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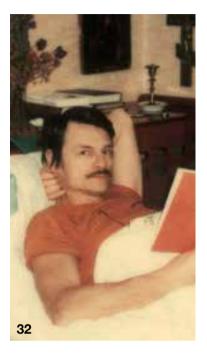
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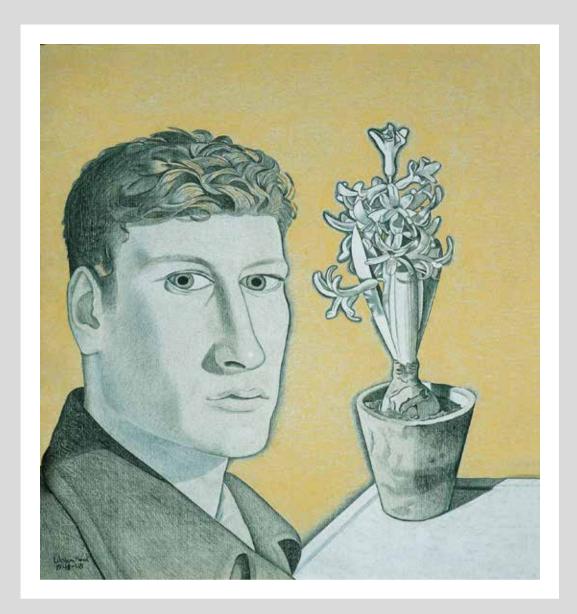
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FRONT COVER A gilt copper alloy figure of a Tibetan Lama (detail) Tibet, 17th century 89cm (35in) high

from Portraits of the Masters: 108 Bronze Sculptures of Tibetan Lineages, exhibited at Bonhams, Hong Kong, 30 September to 12 October See page 36

MOTORING EDITION See inside for details



The Colony Room

SELECTED HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE COLLECTION OF PALLANT HOUSE GALLERY

The catalogue for this exhibition has been generously donated by Windsor Print

Sunday 2 October - Tuesday 11 October 2016 Bonhams, 101 New Bond Street, London W1

> Above: Lucian Freud Self-Portrait with Hyacinth in Pot

Pallant House Gallery (Wilson Gift through The Art Fund 2004) © The Lucian Freud Archive





LONDON

PALLANT HOUSE GALLERY

Editor's letter



Artists are a different species from the rest of mankind. I know that's stating the obvious, but I was reminded of this eternal truth when reading Martin Gayford's piece about the life and loves of Max Ernst. Here was a painter who married four times - one of his wives was Peggy Guggenheim - and was at the inception of most of the major

20th-century artistic movements. I knew that he was at the starting gate with Dada and Surrealism; I didn't know he swung a bucket of paint over a canvas before Jackson Pollock. While curating an exhibition of female artists, Ernst chanced upon a young painter called Dorothea Tanning. It didn't take long before the pair shacked up together in Arizona. Two of the works that Ernst gave Tanning are being offered in New York's Modern and Impressionist Art sale in November and we can see that, despite changing women and continents, Ernst still felt an overwhelming urge to reinvent his work.

What artists get up to when they are not creating masterpieces has been much written about. In the case of British artists born between 1900 and 1970, the chances are that quite a chunk of downtime was spent at the Colony Room in Soho. On the

face of it, this backroom in Dean Street didn't have much to recommend it. It was dingy, it smelt and the floor had an unnerving stickiness. But on the plus side, there was the chance to hear the acid repartee of Francis Bacon, Lucian Freud and other characters, among them the club's indomitable owner Muriel Belcher. As a curtain-raiser to an exhibition of works from the collection of Pallant House Gallery by the artists who drank there - Peter Blake, Richard Hamilton and Michael Andrews were also habitués -Sophie Parkin takes us behind the scenes of the club where the only crime was to be boring.

It is often in straitened circumstances that artists reveal another aspect of their work. The film-maker, Andrey Tarkovsky, falls into this category with his revealing Polaroids taken of his family and friends while he was making his film, Nostalgia. It proved to be one of his last films and the photographs (an unlikely departure for him, as he had never taken a still picture before) reflect his rage against the dying of the light. These small masterpieces will be offered for sale in London in October.

Enjoy the issue.



Contributors





Louis Begley In 2009, the lawyer-turned-novelist drew on his legal expertise to write Why the Dreyfus Affair Matters, which retold the story of the scandal, linking it to our times. On page 22, he pores over a rare draft of one of Émile Zola's inflammatory open letters, which sparked fury in the late 1890s, and the unreliable confession of an unmasked traitor





Mark Le Fanu The distinguished film historian is a lifelong Russian cinema obsessive. Author of a pioneering biography of Andrey Tarkovsky, Le Fanu makes a journey to Florence to meet the filmmaker's son on page 32. Together, they examine Tarkovsky's incredible archive of Polaroids from the Nostalgia era, to be auctioned at Bonhams in October





Charles Dance Before he became the formidable figure of Tywin Lannister in the smash-hit HBO series Game of Thrones, stage and screen actor Charles Dance was revered for his roles in Jewel in the Crown and on the West End stage. The Chelsea Arts Club is the perfect lair for an off-duty villain, it seems. See page 72.





Jay Leno A man who needs no introduction, the ebullient TV host and comedian owns almost 300 cars and motorcycles - indeed, two of his bikes featured in Batman and Robin. To say he is auto-obsessed is putting it mildly. On page 18. Leno writes about his friend and fellow Brough Superior aficionado, Robert White.





Sophie Parkin An acclaimed writer, artist and actor. Sophie Parkin is the author of The Colony Room Club: A History of Bohemian Soho. On page 40, she gives a history of the legendary drinking club. The artists who famously propped up the bar are the focus of an exhibition with Pallant House Gallery at Bonhams during Frieze week



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★ Horse play

War Horse, based on Michael Morpurgo's bestseller, is one of the theatrical sensations of the century. During its eight-year run in London's West End and ongoing tour, the play has been seen by more than 7 million people worldwide. Central to its success are the astonishingly lifelike puppets, which have



mesmerised audiences and, famously, made the Queen cry. Now one of the original sets of puppets, including Joey, Topthorn and Goose, will be offered at Bonhams in London on 13 September for a charity sale in aid of Handspring Trust, a foundation established by Adrian Kohler and Basil Jones, the designers of



the animals. "These are not so much puppets as living, breathing objects," said Giles Peppiatt, head of the South African department, "not to mention a theatrical legend."

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Small is beautiful

A masterpiece by the enigmatic 18th-century carver Gechu is among the treasures to be sold as part of the Julius and Arlette Katchen Collection of Fine Netsuke: Part I auction at Bonhams New Bond Street saleroom on 8 November. The details of the life of this mysterious master are almost completely unknown, despite being one of the most renowned netsuke artists of all time. Nevertheless, the astonishing precision and imagination of his carving has, for many collectors, made owning a piece by Gechu the Holy Grail. The work to be offered in November, a Pekingese, pictured left, boasts impeccable provenance - it was sold as part of the legendary M.T. Hindson Collection in 1969. It has since been used to authenticate pieces attributed to Gechu that have come to light.

Enquiries: Suzannah Yip +44 (0) 20 7468 8217



Far left: An ivory netsuke of a shaggy dog and pup by Gechu Estimate: Refer Department

Left: A late 18th century ivory netsuke of a stag by Tomotada Estimate: Refer Department

Below: An early 19th century wood netsuke of a dog by Hoshin Estimate: Refer Department





News







Guests at a party sponsored by Attandard Chartered, included
Abha Modi, Jayshree Kapoor; the
artist Sun Yu-Li with one of his works
(above); Satish Modi, the founder of
Arts for India, and Tahmina Ghaffar, Head of South Asian Art at Bonhams

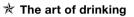


In May, Bonhams and the charity Arts for India joined forces for an evening at the New Bond Street HQ in aid of art students from India's poorest families.

The guests, who included some of the most influential people in the Subcontinent's art world, were surrounded by works from the Modern and Contemporary South Asian Art Sale.







The legendary Colony Room opened in 1948, and soon became a magnet for artists and writers desperate to escape the gloom of post-war London - and find somewhere to drink in the afternoon. In October, an exhibition of 21 works from Pallant House Gallery by artists such as Lucian Freud, Frank Auerbach and Richard Hamilton - all of whom whiled away hours upstairs in the Soho club - will be held at Bonhams. On page 40, Sophie Parkin writes about the club's singular allure. The exhibition will also highlight the many masterpieces of post-war British art held in the collection of Pallant House Gallery. The exhibition, in association with Pallant House Gallery, is at Bonhams, New Bond Street, London, W1, from 2-11 October.

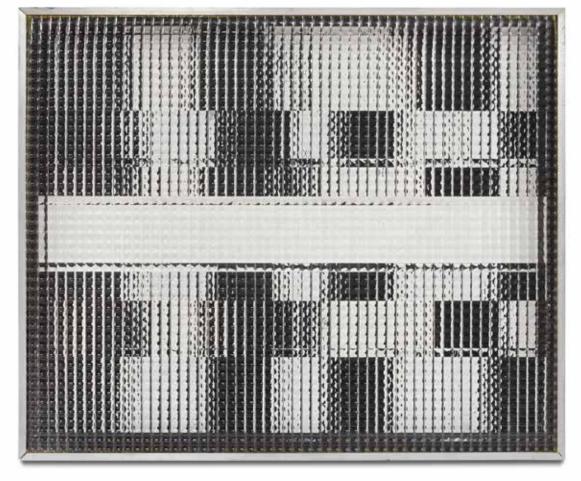




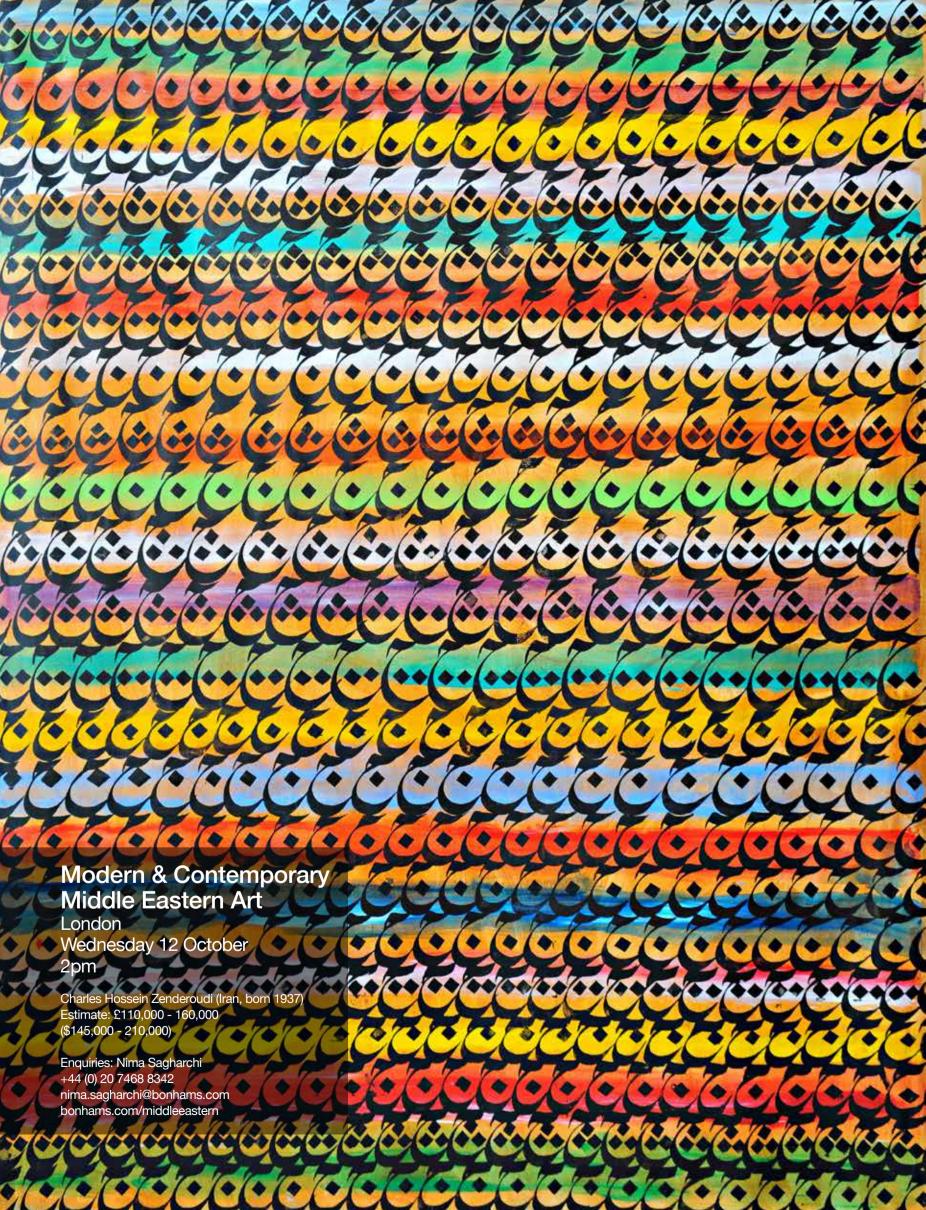
Op Art is having a renaissance. The movement began in the Sixties, but the swirling colours and dancing geometric shapes are once more hitting the spot in this age of digital media. As Bridget Riley, a trailblazer of the movement, put it, "Focusing isn't just an optical activity, it is also a mental one." Collectors are clearly having their own Sixties moment: Bonhams has seen exceptional results for many of the seminal Op Artists. This autumn, there will be a special section dedicated to Op Art in New York's Post War and Contemporary sale on 15 November, accompanied by events and essays discussing the rise and rise of this pulsating market.

Enquiries: Dane Jensen +1 323 436 5451 dane.jensen@bonhams.com

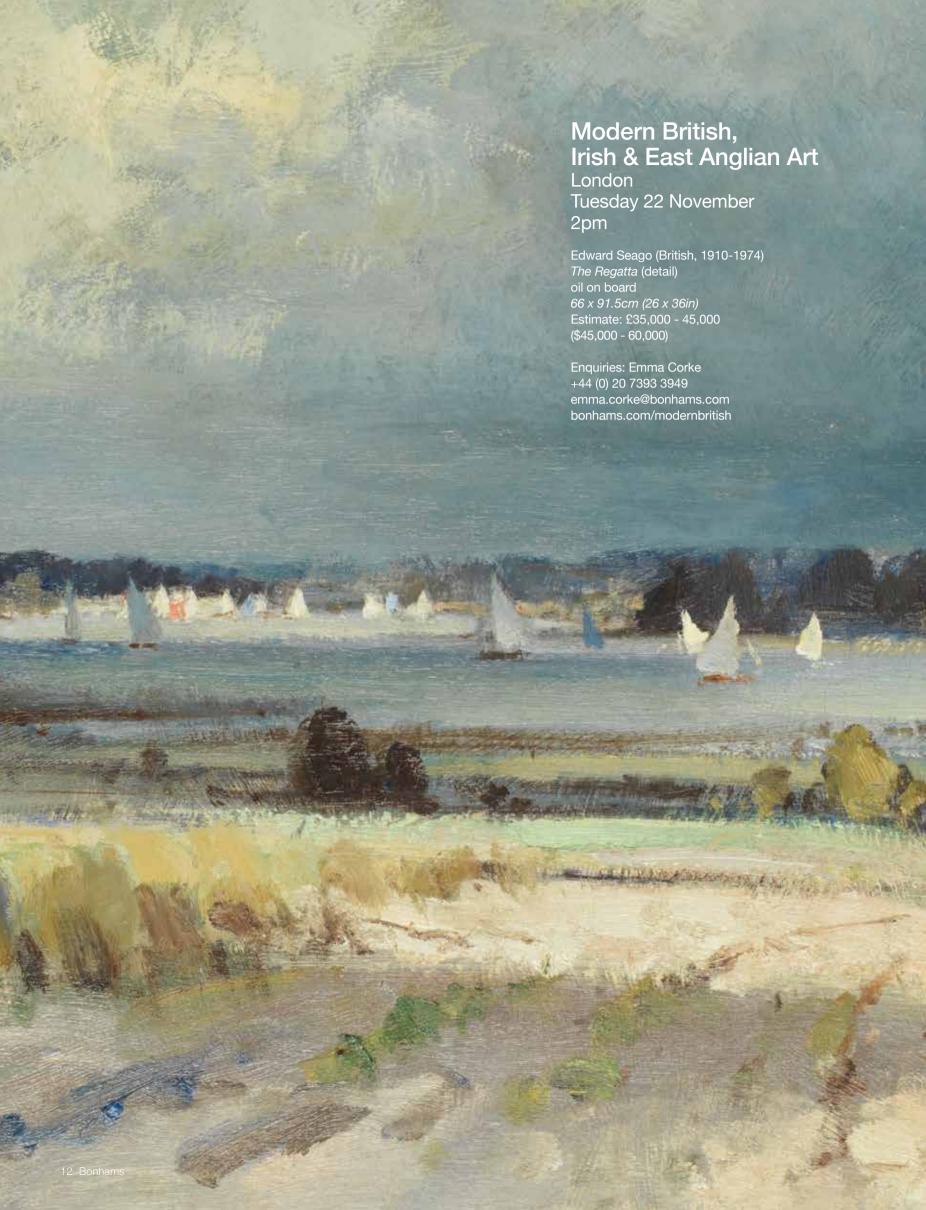
Right: Marc Adrian's 1961 glass and aluminium work, Estimate: \$12,000 - 18,000



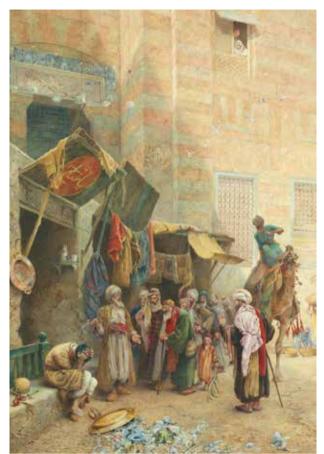








News



Above: Charles Robertson RWS (British, 1844-1891)
Alnashar's dream (The barber's fifth brother, Arabian nights) watercolour and bodycolour 105 x 74cm (411/4 x 29in)
Estimate: £15,000 - 20,000

Right: Frederick Arthur Bridgman (American, 1847-1928) Preparing the meal signed and inscribed oil on canvas 47 x 55.5cm (18½ x 22in) Estimate: £40,000 - 60,000



Eastern promise

An important collection of pictures including *The Lovers* by French Orientalist painter Étienne Dinet (1861-1929), estimated at £50,000 - 70,000, will be offered in *A Royal Collection: The Contents of an English Country House* on 4 October at Bonhams Knightsbridge. Dinet was unusual among Orientalist painters in that he fully embraced Arabic culture, converting to Islam and changing his name to Nasr'eddine Dinet. His pictures are suffused with love of his adopted country, Algeria. *A Royal Collection* offers a fabulous selection of paintings and antiques from the collection of a Sussex mansion.

Enquiries: Charlie Thomas +44 (0) 20 7468 8358 charlie.thomas@bonhams.com





A taste for the remarkable

Having travelled extensively in Asia in the early 1950s, John and Celeste Fleming became devoted collectors of Asian art. They settled in Denver, Colorado, and there developed a passion for Japanese art and Chinese furniture, which they proudly displayed in their Japanese-style home. Now masterworks from the Fleming collection will be offered in a singleowner sale at Bonhams New York on 12 September. Highlights include pieces of fine Ming dynasty huanghuali and zitan furniture. A rare Late Ming four-poster bed (pictured left) is illustrative of the astonishing quality of the items from the John and Celeste Fleming Collection.

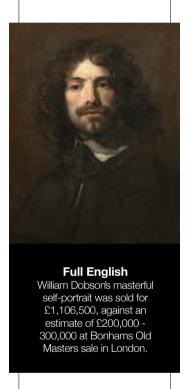
Enquiries: Dessa Goddard +1 415 503 3333 dessa.goddard@bonhams.com

A rare huanghuali four-poster bed, Jiazichuang Late Ming dynasty Estimate: \$250,000 - 400,000 What happened next...



On a plate

Long Long Way from Your Home, a rare ceramic work by Yoshitomo Nara, sold for HK\$2,080,000 at Bonhams Modern and Contemporary Art sale in Hong Kong.



Sale away

Ben Nicholson's 1928 (Pill Creek) doubled its estimate to achieve £722,500 in the white-glove sale of the Reddihough Collection







Modern British master

After a sensational sale in June, Matthew Bradbury explains the surge of interest in Modern British art to **Matthew Wilcox**

Photograph by Clive Rowley

Matthew Bradbury, Bonhams Director of Modern British and Irish Art

his is, without doubt, the most exciting time," says Matthew Bradbury, Bonhams Director of Modern British and Irish Art. In May, Bradbury, who has been working at Bonhams for 19 years, presided over the department's most successful auction to date which achieved £8.3m.

Within the sale was the Reddihough Collection, the personal art collection of Cyril Reddihough, a Yorkshire solicitor, who was also a lifelong friend of the artist Ben Nicholson. Highlights included 26 paintings by Nicholson, one of which, 1928 (Pill Creek), doubled its estimate to achieve £722,500; while a Henry Moore plaster cast achieved a world record (£1.86m) and Barbara Hepworth's Seated Girl fetched £206,500, against an estimate of just £30,000 - 40,000.

For Bradbury, who has been director of the Modern British department since 2002, it was the latest indication of a transformation in his field. "There were more than

"The prices don't reflect the importance of these artists to the national psyche" 250 registrations from 15 countries," he says of his most recent sale, adding, "What I think we have witnessed over the past five years

is the shift of Modern British art from a niche into a truly international field."

The success of the Hepworth lot, Bradbury argues, underlines why. Prices within the market are being driven



by the recent attention paid to Modern British art by major institutions, with a string of critically acclaimed exhibitions for blue-chip names such as Frank Auerbach, L.S. Lowry, Barbara Hepworth and Eric Ravilious.

As Bradbury says, "The wealth of new literature on the whole spectrum of British art is astonishing. We are adding new books to our library every week. But major artists such as Lowry or Christopher Wood still don't have a catalogue raisonné for their work, while Ben Nicholson's is only now being compiled, 120 years after his birth. And for a number of the other major names, there is still only one significant book each.

"Many of the Modern British artists are still underrated compared to the big Continental names, but it is shifting. If you consider what the auction record is for a work by Peter Lanyon or Terry Frost, or even Alfred Wallis, the prices don't reflect the importance of these artists to the national psyche."

Bradbury's love of art was inspired by his passion for bird-watching (he calls it 'birding'), which he began when living in Lincolnshire as a boy. "My parents weren't in the art world. Unlike many people in this industry, I come from a working-class background – my mother was in nursing, my dad was in brewing and I grew up in Burton-on-Trent in Staffordshire. When I was eight or nine, we moved for a year or two to the Lincolnshire wolds, where my parents bought a 16th-century inn. Tennyson wrote some of his poems there."

Bradbury attended the local comprehensive school. It was here that his interest in art was nurtured by an encouraging teaching staff: "I'm still a big advocate for that sort of education," he says, "and I feel strongly that I was given the same opportunities as anyone else." He read history of art at Nottingham University, where his tutor was Desmond Shawe-Taylor, now Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures.

As Bradbury says, "When I left Nottingham, I was quite unsure of what area and discipline to go into, so I wrote off to the London houses and eventually secured a job as a porter. I was a porter for the first 18 months of my career, hanging the paintings and getting to know what disciplines were involved in the auction business. A job opportunity as a cataloguer came up, and I suddenly found myself cataloguing 400 pictures a month. There was a huge volume of work – we had print sales, Old Masters, Continental, 19th century, everything... It was the steepest learning curve of my whole career."

Asked what he thinks the advantage is of working



Top right: Doubling its estimate, Ben Nicholson's 1928 (Pill Creek) was sold this June for £722,500

Above: Dame Barbara Hepworth's Seated Girl sold in June for £206,500

Right: Seated Woman on Bench by Henry Moore, sold for £422,500



"In 19 years at Bonhams, there has never been one day that I've been bored"

at Bonhams, he replies, "The best part of my job is my colleagues. There is a team spirit in a lot of the departments at Bonhams, certainly in mine, that is unique in the auction business. I think that is reflected in how we approach our clients, and how we deal with our buyers."

Although a spectacular sale result is obviously a thrill, Bradbury believes that it is the day-to-day excitement of the auction industry that really attracts specialists. "I didn't even contemplate museum work or academia. It would have been too slow-paced for me. And I can honestly say that, in 19 years at Bonhams, there has never been one day that I've been bored."

Matthew Wilcox is Deputy Editor of Bonhams Magazine.











Opposite: Gilera 500cc Grand Prix Racing Motorcycle; re-creation by Kay Engineering Estimate: £50,000 - 60,000 (\$65,000 - 80,000)

Above: Leica MP-294 'Leicavit' Estimate: £15,000 - 20,000 (\$20,000 - 25,000)

Love machines

Robert White's collection of motor cars and machines is being offered at Bonhams. **Jay Leno** pays tribute to his friend and reveals a man for whom a beautifully made vehicle or watch was a lifelong delight

Driving force

Robert White, creator of the leading photographic chain, died of cancer in 2015. He bequeathed his astonishing collection – of motorcyles, motor cars, watches and cameras – to be offered at Bonhams, with the proceeds of the sale going towards building new cancer facilities at Poole Hospital.

White had a glorious life. He opened a camera shop in Poole, his hometown, which grew into an international business. White's success enabled him to indulge a passion for collecting machines and objects that embodied the finest design and engineering. He loved to ride motorbikes and drive fast cars. He learned to fly, and bought a vintage Boeing biplane to travel round Britain.

The sale at Bonhams of 500 lots includes highlights such as a George Daniels 18ct gold wristwatch, a 1951 Vincent 998cc Series C Black Shadow, a 1930 Bentley 4½-litre Tourer and a Leica MP-294 'Leicavit'.

obert White is a guy who is hard to capture in words. He wasn't really about words so much as things, especially working machines.

I first met him about ten years ago at the Rock Store, a world-famous motorcyclists' hang-out and former stagecoach stop in Malibu Canyon, along Mulholland Highway. Robert was visiting California and sidling around the Rock Store. We were introduced to each other as Brough enthusiasts.

The thing about Robert for me was that I always found him to be hysterically English: curt, clipped and restrained, he didn't suffer fools gladly. At the same time, I think he saw me as the most American person he had ever met: loud, obnoxious and with more money than brains. But I'm a great believer in opposites attracting, which is why we amused each other so much. Our mutual connection with these motorcycles, and our respect for these and other machines, carried us way past those superficial judgments into a genuine and long-lasting friendship.

I had first bought a Brough in the mid-

1980s, paying \$5,000 for it, which plenty of people thought was crazy money at a time when you could buy a good motorcycle in America for \$2,500. In the USA, the motorcycle has always had a hoodlum reputation, with obvious rebellious connections and connotations such as with Hell's Angels and Marlon Brando in *The Wild One.* But the Brough was of an altogether different social order. It was the conveyance

"Robert was hysterically English: curt, clipped and restrained, he didn't suffer fools gladly"

of gentlemen and officers, of engineers and connoisseurs. In 1920s England, the price of a Brough motorcycle – £150 – was the equivalent of the cost of a small house. The utterly sensational speed of 100mph it could reach was the equivalent of 200mph today. The connections with George Bernard Shaw and with T.E. Lawrence are, of course, irresistibly romantic.





AGUSTA

Below: Circa 1968 MV Agusta 750S Estimate: £40,000 - 50,000 (\$50,000 - 65,000) But the aspect of Broughs that brought Robert and myself together in shared admiration was the quality of their creation and the refinement of their engineering. This was the motorcycle that George Brough wanted to ride himself and, of course, every single one of the 3,000 bikes the company produced in 30 years was personally certified by him. In a way, the development

of the machines reflected George's physique: the motorcycles got more comfortable, with wider saddles, rather as George did as he grew older.

The more you knew Robert, however, the more you realised that his extraordinary enthusiasms embraced far more than just Broughs. They say that you should never be possessed by your possessions, but Robert got more pleasure out of his possessions than any man I have ever met. The evening ritual of winding his George Daniels' watch was an active delight to him as an opportunity to

"Robert got more pleasure out of his possessions than any man I have ever met"

take pleasure in its mechanism. He also found pure happiness in the craftsmanship of his beautiful model steam train.

Possessions, for Robert, were never a means to show off; his enthusiasms had nothing to do with ostentatious display. I guess he thought that I would be like that when we first met, but I think he changed his mind when he saw my garage, where everything is maintained in working order. In fact, he liked my garage so much that he used it as a store when he came to





America on buying trips. I would put him in a hotel and we'd go out riding together – and I would buy him some proper drinks instead of those pitiful mouthwashes that pass for cocktails in Britain.

When it came to dinner, Robert was always astonished at the size of the portions in America. "But it's so huge!", he would say. I liked to play up to that astonishment so, for example, I'd take him out in vehicles you can only find in the States – in particular my 'tank car', powered by a 37-litre Patton engine. Robert thought this was hilarious.

We spent time together in England before he died. He didn't feel sorry for himself or 'woe-is-me'. He faced up to his position with a sense of realism and decided he wanted to give something back to the people in Poole who had helped him with his illness. And so he and I agreed that I would buy his collection of Broughs for the benefit of Poole hospital and the cancer wing he wanted to create. I just said, "Name your price." He needed £3m towards the hospital project, so I gave £3m.

The collection, which includes the earliest known example of a Brough, is no doubt one of the greatest collections of Broughs in the world.

He may have been a guy who is hard to capture in words, but his machines bring him to life for me.

Comedian and presenter Jay Leno was host of The Tonight Show on NBC.

Sale: The Robert White Collection London Monday 19 September at 10am Enquiries: Ben Walker +44 (0) 20 8963 2819 ben.walker@bonhams.com bonhams.com/robertwhite **Above left:** George Daniels 18ct gold wristwatch Estimate: £70,000 - 100,000 (\$90,000 - 130,000)

Above: 1958 AC Ace Roadster Estimate: £120,000 - 140,000 (\$160,000 - 180,000)

Below: 1930 Bentley 4½-litre Tourer Estimate: £450,000 - 550,000 (\$600,000 - 725,000)



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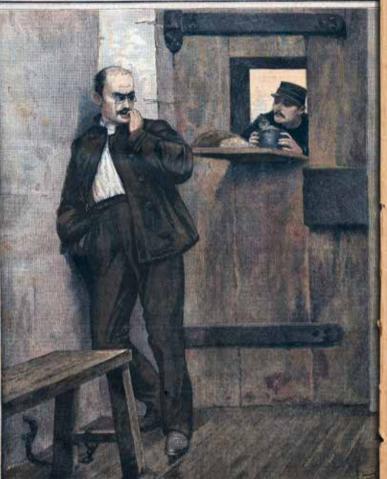
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LETTRE AU PRÉSIDENT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE

Par ÉMILE ZOLA

Le Petit Journa

DIMANCHE SO JANVIER 1895



ALFRED DREYFUS DANS SA PRISON

Top: Zola's incendiary open letter, printed as the lead story in *L'Aurore*, January 13, 1898

Bottom: Le Petit Journal shows Dreyfus in jail

(left) and being formally degraded (right) in January 1895

Opposite: Alfred Dreyfus in his uniform

Le Petit Journa

Le Supplement Blustre

Huit pages : CINQ centimes

DIMANCHE 13 JANVIER 1895



LE TRAITRE

22 Bonhams



A nation accused

The Dreyfus Affair inflamed France. **Louis Begley** investigates a lost confession from the man at the heart of the scandal

here is nothing about the Dreyfus Affair that is straightforward, and nothing that is not heartbreaking. The story is well known. In December 1894, Captain Alfred Dreyfus, a French artillery officer of Jewish descent, and a trainee with the Army General Staff in its intelligence section, was convicted by a military tribunal of treason: selling military secrets to the German military attaché, Lieutenant-Colonel von Schwartzkoppen. The conviction was obtained on the basis of a torn-up piece of paper on which was listed information that had been sold to the Germans. This piece of paper had been retrieved from Schwartzkoppen's wastebasket by a charwoman, and sold to the General Staff. The handwriting was mistakenly attributed to Dreyfus, but the real author was Major Ferdinand Walsin Esterhazy, a sociopathic and spendthrift infantry officer accustomed to preying on friends and women.

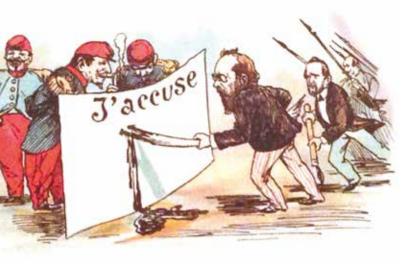
This list alone – known in France as the *bordereau* – was not enough to secure a conviction. The Minister of War, General Mercier, and the high command of the General Staff therefore resorted to conduct that was criminal under French law: perjured testimony and secretly placing before the military judges forged documents and a memorandum arguing that they established guilt. The tribunal sentenced Dreyfus to life imprisonment in a fortified enclosure. Not satisfied with that, Mercier pushed a law through parliament that allowed Dreyfus to be imprisoned on Devil's Island, a penal colony on a tiny arid island off the coast of French Guiana. From March

1895, he was held there in solitary confinement, for a time shackled at night to his bed. Then, in June 1899, Dreyfus was returned to France to face a second court martial. The 1894 judgment had been reversed. Once again, the top brass pressed for and obtained a guilty verdict. By now a gravely sick man, Dreyfus accepted a presidential pardon in September 1899. In June 1906, the legal nightmare ended. Dreyfus was fully exonerated by the highest civilian court, promoted to the rank of major, and made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

How could a brilliant officer, rich, married and the father of two small children, fall under suspicion of selling secrets to the German attaché? How could such a man become the subject of persecution by General Mercier? Why was the high command so dogged that – in order to convict him, to maintain the fiction of his guilt and to keep him on Devil's Island – they lied, committed felonies and ultimately allied themselves with Esterhazy, the real traitor?

The suspicion fell on Dreyfus unquestionably because he was the only Jew on an otherwise Catholic, mostly aristocratic and viscerally anti-Semitic General Staff. Once Dreyfus had been accused, it became necessary to convict him in order not to lose face. That same imperative led to the commission of crimes in which no

"Dreyfus was held in solitary confinement, for a time shackled at night to his bed"



fewer than three generals were implicated, crimes that were only part of a relentless cover-up.

Astonishingly, even through his first trial and his imprisonment on Devil's Island, Dreyfus never lost faith in the French Republic. He believed a mistake had been made that his hierarchical superiors would sooner or later correct. His letter to the Minister of Colonies from the prison on Île de Ré is a perfect example. This letter is offered at auction with Esterhazy's confession and a draft of Émile Zola's 'Lettre à la France' at September's sale of Fine Books and Manuscripts at Bonhams New York. In the letter, Dreyfus begs to be spared transit through yet another prison where prisoners will look on him with the contempt a traitor deserves. Being innocent, he asks only that the real culprit be sought and brought to justice.

Great faith in the French Republic was typical of French Jews of his class and education. Fully emancipated by the French Revolution, they had succeeded brilliantly as financiers, scholars, high civil servants and even soldiers – in 1889, the army had five Jewish generals. The other side of the coin was the rise, during the 1890s, of

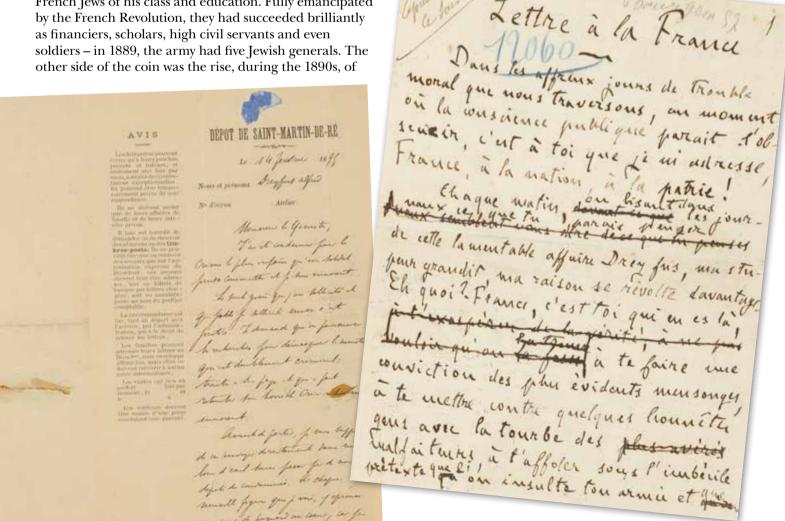
a virulent form of racist anti-Semitism grafted onto the traditional Christian kind. With the Dreyfus Affair as its focus, this prejudice would cause a bitter breach in France that has never been fully healed.

A series of improbable missteps and coincidences, combined with the determination and energy of the Dreyfusards (family, friends and allies convinced of Dreyfus's innocence), brought about the unmasking of Esterhazy, which was finally achieved in 1897. The handwriting on the bordereau was recognised as his;

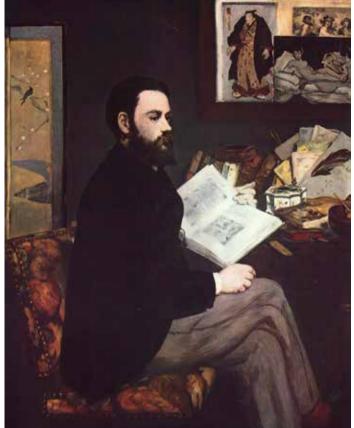
"Destitute, Esterhazy lived by selling revelations of the sordid underside of the Affair to newspapers"

another document (le petit bleu), a telegram retrieved by the same charwoman from Schwartzkoppen's wastebasket, revealed dealings between the military attaché and the spy.

The General Staff rallied to Esterhazy's defence through a variety of shameless manoeuvres and granted his request for a court martial before which he would "clear his reputation". He was tried for treason, and on January 11, 1898, the tribunal acquitted him, bowing to orders from on high, as Émile Zola wrote two days later in his famous letter to the president of the French Republic, 'J'accuse'. In it, Zola called the acquittal a slap in the face of France - and courted a libel action to force



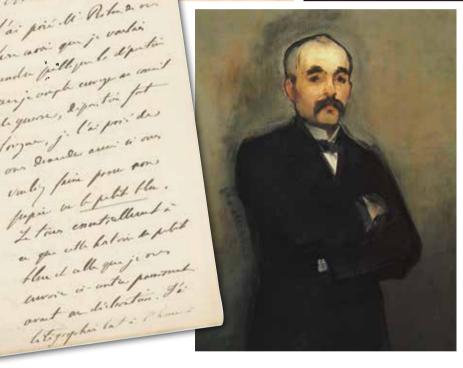




This page, clockwise from top left: the guilty man Ferdinand Walsin Esterhazy (1847-1923); novelist Émile Zola (1840-1902), a leading Dreyfusard; Georges Clemenceau (1841-1929), owner/editor of *L'Aurore*

Opposite, top left: Zola wounds the army with his open letter 'J'accuse'

This page and opposite, from far left: Alfred Dreyfus, signed autograph letter to the Minister of Colonies, February 14, 1895 Émile Zola, signed manuscript of 'Lettre à la France', drafted before January 6, 1898 Ferdinand Walsin Esterhazy, signed autograph letter, sent from London, August 5, 1899 Estimate (offered as single lot): \$700,000 - 1,000,000 (£550,000 - 750,000)



the submission of new evidence on behalf of Dreyfus in open court.

Eight months later, cashiered for habitual misconduct, and faced with prosecution for fraud, Esterhazy fled first to Belgium and eventually to England. There he remained until his death in 1923 in Harpenden, where he had lived under the alias Count Jean de Voilemont. Perennially destitute, he lived off his "capital" – interviews and selling to newspapers what he claimed were revelations of the sordid underside of the Affair.

Paul Ribon, mentioned in Esterhazy's letter dated August 5, 1899, was a French journalist who had interviewed Esterhazy and received many of his fabulations. The addressee of the letter is unknown. The military tribunal to which Esterhazy claims he intends to send a deposition may be the tribunal that retried Dreyfus in Rennes from August 8 to September 9, 1899. Esterhazy was summoned to testify but didn't appear, and such a deposition, were it ever in fact received, played

no role in the guilty verdict delivered against Dreyfus, a verdict heavily influenced by the generals. Captain Brô and *l'homme de paille* ('the straw man') referred to in the memorandum mentioned in Esterhazy's letter, belong to the mindboggling lexicon of Esterhazy's lies.

Nor did the bitter consequences of the Dreyfus Affair end even there. Émile Zola is one of France's four or five greatest novelists. In the 1890s, he stood at the apex of his success: his election to the next vacant chair at the Académie Française was all but assured. However, rightist and nationalist opposition to overturning Dreyfus's conviction was bitter and violent. To espouse Dreyfus's cause as Zola did in open letters, including 'Lettre à la France', written a week before 'J'accuse', exposed Zola to immense personal and professional risk. His ploy worked and he was brought to trail for libel on February 7, 1898, but – found guilty – fled France for temporary exile in England rather than serve his time in jail. He was stripped of the Legion of Honour.

Probably, he paid for the cause not only with exile and disgrace, but also with his life: Zola died in 1902 in his bed, asphyxiated by fumes from a stove. There had been many calls for his assassination, and credible evidence points to the bedroom chimney having been blocked by an extreme rightist roofer. In 'Lettre à la France', Zola calls on the people of France to become once again a nation of humanity, truth and justice, and to reject the rage against Dreyfus incited by the gutter press, the reactionary teachings of the church and the scourge of anti-Semitism. It is perhaps the noblest of Zola's great open letters, as bold and uncompromising – as the draft manuscript at Bonhams shows – as the hand of its author.

Louis Begley's account of the scandal, Why the Dreyfus Affair Matters, was published in 2009. His most recent novel is Kill and Be Killed.

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Surreal thing

Artist in his 50s meets young female painter in her studio. It wasn't the easiest of romances – for one thing, Max Ernst was married. *Martin Gayford* describes what happened next

Left: The surreal deal, Max Ernst and Dorothea Tanning with Ernst's sculpture, *Capricorne*, Sedona, Arizona, 1948

Above: Max Ernst, Les trois tremblements de terre signed and dated 'Max Ernst 64' (lower right) oil on canvas 51% × 63%in (129.7 × 162cm) Estimate: \$600,000 - 1,000,000 (£450,000 - 750,000) n 1942, Max Ernst paid a visit to the New York studio of a young female artist – and was much struck by one of her pictures. It depicted the painter herself standing, bare-breasted, wearing an Elizabethan doublet and draped with seaweed. Behind her is a mirror, in front a strange creature resembling a winged lemur. Its title was *Birthday*.

Ernst was so taken with the image, and with the artist – who was named Dorothea Tanning – that they subsequently played chess every day for a week and soon moved in together. The Surrealists, Tanning noted much later, perhaps from personal experience, felt "rather little" amorous fire in their loins, but a great deal in their imaginations.

The original purpose of Ernst's visit had been to select participants for an exhibition that was to

be made up entirely of work by female artists – the first of its kind in the US (among those included were Frida Kahlo, Louise Nevelson and Méret Oppenheim). The working title of the project was '30 Women'; after Ernst's encounter with Tanning, this was amended to '31 Women'. Peggy Guggenheim – who was married to Ernst at the time – was heard to say that perhaps it would have been better to have left the list at a round 30.

An impartial observer would probably not have predicted a long-term future for this new romance. Tanning – born in 1910 in Galesburg, Illinois – was 19 years Ernst's junior. He was in his early 50s, with a long and complicated romantic career already behind him. The marriage to Guggenheim was his third, but Ernst had also taken part in a ménage à trois with the poet Paul Éluard and his wife Gala (before the latter



Above: Dorothea Tanning's troubling painting, *Birthday*, 1942

Right: Max Ernst, Sanctuary, 1965

Opposite: Max Ernst, Je suis une femme, vous êtes un homme, sommes nous la république signed and dated 'Max Ernst/60' (lower right), and inscribed, signed and dated 'Je suis une femme, vous/ êtes un homme, sommes/ nous la RÉPUBLIQUE/ Max Ernst/1960' (to the reverse) oil on canvas 24 × 19¾in (61.1 × 50cm) \$400,000 - 600,000 (£300,000 - 450,000)



took up with Salvador Dalí), and more recently a tempestuous relationship with another much younger painter, Leonora Carrington. As Ruth Brandon, author of *Surreal Lives*, put it, "Max was always in love – with someone other than Peggy".

This time, however, it lasted. He lived with Tanning, in what seems to have been rather un-Surrealist happiness and domestic harmony, until his death in 1976. Looking back in 1990, Tanning told an interviewer that Ernst was "clearly the only person I needed"; she had found him "not only a great man, but a wonderfully gentle and loving companion".

They had nearly met three years before that studio visit. Tanning, already fascinated by Surrealism and its exponents, had set out for Paris in 1938 equipped with letters of introduction to artists she admired, including Ernst and Picasso. Almost as soon as she arrived, war was declared, and US citizens were advised to return home. She took a train to Stockholm, where her uncle lived (her family was Swedish, the name originally 'Thaning'), and caught the last boat to New York from Gothenburg.

Ernst's journey to Manhattan was more hazardous and prolonged. He was first interned as an 'undesirable foreigner' in a camp at Aixen-Provence in company with another Surrealist, Hans Bellmer. After the invasion of France, he was arrested by the Gestapo, but escaped, slipping across the Spanish border after having

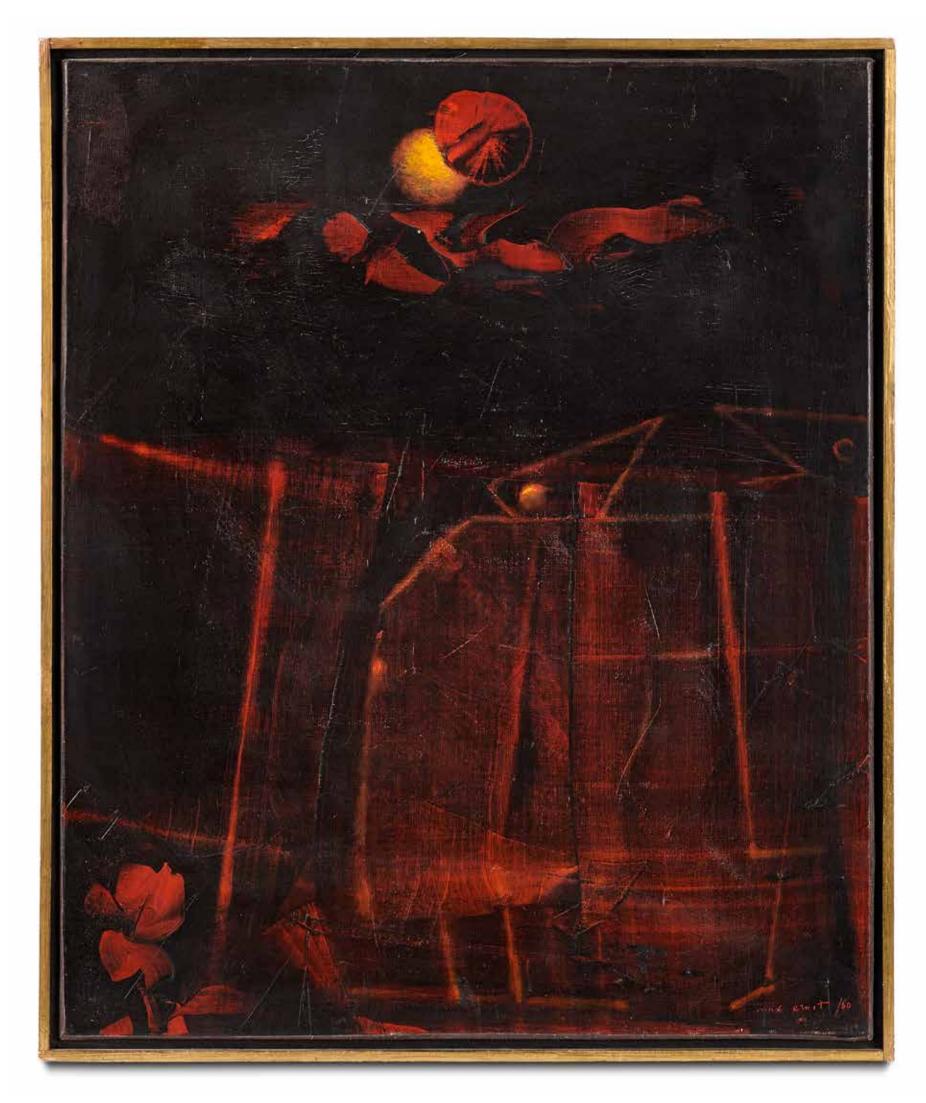
"Surrealists, Tanning noted, felt 'rather little' amorous fire in their loins, but a great deal in their imaginations."

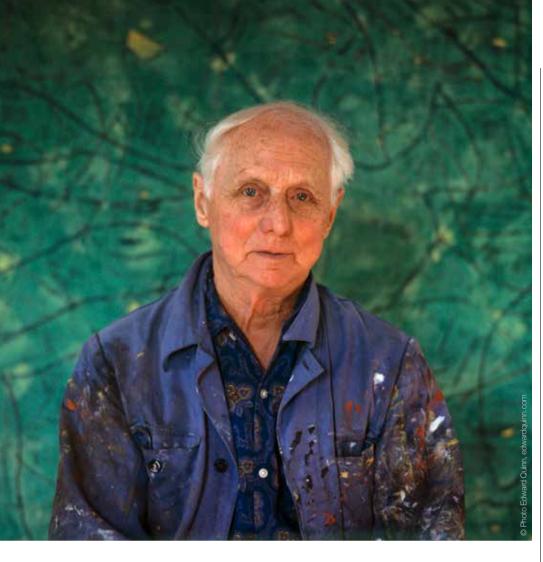
shown his work to an art-loving customs officer, and finally made his way to the USA via Portugal with the help of Peggy Guggenheim.

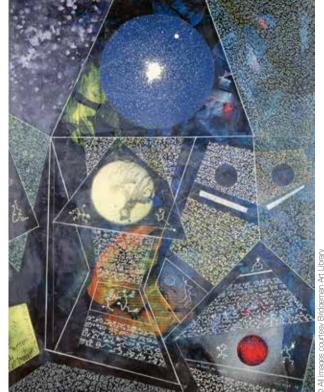
In his biographical notes, Ernst described his arrival on American soil. "On July 14, Max Ernst arrived at LaGuardia Airport in New York," he wrote, wryly using the third person to refer to himself. "He had hardly disembarked from the airplane when he was apprehended by immigration authorities... and interned on Ellis Island. Lovely view of the Statue of Liberty."

Ernst could be funny, in a deadpan manner – another slightly un-Surrealist trait. When asked what qualities she associated with her husband, Tanning responded, "his humour: ironic, amused, bemused".

After his immigration problems were sorted out, Ernst travelled to California, New Orleans and the Southwest with Guggenheim, whom he married in December 1941. Her triplex apartment in New York became a social centre for the European avant-garde in exile. A photograph from that year shows – among









Above: Max Ernst in front of Les trois tremblements de terre at Seillans in 1966

Above right: Max Ernst, The World of the Naïve, 1965

Right: Max Ernst, The Entire City, 1935-36

others – Marcel Duchamp, Léger, Mondrian, Leonora Carrington, André Breton and Ernst, all lined up on the upper floor.

The meeting of these older artists, previously based in Paris, with younger Americans such as Jackson Pollock and Robert Motherwell, was one of the crucial junctures in 20th century art. Out of it came Abstract Expressionism. Ernst played a part in its birth, since exactly at this moment he invented a novel 'automatic' picture-making technique: Oscillation. This involved dripping paint from a swinging tin can, with results that clearly anticipated Pollock's celebrated method.

While his artistic influence was destined to last, his marriage to Peggy Guggenheim didn't. Asked why she was with Ernst, she replied, "Because he's so beautiful and because he's so famous." However, her promiscuity was legendary throughout the art world: when their relationship began, a former lover acidly observed, "Max Ernst is now said to be Peggy Guggenheim's consort no.3,812."

For his part, he seems to have felt mainly gratitude for her role in his flight from occupied Europe. "He considered me a sort of lady whom

he was slightly afraid of," she later recalled, "and never addressed me as *tu*. Once, when I asked him to write something in the books he had given me, he merely wrote 'For Peggy Guggenheim from Max Ernst'." To begin with he was so "insane" with love for Leonora Carrington that he could not hide it from Peggy, then shortly after Carrington had left for Mexico, he met Tanning.

This new relationship perhaps represented another escape. This time of intense proximity for the expatriate art community in New York was, in effect, the last moment at which the Surrealist movement flared into life. After that, they had perhaps seen enough of each other, and particularly of the Surrealist 'pope', André Breton, who was forever banishing ideological deviants from the movement in a sort of art-world parody of the Inquisition – or Stalin's purges. Subsequently, Tanning observed, the Surrealists' quarrels deepened with each new row, "until, one sudden day, there was nothing left to be banished from". Asked in a truth game whether he had any friends, Breton's answer was "Non, mon ami."

By 1946, Ernst had fled again. He and Tanning moved to Sedona, Arizona, where they lived in





Above: Max Ernst, The Last Forest, 1960-70

Left: Max Ernst with Peggy Guggenheim at her Art of This Century gallery in New York, c.1943

a two-room shack without electricity or running water. "I replaced the moral loneliness of the cities", he said, "with the real loneliness of the landscape of Arizona." That December, they married in Beverly Hills in a double wedding with Man Ray and Juliet Browner.

Three years later, in 1949, Ernst and Tanning returned to France, where they spent more than a quarter of a century. They settled definitively in Paris, but also bought a rustic retreat near Chinon on the Loire, a decade later shifting their country dwelling to Seillans, north of the Côte d'Azur. Ernst won the painting prize at the Venice Biennale of 1954, which led to his final exclusion from the moribund Surrealist movement – getting

"Ernst won an award at the 1954 Venice Biennale, which led to his exclusion from the Surrealist movement – getting prizes was something of which they disapproved"

prizes was something of which the Surrealists disapproved. Subsequently, though, he gained much greater international recognition.

In his last 20 years, Ernst's work was shown in some 70 solo exhibitions, and six major career retrospectives. Meanwhile, as an artist, he moved into a Romantic late phase. The two paintings offered at Bonhams' Impressionist and Modern Art Sale in New York in November are superb examples of this period. Neither have previously been seen on the market. The paintings have been in Dorothea Tanning's collection since

Ernst's death, and have been consigned by her family. One of the works, *Je suis une femme, vous êtes un homme, sommes nous la république*, brings to mind the words of art historian Jürgen Pech who argued that Ernst was concerned with "the forces of nature and of life"; his "cosmic pictorial worlds approach the faraway, the infinity of space". Ernst intended his art to be both childlike and touched by deep notes of fear and tragedy. There is only half a turn of the wheel, Ernst noted, between the "time of fear" and the second, deliberate "childhood of art".

Art was part of Ernst and Tanning's life together. They showed each other their work, she recalled, "rather formally, with serious, but brief, comments; but we didn't talk about craft". In 1975, a year before Ernst's death, they were interviewed by Andy Warhol. Most of his questions were wonderfully inconsequential – about clothes, cooking, the weather in Paris. But he was also interested in Ernst's productivity. Did he do one painting a day? Two? "What an idea!", Tanning replied on her husband's behalf. "He paints when he feels like it!" Evidently, in some respects, he retained the Surrealist spirit.

Martin Gayford's forthcoming book, A History of Pictures: from Cave to Computer Screen, was co-written with David Hockney.

Sale: Impressionist and Modern Art New York Wednesday 16 November at 4pm Enquiries: William O'Reilly +1 212 644 9135 william.oreilly@bonhams.com bonhams.com/impressionist



Opposite Andrey Tarkovsky (1932-1986)

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Twilight zone

The Russian film-maker Andrey Tarkovsky never took photographs – until he discovered the magic of Polaroids. Then, says *Mark Le Fanu*, he became addicted – and produced images that are luminous and revealing

he films of the great Russian director Andrey Tarkovsky (1932-1986) are nothing if not pictorial. One thinks of epic scenes of battle and siege in *Andrei Rublev* (1966) or, on a more intimate scale, the portrayal of the idyllic country dacha that lights up the opening scenes of his memoir-film *Mirror* (1975), one of the most beautiful colour movies ever made.

So it is odd to discover that for whole decades of the director's life, he never made use of a stills camera. Hard to believe, perhaps, in the age of Facebook and the smartphone, when all of us take photography for granted. Hard to believe – but nonetheless true. Or, at least, almost true.

The exception, over a short period, was his passion for Polaroids. The addiction (I think we can call it that) began in 1979 when he was travelling in Italy in preparation for making what turned out to be his penultimate movie, *Nostalgia* (1983). There was something about the way that the camera gave an instant image of the view being photographed that he found propitious, and useful, for his task of location-hunting. That, and the fact that he liked their saturated but at the same time diffused (and ever so slightly 'retro') colour reproduction, which gave each of the stills an air of mystery.

Back in Russia, during breaks in the film's lengthy preparation, Tarkovsky continued using the camera each day to record domestic scenes of family life – his wife Larissa, his son Andrey Jr, along with their beloved German shepherd dog Dakus – as they relaxed in their country cottage in the village of Myasnoe, near Moscow.

Some of these photographs have been displayed before, as blown-up prints, in exhibitions in London as well as elsewhere in Europe. (I remember seeing a beautifully lit display of them in Tallinn.) In addition, there have been two notably well-produced art books: *Instant Light: Tarkovsky Polaroids*, published in 2004, and *Bright, bright day*, released by the White Space Gallery in conjunction with the Tarkovsky Foundation in 2007.

Now the opportunity has arisen to acquire the originals. Tarkovsky's son, Andrey Jr, has decided to auction a selection of them at Bonhams London on 6 October in order to raise funds for the foundation he runs in Florence. In addition to the Polaroid collection we are talking about (entirely owned by Andrey), the foundation contains a vast archive of papers, letters and diaries, along with pristine prints of the eight movies that his father



managed to make in a career stretching from 1960 to his tragically premature death from cancer in 1986.

When I visited Andrey Jr recently in Florence, he showed me the camera that took these photos. In appearance, it was a squat, lightweight plastic box, its no-nonsense 'functionalist' contours speaking eloquently of the epoch in which it was manufactured. Still working, I am happy to report: we even took a few snaps with it.

Polaroid cameras, of course, have no focusing device – they are rudimentary objects in that sense. It is rather difficult to avoid parallax while using them. So, more than usually, everything is thrown back on the native skill and sensibility of the photographer. Doubtless thousands of Polaroids exist in different albums all over the world; and yet, somehow, there are no Polaroids quite like these ones. "His great gifts were his eye", Andrey told me, "and his perfectionism. He threw away any stills that weren't up to his extremely high artistic standards." Thus it is a 'collection' we are faced with here: we could even say it was 'curated' by its creator.

Without seeming to on the surface, the photographs tell a story. It is hard to say whether it is a happy or an unhappy one. *Nostalgia*, the film that Tarkovsky was planning while most of these photos were being taken, recounts the odyssey of a Russian musicologist who has come to Italy to research the life of a composer named Sosnovsky – based, in fact, on Maksym Berezovsky (1745-77).

Nothing at all is going well for him. The beautiful translator he has been provided with is getting on his nerves. The weather is bad (in Italy!). He misses his wife. He wonders whether his project is a sensible one, and whether it will lead to anything concrete.

Exactly the same feelings, one might say, as Tarkovsky himself was experiencing while negotiating the endless complications of filming abroad, with too little money, and faced by the suspicions of his Soviet backers. (*Nostalgia* had been planned as a co-production between the Italian state television channel RAI and the official Moscow production company, Sovin Film.)

In a roundabout way, those suspicions were probably justified. Ever since the difficulties he had experienced with the release of *Andrei Rublev* (the film had been 'shelved' for three years before

finally being put out, reluctantly, in a limited print run), Tarkovsky had been in conflict with the authorities. In Soviet Russia, the state was the monopoly funder of all film-making. *Mirror* had turned out to be as controversial as *Andrei Rublev*: the regime looked askance at a celebration of private family history that made no concessions at all to the demands of communist ideology.

Thus, by the late 1970s, it seems clear that Tarkovsky was thinking of defecting to the West – if he could only take his family with him. *Stalker* (1979), in its dream-like way, rehearses the flight. And now, by a piece of luck, Tarkovsky really was in the West: he was in Italy. However, this arrangement (as outlined in his agreement with his backers) was only 'temporary' – for as long as the shooting of *Nostalgia* was to last.

These, then, is the context in which Tarkovsky took up the practice of Polaroid photography. They account for a noticeable peculiarity in the resulting pictures, which is that the photographs that were taken in Italy look, at times, as if they might have been taken in Russia, while those taken in Russia have something of the sunniness and happiness and *dolce far niente* of Italy about them.

It is as if, by some utopian magic, he wanted to make one into the other. While travelling in Italy, he longed for his homeland, with a passion (that is why the film references 'nostalgia'); at the same time, stuck back in Russia for long periods of delay, it is Italy that summons him to freedom.

Freedom came, but it came – as it always does – at a cost. Tarkovsky's wife Larissa was able to accompany the director when in 1984 he made public his decision to stay on in Italy; but the

"Film-makers... are the painters of our time: they have taken on, to a remarkable extent, the mantle of the Old Masters"

authorities refused his son a travel permit, holding onto him as a hostage, and only releasing him, in the face of mounting international pressure, at the beginning of 1986 when his father was already ill and dying. "You have to remember", Andrey Jr told me, "that the early 1980s – especially after 1982, when Brezhnev died – were some of the very worst years of repression. Of course, with the coming of Gorbachev, everything changed rather rapidly." Too late, alas, for Andrey to benefit in the way that he might have hoped.

And yet we have these beautiful photographs: a souvenir of one of the 20th century's greatest artists. Yes, we can call film directors 'artists', as we might call their end-product a 'canvas'. Sometimes I feel that film-makers (and no one else) really are the painters of our time: they have taken on, to a remarkable extent, the mantle of the Old Masters. Tarkovsky made only eight films in total, but through them he left a rich and various inheritance: how urgently his spiritual concerns still speak to us! These photographs represent merely a 'sideline' to his life's work – a distillation of a mood, a document, a testimony – but in a way they are infinitely precious.

Mark Le Fanu wrote The Cinema of Andrei Tarkovsky for the British Film Institute.

Sale: Nostalgia: Before and After. A Collection of Unique Polaroids by Andrey Tarkovsky New Bond Street, London Thursday 6 October at 3pm Enquiries: Daria Chernenko +44 (0) 20 7468 8338 daria.chernenko@bonhams.com bonhams.com/tarkovsky

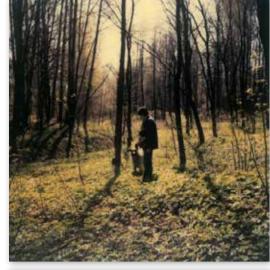
Man with the movie camera

Andrey Tarkovsky (1932-1986) was one of the great Russian film directors. He came from a distinguished intellectual family his father, Arseny, was a friend of Boris Pasternak and one of the finest poets of his generation, while his mother, Maria, came from a family of doctors and civil servants. (Tarkovsky revered his mother: her life, lightly fictionalised, is at the centre of one of his best-known films, Mirror.) Tarkovsky's parents were progressive, but not friends of the Revolution: during the years of Stalinism, they kept their heads down and managed to survive.

Tarkovsky entered the state film-school, VGIK, in Moscow in 1954, a year after Stalin's death, and benefited from the liberal atmosphere that reigned there in the early years of the 'Thaw'. He shot to fame soon after graduating, when his first full-length feature film, the war drama, Ivan's Childhood, shared the Golden Lion at the Venice Film Festival. In the following few years, Tarkovsky and his writing partner Andrey Konchalovsky worked on the script of what turned out to be his most famous movie, Andrei Rublev (1966), a mighty epic about medieval Russia that ran into trouble with the authorities on account of its unambiguous admiration for Christian values. (Its hero, the early 15th-century icon painter Andrei Rublev, was a pious monk.) Though the film was held back from domestic release for several years, Tarkovsky was given the go-ahead to make an ambitious science-fiction picture, Solaris (1972), that has subsequently become something of a cult classic. Mirror followed this in 1975 (once again, it was highly controversial), and after that Tarkovsky made another science-fiction movie, Stalker (1979), shot in Estonia.

By now Tarkovsky was setting his eyes on the West, though unlike, for example, Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, he was never an explicit dissident: if he could have stayed in Russia and worked there, he would have liked to have done so.

Nostalgia (1983) was the watershed. Its contemptuous reception by the Soviet authorities – who actually campaigned against it on the occasion of its screening at the Cannes Film Festival – made up the director's mind: he would seek asylum abroad. His health, however, was failing. He made just one more film, The Sacrifice (1986), a mystical drama set in Sweden as a kind of 'homage' to Ingmar Bergman, before dying of lung cancer in Paris on December 29, 1986. M.LeF.

















Golden Wonder

The fabulous intricacy of Tibetan Buddhism – with its many deities and gurus – is well known in the West. *Edward Wilkinson* shows there is personality and artistry too

ibet has a rich and complex artistic heritage that spans 14 centuries, but images of the Buddha and the country's multitude of deities have only been widely known since the late 1950s. Even now, paintings and sculpture of Tibetan historical figures are just beginning to be fully appreciated, with connoisseurs starting to recognise and admire the detailing, expressiveness and presence of particular sculptures. These qualities are richly apparent in this private collection of 108 Tibetan portraits, offered at Bonhams Hong Kong and on show to the public from 30 September to 12 October.

A Tibetan lama or guru is considered to be one and the same as a Buddha, so the practice of taking

"The guru is living proof that a human being can become enlightened"

refuge with a guru (*guruyoga*) is intended to connect the disciple directly with the Buddha (the guru), his teachings (*dharma*) and the community (*sangha*). This tradition of approaching the Buddha through the veneration of historical masters and teachers from particular lineages is unique to Tibet. Depicting the 16 disciples of the Buddha (*arhats*) is well known in the Indian, Nepalese and Chinese traditions – with examples dating to the late 8th or early 9th century AD – but it was Vajrayana Buddhism in Tibet that expanded reverence for enlightened mortals to this whole new level.

In Tibet, when engaging in visualisation practices and meditation, an image of the Buddha or deity is used to help the practitioner emulate and embody the principles of enlightened beings. Similarly, the portrait of a guru inspires those attempting to discipline the



mind and serves as a reminder of particular teachings. These teachings are passed down from guru to student, and this transmission establishes lineage within a tradition. The image of the lama is thus a tangible link to this transmission of knowledge and the root deities who embody such teachings. The guru is living proof that a human being can become enlightened.

Images of a master might be created in his lifetime, shortly after his death, or long after his death. Indeed, portraits made during a guru's lifetime are often inscribed with the epithet ngadra-ma ('just like me'). Unlike idealised representations of the Buddha and deities, these portraits show idiosyncratic features and even the master's demeanour. Many have stern expressions and their hands posed dramatically, as if in the act of teaching. Others wear broad smiles. Still others hold favoured ritual objects, such as skull bowls or long staffs (khatvanga). There are many tales of portrait sculptures intended as a substitute for an absent lama, either faraway or now deceased, consoling followers or relatives, speaking to a universal human need for objects that connect us with those we hold dear who cannot be with us.

Some of the most engaging and distinctive portraits are of *mahasiddhas*, mavericks of the Buddhist Tantric tradition. Hailing from 7th to 10th century India, many of the 84 *mahasiddhas* were gurus of Tibet's early Buddhist masters. They would perform miracles, such as taking flight or stopping the sun in the sky, as well as such extreme practices as eating fish entrails raw.

What marks out their portraits is that they are rarely shown in conventional monastic robes and often have long hair, when monks and lamas typically shave their heads. The sources for their features are not known and it seems likely the artists who created the images were granted more licence to exaggerate and embellish when depicting *mahasiddhas* than they were with the more codified treatment of lamas.

Cast, using the lost-wax method, in a copper alloy

"The mahasiddhas would perform miracles, such as taking flight, and eat fish entrails raw"

that is fire-gilded and often inlaid with silver and copper to accentuate features, no two portraits are the same. Along with inscriptions, no matter how vague, this allows us to identify important historical figures. But the most successful portraits are charismatic and magnetic – just like the masters who inspired them.

Edward Wilkinson is Executive Director of Bonhams Asia.



Portrait of a master

Introducing Nyangrel Nyingma Ozer (1124-1192)

What's in a name?

Nyangrel Nyingma Ozer lived in the second half of the 12th century. He is venerated as the first of the Five Sovereign Treasure-Masters of the Nyingma School and revered as a *bodhisattva* and an incarnation of the 2nd Dharma King, Trisong Detsen (r. 754-797).

Nyingma ozer means 'rays of the sun'. Epithets like this were often bestowed on important teachers and masters to convey their direct connection to divine power and attainment of enlightenment. Nyangrel is renowned for recovering sacred writings and a diverse array of consecrated, magical or medicinal substances and ritual implements, such as the purba discreetly tucked into the folds of his robes.

Giving him the boot

Typically monks and deities and the Buddha himself are all depicted barefoot, but

Nyangrel is shod with the distinctive Tibetanstyle boots (rhelzom) common to lay nobility.



Pay attention

His almond-shaped eyes and slightly knitted brow, with creases across his forehead, convey a stern yet calm expression. His right hand is raised in the gesture of reassurance (abhyamudra).



Treasure hunt

Nyangrel is recorded as having revealed sacred writings linked to one of the greatest Tibetan masters, Padmasambhava. They were hidden before the widespread persecution of Buddhism in AD 842. These texts were preserved in caskets, such as the one held in his left hand.



Schools

Nyingma, Sakya, Kagyu and Gelug are the four main schools of Buddhism in Tibet. Each follows the traditions established by an early master and take his name: thus the Nyingma school was founded by Nyangrel Nyingma Ozer. Common to each of these four major traditions, however, is their emphasis on the practice of the entire structure of the Buddhist path, which comprises the essence of not only the Vajrayana teachings, but also the Mahavana practices of the bodhisattvas, and the basic practices of Theravada Buddhism.

Big hair

Monks and lamas are generally recognised as having shaven heads, but few of the famed Tantric masters of the Vajrayana Buddhist tradition followed this convention. As a lay tantrika (not an ordained monk) Nyangrel Nyingma Ozer is shown with a distinctively luxurious coiled coiffure. This 16th or 17th century artist's version shows the hair in remarkable detail and a neat turbanlike arrangement.



Nyangrel Nyingma Ozer Gilt copper alloy Tibet, 16th/17th century 18cm high

Portraits of the Masters:
108 Bronze Sculptures of
Tibetan Lineages
exhibited at Bonhams,
One Pacific Place,
88 Queensway, Admiralty,
Hong Kong
30 September to 12 October
Enquiries: Edward Wilkinson
+852 2918 4321
edward.wilkinson@bonhams.com
bonhams.com/himalayan

Sitting comfortably?

Common to most Buddhist sculpture is the use of a lotus platform to support a sitting figure. The lotus is a key symbol of Buddhist belief, a metaphor for beauty that arises from mud and murky water. But, in addition to the single row of lotus petals, the master also sits on a tiger skin. The tiger's mask and his decidedly sharp claws, grasping the front of the base of this statue, accentuate the power of the master. The tiger represents basic passions and desires, and taking a place on such a seat proclaims victory over the gods and demons of the illusory world of experience and cyclical rebirth.





Left "The two Roberts" – Colquhoun and MacBryde – in 1950s Soho.

Below The 1960s: Francis Bacon and the sculptor Hubert Dalwood.





A hangout for dissipated artists, the Colony Room was brutal, witty and egalitarian, as **Sophie Parkin** explains. Now this bohemian home from home is celebrated at Bonhams in an exhibition of works drawn from the collection of Pallant House Gallery

themselves in the Colony.
The club started life in 1948. On the first floor, at the top of some smelly backstairs in Soho's Dean Street, a room was turned into an afternoon drinking club. In those days, licensing laws were notably strict, with bars, restaurants and off-licences forbidden to sell any alcohol between 3 and 6pm. The only premises that could serve booze outside these times were private members' clubs, and in this small, dangerous square mile of Soho there were more than 500 private members' clubs

dodging the regulations pubs had to observe.

ot everybody who went to the Colony Room was

an artist, but when in London all artists found

Artists have always been notorious drinkers. The Colony's argument was that their artistic members worked unusual hours, so they couldn't be expected to live in the same way as someone with a normal job. Francis Bacon was certainly an example: he would get up at 5am or 6am, paint until noon, go to Soho, have a drink at the French, lunch at Wheeler's fish restaurant in Old Compton Street, more drinks at the Colony from 3pm to 11pm, gambling until 2am, sex, bed, and start again. Anyone who was a member, or with one, could get a drink in those forlorn, empty afternoon hours.

From the very beginning, the Colony Room was renowned not only as an drinking club, but as a place for clever conversation. It became known for its open-minded acceptance of all races and sexual orientations, kindness to destitute poets like Oliver Bernard, Louis MacNeice, George Barker

"The rich and titled were expected to pay for poorer artists: 'Get your bead bags out, Lottie!', Belcher told them"

and David Gascoyne, and black humour towards the older, rich and titled. The likes of Tom Driberg MP, Earl Cawdor, Lord May, Lord Montagu and Michael Pitt-Rivers were told by Muriel Belcher, the owner, to "Get your bead bags out, Lottie!" They were expected to pay for the poor younger artists – and even ageing ones like "the two Roberts", Colquhoun and MacBryde.

The club also attracted establishment artists like Rodrigo Moynihan, Head of Painting at the Royal College of Art, his artist wife Elinor Bellingham-Smith, and Johnny Minton, who taught there. Augustus John was chairman of the Gargoyle Club opposite, where the walls were decorated with work by Matisse. The patrons there were older, but John would sometimes tag along to the Colony with Dylan Thomas and his old friend Nina Hamnett.





Above Michael Andrews, Colony Room I (The Colony Room). At the bar, Muriel Belcher sits with Bacon

Right The Colony in 1973, as shot by Lord Litchfield for a *Sunday Telegraph* feature. 'Ida' stands at the back, in glasses; Jean Muir and Thea Porter are in the front row

Many artists were introduced to the Colony by their tutors. John Minton first took Molly Parkin there in the 1950s. Peter Blake recommended Ian Dury for membership. Bacon took Freud. By the mid-1950s, "The Colony Room was the nearest thing to a Paris café this bleak city could offer since the great days of the Café Royal," wrote George Melly in the catalogue for *Artists of The Colony Room*, a 1982 exhibition at the Parkin Gallery. He joined the club when he was a surrealist art dealer playing jazz on the side in Ham Yard.

Muriel Belcher was the formidable old-fashioned owner, always stationed at the bar, a hostess introducing and dismissing each member. In 1949 she had paid Francis Bacon £10 a week – and all the booze he could drink – to lure the rich and titled to this unprepossessing







watering hole. It wasn't long before a notorious gang had formed, known informally as 'Muriel's Boys': they included Francis Bacon, Lucian Freud, Michael Andrews, Frank Auerbach, Tim Behrens and occasionally Keith Vaughan. It was in the Colony that Bacon found photographer John Deakin, sweeping him up to photograph his muse Henrietta Moraes; East End photographer Harry Diamond (the subject of Freud's portrait *Interior at Paddington* of 1951) shot the famous photo of Freud with Bacon on Dean Street. That was in the early '70s, before Bacon stopped speaking to Freud.

Daniel Farson, the TV presenter and writer, was a key figure in creating the legend of the club, its owner and patrons, though he wasn't the only one to paint Muriel as a goddess of goodness with a viper's vitriol. Colin MacInnes did it too. You had to be funny and sharp to survive an afternoon of cocktail conversation; being pretty or famous was never enough in the Colony. Charisma was the currency, and of everyone Muriel Belcher and Francis Bacon had the most.

Why did so many artists spend so much of their time in a smoky little room, painted a bilious green and covered in years of post-World War II memorabilia? It wasn't just for Michael Andrews' nicotine-stained mural, or to spot the carpet stain where Dylan Thomas had been sick: it was Muriel and the conversation. In whatever decade, it remained the place people went to talk. You never knew who you would meet. William Burroughs met Bacon there. Bacon brought Giacometti and Graham Sutherland (his one-time hero) in for champagne. George Melly brought in Edward Burra and 'Slim' Gaillard. My mother, Molly Parkin, went in with Cedric Price, Patrick Hughes and Anthony Earnshaw. Art dealer James Birch went with Dickie Chopping and Denis Wirth-Miller, and then took Jeff Koons, Damien Hirst and Grayson Perry. And so on it went.

With Muriel's illness and death, the club limped into

Above left Eduardo Paolozzi, Design for mural at Tottenham Court Road Underground

Above rightFrank Auerbach, *Reclining Head of Gerda Boehm*

"Charisma was the currency, and of everyone Muriel Belcher and Francis Bacon had the most"

destitution, and people took sides. Frank Auerbach later wrote a moving explanation in a letter to me: "I spent far too much time in the Colony Room; between 1956 and 1976, one or two evenings a week. Like most of us, I drank too much, talked drivel, had some stimulating conversation – often with Francis Bacon – some arguments – always with Francis Bacon. Some pickups, usually but not always injudicious. I was aware of Muriel Belcher's moral stature, her courage, her instinctive assessment of people. She was for honesty, for generosity for the vulnerable, against the self-righteous and self-protective, the smug and pretentious. When she was gone, the Colony lost its attraction for me."

When Muriel died in 1979, the long-time barman Ian Board – Ida, as he was known – took over, and he and his fellow barman Michael Wojas, whom he'd rescued from the gutter, set upon attracting young artists. Few braved the terrifying interview process, as Ida climbed into his Muriel impersonation. In the 1990s, when Board died, Wojas assumed control and reinvented the club as a rock 'n' roll hangout for artist and musicians. It worked too well, eventually sweeping him into a lifestyle that finished him off.

What was the allure the club held for all the Turnernominated – and unnominated – YBAs, who adopted it

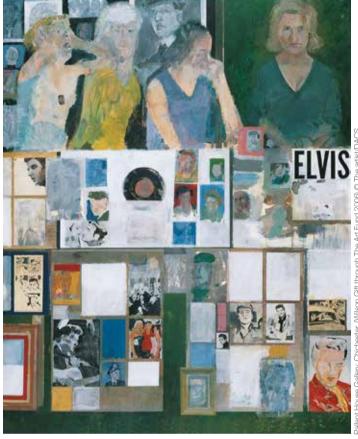


Left Richard Hamilton, Swingeing London 67

Below R.B. Kitaj, The Architects **Below left** Peter Blake, Girls with their Heroes

Bottom

Lucian Freud. Self-Portrait with Hyacinth in Pot



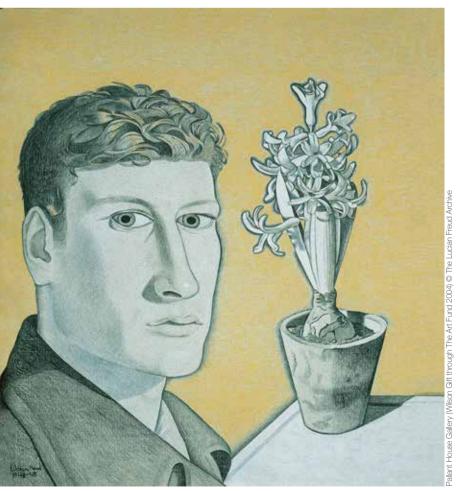


as their '90s hangout? John Maybury, the director of Love is the Devil, a film about the Colony and Francis Bacon, explained: "The appeal was that the Colony was a cocoon. You could go there for a drink whether you were Nureyev, Fonteyn, Princess Margaret or Kate Moss and not be recognised or people didn't give a shit. That was the quality and the aspect of the place. It wasn't elitist or snobby, and yet it was super-elitist." A few of those '90s rock-star artists became regulars – Gary Hume, Sue Webster and Tim Noble, Tracey Emin, Sam Taylor-Wood, Angus Fairhurst, the Wilson twins, Marc Quinn, Sarah Lucas and Sebastian Horsley, to name just a few of them.

The Colony finally closed in 2008, but through the 60 years it had existed it remained the one place in the West End where you could feel uninhibited and unjudged, celebrated and loved, where you could count on meeting like-minded people. As Bacon described it, the Colony Room was "an oasis where the inhibitions of sex and class are dissolved". In other words, it was a home from home.

Sophie Parkin's The Colony Room Club 1948-2008: A History of Bohemian Soho (£35, Palmtree Publishing).

The Colony Room: An Exhibition of Paintings from Pallant House Gallery runs from 2 - 11 October at Bonhams, 101 New Bond Street, London W1. 9.30am - 4.30pm. Admission free.





Just deserts?

The Barjeel Foundation is keen to reveal the rich contemporary art of the Middle East. And Sheikh Sultan Sooud Al-Qassemi feels the world is ready to take notice, as he explains to **Anna Brady**

'm not interested in buying works to lock up in my own home. I want to expose the artists to the outside world."

No stereotypical Arab prince, collector and journalist Sheikh Sultan Sooud Al-Qassemi has arrived alone at the Whitechapel Gallery in jeans and a crisp shirt, without the entourage one might expect for a member of one of the UAE's ruling families. The east London gallery is in the midst of a year-long series of exhibitions of highlights from the Barjeel Art Foundation, curated by Omar Kholeif before his departure to the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago.

The largest single, historical presentation of Arab art in the UK, the Whitechapel shows feature 100 works by 60 artists dating from 1900 to the present, from Algeria, Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon, Palestine

and elsewhere. The four chronological shows explore different themes: the first concentrates on the establishment of a discernible modernist Arab aesthetic in the first part of the 20th century; the second, on figurative works between 1968 and 1987; the third on photography and video works of the 1990s, and the current display (until January 8) on uses of different media by artists to engage with their home cities.

Across this century of work, observes Whitechapel director Iwona Blazwick, certain "formal echoes in palette, calligraphic script, architectural and decorative features and imagery" can be detected. This is art "not necessarily about, but undisputedly from, the context of the Arab world".





Above: Sheikh Sultan Sooud Al-Qassemi, founder of the Barjeel Art Foundation in Sharjah, UAE Right: Sous-bois (Undergrowth) (1957) by Abdallah Benanteur



Modern and contemporary art from the region is a largely untapped seam. The Barjeel Art Foundation, established by Sultan in 2010 and formed of his personal collection of art from the Arab world, is his means of pulling this work from the peripheries into the central story of 20th and 21st century art history. Its approach is manifold, combining an online catalogue, a publicly accessible collection in Sharjah, loan exhibitions at global institutions, and an active publishing wing and events programme to educate and inspire debate.

Sultan himself speaks quickly, with impassioned urgency. An earnest provocateur, his aim is "to disseminate and showcase Middle Eastern art as widely as possible". He's perhaps more widely known as a journalist, a bold commentator on Middle Eastern social and political affairs who is never shy of controversy: he tweeted updates and opinion throughout the Arab Spring to his Twitter following of nearly half a million. His taste in art is equally politically engaged, reflecting this 'region in flux' from the Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916 to the 2014 IS takeover of areas of Iraq and Syria.

It was on returning to the UAE in the mid-1990s, after studying art history in Paris, that Sultan attempted to learn

"The artists encouraged a surge of national pride and anti-colonialist feeling"

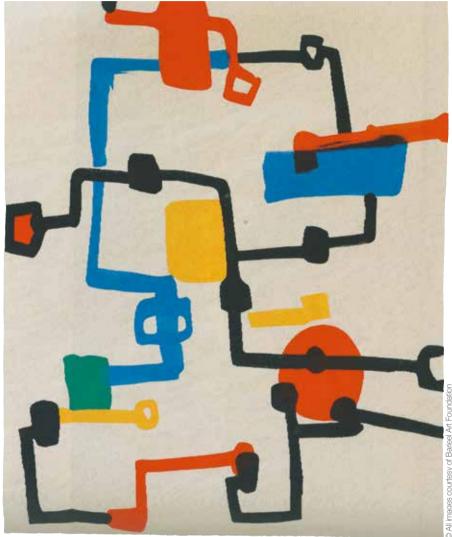
about the region's own modern art history. With the internet in its infancy and few public collections, this proved almost impossible. He educated himself, visiting what few exhibitions were offered by the Emirates'

"floundering art movement", often hotel-lobby affairs. In 2002, he bought his first piece, an architectural work by Emirati artist Abdul Qader Al Rais.

In 2007, Sultan opened the Meem Gallery in Dubai, which focused on Arab and Iranian art. Over the next couple of years, Sultan started sharing images of interesting artworks on Twitter, and people began to ask where they could see them. So, in 2010, the Foundation was born, and the government of the UAE granted Barjeel a permanent, if modest, exhibition space in Sharjah.

This is a hub for Middle Easterners to discover the art of their own region, but Sultan has global ambitions for the collection. He plans to mount a serious challenge to the tendency in





Left: Fateh Moudarres Al-Wahesh wal Miskeen, 1987

Above: Champs de Petrol (Petrol Fields) (2013) by Etel Adnan

Western curating to focus on Europe and North America to the exclusion of the rest of the globe. This, he suspects, is more due to financial and logistical obstacles than ingrained cultural bias: "I don't blame curators. Artworks from Africa, Asia and the Middle East have not been as accessible. The texts on them are often in their local languages or out of print. And there is often not the budget for curators to travel as far afield as these regions."

However Sultan has seen a "marked shift" in the past 10 to 15 years, and the email from Omar Kholeif, then curator at the Whitechapel, asking if he would collaborate, felt like a vindication: "Being a modest collection, you don't dream of approaching major institutions. It was the best email I opened in my life."

London institutions, he thinks, have a "more global, forward-looking outlook". We meet the morning after the opening of the Tate Modern's Switch House extension, and he is heartened by the increased representation of African, Asian and Middle Eastern artists in the new galleries.

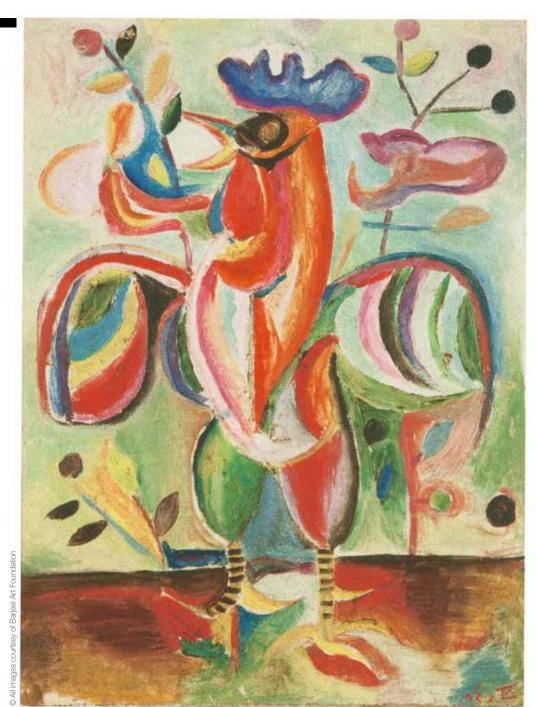
"When I started in 2010, there were hardly any Middle Eastern artists in museums. Visiting the new Tate extension, I counted ten, I think, including Kader Attia, Ibrahim El-Salahi and Parviz Tanavoli. It's amazing."

Observing the art produced in the region over the past century, Sultan notes that it is "often a reaction to local events, either microlocal or regional." Some older artists, such as Talal Moualla from Syria, whose work had never previously been politically engaged, have recently produced work in reaction to the region's conflict. "Whenever there is a major event, such as the Arab Spring in 2011, artists across the region react to it."

Though the Whitechapel catalogue starts with European-style landscapes and portraits from the start of the 20th century, it gives way in the 1950s and '60s to artists like Iraqi Jewad Selim introducing matchstick men with stylised oval faces. These two decades were the region's avant-garde equivalent to 1920s Paris, as artists responded to (and encouraged) a surge of national pride and anti-colonialist feeling by "rejecting Western notions of art and infusing their work with motifs from their own visual culture".

Religious motifs are also commonly used to comment on political issues; however, such visual keys presume the viewer has an understanding of Middle Eastern history, hence the importance of skilful curating and education.

Although the Barjeel collection initially was dominated by contemporary male artists, which were more "accessible", Sultan





Left: Al Deek Al Faseeh (The Articulate Cockerel) (1954) by Shakir Hassan Al Said

Above: I Carry My Flame (2011) by Ali Cherri

"When there's a major event, such as the Arab Spring, artists across the region react to it"

has since redressed the balance with more modern and female artists, such as the Egyptian painter and activist Inji Efflatoun, whose often discomfiting works feature in the collection.

"Women have been very active socially and in all forms of art in the Middle East, throughout the 20th century and today," says Sultan, himself from a "family of strong women".

Sultan travels widely, acquiring works from auctions, private collections and directly from artists, favouring those who focus on documentation and who refer to other artists. The "scholar artists" he picks out are Kader Attia, whose *Untitled (Ghardaïa)* (2009), a model of the Algerian town made from couscous, is displayed in the Tate's extension, and Ali Cherri, a Lebanese video and visual artist born in 1976.

The work of such "scholar artists", he thinks, has "substance and context", enough academic weight and historical gravitas to appeal

to curators at an international level. For 2017, parts of the collection have been requested for exhibitions at the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris, the Katzen Arts Center at the American University, Washington D.C., and one other "major American Ivy League university", opportunities to influence the curators of tomorrow.

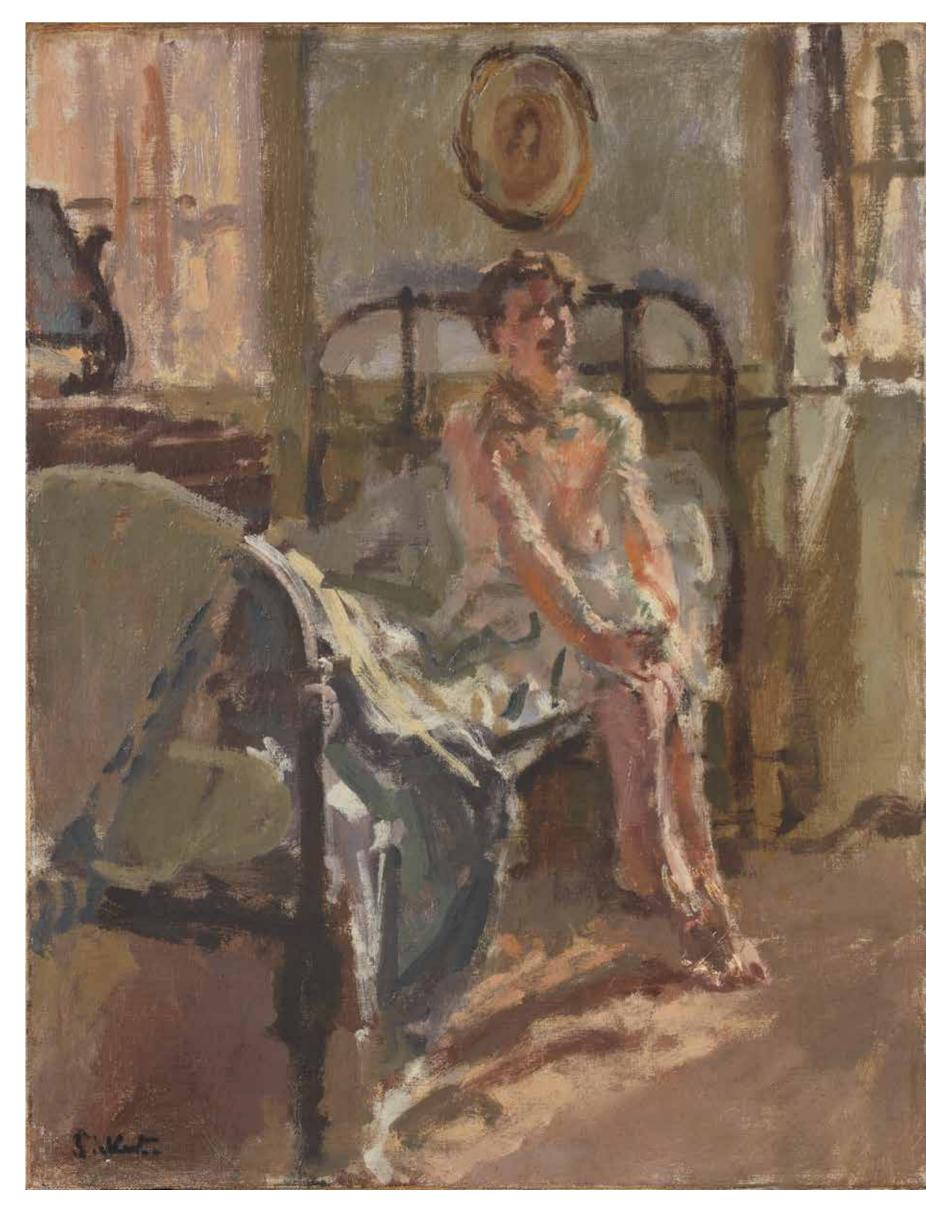
For now, securing a larger museum space in Sharjah is Sultan's primary aim. He has just been granted land by the government on which to build it, he hopes "in the next five to ten years".

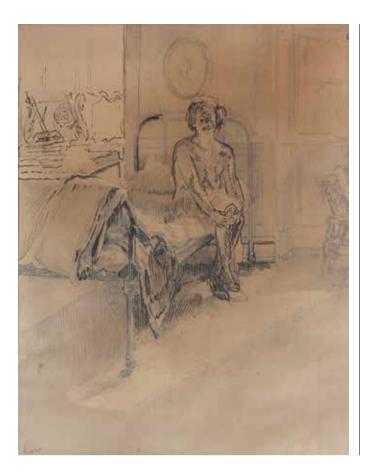
However, first he must save the funds, which means a vexing bar on spending. "It's difficult because there are certain artworks that will never again be available – not because I'm addicted to buying art."

With that, he's off to a meeting at the British Museum, before flying back to the UAE, an inquiring man with a seemingly unquenchable appetite for, above all, cross-cultural communication.

Anna Brady is writes for publications including The Art Newspaper, Apollo – The International Art Magazine and Antiques Trade Gazette.

The Barjeel Art Foundation exhibition Imperfect Chronology: Mapping the Contemporary II is showing from 23 August 2016 until 8 January 2017 at the Whitechapel Gallery, London E1; whitechapelgallery.org





Opposite Walter Sickert Wellington House Academy: Nude, painted c.1913 signed 'Sickert' (lower left) oil on canvas 46 x 35.6cm (181/8 x 14in) Estimate: £60,000 - 80,000 (\$80,000 - 100,000)

Left Walter Sickert
Study for 'Wellington House
Academy: Nude'
signed 'Sickert' (lower left)
pencil, wash, pen and ink
35.7 x 27cm (14½ x 105/in)
Estimate: £8,000 - 12,000
(\$10,000 - 16,000)

A life of grime

Walter Sickert found inspiration in the mundane fittings of a simple bedroom – and met derision when he painted them. *Matthew Sturgis* peeks through his grubby windows

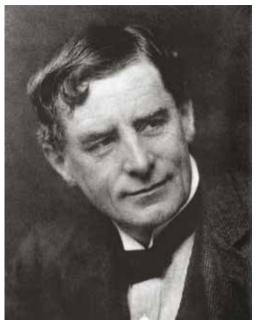
alter Sickert was the laureate of the iron bedstead. The simple contour of the curving bedhead, with its three or four vertical bars, appears in many of his paintings – a vestigial patch of black grid-work amid the shades and shadows. Its presence is always suggestive. The novelist Hugh Walpole remarked that Sickert "sees all life in an iron bedstead". And certainly the cheap, utilitarian item of furniture carries a freight of meaning and association, redolent of straitened circumstances, of wearied bodies, of disappointed hopes, of modest gains. And – of course – of sex: sex as an escape, as a trap, as a diversion, as a profession. Sickert (well before Tracey Emin) realised that unmade beds could be a disturbing element in art.

Sickert wanted to disturb. When he returned to London in 1905 after six years of self-imposed exile in France, he was shocked to discover how complacent and inward-looking the British art scene had become. Compared to the world of daring and experiment that he had encountered in Paris, hanging out with Degas, with Bonnard, Vuillard and Signac, he found his British *confrères* caught up by concerns of mere fashion. Successful British painters seemed to devote their energies to pandering to the self-regarding and polite tastes of aristocrats, plutocrats and, more especially, their wives.

As a result, subject matter was limited to what might be thought to enhance the prestige of the picture's owner. Landscapes were acceptable, and John Singer Sargent's gloriously assured society portraits were at a premium. It was not, Sickert avowed, an atmosphere conducive to good art. "Taste", he declared, "is the death of the painter."

A broader vision was needed. "No country", Sickert suggested, "can have a great school of painting when the unfortunate artist is confined by a puritan standard to the choice between the noble site, as displayed in the picture postcard, or the quite nice young person, in what Henry James has called a wilderness of chintz."

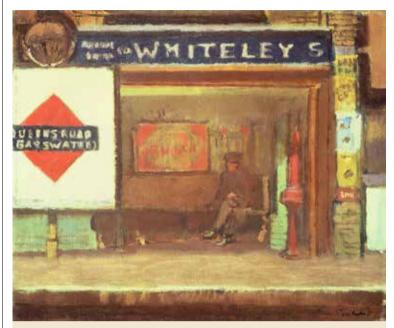
Sickert plotted a way out of this chintz wilderness. He was 45, but still enjoyed a lingering reputation as an *enfant terrible* (this was acquired in his early years, when he was the favourite pupil of Whistler and the painter of daring images of the London music hall). He set about enthusing the younger generation of painters with his new vision. "The more our art is serious," he explained, "the more will it tend to avoid the drawing room... the plastic arts are gross arts, dealing joyously with gross material facts. They call, in their servants, for a robust stomach and a great power of endurance, and while they will flourish in the scullery, or on the dunghill, they fade at a breath from the drawing room."



Opposite Walter Sickert, Mornington Crescent Nude, contre-jour, 1907

Left Walter Sickert, photographed c.1912 by George Beresford

Below Walter Sickert, *Queen's Road,* Bayswater Station, c.1916



Sickert himself did not go *quite* to the 'dunghill' for his art. He did the next best thing. He went to Camden Town. The North London suburb, now the acme of bohemian chic, was then a drab and seedy world of pubs, music halls and lodging houses, dominated by the railway lines branching out from Euston station. Figuratively, if not geographically, it was about as far as you could get from the gilded salons of the Edwardian society hostess – or, as Sickert dubbed her, the 'Supergoose'.

Initially Sickert took rooms at 6 Mornington Crescent, intending them as a place to stay, but he soon began to use them as a place to paint, inspired by their atmosphere of everyday life and its dramas. He began to paint studies of figures – some clothed, many nude – set in the bare surroundings of his room, illuminated by the muffled light through its grimed windows.

They were images that had the power to shock: unexpected, 'sordid', graced with the recurring motif of the iron bedstead, and rendered with what Sickert termed "relentless impartiality". They were a first and emphatic blow in his campaign against puritan standards of artistic taste.

During the course of the next decade, Sickert continued the assault from his new base. He rented a succession of studio spaces in the area, rooms in which to teach, to etch, to draw, to paint. Camden Town became his 'painting ground' – the muse and setting for much of his art. When, in 1911, he gathered some of his artistic friends and disciples together into an exhibiting society, he christened it 'The Camden Town Group', saying that "the district had been so watered with my tears that something important must sooner or later spring from its soil". And the public came gradually to realise – what his fellow painters had known for years – that Sickert's work was hugely important: vigorous, rigorous, beautiful and true.

Among Sickert's Camden Town studios was a set of rooms on the first floor of a large building on the corner of Hampstead Road and Granby Street. In the 1820s, the crumbling stucco-fronted edifice enjoyed the distinction of having been the Wellington House Academy, the school attended by the young Charles Dickens. Sickert,

Portrait of the artist: a brief life

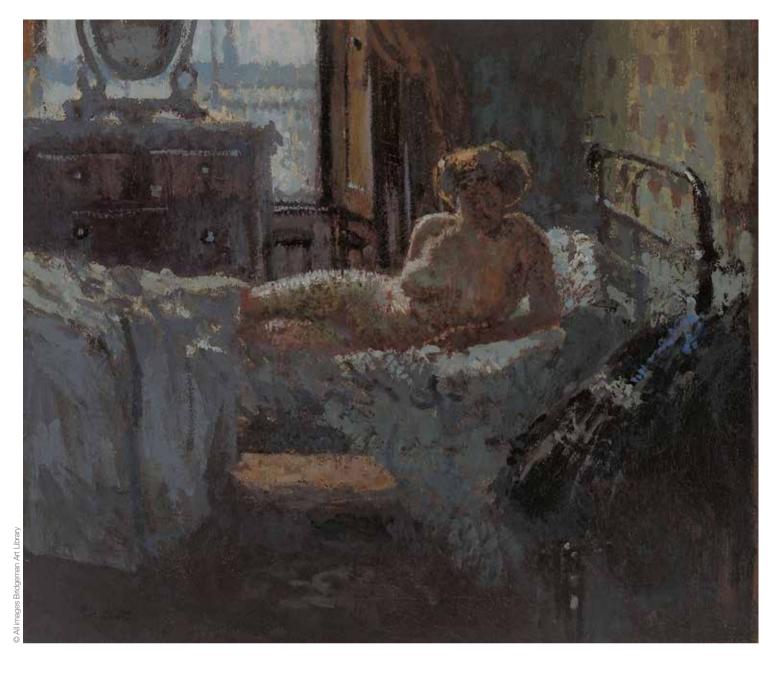
Walter Sickert was born in 1860 in Munich. His father was an unsuccessful Danish artist, his mother the illegitimate offspring of an Irish dancer and a Church of England clergyman. The family moved to England in 1868, and Sickert went to school in London. Although he long wanted to be a painter, his father forbade it, and it was only when – at the age of 21 – he became engaged to the independently wealthy Ellen Cobden that he was able to devote himself to painting.

After a brief stint at the Slade, he went to work in the studio of his artistic hero, James McNeill Whistler. Through Whistler he was introduced to the most advanced ideas in contemporary art. He also met Degas, who became his enduring mentor. Under Degas' influence he began a remarkable series of paintings of London music halls: rich, low-toned scenes of low-life revelry. These he exhibited to almost universal derision. Only slightly less unpopular were his impressionistic portraits and his deliberately unpicturesque views of Dieppe and Venice.

After getting divorced in 1899, he lived for six years in France (for much of the time with his Dieppoise fishwife mistress). Chance brought him back to London in 1905, and, excited by the young painters he encountered, he decided to stay and introduce some much-needed French rigour into the rather effete English art world. He began a vigorous campaign: founding exhibiting societies (notably the Fitzroy Street Group and the Camden Town Group), writing articles and giving art classes.

In 1911, he married one of his pupils, Christine Angus, and in the years around the First World War they spent much of their time in – or near – Dieppe. But after Christine's early death in 1920, Sickert returned permanently to England. He followed an increasingly idiosyncratic artistic path, making paintings from photographs, Victorian prints and even press cuttings. High-toned and often deliberately anti-naturalistic in their colouring, these works oddly prefigured the experiments of Pop Art and Andy Warhol. Sickert remained an innovator right up until his death, in 1942, at the age of 81.

Oh, and the notion that Sickert was Jack the Ripper – put forward with such vehemence by the crime writer Patricia Cornwell – is absolute tosh. **M.S.**



with his love of Dickens and the then-unfashionable Victorian age, relished the connection – and referred to his new address as 'Wellington House' or 'The Dickens Barracks'. (The building is no longer there: the site, long-vacant, has now become a car park for the taxi company Addison Lee's people carriers.)

The literary associations of Wellington House seem to have touched Sickert deeply. Certainly many of the figure paintings he produced there are charged with a wonderfully strong – but unfixed – sense of human

"The girl perched on the edge of her bed does indeed gleam amid the rumpled bedsheets"

drama and truth. They do, or can, seem Dickensian. Indeed, Virginia Woolf – a great fan of Sickert's art – always thought of him as being like a novelist in the slightly heightened realist tradition of the author of *Bleak House* and *Our Mutual Friend*.

The figure in Wellington House Academy: Nude – to be offered in November's Modern British and Irish Art Sale at Bonhams London – seems to have her own place in the human drama, as well as in the painterly drama of light and shade. That was one of Sickert's great achievements. He makes the nude a part of life, rather than a strange import from the life-drawing class or the

mythological dictionary. It was an achievement that was both formal and psychological.

Writing on the subject, he noted, "The nude occurs in life often as only partial, and generally in arrangements with the body draped... I think all great and sane art tends to present the aspect of life in the sort of proportions in which we are generally made aware of it. I state the law clumsily, but it is a great principle. Perhaps the chief source of pleasure in the aspect of a nude is that it is in the nature of a gleam – a gleam of light and warmth and lift. And that it should appear thus, it should be set in surroundings of drapery or other contrasting surfaces.'

The girl perched on the edge of her 'Wellington House' bed, does indeed gleam amid the rumpled bedsheets and the modest accoutrements of her bare room. Her gaze acknowledges another presence. The viewer? The artist? A friend? A lover? A client? The ambiguity is part of the picture's power. And part of Sickert's genius too. He lets us join him in seeing "all life in an iron bedstead".

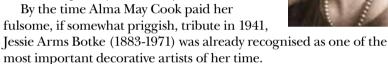
Matthew Sturgis is the author of an award-winning biography of Walter Sickert (HarperCollins, 2005).

Sale: Modern British and Irish Art London Wednesday 23 November at 2pm Enquiries: Matthew Bradbury +44 (0) 20 7468 8295 matthew.bradbury@bonhams.com bonhams.com/modernbritish

Birds of a feather

Jessie Arms Botke's sumptuous paintings of birds epitomise the opulence of art nouveau, says *Juliet FitzGerald*

n these days of changing fashions and isms in art, in which verities all too often seem to have been forgotten in the fads and fancies of the moment," sighed Alma May Cook, Art Critic for the *Los Angeles Herald Tribune*, "it is a relief to find an artist as self-reliant and devoted to the sane portrayal of beauty as Mrs. Botke."



Botke's breakthrough had come some 30 years earlier. Billie Burke – then married to showman Florenz Ziegfeld, but now best remembered for playing Glinda the Good witch in *The Wizard of Oz* – asked Botke, then known by her maiden name, Jessie Arms, to create a frieze of white peacocks for her dining room. "I didn't even know there was such a thing as a white peacock," she recalled. "I went up to Bronx Zoo to find out, and they had one. It was love at first sight."

Unlike many women artists of the era, Botke enjoyed a relatively smooth rise to prominence. After completing her education at the prestigious Chicago Art Institute, the young painter moved to New York, where in 1911 she found a job working with Albert Herter, heir to the great Herter Brothers design firm. Herter quickly recognised Botke's talent and put her in charge of the commission to decorate Burke's house. Further glory was to follow when the Saint Francis Hotel in San Francisco, an icon of the jazz age, commissioned a series of decorations for the dining hall. Again, Herter called upon Jessie.

In 1915, the artist married Dutch-born engraver Cornelis Botke, and they worked on murals together in Chicago for the Kellogg Company before moving to California where they purchased a ten-acre ranch near Santa Barbara. There they built a home, studio and several aviaries which they filled with peacocks and golden pheasants. In California, inspired by her menagerie and the lush eucalyptus and apricot trees, Botke spent the decades devoted to her ceaseless quest for beauty.

Juliet FitzGerald is a freelance journalist and writer.

Sale: California and Western Paintings & Sculpture Los Angeles Monday 21 November at 6pm Enquiries: Scot Levitt +1 323 436 5425 scot.levitt@bonhams.com bonhams.com/calwest







Famous grouse

Tom Kemble, head chef at the Michelin-starred Bonhams Restaurant, welcomes back the nation's favourite game bird

rouse have always been the most prized game birds in Britain – and for very good reason. It is not just because they are incredibly hard to shoot, but also because of their wonderfully complex flavour of heather, which evolves during the brief shooting season from August 12th to early December. Because they live in the wild, grouse numbers vary dramatically, though recent years have seen more than a quarter of a million birds on offer.

Winston Churchill loved them so much he gained special permission in

1941 to have 90 birds shot – a week early – so he could take them by battleship for a banquet with President Roosevelt.

Diners today don't go to such lengths, although one English aristocrat dines at a London restaurant each night for a week from August 12th just to savour the difference caused by how long they have been hung.

Early in the season, the distinctive flavour of grouse goes amazingly well with a fine Burgundy or Bordeaux, but nonetheless I prefer to wait until the end of September to start offering it on our menus at Bonhams. The main reason is that I am waiting for a steady and consistent flow of birds from the various estates that I work with, but it also provides us with a great window in which to prepare various preserves, pickles and ferments from the last of the summer's offerings to pair with the game.

The recipe here is a play on the classic accompaniments to grouse, namely bread sauce and potato chips. I have modernised it to provide a wonderfully balanced dish, where sweetness, sourness, richness and earthiness all come into play.

Tom Kemble is Head Chef at Bonhams Restaurant, 7 Haunch of Venison Yard, London, W1

The restaurant is open for lunch from 12 noon - 2.30pm, Mon - Fri; and for dinner from 7pm, Wed - Fri.

Reservations: +44 (0) 20 7468 5868 reservations@bonhams.com

On a wing and a plate

Grouse

I use grouse that has been hung for up to a week. Any more than that and the flavour overpowers and unbalances the dish. If you are not keen on a strong 'gamey' flavour, then a very fresh grouse or a lighter game bird such as partridge would be a worthy substitute.

Ask your butcher to prepare the grouse for you 'oven ready'. Stuff the cavity with thyme, rosemary, garlic cloves and juniper berries. Season the skin well with salt and pepper, and brown the bird all over in a hot pan with beef dripping. Add some butter to the pan and, when it is foaming, baste the grouse. Place it on a rack in the oven and cook at 180°C for around 10mins, depending on how well-cooked you like your grouse. Rest the bird under some tinfoil while you make the garnish. When I'm at home, I like to serve the grouse whole, though you could take the breast and legs off.

At Bonhams we smoke the grouse. I have my game-dealer send fresh heather from the moors where the grouse are shot, and I use it to gently smoke the breast once the bird is cooked. While this isn't essential for preparing the dish at home, it does add depth.

Grouse jus

This is optional: you could just spoon any roasting juices from cooking the grouse onto the plate. But I do like taking the time to make it, not least because I love it when the jus combines with the bread sauce to flood the plate.

1 white onion, roughly chopped 2 carrots, roughly chopped 1 leek, roughly chopped a knob of butter 100ml red wine 1 litre of chicken or game stock

Roast the vegetables in a saucepan with a knob of butter until nicely caramelised. Add the red wine and reduce by ¾. Add the chicken or game stock, and simmer for 30mins. Reduce to the desired consistency and pass through a sieve.

Bread sauce

For this recipe I use sourdough bread left over from what we bake daily for the restaurant. The sourdough gives a deeper flavour to the sauce.

1 white onion 5 whole cloves 500ml whole milk 5 slices of old sourdough bread, diced salt and pepper pinch of nutmeg a knob of butter

Stud the onion with the cloves, then add to a pan with the milk and heat gently for 20mins



to infuse. Remove the onion, then add in the old bread and some salt and pepper to taste. Continue to heat until the sauce is thickened and creamy. For a smoother consistency, blitz with a stick blender and add some more milk. Grate a pinch of nutmeg into the sauce, and beat a knob of butter in too. Serve warm.

Damson purée

Damsons are a quintessentially English fruit. They provide a welcome sweetness and sharpness to cut through the strong flavour of grouse. There is only a short window at the end of August and start of September when they are available; if you miss out, blackberries produce a similar result.

500g damsons 100g sugar 1tsp lemon juice

Freeze the damson with sugar in a bag. Defrost the next day and pour the contents into a pan. Bring the damsons to a simmer and push them through a sieve. This will separate the flesh from the stones and make a lovely smooth purée. Add the lemon juice and taste the purée. Adjust the sweetness with more sugar, if required.

Celeriac purée

1 celeriac peeled and diced 1tbs butter 200ml whole milk salt and pepper

Sweat the celeriac dice in a pan with the butter without colouring it. Add the milk and season. Cook gently until the celeriac is tender. Drain and reserve the milk. Transfer to a blender and pour back a little of the cooking milk until you reach the desired consistency.

Jerusalem artichoke chips

Potato 'gaufrette' chips are the classic

accompaniment to grouse, but I prefer to use Jerusalem artichokes instead. If you keep their skins on, they make a lovely earthy crisp.

100g Jerusalem artichokes vegetable oil to fry

Scrub the artichokes under running water to remove any dirt. Slice thinly on a mandolin. Heat a pan of oil to 160°C. Deep-fry the chips and drain on a cloth.

Now serve the grouse on or off the bone with the bread sauce, jus and celeriac purée. Toss some watercress with some olive oil and vinegar, and dress the plate. Scatter the artichoke chips on top.

Wine box

The rich gamey flavour of grouse requires a wine that shows intense fruit and, ideally, a hint of the farmyard. Perfect matches on the list at Bonhams restaurant include:

- 2011 Le Soula, Côtes Catalanes £52 This wine from Languedoc-Roussillon is loaded with fruit, and has an earthy character and mineral note.
- 2011 Domaine de Trévallon Rouge, Vin de Pays des Bouches du Rhône £85 An unusual blend of Cabernet Sauvignon and Syrah, this wine offers power as well as elegance.
- 1999 Nuit Saint Georges 1er cru 'Les Pruliers' Domaine Jean Grivot £150 Mature Burgundy is the classic pairing with grouse. This superb bottle is a treat that is not to be missed.

Charlotte Logan-Jones, sommelier



hat about Amsterdam? What about Amsterdam?" intoned Captain Beefheart on his classic album, Safe As Milk. These lines kept running through my mind in 1981, as I landed for the first time on European soil. I was 20, freshly graduated from Sydney University. I'd left Australia on Christmas Day with the mercury hovering around 100°F. After 24 hours of flying I'd arrived on Christmas Day in the Netherlands, where snow was falling.

Is anyone prepared for that first glimpse of Amsterdam? Having come from a hot, sprawling city, it was for me like arriving in a town of dolls' houses. I had the strangest, most vivid dreams for weeks.

Everyone remembers the city for the spectacle of the girls in windows or the constant fragrance of marijuana, but I loved the carpets on the tables in pubs, the chips sold with squirts of mayonnaise, the tram ride back and forth through the centre of town, the markets and bookshops, the lively music scene – and especially the art galleries.

Art had always been my passion, although I'd never studied it formally. I began my art education in the Rijksmuseum, the Van Gogh Museum and the Stedelijk, the three fabulous art museums that cluster at Museumplein (Museum Square) in the Amsterdam-Zuid district. The square was a late 19th-century innovation planned to improve the setting of the Rijksmuseum, then brand new. Now, following extensive restoration by the Cruz y Ortiz practice, tourists throng there, ready to admire the masterpieces by Rembrandt and Vermeer, just as I did.

But mine was an experience that perhaps only Australians and New Zealanders can fully appreciate. We are (or were) brought up to see ourselves as heirs to the culture of Britain and Europe, but there are few touchstones close at hand. Visiting the Rijksmuseum (rijksmuseum.nl; open 9am-5pm daily) felt like an immense

privilege, but the painting that lodged in my mind while I was there wasn't *The Night Watch*, which was returned to the main building in 2013. The Rembrandt that captured me was *Landscape with a Stone Bridge* (1638), now in Room 2.8. I was transfixed by the way he had painted the sky in this tiny, transcendentally beautiful picture, with threads of light swirling in muddy clouds and pale sunlight suffusing the composition with an unearthly glow.

The Stedelijk (stedelijk.nl; open 10am-6pm daily, until 10pm Fri) is no less eye-opening. It, too, has undergone major reconstruction, finally completed for a grand opening in 2012. On my first visit there I had been able to examine paintings by Mondrian and Malevich, which always appeared so pristine and tidy in reproduction. I found myself instead looking at slightly grubby paintings where pencil marks were still visible, straight lines were

"When I arrived, Amsterdam seemed like a town of dolls' houses. I had the strangest dreams for weeks"

crudely inscribed, and a fine layer of cracks infiltrated planes of pure colour. It only made me more appreciative of works that no longer seemed austere, but filled with feeling.

I would have a very different experience many years later, having been allowed to walk around the stage of a famous opera house during the day and return at night for the performance. All I could think of was how dirty and threadbare the sets had looked up close. The illusion was gone, and so was my evening's pleasure.

With Mondrian, the opposite applied. Even today I can't look at a painting from any period of his career without thinking of him as

Left: Westerkerk and a row of the 'dolls' houses' that so beguiled John McDonald

Right and below: Masterpieces of the Museumplein: the Rijksmuseum, home to Rembrandts and Vermeers, and the Van Gogh Museum





a man of deep sensibility. His rigorous geometry feels like a form of expressionism.

The initial culture shock of arriving in Amsterdam set me on the path I'm still pursuing today, as a writer on art and cinema. Since that first, spectacular visit, I've been back to the city often, and have always felt gratified that so little has changed. Sydney, by contrast, is virtually unrecognisable from what it was in 1981.

I'm a little different too. Instead of seeing a band at the Melkweg (melkweg.nl) or Paradiso (paradiso.nl), I'm more inclined to visit the Concertgebouw (concertgebouw.nl), also on Museumplein, or the Dutch National Opera (operaballet.nl). I've also grown more sceptical about a contemporary art scene that once seemed so dynamic: set beside the contemporary art now coming out of China, it's hard to get excited about much of what one sees in Europe.

But Amsterdam's reopened grand museums draw tourists like never before. And despite the crowds, it's still possible to get close to paintings by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Van Gogh and Mondrian, and to reacquaint yourself with their qualities. With three decades of reading under my belt, I know a lot more about these artists and the times in which they lived, but the almost visceral thrill of looking at their works in the museum has never diminished.

Lawrence Alloway once used the term "sunflowering" to describe our reaction to works of art – Van Gogh's *Sunflowers*, for instance – we can no longer quite *see* because they are too familiar. Only someone with easy access to such paintings would agree. Go to the Van Gogh Museum (vangoghmuseum.nl; open 9am-7pm, until 10pm Fri & 9pm Sat) and you'll see I'm right. Every time I'm in Amsterdam I feel as if I were 20 years old again, discovering such works for the first time.

John McDonald is art critic for the Sydney Morning Herald and film critic for the Australian Financial Review.



When in Amsterdam...

Where to eat

There is so much more to Amsterdam's culinary scene than chips with mayonnaise and herring. A classic is Toscanini (restauranttoscanini.nl) in the Jordaan. Opened in 1985, this Italian restaurant serves brilliantly executed food. It was Ottolenghi's favourite place to eat when he lived in the city the '90s. You can see why: on arrival in the airy space, you are greeted by beautifully cooked vegetables piled up on huge plates at the bar perhaps an early inspiration for the young chef. If you spy lamb's tongue with quail's egg on the menu, don't miss it.

One lively new contender is Gebr. Hartering (gebr-hartering.nl), a casual and unpretentious establishment hidden at the very top of the city's horseshoe. Here two brothers serve a modern Dutch menu that changes daily. Take a table on their canalside barge if the weather's good. Afterwards, head next door to Hiding In Plain Sight (hpsamsterdam.com) the award-winning bar is famous for its lethal Walking Dead cocktail. BAK (bakrestaurant.nl) started as a popup restaurant, but found permanent residence in 2013 at the Het Veem theatre, a former warehouse on the waterfront. The five-course seasonal set menu is excellent value at €50, with fantastic game and local

In the Frankendael Park is an old greenhouse with 30ft-high ceilings. Inside, you'll find the glade-like sanctuary that is De Kas (restaurantdekas.nl), a fantastic restaurant which has beautifully presented dishes made from produce grown within the building, which used to be the city nursery.

Where to stay

Overlooking a lush courtyard, the Dylan (dylanamsterdam.com) is a boutique hotel in the chic 'Nine Streets' shopping district. It has 40 sun-flooded rooms in two historic canalside houses, and a modern aesthetic that tastefully offsets period features. Michelin-starred food is served in an elegant dining room. Trendy types flock to The Conservatorium (conservatoriumhotel. com, pictured above), not so much a hotel as a fusion of modern design and 19th-century architecture. The former home of a 17th-century sugar trader, Seven one Seven (717hotel.nl) is in a prime location on the beautiful Prinsengracht. It has no hotel sign: just a brass bell next to the door, beyond which are nine sumptuous rooms. Ten minutes' drive from Amsterdam is The Inn, a 17th-century vicarage. The owner is an excellent chef, who lays on breakfast in the lakeside conservatory. Dinner is available on request, at €40 a head. And she'll happily give you a tour of their wine cellar. Isobel Cockerell





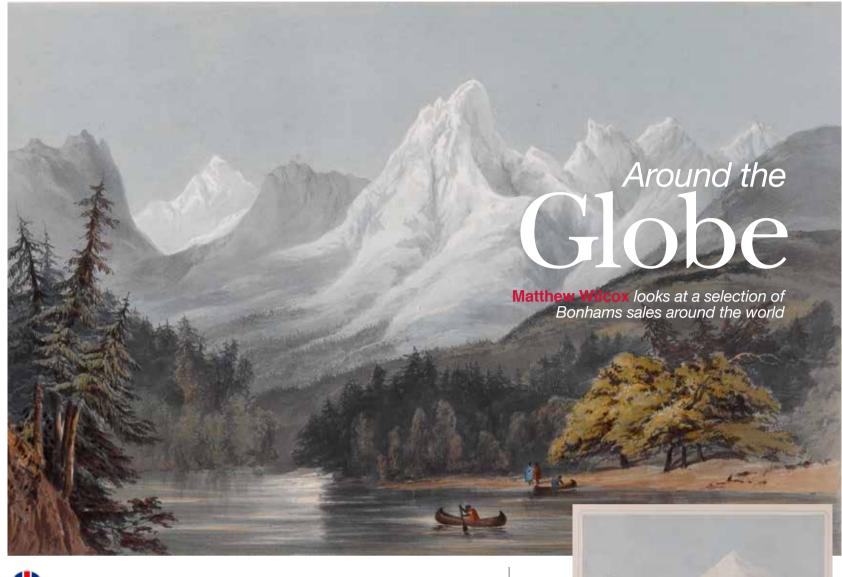


The John & Celeste Fleming Collection of Chinese Furniture & Works of Art

New York Monday 12 September 10am

A fine and rare gold cast ornamental plaque Warring States Period
124 grams, ¾ x 2¾ x 3in (2 x 7 x 8cm)
Estimate: \$30,000 - 50,000
(£25,000 - 40,000)

Enquiries: Dessa Goddard +1 415 503 3333 dessa.goddard@bonhams.com bonhams.com/chinese





Knightsbridge

Star struck

In the early 19th century, no gentleman scientist worth his salt was without a portable planetarium. These sophisticated devices were instrumental in allowing aspiring astronomers to predict accurately the movements of the sun, moon and planets. Unlike the large domes we visit today to watch stars, the planetariums of the early modern era were small mechanical devices, the origins of which lie with Archimedes in antiquity. The early planetariums were lost with the collapse of Greek civilisation, and it was not until 1543, when Polish astronomer Nicolaus Copernicus published *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium*,

that the theory of a geocentric universe in which the sun revolved around the earth regained currency. A fine example of an early English finger tellurium and planetarium will be offered at the Knightsbridge sale of Scientific Instruments and Mechanical Music in October.

Image: An early English 19th-century combined finger tellurium and planetarium Estimate: £1,000 - 1,500

Sale: Scientific Instruments and Mechanical Music, Knightsbridge, 26 October

Enquiries: Jon Baddeley + 44 (0) 20 7393 3873 jon.baddeley@bonhams.com





New York *Oregon fever*

In the 1840s, lured by the lush farmland of the Willamette Valley, thousands of settlers headed west on the Oregon Trail: 'Oregon Fever' had struck the United States. But the influx of Americans upset the delicate political compromise of the Treaty of 1818, which stipulated that Britain and the US agreed to share sovereignty over a territory that was vast. Oregon in that era also included parts of Idaho, Washington, Wyoming, Montana and British Columbia. In response, the British government dispatched a reconnaissance party in 1845. Led by Captain Henry Warre, they set out from Montreal on an expedition that would last 14 months. By the time Warre returned to England, having recorded the Willamette Valley, the mouth of the Columbia River, Puget Sound and Vancouver Island, the dispute had been settled for a border at the 49th parallel (49°N). A first edition of the maps and views of his expedition – one of the rarest and most desirable North American colour-plate books – will be offered at Bonhams New York in September's Exploration and Travel sale.

Image: Sir Henry Warre's Sketches in North America

and the Oregon Territory **Estimate:** \$40,000 - 60,000

Sale: Exploration and Travel, New York, 20 September

Enquiries: Tom Lamb +1 917 206 1640

tom.lamb@bonhams.com

Fine Japanese & Korean Art

New York Wednesday 14 September 1pm

Park Sookeun (Korean, 1914-1965) *Gidalim (Waiting)* oil and mixed media on board 14 x 51/4in (36 x 13.5cm) Estimate: \$150,000 - 250,000 (£110,000 - 200,000)

Enquiries: Jeff Olson +1 212 461 6516 jeff.olson@bonhams.com bonhams.com/korean







New York *Hiroshima mon armour*

An elaborate helmet dating to the Nanbokucho period (1334-1392) and attributed to Myochin Munemasa forms the keystone to an extraordinary suit of *o-yoroi* style armour to be offered in New York as part of the sale of Fine Japanese and Korean Works of Art in September. At the time the helmet dates to, Japan was torn asunder by internecine struggle between the aristocrats of Kyoto and an emerging samurai class. As the fighting spread, *o-yoroi* armour was widely adopted. The heavy plate carapace was designed to protect mounted archers, a role typically adopted by the samurai elite.

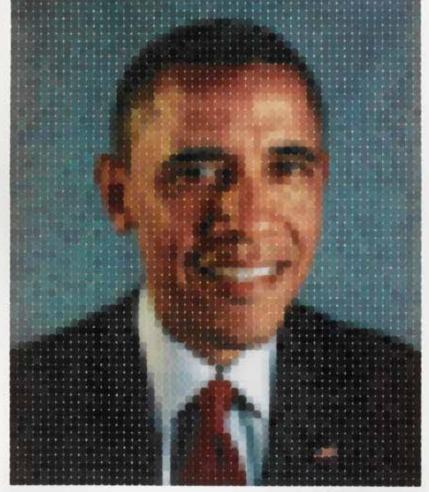
Image: A suit of *o-yoroi* style armour **Estimate:** \$35,000 - 45,000

Sale: Fine Japanese and Korean Works of Art, New York,

14 September

Enquiries: Jeff Olson +1 212 461 6516

jeff.olson@bonhams.com







Los Angeles Obama cares

"Obama was right on time, and I photographed him for more than an hour," said Chuck Close, describing his experience of making the portrait of the 44th President of the United States. "He was wearing a American flag pin on his lapel, but the strobe hit the pin and reflected off it. He started to fiddle with it, trying to make sure the pin was visible. Obama then laughed and said, "When you're a socialist you can't be too careful."

A print of the final painting, donated to charity by the artist, will be offered at Bonhams Los Angeles in October's sale of Prints & Multiples. The proceeds will go to Greenpop, an environmental education organisation based in southern Africa, and specifically to the charity's project in Zambia, where it is supporting the fight to bring one of the world's worst deforestation problems to an end.

Image: Obama (II), 2012, by Chuck Close Sale: Prints & Multiples, Los Angeles, 18 October

Estimate: \$15,000 - 20,000 **Enquiries:** Judith Eurich +1 415 503 3259

judith.eurich@bonhams.com





New Jersey & Pennsylvania State of Play

Alan Fausel has taken on a new role for Bonhams as the regional representative for New Jersey and Pennsylvania. He brings to the position almost three decades of experience as a scholar, curator and art appraiser. Fausel began his formal training in art history at the University of California at Los Angeles, where he received his bachelor's degree, before continuing his education at Stanford. His career as curator began at the Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco, and he later became Curator of the Frick Collection, Pittsburgh. A regular on Antiques Roadshow, Fausel has been instrumental in helping establish the paintings department in Bonhams New York.

Enquiries: Alan Fausel +1 973 997 9954 alan.fausel@bonhams.com



New York Queen in topless shocker!

The trial of Marie Antoinette in 1793 was the backdrop for an execution that has lived long in infamy. Contemporary accounts of her trial, such as in the October edition of the Gazette Nationale, to be auctioned at Bonhams New York in September, were gobbled up by the French public, at once horrified and curious. The former queen and her lawyers were given less than a day to prepare her defence, and the account of the trial is harrowing, notably the episode in which Marie Antoinette is accused of improper relations with her young son - one of the few times she received any sympathy in the hostile courtroom. Following a guilty verdict that was a foregone conclusion, her hair was cut short at the neck to facilitate the operation of the guillotine. Marie-Antoinette's husband was conveyed to his execution in a closed

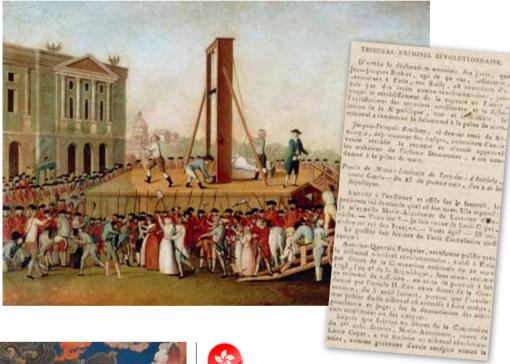
carriage, but she was sat in an open cart, with 30,000 officers lining the streets to prevent a last-minute escape. Her last words? "Pardon me, sir, I meant not to do it", addressed to the executioner, whose foot she had accidentally stepped on while climbing the scaffold. Marie-Antoinette was guillotined at 12.15pm on October 16, 1793, and her body thrown into an unmarked grave.

Image: 'Marie Antoinette: Trial & Execution'.

Gazette Nationale, October 1793 Sale: Fine Books & Manuscripts. New York, 21 September Estimate: \$6,000 - 9,000 Enquiries: Christina Geiger

+1 212 644 9094

christina.geiger@bonhams.com







Hong Kong Stamping out illusion

The thangka, a Tibetan painting made by applying ground mineral pigments to cotton or silk, is one of the principal meditational tools in Tibetan Buddhist practice. This depiction of the wrathful protector deity Chamsing Begtse Chen, coloured bright red, emphasises the ferociousness of the god, which might make it seem an inappropriate devotional aid. But the key for Tibetans meditating with a *thangka* is what happens underfoot: Begtse Chen is typical in that he is shown trampling on a horse with one foot and a human with the other, symbolically stamping out illusion and suppressing attachment to the earthly realm.

Image: A thangka of Chamsing Begtse Chen,

Tibet, 19th century

Estimate: Refer Department

On view: 30 September - 12 October Enquiries: Edward Wllkinson +852 2918 4321

edward.wilkinson@bonhams.com

Exploration & Travel New York Tuesday 20 September



New Bond Street

SEPTEMBER

Wed 14 September 2pm The South African sale

Thu 15 September 10.30am Fine and Rare Wines

Mon 19 September 10am The Robert White Collection

Tue 20 September 2pm Fine Jewellery

Wed 28 September 2pm

19th Century European, Victorian and British Impressionist Art

Wed 28 September 12pm The Oak Interior

OCTOBER

Thu 6 October 2pm

Africa Now -Contemporary Africa

Thu 6 October 3pm

Nostalgia: Before and After. A Collection of Unique Polaroids by Andrey Tarkovsky

Wed 12 October 2pm

The Art of Lebanon Part II and Modern and Contemporary Middle Eastern Art

Tue 18 October 11am Islamic and Indian Art Wed 26 October 11am

Masterpieces of French and **Bohemian Glass**

Thu 27 October 10.30am Fine and Rare Wines

NOVEMBER

Fri 4 November 4pm

London to Brighton Run Sale, Veteran Motor Cars and Related Automobilia

Tue 8 November 2pm

The Julius and Arlette Katchen Collection of Fine Netsuke: Part I

Thu 10 November 10.30am Fine Chinese Art

Thu 10 November 1pm Fine Japanese Art

Wed 16 November 2pm The Greek Sale

Wed 16 November 1pm Prints & Multiples

Wed 16 November 2pm Fine European Ceramics

Tue 22 November 2pm Modern and Contemporary South Asian Art

Wed 23 November 2pm Modern British and Irish Art Knightsbridge

SEPTEMBER

Tue 13 September 1pm

Watches and Wristwatches including the Collection of a European Nobleman

Wed 14 September 11am Jewellery

Tue 20 & 21 September 10am **HOME & Interiors**

OCTOBER

Wed 5 October 2pm

The Marine Sale

Tue 11 October 2pm A Royal Collection: The contents of an **English Country House**

Thu 13 October 11am Jewellery

Tue 18 October 10am **HOME & Interiors**

Tue 25 October 1pm British and European Art

Wed 26 October 2pm Scientific Instruments and Mechanical Music

NOVEMBER

Wed 2 November 10.30am Old Master Paintings

Thu 3 November 10.30am British and European Ceramics and Glass

Mon 7 November 10.30am Asian Art

Wed 9 November 2pm Fine Books and Manuscripts

Tue 15 & 16 November 10am **HOME & Interiors**

Tue 22 November 1pm

Watches and Wristwatches including the Collection of a European Nobleman

Tue 22 November 2pm

Modern British, Irish and East Anglian Art

Wed 23 November 11am Jewellery

Wed 23 November 10.30am Medals, Bonds, Banknotes and Coins

Wed 30 November 1pm Prints and Multiples

Wed 30 November 10.30am Antique Arms and Armour













Regions

SEPTEMBER

Sat 3 September 12pm

The Beaulieu Sale: Collectors' Motor Cars, Motorcycles & Automobilia Beaulieu, National Motor Museum

Sat 10 September 11am

Goodwood Revival Chichester, Goodwood

OCTOBER

Wed 5 October 11am Whisky Sale

Edinburgh

Wed 12 October 2pm Scottish Art

Scottish Art Edinburgh

Sun 16 October 1pm

The Autumn Stafford Sale: Important Collectors' Motorcycles Stafford, Staffordshire County Showground

Wed 19 October 11am

The Sporting Sale Edinburgh

NOVEMBER

Wed 2 November 11am HOME & Interiors

Edinburgh

Wed 16 November 11am Asian Art

Edinburgh

Tue 29 November 11am

Jewellery Edinburgh

Edinburgh

Wed 30 November 2pm

19th & 20th Century Pictures & Prints Edinburgh

Europe, Hong Kong & Australia

SEPTEMBER

Tue 20 September 3pm

Jewellery & Jadeite Hong Kong

Fri 30 September 5pm

Portraits of the Masters: 108 Bronze Sculptures of the Tibetan Buddhist Lineages Hong Kong

OCTOBER

Tue 25 October 6.30pm

Asian Art Sydney

NOVEMBER

Fri 18 November 6pm

Fine & Rare Wine, Cognac & Single Malt Whisky Hong Kong

Mon 21 November 3pm

Modern & Contemporary Art Hong Kong

Mon 21 November 5pm

Unplugged Hong Kong

Tue 22 November 6.30pm

Important Australian & Aboriginal Art Sydney

Tue 29 November 10am

Fine Chinese Paintings & Southeast Asian Art Hong Kong

Tue 29 November 10am

Fine Chinese Ceramics & Works of Art Hong Kong

Tue 29 November 6pm

Images of Devotion: Including Masterpieces from the Collection of Ulrich von Schroeder Hong Kong

Wed 30 November 3pm

Rare Jewels & Jadeite Hong Kong













North America

SEPTERMBER

Tue 6 September 10am Coins and Medals Los Angeles

Mon 12 September 1pm Chinese Works of Art and **Paintings** New York

Mon 12 September 10am

The John and Celeste Fleming collection of Chinese Furniture and Works of Art New York

Mon 12 September 11am Chinese Snuff Bottles

New York

Wed 14 September 10am Fine & Rare Wines San Francisco

Wed 14 September 1pm Fine Japanese and Korean

Art New York

Tue 20 September 1pm **Exploration and Travel New**

Wed 21 September 1pm Fine Books and Manuscripts

New York

Sun 25 September 10am Bay Area Estates Auction

San Francisco Mon 26 September 10am

California Jewels Los Angeles

OCTOBER

Mon 3 October 11am Preserving the Automobile: An Auction at the Simeone Foundation Automotive Museum

Fri 14 October 1pm

Fine Jewelry New York

Philadelphia

Tue 18 October 10am

Asian Decorative Arts San Francisco

Tue 18 October 10am Prints and Multiples

Tue 25 October 1pm Photographs New York

NOVEMBER

Los Angeles

Tue 1 November 10am Made in California:

Contemporary Art Los Angeles

Tue 1 November 1pm

The Modern House: Contemporary Art + Design Los Angeles

Wed 2 November 2pm

19th Century European **Paintings** New York

Mon 14 November 10am The Elegant Home Los Angeles

Mon 14 November 10am Antique Arms & Armor and Modern Sporting Guns

Tue 15 November 5pm

San Francisco

Post-War & Contemporary New York

Wed 16 November 4pm

Impressionist & Modern Art New York

Fri 18 November 10am

Fine & Rare Wines San Francisco

Mon 21 November 10am

California Jewels Los Angeles

Mon 21 November 6pm

California and Western Paintings & Sculpture Los Angeles

Tue 22 November 2pm

American Art New York

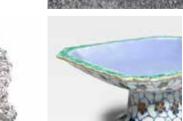
Tue 29 November 12pm

The Estate of Maureen O'Hara New York

Wed 30 November 12pm

TCM Presents ... Lights, Camera, Auction! New York



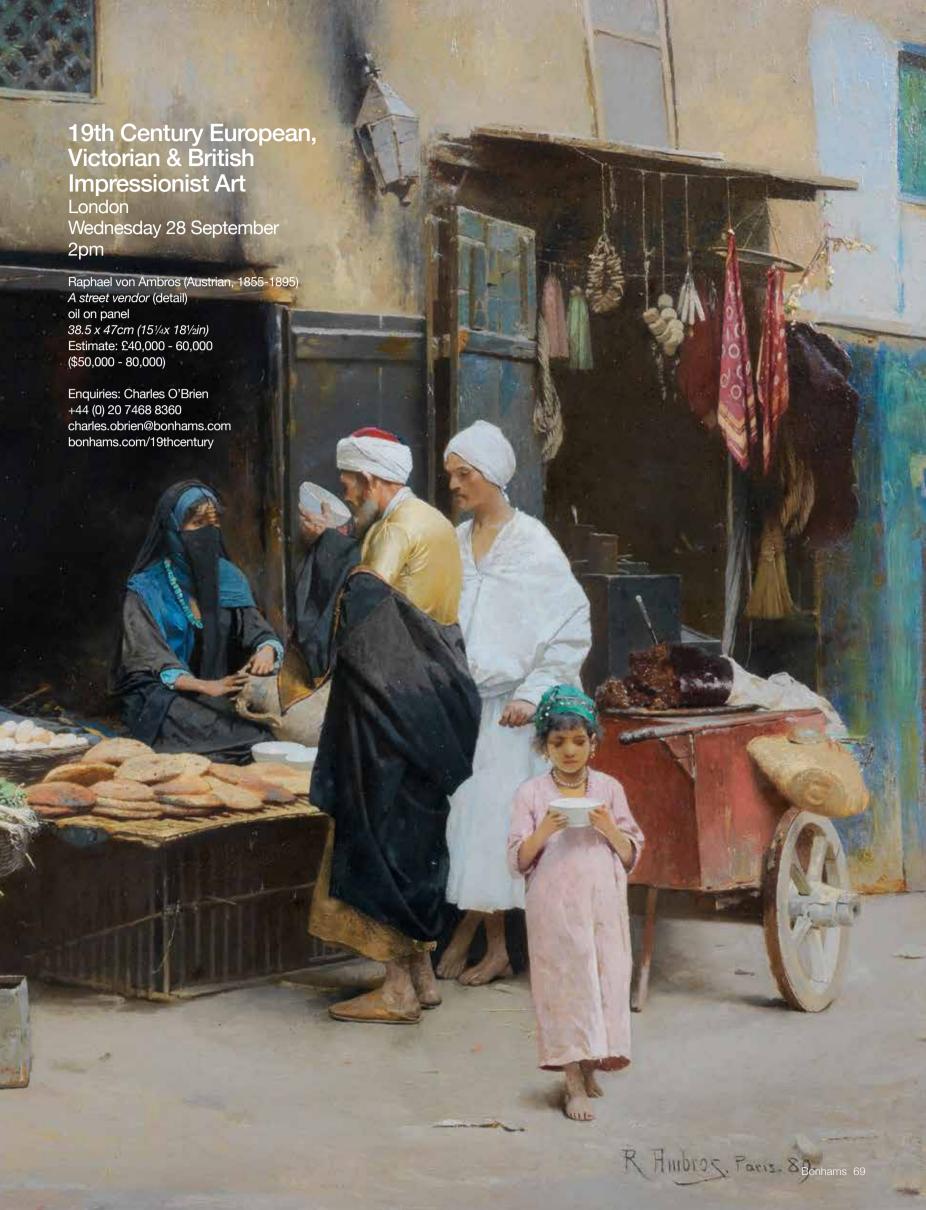












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(* Indicates saleroom)

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Charles Dance revels in the bohemian ambience of the Chelsea Arts Club, including its occasional excesses

I first came to the Chelsea Arts Club some 30 years ago to be interviewed for a film role. I didn't get the part, but I did successfully apply for membership.

The club is one of the oldest in London and it originally catered, as its name suggests, for practitioners of the fine arts of painting and sculpture and their associated trades. Whether acting fits into the latter category is debatable, but the club does have a smattering of us on its membership list, and I for one am glad of that.

I live in North London, so it is hardly convenient for me, but that aside it offers me freedom from the 'thrusting Young Turks' who now frequent the other clubs that cater almost exclusively for what's loosely described as 'the media'. Here, in the shabby-chic surroundings of the Chelsea Arts Club, quiet conviviality is the overriding feeling – not least in its magnificent dining room. Beautiful paintings, properly lit, hang on its walls and, when our summer permits, tables are also set in the minimally manicured gardens.

While I try to book a table, I have occasionally arrived on the off-chance that a table will be available, and if disappointed have taken a vacant seat at what is known as the Members' Table. This large 'eating board' sits about 12 people and cannot be booked, so dining here can mean that one becomes part of an ad hoc dinner party, or, depending on the temperament of the other diners, one is left respectfully alone. On one occasion I was not left respectfully alone when one of a group of diners at the end of the table introduced himself as I sat down. "Evening! My name's George," he said. "We're all gallery owners here." "Really? Well, my name's Charles," I replied, "and I'm very glad that my agent doesn't take from me the kind of commission that you lot take from painters!" This remark was

"At the top of the stairs was a couple engaged in what might be termed 'heavy petting'"

received rather like a French kiss at a family reunion, with the not unexpected result that I was left to dine alone.

That evening

aside, I have enjoyed many evenings there. As well as the comforting surroundings, the food is excellent and – I hesitate to say – very reasonably priced. You can get a bottle of decent wine there for the price of an orange juice in one of the fashionable Soho clubs.

Of course, being the last bastion of Chelsea bohemians, there is invariably some mischief to be encountered. I recall that the



former secretary Dudley was under pressure from local residents to curb the behaviour of certain club members following some high jinks in the garden that had been witnessed from neighbouring houses. Complaints were duly made and he was concerned about the status of the club's licence. Not long after a difficult meeting on the subject, he came into the club and discovered a couple at the top of the stairs engaged in what might euphemistically be termed 'heavy petting'.

"Ahem!", he coughed. There was no reaction. He tried again, a little louder.

"AHEM!!"

Still no response from the entwined duo. Just as he had cleared his throat to snare their attention for the third time, the man turned around and said: "Fuck off, Dudley! I'm trying to sell a painting."

Actor Charles Dance played Tywin Lannister in the television series Game of Thrones. His latest movie role is in the new Ghostbusters.

Chelsea Arts Club, London SW3; chelseaartsclub.com.

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