique collection assembled from the 1950s to the 1970s, that was displayed in the owner's house and enjoyed on a daily basis for many decades.

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★ Fund of knowledge

A gathering of leading directors and curators of collections – including the National Gallery, Tate, Arts Council and Compton Verney – will share their knowledge at a special Bonhams' seminar in association with Castleacre Insurance and Ecclesiastical Insurance at Bonhams New Bond Street HQ on 1 February. The day-long seminar, *How to Survive and Prosper as an Independent Museum*, will focus on how to thrive in an era of restricted funding for culture and the arts. Speakers including Tim Knox, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and Steven Parissien from Compton Verney, will talk on topics such as fundraising and sponsorship, moving to trust status and how to capture media interest. Tickets cost £50. For further information and to book, please contact Chantal Haddon chantalhaddon@castleacreinsurance.com or Harvey Cammell, Head of Valuations at Bonhams. harvey.cammell@bonhams.com

Europe: Defining Style
Fine Furniture, Sculpture,
Works of Art, Silver & Gold Boxes
London
Wednesday 18 November
2pm

An important French mid-19th century gilt-bronze mounted kingwood, satiné and parquetry bombé commode after the model by Charles Cressent, attributed to Maison Millet, Paris
146 x 63.5 x 92cm (57 x 25 x 36in)
Estimate: £70,000 - 100,000
(\$125,000 - 160,000)

Enquiries: François Le Brun
+44 (0) 20 7468 8251
francois.lebrun@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/furniture



News



His Finest Hour

Winston Churchill only began his “adventures with a paint brush” at the age of 40 when, in 1915, he was forced to take public responsibility for the Allied disaster at the Dardanelles. This led to his resignation as First Lord of the Admiralty and to a period of profound depression. It was painting that rescued Churchill from the ‘black dog’, and it was to prove an invaluable outlet during the ‘wilderness years’ of the 1930s. During this time, while Churchill was out of power, he met the eminent British artist, Sir William Nicholson. There can be little doubt that the painting, *Silver Life*, right, to be offered at Bonhams’ November sale of Modern British and Irish Art, was painted under the influence of Nicholson, but it also shows Churchill painting with absolute confidence.

Enquiries: Matthew Bradbury +44 (0) 20 7468 8295
matthew.bradbury@bonhams.com



Above: Giles Peppiatt with Victor Ochei Top right: Maria-Ann Yemsi, Joel Andrianomearisoa and Samallie Kiyingi Right: Nancy Scott, Mohan Yogendran and Edward Burke Below: Kate Garwood and Jochen Zietz



African dawn

Africa Now, the first-ever sale of contemporary African art in the UK, broke multiple world records in October. But then the portents were all good. Collectors had flown in from all parts of the hot continent to see works by Africa’s major artists and to attend the sale at New Bond Street. The next sale will take place in May 2016.

★ A bright idea

Born in New York in 1848, and son of the co-founder of renowned jewellers Tiffany & Young, Louis Comfort Tiffany was one of the most influential arbiters of style in the US. He was one of the first to exploit the decorative potential of Thomas Edison’s revolutionary invention – the carbon filament electric light bulb. This new technology was then combined

with exemplary skills and artistry. The leaded glass lamps were painstakingly assembled by master craftsmen and colourists. An extraordinary collection of dazzling art glass and lamps from the Tiffany studio will be sold at Bonhams New York in December.

Enquiries: Beth Vilinsky
+1 212 710 1306
beth.vilinsky@bonhams.com



Fine Jewellery

London

Saturday 5 December

1pm

An Impressive Diamond Single-Stone Ring,
retailed by David Morris,
set with an Asscher-cut diamond,
14.24 carats, H colour, VVS2 clarity
Estimate: £250,000 - 350,000
(\$400,000 - 550,000)

Enquiries: Sophie Stevens
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bonhams.com/jewellery





Feeling at home

Ever wanted to mix period pieces with a more contemporary look for your home? Bonhams' new monthly *Homes and Interiors* sale has been specially conceived for you. "It's a one-stop shop for people who want to marry art and antiques from different periods," says Mark Wilkinson, the director of the sale. Bonhams' newly decorated Knightsbridge salerooms will feature room settings created for the first sale – to be held on 23 February – to show the pieces to best advantage. Bonhams specialists will also be on hand during the weekend preview with advice for beginners about buying at auction. The sale will have an eclectic range of decorative arts including furniture, silver, porcelain, 20th-century and Asian art, with up to 800 lots in each auction. Each sale will have a loose theme with the first being Old Masters. Brand new-look catalogues with inspirational Bonhams magazine-style features will also be on offer.

Enquiries: Mark Wilkinson +44 (0) 20 7468 5893; mark.wilkinson@bonhams.com



Carve up

Al Haji by Ghanaian artist El Anatsui achieved a world record £146,500 for one of his carved wooden sculptures at London's Africa Now auction in October.



Top left: Tatum Kendrick, Kenny Bellini and Izumu Tanaka **Below left:** Roberta Silverman and Angela Past **Above:** Sheella Scott and Jason Koharik

L.A. Landmark

Highlights from Bonhams *Made in California* and *The Modern House* Sale were showcased in a preview exhibition at The Elysian, an L.A. landmark in modernist architecture. The curator, Tatum Kendrick of Studio Hus, filled the apartment with works by artists including Andy Warhol, Ed Ruscha, Billy Al Bengston as well as designer pieces from Giò Ponti and Jean Prouvé. The party to celebrate the installation was masterminded by Dane Jensen and Dan Tolson of Bonhams L.A. – and was an artistic happening as well.

Hot wheels
The Bentley S3 Continental Flying Spur once owned by Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards made £763,100 at the Goodwood Revival Sale in September.



Many hands

A selection from one of the world's largest private collections of watches will be sold by Bonhams London in December. "I can't remember seeing a collection like this," says Jonathan Darracott, Bonhams Head of Watches. "The timepieces were packed in a room from floor to ceiling. Many were still in their boxes."

The hoard of 2,000 pieces belonged to a European nobleman who particularly liked gold manually-wound watches, which he kept under his bed, in his safe and piled up in cupboards and on his desk and tables.

The eccentric collector bought from a huge variety of sources: dealers, advisors, jewellers, auctions and through private collectors. Showstoppers include an exceptionally complicated rose-gold Audemars Piguet grande and petite sonnerie wristwatch, one of only 50 made. "It is tiny but strikes the hours – remarkable for such a small watch."

Enquiries: Jonathan Darracott +44 (0) 20 7447 7412
jonathan.darracott@bonhams.com

Below: An exceptionally complicated 18K rose gold Audemars Piguet grande and petite sonnerie wristwatch with trip repeat No.13 of 50
Estimate £40,000 - 60,000

Below: A fine and rare rectangular rose gold Glashütte tourbillon wristwatch, No.24 of 25, Estimate: £20,000 - 30,000



Homage to Iris

Portrait of Iris Clert (1960) by Manoucher Yektaï achieved £182,500, a world record for the artist, at the Modern and Contemporary Middle Eastern Art Sale in London





The Russian Sale

London

Wednesday 2 December

3pm

Pavel Aleksandrovich Svedomsky (Russian, 1848-1904)

A Kiss (detail)

oil on canvas

178 x 90.3cm (70 x 35³/₄in)

Estimate: £80,000 - 120,000

(\$130,000 - 200,000)

Enquiries: Daria Chernenko +44 (0) 20 7468 8338

daria.chernenko@bonhams.com

bonhams.com/russian

No stone unturned

Daniel Struyf has been given the newly created post of Senior International Jewellery Director. He tells **Lucinda Bredin** about his passion for jewels

Photograph by Martin Maybank

Right: A fancy intense pink coloured diamond and diamond ring sold at Bonhams New York in October for \$610,000 (£400,000)



He is not a man to let the dust settle under his feet. Daniel Struyf was globetrotting even as a teenager, setting out from his native Brussels with a backpack at 17. Watching people and trying to analyse their behaviour from an early age has served him well. “It was interesting when I was younger to see how people acted and reacted, and that has helped me throughout my career,” he says. For Struyf, Bonhams’ new Senior International Jewellery Director, understanding what makes buyers tick is as important as knowing what he is selling is worth.

Jewellery excites his astonishing passion – a quality that he plans to bring to Bonhams as he expands its market share and enhances the work of its 30-strong jewellery team. The post was created especially for him. “We needed someone wholly dedicated to focusing on

“I wanted to live, breathe and understand the world of gems. I knew that this was where my passion lay”

jewellery at an international level in order to meet our ambitious plans for the future,” says Matthew Girling,

Global CEO of Bonhams and Global Director of Jewellery.

Struyf has an enviable reputation in the business and an excellent track record. He has lived in ten countries and worked in the three major jewellery hubs: as a pivotal



member of the Christie’s jewellery team in New York, Hong Kong and Geneva; for the Olympic Diamond Corporation in New York and Hong Kong, and at the world’s oldest diamond company, Backes & Strauss, in Antwerp. He has also studied and worked in the Middle East. And as if these horizons were not wide enough, Struyf’s education further broadened his mind. He holds a degree in Middle Eastern Studies; a Masters of Law (LLM) in International Law/Relations; an MA in Arab and Islamic Studies, and speaks six languages fluently.

But it was in his native Belgium at Backes & Strauss that the then 26-year-old Struyf’s passion for jewels was ignited. “When I was introduced to the world of stones, it immediately sparked my interest. I wanted to live, breathe and understand the world of gems. I knew straightaway that this was where my passion lay – and I’ve stuck with it ever since,” he recalls. His boss sent him travelling and told him to come back with customers.

New York’s fabled 47th Street, known as the ‘Diamond District’, opened the world for him in a different way.

“I worked for someone whom I regarded as one of the best salesmen in the world,” he says. “He taught me to listen to clients and understand their needs. There is a chemistry involved in getting the right piece for each client. He made me understand the nuances of cultures and how to apply those subtleties with each client. While I learnt all about the product and sourcing from Antwerp, my experience in New York allowed me to propel myself forward to work with the public.”

Struyf picked up the pace yet again in Hong Kong in 2009. “Upon arriving there, I noticed a stark difference in pace compared to New York. In Hong Kong, jewellery stores are open till 10pm and the stores are packed with clients. The city never sleeps. You cannot procrastinate in this market place.”

It was in Hong Kong that he first felt the thrill of the auction, and the island was a launch pad for visits to Indonesia, Taiwan and mainland China. Working with Asian traders taught him about another approach and culture.

Struyf’s golden rule is the same, develop and sustain relationships, especially with private clients. “There is much more emotion involved,” he says. “A private client is going to want to wear the piece they buy. That is my focus at Bonhams. I want to sell to people who want to wear it, not buy it to sell it.”

And Struyf knows exactly what they want to wear: period pieces by brands such as Cartier. Signed jewellery

from Van Cleef & Arpels and Bulgari is also very strong, as is jewellery by artists such as JAR. Hong Kong-based Wallace Chan, who trained in sculpture, is changing the market in Asia with his dramatic pieces in different layers of shapes and colours.

Of course, private buyers can go on to the internet and do their own research, but for Struyf that way you miss out on the all-important emotional connection. Some people may think a stone is just a stone, but for Struyf seeing – and touching – is believing. “Sir Roger

“There is emotion involved. I want to sell to people who want to wear it, not buy it to sell it”

Moore once came to a viewing in Geneva and was looking at a stunning brooch by Van Cleef & Arpels, so I went to the case and opened it. He was with his wife and he said ‘It is a beautiful brooch,’ and I said ‘It is not only a beautiful

brooch, it is the way it has been made.’ I put it in his hands and I turned it around and told him to look at the back, to see the hours spent in creating this piece. That was when I saw Sir Roger’s reaction change and his enthusiasm develop.”

Another of Struyf’s triumphs was the sale of one of the most beautiful and expensive pieces he has ever seen – a Belle-Epoque diamond devant-de-corsage brooch by Cartier. It was sold in 1991 for \$3m (£2 million) and then for \$17 million (£11 million) last year. “Everyone was very happy.”

Business is all about being pro-active. As Struyf says, “You can’t just sit there and wait until somebody comes.”

Bonhams’ ambitious connoisseur, it seems, will leave no stone unturned in his quest.

Lucinda Bredin is Editor of Bonhams Magazine.



Above: An important fancy coloured diamond pendant, the diamond weighing 9.21 carats to be sold at Bonhams Hong Kong in November. Estimate: HK\$12,000,000 -15,000,000 (£1,000,000 - 1,250,000)



Right: The Hope Spinel stone sold at Bonhams London for a record-breaking £962,500 in September

The Scottsdale Auction

The Westin Kierland Resort & Spa
Scottsdale, Arizona
Thursday 28 January

Consignments now invited

1973 Porsche 911 Carrera RS 2.7
Matching numbers
Presented in the factory livery
Estimate: Refer Department

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motors.us@bonhams.com







King of the road

For 70 years, the Land Rover has traversed difficult terrain all over the world. As the two-millionth vehicle is sold for charity at Bonhams, **Bear Grylls** gets behind the wheel of this British classic



A mong the kind of people with whom I keep company – adventurers, explorers and such like – there is a saying: “If you want to go into the jungle or the outback, you’ll need to take a 4x4. But if you want to come out again, you’d better take a Land Rover Defender.”

Thinking back over my life – from childhood in the countryside of the Isle of Wight, to army service, to adventures and explorations in some of the wildest and most inhospitable places on earth – it feels as if there has always been a Land Rover around. At my home in North Wales, we’ve actually got my wife Shara’s family Defender which dates from exactly the year I was born: 1974. Now our own children – Jesse, Marmaduke and Huckleberry – are growing up with that very same vehicle. That’s the thing about Land Rovers: they span generations and are linked by family stories.

A 40-year-old car still in daily use? Land Rovers really are indestructible. They fully live up to the legend. My memory is full of images of Defenders doing jaw-dropping things in impossible places. You look at a track strewn with boulders as big as hippos and you think, “There’s absolutely no way through there”. And then you get the Defender in its lowest ratio, set it the task and it simply chugs its way over, round and through the obstacles – even if sometimes it’s perched on three wheels with one in the air.

I remember especially a river crossing at night that turned out to be a lot deeper than it looked. The water was actually washing over the bonnet and the headlights were illuminating the depths like a fish-bowl. The Landie just kept glugging on until it crawled out on the opposite bank and then seemed to shake itself dry like a labrador, ready for the next challenge. It’s almost impossible to imagine any other vehicle doing the same. If water gets into the engine bay of even the toughest off-roader, it’s cooked. But somehow the Defender does it.

There is something gloriously, uniquely British about the Defender, which makes it a true national treasure. The story of how it came into being is a classic of British life. The Rover company’s chief engineer, Maurice Wilks, sketched an outline of his concept in the sand at Red Wharf Bay in Anglesey for the benefit of his colleague and brother, Spencer Wilks, while they were both on holiday over Easter 1947. Spencer was also the company’s Managing Director. That feels like a scene that could only occur among Britons. It’s also no surprise that the Defender was the Queen’s go-to vehicle for decades whenever she was in the

countryside. Every time she was at Balmoral or Sandringham, she always seemed to be photographed at the wheel of a Defender.

It’s poignant to learn that production of this archetype of British life will ultimately cease in December this year – but heartening to know that to mark the Land Rover’s passing, the two-millionth Defender will be auctioned for charity at Bonhams in December, albeit with the help of devotees such as myself, Virginia McKenna and Robert Brooks, Chairman of Bonhams. Times change, but this very special model will have been constructed in essentially the same way as it has been been for almost 70 years. Surely it must be the car that has been longest in production on earth, and the car with the highest proportion of hand-fitted components of any car in production? Has any kind of robot ever got near a Defender?

“The Defender was the Queen’s go-to vehicle for decades whenever she was at Sandringham or Balmoral”

That basic character – I hesitate to call it primitive – means that the Defender can be fixed anywhere on earth wherever there’s a guy with a lathe or a blowtorch. Several times I’ve had to change wheels in deep mud or in torrential rainstorms in remote jungles, which can be interesting to say the least. But essentially and mechanically they hardly ever go wrong. That’s why I consider Defenders the unsung heroes of all our filming expeditions – always there for us when we need it, whether it’s carrying kit for a shoot through harsh desert or jungle or helping the crew to cross fast-flowing rivers.

Land Rover have been incredible partners for us – like-minded, pioneering-spirited and committed to endeavour. Wherever I travel in the world, they provide us with vehicles for our adventures and that in turn gives us access to the remotest places. Without a Land Rover everything takes longer and has more upsets. That’s the bottom line.

Not even their most ardent admirers – I include myself – would ever call Defenders comfortable. Land Rover have done their best over the decades to civilise and domesticate the Defender but it still remains a space of spartan privations and

Left: 2015 Land Rover
Defender 90 Station Wagon
Registration no. S90 HUE
Chassis no.
SALLDWBP7FA473395
Engine no.
150415101301DT224
Estimate: refer to department

This page: A 1km outline of the iconic Defender shape drawn in the sands of Red Wharf Bay – the largest sand drawing ever produced in the UK, and a homage to Maurice Wilks' original drawing, back in 1947

the most primitive concessions to comfort. The addition of air-conditioning and audio systems would probably have seemed unutterably decadent to the likes of Maurice Wilks.

The body's width remains essentially the same as it ever was, so there isn't much they can do to increase shoulder room in the front seats. If you've got to go bouncing and jouncing along a rocky trail for long, you're going to get a sore shoulder, so you might as well resign yourself. If you sit in the back, you're going to get a sore bum from bouncing on the benches (which always reminds me of Dotheboys Hall, the very strict school in Charles Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*).

When you think of the adventures and expeditions in which Land Rovers have played a crucial part – going right back to the Oxford and Cambridge expedition to the Far East in the mid-1950s – and all the military campaigns and exercises in which they have figured, from Korea to the Falklands, from Malaya to Northern Ireland, it's a really inspiring record. By comparison, it is interesting to note that the legendary American Willys Jeep only really saw service in the Second World War and wasn't produced after 1945.

We can be certain that Land Rover will produce a worthy successor to the Defender that will, I am sure, fully embody all its best qualities. It's sad, all the same to see the curtain fall at last. Nothing could be more fitting than that this heroic story should close with the two millionth car to be produced. I am very proud that my name should be connected with it in some small way to the end.

Bear Grylls is an adventurer, writer and television presenter.



© All images courtesy of Jaguar Land Rover Limited



A chance in two million

The two-millionth Defender to be produced will be sold at a charity auction at Bonhams in December. A host of notable figures associated with the vehicle helped to assemble it, including Bear Grylls, who fitted the wheels at Land Rover's plant in Solihull (above), where this much-loved vehicle has been produced since 1948.

All proceeds for the sale of this, the two-millionth Defender, will be given to the Born Free Foundation for international wildlife and the Federation of Red Cross and Red Crescent societies.

Sale: The Defender 2,000,000 Sale
London, New Bond Street
Wednesday 16 December at 6pm
Enquiries: Thomas Harrington +44 (0) 20 7468 5808
thomas.harrington@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/defender



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Into the vortex

William Roberts was one of the trailblazers of modern British art, but he was also his own worst enemy. **Mark Hudson** speaks up for a reclusive genius

There are artists who have hugely enhanced their reputations through personal charm, an ability to work the system or simply by being nice people. Then there are those who stymie their progress at every turn through misanthropy, social ineptitude or simple shyness. William Roberts belongs very much in the latter category. In 1961, he included himself in a monumental composition, *The Vorticists at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel: Spring 1915*, as he had appeared 46 years earlier: an eager 19-year-old surrounded by the luminaries of Britain's first great modern art movement, including the painter and writer Wyndham Lewis and the poet Ezra Pound. At that moment, Roberts couldn't have been closer to the centre of British Modernism.

By the time he painted the gathering, Roberts was an almost forgotten figure who had barely spoken to anyone outside his immediate family for decades. Yet in the 1950s and early 1960s his art was at the peak of its mature phase, in a series of monumental canvases which are only now receiving the attention they deserve. One of these, *The Rape of the Sabines* (1953), is featured in Bonhams Modern British and Irish Art sale in November.

The Rape of the Sabines tackles in ambiguously modern terms a great classical theme explored by masters from Rubens to David. The clothes appear for the most part mundanely contemporary, while the desert setting evokes a timeless antiquity. Roberts' transposition of the mythological and the biblical into the everyday world recalls his contemporary and fellow student at London's prestigious Slade School of Art, Stanley Spencer. But the visual treatment couldn't be more different. The angular compression of the struggling figures harks back to the Cubistic experiments of Roberts' pre-First World War Vorticist period, while the rounded stylisation is characteristic of his mature style. Once he had established this in the late 1940s, Roberts seemed hardly to develop or depart from it until his death in 1980.

This stylisation, combined with a delight in portraying the pleasures of ordinary people – football matches, cinema outings and seaside holidays – has seen Roberts dubbed the 'British Léger'. Yet where the great French modernist embraced humanity in a utopian socialist vision, Roberts appeared to reject his fellow man.

"He wasn't someone who knew how to make himself liked," Pauline Paucker, a family friend and long-time neighbour in Camden Town, north London, told me when I interviewed her a few years ago. "He was paralysed by shyness, and painfully aware of himself as a carpenter's son from Hackney living among middle-class people."

Despite his modest origins, Roberts, born in 1895,

"He wasn't someone who knew how to make himself liked. He was paralysed with shyness"

enjoyed a meteoric early career. He was awarded a scholarship to the Slade at 15, where he rubbed shoulders with leading lights such as David Bomberg, Paul Nash and Stanley Spencer. He briefly joined the Omega designers workshop, founded by Bloomsbury Group member Roger Fry, and signed the Vorticist

Opposite: William Roberts (British, 1895-1980)
The Rape of the Sabines, 1953
152 x 109cm (60 x 42in)
Estimate: £100,000 - 150,000
(\$150,000 - 250,000)

Above: Self-Portrait Wearing a Cap, 1931





© Tate, London 2015

manifesto alongside Lewis, Pound and the artists Edward Wadsworth and Henri Gaudier-Brzeska – all before he was 20.

Taken up by Vorticism's flamboyant founder, Wyndham Lewis, when they were working at the Omega Workshop, the teenage Roberts became central to a movement that set out to blast the comfortable certainties of Edwardian England. While Vorticism was short-lived, its veneration of the machine rendered nonsensical by the First World War, echoes of its jagged forms and jarring colours can be found in Roberts' later work.

During the war, he served in the Royal Artillery and as an official war artist, producing some of the toughest and most truthful images to emerge from the conflict. His work then became gradually less abstract, and despite an initial burst of commercial success, from 1925 he found it increasingly difficult to sell.

While he continued to produce paintings at an astonishing rate, Roberts, his wife Sarah and son John spent decades moving between one-room lodgings, before settling in the then rough Primrose Hill area of north London, where they were eventually able to buy a house. By that time, Roberts had withdrawn from

almost all human contact. Visitors were forced to use the side entrance for fear of disturbing him. He taught at Central School of Art for 35 years, where he famously refused to speak to his students, preferring to scribble on their work. Even favourable journalistic comment was met with rebuttal through his fiercely articulate, self-published pamphlets.

In his memoirs, the playwright Alan Bennett, a

“He and his wife maintained a life of austere bohemianism, rejecting all electrical appliances”

neighbour and a great admirer of Roberts' work, recalled often seeing the artist in the streets of Camden Town during the 1970s. He was, according to Bennett, “an apple-cheeked man, like a small, rotund farmer, but he wasn't at all amiable and if one got in his way on the pavement he would unleash a torrent of abuse”.

When Bennett went for tea with Sarah Roberts, he was made to beat a hasty retreat before the artist returned from his afternoon stroll. Yet, while this all contributes to an impression of a curmudgeonly character, it isn't



© The Bridgeman Art Library

Opposite: *The Vorticists at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel: Spring 1915*, painted in 1961

Left: *The Barber's Shop*, c. 1946

Above: *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, study, 1977

an image that Pauline Paucker recognises. On the two occasions she heard Roberts speak over many years of close family involvement, she found him almost incapable of getting his words out. “He felt the critics had turned against him, and he withdrew into himself. It wasn’t malicious, he just didn’t want to speak to anyone. And why should he?”

Alongside his distinctive figure compositions, Roberts also produced unsparing portraits of notable figures, such as T. E. Lawrence and the economist J. M. Keynes – and also of Sarah, who was almost his only bridge to the outside world. Lively, vivacious and five years his junior, Sarah met Roberts when she was 15. She strenuously protected him, maintaining a lifestyle of austere bohemianism, rejecting all electrical appliances, even when the couple found relative affluence in the 1970s.

Yet hearing about the way Sarah would shoo visitors from the house as Roberts watched from the garden with what Paucker describes as a “curiously impish expression”, you can’t help wondering if, far from shunning the world, Roberts was actually a chronic attention seeker. “There was certainly a mischievous side to his character,” says Paucker. “He could see the

humour in the situation he’d created for himself, but then there’s a lot of humour in his paintings too.”

It’s time we looked again at this absurdly under-rated figure, who is too often written off as a quasi-outsider artist. Roberts’s work may be quirky, but it is very far from naïve. There’s a sophisticated intelligence behind the paintings which are firmly rooted in the Modernist ethos, but can be as idiosyncratically British as a John Betjeman poem. Roberts is often described as having been being lucky to be part of a glittering generation at the Slade. He may yet prove to have been the most brilliant of the lot – even if he was, as staunch defender Pauline Paucker concedes, “very much his own worst enemy”.

Mark Hudson is chief art critic of the Daily Telegraph.

Sale: Modern British and Irish Art
New Bond Street
Wednesday 18 November at 3pm
Enquiries: Matthew Bradbury +44 (0) 20 7468 8295
matthew.bradbury@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/britishart

A kind of blue

It's the world's favourite colour, found in the rarest diamonds and in depictions of the Virgin Mary – and yet some cultures still don't have a word for it, says **James Fox**





Left: Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne* at the National Gallery in London

Top right: A fancy greyish-blue diamond ring, by Andrew Grima, 1971, to be offered in Bonhams' Fine Jewellery Sale, London
Estimate: £500,000 - 700,000 (\$750,000 - 1,000,000)



Why make so much of fragmentary blue
In here and there a bird, or butterfly,
Or flower, or wearing-stone, or open eye,
When heaven presents in sheets the solid hue?

Fragmentary Blue
Robert Frost

Blue, as Robert Frost understood, is an elusive colour. Unlike most other hues, it rarely takes on a tangible form in nature. Apart from sapphires and blue diamonds, there are few naturally occurring blue things on the Earth. The colour accounts for less than four per cent of plants, five per cent of flowers and eight per cent of fruits. And though there seem to be several blue-looking birds and fish out there, only two of the planet's 64,000 vertebrate species possess genuine blue pigment.

What's more, the blues that do exist in our world are extremely difficult to pin down. Indeed, blue only thrives in the distant realms of sea, sky and horizon. And while those vast cerulean provinces often surround us on every side, their bashful colour stays stubbornly out of reach. Because in the end, we can't touch the blueness of the sky; we can't bottle the blueness of the sea; and no matter how far we travel, we'll never reach the blue horizon.

An exception, however, comes in the form of precious stones. Blue diamonds are exceptionally rare, so when they do come on the market, they command substantial prices. In 2013, a rare 5.30 carat fancy deep-blue 'trombino' diamond ring, by Bulgari, circa 1965, sold for a record-breaking £6.2m (\$9.5m). The latest example – a rare greyish-blue diamond set in a ring and surrounded by blue sapphires and diamonds, made by jewellery designer Andrew Grima – is to be offered at Bonhams in London in December.



Blue's perennial absence from our lives has had far-reaching consequences. It is one of the reasons why it took humans so long to give the colour a name. There are virtually no references to the hue in all of ancient literature. Take Homer, for instance. His famous 'wine-dark' seas were only 'wine-dark' because the Ancient Greeks hadn't yet invented a word for blue. And today there remain several languages around the world that still don't have a term for the colour.

But it wasn't just absent from language. The colour's natural scarcity made blue pigments so difficult to produce that they were largely absent from the first 20,000 years of art. It was only at the end of the Neolithic period when the first blues were invented. In Asia, the leaves of indigo and woad plants were fermented to produce deep blue dyes; in the Middle East, the secretion of a sea snail was transformed into a beautiful cerulean; and in about 2550BC, the ancient Egyptians developed their eponymous Egyptian blue, which continued to be used for thousands of years.

Of course, the greatest blue pigment came from a stone called lapis lazuli. But this too was extremely rare. For centuries, it could only be found in one small mine in the remote mountains of Afghanistan. Yet what a stone it was. In its raw state, lapis lazuli uncannily resembles a fragment of the firmament: its lazurite blue phosphoresces like a darkening sky; white calcite races across its surfaces like cirrocumulus clouds; and specks of golden pyrite sparkle like celestial constellations.

Europeans were convinced that the celestial stone had miraculous properties. They used lapis lazuli to heal warts and ulcers; to manage menstruation and urinary tract

It's probably because of ultramarine that Hercule Poirot's famous profanity was 'sacré-bleu'

Above: A pair of late 19th-century Kashmir sapphire and diamond earrings, to be offered in the 5 December sale. Estimate: £500,000 - 800,000 (\$800,000 - 1,250,000)

Left: Sassetto, *The Virgin in Prayer*, 1650

Right: Pablo Picasso, *Melancholy Woman*, 1902

Opposite below:

A sapphire and diamond ring to be offered in Hong Kong, in the 30 November sale.

Estimate: HK\$5,800,000 - 7,000,000 (£500,000 - 600,000)

infections; and to treat fevers, cataracts and depression. It rarely worked. But in one field its abilities were beyond doubt: for lapis lazuli was the sole source of an exceptional blue pigment that the Venetians called *azzurro ultramarino* – ultramarine. The name itself referred to the colour's exotic origins; in Italian, *oltremare* means 'overseas'.

Ultramarine did not come cheap; it cost up to a hundred times more than most other pigments on the market, and was often more expensive than gold. And so it naturally came to be reserved for the most sacred things. From the 12th century onwards only the Virgin Mary was consistently shown in ultramarine robes. In Sassetto's *Virgin Mary in Prayer* of 1650, in the National Gallery in London, the colour is so overpowering that one barely even notices the Virgin who wears it.

This was the beginning of the long and enduring connection between Catholicism and blue. Indeed, it's probably because of ultramarine that Hercule Poirot's famous profanity was 'sacré-bleu' and not sacre-any-other-colour.

Yet blue wasn't always heavenly. In the 19th century, the colour was increasingly associated with the dark side of the world. English speakers linked it to

commotions ('blue murder'), obscenity ('blue talk'), inebriation ('blue drunk'), despair ('blue funk'), terror ('blue fear'), and markers of diabolical presences ('blue fire'). By the 1900s the colour's angst-ridden associations were even expressed in the melancholic African-American music that came to be known as 'the Blues'.

Blue's darker associations peaked in the early 20th century. In his famous 'blue period', which was provoked by the suicide of his best friend Carlos Casagemas, Pablo Picasso used the rancid hues of synthetic blue pigments to capture a mood of cold, dark and hopeless despair. The blues that surround his *Melancholy Woman* (1902) hide in the shadows behind her and eat into her flesh like frostbite. The poor protagonist seems to be suffocating in fetid air or drowning in dirty seas.

Others, however, saw in blue a set of huge emotional opportunities. Wassily Kandinsky, who didn't just see



blue but could also hear it, wrote that the colour “called man toward the infinite, awakening in him a desire for the pure and, finally, for the supernatural”. In a lovely painting from 1903, *The Blue Rider*, Kandinsky depicted himself as an intrepid blue-cloaked explorer, galloping across a verdant hill towards an ultramarine horizon.

No artist loved blue more than the French artist Yves Klein. Born in 1928, Yves Klein spent his summers on France’s felicitously named Côte d’Azur and became obsessed with its Mediterranean blues. One day when he was about 18 years old, Klein stretched out on the beach, raised his right hand into the air and signed his nine-letter name across the firmament. It was a prophetic gesture of ambition, for Klein spent the remainder of his life attempting to conquer this most unconquerable of colours.

Believe it or not, Klein succeeded. In 1959, he invented his very own blue, which he patented under the name ‘International Klein Blue’. It is to my mind the greatest blue ever made, far superior even than traditional ultramarine, and his IKB monochromes are so resonant that they cause their viewers’ retinas to vibrate. Over the next few years, Klein applied his pigment to everything: paintings, screens, sponges, tapestries and naked women. At his wedding he even added it to the cocktails and so turned his guests’ urine International Klein Blue.

In some ways we are all like Yves Klein, because all of us love blue. In 2004, a survey of 13,000 people found that blue was the most popular colour in every country in the world. More remarkable was the extent of its superiority. In Germany, where a staggering 47 per cent of people declared blue to be their favourite, it was four times more popular than second-placed red. And even in



A 5.30 carat fancy deep-blue ‘trombino’ diamond ring sold for £6.2m (\$9.5m) at Bonhams in 2013

Blue is the colour

What makes a diamond blue?

Diamonds are composed of carbon atoms fused to one another, under extreme heat and pressure, in a regular crystalline structure. A diamond containing only carbon atoms reveals itself as the highly desirable pure white or colourless stone. But most diamonds have minute additions of other substances which colour them in some way. Nitrogen, which is often present, gives a yellowish tint. Boron is the magical ingredient that turns diamonds blue. One boron atom to a million carbon ones affects the absorption of light passing through the stone so that we see it as blue. It also turns the stone, uniquely among diamonds, into a semi-conductor of electricity.

How rare are blue diamonds?

Diamonds turned blue by boron, known as Type IIb, are extremely rare. There are perhaps 30 to 40 named stones, and fewer than a dozen of these exceed 20 carats. The famous antique stones – such as the Hope, Wittelsbach and Tereschenko – are all believed to come from the Golconda mines in India, that was the source, too, of some of the purest white diamonds in the world. More recently, Type IIb diamonds have been mined in the Premier or Cullinan Mine in South Africa, including prized stones such as the Copenhagen Blue, Heart of Eternity, and Begum Blue. No other sources of Type IIb diamonds are currently known. *Katherine Prior*

the nation where it was least successful, Russia, blue still received a third of the vote.

Blue’s dominance can now be seen everywhere. It’s the colour of choice for international organizations such as the United Nations and European Union; it dominates the logos of the world’s blue-chip corporations; and according to some estimates, at any point in time half of the world’s entire population (some 3.5 billion people) are believed to be wearing blue jeans.

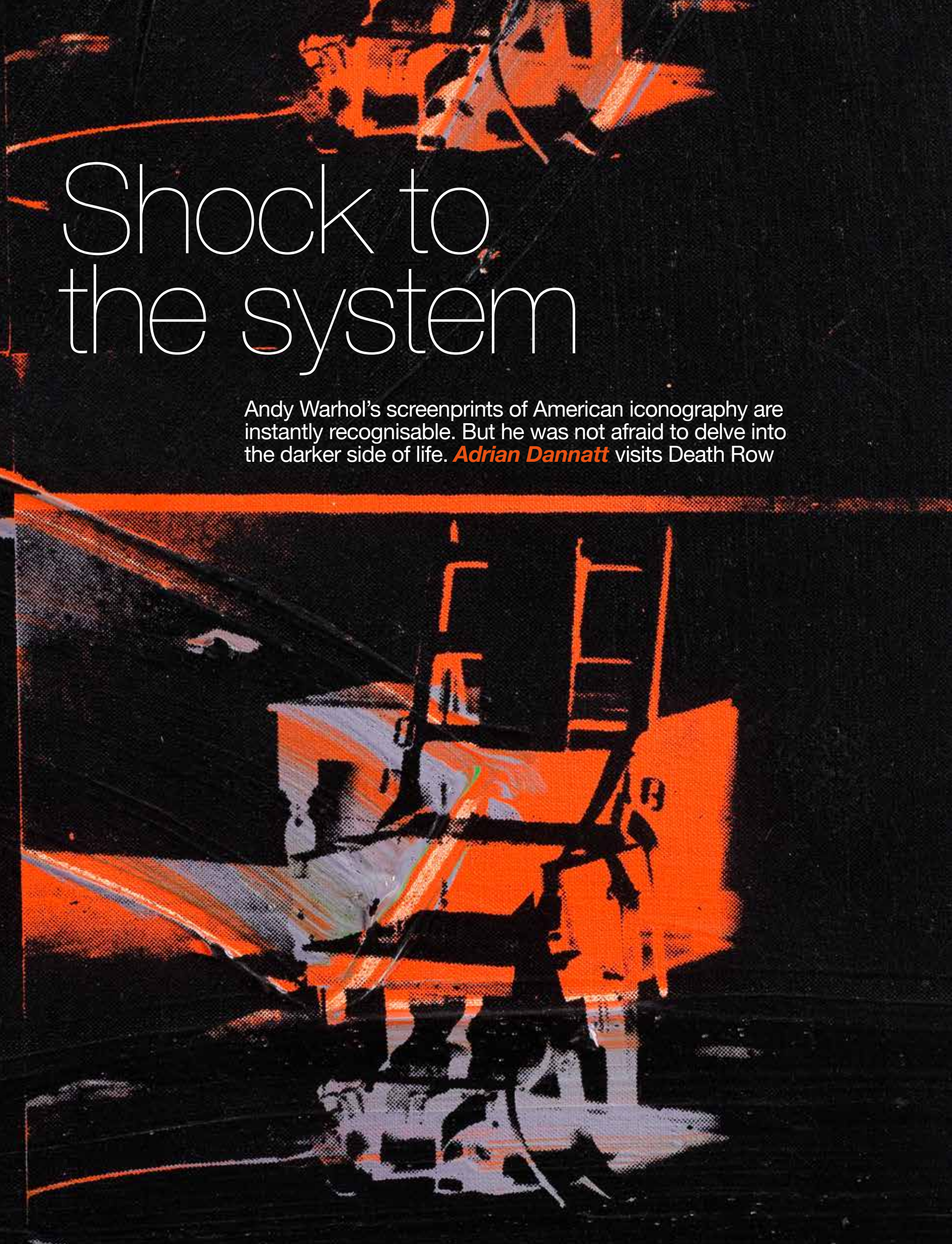
Blue has conquered our blue planet. But the real reason we love the colour so much, and the reason we’ve coveted it for centuries, is that deep down we know we can’t have it.

James Fox is an art historian and broadcaster, whose television programmes include A History of Art in Three Colours.

Sale: Fine Jewellery
New Bond Street
Saturday 5 December at 1pm
Enquiries: Jean Ghika
+44 (0) 20 7468 8282
jean.ghika@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/jewellery

Shock to the system

Andy Warhol's screenprints of American iconography are instantly recognisable. But he was not afraid to delve into the darker side of life. **Adrian Dannatt** visits Death Row



“Do you believe in capital punishment?”, Andy Warhol was asked by Glenn O’Brien, during an interview in 1977. To which Warhol replied with typical deadpan aplomb, “For art’s sake, of course.” And indeed for the sake of art Warhol had already made the electric chair one of his most familiar leitmotifs, a signature image. Warhol loved to shock and when he unveiled his first execution-seat, painted at the beginning of his ‘Pop’ career back in 1964, nothing was more literally shocking than to see ‘Old Sparky’ presented with all the aura of a formal portrait.

For Warhol, the electric chair was an all-American emblem – in fact, a specifically New York invention, created in Buffalo and first used in 1890 at the state’s Auburn Prison. This was a contraption devised and used exclusively in the US, even if in 1942 Churchill did ponder borrowing the American machine “for gangsters”, to execute Hitler in Trafalgar Square. The electric chair is part of that select, immediately recognisable, American iconography which was Warhol’s specialty – the dollar bill, the hamburger, the Coca-Cola bottle, Hollywood stars, even the native American Indian, all visual shorthand for an entire national identity.

Warhol kept circling around this striking symbol, drawn by its grim allure. In 1967, he created 14 paintings for a Stockholm retrospective in varying colour

“The electric chair is part of that instantly recognisable American iconography which was Warhol’s specialty”

combinations, followed by a portfolio of ten prints in 1971. A decade later, Warhol had the brilliant idea, a pure post-modern gambit, to create a new body of work out of his own earlier iconography, a sort of extended re-mix of his personal ‘greatest hits’. This was the *Reversal* series, of which Bonhams offers a prime example from the key year of 1980 in its Post-War & Contemporary Art Sale in London on 10 February. Here 14 electric chairs are transformed into an abstract pattern, their shifting shades obscuring the gravitas of the original image, allowing a delayed punch in which the significance of the subject seems to seep through the canvas like a mortal stain, emerging with menace through ostensibly pretty colours.

Warhol had been partly led to these *Reversals* by his friend Giorgio De Chirico, who in old age happily revived

© The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Above: Andy Warhol, *Photobooth Self-Portrait*, c. 1963

Opposite: Andy Warhol (American, 1928-1987) *Fourteen Small Electric Chairs* (detail) synthetic polymer and silkscreen ink on canvas 202.5 x 82cm (79¾ x 32¼in) Estimate: £4,000,000 - 6,000,000 (\$6,000,000 - 9,000,000)





Right: Andy Warhol, *Race Riot*, painted in 1964, sold for \$62,885,000 (£41 million) in May 2014

©Bridgeman Art Library

his best-known compositions from the beginning of the 20th century, as if ‘appropriating’ his own signature. But Warhol went further, not just reproducing celebrated earlier works but putting them through a series of tonal reversals, as if switching the negative and positive of a photograph or indeed the screenprinting process, to create something far darker, in every sense, and far more abstract. Here these *Fourteen Small Electric Chairs* – through the rich chiaroscuro, the deep tonal texture of green or pink on black – lose their identity, all meaning, becoming instead hieroglyphic devices, a numerical progression of forms, closer to Warhol’s almost entirely abstract *Shadow* series.

A comparison between the *Fourteen Electric Chairs* of 1980 and the earlier prints is revelatory, not least as this work belonged to Bruno Bischofberger, the legendary art dealer and collector, who had published those prints in Zurich in 1971. Thus while the prints make a point of their blatant strength and cruel clarity, especially when exhibited together with the loudness of their clashing colours, the painting gains its force from precisely the elegance and discretion of its composition, the ambiguity of its shapes. A ‘singular’ image is created from these shifting variants, what philosopher Gilles Deleuze termed “difference and repetition” whereby we concentrate on each individual, minute difference due to the seeming

regularity of repetition. By the time of this painting, the electric chair was nearly 100 years old and had been replaced in the majority of states by lethal injection, making this almost a memorial painting to mark its passing.

The source of Warhol’s original electric chair painting of 1964 was a press photograph from 1953 of the device at Sing Sing used for the execution of spies Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. It tied it directly to another 20th century art work, Picasso’s line drawing of the Rosenbergs. Indeed, Warhol’s chair is linked to a whole micro-history of capital punishment in art, whether Goya’s 1780 etching *The Garrotted Man* or his 1825 drawing *Execution – by Guillotine*. Paul Friedland’s recent book, *Seeing Justice Done: The Age of Spectacular Capital Punishment in France*, details the many artistic versions of the guillotine, whether David’s sketch of Marie Antoinette or decorative silver models of the machine. And in a very Warholian high-fashion fusion, its final manifestation must surely be Tom Sachs’ ironic sculpture, *Chanel Guillotine*.

In that same interview of 1977, Glenn O’Brien’s next question for Warhol was “Are you to the left of Dalí?” to which he answered, “On the bias.” For Dalí was a notorious proponent of capital punishment, favouring Franco’s garrote. What Warhol really thought of capital punishment was, of course, never revealed, his art being one of non-committal avoidance, the dodging of any

“In an interview,
Warhol was asked,
‘Are you to the left
of Dalí?’ – to which
he answered,
‘On the bias’”

Andy Warhol
(American, 1928-1987)
Fourteen Small Electric Chairs
synthetic polymer and
silkscreen ink on canvas
202.5 x 82cm (79¾ x 32¼in)
Estimate:
£4,000,000 - 6,000,000
(\$6,100,000 - 9,100,000)





Left: Diego Velázquez,
Portrait of Pope Innocent X,
c.1650

Opposite: Warhol's *Green Car Crash*, 1963, and
Orange Car Crash (Orange Disaster) 1963 (detail), from
the *Death and Disaster* series; *Skulls*, 1976

definitive statement. But Warhol was from a conservative Catholic background, one of strong moral contrasts, a Manichean 'black and white' of good and bad. And as a close friend of Truman Capote, especially at the time of Capote's death-row bestseller *In Cold Blood*, and survivor of an assassination attempt himself, one might well second-guess Warhol's own convictions.

Warhol's *Electric Chair* comes from his interest in crime, as if emerging out of his *13 Most Wanted Men*. These were billboard-scale mug shots of criminals that he hung on the State Pavilion at the New York World's Fair in 1964, the same year as his first electric chair. And these *13 Men* surely presage the later *14 electric chairs*, as if one chair had been provided for each of them to sit upon.

“Warhol's chair suggests the historic Christian iconography of its martyrs, whose instruments of execution are depicted in every church”

The first electric chair painting was created just a year after the last two executions at Sing Sing, and was part of the *Death and Disaster* series which Warhol began in 1962, reproducing the grisliest of newspaper photographs. One could even see some 'current' running between Warhol's series depicting the General Electric logo, its trademark 'GE' (like his favourite expression "Gee") and such corporate power as a method of killing.

Before Warhol, the most famous painting of a single chair without any occupant was by Van Gogh in 1888 – along with his painting of Gauguin's armchair by night – which stands as a clear compositional precedent. To extend this art-historical analogy, one could trace a lineage from Van Gogh's lonely chair through his great admirer Francis Bacon, whose 'screaming Popes' seem to

provide a tortured occupant for Warhol's empty throne.

This sequence of influences – from *Innocent X* by Velázquez, through Van Gogh's chair and Bacon's own tortured Pope to Warhol's empty throne awaiting an occupant – forges an older religious lineage. Here, Warhol's chair suggests the historic Christian iconography of its murdered saints, those martyrs whose instruments of execution, from St Catherine's wheel to St Andrew's cross or St Vincent's rack, are depicted in every church. Just as Warhol's movie stars can be credibly compared to those icons of the Polish Catholic church he worshipped all his life, the golden Marilyn a secular gilded saint, so his electric chair parallels such vivid depictions of martyrdom. After all, Warhol's first chair was that used for the Rosenbergs, seen at the time very much as a contemporary martyrdom.

This fusion reaches its apotheosis in the 2006 sculpture *Pietà* by Paul Fryer, in which a highly realistic Christ has been 'fried' alive in a classic electric chair. In a later version, Fryer made his Christ a black man, an even more explicit link to current American penal practice. As he added, "Hundreds more black people have been executed in the chair than white people. We still execute people 2,000 years after Christ's death."

And capital punishment remains a potent subject for artists, such as Lucinda Devlin's *Omega Suites* of 1991-98, with its striking image of a bright yellow wooden electric chair. But like Warhol, Devlin is keen to stress her own absence of judgment. As she said, "My personal view of the role of capital punishment in our society is not an issue in these photographs. Rather, I have attempted to let the environments themselves communicate directly with viewers." And even when 'The Warhol' museum in Pittsburgh mounted an entire educational exhibition



All images courtesy of Bridgeman Art Library

around the electric chair series, it provided all political points of view rather than any overtly liberal agenda. The last person in America executed by electric chair was Robert Gleason, at Greenville Correctional Center, Virginia, in January 2013. And Gleason, like every contemporary death row prisoner had to specifically choose this himself, refusing every other option, especially the standard lethal injection.

As the culmination of all Warhol's earlier versions, the *Fourteen Electric Chairs* of 1980 is both a summation of this extended iconography and also its ultimate subversion, pushing his notion of endless 'reproduction' into a terminal blur of abstract form, this near black-out, swamping darkness, suggesting the end of all such image making.



“Warhol himself concluded, ‘I always thought I’d like my own tombstone to be blank. No epitaph, and no name’ ”

Thus this painting acts as a vital link between the whole *Death and Disaster* series begun in 1962 and what turned out to be Warhol's final work, his *Last Supper* series. Created in 1986, just six years after the *Fourteen Chairs*, the *Last Supper* is, of course, Warhol's most overtly Christian imagery. Its serried row of guests are laid out with the same repetition and variation as the electric chairs; the twelve apostles and their Lord themselves making up another set of *13 Most Wanted Men*. And once again, with its own bright halo, the General Electric logo hovers above their heads in a surge of secular and spiritual power, this invisible and potentially fatal force.

Warhol's fascination with death and celebrity here reaches its apotheosis, with the world's most famous person and his own impending capital punishment, this

man about to be buried in an unmarked and anonymous tomb. Or as Andy himself concluded, “I never understood why when you died, you didn't just vanish, everything could just keep going on the way it was only you just wouldn't be there. I always thought I'd like my own tombstone to be blank. No epitaph, and no name.”

Adrian Dannatt is a freelance art critic.

Sale: Post-War & Contemporary Art
London
Wednesday 10 February at 4pm
Enquiries: Ralph Taylor +44 (0) 20 7447 7403
ralph.taylor@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/contemporary

Out of the Ashcan

As likely to be holding a drink in his hand as a brush, George Luks was a pugilist-cum-painter – and a key chronicler of everyday life in turn-of-the-century America, says **Neil Lyndon**





A 1911 photograph of George Luks reveals the painter in a stance that discloses both his own character and the full-blooded commitment with which he followed the artist's style of life. Luks is in classic, sideways-on, pugilistic pose in the portrait, taken by the great photographer and his fellow American, Gertrude Käsebier. His left shoulder points past the lens, giving space for the fighter to lead with his left and then swing with his right. His arms are folded but his big, meaty mitts are ready to bunch. His chin is tucked in, protectively, but both eyes are wide open and squarely fixed on the adversary he faces. Luks seems to be addressing the camera with both a challenge and an invitation: "Do you fancy a fight? Or would you prefer a drink?"

In this duality, the subject of Käsebier's portrait might have been Luks' contemporary, the Californian writer and adventurer, drinker and fighter Jack London. The fighting-and-drinking style of life for a 20th-century artist which Luks so unreservedly personified became almost an obligatory attribute for an American artist. But Luks is also rightly recognised as a leading member the Ashcan School of early 20th-century American art, known for its spirited depictions of everyday streetlife. A memorable example of his early work, *Copley Park, Boston*, will be offered at Bonhams in New York in November.

Luks' early life was in Pennsylvania, a state with an ideal of muscular, martial masculinity in its veins. The American Civil War, which ended two years before Luks was born in 1867, had raged through Pennsylvania, culminating in its bloodiest battle at Gettysburg. Luks was born to an apothecary/doctor father and a painter mother in the small, rural town of Williamsport. But he was largely brought up in Pottsville – an even smaller town, built on coal and steel, where tough working men drank hard in saloons and fought furiously in the streets. Prostitutes paraded openly among alcoholics and street kids. All those sights would remain fixed in the boy's imagination as his artistic talents and techniques grew.

His mother's influence led George to an early certainty that he wanted to paint. His first

George Luks
(American, 1867-1933)
Copley Square, Boston,
c. 1904
Signed 'George Luks'
(lower left)
oil on canvas
51 x 61cm (20 x 24in)
Estimate: \$300,000 - 500,000
(£200,000 - 330,000)



© Whitney Museum of American Art

A collector's life

Dr John Driscoll runs Driscoll Babcock Galleries, New York's oldest art gallery. He writes:

"I was thrilled when I bought *Copley Square, Boston* by George Luks. There are very few urban street scenes by the Ashcan School left in private ownership and this is early Luks at his best, with its beautifully painted blue, purple and blackish palette. I can't think of another early Luks street scene that has been on the market in my lifetime. It hung in my living room for many years.



European art is often about a moment in time, but American art has a tendency to be about space. Our immigrant culture and the sense of space available gives us a different perspective, and the Ashcan artists' focus on everyday street life reflects this.

I was a collector from childhood. I studied art history and first had the opportunity to be in the midst of great works as a curator at the great American modernist collection of William H. Lane from 1978-1982. When I acquired the Babcock Gallery in New York in 1987, an important source of Marsden Hartley's work, it led to a devoted search for important pieces by him.

Although Bonhams is selling my personal collection, as a dealer I always bought personally for my own purposes, aesthetic and art historical. I look for two things: quality and art-historical significance. Of course there's always the search for the masterpiece and I've been fortunate to own a few – such as Marsden Hartley's *Calla Lilies in a Vase* (above) and his *Finnish Yankee Wrestler*. I'm delighted that I've had the opportunity to live with such great pieces on a daily basis for 20 or 30 years."

paid work, though, was with his brother Will, playing the vaudeville circuit of Pennsylvania and New Jersey as a duo with blacked-up faces named 'Buzzey and Anstock'. The attractions of that occupation seem to have faded fast and George was still in his teens when he registered at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1884. The lad was even less naturally suited to the formalities of a student's life, however, than he had been to a career treading the boards. He quit after a month and took off for Europe, where he embarked on an autodidactic education in art.

Frans Hals was to be the special focus of Luks' studies in European museums. At the same time, the young man acquired the louche habits and manners of the Bohemian artist. The 16th-century Dutch painter's lively, loose technique in handling of the human face can clearly be seen in early Luks' pictures such as *The Rag Picker* (c. 1905), *Pals* (c. 1907) and *The Guitar* (1908). But he was perhaps equally affected by Toulouse-Lautrec's unification of an alcoholic way of life with an artistic sympathy with the poor.

In a succession of trips across the Atlantic in the early 1890s, Luks deepened his acquaintance with both drink and art, concentrating especially on Velázquez and Goya during a trip to Spain in 1892. Between these forays into Europe, Luks began to support himself with illustrations and pastel paintings for US magazines such as *Truth*, *Puck*, *Music* and *Drama*.

It was to be this journalistic work that led Luks into the society of a group of active, professional painters and illustrators at the *Philadelphia Press* newspaper. They were to become the founding spirits of the Ashcan School – named after the bins where residents dumped rubbish and ashes from their fires – with its focus on the everyday rough and tumble of life on the street. And it was their company, along with journalists and

writers, that led him further into the bars and saloons where he honed his talents as a bruiser. For the next 20 years, he would earn most of his income from magazines and newspapers and spend much of it on hooch, continuing unabated through the Prohibition era. Three wives had to live with his drinking and taste for rough stuff.

One of his newspaper jobs, in particular, gave Luks not only a steady income but brought to the fore the social ethos that informed the art of his maturity. Gradually, the Ashcan School artists drifted towards New York, and *The Yellow Kid* cartoon series in Joseph Pulitzer's popular *New York World* newspaper featured a snaggle-toothed little boy whose head was shaved as if he had recently been rid of lice. He wore an oversized yellow nightshirt and hung around in Hogan's Alley, a fictional New York slum backstreet filled with equally unhygienic kids who all spoke in an invented patois. *The Beano* comic's filthy,

"In the 1890s, Luks deepened his acquaintance with both drink and art"

unsavoury, rascally Bash Street Kids – still alive and very much kicking in the UK today – are direct descendants of *The Yellow Kid*. So were many of Luks' own paintings in the Ashcan School.

Luks made up for his lack of formal training in the constant creation of these illustrations and cartoons, bringing to them the social perspective which he had acquired in his Pennsylvania upbringing and that characterised the Ashcan School. That outlook would fuse with his European studies in a spate of original paintings in the first decade of the 20th century, including two of his most memorable works, *The Wrestlers* and *The Spielers*. In the sweaty, muscly contortions of *The Wrestlers*, Luks expressed his feelings for tough, combative masculinity. In

© Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



the grubby joys of the two poor girls dancing together in *The Spielers*, Luks made clear his regard for the spontaneous, open-hearted humanity of the working-class.

In later life, Luks nailed up a proclamation of his social and artistic principles when he delivered a diatribe against the contemporary art world at New York's Artists' Cooperative Market in 1932. "A child of the slums will make a better painting than a drawing room lady gone over by a beauty shop," he declared. "Down there, people are what they are."

When his audience grew restive under his barbs, he challenged them all to a fight, warning them that they would be taking on 'Chicago Whitey' – the name under which he claimed to have fought as "the best amateur boxer in America".

If that was a drunk's sodden fancy, it would match much of Luks' braggadocio about fighting. It was said that while he undoubtedly loved to start a fight in a bar, he preferred to slip away once fists started flying. Small, tubby and unfit, he convinced only himself of his athletic prowess.

During the night of 28 October 1933, however, Luks found himself in a fight which even Chicago Whitey could not handle. A bar-room brawl led to Luks receiving such a beating that, in the early hours of the morning, he was found dead by a policeman on street patrol in the doorway of a New York speakeasy. He was 66 – way past the point when he could carry off the pose of a pugilist. George Luks had finally met his match.

Neil Lyndon is a writer and journalist who has been a columnist for numerous national papers.

Sale: American Art
New York
Wednesday 18 November at 2pm
Enquiries: Kayla Carlsen +1 917 206 1699
kayla.carlsen@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/americanart



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Opposite top: George Luks' *Armistice Night*, painted in 1918;

Clockwise from top: George Luks' *The Wrestlers*, 1905

The Boxing Match, 1910

George Luks' *Pals*, c.1907

R. F Outcault, *What They Did to the Dogcatcher In Hogan's Alley*, from *New York World*, September 1896

The origins of the Ashcan School

It is fitting that the label 'Ashcan School' for a group of young artists who met as illustrators on Philadelphia's local newspapers was suggested by a cartoon. *Disappointments of the Ash Can* that appeared in the Philadelphia Record in April 1915. Captioned 'Deys Woims in It' (There's worms in it), the scene, with three men foraging for food in trash cans, was typical of that favoured by the artists – the everyday life of ordinary people. Their spiritual guide, Robert Henri, said he wanted art to be "akin to journalism... as real as mud, as the clods of horse-shit and snow, that froze on Broadway in the winter."

The group, initially known as 'The Five', included William Glackens, Everett Shinn and John Sloan, as well as Henri and Luks. By the start of the 20th century, they had all left Philadelphia for New York, where some of their best-known depictions of life in the precincts were created.

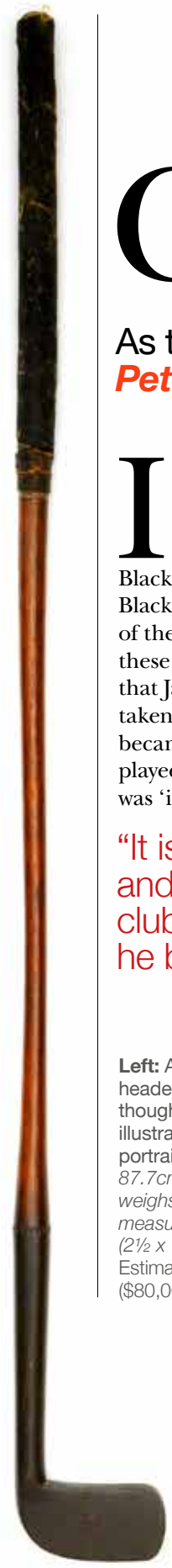
One of Henri's New York students, George Bellows, was



© Detroit Institute of Arts

responsible for *Disappointments of the Ash Can*. The moniker became currency among artists and curators, disparagingly at first.

The group had presented their works in several important early 20th-century New York exhibitions, including the landmark show of 'The Eight' in 1908. Their work also featured in the Armory Show – an immense 1913 display dominated by modern European art. Now it was the turn of new pioneers such as Henri Matisse, Pablo Picasso and Marcel Duchamp to create a stir. While the group continued to paint their vivid scenes of modern American life, the public no longer had quite the appetite for what they found in the Ashcan. **Hilly Janes**



Club class

As the finest golf painting in the world is offered for sale, **Peter Alliss** hails its subject – and his celebrated club

It is not often that a world-famous piece of golfing memorabilia comes on the open market, but such is the case with the portrait of one Henry Callender, an early member of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club in South East London. Royal Blackheath has its own wonderful part in the history of the game. There are so many stories: whether all of these are true, I'm not in a position to say. But it is said that James VI of Scotland and his courtiers would have taken their golf clubs with them to London when he became James I of England in 1603, and would have played at Greenwich Palace. Royal Blackheath says that it was 'instituted' in 1608, though the origin of this date is

"It is said that James VI of Scotland and his courtiers took their golf clubs with them to London when he became James I of England"

Left: An extremely rare iron-headed putter, c.1780, thought to be the one illustrated in Lemuel Abbott's portrait of Henry Callender 87.7cm (34½in) in length; weighs 1¾lb; the face measures 6.4 x 3.7cm (2½ x 1½in). Estimate: £50,000 - 80,000 (\$80,000 - 130,000)

Opposite: Lemuel Abbott (c. 1760-1803) *Portrait of Henry Callender standing in a landscape, in the red coat of Captain General of the Blackheath Golf Club and holding a club* oil on canvas 223 x 137.8cm (87¾ x 54¼in) Estimate: £600,000 - 800,000 (\$900,000 - 1,250,000)

not known for certain. The first evidence of activity is a silver club presented in 1766. In its early years, the course was five holes, extended to seven in 1844. At the end of the 19th century, it was unable to expand on the Heath, which was common ground, and in 1923 the Royal Blackheath Golf Club merged with Eltham Golf Club and moved to their course over the road from Eltham Palace.

The painting of Callender, which is to be offered in the Old Masters Sale at Bonhams in December, is truly splendid. It shows Callender in his full glory, wearing a red coat, satin britches and the epaulettes indicating he was the 'Captain General' of Royal Blackheath Golf Club. I'm sure you're wondering what on earth that title means. It was honorary, and it was – and, indeed, still is – bestowed upon a member of good standing who is part chairman, secretary, president, law maker, and someone whose opinion is asked on any matters that might arise about the workings of Royal Blackheath Golf Club. This title is unique.

Most of the famous paintings that hang in various golf clubs in the world are either of early members of the Royal Family, who enjoyed the game, or different figures of either gender who became pillars of the game – players, adjudicators, administrators, you name them. Although Henry Callender was not renowned for winning championships or, indeed, participating in any of the early laws of the game, he was thrice Captain at Royal Blackheath Golf Club and secretary for ten years. But it all happened long ago, many records have been lost, so it is hard to know where fact, fiction and romantic storytelling begins and ends.

One thing is for sure, it's a bold painting, depicting a gentleman of the day at leisure, posing as if he is about to join the club's celebrated dinner. For those of us who enjoy – dare I say love – the game, it will be fascinating to see where this famous painting of a gentleman golfer from the earliest days of the game ends up. I wish it could hang in my front room.

Peter Alliss is a former English professional golfer, and a BBC television presenter and commentator, regarded by many as the 'voice of British golf'.





Who was Henry Callender? **Andrew McKenzie** investigates

Although there is nothing in the records of Royal Blackheath Golf Club regarding Henry Callender's identity, from his will of 1807 we are able to form a picture of the man. First, we can establish that he was a merchant with lodgings in Cornhill and was the uncle of the lawyer, William Grant of Rockville, who was one of his two executors. Henry – or Harry as he was referred to in his nephew's letters – appears to have had no wife or children: there was no 'golf widow' before or after his death. This may well explain his clubbable personality and the relative importance in his affections for his

“Callender's affections were reserved for his beloved Blackheath Golf Club, to which he gifted £50 in his will”

beloved Royal Blackheath, to which he gifted the first legacy he lists in his will: “fifty pounds to the Goff Club” – the equivalent of £35,000 today.

The *London Directory* of 1794 lists Henry living at 28 Cornhill, located between the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange. A memorial to him is in Wren's church of

St. Peter's Cornhill. It states that he died on 3rd December 1807 in his 61st year.

Harry's nephew, William Grant, who inherited estates in Rockville in North Berwick and Congleton in East Lothian and died in 1821, was his chief beneficiary, as well as being his major creditor. William was evidently close to his kinsman, with whom he enjoyed socialising when he was in London. His letters convey to us, for example, how in March 1799, after a frustrating interview with the Prime Minister – William Pitt the Younger refused to listen to his proposal for the transfer of some unspecified office – Grant sought the company of his uncle, with whom he dined at Billingsgate ‘& the Fish is smoking on the table.’

An earlier letter, written in January 1792, gives us a glimpse of Harry's warm loyalty towards his friends (in contrast to the priorities of the English clergy in the 18th century). He writes, “I was this morning at the burial of a friend of my uncles who died at Hackney & was amus'd with the account of a scene that happened respecting the funeral the day before. The undertaker came to Harry who had given him orders & told him the burial must be delay'd till 4 o'clock as the parson said he would see him damn'd before he read any funeral service at one being particularly engag'd that hour to a turkey & chine [sic]. Callender upon this flew in such a rage at the undertaker



Opposite, left to right:
To the Society of Goffers
At Blackheath by Lemuel
 Abbott (1760-1802);
The MacDonald Boys
playing Golf, 18th century

Above, from top: A 16th-
 century image of playing
 golf from a book of hours;
 the Putting Green at Eltham
 Lodge, the modern site of
 Royal Blackheath Golf Club

as made him think it prudent to decamp with the utmost precipitation & in a few hours after he receiv'd a note from him that he had with much difficulty prevail'd with the parson who accordingly went thro' the service with tolerable decorum tho' under evident apprehensions of the turkey's being over roasted."

While little more is known about Callender, this celebrated golfing portrait clearly enjoyed great success in its day. A mezzotint print of the portrait was issued in 1812 and made the image famous. It was again widely circulated when the mezzotint was reproduced in colour 100 years later. It is unclear when the Club acquired the portrait, but a note in the Club's minutes of 1812 refers to the suggestion that Blackheath "procure" the portrait in order to have the mezzotint made. Today, golfing enthusiasts around the world regard the painting as one of the earliest golfing portraits in existence.

Andrew McKenzie is Head of Old Master Paintings at Bonhams.

Sale: Old Masters
New Bond Street
Wednesday 9 December at 2pm
Enquiries: Caroline Oliphant +44 (0) 20 7468 8271
caroline.oliphant@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/oldmasters



Painting by numbers

1. Callender is depicted in the Captain General's uniform of the Blackheath Society of Golfers. This style of uniform is still worn by Captains of the Society on formal occasions.
2. Callender holds in his right hand a mid-18th century large stout spoon with an exaggerated rounded back. The artist has shown the rear of the club with its lead back weight.
3. To Callender's left is his metal-headed blade putter with wraparound leather grip. It is believed that the club that will be offered in the Old Masters Sale

at Bonhams in December is the one shown here.

4. The medal that Henry Callender is wearing round his neck is what became the Field Marshal's medal in 1802 on the inauguration of the first holder of that office. The term related to the Marshal's role in cutting the field, since the holes in the course at Blackheath were not permanent and varied from game to game.
5. The second epaulette in the portrait must have been added later.



Germaine Richier
(French, 1904-1959)
Le cheval à six têtes
1954-1956
bronze with gold patina
101 x 111 x 55cm
(39¾ x 43¾ x 21¾in)
Estimate: £200,000 - 300,000
(\$300,000 - 450,000)

Opposite: Alberto
Giacometti, *L'Homme Qui
Marche*, which sold in 2010
for £65m (\$104). Giacometti
holds the world record for
a sculpture. This year, his
L'Homme au Doigt made
£91.6m (\$141.3m)

Breaking the glass ceiling

Female artists are attracting attention for commanding high prices – but why is their work still valued at less than their male counterparts? **Rachel Spence** investigates

Last winter, headlines were made as a painting by Georgia O’Keeffe smashed the record for prices at auction for women artists. Entitled *Jimson Weed/White Flower No. 1*, the 1932 painting of a white flower, which once hung in the dining-room of George Bush Jr, sold for \$44.4 million (£28 million). This quadrupled the previous record for a work by a woman artist, *Untitled* by Joan Mitchell, which was sold in May 2014 for \$11.9 million (£7.8 million).

O’Keeffe’s value at auction is impressive – until you hear the figure generated by her male counterparts. This year, *Femmes d’Alger, Version ‘O’*, a 1954 painting by Picasso, sold for over \$179 million (£116 million) in New York, trouncing its nearest competitor, *Three Studies of Lucian Freud*, a 1969 triptych by Francis Bacon which sold for \$142.4 million (£92.8 million) in 2013.

It is a truth now universally acknowledged that women artists, both dead and living, are woefully undervalued. Iwan Wirth, owner of the leading international gallery Hauser & Wirth, which represents artists including Louise Bourgeois, Berlinde de Bruyckere and Bharti Kher, has described women artists as “the bargains of our time”. In 2012, only three per cent of the lots that sold for over \$1 million at auction were by female artists. Moreover, among the top 500 artists sold by value last year, only 19 were women.

According to Wirth, the gap is particularly clear in the Abstract Expressionist movement. “Just compare the prices of Helen Frankenthaler and Joan Mitchell to those of [Mark] Rothko and [Willem] De Kooning.” (Helen Frankenthaler peaks at \$2.8 million and Joan Mitchell has sold for \$11.9 million, while the men have fetched \$86.9 million and \$27.1 million respectively.)

Now, however, connoisseurs are recognising this untapped reservoir of talent. Museums, for example, are ramping up their number of

one-woman shows. Two wonderful artists, the Romanian textile specialist Geta Bratescu and the Indian abstractionist Nasreen Mohamedi, previously unknown on the western scene, have both had solo shows at Tate Liverpool recently. At one point this year, all of Tate’s London spaces were devoted to the female triumvirate of Sonia Delaunay, Agnes Martin and Barbara Hepworth. In 2013, London’s Hayward Gallery simultaneously devoted both its spaces to the Indian photographer Dayanita Singh and the Cuban-born conceptualist Ana Mendieta.

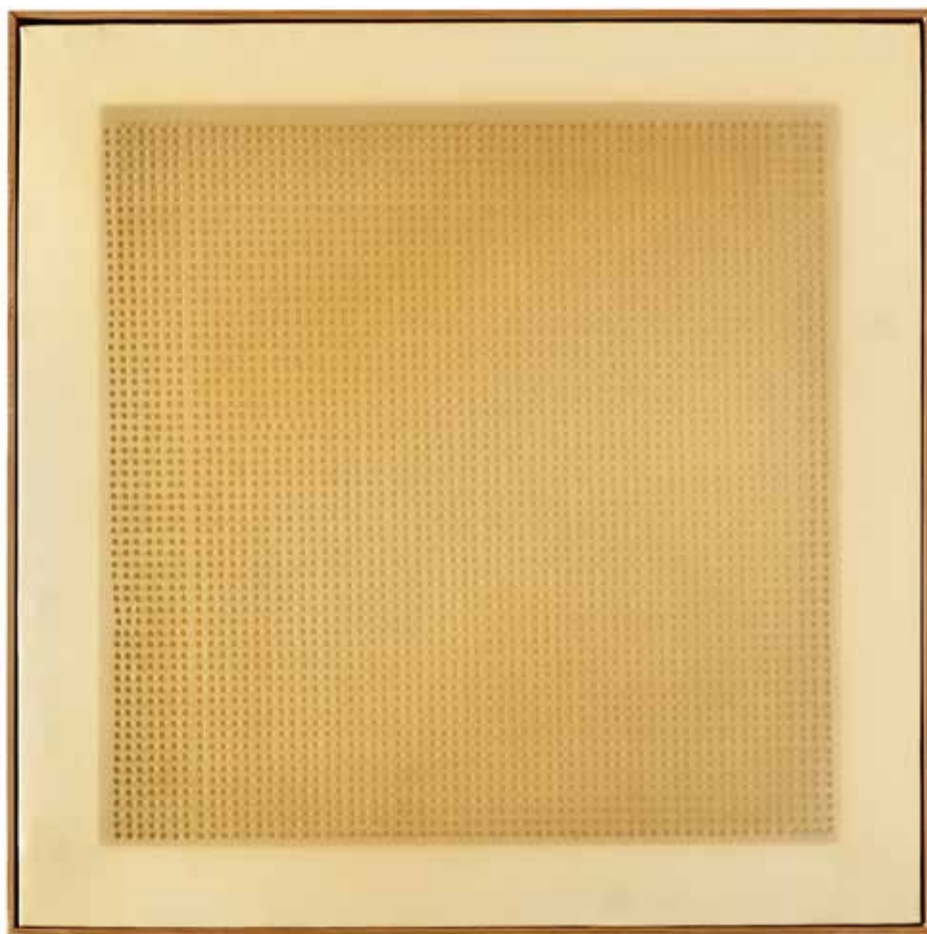
Next February, Bonhams will curate a Post-War and Contemporary Art sale that will

“No-one could accuse Richier of simply following in Giacometti’s footsteps. She was a true original”

highlight pieces by women. Works already consigned include works by Richier, the Sicilian abstractionist Carla Accardi and Dadamaino, an Italian conceptualist. As an example of a discrepancy that owes more to prejudice than quality, Ralph Taylor, head of Bonham’s Post-War and Contemporary Department, cites the case of Richier. A French female sculptor of the same generation as Giacometti, her attenuated figures tread the same existential path as those of the modernist master, yet her highest-price work fetched £1.2 million, while his peaked at £91.6 million. “It’s extraordinary,” says Taylor. “There is a relationship between their work but no-one could accuse her of simply following in his footsteps. She was a true original.”

So why has it taken until now for art’s market-makers to recognise this untapped pool of talent? Taylor points out that while the gender pay gap affects women in most





Above: Eduarda Emilia Maino, known as Dadamaino (Italian, 1930 - 2004)
Volume a Moduli Sfasati, 1960
 die-cut plastic
 60 x 60cm (24 x 24in)
 Estimate: £35,000 - 45,000
 (\$55,000 - 70,000)

professions, women artists earn even less than the average. “In the US, women still only earn two-thirds of male salaries, but artists only earn one third.” He points to “subconscious tribal prejudices” in the “post-war, macho” art world which were still active as late as the 1960s. Judy Chicago, the artist responsible for *The Dinner Party* – the feminist painting which imagined dinner plates as the vaginas of prominent women – has recalled the devastating effect on her when Walter Hopps, then director of the Pasadena Museum of Art, inexplicably refused to look at one of her sculptures. Years later, he explained to her that, at that time, “women in the art world were either “artists’ wives or groupies” and he didn’t know how to deal with the fact that, as he said to me, my work was stronger than a lot of the men’s.”

Chicago’s anecdote is revealing of the struggles that women artists have faced, throughout history, to be taken seriously. Valeria Napoleone, an Italian-born, London-based art patron, only collects works by female artists. Her 300-strong assembly includes pieces by Turner Prize-winning painter Tomma Abts, Polish conceptualist Goshka Macuga, the Egyptian textile artist Ghada Amer and Dutch wall painter Lily van der Stokker. “Women have been historically ignored,” says Napoleone, her voice simmering with passion. “There are no women in art history books

– and the market follows that critical space.”

Undoubtedly, the absence of women in the curatorial and critical arenas has fed into their invisibility as artists. Until recently, women were almost entirely absent from major museum directorships. According to a 2014 report by the US-based Association of Art Museum Directors, women run less than a quarter of the most powerful art museums (those with budgets of over \$15 million) in the US and Canada. Furthermore, even when they are at the helm they earn nearly a third (29 per cent) less than their peers. Major global institutions – New York’s Metropolitan Museum, the Louvre in Paris, London’s Tate and National Gallery and Madrid’s Prado museum – currently boast no female leadership.

Given that men still hold institutional power, it is little wonder that it is rare to hear a woman artist hailed as a true great. Yet who is to say that Hepworth’s visceral, organic expressions are less innovative or influential than Henry Moore’s curvaceous, pared-down forms?

“Who says what is avant-garde? What is cutting edge? What is revolutionary?” demands Valeria Napoleone. Napoleone and Taylor both point out that women artists have been all too often, as Napoleone puts it, “in the shade of their male companions”. The most expensive painting by Abstract Expressionist Lee Krasner sold for £2,061,563 (\$3,177,000), while a painting by her partner Jackson Pollock was traded for £37,871,877 (\$58,363,752). Marisa and Mario Merz, a husband-and-wife duo who were both luminaries of Italy’s Arte Povera movement, have top prices of £206,500 and £1,058,500 respectively.

Clearly, correction is needed. Nevertheless, it must be noted that women often harbour different attitudes to success from their male

“More females graduate from art school but more men are represented in galleries”

peers. Beatrice Merz, the daughter of Marisa and Mario, and herself one of Italy’s most respected curators, remembers her parents quarrelling over Marisa’s reluctance to promote herself. “She believed passionately in Mario’s talent and chose to stay a step behind him in terms of public recognition,” Beatrice recalls. “He used to tell her to push herself forward more but she didn’t want to.” A similar story applies to French avant-garde colourists Robert and Sonia Delaunay. Only when Robert died in 1941 did Delaunay make a reputation for herself as a serious painter – rather than textile and clothing designer.

It is possible that, in shying away from the spotlight, women artists deepen their practice. No-one who saw the recent solo shows devoted



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to Agnes Martin at Tate Modern or the Indian abstractionist Nasreen Mohamedi at Tate Liverpool could doubt their brilliance and originality. Yet both women chose to seclude themselves from the art world and renounce family life. (Martin built herself a house on a remote mesa in the New Mexican desert, while Mohamedi devoted herself to her work as an artist and teacher at Baroda University in India).

“Women feel less weighed down by peer pressure. As a result, they approach their work with more intention, focus and purity,” says Merz, who has specialised in research on female artists who have refused to follow mainstream trends. (Her 2013 exhibition of Ana Mendieta at Turin’s Castello di Rivoli, which preceded the Hayward show, finally brought the artist the recognition she deserved, after decades of being eclipsed by her husband, the minimalist Carl Andre.)

There’s little doubt that the situation is changing. Already younger galleries, many more of which are run by women than in the past, are more female-friendly than their predecessors. Now regarded as one of London’s most worthwhile spaces, Islington gallery Hollybush Gardens is run by female directors Lisa Panting and Malin Ståhl. Out of the 13 artists they represent, eight are women – including Andrea Büttner, who won the (women-only) Max Mara contemporary art prize and subsequently had a solo show at Tate Britain.

In South London’s Peckham, fledgling commercial space Bosse and Baum also actively prioritises women artists. Its director, Alexandra Warder, says, “It is widely known that more females graduate from art school but more men are represented in galleries.” A report last year by the collective Gallery Tally found that in New York and Los Angeles, for example, just 30 per



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cent of represented artists are women. “This is little different, say, to the legal world, where equal number of men and women qualify as lawyers, but there are pitiful numbers of female partners leading these companies,” continues Warder. “We’re redressing that balance, and have fun as we do so.”

Napoleone, meanwhile, has set up a new project, *Valeria Napoleone XX*, specifically to fund work by women in public institutions in the UK and New York. “This project is not about filling a gap because it such a huge black hole!” says Napoleone. “It’s about encouraging a conversation. Money doesn’t change the world. Ideas do.” If these are dreamt up by women, there is, finally, a space for them to be seen and heard.

Rachel Spence writes for The Financial Times.

Sale: Post-War and Contemporary Art
London
Wednesday 10 February at 4pm
Enquiries: Ralph Taylor +44 (0) 20 7447 7403
ralph.taylor@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/contemporary

Top: Joan Mitchell’s
Untitled (triptych) (in 3 parts),
c. 1971-1973, which sold
at Bonhams for £116,500
in October 2014

Above: Lee Krasner’s
Celebration, 1960

Hall of plenty

A home that has belonged to the same family for 300 years reveals an extraordinary array of treasures that have never left the house. **Philippa Stockley** discovers an exceptional collection

Right: An intricate, wrought-iron gate opens from the rose garden onto the impeccably manicured lawn at the rear of the building

Below: Huntsmen gather in front of Hooton Pagnell Hall, 1930-1931

Outside the portico of castellated Hooton Pagnell Hall in South Yorkshire, a hunt meets. The master of foxhounds is top-hatted, the other riders sport a variety of headgear. Thronged local men in flat caps watch. This image is a photograph, taken in winter 1930-1931 – the trees are bare. It may have been the last meet witnessed by the beautiful and indomitable Julia Warde-Aldam (1857-1931), whose portrait hangs in the dining room, with another in the hall. Great-great-grandmother of the Hall's current owner, Mark Warde-Norbury, she inherited this magnificent house set on 2,000 acres of arable land.

The estate includes many houses in the pretty village of the same name (Pagnell derives from Ralph Paganal, first owner; 'Hotone', which means 'town on the hill' was mentioned in the Domesday Book), as well as a medieval tithe barn, outhouses and tied cottages. Julia

Warde-Aldam added the gothic crenellations, just as generations of her forebears had altered, enlarged and improved before her – and just as her great-great-grandson does today.

But that redoubtable woman, a keen traveller and talented watercolourist, did a great deal besides. In the First World War, she voluntarily ran the house as a hospital, nursing the men herself in the makeshift drawing room-cum-ward, keeping a bedroom for a professional nurse at the top of the house – which is still there with its faded wallpaper and warming pans standing to attention in the corner.

In the attic, a box full of scores of poignant, handwritten letters from grateful soldiers is part of the family's archive, still to be sorted out, along with a beady-eyed, stuffed African crocodile perched jauntily on a chest on the landing – a grateful gift to Julia from departing men.

There is also a letter from her to the scientist Edward Wilson, who accompanied Captain Robert Scott on his fateful trip to the Antarctic. He was the brother of the family's estate manager and visited the house, but he never received her good wishes. By the time her letter reached New Zealand, he lay frozen to death

**“Why are we selling things?
We have five grand pianos
and six grandfather clocks”**

on the ice of the South Pole.

That undelivered letter is one of 600 items to be offered in December at a truly memorable auction at Bonhams in Knightsbridge – the first time that some of Hooton Pagnell's remarkable treasures have been offered for sale. The house has been in the same family for 300 years – and during those centuries of keen curiosity and collecting, it slowly filled with a remarkable trawl of things whose sheer volume and breadth reflect the changing tastes and times of its many occupants. The result is an informal, rich history of their lives, from their interest in fine jewels and paintings, to Georgian silver, and the smaller, charming ephemera of country life.







Top: Mark and Lucianne Warde-Norbury

Above: An Italian 17th-century ebony, Pietra Dura and specimen marble cabinet
115 x 40 x 142cm
(45 x 15½ x 55½in)
Estimate: £20,000 - 30,000
(\$30,000 - 45,000)

**“I’ve made all this mess,
but now I can tell the
wood from the trees”**

Among the letters for sale there is also one from Florence Nightingale. “Florence had a strong hand,” says Warde-Norbury. “You can tell she was the sort of person who could easily run a hospital. Handwriting tells you so much more about character than computers.” The letter discusses the efficacy of chloroform as an anaesthetic on a particular patient.

Then there is a bill from 1809 signed by the Duke of Wellington, authorising the payment of thousands of pounds to an army corps, possibly connected to the siege of Badajoz in 1812, during the Napoleonic Wars. “It was a hell of a lot of money at the time; that would have paid a lot of soldiers,” says Warde-Norbury, who found the invoice in a crammed drawer on the upstairs landing. “I had no idea it was there,” he admits.

“A friend asked why we are selling things, and I said, ‘we have five grand pianos and six grandfather clocks: what would you do?’ We have to clear some things out in order to move forward; but when most of my friends visit, they don’t notice any difference. We’ve kept all the things that are part of the house’s character and archive.

“I angsted long and hard about what could go. Some things were obvious, such as the weapons.” In the sale will be a fine pair of c.1800 flintlock pistols made by the King’s gunmaker, H.W. Mortimer, as well as a savage-toothed man-trap, whose twin still grimaces in the terrifying



oubliette – a cell high in the thick walls of Hooton Pagnell's 14th century tower-house.

"The tower was like a museum, full of boxes and display cabinets, crammed with Stuart jewellery, Grand Tour mementoes; all sorts of things getting dusty and cobwebby," Warde-Norbury explains. "We have kept all the big portraits, and lots of watercolours, but some of the latter are in the sale." One is a very fine example by Paul Sandby of Windsor Castle. He asked his wife, Lucianne, and their children, Isobel, 15, and William, 12, about everything, and they vetoed a couple of things from being included.

Among the pictures for sale (which include two by Warde-Norbury's late friend, the artist Sebastian Horsley) is an exceptional collection of about 40 miniatures, which the family scarcely looked at. The jewel in this set is a romantic watercolour on vellum of Patience Warde. Born in 1680, he was the first Warde to buy the house, funded by an uncle who had made his fortune in silk – and so the estate began its elegant journey towards its current owners. A painting of Patience that is not in the sale shows him, heavily rouged, in a full-bottomed wig, a handsome dandy.

There are also books such as an important first-edition 15th-century *Liber Chronicarum*, containing 1,800 woodcuts, including maps, by Michael Wolgemut and Wilhelm Pleydenwurff.

But it is the family stories that make things special. A remarkable piece brought back from the Grand Tour and believed, because of its high

quality, to have been made in the Florentine ducal workshops, is a Pietra Dura specimen marble chest, its drawers inlaid with vases of lilies and birds. "Absolutely lovely, but it just stood in a dark corner," explains Warde-Norbury. "In one of its drawers I found a letter from my father, written when he was eight, to my grandfather. So I have kept that, alongside a letter written by my own son when he was eight, to my father."

One delightful curiosity that is staying is a small muff, covered with albatross feathers. This has a parcel ticket inside, printed with Julia Warde-Aldam's name. Pencilled in her decisive hand are the words: "Made from the skin of an albatross shot by my Grand Uncle... 1860-1865".

Warde-Norbury is currently restoring the great medieval tithe barn so that up to six weddings can be held there each year; building five new cottages, and rearing a flock of small Scottish sheep. Surveying with a grin the heaps of furniture and spilling boxes that he has unearthed, he says cheerfully, "I've made all this mess, but now I can tell the wood from the trees."

Philippa Stockley is a Royal Literary Fund fellow at the Courtauld Institute and writes about art history for national newspapers.

Sale: Hooton Pagnell Hall, 300 Years of Collecting
London, Knightsbridge
Tuesday 1 December at 10am
Enquiries: Charlie Thomas +44 (0) 20 7468 8358
charlie.thomas@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/hootonpagnell

Above, centre:
Paul Sandby R.A.
(British, 1730-1809)
*Windsor Castle from
the Thames*, 1802
watercolour and gouache
on laid paper
52 x 76cm (20½ x 30in)
Estimate: £40,000 - 60,000
(\$60,000 - 90,000)

Above: The
imposing staircase

Right: An 18th-
century carved oak
and gesso lion
27 x 55 x 80cm
(10½ x 21½ x 31in)
Estimate: £800 - 1,200
(\$1,200 - 1,800)



Fast draw

As settlers carved out new lives, artists were inspired to depict the majestic landscapes and people of the American West.

Larry McMurtry salutes these pioneering painters



Charles Marion Russell
(American, 1864-1926)
Women of the Plains
Signed and dated 'C.M.
Russell 1905' and inscribed
with skull insignia (lower left)
watercolour, pencil and
gouache on paper
30.5 x 40.5cm (12 x 16in)
Estimate: \$250,000 - 350,000
(£160,000 - 230,000)



The opening of steamboat travel on the upper Missouri River in the 1830s offered artists of all stamps a fabulous opportunity. Before them lay the mythic West: its plains and mountains, its riches, its dangers, its native peoples, its flora and fauna.

Painters rushed there on the first boat and lots of other boats. American chroniclers of the West, such as George Catlin and Alfred Jacob Miller, and the Swiss painter Karl Bodmer, were virtually tripping over one another. Bodmer had a prince for a patron, the others had to scramble. Together, they left a wonderful body of portraiture, capturing native American chiefs, many of whom died of smallpox before the painters had finished.



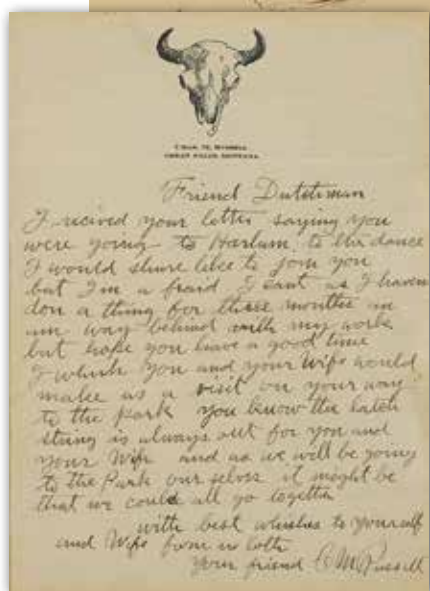
True grit

The image of the cowboy has always been fed by myth. **Rich Hall** attempts to divide the truth from the tales

I once watched a film called *Meek's Cutoff*, directed by Kelly Reichardt. Six Oregon-bound pioneers find themselves stranded and nearly waterless in the desert. The film's composition is stark, the characters framed microscopically against an endless alkaline landscape. There are no *High Noon* showdowns. No adenoidally constricted sidekicks. No heart-of-gold whores. There is not even dialogue for the first ten minutes of the film. All we hear is the tremolo whine of turning wagon wheels and the panicked silence of a clutch of stragglers realising they've made a catastrophic wrong turn and are slowly running out of options. It's the kind of western that must have made a certain kind of outré film critic salivate. "A deconstructive masterpiece." "A bold new take on the Old West."

It's not. It's just another western. All westerns are myths. They never happened. And you cannot deconstruct something that never happened. The cowboy – our notion of the cowboy, that is – was invented to heal the schism of the American Civil War. After the Confederate surrender at Appomattox in 1865, the South was humiliated, the North desperate to pretend the whole thing had never happened. So, like a pair of squabbling parents, they forced themselves into a bitter reconciliation for the sake of the kid. That kid was the American West. And oh what a strapping boy he was; handsome and rugged and wild with potential. The cowboy would facilitate what you might call a collective amnesia for America: a neutral figure, neither Northern or Southern, who could draw attention away from the nation's recent breakdown. Nowadays we have a term for it. Rebranding.

And so, into our collective consciousness rode the American cowboy: chivalrous, an isolate whose mythic identity and backdrop were



Top: Charles Marion Russell
(American, 1864-1926)
A Shadow Rider
Signed and dated
28 x 18cm (11 x 7in)
Estimate: \$60,000 - 80,000
(£39,000 - 52,000)

Top right: cowboys and Indians

Above: Charles Marion Russell
(American, 1864-1926)
Dear Friend Dutchman,
Autographed Letter
21 x 15cm (8¼ x 6in)
Estimate: \$10,000 - 20,000
(\$6,500 - 13,000)

From the first, the work of this first generation of painters was expensive, but very soon commerce came to the aid of art, chiefly in the form of illustrated papers. Caitlin and Bodmer produced expensive albums, but Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell, their successors, made do with magazines.

Both Remington and Russell were very popular – as, in some measure, they still are. They caught the vivid life of cowboys, trappers, miners, native Americans, and, of course, the landscape. I have recently used a Remington painting as the cover for my novel, *The Last Kind Words Saloon*. Remington's title was *The Passing of the Cowboy*. It was painted in 1895, which suggests that Remington's cowboys were smarter in 1895 than the cowboys I worked with in 1950, who didn't seem to realise, or didn't want to admit, that cowboys had more or less passed two generations before them, done in by the severity of the high plains' winters: their capital was largely English and the English took it back.

The art of Remington and Russell speaks for itself. Russell had the habit of illuminating his letters to friends. When I was a young bookseller 50 years ago, these letters were trifles. They are very far from that now.

Larry McMurtry is a Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist whose Oscar-winning screenplays include *Brokeback Mountain*.

carefully shaped by authors, artists, and political figures. If you're British, you might notice the qualities ascribed to him seem vaguely familiar. That's because the cowboy is the American incarnation of the English knight. We've just replaced the armour with a ten-gallon hat.

The novelist Owen Wister did much to promulgate this image. Wister was a pampered Pennsylvania writer who, after succumbing to the triple whammy of vertigo, hallucinations and splitting headaches, took the advice of his doctor and alighted on a dude ranch in Wyoming. (Presumably, paracetamol had not yet been invented.) Wister tried his hand at cowboying, much to the amusement of his compatriots. They ridiculed him, branded him a simpering clod, and returned him to Philadelphia. There he began accumulating stories and observations from Wyoming and, in 1901, published *The Virginian*.

The book, with its raw, half-civilised setting and profane, whisky-soaked, gun-toting ranch

“The cowboy is the American incarnation of the English knight. We’ve just replaced the armour with a ten-gallon hat”

hands, was an immediate success for the city-slickers back east. Its central character, never named other than ‘The Virginian’, demonstrates his superior skill in feats of horsemanship, practical jokes, gunplay, and, most famously, in facing down an enemy (“When you call me that, smile!”). The novel sold nearly 200,000 copies in its first year.

The Virginian served as the template for the cowboy myth. No one was more enamoured of the book's ideology than President Theodore Roosevelt. When he wasn't portraying himself as a great white hunter, rough-riding cavalryman, martial-arts expert and oppressor of many small nations (an act since ripped off to good effect by Vladimir Putin), Roosevelt liked to portray himself as a cowboy. After reading *The Virginian*, he delivered a national speech called *Manhood and Statehood*. “More and more as the years go by, this Republic will find its guidance in the

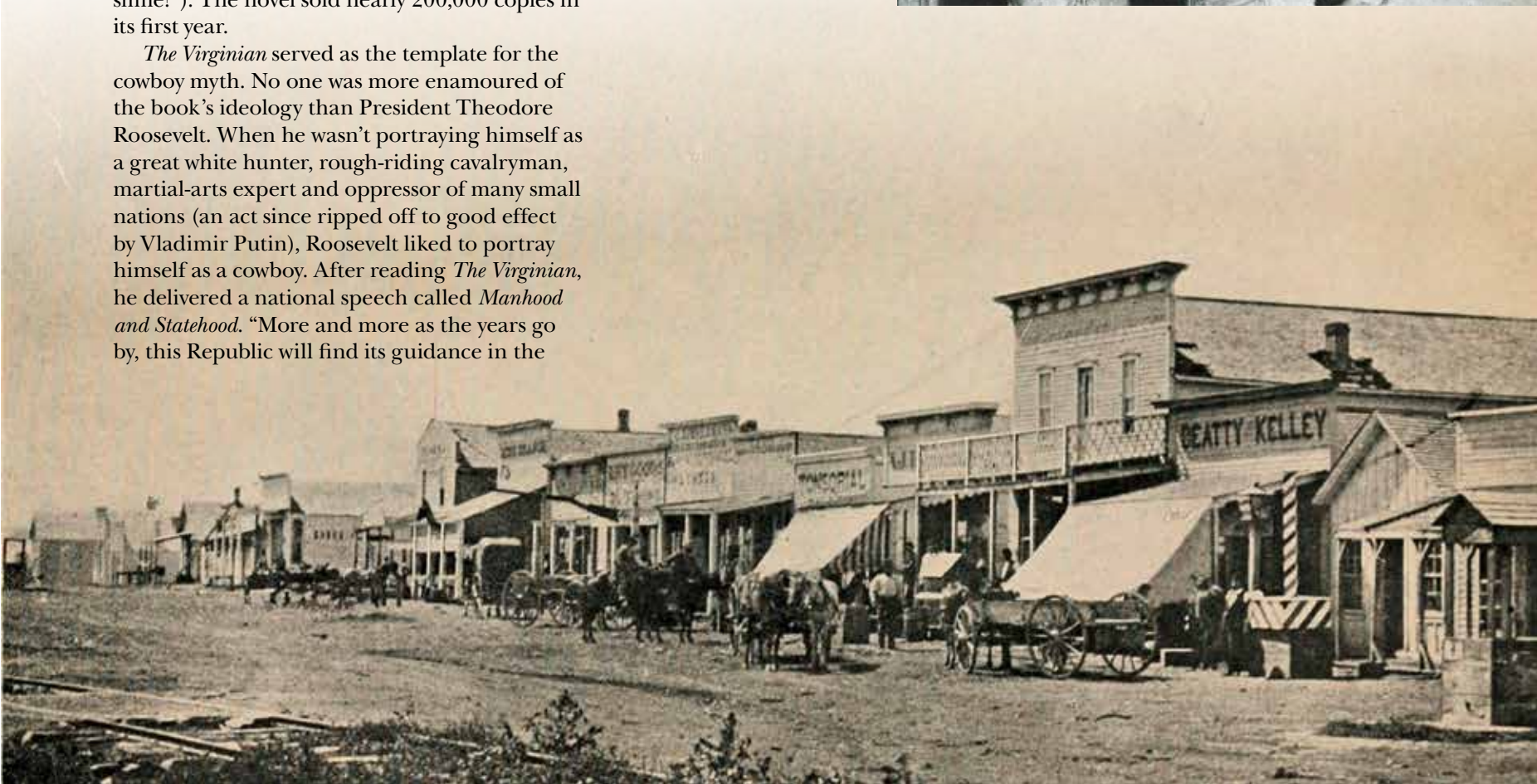


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Left: Charlie Russell painting

Below: Drinking in last-chance saloon

Bottom: Dodge City in 1878





thought and action of the West”, he thundered. The Westerner possessed the “iron qualities that must go with true manhood”. That pretty much sealed the deal. The cowboy became for Roosevelt, and by extension the nation, the desired image for America.

Where Wister articulated this image, Frederic Remington visualized it. Remington was an illustrator from Canton, in New York state, who, like Wister, fell for the allure of the West and bungled it spectacularly. In 1883, he went to rural Peabody, Kansas, and invested his inheritance in a ranch. He soon found it to be a rough, boring, lonely occupation which deprived him of the finer things of Eastern life. He went back home, borrowed more money and returned to Kansas to become half owner of a ramshackle saloon. His wife Eva, unwillingly dragged into this squalid deal, remained singularly unimpressed with the sketches of saloon inhabitants Remington regularly showed her. She left him and returned to New York State.

With his wife out of the picture, Remington began to sketch and paint in earnest, bartering his work for essentials. He was soon successful enough to envision art as an actual career. Eventually he moved back to New Rochelle, New York, purchased an estate with servants, a lush European-style garden and studio, and became America’s pre-eminent Wild West artist, earning the lifelong admiration and friendship of – you guessed it – Theodore Roosevelt.

None of these three men, in the remotest sense, was a true cowboy. Still, they were seduced by the lifestyle. Remington so much so that in his *Self-Portrait on a Horse* (1890), he imagines himself as a tough, lean wrangler astride his trusty steed. In truth, he was 300 pounds of East Coast lard.

Thus, by the beginning of the 20th century, the cowboy was America’s pre-eminent icon.

Never mind that he had always been a paradox of capitalism: aloof, solitary, answering only to himself, but whose real job was, essentially, to help domesticate the landscape. Those cows were never his. He was just there to protect them, the mall security guard of his day. And sadly, by the time he’d been designated a hero, he was extinct. The interlinking of the transcontinental railroads and Gustavus Swift’s invention of the refrigerated railway car put paid to his usefulness. The entire era of the cowboy lasted roughly 20 years – from the end of the Civil War to the harsh storms in 1886, which caused the English to withdraw capital. If you spliced all the Western films and TV shows ever made and ran them in continuity, they would last longer.

I, like most modern residents of the West, am a transplant, drawn there by its bogus romantic past. To quote the drily evocative songwriter

“The cowboy was just there to protect the cows – the mall security guard of his day”

James McMurtry, “I’m not from here, I just live here”. I arrived in 1988 in a town called Livingston, Montana. I didn’t know a soul. I’d read a lot of Thomas McGuane. I wanted to see what the fuss was about. I pulled up at a real estate office and saw a picture of a very run-down “original homestead” for sale. I drove out through a spectacular valley that tapered toward the Yellowstone River, turned up a dirt



© Aron Carter Museum of American Art, Fort Worth, Texas



road, through sagebrush and broken fence, and there it was: an aged log battlement of Swedish joinery and chinking, surrounded by the relics of the West, some dead, some still alive. Rusted spools of barbwire, an abandoned Dodge pickup, a massive sheltering cottonwood growing alongside a small running creek that, when the place was built, must have sounded to its settlers like gurgling money.

The place is mine now. But I still call it 'The Homestead'. And that is the true allure of the American West: its air of redemption. You're always aware you are living in a shadow that someone long before you cast.

Rich Hall is a comedian, writer and musician.

Sale: American Art
New York
Wednesday 18 November at 2pm
Enquiries: Kayla Carlsen +1 917 206 1699
kayla.carlsen@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/americanart

Above: Charles Marion Russell
(American, 1864-1926)
Scouting Party
Signed and dated 'C.M. Russell
© 1919' and inscribed with skull
insignia (lower left)
watercolour, gouache and
pencil on paper
37 x 49.5cm (14½ x 19½in)
Estimate: \$300,000 - 500,000
(£190,000 - 320,000)

Top left: Charles Marion Russell
(American, 1864-1926)
Buffalo on the Move
Signed and dated 'C.M. Russell
1904' and inscribed with skull
insignia (lower left)
watercolour, gouache and
pencil on paper
25 x 38cm (10 x 15in)
Estimate: \$200,000 - 300,000
(£130,000 - 200,000)

Left: Frederic Remington
(American, 1861-1909)
The Fall of the Cowboy, 1895



Gone West busting the myths

High Noon starring Gary Cooper has been screened at the White House more than any other film.

The bowler hat and not the Stetson was historically the most popular headgear in the West.

The real cowboy era – before barbed wire brought an end to the open range – lasted only 20 years.

The 1880s were peak times for cowboys, when there are estimated to have been 40,000 of them working.

Cowboy was seldom used as a historical term – more common were cow poke, cow puncher, vaquero and wrangler.

The reason cowboys wore high-heeled boots was to stop their feet slipping out of the stirrups.

The first cowboys were Hispanic ranchers in Texas and California – the states were annexed to the United States after the Mexican-American War of 1846. This accounts for the many Spanish words in the cowboy lexicon.

One third of all films made in America in the 1950s can be classified as westerns.

The pulp western novels of Zane Grey have been read by more than 25 million people.

The original Texas Longhorns were the feral descendants of cattle landed by Hernán Cortés at Vera Cruz, just two years after his conquest of the Aztec Empire in 1521.

According to the U.S. Bureau of Labour Statistics, cowboys – included in the occupation category "support activities for animal production" – numbered 9,730 workers in 2003. They earned an average of \$19,340 a year, working in ranches, stockyards and rodeos.

Art for all

Alongside the advances of the industrial revolution came a rise in municipal museums in regional cities, funded by philanthropic individuals. **Giles Waterfield** examines the motives of these 19th-century collectors

Below: *The Custom House, Liverpool, Looking South*, by John Atkinson Grimshaw, 1880s

Right: The opening of the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, as illustrated in the *Graphic*, September 1877



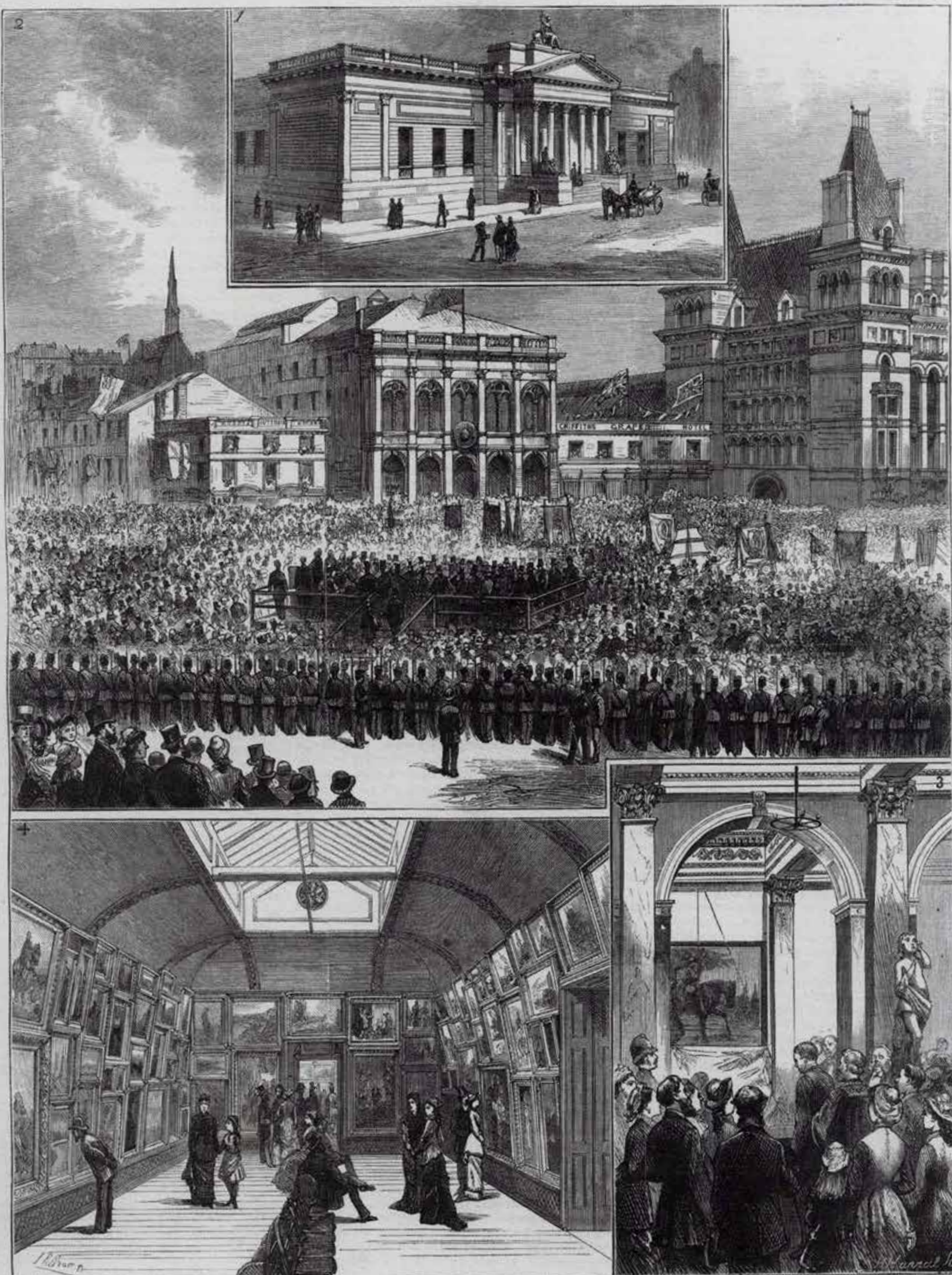
Alderman Andrew Walker was famous for his pubs. Stylish, bold, alluring, they offered the inhabitants of Liverpool the excellent beer that flowed from Walker's breweries. They made him a great deal of money, but money was not enough: he wanted to be recognised as a leading citizen, at a time when alcohol was severely frowned on.

Finally, in 1869, he provided the funding for the municipal art gallery that the city had been discussing for years, plans that had stalled because of public unwillingness to spend public money on the arts. The Walker Art Gallery, a grand building in the classical manner, facing St George's Hall, was the result. It opened with tremendous ceremony in 1873, and shortly afterwards Alderman Walker was duly elected Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Not everyone approved: a satirical cartoon was published proposing a fresco that would illustrate how the new gallery was built with a fortune acquired through an enterprise that destroyed innocent families.

The years between 1865 and 1914 saw the most important period of museum building. This occurred all over the country, but especially in the North and the Midlands, with art museums set up in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham, and many other towns. These cities were rich and mutually competitive, but they also contained large and dangerous slums, infested with cholera and typhus, and were breeding grounds of popular revolt against the ruling order.

Many people felt that it was not only better sanitation, health-care, education and public parks that provided solutions: art and art museums could contribute too. There was a thirst for popular instruction and self-improvement, coupled with a belief in official circles that the populations of the cities of the industrial revolution could be tamed, indeed civilised, by the exposure to art, history and music (through their organ concerts) that the new museums offered.

A financial element also entered this line of reasoning. At a time when it was felt that standards of design were lamentably low, the South Kensington Museum (now the Victoria and Albert Museum) was set up after the success of the Great Exhibition of 1851. It aimed



1. Exterior of the Building.—2. The Opening Ceremony.—3. Lord Derby Unveiling the First Picture.—4. View in One of the Galleries.
 OPENING OF THE NEW WALKER ART GALLERY AT LIVERPOOL



Above, left to right: Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum, Glasgow, 1902; the Harris Art Gallery and Museum, Preston, built in 1882-93; the Great Hall at Kelvingrove, with its grand organ at one end

both in London and in the regions, to raise standards of design among manufacturers and craftsmen, in order to improve exports. The museum was a leading influence throughout the country.

Of crucial importance was the philanthropy of private individuals. The prime movers were no longer the aristocracy and the banking plutocracy who had bought so splendidly around 1800, but the people described by Thomas Carlyle as the 'Working Aristocracy; Mill-owners, Manufacturers, Commanders of Working Men'. These were mostly newly rich men who were grateful to the towns that had brought them wealth: the Tangye brothers in Birmingham, and James Beaney, who after a successful career in Australia (where he seems to have been much disliked) paid for the Beaney Institute in Canterbury, the town of his youth, and many others.

These men (very few women were involved, since it was difficult for married women to enjoy substantial wealth in their own right) represented an alternative Establishment. They were almost all Liberals and Nonconformists, with a strong sense of civic pride and an interest in many aspects of philanthropy. And there was a great deal of competitiveness: the popular phrase 'Liverpool gentleman, Manchester man' (popular at least in Liverpool) rankled in the other city, where in 1857 a powerful group of businessmen organised one of the largest art exhibitions ever conceived, to prove that their city was not only about wealth and power.

Walker was not a collector, and on opening, the gallery only had a single work (an image of the founder). But elsewhere men such as Charles Lees of Oldham and Joseph Shipley of Newcastle – a solicitor, whose house was crammed with primarily Dutch paintings of very mixed quality – wanted their collections to be preserved. They bought contemporary British paintings and watercolours for the most part, only occasionally venturing into French art.

These civic galleries also bought works from their own exhibitions of local art, and they generally had a specific purpose: to acquire paintings (especially) or drawings or sculpture which had a local association, told tales of British history, or which could be seen as morally improving. Frederick Yeames's *And When Did You*

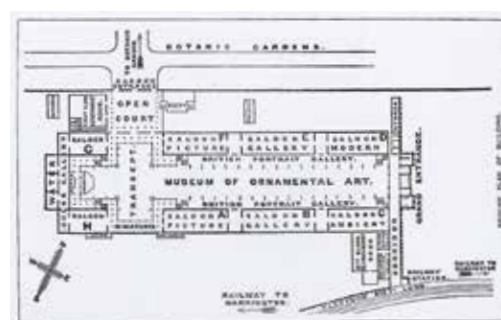
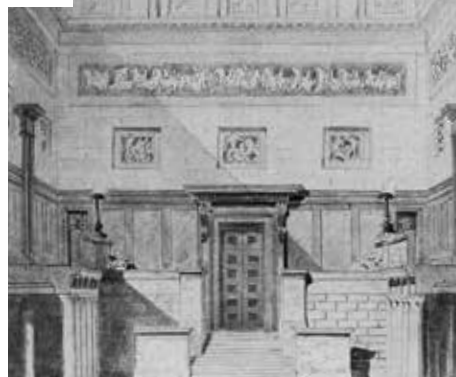
Last See Your Father? (1878, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool) is a prime example: a dramatic history painting posing a morally testing question – will the son of the house tell the truth and reveal the whereabouts of his Royalist father, or will he lie and save a life?

Paintings of everyday life, of animals, of landscapes, were all popular. The type of painting bought by these philanthropists was often instructive, seeking to inform the viewer about the greatness of British history, the virtues to be found in the past, and moral self-improvement. Other than in a few advanced galleries – such as Birmingham, Manchester and Glasgow – Pre-Raphaelite art tended to be seen as highly avant-garde and morally demanding. Equally, Old Masters and modern foreign works tended to be the preserve of semi-aristocratic collectors like John and Josephine Bowes of the Bowes Museum and the Wallaces of the Wallace Collection, who bought in a quite different spirit and set up their own museums.

Where did patrons buy their works? Sometimes direct from the artist, like the hotelier Sir Merton Russell-Cotes who was always keen to find a bargain and a friend of a number of British artists. However, on the whole, they went to the art trade. The art market in London was highly developed by the last third of the 19th century, with many active commercial galleries. As the critic Harry Quilter wrote in 1892, "There is something almost maddening in the apparently unending range of the galleries, as well as in the gigantic size and interminable number of the pictures which they contain..."

On other hand, auction houses – such as Bonhams – played a smaller role than they do now, though by the end of the century auctions were achieving what were seen as astonishing sums for works of art, notably for 18th-century British portraits, bound for the United States. Easily the most influential art dealer was William Agnew, who exercised what was described as an 'Agnew-octopus embrace', supplying paintings and watercolours to many of the major collectors and was much involved in the new museums, notably Manchester's Whitworth Art Gallery.

These galleries were remarkably popular. Many of them mounted temporary exhibitions that attracted large audiences,



Clockwise from above: The Walker Art Gallery Hanging Committee, 1877; the interior of Victoria Gallery, Dundee; plans of the Manchester Art Treasures exhibition of 1857; a 19th-century view of the entrance hall of the Royal Manchester Institution – later, Manchester City Art Gallery

Making an exhibition

15 art museums were founded in Britain in the 1880s; 21 in the 1890s; 21 in the 1900s; 13 in the 1910s – then steadily downwards

The most visited Victorian exhibition was probably the display of the Prince and Princess of Wales's wedding presents at the South Kensington Museum in 1863.

There was no dress code – on the contrary, curators welcomed working people coming in after hours in their work dress.

Opening hours: following the example of South Kensington Museum, many museums stayed open three or four days a week until 9pm – specifically so that workers could attend.

Refreshments were a regular feature of large exhibitions. The South Kensington Museum boasted the first museum refreshment rooms – recently restored to their original use. When it opened, Nottingham Castle museum offered refreshments including beer and was described in the licensing register as 'Nottingham Castle. Ale House'

It is interesting to note that though women were employed from the beginning at the first national museum, the British Museum, it was only in the role of housemaids. Late in the 19th century, they began to work as typists and then, gradually, as educationalists and curators.

whether these were selling exhibitions of new work or objects borrowed from private collections. (It was considered the duty of owners to lend, and owners of old collections who refused to send to major events were sometimes named and shamed in the press). But it was not only exhibitions that scored: the steadily growing permanent collections attracted a great number of visitors. As a curator who recalled the early days of Nottingham Castle Museum wrote, 'They [the citizens] were looking at art for the first time and they were delighted. It was a completely new world for most of them... Art was something new, and swarms of people climbed to the top of the Castle rock to see it...' These were not necessarily middle-class audiences: the accounts of curators and other observers make it clear that most visitors were working people, eager for this new blend of entertainment and instruction.

This was a new kind of art museum, in my opinion. Earlier museums had been created as a result of princely patronage, or as state enterprises, and contained what were regarded as the finest works of art created in the Western tradition – which, at least in Europe, did not generally include American art until late into the 20th century. The idea of a gallery created by local people for local people, and buying popular modern art, was a novelty, as was the style of vigorous educational activity.

It was a bold experiment which succeeded for some years. But by 1900, visitor figures began to decline under the pressure of the cinema and the charabanc, as well as a general unwillingness to be lectured to by earnest Liberals. Since then these regional galleries have suffered ups and downs, and at present they are looking at one of the blackest periods in their history, starved of funds in many cases and facing a wholly different future. But as they close or become increasingly business-driven organisations, it is worth remembering the spirit in which they were founded, a spirit of generous and extrovert enthusiasm which we could learn from today.

Giles Waterfield is an art historian, curator and novelist. His latest book is The People's Galleries: Art Museums and Exhibitions in Britain, 1800-1914 (Yale).



Star quality

The very talented Tom Kemble tells **Bruce Palling** how he won a Michelin star for Bonhams Restaurant in record time

Photograph by Richard Cannon

It is the dream of most chefs to run their own restaurant by the time they reach their early thirties. But for that restaurant to win a Michelin star in its first year is more akin to fantasy. Remarkably, Tom Kemble, founding chef of Bonhams restaurant, has achieved both. Kemble had no inkling of his award, which was the fastest star created in the Michelin firmament in 2015. “I was serving a guest their pudding when all of a sudden a text message was sent by my previous restaurant congratulating me. It was quite hard to get my head around it,” he says. Hardly surprising, as the honour was bestowed just seven months after the restaurant opened in January this year.

“Bonhams is the first auction house anywhere on the planet to win a Michelin star”

What makes the success of the restaurant even more notable is that while Bonhams has vast experience as an international auction house, this is its first venture into the culinary world. And it has simultaneously gained another accolade – it is the first auction house anywhere on the planet to win a Michelin star.

Kemble’s kitchen has now gained cult status, not just among diners but chefs, too. Rowley Leigh, the father of the Modern British food movement and founder of Kensington Place and Le Café Anglais, says there is nowhere in London he would rather eat at the moment. “Tom has learnt a lot from where he has worked,” Leigh says. “He understands the minimalist approach but cooks with generosity and a keen intelligence about what goes with what. The food is genuinely creative and I have never had a bad dish there.”

However, it is not just Kemble’s consistently excellent, produce-driven cuisine that excites diners, but the possession of what some oenophiles consider the best value

fine-wine list in London (see overleaf).

Where else can you purchase voting-age wines for no more than wholesale prices?

Soon after opening, restaurant reviewers began marvelling at his cuisine (“serious cooking of the best sort... true brilliance”). Tucked away in Haunch of Venison Yard behind Bonhams’ Mayfair headquarters, its sleek, pared-back design was created by architects Lifschutz Davidson Sandilands. “It’s a seamless extension of the auction house,” Alex Lifschutz explains. There are only 24 covers and for the first few months it was open only for breakfast and lunch. At the time of writing, there is only one evening service – a Thursday Supper Club, which is booked out for weeks.

Kemble could not be more pleased. He graduated from Nottingham University with a degree in History of Art before deciding that food was his primary interest. He was fortunate enough to be employed in 2011 as sous-chef at Hedone – the eclectic neo-nordic restaurant in Chiswick run by self-taught chef Mikael Jonsson, who gained his first Michelin star in 14 months. Jonsson is also very proud that Kemble has been able to establish himself so quickly: “Tom is enthusiastic and hard-working but he also has the drive to succeed, which is more important than anything else. He cooks the kind of food I like to eat, by serving good produce and keeping the flavours clear.”

After this, Kemble worked at Faviken, a cult-like Scandinavian restaurant with only 16 covers, just below the Arctic Circle. Magnus Nilsson is Sweden’s leading chef and is renowned for his passion for original produce of the highest order. Nilsson is particularly pleased that Tom is the first chef from his kitchen to win a Michelin star. “He is obviously a very skilled chef,” he says, “but what I really like about Tom is that he has many interests beyond the kitchen, such as photography and art. It means he has stimulating ideas and brings more to the plate than simply the craft of cooking.”



Opposite: Tom Kemble, Bonhams Restaurant chef and Michelin star winner: “I was serving a guest pudding when I heard the news”

Above: a mouthwatering Kemble three-course meal of gazpacho with mustard ice cream and smoked eel; slow-poached Cornish turbot with charred cucumber, spinach, smoked ratte potatoes and beurre blanc; and delicate-wafered raspberry millefeuille



Above: The sleek, stylish interior of Bonhams Restaurant was designed by the architects Lifschutz Davidson Sandilands

Kemble repays the compliment, saying that his experience at Faviken taught him a great deal about game and how to cook meat properly: “I learnt how to cook different game in a pan *à la minute* – it’s really tough because if it is not perfect, there is nowhere to hide.”

The first Michelin inspector turned up last April, only three months after they opened, which was quite a shot in the arm. However, a single visit is no guarantee of success – several more came anonymously in the following months before arriving at their decision.

Kemble was still building up his team during this period, which was critical as there are only three people in the kitchen.

The lunch service during weekdays is currently the main event, but Kemble is hoping that his success will enable him to open for more than the current one night a week. “Lunch is almost a testing ground for moving dishes into the Supper Club, which changes each month. Dishes have to be lighter and simpler for the lunch trade, but I am playing around with a hare loin pithivier with foie gras, mushrooms and poached quince.”

“Tom’s gazpacho with mustard ice cream and smoked eel has prompted ecstatic responses”

All three of the restaurants that Kemble has worked in are renowned for their fresh produce, something he remains passionate about. Still, it is not just his turbot, scallop and game dishes that have won him praise. There is also a starter of gazpacho with mustard ice cream and smoked eel that has prompted ecstatic responses. Their creator is happy with how things have developed in the past year and puts his success so far down to two reasons – the same three people are in the kitchen day

in and day out and at least three quarters of the produce arrives fresh for each service. Perhaps the talent and skill of the chef might

be a factor too, but that is not something Tom Kemble talks about, though there are plenty of others are willing to broadcast the fact.

Bruce Palling writes about food and wine for publications such as Departures, Gourmet and Daily Telegraph.

Bonhams Restaurant is open for lunch Monday-Friday, 12.00 - 2.30pm, and holds a Supper Club on Thursday evenings, 7 - 9pm. Reservations: +44 (0) 20 7468 5868; reservations@bonhams.com



Sommelier Charlotte Edgecombe

Best cellar

While Bonhams Restaurant is rightfully proud of gaining a Michelin Star, its wine list – under the direction of sommelier Charlotte Edgecombe – is equally renowned, both for its diversity and price. Richard Harvey, the head of Bonhams Wine Department, has made a special effort to acquire a large stock of outstanding wines, which are among the best value in London. This has made Bonhams Restaurant a firm favourite for members of the wine trade too, who appreciate being able to drink the highest quality bottles for little more than retail prices. Examples include Château Pontet-Canet 1990, a rising star from the Pauillac region of Bordeaux for £130 a bottle, or Chassagne-Montrachet Morgeot 2010 from Joseph Drouhin Marquis de Laguiche for £110.

Harvey is mindful that many people also want to sample more unusual wines by the glass, so he has some white Loire and riesling, plus Zinfandel and West Australian Shiraz that are rarely seen on London wine lists. “We have more than 2,500 bottles at Bonhams,” he says, “but there are many more in storage. I have purchased them from auction and around the world, and I’ve been waiting for the appropriate moment to offer them.”

Wine tastings from such luminaries as Antinori and Drouhin are held in the restaurant, plus events when rare burgundy is sold at a conventional mark up, with all proceeds going to charity. Having just returned from a tasting trip to Australia, Richard plans to highlight its wine, “with a list such as Giaconda Chardonnay, Henschke Mount Edelstone Shiraz and Vasse Felix Heytesbury Chardonnay.”

At the Supper Club, specially selected wines are served with each course. Hardly surprising then that a clutch of wine writers considers Bonhams Restaurant to be the most exciting destination for fine wines as well as cuisine. **B.P.**

Game on

Roast venison loin with chestnut and juniper purée, cep, fig and *cime di rapa*, by Tom Kemble

This is a great earthy autumnal recipe, highlighting the bountiful produce currently in season

1 aged saddle of venison:
fallow deer/sika deer
beef dripping
2 tbsp salted butter
5 garlic cloves, crushed, skin on
1 sprig of thyme
1 large glass of red wine
2 tbsp sugar
1kg chestnuts
8 juniper berries, crushed
2 tbsp sherry vinegar
1kg *cime di rapa* (turnip tops)
12 ceps
8 soleil figs

At the restaurant, we use sika deer from an estate in Hampshire. Sika deer originated from Asia and were introduced to England as an ornamental species before establishing themselves in the wild. Ask your butcher for a dry aged saddle of venison. This will consist of two loins and you should get about eight portions off the venison (four per loin). Ask the butcher to take loins off the saddle and break down the bones and keep any meat trim, which you can use for the venison sauce.

Cooking the venison

We roast most red meat in beef dripping, which has a high flash point and a meaty flavour. Get your pan hot on the stove and add a tablespoon of beef dripping. Season the venison loin well with salt and pepper. Once the pan is smoking, add the venison and carefully colour the loin all around, moving the meat regularly. Once evenly coloured, add a tablespoon of butter, five crushed garlic cloves and thyme. Let the butter foam and baste the venison with this. Remove the meat from the pan and cook on a trivet in the oven at 140°C for around 12-15 mins (medium rare). Take out and leave to rest for 10 mins.

Preparing the sauce

In an oven, roast the venison bones until they are evenly caramelised at 160°C. Meanwhile, in a saucepan, colour the venison trim in oil and finish with lots of foaming butter. Strain the butter off and deglaze the pan with some red wine and water. Add the bones and cover with water. Gently cook the stock for eight hours. Strain and refrigerate. Scrape off any set fat and reserve. Reduce the stock to sauce consistency and melt some venison fat into the sauce, which will add a wonderful depth of flavour.



Making the purée

You can use either cooked chestnuts or fresh chestnuts for the purée. We use fresh and score the chestnut, roasting it in the oven briefly, enabling us to remove the nut quickly and easily. In a wide-bottom saucepan, add two tablespoons of sugar and a tablespoon of water. Cook on a high heat and make a light caramel. Once you have the desired colour, add the chestnuts and eight crushed juniper berries. Pour two tablespoons of sherry vinegar to the pan and keep cooking for a minute. This will deglaze and loosen the sugared chestnuts and burn off a little of the acidity from the vinegar. Cover with water and cook the chestnuts for about 30 minutes on a medium heat. Once they are soft, strain and reserve the liquid. Add the chestnuts to a blender, pouring back in some of the liquid and adding a tablespoon of butter. Check seasoning and pass the purée through a sieve or chinois to make it silky smooth.

And the accompaniments

Cime di rapa are the green tops of turnips, which are in peak season now. They bring a lovely mild bitterness to the dish. Simply pick the leaves down and remove any hard stalks. Wash them well and sauté quickly in butter at the last minute.

Ceps are one of my favourite mushrooms and this year has been a fantastic season for them. They have a delicious nutty flavour and rich meaty texture. When they are this good I like to serve them two ways, roasted in lots of salted butter and then thinly sliced raw, for a more delicate note. Be generous with them. Wash and cut the ***soleil figs*** into six pieces, serving three slices per portion. These provide a lovely sweetness and slight acidity to the dish.

Exceptional Chinese Art from a European Private Collection

Hong Kong

Thursday 3 December

10.30am

A Magnificent Imperial Ru-Type 'Eight Trigrams' Moonflask
Qianlong seal mark and of the period (1736-1795)

51.5cm high

Estimate: HK\$5,000,000 - 8,000,000

An Exceptionally Rare Imperial Flambé-Glazed
'Eight Trigrams' Moonflask

Yongzheng seal mark and of the period (1723-1735)

34.5cm high

Estimate: HK\$3,500,000 - 5,000,000

Enquiries:

+852 2918 4321

chinese.hk@bonhams.com





©2013 Takashi Murakami/Kaikai Kiki Co. Ltd.



New York *Why not?*

In 1993 the prolific contemporary artist Takashi Murakami created Mr DOB as a sort of self-portrait or alter ego. The name is a contraction of the Japanese slang expression “dobo-jite”, or “why?”, which is literally spelled out in Mr DOB’s facial features and appendages, so that he is recognisable despite his ever-changing appearance. “I set out to investigate the secret of market survivability – the universality of characters such as Mickey Mouse, Sonic the Hedgehog, Miffy and Hello Kitty,” explains Murakami. As the artist’s examination of his own identity evolved, so did DOB, morphing from a strand of DNA to a monster. A collection of Murakami prints of Mr DOB from 2013 will be offered in the November sale of prints in New York.

Image: Four colour lithographs from Takashi Murakami’s *And Then* series, 2013

Estimate: \$3,000 - 4,000

Sale: Modern and Contemporary Prints & Multiples, New York, 17 November

Enquiries: Shawna Brickley +1 917 206 1696
shawna.brickley@bonhams.com

Around the Globe

Matthew Wilcox looks at a selection of
Bonhams sales around the world



Knightsbridge *Rock on*

Paul Kossoff’s solos for British rock pioneers Free, and particularly on *All Right Now*, made him a legend among guitar aficionados. His fame is all the more remarkable for the brevity of his life: on a flight from Los Angeles to New York on 19 March 1976, Kossoff (left) died from a heart attack. He was only 25. Born in London, he learned classical guitar but gave it up as a teenager. The success of the British blues-rock music of the 1960s rekindled his interest, especially after catching a John Mayall’s Bluesbreakers live concert with Eric Clapton. Kossoff soon purchased an electric guitar – a vintage Gibson Les Paul, which eventually became his trademark – and began playing in local bands. His regret at the break up of Free and his drug addiction contributed to a drastic decline in his health. The guitarist’s epitaph at Golders Green cemetery reads “All Right Now”.

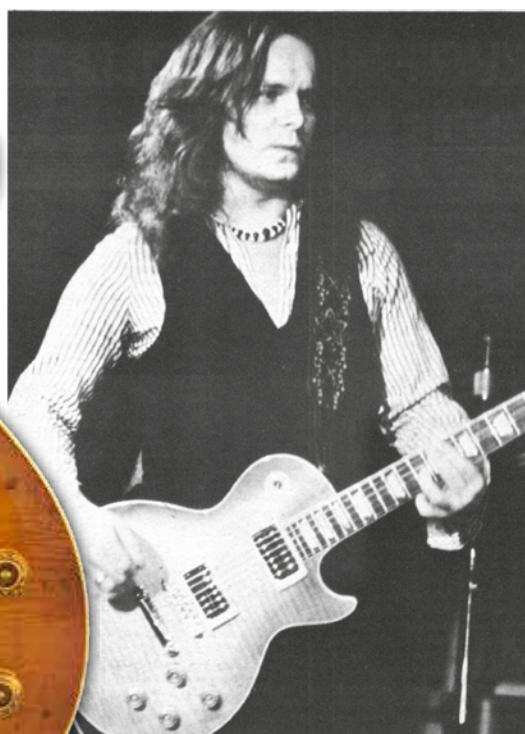
Image: Paul Kossoff’s ‘59 Gibson Les Paul Standard guitar with faded sunburst finish

Estimate: refer to department

Sale: Entertainment Memorabilia, London, 10 December

Enquiries: Natalie Downing
+44 (0) 20 7393 3844

natalie.downing@bonhams.com





Los Angeles

An aesthetic masterpiece

An inlaid and parcel-gilt maple centre table commissioned for the Drawing Room of the Mark Hopkins San Francisco residence in 1878 and executed by the leading firm of the day, Herter Brothers of New York, will be sold at Bonhams Los Angeles this December.

Mark Hopkins, one of the wealthiest men on earth during the 1870s, commissioned the New York firm of Herter Brothers to complete the interior of his enormous mansion which was designed by architects Wright and Sanders in the latest Aesthetic style. The house took three years to build, and far exceeded budget. Unfortunately, Hopkins died in March, 1878 - the house was opened in November, but not completely finished until 1880. His widow oversaw the completion and later moved to Great Barrington, Massachusetts where she commissioned a palatial residence. She allowed her adopted son Timothy, to choose whatever he wanted from the mansion (including this table) and use them at his estate, Sherwood Hall in Menlo Park. After Mrs Mark Hopkins' death in 1891,

the San Francisco house was bequeathed to the University of California but, alas, fell victim to the San Francisco 1906 earthquake and fire.

Timothy's widow passed away in 1942; the auction held by Butterfield's in Menlo Park and San Francisco in October, 1942, became one of the landmark sales in the history of California auctioneering. This particular table, always regarded as one of the finest examples of Herter Brothers' work, sold for \$150 in 1942 to entrepreneur Emil Hagstrom and his wife Ethel, and remained in his family, unseen by the public for over 73 years.

Image: An American Aesthetic inlaid maple salon table executed by Herter Brothers for the Hopkins' San Francisco residence, 1878

Estimate: \$250,000 - 350,000

Sale: Fine European Furniture & Decorative Arts, Los Angeles, 7 December

Enquiries: Jon King +1 212 644 9033
jon.king@bonhams.com

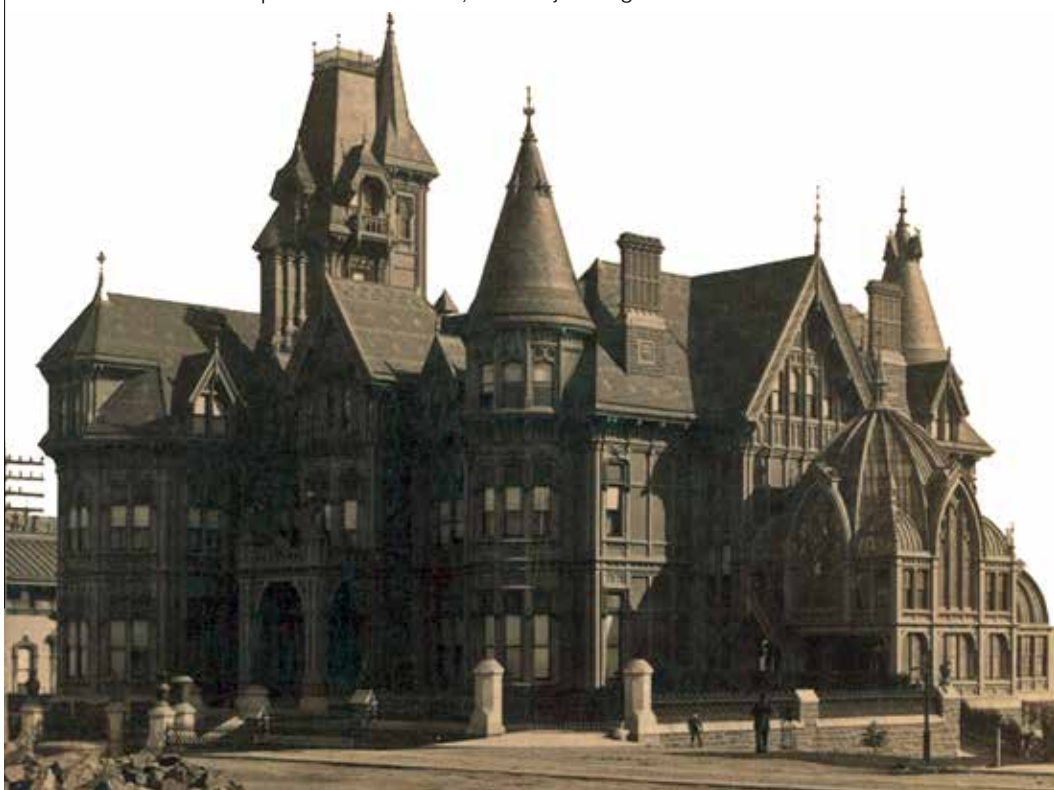


Geneva

Swiss role

Bonhams has announced the promotion of Livie Gallone Moeller to the position of Representative for the Geneva office in Switzerland. For the past two years she has worked in Geneva as the second-in-command to Victoria Rey de Rudder. Ms Gallone Moeller, who studied in France and the United Kingdom, speaks English, French and Italian and has a distinguished track record. She previously spent six years at a major international auction house, and also worked for the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden in Washington DC, as well as for ARTHELPS; and for Moeller Fine Art in New York.

Enquiries: Livie Gallone Moeller
livie.gallonemoeller@bonhams.com



The Elegant Home

Los Angeles

Sunday 7 and Monday 8 December
10am

Vittorio Caradossi (Italian, 1861-1918)
Shooting Stars, late 19th century (detail)
Estimate: \$350,000 - 550,000
(£200,000 - 300,000)

Enquiries: Andrew Jones
+1 323 436 5432
andrew.jones@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/furniture



Important Maritime Paintings & Decorative Arts

New York

Wednesday 27 January

1pm

A dockyard presentation model of the
120-gun ship of the line, *HMS Trafalgar*, circa 1841
191.7 x 64.7 x 144.7cm
Estimate: \$70,000 - 100,000
(£45,000 - 65,000)

Enquiries:

+1 212 644 9001

maritime.us@bonhams.com

bonhams.com/maritime



Regions

Hong Kong &
Australia Sales

NOVEMBER

Wed 18 November 11am
Asian Art
Edinburgh

DECEMBER

Wed 2 December 10am
Jewellery & Silver
Edinburgh

Thur 3 December 2pm
Scottish Art
Edinburgh

Wed 9 December 11am
Whisky
Edinburgh

Thur 10 December 11am
The December Sale:
Collector's Motor Cars,
Motorcycles & Automobilia
Hendon, RAF Museum

FEBRUARY

Wed 24 February
& Thur 25 February 11am
Home and Interiors
Edinburgh

NOVEMBER

Sat 14 November 4pm
Prints, Photographs & Works
on Paper
Hong Kong

Sat 21 November 1pm
Fine & Rare Wine, Cognac &
Single Malt Whisky
Hong Kong

Sat 28 November 11am
Fine Chinese Paintings
Hong Kong

Mon 30 November 5pm
Rare Jewels and Jadeite
Hong Kong

Mon 30 November 6.30pm
Asian Art
Sydney, Paddington &
Melbourne, Como House

DECEMBER

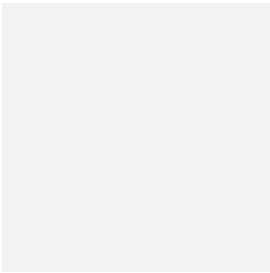
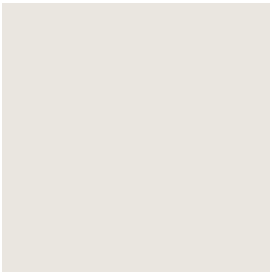
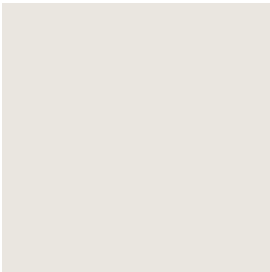
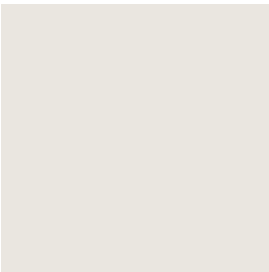
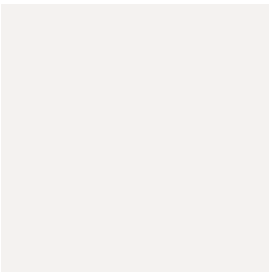
Tue 1 December 6.30pm
Fine Australian Art
Sydney, Paddington &
Melbourne, Como House

Wed 2 December 10.30pm
Exceptional Chinese Art from
A European Private Collection
Imperial Splendour
Fine Chinese Ceramics and
Works of Art
Hong Kong

Thur 3 December 10am
Fine Chinese Ceramics &
Works of Art
Hong Kong

Thur 3 December 4pm
Important & Rare Cameras
Hong Kong

Thur 3 December 6pm
Fine Watches & Wristwatches
Hong Kong



Coins & Medals

New York

Monday 14 December

1pm

A collection of silver dollars

Estimate: £50,000 - 70,000

(£30,000 - 50,000)

Enquiries: Paul Song

+1 (323) 436 5455

paul.song@bonhams.com

bonhams.com/coins



North American Sales

NOVEMBER

Wed 4 November 4pm
Impressionist & Modern Art
New York

Wed 4 November 1pm
19th Century European
Paintings
New York

Mon 9 November 1pm
Fine Oriental Rugs & Carpets
Los Angeles

Mon 9 November 10am
Antique Arms & Armor &
Modern Sporting Guns
San Francisco

Tue 10 November 4pm
Post-War &
Contemporary Art
New York

Tue 17 November 1pm
Post-War & Contemporary
Prints & Multiples
New York

Wed 18 November 2pm
American Art
New York

Fri 20 November 10am
Fine & Rare Wines
San Francisco, Los Angeles
& New York

Mon 23 November 3pm
The World of Opals
Los Angeles

Mon 23 November 10am
TCM Presents ... Treasures
from the Dream Factory
New York

Mon 23 November 6pm
California & Western
Paintings & Sculpture
Los Angeles & San Francisco

Mon 23 November 10am
California Jewels
Los Angeles

Tue 24 November 10am
Lapidary Works of Art,
Gemstones & Minerals
Los Angeles

DECEMBER

Wed 2 December 10am
Oceanic Art
Los Angeles

Mon 7 December 11am
Native American Art
San Francisco

Mon 7 December 10am
Fine European Furniture &
Decorative Arts
Los Angeles

Tue 8 December 1pm
Fine Watches, Wristwatches
& Clocks
New York

Tue 8 December 10am
Fine Jewelry
New York

Wed 9 December 1pm
Fine Books & Manuscripts
New York

Thur 10 December 10am
Fine Asian Works of Art
San Francisco

Fri 11 December 10am
Asian Decorative Arts
San Francisco

Mon 14 December 9am
Art + Decor
Los Angeles

Mon 14 December 10am
Coins & Medals
New York

Thur 17 December 10am
Artistry of Tiffany: Selections
from a Prominent American
Collection
New York

Thur 17 December 1pm
20th Century Decorative Arts
New York

JANUARY

Thur 7 January 10am
Bonhams Las Vegas
Motorcycle Auction
Las Vegas, Bally's Hotel
& Casino

Mon 18 January 10am
Natural History
Los Angeles

Thur 28 January 11am
The Scottsdale Auction
Scottsdale, The Westin
Kierland Resort & Spa

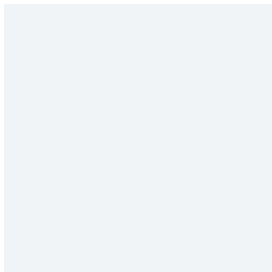
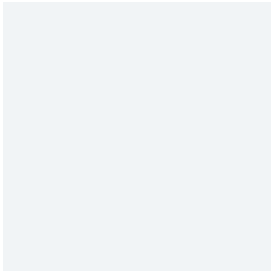
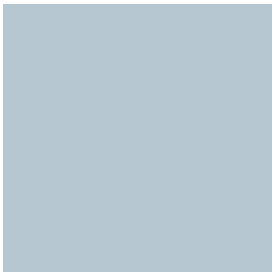
Thur 28 January 1pm
Fine Maritime Paintings &
Decorative Arts
New York

FEBRUARY

Sun 14 February 10am
Fine Books & Manuscripts
Los Angeles

Wed 17 February 10am
Dogs in Show & Field
New York

Mon 29 February 10am
Furniture & Decorative Arts
Los Angeles





Modern British and Irish Art

London

Wednesday 18 November

3pm

L.S. Lowry (British, 1887-1976)

The Gossips, Two Ladies, 1961 (detail)

oil on board

45.7 x 27.9cm (18 x 11in)

Estimate: £80,000 - 150,000

(\$130,000 - 240,000)

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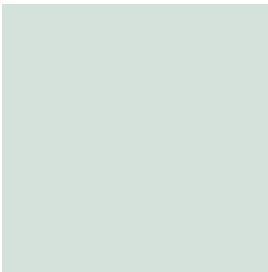
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Monet's water lilies in the Musée de l'Orangerie are an unmissable panorama whenever the novelist **Wilbur Smith** visits Paris

My Favourite Room



I am cheating a bit, because there are two – the consecutive rooms in the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris, where Monet's paintings of water lilies are really special. It is a peaceful, beautiful place, built in 1852 to house the orange trees in the Jardin des Tuileries over the winter, and which later became home to part of the national collection of contemporary artists.

I don't have a favourite room there, they complement each other. Monet had a big hand in how they were arranged – you can sit in the middle and just contemplate the panorama of water lilies – *Les Nymphéas* – willow branches, tree and cloud reflections.

Monet had been working on these paintings for years and donated them to the collection the day after the Armistice of 11 November 1918, as a symbol for peace. The oval rooms were specially built to house them and they were finally installed a few

months after his death in 1921. The paintings are monumental: eight panels, each two metres high and spanning a total length of 91 metres.

"You can sit in the middle and just contemplate the panorama of water lilies"

I went to Paris for the first time when my first book came out in the 1960s, and that was also my first visit to the gallery. I grew up on my father's ranch in Zambia and was educated in South Africa, but I read frenetically about art, theatre and culture in preparation for that visit to Europe. Whenever I could afford to go back to Paris, I would stay in the same little hotel opposite the Jardin des Tuileries, a 'cheapo' with an inexpensive restaurant next door. That was 50 years ago and I don't know what's become of it now. I used to wander around with a guidebook, visiting museums and

galleries – and the Orangerie has stayed at the top of my list of beautiful places to see.

I love all the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists – Degas, Renoir, Manet, Cézanne and especially Monet. I've also visited his home and garden in Giverny with my wife, Mokhiniso. I'd love to own one, but they are a little beyond my price range. I collect paintings by South African artists such as Irma Stern – a flamboyant lady and prolific portrait painter who's very sought after now – and also by Alexis Preller, who travelled a lot in Europe and North Africa. I never write about art in my books, though, I stick to what I really know. But Africa is like a great gallery in a way, from the pyramids of Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. It has everything – deserts, mountains, rivers and the sea. Nowadays, we spend half the year there and the other half in Europe: we don't do winters anymore.

When I write, I batten down the hatches, whether in Cape Town or London, where we have a flat. But I love travelling when I'm not writing, and we hop over to Paris on the train. A perfect day for us there is just wandering around, taking our chances – but always with a visit to the Orangerie. I never take anyone else there – I like to share it only with Mokhiniso, who loves the Monets as much as I do. I usually crack a lot of terrible jokes, which drives her mad, but I don't talk much when I'm there. For me, the Orangerie is a sort of spiritual temple.

Wilbur Smith's latest novel is Golden Lion (HarperCollins).

Musée de l'Orangerie, Jardin Tuileries, 75001 Paris; musee-orangerie.fr



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Corsage brooch or aigrette, Mellerio dits Meller (Mellerio, known as Meller), Paris, c.1905.
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