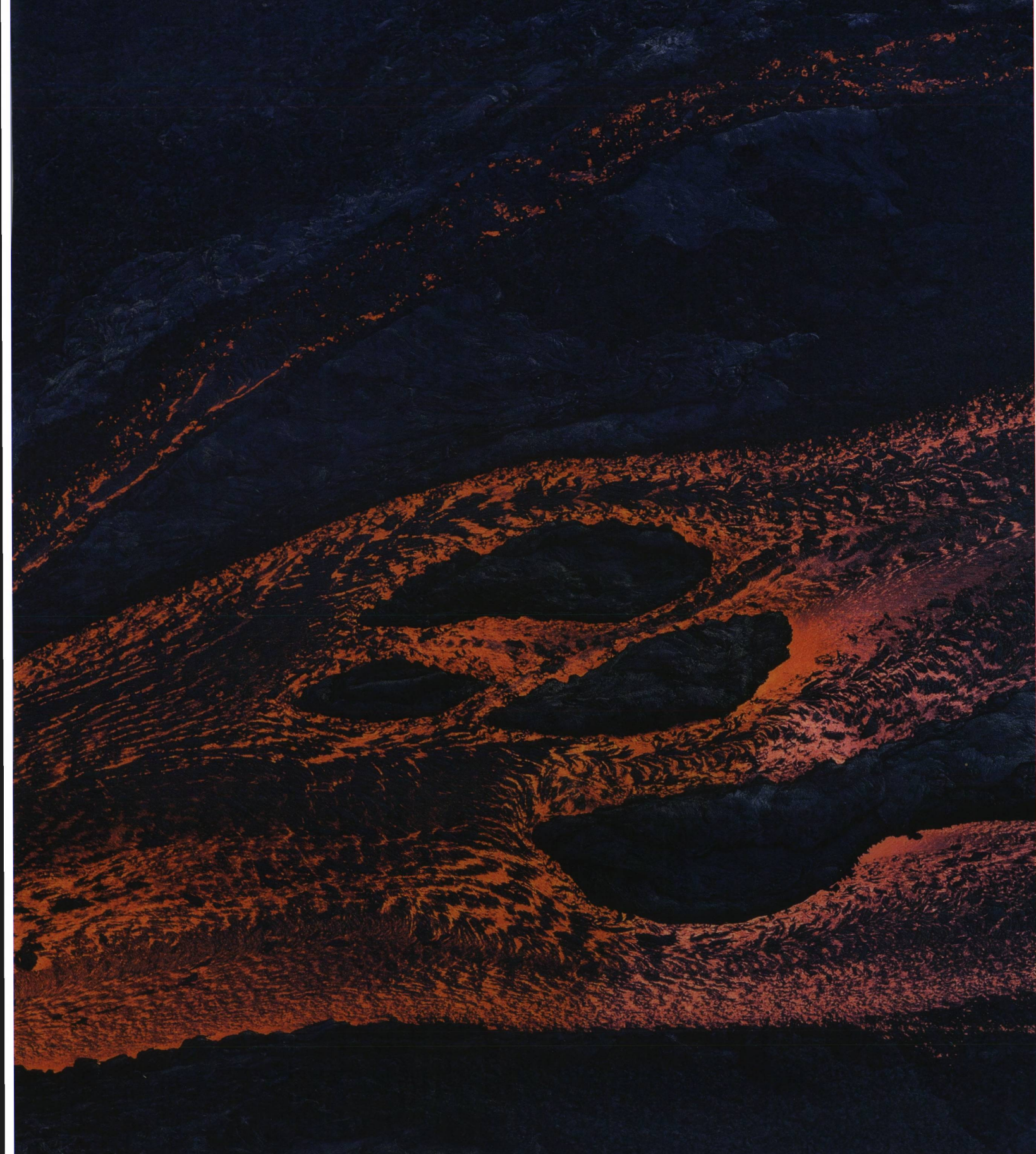
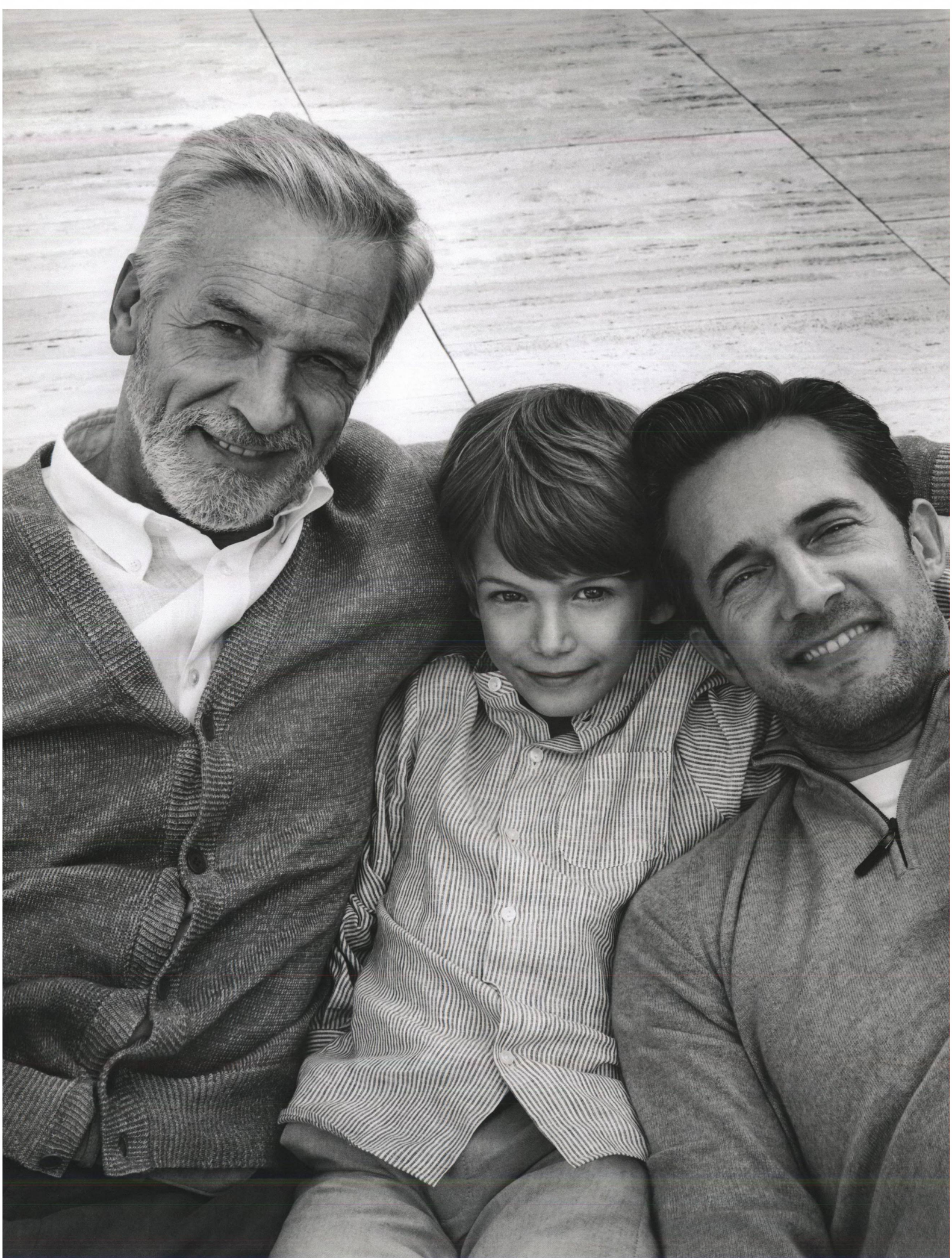


PATEK PHILIPPE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME IV NUMBER 4







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GENEVE

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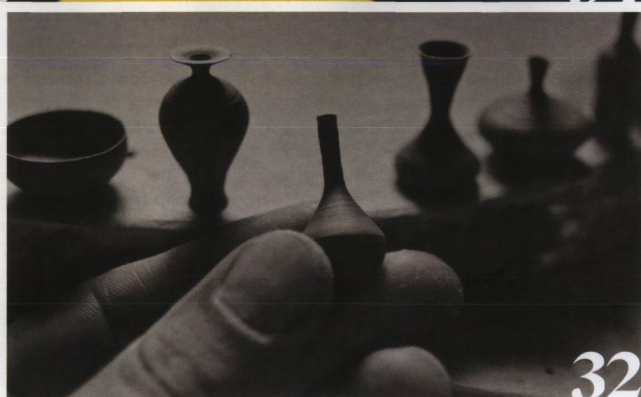
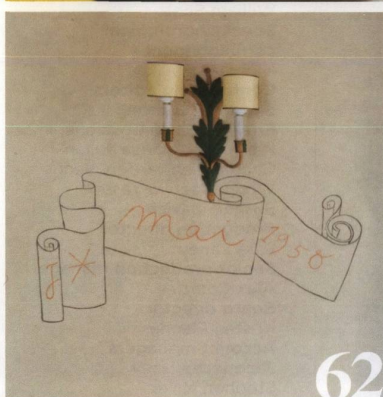
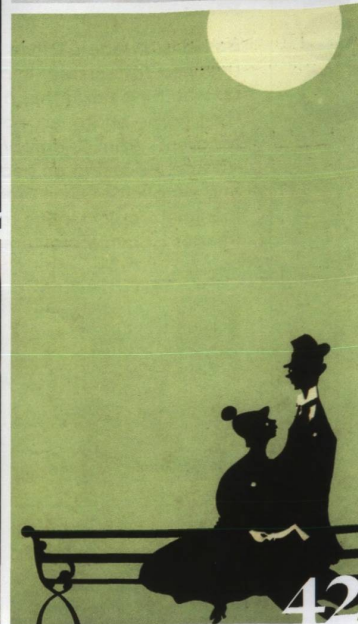
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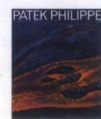
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Cover: this atmospheric aerial view of lava flows was captured at the Tolbachik volcano in the far east of Russia by the four-time World Press Photo award winner Olivier Grunewald

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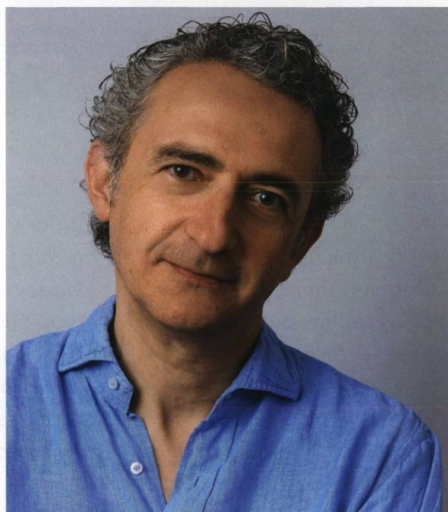


Based in Sweden, **Olivia Jeczmyk** was always destined for a career in photography, growing up watching her father develop pictures in their home photo lab; now she produces work for clients from *Telegraph Luxury* to Louis Vuitton. Focusing on geometric compositions and simplicity, Olivia breathes vivid life into inanimate objects. She took the haunting images of miniature ceramics on page 32.



Based in London, raised near Philadelphia, **Joel Stans** became interested in photography at university, where he was drawn in by the alchemy of the darkroom. Moving to N.Y.C., he assisted the photographers Tom Munro and Nathaniel Goldberg and went on to shoot fashion; after meeting the woman he'd marry, Joel switched to still life on her advice and found his calling, working for clients from *Wallpaper** to Harrods. He pictures the very singular Aquanaut, on its anniversary, on page 54.

Born on the shores of the Mediterranean, **Malika Ferdjoukh** saw snow for the first time when she was 8. Since then she's loved it, in real life, in movies, and in books. And it snows a lot in her novels, written for children and young adults. It's not surprising that she has a passion, as you'll see on page 38, for the adventures of Joseph Vallot at the summit of towering Mont Blanc.



Simon Garfield, who reveals the drama behind the typeface Doves (page 48), is the author of 18 books of non-fiction, including the bestsellers *Mauve*, *Just My Type*, and *On The Map*; his study of AIDS in Britain, *The End of Innocence*, won the Somerset Maugham Prize. His most recent book is *Timekeepers: How The World Became Obsessed With Time*.

Born in Singapore, **Pei-Ru Keh** is the New York editor of *Wallpaper** magazine. Fascinated by architecture, design, lifestyle, and fashion, and tapped into the creative and luxury industries, she relishes new trends and supports emerging talent. On page 32, she speaks to the ceramicist Jon Almeda.



The award-winning photographer **Jake Curtis**, based in the UK, brings a scientific sensibility to his craft; meticulous lighting, attention to the smallest details, and acute awareness of the viewer's gaze deliver a unique perspective. On page 48, he illustrates one man's obsession with the arcane, long-lost typeface Doves.



Volker Hagedorn studied viola at the Hanover School of Music and Theater, and went on to become a freelance musician and writer - his work has appeared in *Die Zeit*, among others. In 2015, he won the Ben Witter Prize for journalism; his book *Bachs Welt* was published in 2016. On page 42, he looks at some swinging, stylized sheet music cover illustrations.

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Tel: +44 20 7734 2303
Fax: +44 20 7494 2570

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Editorial director
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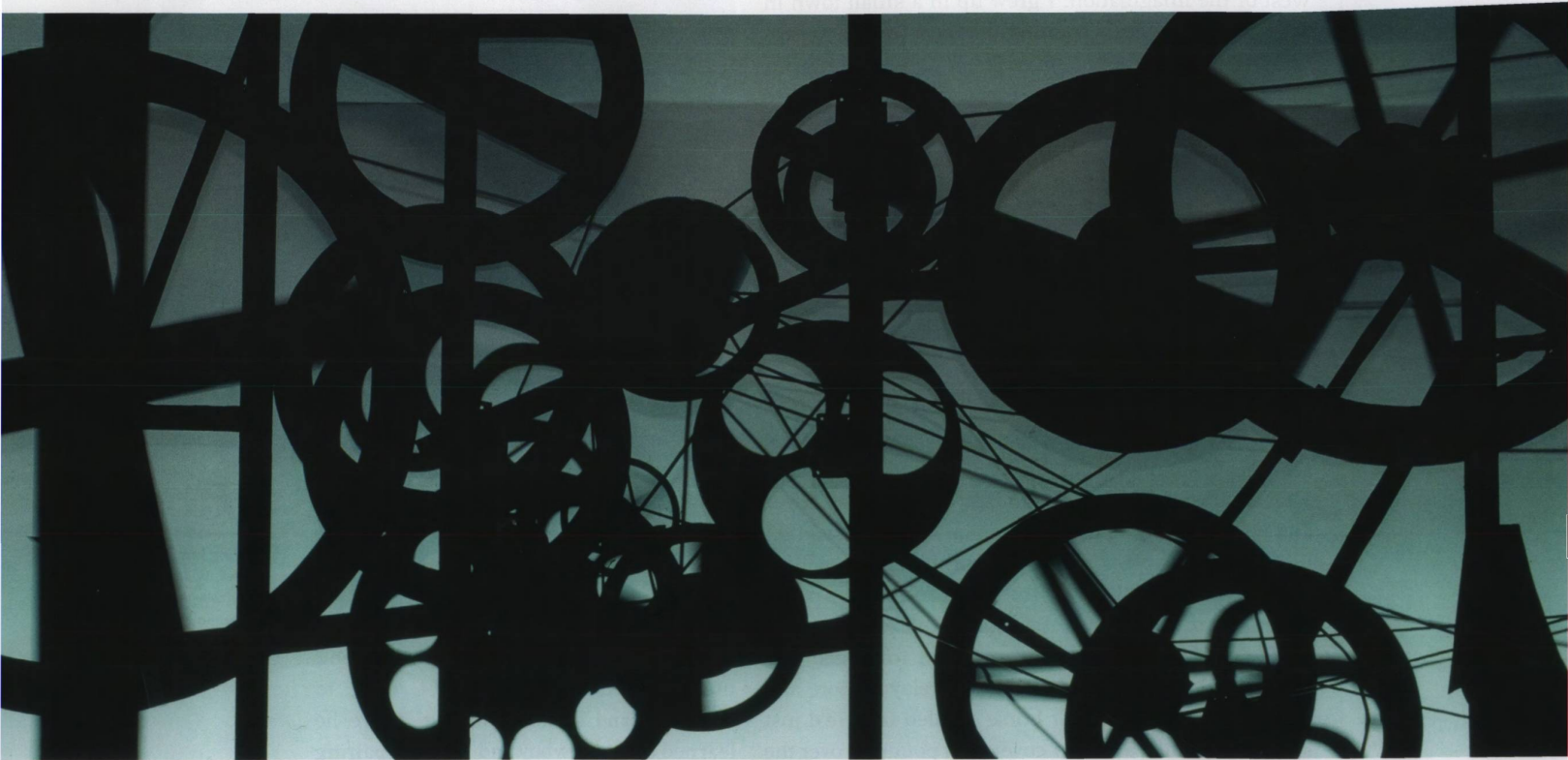


PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

Mailing address
P.O. Box 2654, CH-1211
Geneva 2, Switzerland
Tel +41 22/884 20 20
Fax +41 22/884 25 47

“ INDIVIDUAL PARTS OF A SYSTEM
ARE NOT IN THEMSELVES IMPORTANT
BUT ARE RELEVANT ONLY IN THE
WAY THEY ARE USED IN THE ENCLOSED
LOGIC OF THE WHOLE ”

- DAN FLAVIN



PHOTOGRAPH: RENÉ BURRI/MAGNUM PHOTOS
PORTRAIT: TOMÁS RODRÍGUEZ



MY INSPIRATION

“These words have meant something to me since I was a child,” says the Chilean artist Benjamin Ossa (left) of this quote from a fellow artist, the American minimalist light sculptor Dan Flavin. “From a very young age

they have helped me to understand that so many things, like human beings, form part of a system greater than their own individuality and that their own small interactions correspond to a larger movement, to a system of relationships, the principles of thermodynamics, mathematics, temporal

logic, and even mysticism; in other words, theories that undergo permanent change with the passage of time.

“That’s why my artistic explorations have led me to create experiences composed of phenomena that moves through time, stimulating the senses, which then makes us think

about what is happening in the world around us. Each object, each living being, contaminates, permeates, influences, and ultimately determines what we see around us. This is what art, life, and culture are all about.”

Desideratum

As cowboys became movie stars, so saddles evolved from simple rawhide to elaborately ornamented works of art, showcasing the craftsmanship of Western silver and leather workers. Morton Fleischer, a collector of Americana, explains how saddles tell the story of the American West

STORY *Jennifer Kabat*

PHOTOGRAPHS *Joss McKinley*

How did your fascination with Western saddles begin?

You can tell the history of the West through the saddle and its evolution, but saddles also tell the story of the West of the imagination. I grew up in a small town in the era of B movies, watching the likes of Roy Rogers and Gene Autry. Those images get impregnated in your mind; it was exciting. This is partly why the saddles are collectible. They're steeped in our cultural history but also in our craftsmanship – particularly when you start looking at the silver saddles.

How did the saddle evolve?

First you have the Hope saddle that was used in the 1830s through the 1870s in the American West and along the Santa Fe trail, an important trading route that connected Missouri and New Mexico. That style evolved from a wooden or rawhide-covered “tree” (the part of the saddle that forms the basic structure), which you still see in Mexican saddles. When they learned to put a seat on, it was known as the Half Seat saddle (or the High Plains or Cheyenne saddle). Between the Hope and Half Seat, though, came the Pony Express saddle.

The Pony Express was essentially a relay to deliver mail, and the saddle that the riders used was pretty rudimentary, laced down the middle and with lockable leather pockets for letters. It was built for speed, not comfort. The rider would pull into a relay station, and there'd already be another horse saddled up. He'd just sling the *mochila*, a leather cover with pouches, over the tree and set off on a fresh horse. Each rider would go about a hundred miles, and at the last mail station on the route he'd pass off the mail bag and do it all again the next day. The Pony Express lasted only 19 months, between 1860 and 1861. After that, the telegraph took over. But while it was in operation, the Express brought the mail out West, and, at the time, that was a big deal.

How did the silver saddle develop?

The early ones were made around 1900, 1910, by companies such as Coggshall in Montana and Brydon



Brothers in L.A. When the movies began in California, cowboys such as Tom Mix, who had served in the Spanish-American War, were cast. Mix made nearly three hundred films. And with cowboys-turned-actors you began to get the West of our imagination. Saddles got fancier, and people such as Ed Bohlin started making them. It was Mix who got Bohlin to move to Hollywood.

Who was Ed Bohlin?

He was born in 1895 in Sweden, where he saw *Buffalo Bill's Wild West* show as a boy, then decided to move to the U.S., to Montana, and on to Wyoming. There he learned to be a cowboy and began repairing and then making Western accessories. He became famous as a saddlemaker to the stars, earning high praise and serious money for his artistry; then he would chase Hollywood starlets, go broke, and repeat the same pattern multiple times. Nowadays, Bohlin saddles can fetch anywhere from US\$25,000 up to US\$1,500,000.

Many, such as the Presidential saddle (see page 9), were only used in parades. The

Above: a replica of the Pony Express saddle of the 1860s. Though they were in use for only a scant year and a half, the long and arduous journeys made by the riders mean few, if any, of the original saddles survive. Right: a 1920s saddle made by the Coggshall saddlery. This pioneering firm, founded in Miles City, Montana, in 1899, employed the top craftsmen in a town known for cattle and ranching







Presidential was ridden by an L.A. county sheriff in every Rose Bowl and Hollywood Christmas Parade while he was in office, but it wasn't originally made for him. It was meant for Edward J. Ballinger, a member of the sheriff's Silver Mounted Posse, as a gift from his wife – only he died before she could give it to him. It was modeled on a saddle that Bohlin made for Tom Mix, and it includes three grades and four different colors of gold. There's also silver underneath the filigree leather. The gold and silver are made in *repoussé* (hammering or pressing the metal to create relief patterns), which is virtually a lost art. It's hand-chased. Later, it fell into disrepair, but after Bohlin's death the new owner of the company also bought the saddle. Most of the men who'd worked on it originally were still alive and employed by the company, so they restored it.

Who else made silver saddles?

Frank Coenen, too, made saddles for all the movie stars, and his work was shown at the 1939 World's Fair in New York. Coenen's San Fernando is one of the most elaborate silver saddles. He made it in the late 1940s just before he died. The saddle (shown on page 8) is Coenen's very last, and he made it for himself. It uses nearly six hundred troy ounces (almost 660 ounces) of pure silver, and he spent four years working on it.

In the U.S. there are still guys who live out in the boondocks who love to tool leather by hand

It also features repoussé work, and Coenen pressed all the details into the silver sheet by hand. The design tells the story of cowboy life, a life that was, by then, over.

Is saddlemaking a lost art?

No, I have a Mexican parade saddle that was owned by the mayor of Palm Springs. It's from the 1970s and is embroidered with cactus made with the spines of yucca leaves. Mexican saddles, to this day, sit loosely over the tree much like the Pony Express saddle did. In the U.S. there are artists who still tool leather by hand. There are guys who live out in the boondocks and love working with leather. There's one man, Bill Allison, out in Montana, who still makes these gorgeous saddles that same way, occasionally replicating an old one. I tried to get him to move here, to Arizona, where there's more of a market for his work, but he wouldn't. He just wants to make saddles for his cowboy friends. ♦

Opposite: Frank Coenen's San Fernando saddle is probably his most elaborate piece. The story of cowboy life is imagined in 22 silver scenes. Above: a Mexican saddle, made in the 1970s and embroidered using fibers from the spines of yucca leaves (left); the Presidential saddle, circa 1940, by Ed Bohlin features a repoussé copy of Edward J. Ballinger's ranch house (right)



ANATOMY OF A CLASSIC

REF. 5002

Released in 2001, the Sky Moon Tourbillon was not only Patek Philippe's first double-faced grand complication for the wrist but also its first astronomical wristwatch and its most complicated. Nicholas Foulkes celebrates a landmark model

When it comes to appreciating the oeuvre of an artist, it is vital to understand the context in which the work was created. The year 2001 was important for Patek Philippe. Mankind had crossed the threshold of a new millennium, and it was a time for reflection. That year Philippe Stern realized a long-nurtured ambition: the Patek Philippe Museum opened in central Geneva. Widely acknowledged as the world's preeminent museum dedicated to horology, it is to watchmaking's past what the modern manufacturing H.Q. at Plan-les-Ouates is to horology's future. In the same year, Patek Philippe gave its customers a glimpse of the advancements in watchmaking when it launched the Sky Moon Tourbillon, its most complicated wristwatch at the time.

At Patek Philippe the past and the future are so closely linked that there are times at which they overlap. This happened in 1989 when the portable timepiece Calibre 89 relaunched a global taste for complicated mechanical watches, and it was apparent again at the turn of the millennium, with the introduction of the Star Caliber 2000. To see the latter as some sort of sequel to the Calibre 89 and as "another" complicated pocket watch is to miss its point entirely.

The Star Caliber is a big watch: it has 1,118 components and weighs more than five hundred grams, and yet it is also quite possibly Patek Philippe's subtlest watch. The model may have taken the external form of a classic supercomplication of the sort made for the tycoons of America's Gilded Age, but its internal world was a place of radical innovation. This was a watch of its time, as Philippe Stern made clear: "The approach of the year two thousand, that powerful symbol of progress, fired our imagination and our desire to surpass ourselves." As well as making a watch, Mr. Stern was building a temporal bridge to "link the past with the future." His aim was "not to integrate a maximum number of horological complications but, instead, to implement a combination of those previously thought to be unattainable."

The Sky Moon Tourbillon, REF. 5002, was developed alongside that impressive

supercomplication, making its appearance a few months later, in 2001. It offered the wrist-worn distillation of the essence of the Star Caliber, and it performed the philosophical feat of placing the mysteries of the cosmos quite literally within arm's reach. Made at a rate of two a year, the Sky Moon Tourbillon is unarguably one of the most important Patek Philippe wristwatches from any period in the manufacture's rich and eventful history.

With a dozen complications, it is the first double-faced watch made by the company and it presaged a period of extraordinary innovation across the industry as, during the first decade of the millennium, watchmakers experimented with new horological methods and functions. Yet, as strikingly innovative as it may have been, it was also familiar; the timepiece included two complications that Patek Philippe has made its own – the perpetual calendar and the minute repeater. The latter is characterized by a rich and lingering sound generated by

The Sky Moon Tourbillon presaged a period of innovation across the industry, yet it was also familiar

a pair of cathedral gongs so long that each wraps around the circumference of the movement almost two times – but, in a break with tradition, the alloy with which they are made was expressly developed in conjunction with metallurgists of the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology in Lausanne. Today, new materials are nothing "new," but this was almost 20 years ago.

The defining innovation of this watch is that it is, in effect, two timepieces inside one wearable case of 42.8 mm diameter. On the back of the case, an astronomical display of the moon, Sirius, and the Milky Way is indicated, along with sidereal time. Students of the marque would have been reminded of the famed Graves and Packard watches, which allowed those American plutocrats to place the heavens inside their pockets.

Now a further historical step had been taken, in moving the astronomical watch to the wrist. It was no easy achievement. Patek engineers had to calculate the optimum gear train ratios to ensure the greatest possible accuracy for all combined celestial displays, and there was, apparently, an entire universe of more than 25 trillion ratios to choose from. Again, as with "new" materials, watches with sophisticated astronomical displays of one sort or another have become popular in recent years, and it must be remembered that the development of this watch can be traced back to 1993, when the team that was to create the Star Caliber 2000 was first assembled. Only then can this watch's prescience be appreciated.

Indeed, much of what was said about the Star Caliber 2000 at the time of its launch can be applied to its wrist-worn sibling. Collectors then were encouraged to "think of it as a work of art with the heart of a complex scientific instrument" and as "a window opening onto the mysteries of the universe,

inciting us to become, in turn, philosopher, sage, and connoisseur of beauty."

But as well as allowing the mind to ponder the philosophical rewards to be derived from looking at the celestial vault in miniature and marveling at the smallness of man in the face of creation, it must also be understood that the spiritual dimension of this watch was only achieved with inspiration, daring, and innovation. Today the Sky Moon Tourbillon stands as a monument to an era of optimism and innovation. But innovation must not be confused with mere meretricious novelty. Novelty dates, whereas the truly innovative enters the classical canon, and the Sky Moon Tourbillon is most surely a canonical work. ♦

For more on this subject, visit Patek Philippe Magazine Extra at patek.com/owners

PROFILE

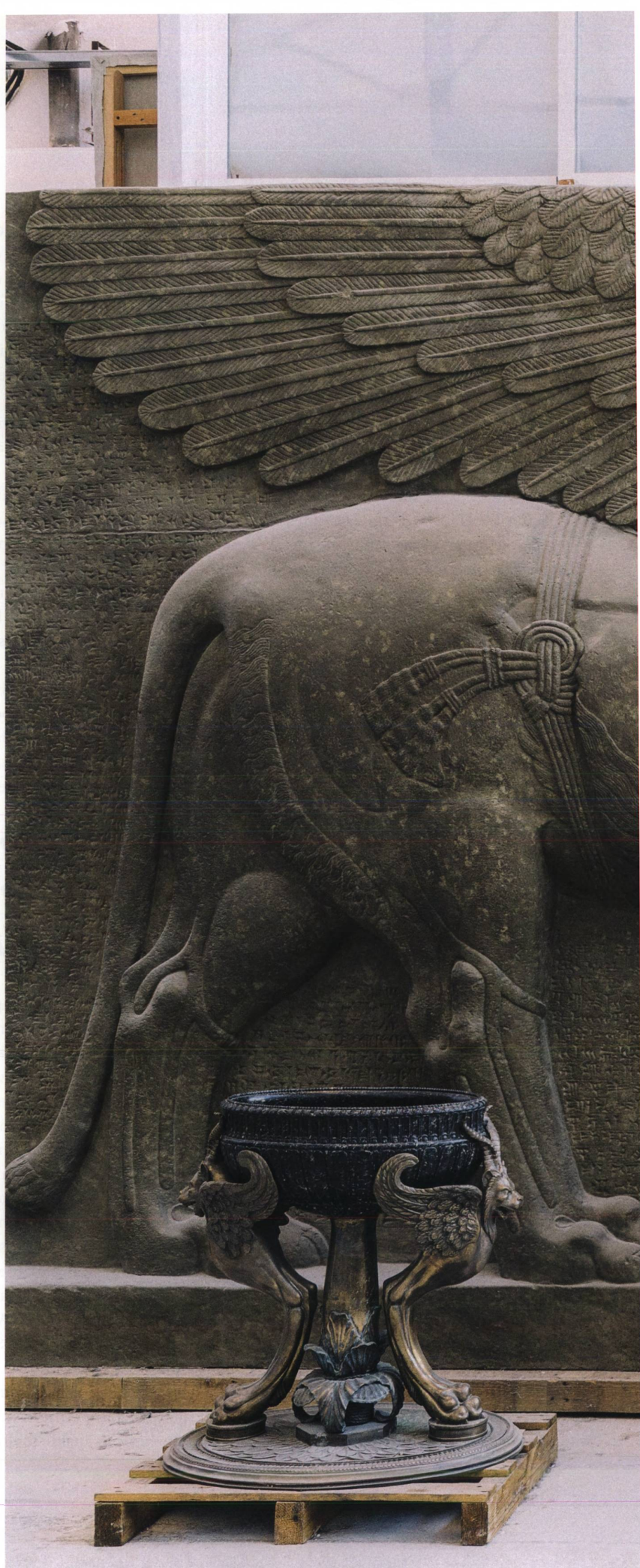
Adam Lowe

Imagine being able to use laser technology and bespoke tools to create facsimiles of artworks and historic monuments. That's what Lowe's firm does, aiding in the preservation of the originals

STORY *Matthew Sturgis*

PHOTOGRAPHS *Ben Roberts*

At around five o'clock in the afternoon, the sunlight slants through the west window of Palladio's refectory in San Giorgio Maggiore in Venice. For the past two hundred or so years it has illuminated a vast unadorned chamber. It was not always thus. In 1563, the Italian artist Paolo Veronese had created his masterpiece, *The Wedding at Cana* – a magnificent scene of feasting, revelry, and Biblical allusion – to fill the upper portion of the whole end wall. But the picture (along with a great deal of other Italian art) was plundered by Napoleon at the end of the eighteenth century and taken to the Louvre. Although much was returned after Napoleon met his Waterloo, *The Wedding*



Adam Lowe stands beside the facsimile sculpture of a human-headed winged lion from the throne room of Ashurnasirpal II in the ancient Iraqi city of Nimrud – just one example of the many projects that glide through Factum Arte's Madrid-based workshops





at Cana was deemed too fragile to travel. It remained in the Louvre, and was sometimes even looked at there by people hastening toward the *Mona Lisa* with their selfie sticks.

But in 2007, in a dazzling coup de théâtre, the picture made a triumphant return. Before a select audience, a curtain fell to reveal Veronese's wedding guests once more quaffing their miraculous wine, alive in every detail of brocaded silk and sparkling jewelry. It was not, however, the original painting but a meticulously created facsimile, rendered – like the original – on canvas, in carefully matched pigments. It was the work of Factum Arte, a groundbreaking company of artists, craftsmen, and technicians, a laboratory-cum-workshop assembled by the British artist Adam Lowe.

Installed in Palladio's great hall, the replica image re-enlivens the space: the picture makes sense of the architecture; the architecture makes sense of the picture. At five o'clock, the shadows falling across the room echo the shadows in the painting. Lowe is hugely gratified by the reaction. "It offers a different sort of authenticity," he suggests. "And people have responded to that." The Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera* called it "a turning point in art," and tens of thousands come to view the picture each year.

Lowe, who is now in his 50s, retains an infectious enthusiasm, a constant curiosity about new ideas and challenges. He developed a fascination with early printing techniques while at the Royal College of Art in London during the 1980s. "The work of Gautier D'Agoty [the French anatomist and printmaker] was a real inspiration. The discovery of his life-size four-color mezzotints, done in the 1750s, blew my mind."

Excitement about the possibilities of technology informed Lowe's art, which includes a series of memorable prints made from images recorded on specially prepared etching plates that had been washed over by the tide after he fixed them onto the foreshore of London's River Thames. It also brought him into contact with the Spanish hyperrealist artist Manuel Franquelo, and it was their decision to "combine their skills," as Lowe puts it, and to develop new ways of recording and reproducing imagery

(initially for their own artistic work) that led to the creation of Factum Arte in 2001. The company has since grown considerably, now spread across three locations including a bustling warehouse with studios in Madrid. It has developed its own arsenal of hi-tech machinery, including printers and a high-resolution 3-D scanner called the Veronica.

Lowe now combines his skills with almost 60 other employees. They make works for many contemporary artists, including Anish Kapoor and Marc Quinn, and oversaw the production of Grayson Perry's tapestries. Lowe, when we meet, is particularly excited by "the great things" they are doing with Abdalnasser Gharem and Ahmed Mater, "two stars of the Saudi art scene."

But Factum Arte has become best known for its meticulous recreations of existing – and lost – artworks: paintings, drawings, sculpture, furniture, architecture, everything falls within its remit. This unexpected line

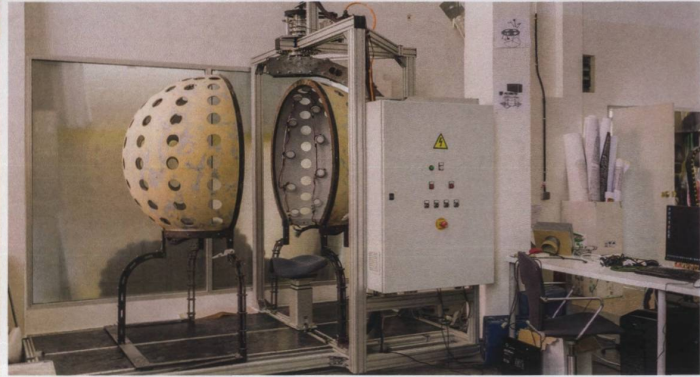
New technologies have enabled exact recreations, but the human element is not lost: finishing is often done by hand



Opposite: a table in Factum Arte's digital printing studio is surrounded by works in progress (left); color notes for use in creating the replica of *Polittico Griffoni*, a Renaissance masterpiece (right). Color matching is

an important and complex part of the development process – Factum Arte even devised its own color “sticks,” which are held up to the original to identify an exact color match. Left: these test pieces form part of the preparations for the

company's facsimile of Pharaoh Seti I's tomb. Below: designed in-house, the Veronica scanner enables the depiction of objects in 3-D form, on-screen or re-materialized via a range of 3-D printing and prototyping systems



of work began with a commission from the Egyptian authorities to record – and reproduce – a section of the wall decoration in the tomb of Pharaoh Seti I. The success of that venture has led to others, from the reproduction of a number of Caravaggio's works to the piece-by-piece recording of an ancient mosque in Daghestan, from the embodiment of Piranesi's furniture designs to the reconstruction of the Assyrian king Ashurnasirpal II's throne room (drawing on items held in five museums).

Egypt remains an important area for the company's work. Factum's most ambitious scheme is an ongoing project to create complete one-to-one scale replicas of the three greatest tombs in the Theban Necropolis – those of Seti I, Nefertari, and Tutankhamun. As Lowe explains, “They may have been built to last forever, but they weren't built to be visited by tourists.” Changes in temperature, exposure to light, to movement, and the exhalations of visitors all take their toll on the painted surfaces. Exact replicas – installed on-site – could offer a chance for tourists to engage with the iconography and experience something of the mystery of these ancient burial chambers.

To undertake such work has required the development of new technology, first to

record data in the most exact and least obtrusive ways possible, and then to recreate it in the most accurate and convincing ways possible. Most of these tools – such as the Lucida 3-D laser scanner for recording low-relief surfaces – were devised by Factum Arte in collaboration with Manuel Franquelo, one of the company's founders.

But the human element is never lost. Finishing often has to be done by hand. “The eye is still the most accurate means of matching color,” Lowe explains. As a result, Factum has developed a system of carefully graded colored “sticks” that can be held up close to the surface of the original to achieve – and record – an exact match.

The whole venture is informed by Lowe's artistic sensibility, his deep understanding and respect for the objects with which he is dealing. Moreover, when talking about art, he seems always drawn toward its structure – to sketches, studies, ruins. “Amongst my favorite things in the whole world are the Michelangelo drawings at the Ashmolean museum,” he says. When he was a student at Oxford University, studying at the Ruskin, he had a studio in the museum and was able to pore over them at leisure. (In 2015, Factum Arte made high-quality scans of the collection.) Bringing together these strands

– technical, human, aesthetic – combined with fanatical attention to detail has secured the company's reputation.

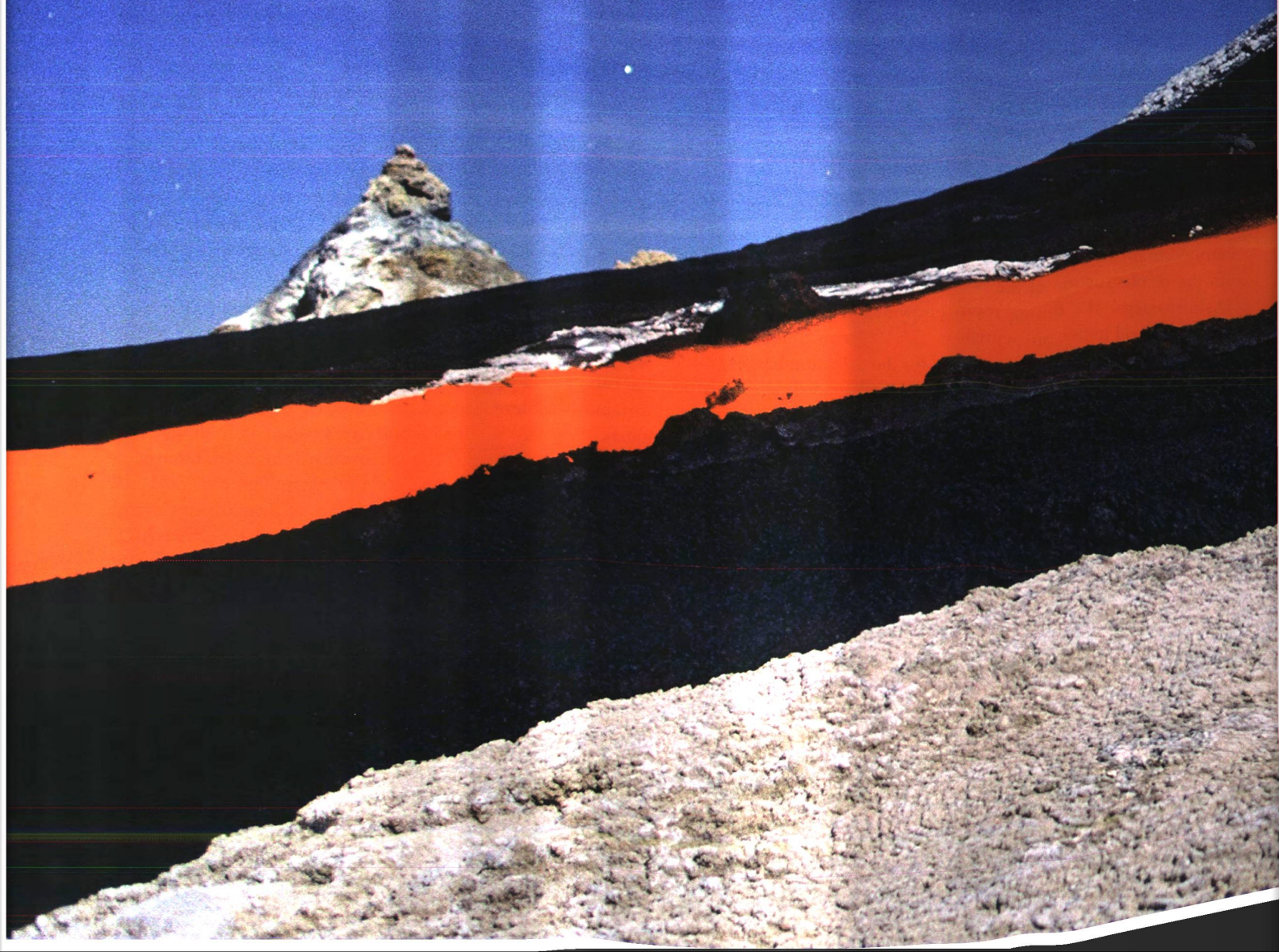
Lowe, however, cheerily dismisses many replicas encountered in current culture. And although notions of “authenticity” dominate much contemporary discourse, they are hard to pin down. Both the classical and Renaissance periods abounded in copies and replicas, and in a world of change, decay, and iconoclastic destruction (and, sometimes, of over-restoration, too), no work of art remains forever as it was. Single works are broken up. Or removed to new locations. Lowe seeks to negotiate a space for Factum Arte's work within this flux.

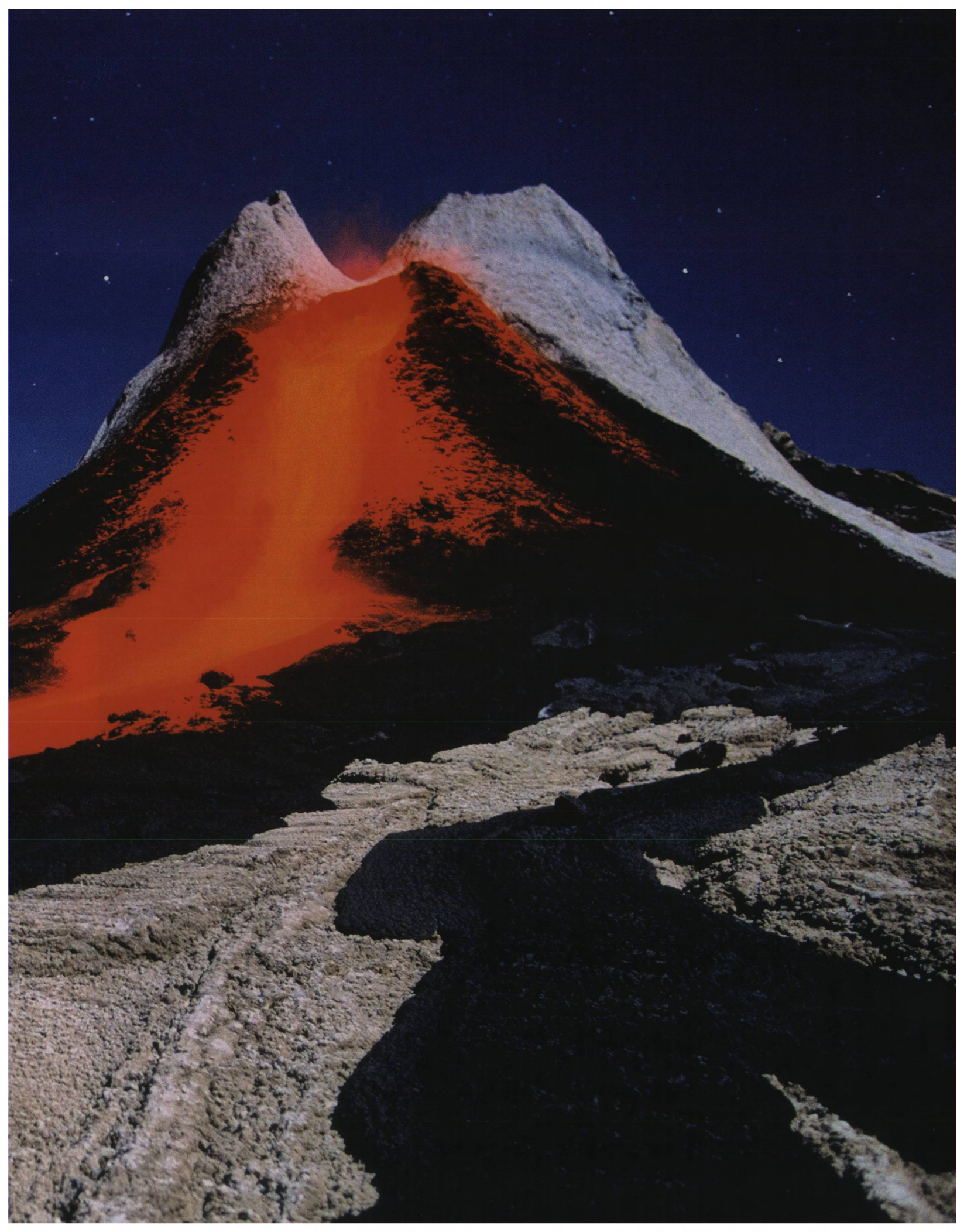
The extraordinarily high resolution of the company's 3-D recordings can yield new insights. The scans of Tutankhamun's tomb revealed a previously unnoticed area of wall with different surface characteristics, suggesting to the British archaeologist Nicholas Reeves that it might conceal the entrance to a further chamber, perhaps even leading to the fabled tomb of Nefertiti. It is a theory that scholars are eager to explore. To assist in the discovery of a lost queen would be another new achievement for Factum Arte. ♦ For more on this subject, visit *Patek Philippe Magazine Extra* at patek.com/owners

STORY *Bernadette Gilbertas*

In love with lava

For thirty years, volcanoes have been the consuming passion of the photographer Olivier Grunewald, whose pictures attempt to capture the world as it may have looked in its formative stages







Previous pages: Ol Doinyo Lengai in Tanzania is the only volcano in the world known to throw out so-called “carbonatite” – that is, carbon-rich lava. The liquid lava is black but whitens when it cools and solidifies. These pages: Olivier Grunewald (right) spent nearly 30 nights shooting the blue flames at the Kawah Ijen crater in Indonesia, where miners work to extract sulfur (left)



Charred tree trunks raise their scrawny skeletons against the black sky. The forest at the top of the volcano could not withstand the assaults of the wind that drove the toxic fumarolic gas onto its slopes. In the beams of our forehead lamps, the stones glow with a strange intensity: these are little lumps of rock that have fallen from the heavily loaded baskets brought up by the miners, day after day. At the opening of a narrow gully, the wind suddenly changes direction. The whole crater is revealed, an acid-green lake shimmers under the halo of the moon, and, in another direction, there are bright ice-blue flames. Those are torches of burning gas, up to 16 feet high, dancing and licking, flying along a hill of sulfur, in a gigantic blaze that can be seen only at night. Muted, repeated blows resonate in the depths of the declivity. The sulfur miners of Kawah Ijen in Indonesia are surrounded by toxic gases, illuminated by the orange light of their torches. They are working hard to extract the solid precious mineral that is formed when the liquid sulfur cools.

It is for such scenes, reminiscent of creation itself, for the extreme emotions generated by the grandeur, intensity, and beauty, and for the wildness of nature in its raw state that Olivier and I, respectively as a photographer and a journalist, have been traveling around the planet for more than 30 years.

It all began in Iceland, with our first journey and our first exploration of the geologically young island. Overwhelmed, we walked over the austere landscapes, where the history of the earth unfolds on an almost daily basis. Iceland is highly volcanic; its landscapes are still in gestation, and its frozen lava flows vividly evoke images of the creation of the world. We heard muted knocking echoing on the edges of hot springs and geysers, and saw icebergs floating in the chiaroscuro of the Arctic summer, sulfurous emanations from turquoise pools, and the softness of moss furring the surface of ancient lava. It was there, in the middle of still smoking lava, on the top of windbeaten cliffs where thousands of puffins swirled in the air, that our shared passion for nature, wide open spaces, and wild animals became the focus for the direction of our lives.

Then, a few years later, we visited the peak of Stromboli in Italy, seeking visual inspiration for *Images of Creation*, a photographic book on cosmogony that we were planning to publish. For the first chapter, on “chaos,” we spent sleepless nights on the summit of that big volcano, which thrusts up among the Italian Aeolian Islands. It was nearby Etna, the powerful and redoubtably active almost 11,000-foot giant that dominates Sicily, that first inspired Olivier’s passion. It was the first time he and I witnessed incandescent



Erupting since 1983, the Kilauea volcano, on Big Island in the Hawaiian archipelago, spouts out torrents of lava (left), which flow through tunnels and stick their claws into the ocean. Although tiny in comparison, Tavurvur (right), on the island of New Brittany, Papua New Guinea, offers some spectacular visual and aural experiences

lava flows – constantly changing forms, color, and movement all creating an incredible dynamism.

Since then, Olivier has thought of only one thing: to continue exploring the world of volcanoes and experiencing the heady thrill of the lava torrents.

“Setting out to conquer the volcanoes, I discovered that there was a community of fanatics ready to head out wherever the earth’s sudden caprices were making the news,” says Olivier. “Today, I am one of them. We keep an eye on tellurian activity around the world and are glued to the logs put out by volcanological observatories, to the specialist websites and weather reports...With them, I have learned how to deal with volcanoes, how to adapt, how to limit the danger. I get no pleasure from danger. What attracts me is the power of phenomena, of their beauty.” The risks involved are always carefully assessed. The main one comes not from volcanic activity itself but from the difficulty and inaccessibility of the terrain. “While, of course, my equipment needs to be protected from the heat of the ashes, there’s more to the constraints than just technical matters. Being physically ready for the work takes a lot of preparation. You don’t get much sleep and must carry a heavy load over rough terrain that is full of surprises,” he says.

Logistical preparation is thorough when it comes to carrying equipment: one hundred porters were needed

when going to the summit of Nyiragongo in the Democratic Republic of Congo in 2011. The same applies to the potential need to carry the injured. But passionate volcano observers rarely have accidents. As for Olivier, the worst conditions he has experienced were in Kamchatka, Russia, but not because of volcanic eruptions: it was due to the cold. After 11 days spent camping in temperatures ranging between -4°F and -22°F, one of his feet became frozen, not something that you would usually expect to happen on a volcano.

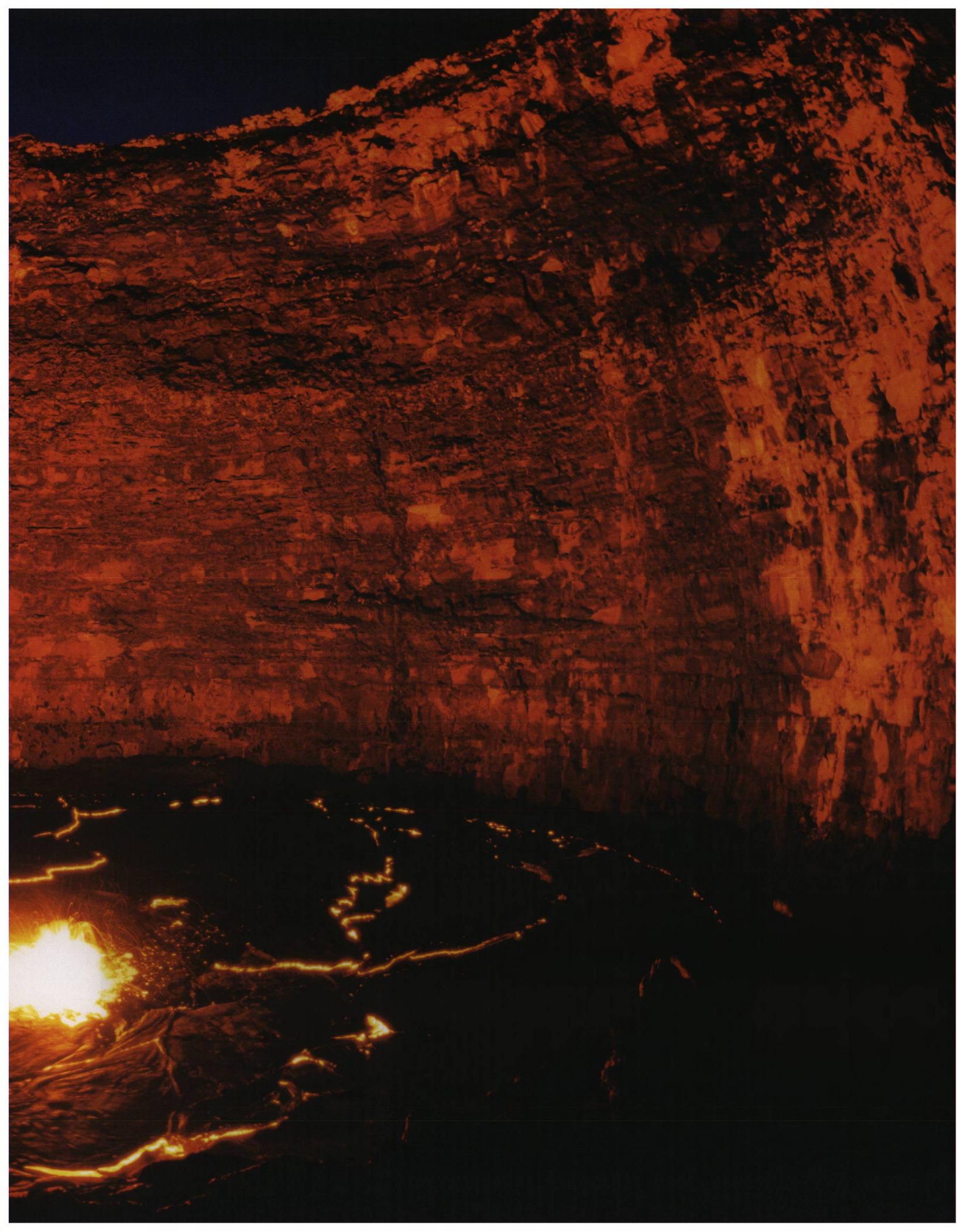
Olivier’s credo could be summed up as follows: leave in a hurry, but not at the price of safety. He is never alone on a volcano. He knows that he needs to be surrounded by teammates who are capable of anticipating and warning him in case of danger, while he, himself, keeps his eye on the camera.

Of approximately 1,500 potentially active volcanoes worldwide, around 20 to 30 will be in a state of eruption, and whenever he travels to a new destination, Olivier

“I get no pleasure from danger. What attracts me is the power of phenomena, of their beauty”

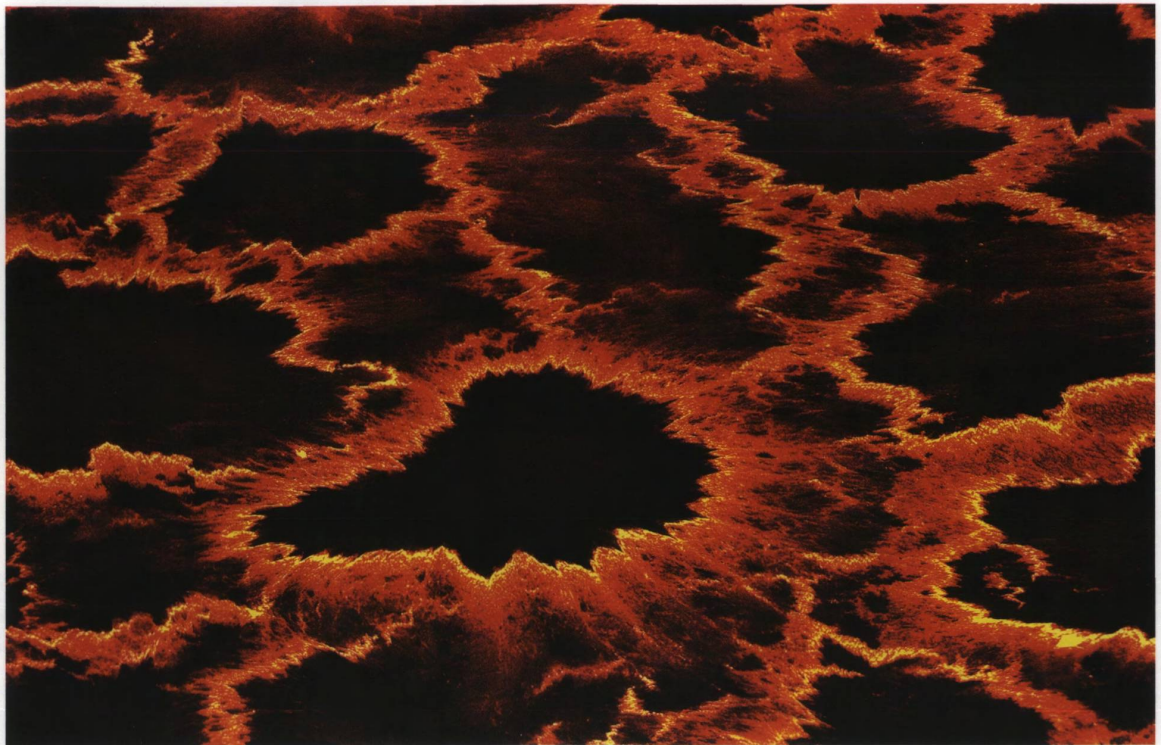








Previous pages: Erta Ale, known as “the smoking mountain,” in Ethiopia’s Afar region is a caldera (or crater) more than 260 ft deep. Until recently, it contained one of the world’s few active lava lakes, which collapsed in January 2017. Left: in Hawaii, this gargoyle-shaped solid lava form spouts magma. Right: rafts of solidified lava float on the surface of Nyiragongo’s lava lake (in the Congo), which glows beneath the gaps as if warning us of its menace



strives to illustrate the diversity of volcanic phenomena, to find the most surprising images. The challenge is to bring out those curious annular plumes of ash at Santiaguito in Guatemala; to magnify the strange orange incandescence of lava on the Tanzanian volcano Ol Doinyo Lengai; to capture the power and dynamism of the explosions of Yasur on Vanuatu, in the South Pacific, whose shock waves shake us to the core. How do you reveal the beauty of the lava fountains that spout from the immense volcanic spaces of the Russian Far East, that temporarily warm the cold shroud of ash and snow?

Thirty years and 40 volcanoes later, Olivier’s passion is intact. For both of us, nature reportage has always been an end in itself and an opportunity to share powerful moments and strong sensations. Equally important to us is our engagement alongside activists and scientists who devote their lives to protecting nature. For example, Olivier has made several expeditions with members of Geneva’s Society for Volcanology to help scientists

working in the immense crater of Goma, where the volcanologists of the Democratic Republic of Congo have few resources. In 2010 the team made its collective dream come true: to walk on the shore of the biggest lava lake on the planet. “For a few minutes, I felt completely outside reality, hypnotized by the boiling magma at my feet. Only the crackling radio of my teammate, who had stayed there to monitor my progress, made me realize that the activity was getting extremely close and brought me back to earth, so to speak,” he says.

On our most recent expedition, to the hydrothermal site of Dallol in Ethiopia, we launched a research program with French and Spanish scientists, looking at the biology of extreme environments. Based on studies carried out in 2016 and 2017, it is believed that the hot springs in the East African part of the Great Rift Valley could offer a fairly accurate picture of the world when life first appeared three and a half billion years ago. But today this scientific crucible is threatened by potash mining. And we face a new challenge: persuading the local authorities to ensure the protection of this unique site, which may give us the key to understanding life on earth and – why not? – on exoplanets. ♦

Translated by Charles Penwarden

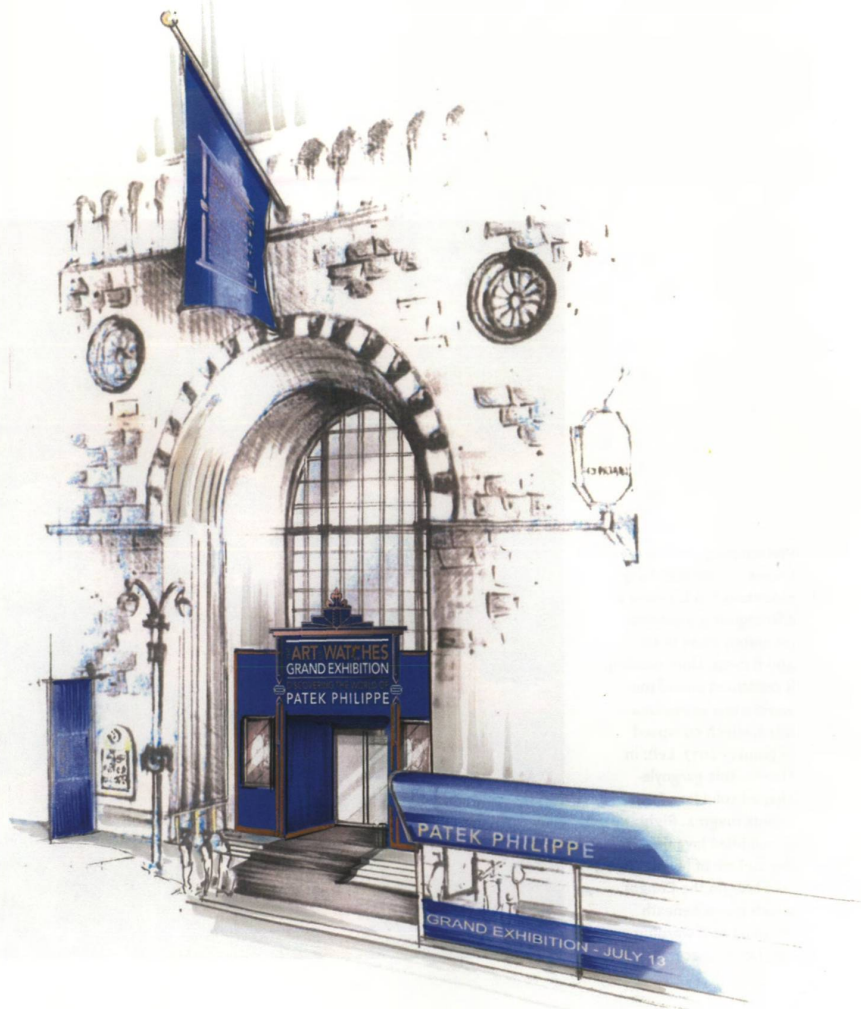
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“For a few minutes I felt outside of reality, hypnotized by the boiling magma at my feet”

The greatest show on earth

Over the years Patek Philippe's Grand Exhibitions have acted as an important showcase for the company's rich history and beautiful artistry. In July, the latest event, hosted in New York, unveiled limited editions and rare handcraft models in a spectacular show

STORY *Simon de Burton*



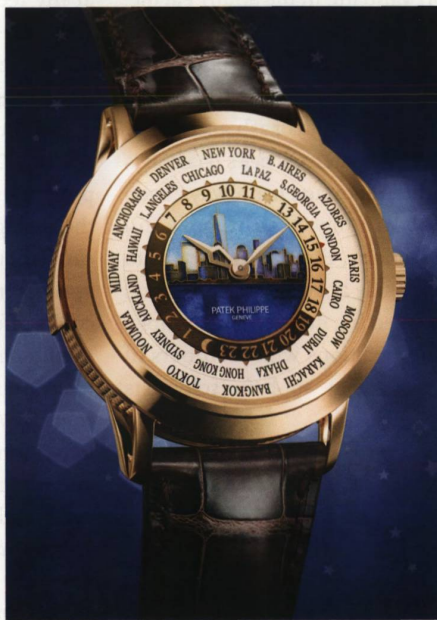
Patek Philippe has long-standing ties with America. The U.S. has played an important part in the history and prosperity of the company, and, in turn, Patek Philippe has earned a place in the hearts of Americans.

In a country with a population of close to 325 million, it is inevitable that only a tiny percentage will experience, close-up, the remarkable craftsmanship for which this family-owned business based nearly 4,000 miles away on another continent has become renowned.

It is for that reason that Patek Philippe made the decision, in 1969, to display a selection of exceptional watches from its then fledgling Geneva museum at the Linz Brothers jewelry store in Dallas, Texas.

The event was a tremendous success, but it was to be more than 25 years before the first exhibition of contemporary Patek Philippe pieces took place outside of Geneva – again in Texas, but this time at the Sid Richardson Museum in Fort Worth, in association with the retailer Haltom's. Publicized with the title *The Legendary Watches of Patek Philippe*, the 1995 event

featured a number of specially made pieces, including engraved and enameled pocket watches depicting artwork housed in the Fort Worth museum. Fast forward 17 years and the concept of the Patek Philippe Grand Exhibition – in which the fascinating history



of the company is told, some of its great patrons are revealed, and the extent of its mastery of watchmaking skills is explained – finally comes into being with the Dubai Watch Art Grand Exhibition of 2012.

Comprising four hundred exhibits (including a limited edition “Mecca” version of the World Time REF. 5130), the show attracted 3,500 visitors, who marveled at the array of models that spanned rarities from the Patek Philippe Museum, limited editions, mind-boggling grand complications, and current collection pieces.

The Dubai exhibition clearly proved that there was an appetite for such an event – it led to calls from collectors for something similar in mainland Europe. Munich was chosen as the location, and in 2013 a remarkable 22,000 visitors poured through the doors to see more than 450 horological exhibits, including two limited edition watches, and nine rare handcraft models that demonstrated the skill of Patek Philippe's craftspeople in areas such as enameling, engraving, and marquetry. The company created a special Munich edition of the

2017 New York Limited Editions



REF. 5531

Also shown opposite, this is the first World Time minute repeater made by Patek Philippe – a new grand complication with a patented mechanism that sounds the selected local time as indicated by the center hands. The 40.2 mm rose gold case and slide

piece both feature a hand-guilloché hobnail pattern. The dial is decorated with a cloisonné enamel impression of Manhattan's skyline by day (or night). With 24-hour day/night indication for 24 time zones. In a limited run of 5 pieces for each design



REF. 5230

This 38.5 mm white gold World Time model in a limited edition of 300 has a blue opaline dial with an embossed relief Manhattan skyline motif, gold applied hour markers, and a sapphire crystal caseback engraved with "Patek Philippe New York 2017"



REF. 5522

Inspired by Patek Philippe's early aviator watches, this steel model, in a limited edition of 600, features the caliber 324 s in a 42 mm case. The blue varnished dial is complemented by gold applied numerals with a luminescent coating, and the caseback is engraved with "Patek Philippe New York 2017"



REF. 7000/250

The haute joaillerie Ladies First Minute Repeater with Flamme®-set diamond bezel in a 33.9 mm white gold Officer's-style case is limited to just 3 pieces. Underneath the blue enamel dial lies the caliber R 27 PS, powering the minute repeater with a chime on two gongs



REF. 7130

This 36 mm white gold ladies' World Time model has a bezel set with 62 diamonds and a prong buckle set with 27 more. The limited edition of 75 watches features the caliber 240 HU, an engraved commemorative caseback, and a Manhattan skyline embossed relief dial



REF. 7130

The rose gold World Time REF. 7130 is available in a limited edition of 75. Like the white gold model, it has a 24-hour day/night indication for the 24 time zones. Both models have a lacquered blue opaline dial with gold applied hour markers and an engraved caseback



REF. 7200/50

The white mother-of-pearl dial version of this 34.6 mm Calatrava Officer's-style ladies' model in white gold, in a limited run of 75, features diamond hour markers and a sapphire crystal caseback engraved with "Patek Philippe New York 2017." The ultra-slim case is home to the self-winding caliber 240



REF. 7200/50

The blue mother-of-pearl dial version of this ladies' Calatrava wristwatch is available in a limited edition of 75. The model's slim white gold case and straight Officer's-style lugs work together to create a pared-down and elegantly styled timepiece

2017 New York Rare Handcrafts



REF. 5089G-077
Inspired by traditional leather carving and embossing originating in Sheridan, Wyoming, this 38.6 mm white gold "Sheridan Style" Calatrava features a gold dial hand-engraved and coated with transparent golden-brown enamel. Fitted with a self-winding caliber 240 movement and in a limited edition of 10



REF. 5089G-066
This 38.6 mm "Grand Canyon" Calatrava in white gold, with a hinged dust cover, features a wood marquetry scene of the canyon on its dial. Each of the 10 pieces is unique due to the handcrafting of hundreds of tiny pieces of wood in different shades. Fitted with the caliber 240



REF. 5089G-070
The white gold "Rodeo" Calatrava features a dial with a highly detailed scene in wood marquetry, using 318 pieces of wood and 40 inlays. Each 38.6 mm watch in this limited edition of 10 is unique. The case, with hinged dust cover, reveals a sapphire crystal display back through which one can admire the caliber 240



REF. 5089G-067
New York's legendary Blue Note club is celebrated in this limited edition white gold "Jazz" Calatrava. The model's dial features strikingly realistic portraits of two performers in miniature painting on enamel. The 38.6 mm model is powered by the caliber 240 and is made in a limited run of just 10 pieces



REF. 4898/1450G-010
This haute joaillerie art deco-inspired petite 27.6 mm white gold ladies' "Patek Philippe Diablotine" piece features a striking design that incorporates 2,059 precious stones in an array of colors, totaling approximately 15.08ct

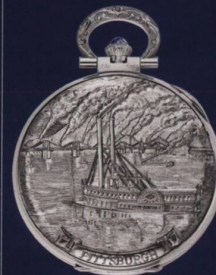


REF. 20045M
A vivid chapter in the history of the American West is illustrated in cloisonné enamel with gold and silver *paillons* on "The Gold Seekers" unique dome table clock. Prospectors are seen panning for gold in an illustration created by the enameler using a subtle palette of 78 enamel colors



REF. 20047M
The "Brooklyn Bridge by Night" dome clock is decorated with *grisaille* enamel enriched with gold powder and gold and silver *paillons*. The very rare technique of *grisaille* enamel *au blanc de Limoges* used for this unique piece involved working with a tiny brush

and a needle on the ground of black and blue enamel and modeling the white Limoges enamel to obtain a subtle monochrome, and using gold powder for the detail. The dial's design, in cloisonné enamel and with luminescent hands, is inspired by the clock at Grand Central station



REF. 992/111G
An elegant monochrome hand engraving depicting a river scene in Pittsburgh celebrates this American city and its important place in the country's industrial history. The master engraver used line-engraving techniques to reproduce the effect of an old print. This one-off white gold "Pittsburgh" pocket watch measures 44.1 mm in diameter



REF. 992/115J

Two members of the Crow nation are depicted on watch at the river's edge, in a miniature enamel painting inspired by the work of Martin Grelle, on the case of this one-off "Apsaalooke Sentinels" pocket watch. The unique yellow gold piece measures 44.1 mm in diameter



REF. 992/116J

The handling of perspective in this "Napa Valley" pocket watch's depiction of the winemaking region provides testament to the artist's skill in miniature enamel painting. The unique 44.1 mm yellow gold piece also features low-relief engraving. The gold dial is hand-guilloché and engraved and coated with transparent enamel



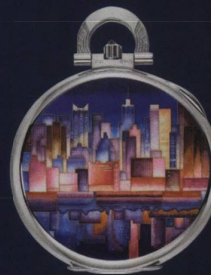
REF. 992/121J

The natural beauty of the Californian national park is captured on the case of this unique "Yosemite Valley" pocket watch using miniature enamel painting in 25 pure colors and a number of blended shades. The border of the 44.1 mm yellow gold case is decorated by hand using low-relief engraving and chasing to frame the picture



REF. 992/122G

This unique 44.1 mm "Wild Horses" pocket watch in white gold features an energetic scene of a herd of galloping wild horses. Using cloisonné enameling, the artist captures tiny details of each horse's muscles, coat, and expression by building up subtle layers of color. The case's border is hand-engraved



REF. 993/101G

The unique "Manhattan-Brooklyn" pocket watch features two famous skylines created using cloisonné enamel and is enriched with fine details using miniature painting on enamel. The 44.1 mm white gold case features an art deco motif engraved on the bow, enhanced by hand-chasing



REF. 995/102G

"First Steps on the Moon" recreates Neil Armstrong's historic photo in wood marquetry to depict the figure and lunar landscape, while miniature painting on enamel is used for the sky, the view of earth as seen from the moon, and Buzz Aldrin's helmet visor. This 44.1 mm white gold pocket watch is a one-off piece



REF. 995/107G

The unique white gold 44.1 mm "Portrait of an American Indian" pocket watch features a design that pays homage to early American peoples. The marquetry maker used 304 pieces of wood and 60 inlays cut from 20 different woods to create the highly detailed image. The bezel and border of the caseback are hand-engraved with a geometric pattern that is enriched with turquoise enamel and set with 32 triangular-cut diamonds



REF. 995/108J

A symbol of America, the bald eagle represents the strength and majesty of the U.S.A. and is depicted in the unusual craft of wood marquetry on the cover of this one-off yellow gold 44.1 mm "Bald Eagle" pocket watch. The marquetry maker cut out and assembled 271 tiny pieces and 40 inlays using 15 different woods of varying shades



REF. 995/109G

This unique white gold 44.1 mm "Mount Rushmore" pocket watch depicts the famous landmark by using miniature enameling for the stormy sky and landscape and low-relief engraving for the portraits. The bow is hand-engraved and hand-chased, with a briolette-cut blue sapphire sitting on the crown

World Time REF. 5130 for the occasion, as well as a cloisonné enamel dome clock celebrating the city's annual Oktoberfest.

By now, word of Patek Philippe's truly grand Grand Exhibitions had spread among the watch community and the wider public, and they were becoming much-anticipated events. In 2015, London's celebrated Saatchi Gallery threw open its doors, inviting visitors into an 18,300-square-foot space spread across themed areas in which 450 exceptional timepieces were displayed.

Every one of Patek Philippe's current movements was on show, alongside watches with royal connections and the company's 175th anniversary collection from 2014, which included the Grandmaster Chime – the double-faced musical watch with 20 complications that was made in just seven examples. There were also special London limited editions and the unique "Tudor Rose" enameled pocket watch. Drawing an unprecedented crowd, it was the biggest and most successful Grand Exhibition of all – until, that is, Patek Philippe decided to take its, by now increasingly famous, show back to America in July 2017, this year staging it in the magical city of New York,

where Antoine Norbert de Patek had first set foot on American soil 163 years earlier in order to spread word of his business around the New World.

Fittingly located at the Renaissance-inspired Cipriani 42nd Street venue, with its towering marble columns, soaring ceilings, magnificent inlaid floors, and sparkling chandeliers, the New York Grand Exhibition was a masterpiece in planning, design, and content. "The challenge was to rebuild the Patek Philippe world within Cipriani, and the people who knew Cipriani could not believe what they had walked in to – no one had seen anything like it," said Patek Philippe's president, Thierry Stern.

"When you host such an event, you have to do it from the heart. For that reason, there was no admission fee. Everyone should be given the chance to enjoy culture, and an exhibition like this enables people who might not otherwise learn about us to get to know this family-owned company in Switzerland that makes beautiful watches."

Taking two years to organize, the show featured 10 separate rooms, including a Rare Handcrafts Gallery as well as a Current Collection Room showcasing the entire

2017 catalog; a room dedicated to Patek Philippe's movements; one filled with Grand Complications; and a Museum Room, featuring 104 timepieces from the antique collection – watches from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century – and Patek Philippe models made between 1839 and 1989.

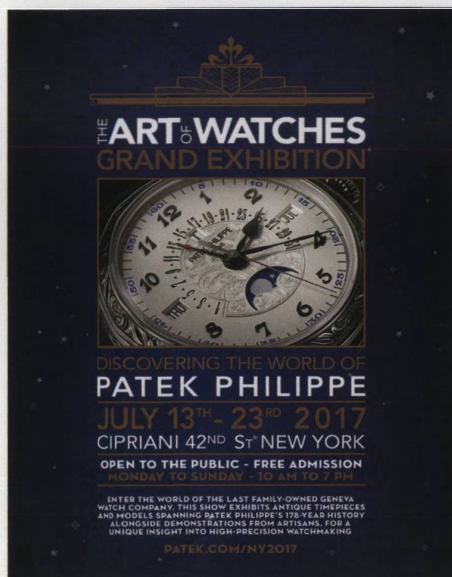
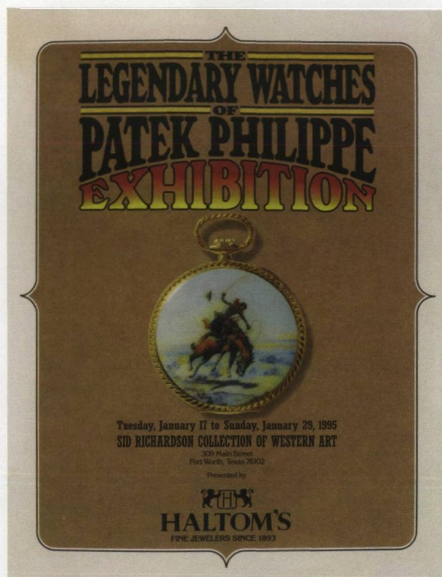
However, what seemed to delight visitors most were the Napoleon Room – designed as a replica of the Napoleon salon in the historic Patek Philippe building in Geneva, complete with a view onto a virtual Lac Léman and the landmark Jet d'Eau – and the U.S. Historic Room.

The latter displayed 24 timepieces from the Patek Philippe Museum collection with ties to America's great and good (taking the total of Patek Philippe Museum pieces to 128 – the most ever shown together outside Geneva). Plus, there were two special pieces on loan: a watch that belonged to the baseball star Joe DiMaggio and John F. Kennedy's personal table clock. Other highlights in the Historic Room included a pocket watch with George Washington's portrait; the jazz legend Duke Ellington's REF. 1563 split-seconds chronograph; and a 1920s minute-repeating watch originally



Top row, from left: made for the Dubai exhibition in 2012, the limited edition REF. 5130-015 World Time "Mecca" wristwatch was available in a limited run of 150 pieces; the REF. 5130 "Munich" World Time model was available in a limited edition of 25 pieces each, in white gold or rose gold and with a dial center featuring hand-guilloché decoration that recreated patterns from the flag of Bavaria; another model made for the 2013 Grand Exhibition in Munich is the REF. 1657M "Oktoberfest" dome clock, decorated in cloisonné enamel with a scene that celebrates the annual Oktoberfest originating in that city. Bottom row, from left: made in a limited edition of 80 pieces to commemorate the London show in 2015, this white gold Officer's-style Calatrava REF. 5153 has

a hinged caseback dust cover engraved with "Patek Philippe London 2015." Other pieces made for this exhibition include the one-off REF. 5089C "London Monuments" Calatrava wristwatch with a view of the city in grisaille enamel, in a 38.6 mm case; and a unique gold REF. 992/102J "Tudor Rose" pocket watch decorated in cloisonné enamel on a hand-guilloché ground. Opposite page: *The Legendary Watches of Patek Philippe* exhibition held in Fort Worth, Texas, featured a pocket watch that was specially made for the 1995 event. Decorated with miniature painting on enamel, it depicted a scene inspired by the U.S. artist Sid Richardson's 1904 poster advertising *The Bucker*; a poster advertising the 2017 Patek Philippe exhibition held in New York



“When you host such an event, you have to do it from the heart,” says Patek Philippe’s president, Thierry Stern

owned by Ralph Teetor, the blind inventor of the automobile cruise control system.

The Napoleon Room, however, housed what held many visitors in utter thrall: the nine limited edition wristwatches created to commemorate the Grand Exhibition in New York. The star piece was undoubtedly the REF. 5531, a watch combining two of Patek Philippe’s signature complications: the minute repeater and the World Time mechanism. In tribute to the place of its unveiling, this extraordinary watch features a dial decorated with a cloisonné enamel scene of Manhattan, and it is made in a limited edition of 10, with half showing the skyline by day and half by night.

As Thierry Stern says, “The aim of the exhibition was to give pleasure and to inform, but also to demonstrate that Patek Philippe has been in America for a long time. The fact that we chose to launch a completely new movement there – in the form of the World Time Minute Repeater – demonstrates just how important the

country remains to us and how loyal we remain to it.” Another version of the World Time to debut was the REF. 5230 in white gold, its lacquered blue opaline dial embossed with a relief depicting the Manhattan skyline. Available in a limited edition of three hundred examples, it was matched by a women’s World Time model, the REF. 7130, made in two editions, each of 75 pieces, in either white or rose gold.

Striking in its simplicity was REF. 5522, the Calatrava Pilot, made in six hundred examples, each with a steel case – a material rarely used by Patek Philippe and usually synonymous with its sporty pieces.

The other three pieces made especially for the New York Grand Exhibition were all for women: a duo of Calatravas, the REF. 7200/50 with a mother-of-pearl dial in white or blue (75 of each), and the Ladies First Minute Repeater, made in just three examples. Combining a white gold case, a blue enamel dial, and Patek Philippe’s exclusive Flamme® gem-setting technique

around the bezel, it, like the REF. 5531, features an interchangeable full back and a sapphire crystal caseback engraved with “Patek Philippe New York 2017.”

The Rare Handcrafts Gallery housed a further ladies’ model, the haute joaillerie “Patek Philippe Diablotine” REF. 4898/1450G-010. Alongside this were some other remarkable pieces inspired by the company’s relationship with the U.S.: the Calatrava REF. 5089G-066 and 5089G-070, which featured wood marquetry on their dials and respectively depicted the Grand Canyon and a detailed rodeo scene, and two further Calatrava watches that showcased the arts of miniature enameling and hand engraving.

One-off pieces that also capture the spirit of the U.S. included two dome table clocks, one with a *grisaille* enamel scene of Brooklyn Bridge by night and a dial with luminescent hands that takes inspiration from the clock at Grand Central station, another depicting gold rush country in cloisonné enamel.

Among the 10 unique pocket watches made for the exhibition is one carrying a view of Mount Rushmore; another showing the Manhattan and Brooklyn skylines; and a third depicting a herd of mustangs realized with hand engraving and cloisonné enamel techniques rendered in subtle, almost monochrome colors. “Pittsburgh” depicts the eponymous city on a hand-engraved case. Further pieces carry startlingly realistic images of Yosemite Valley and Napa Valley, while early American history is celebrated with two models depicting, in wood marquetry, a bald eagle and a Native American, along with a third unique piece showing two Crow people on horseback.

Finally, perhaps the most American image of all is that of the astronaut Buzz Aldrin walking on the moon during the Apollo 11 mission of 1969. Created from a combination of wood marquetry and miniature enamel painting, the image is so detailed that, if one looks closely enough, it is possible to see Neil Armstrong reflected in the visor of Aldrin’s helmet...and few of the exhibition’s visitors failed to spot him. ♦

For more on this subject, visit Patek Philippe Magazine Extra at patek.com/owners

With the serene lines of Grecian urns, these pure white pieces – each of them a twelfth of normal size – sit as if in a surrealist movie, calmly meditative and dwarfed by a languid exotic bloom



IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Size matters, and less is more, which may explain the allure of Jon Almeda's scaled-down work. Tiny perfect vases, Lilliputian bowls, teapots to break the heart of even the most cultured dormouse. The best things do indeed come in elfin packages

STORY *Pei-Ru Keh* | PHOTOGRAPHS *Olivia Jeczmyk*

One of the first qualities to strike you about Jon Almeda's ceramics is the degree of detail in their texture and finish, and it's something that grows more astonishing the longer you gaze. Boasting simple but elegant forms, Almeda's vessels bear all the hallmarks and idiosyncrasies of hand-thrown pottery; an engaging degree of variation, a fine yet clearly handcrafted artistry, and a tactile delicacy are characteristics each one of his pieces possesses. It is only later, when you become aware of the objects pictured alongside his pieces – a flower, for instance, or a fingertip – that you realize all is not as it first seems.

Jon Almeda is a miniature ceramicist. In more precise terms, he creates pottery using conventional methods but at 1:12 scale, typical of dollhouses. He does this by working with a mix of standard and custom-made tools, ranging from found everyday objects to a miniature potter's wheel that he has machined to suit his purposes. Based in Tacoma, Washington, just outside of Seattle, Almeda is at the forefront of the miniature pottery scene. With more than three hundred thousand

followers on Instagram, he certainly is the most famous of them. A self-taught artist whose talents also include sculpture, music, photography, and even electrical work, Almeda's foray into the small scale was prompted after he came across a book called *Creating Ceramic Miniatures*, which subsequently changed his outlook, his approach, and the course of his work.

"A couple years after I first got into pottery, I found myself trying to work as large as possible," recalls Almeda, explaining that the biggest piece he's ever produced is a colossal vessel measuring about six and a half to seven feet tall. "But I'm a bit of

an extremist, so going to the opposite end of the spectrum was quite a natural thing for me to do.

"I think I moved away from producing those large pieces because they didn't seem to have any particular finesse about them," he muses. "The pieces looked a little too heavy. But a certain delicacy is one of the things that I'm always striving for, and maybe that's why the small scale still draws me in after all these years."

Almeda, now age 40, has been working in miniature ceramics since 2000. Exposed to pottery solely through a class he took in high school, he has no formal training and has honed his craft through his own research and experimentation with existing techniques.

"It's actually a lot more challenging to throw small than it is to throw large, for me," he explains. "One of the things that I like about working small is that your eye picks up everything. It really challenges me to create a shape that's going to be pleasing to the eye. In a large-scale piece, it's easy to hide flaws. Everything is a lot more noticeable in a small piece." Almeda







Previous spread, and opposite: each delicate one-off piece is tenderly decorated to bring out its character, using glazes from Japanese raku, with its smoky, opalescent luster, to crystals that grow and blossom in the glaze, to pure gold. Almeda has said that he takes

inspiration from the places where he was raised and now spends much of his time – “the calm, cool, dark waters and evergreens of the Pacific Northwest and the luscious flora and textures of the ocean in Hawaii” – which gives his creations the feel of calm and peaceful living things

“Delicacy is one of the things I strive for. That’s why the small scale still draws me in after all these years...”

employs the same techniques used in full-size pottery, with adaptations to suit his diminutive scale. Evolved from hours of trial and error, these tweaks range from modifying chemical formulae for glazes to tinkering with the temperatures at which pieces are fired, all to create a level of verisimilitude that is hard to believe.

“For many years I was using tools that I’d fashioned,” he says. “Taking nails and putting them on a grinder, using various needles, bobby pins, all those different little things that I thought would work well. But what ended up happening was that I was spending more time looking for the right tool for what I was doing. So I’ve gone back to using standard pottery tools because I needed to simplify things.”

Working from his studio in the basement of his home, Almeda throws each piece, then trims it, dries it, and puts it in the kiln. “I work in batches. I’ll get about twenty-five to thirty pieces done for each firing, but typically I can only throw for about ninety minutes to two hours at a time. There’s such a large amount of concentration required when you’re working;

I always have to take a break about that time.” The forms he favors are largely inspired by mid-century pottery. There are vessels that pair slender necks with more rounded bodies, taller oblong forms topped with trapezoidal mouths, statuesque urns that boisterously swell outward, and decorative bowls that have thin, delicate rims.

If the quiet, diminutive majesty of Almeda’s shapes doesn’t impress you, then the complexity of his glazes will. Ranging from raku, a sixteenth-century Japanese glazing technique that produces a smoky, multi-colored effect, to crystalline, where actual crystals are grown in the glazes to create a blossoming, floral pattern, to glazing pieces with 22 karat gold, Almeda’s pieces are not only exquisite testaments to his patience and skill but also to the alchemical qualities of pottery.

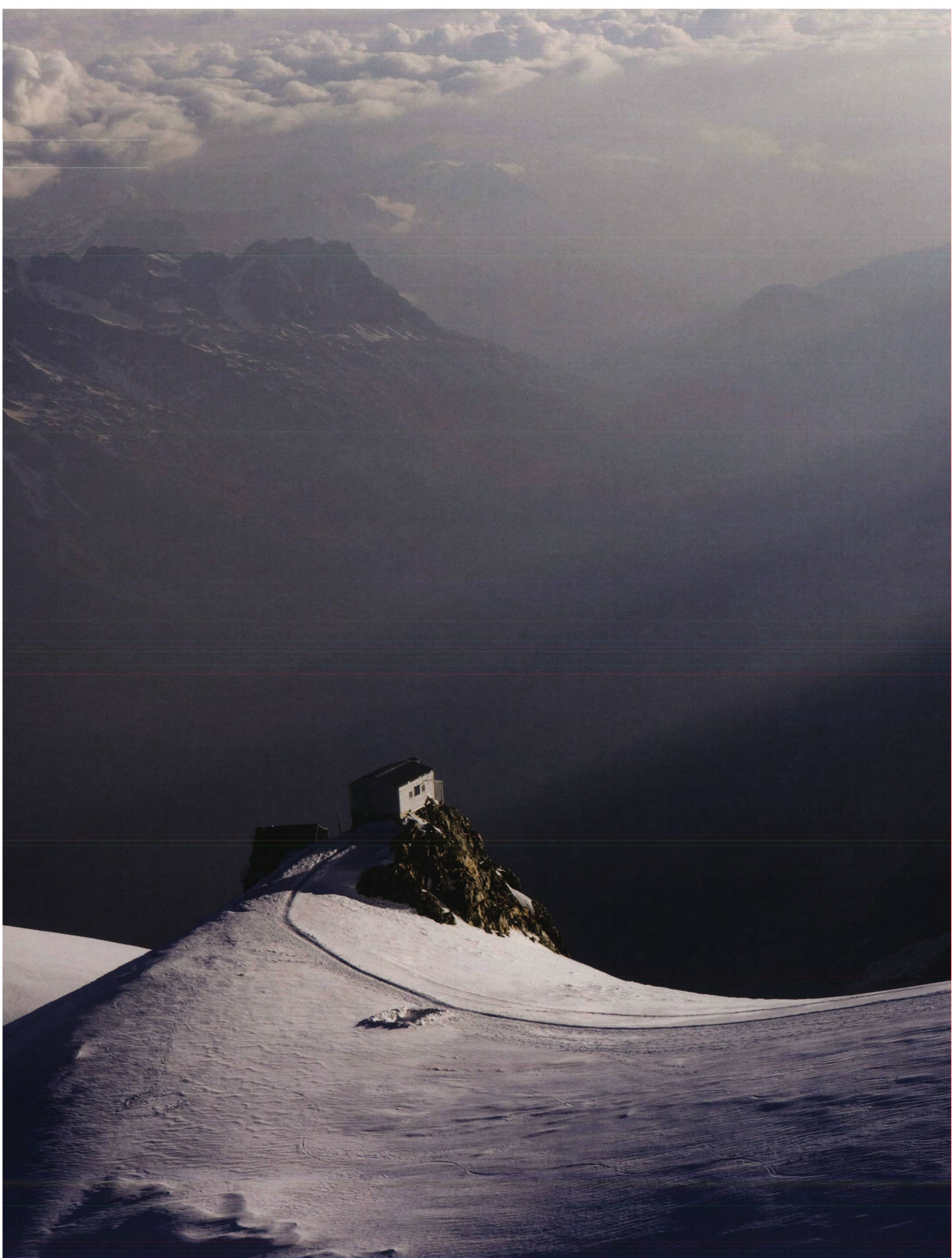
“Raku and crystalline are both time-consuming and unpredictable processes,” Almeda reveals. “You may have a pretty good idea of how a piece is going to look, but you never really know how it’s going to turn out. The success rate can be iffy.” He adds, “Right now I’ve been working on

a crater/lava glaze” – thus called due to the cratering that occurs, resembling lava rock or the surface of the moon. “I’ve not only been tweaking the amount of silica that I’m putting in; the different clay bodies used affects the surface technique, too. It’s a matter of playing around with the different reactions, both of the glaze and the clay.”

It’s no surprise that all of Almeda’s pieces are one-offs: the unpredictability that underscores each creation makes exact duplication impossible. Despite or perhaps because of this, he sells everything he makes. He keeps no physical archive of his work, save for the photographs he takes of each piece before he puts it up for sale.

When prompted to single out favorite creations, the craftsman says contemplatively, “It’s the first pieces that were successful that I wish I’d kept. Those are the most special pieces, the ones where I’d been working to get the glaze composition or technique absolutely right.” That passion to achieve an unknown perfection could well be the most memorable and precious quality of all about Almeda’s work. ♦







STORY *Malika Ferdjoukh*

When Joseph Vallot fell in love with Mont Blanc at the age of 23, Savoy was new to France, having become a part of the country only 17 years earlier. Passionate about nature, botany, and rocks, Vallot attended the Chamonix geology conference in 1875 as an amateur; in his free time this agile, willowy young man went trekking on the slopes. He loved it.



An eminently serious and original incarnation of the enlightened, intuitive scientist of the late nineteenth century, Joseph Vallot could be straight out of a novel by Jules Verne. He was a man of his times, which were times of prodigious advancements in helium, steam power, the cinema, photography, electricity.

Vallot was born into a wealthy family of engineers. They holidayed in the bucolic Cevennes; he played in the grounds of the family's château. There he identified and inventoried trees and plants, and recorded weather observations. He dreamed of space and exoticism in a world of colonial conquests: "Doctor Livingstone, I presume?"; and the world of Thomas Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, and the Baron Haussmann.

Vallot loved to study but in his own way. Easily distracted, at school he excelled only in gym, but the energetic young man had many interests. These were the first signs of his originality. He seemed marginal but was simply imaginative, curious, sporting, and independent. He would go off on endless excursions with his cousin Henri, who became



Previous pages: the refuge, built on a platform amid sweeping views of the mountains. Opposite, top: Joseph Vallot (left) learned from previous experience and built a new, improved observatory under the shelter of rocks. Above and opposite: one of the observatory's rooms was a plush Chinese salon, now reassembled at Chamonix's Alpine Museum

a cartographer and remained a faithful friend. Together they rode *vélocycles*, the lumbering ancestor of our mountain bikes.

And so, to Mont Blanc. The first ascent to the summit was made in 1786 by the Frenchmen Michel Gabriel Paccard and Jacques Balmat. The first people to spend a night at the summit were the Irish physicist John Tyndall along with his nine guides in 1859. They came back with apocalyptic tales bathed in superstition. The mountain was a greedy, violent god that unleashed the elements, a place where fire does not burn, and sleep, if succumbed to, turns fatal. But once Vallot had entered this almost virgin

territory, he had to know more. This, he felt, was his Shangri-la. He would be back.

And so he was. Having married the beautiful Gabrielle, like himself heir to a sizeable fortune, in 1881 after the arrival of their daughter Madeleine he was back on the mountain. He now had the idea of setting up an observatory, a laboratory of glacier science that would be the world's highest.

He patiently planned his project while continuing his publications as a scientist (including one on the flowers on Parisian sidewalks) and becoming vice-president of the French Botanical Society. His project was snubbed, however, by the scientific community: there would be no subsidies from them. No matter, he had his own fortune. His plan was to spend three nights on the summit, thereby proving that it was possible to sleep, eat, and make fire there.

In July 1887 he set off with his guides and bearers, all of them already half exhausted by their preparations. On the way, a dreadful tempest beat down on them. Suffering migraines, vomiting, they struggled to breathe. Frozen, weakened, they finally managed to set their tent on the summit, where they lit the paraffin oven and swallowed down some soup. In the roaring of the hurricane, Vallot hunkered down in his lambskin blanket and waited.

In the morning, he asked jovially, "So, who is dead?" Nobody.

At a temperature of around -2°F , they witnessed the "spectre of Mont Blanc," the fabulous sunrise behind the ice giant. They slept, ate, made a fire. They had their proof. That summer, Vallot ascended five times.

While Eiffel was building his tower in Paris, Vallot was planning his observatory with his cousin Henri. Its parts would be built in the valley, ready to be assembled on the mountainside, but first, Vallot had to persuade the mayor of Chamonix to let him lease the land. The Chamoniards were wary: was he intending to build a mountaintop inn to compete with the one midway up? Vallot insisted that his motives were purely scientific. The building would have an observatory room equipped with scientific instruments and an adjoining refuge for



Vallot dreamed of space and exoticism in a world of colonial conquests. And so, to Mont Blanc...

alpinists. The refuge would be the property of Chamonix, even if Vallot was paying for just about everything. That clinched it.

Vallot assembled his hut on the rock platform closest to the summit at a height of around 14,300 feet, roughly 1,500 feet below the actual peak. In mid-July 1890, under driving rain, a team of 110 bearers on foot or riding on mules, carrying 30-pound loads of wood, metal, furniture, and material, climbed Mont Blanc. The men ate soup made of melted snow and contended with mountain sickness, dizziness, nausea, migraine, and electric storms. In this hostile environment, speed was of the essence. A storm could destroy days of work.

On August 3, the team descended from the mountain, their work completed, to an ovation from the villagers. "The champagne flowed," wrote Vallot. "All that for a little hut!"

Enter the famous astronomer Jules César Janssen, who had ascended the mountain two years earlier; aged and disabled, he was carried up in a kind of sedan chair. Janssen had financial subsidies and the support of Eiffel to build an observatory higher up, on the ice, providing he could find a solid rocky foundation. He couldn't. Eiffel soon gave up, but not Janssen. Despite Vallot's advice, the astronomer persisted and built on the ice cap. Vallot sportingly lent the workers his modest refuge. Less sportingly, Janssen nicknamed him "the hotelier."

A year later, Vallot began expanding his observatory-cum-refuge. Then, in 1898, having found it buried under snowdrifts, he built a larger cabin with six rooms, lower down, sheltered by Les Bosses. He insulated it with copper sheeting and installed lightning conductors and new instruments.

Vallot, who had never traveled far from France, had a taste for things Far Eastern. He embellished the cabin with a Chinese

salon complete with Oriental tapestries, a sofa and chairs upholstered in precious fabric, ivory statuettes, Japanese fans, and an authentic samurai helmet. Well, had not the Norwegian polar explorer Fridtjof Nansen once told him, "The harder the task, the more you need comfort?"

At the turn of the twentieth century, Vallot withdrew to Nice. Retirement? Heaven forbid! He remained the king of Mont Blanc, receiving academic awards and the Légion d'Honneur, writing articles, and giving interviews to journalists. Guests at the observatory included Prince Roland Bonaparte, the future Pope Pius XI, and Luigi of Savoy. In 1907, Charles Gaumont, a friend of the family, filmed one of Vallot's ascents. And Vallot's daughter Madeleine followed in her father's footsteps. She climbed the mountain many times, her face black with soot against the reflected light.

In all, Vallot climbed to the summit of his beloved Mont Blanc 34 times. On the last occasion, he was 66 years old. In his observatory he single-handedly invented the science of glaciology, tirelessly studied the climate and moraines, the topography, the fauna and flora, and the effect of cold and altitude on the human body. Between 1887 and 1891, to calculate the drift of glaciers he buried under the ice items such as wood, tins, and bottles, each with a numbered note saying, "Hello, and thank you!" to be discovered by future generations.

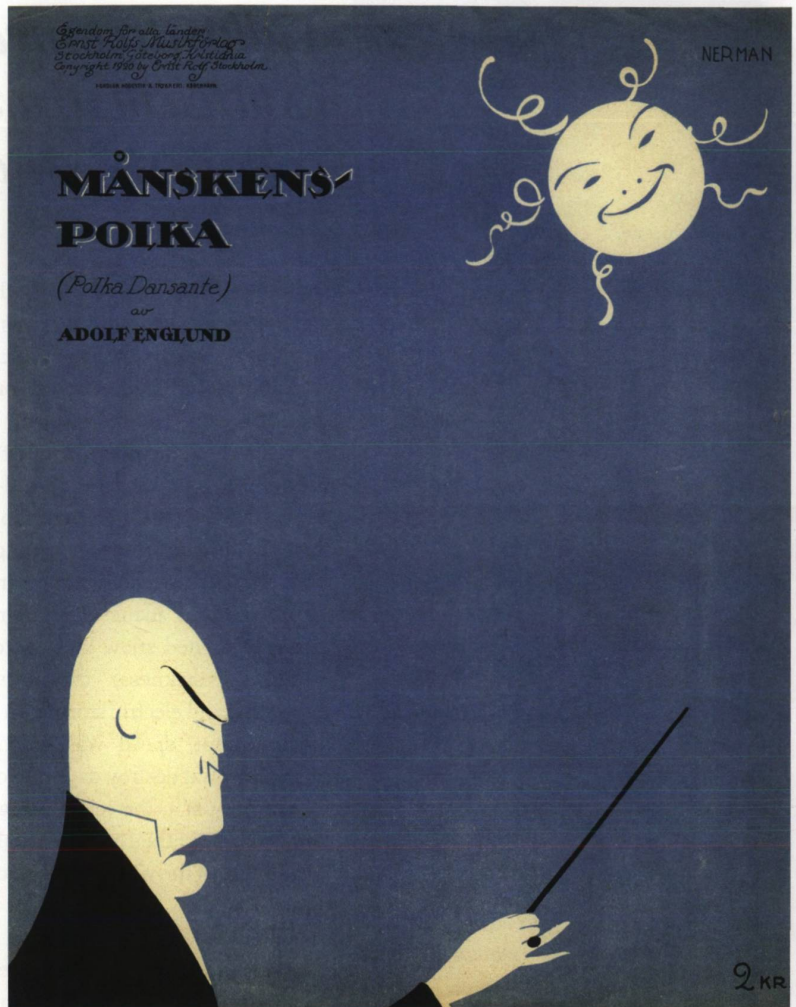
Sadly, nothing was ever found. But who knows, maybe one day items will be recovered, along with remnants of the Janssen observatory that was swept away gradually from 1906, and whose wood remains were used to heat Vallot's own refuge in 1909.

At his death, in 1925, Vallot's observatory was still standing. ♦

Translated by Charles Penwarden



During the early twentieth century the upright piano was one of the prime means of household entertainment, resulting in high demand for sheet music. The artist Einar Nerman had a talent for creating the striking cover artwork, such as that for Adolf Englund's *Månskenspolka* (right) and Fred Fischer's *They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me*



Drawn to the music

STORY Volker Hagedorn

Einar Nerman's celebrity caricatures are well known, but his striking illustrations for sheet music covers had largely been forgotten until now

One November day in 1939, a slender, stylishly dressed, middle-aged man strode into the editor's office of the *New York Journal-American* newspaper. He spoke excellent English despite his Swedish name – Einar Nerman. “You don’t know me, but I’d like to do some drawings for you,” he said. “Just a moment,” the editor replied, producing a sheaf of papers. “Take a look at these.” They were Nerman’s own caricatures – the *New York* daily had reprinted everything that he had drawn in London during the 1920s. Nerman and his family had left England to return to Sweden, but following the outbreak of war in Europe, the 51-year-old, his wife, and their three children had fled to the U.S.A., and he began work as a graphic designer for the *Journal-American*.

Nerman was, of course, famous as a caricaturist, well known for his sketches of celebrities. Such luminaries as Eleonora Duse, Fred Astaire, Charles Laughton, Arturo Toscanini, and Igor Stravinsky regarded it as a privilege to be satirized by him, in pen

Agnes Larsson.

1922.

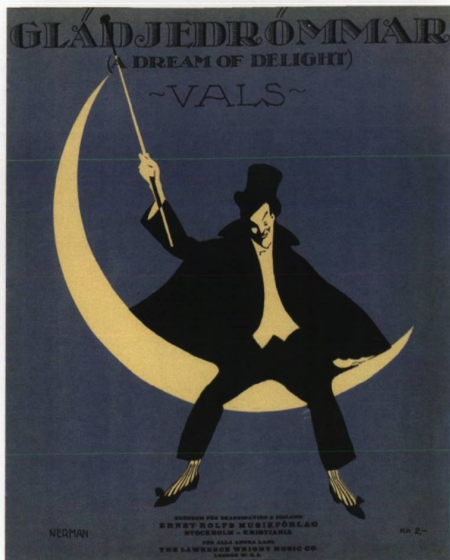


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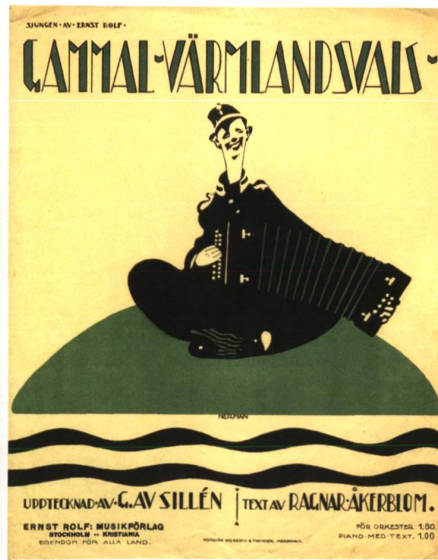
NERMAN

//
ALLI HOP · AR · DE · GAINA · I · MEJ !
(THEY GO WILD, SIMPLY WILD OVER ME)
Musik af Fred. Fischer

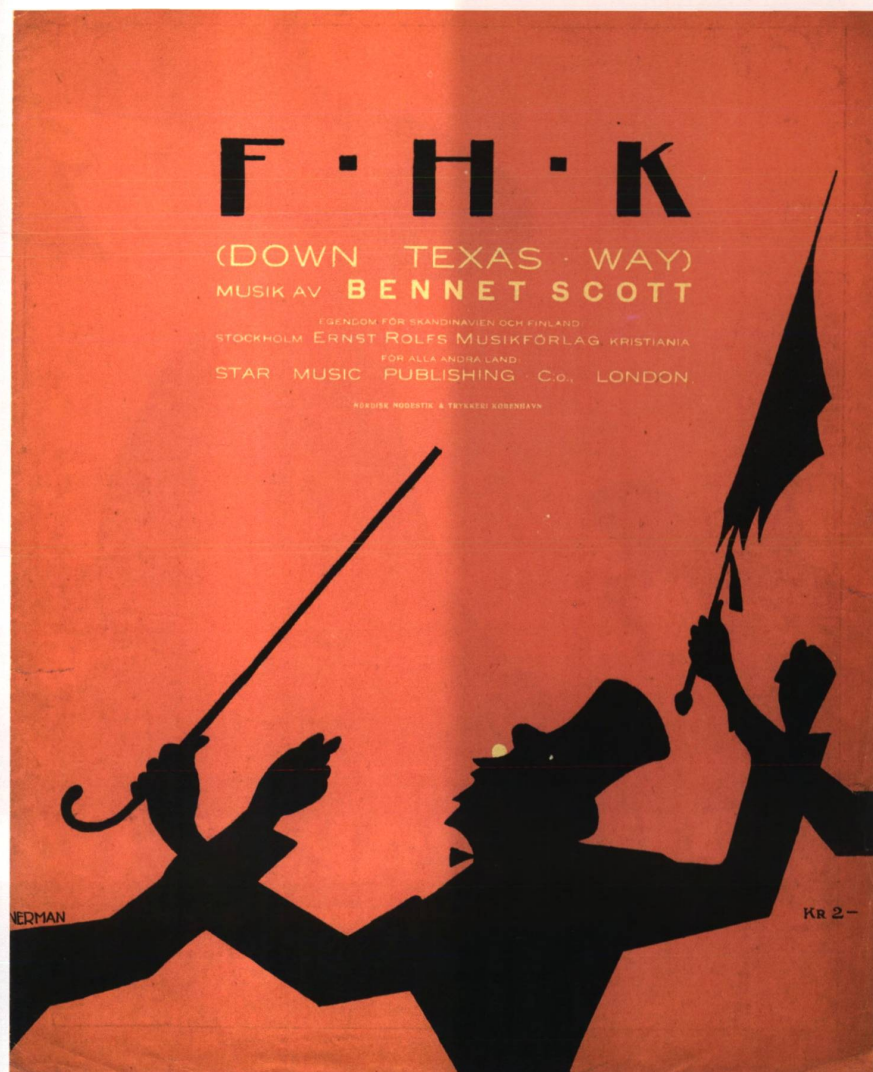
EGENDOM FÖR SKANDINAVIEN OCH FINLAND: ERNST ROLFS MUSIKFÖRLAG, STOCKHOLM - KRISTIANIA
FÖR ALLA ÖVRIGA LÄNDER: FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER, LONDON



Cover designs were printed separately from the music; instead of lithography (transferring ink to paper using stone), Nerman employed a similar technique – zincography – where separate zinc plates were created for each color. The 1912 cover for *Down Texas Way* (right) and the 1916 design for *Lilla svensson* (opposite) are examples of the distinct grainy texture created from zincography



A well-illustrated piece of sheet music was far more desirable than one with a plain typographic cover. These examples demonstrate the appealing theatricality of Nerman's work, in which he created little scenes from a simple graphic design. Far left: a 1916 illustration for *A Dream of Delight*. Left: the 1917 cover for *Gammal värmlandsvals*



ROLF'S CABARET
REPERTOAR:



LILLA SVENSSON
DEN LILLE JENSEN (LE MACARONI) MUSIK AF MEYREL

For Danmark
Peder Friis - København
For alle øvrige Lande
Block & Vachon, Editeurs - Paris

Förläggarens egendom för Sverige och Norge.
Ernst Rolfs Musikförlag
Stockholm - Kristiania

Nerman created little theater-like scenes using bold pen lines to give a clear sense of movement

Nerman was born in 1888 in Norrköping, the son of a bookseller. He dropped out of high school early to go to Stockholm to study art. At the age of 20, he moved to Paris where he continued his studies under Henri Matisse, whose colorful Fauvist art had little influence on Nerman though he drew caricatures of the master.

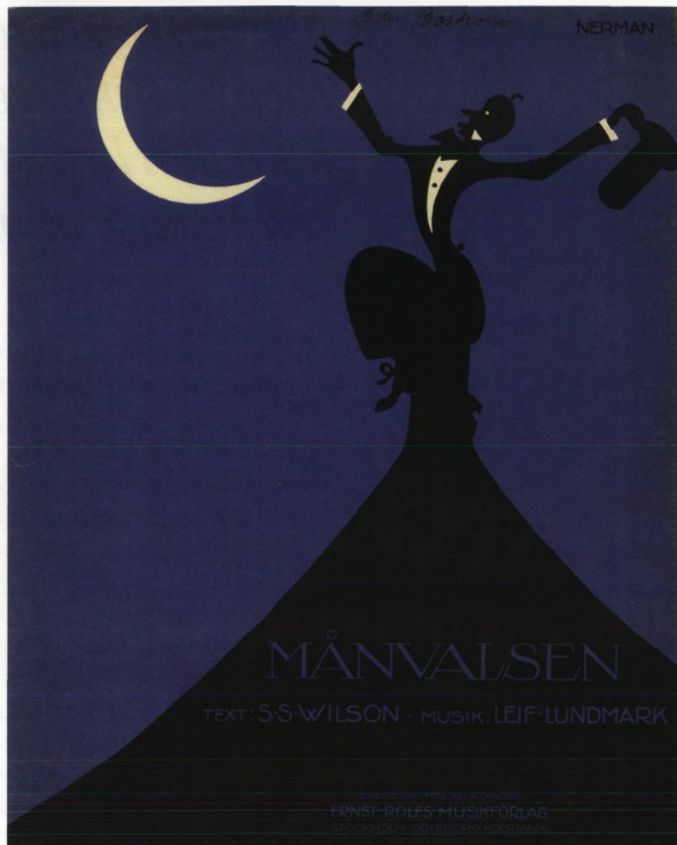
In 1912, the artist began to train as a dancer in Stockholm, where he later came into contact with Ernst Rolf, for whose cabaret theater, Fenix, he designed a wall decoration. Rolf also ran a music publishing firm. In those days, copies of single-song sheet music sold by the tens of thousands. More households possessed a piano than owned a gramophone, so it made sense to produce sheet music with appealing covers. *Wa-tah-wall* (*Det mörka vattnet*) by the New York songwriter Al Piantadosi was printed by Ernst Rolf in 1915. This kind of music was an everyday commodity, but Nerman's cover design would have added an extra touch of class, even to a Gershwin song. The clearly outlined head of a Native American woman is reduced to basic geometric forms in black and white on a red background without giving way to constructivism. The eyelashes and closed mouth are enough to lend the woman an air of mystery, while the visual impact of her black rectangle of hair is counterbalanced by the angle of the feather she wears in it.

Other sheet music covers illustrate the degree to which the theater influenced Nerman's thinking, as he created little scenes using bold pen lines to give a clear sense of movement. He was not only a dancer but also an occasional songwriter. He wrote the libretto for the well-known Swedish composer Kurt Atterberg's ballet *The Wise and Foolish Virgins*; he also choreographed it, and designed the set and the costumes. In 1920, the Ballets Suédois took its own production, entitled *Les vierges folles*, to Paris, where it proved to be the company's greatest success and ran for 375 performances.

Nerman's cover designs for sheet music looked like sketches on paper for theatrical stagings. For example, the picture for Fred Fischer's 1925 hit *Allihop är de galna i mej!* (*They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me*), shown on page 43, could easily be a scene from a ballet. In

and ink, during a stay in London. But that was not all. These drawings were intelligent elegant compositions in black and white that captured the very essence of each one of Nerman's subjects. During his time in America, the artist performed the same service for Hollywood stars such as Ingrid Bergman, Clark Gable, and Alfred Hitchcock.

However, no one outside Scandinavia knew that this man also created some of the most beautiful graphics ever used on the covers of sheet music, designs that brought about a belated flowering of the art. Nerman himself was sufficiently proud of these covers that he chose to include them in a major one-man show, which he staged in London in 1925; they were displayed alongside his caricatures, stage designs, and book illustrations. His sheet music covers were inspired by a combination of all the art forms that – according to the biographical details of his artistic career – were important to him.



Nerman's flat illustrations used a limited color palette and often depicted one key element, such as a piece of clothing, reduced to a basic geometric form. The covers for Leif Lundmark's *Månvalsen* (above left) and Al Piantadosi's *Wa-tah-wall* (above right) are both examples of this highly stylized approach. Opposite: Gunnar Boberg's *Karavan* composition is illustrated with a bold playfulness that highlights Nerman's imaginativeness and versatility.

Nerman's hands, despite the graphic simplicity of the images, the women who supposedly "go wild" over the man in the song appear as four distinctive characters, each inhabiting her own space with a dignity that contradicts the mindless mockery of the lyrics.

Nerman's color-filled spaces and stylized forms are reminiscent of the Japanese woodcuts that once inspired Aubrey Beardsley. In this and in other prints, he shares Beardsley's way of making items of clothing the predominant feature of his compositions. Nevertheless, Beardsley-type embellishments are no more than witty asides, restrained by the use of the unadorned *Plakatstil* (or poster style) of the satirical German magazine *Simplicissimus*, which Nerman read during his time in Paris. He was not much interested in the avant-garde notion of "art for art's sake."

As a performer, Nerman communicated directly with his audience. He continued to do the same as an artist. Having moved to London in 1921 to prepare his caricatures for publication in *Tatler* magazine, he would not only attend premieres but would also go backstage to meet the actors, who were often taken aback but never wounded by the results. "It is very easy to be nasty, but kindness nowadays means so much," he said. In the

1930s, Nerman practised his art in Sweden and continued to do so in the U.S.A. during the Second World War. In America, among the iconic caricatures he produced was the brilliantly captured profile of his friend Greta Garbo, reduced to no more than a pictogram, which featured on a postage stamp issued to mark the centenary of the star's birth in 2005.

At that time, Einar Nerman the caricaturist, who died near Stockholm in 1983 at the age of 94, had not been forgotten. Not so Einar Nerman the sheet music illustrator. With the boom in new audio equipment, the bottom fell out of the market for sheet music for home use. There was also a widespread demand for a new visual language. Looking back on his glory days in 1920s London, Nerman described them as "the best years of my life." There is certainly a sense of the era's swing in his 1925 cover design for the Swedish composer Gunnar Boberg's foxtrot *Karavan*. The sun, a white circle fixed in the center, intensifies the impression that the camel riders are really on the move.

It seems as though Nerman had a gentle twinkle in his eye as he drew the riders and the palm trees, inviting us, the viewers, to come close. ♦

Translated by Isabel Varea-Riley



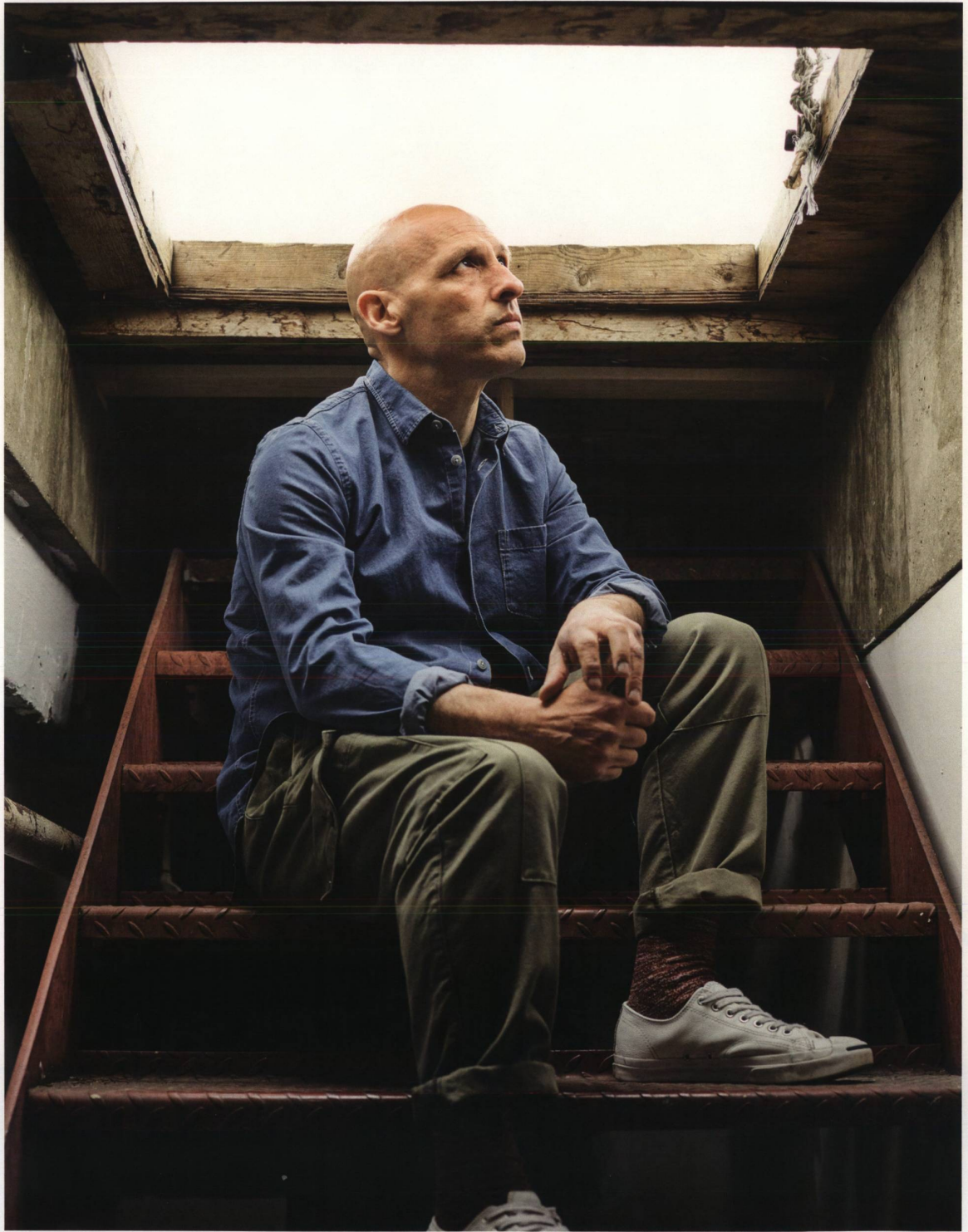
K A R A V A N

*Foxtrot av
Gunnar Boberg*

SKANDINAVISKA MUSIKFÖRLAGET STOCKHOLM
EGENDOM FÖR ALFA ZINOFF
NORDSKA BOKFÖRLAG & TRYCKERI AB UPPSALA

Pris: 2,25

NERMAN



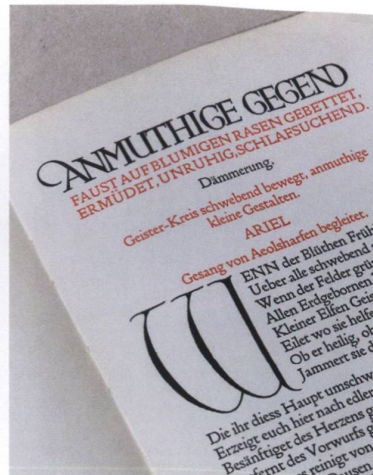
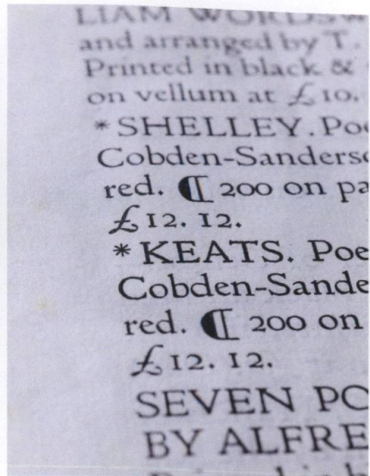
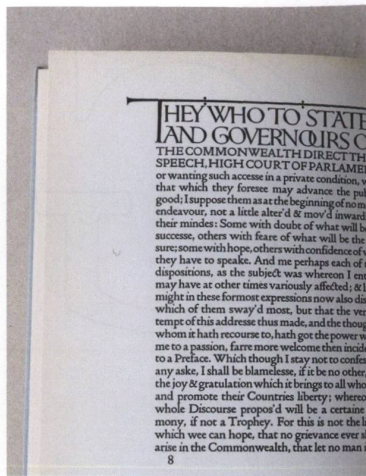
THE MYSTERY
OF DOVES,
TYPEFACE

STORY *Simon Garfield* | PHOTOGRAPHS *Jake Curtis*

The mystery of Doves, a typeface that was thought to have been destroyed more than a hundred years ago, became an obsession for the designer Robert Green. *Patek Philippe* magazine follows the trail to the Thames riverbed

W A O U
C E E E
DES TROYE
MORE THA
TTINDRET





About 10 years ago, a man named Robert Green decided he would make a modest but distinctive stand against the digital world by doing something unfashionably cool: he would set up his own private press. He had worked in the world of books, design, and historical documents for much of his life and reasoned that if he was to start printing beautiful books he would first need a beautiful typeface. Almost a decade on he has yet to produce a single volume, but the typeface he chose has become a wonderful and terrible obsession.

Robert Green, who is in his early 50s and lives in London, would not be the first person to be driven to distraction by the pursuit of a perfect alphabet. Johannes Gutenberg's development of movable type in the fifteenth century set in train an obsession that would possess designers to the present day. What constitutes a perfect "g"? How would that "g" be different and better and more legible than all the "g"s that had gone before? And what about the rest of the alphabet, and capitals, and italics, and punctuation marks? Type is something we largely take for granted. If this is the case, you may count yourself lucky not to be among the afflicted.

Green chose a type called Doves, a fairly traditional Roman serif design with – and this was unknown to Green at the time – a storied and devilish history.

The type had been created around 1900 for the Doves Press, a small firm founded in Hammersmith, west London, by Thomas Cobden-Sanderson and Emery Walker, two aesthetes who had been highly influenced by the Kelmscott Press of William Morris. Their new typeface, modeled partly on Nicolas Jenson's Venetian type of the 1470s, was intended to enhance what they loftily called "the book beautiful." They enlisted the talented engraver Edward Prince to cut the metal letters and their friend Edward Johnston, who later designed a

font for London Underground, to adorn their pages with additional calligraphy. The type was distinguished by the ample space between its letters, a "y" that descended without a curl, a ligature connecting "c" and "t," and a "g" whose bottom bowl was set at an angle, giving it a modern sense of motion. The typeface had a humane, rough-cut feel to it that warmed the soul.

Doves Press editions of Milton, Tennyson, and the Bible garnered both admiration and sales, but then, in 1909, Cobden-Sanderson and Walker decided to go their separate ways. What began as an amicable split turned to acrimony. (I wrote about their falling out in my book *Just My Type* and, because there's nothing like a bit of animosity to gladden the heart, I found that the tale instantly became most readers' favorite.)

Animosity turned to skulduggery. Single-minded in all his pursuits, Cobden-Sanderson feared that Doves type might be used in shoddy ways he would regard as unforgivable. And so, rather than let his former partner use it (as they had originally agreed, in a settlement, would be the case upon Cobden-Sanderson's death), he resolved to take the entire supply of tiny metal letters and other marks that made up the typeface and throw them from Hammersmith Bridge into the Thames.

The amount of type was huge; Cobden-Sanderson planned this destructive act for weeks. He wrote of how he would "bequeath" the letters to the river so they may be washed "to and from the great sea for ever and for ever." He would take as many blocks as he could manage, wrap them in paper tied with string, walk about half a mile from his press to the best spot, and drop them into the water after nightfall, often waiting for heavy traffic to obscure the sound of the splash. During five months he made more than a hundred separate trips to Hammersmith Bridge – a large undertaking for a frail



Robert Green (page 48) found remnants of Doves type on the shore of the River Thames. The typeface was commissioned by Thomas Cobden-Sanderson (above, right), who ran the Doves Press with Emery Walker (above, left). The original metal type (opposite) was used to print these Doves Press editions (top). The clear and elegant so-called "type for To-day" broke with the trend for elaborate typeface revivals popularized by William Morris



Above, left to right: one of the original metal sorts (individual pieces of type) retrieved from the Thames after 100 years under water (it is shown here reversed – the type used by printers is a mirror image of the letter); a scan made by Green from an example of the Doves type; an outline of Green’s digital typeface. Opposite, top: Green spent hours in his studio, perfecting his version of Doves. Below that: the process involved tracing enlarged examples of the type used in the Doves Press books

man of 76. And it was not without hitches. “On Friday night I threw two packets of type from the bridge,” he noted in his journal, “but they alighted one after the other on a projecting level ledge of the southernmost pier, and there remain, visible, inaccessible, irremovable by me.”

Emery Walker was not amused. After Cobden-Sanderson’s death, Walker sued his widow. The case was settled out of court, with Anne Cobden-Sanderson agreeing to pay £700. And that, I assumed, was the end of the story: the type would be submerged in silt, occasionally forming secret words as the moonlit tide allowed. But Doves was too invested with a heady sense of its own importance to remain undiscovered forever.

Almost one hundred years later, Green was given two copies of my book for Christmas, and he says it spurred him on to recreate Doves digitally. It was a hugely difficult and time-consuming process, not least because he had had little hands-on experience of type design since his days at art school and because he could find hardly any affordable original Doves literature on which to base his interpretation. A typeface on-screen or one printed by modern photographic methods has none of the “color” or “weight” of type that has been inked and then impressed on paper, and those are features that make the traditional letterpress method so appealing. Green says he was “almost driven insane” by his efforts, but his perseverance manifested itself in 2013 when his modern version was used for the first time, in a lavish book accompanying the Isabella Blow retrospective at Somerset House in London. He then made his new version commercially available online.

But something gnawed at him. He had given Doves new life but he remained curious about its burial. And so, one day in October 2014, he decided to see whether any of the original Doves could be recovered from the

riverbed. From a close reading of Cobden-Sanderson’s journals, he calculated where the type might lie.

“The first time I found it there was a very strange moment where I felt I was in this liminal space,” he told me recently, “where you feel like Cobden-Sanderson is on top of the bridge and you’ve caught the type as it falls. It was a very eerie and beautiful feeling, all that time just simply collapsing, the hundred years becoming meaningless.”

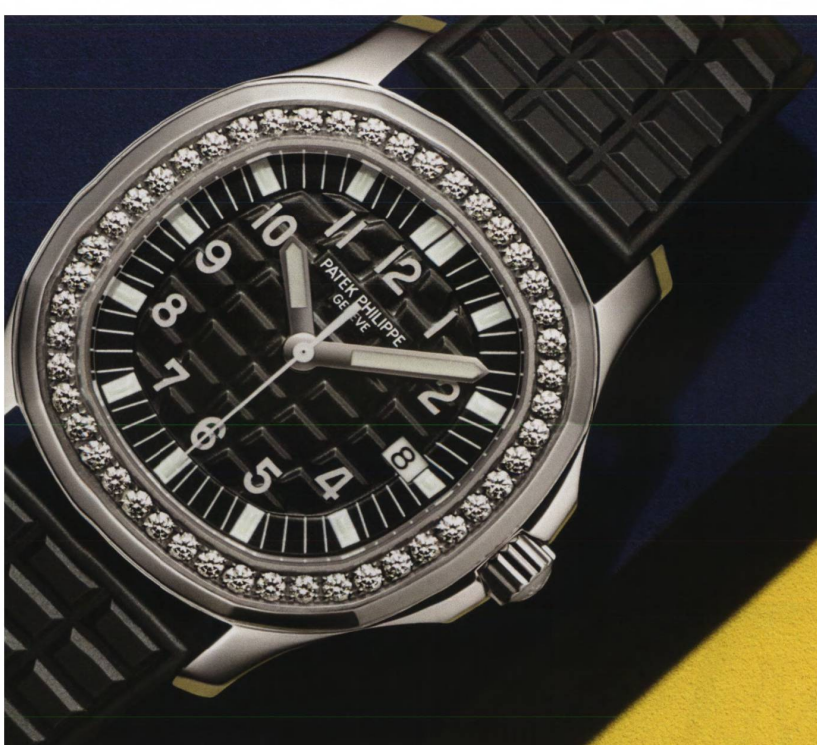
He found the letters “v,” “i,” and “e,” which he associated with the Latin word for life. The first two also formed the beginning of Ivy, his daughter’s name. A few weeks later, Green enlisted the help of divers from the Port of London Authority, and together they uncovered 148 more characters. “I felt vindicated,” he says. “There was a certain inevitability that I was going to find it.”

Initially, he also wondered, “Is this a terrible thing that I’ve done? Is Cobden-Sanderson going to come to haunt me?” Green is more sanguine now. “There are so many clues in his journals that perhaps he wanted the type to be found. I think there’s no point in all his ceremony and drama if he wasn’t also prodding people to do something about it.”

The publicity that attended Green’s discovery boosted sales, but he remains modest about his achievements in bringing one of the world’s great designs back from the dead. “My type isn’t his type,” he concedes. “His type is a physical thing; mine is a drawing, a facsimile.”

And Green is not done yet, for that would not be the obsessive’s way. He’s currently working with the calligrapher Ewan Clayton on an italic version, which has never existed before. He is also considering writing a PhD about Doves. “I feel that I have a duty to the type,” he says. “I really didn’t know much about it when I began. I know a lot about it now, obviously.” ♦





STORY Nicholas Foulkes
PHOTOGRAPHS Joel Stans

Every day is special

The watch you can wear anywhere made a splash when it was launched in 1997. And today we're celebrating twenty glorious years of the Patek Philippe Aquanaut







1996
REF. 5060/SJ



1997
REF. 5060A



1998
REF. 5064A



1998
REF. 5065A



1998
REF. 5066A



1998
REF. 4960A



1998
REF. 5065/1A



1998
REF. 5066J



1999
REF. 5065/1J



1999
REF. 5065J

For the past two decades, I have been fortunate enough to watch the birth and growth of a contemporary classic, which now stands on the brink of maturity. This year it is the twentieth anniversary of the Aquanaut, an event marked by the arrival at Baselworld of the white gold REF. 5168 – quickly, and unsurprisingly, dubbed the “Jumbo” because of its 42.2 mm diameter. It is the latest incarnation of the casually elegant, easy-wearing timepiece that made its debut in 1997.

The year before, Patek Philippe had inaugurated its new manufacturing headquarters in the little-known Geneva suburb of Plan-les-Ouates. It was a campus fit for

the new century, and the Aquanaut was an appropriately contemporary interpretation of the Patek style. However, the story behind its conception is very much old Patek. This is not a watch created from the results of a focus group or market analysis. Instead, like many of the great classics of Patek’s storied past, it emerged organically from the cultural petri dish of the rue du Rhône.

As Thierry Stern, the president of Patek Philippe, recalls, the company’s sportiest model began life as a special-order timepiece in the first half of the 1990s. “We had to design something specific for an important client. At the time, Mr. Buchs was in charge.” Gérald Buchs had joined

Previous pages, clockwise from top left: the ladies’ Aquanaut Luce, REF. 5067A; the men’s extra-large 40.8 mm REF. 5167A; the Aquanaut Travel Time REF. 5164R; and the 20th anniversary “Jumbo” 42.2 mm model, REF. 5168G, the first men’s Aquanaut in white gold (also opposite).

Above: when the first hybrid Nautilus REF. 5060/SJ launched in 1996 it paved the way for a new, sportier casual watch, designed for a young clientele. The following year marked the release of the Aquanaut proper, complete with embossed tone-on-tone dial and “Tropical” strap

the firm in 1969, and by the 1990s he was the head of creation and a member of the management board. “He knew the timepiece had to be something wearable, not for an evening reception but for action. And that was where the design began. It was to





1999
REF. 4960J



2004
REF. 5067A



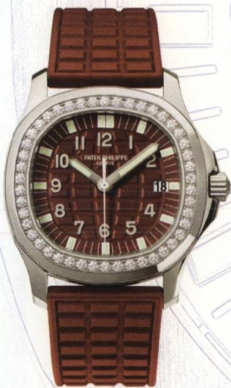
2004
REF. 5067A



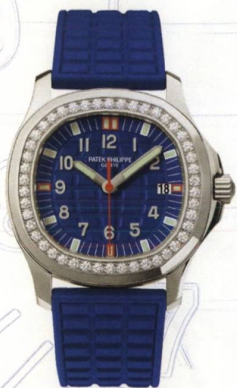
2004
REF. 5067A



2004
REF. 5067A



2004
REF. 5067A



2004
REF. 5067A



2004
REF. 4961A



2006
REF. 5067A



2007
REF. 5067A

be given to the best officers in the army, so the design of the dial needed to remind you of something military. Mr. Buchs said, 'As it's for an officer, we have to make something robust.'" Thierry Stern, however, is a little more ambivalent about the military imagery, "but that's what happened; that's how we designed it," he says.

The wearer was clearly a man of action with a difference, though, because precious stones were also requested. "If I remember well, four little squares in the middle of the dial were diamonds or emeralds or sapphire or rubies at the time," recalls Thierry Stern. "It was quite amazing, because it was for a soldier but was also set

with a high level of stones. I still think about those watches and wonder why I have never seen one at auction, but they never, ever appear."

Philippe Stern, the then president of Patek Philippe, had grasped the wider potential of a sports watch that did not come on a metal bracelet, and in 1996 the

REF. 5060/SJ, a hybrid Nautilus/Aquanaut, appeared in a yellow gold case on a leather strap, with Roman numerals and leaf hands. The following year the Aquanaut REF. 5060A emerged with all its now familiar aesthetic cues. To the student of the Patek oeuvre, the ancestry of the piece was not hard to discern: the softly rounded,

Some want the pleasure of wearing their watch every day, in summer or winter, in a board meeting or on a surfboard

First launched in 1998, the 29.5 mm small-sized ladies' Aquanaut, REF. 4960 in steel (page 56), was followed in 2004 by a steel, diamond-set ladies' collection, the Aquanaut Luce (left). A wide-ranging color palette celebrated the model's versatility. Right: in 2007, for the Aquanaut's 10th anniversary, the men's collection featured new, sportier case, dial, and strap designs, and the extra-large 40.8 mm REF. 5167. In 2011, the REF. 5164A was the first complicated Aquanaut, featuring Travel Time



2007
REF. 5165A



2007
REF. 5167A



2008
REF. 5167/1A



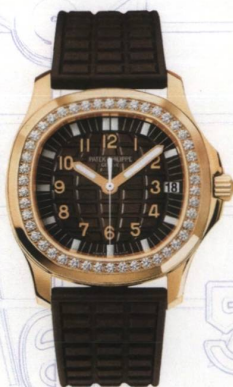
2008
REF. 5067A



2009
REF. 5167R



2009
REF. 5087/1A



2010
REF. 5068R



2011
REF. 5164A



2011
REF. 5069R

satined, octagonal bezel paid tribute to the fabled Nautilus that had made its debut in 1976, signaling that this was a watch for active wear. The black composite strap featured a tactile checkerboard pattern that was echoed on an embossed dial. Legibility was decisive: bold batons, sans serif Arabic numerals, and generous, straight-sided, Super-LumiNova-coated hands.

Over the two decades of its life so far, the Aquanaut has shown itself to be supremely versatile. In 2004 the Aquanaut Luce REF. 5067A, set with diamonds – this time on the bezel rather than the dial – and issued in a number of strikingly colored matching bracelet and dial combinations, found favor

on female wrists. Later the Aquanaut Travel Time REF. 5164A emerged, in 2011, as the modern nomad's watch par excellence, perfect whatever the temperature, time zone, or type of trip.

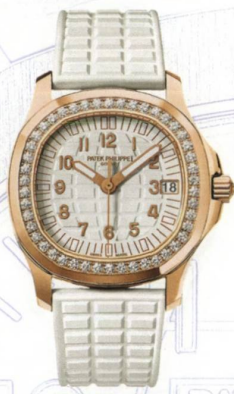
And it was the Travel Time version that opened a new chapter of the Advanced Research story this year, with two important innovations. The Spiromax® balance spring, made of Silinvar®, was updated so that, as well as the patented terminal curve, its geometry now features an inner boss near the integrated collet, while the second time-zone setting system was constructed as a compliant (flexible) mechanism crafted from conventional horological steel but

with mechanical articulations replaced by filigreed leaf springs in crosswise arrangements. As a result, the number of parts falls from 37 to 12, and, as well as being thinner, the system works without lubrication.

Today it may be a showcase for avant-garde technical innovation, but at the time of its launch, Philippe Stern had intended the Aquanaut to be a watch for the younger generation. There are collectors who spend their lives building up to the purchase of a perpetual calendar chronograph, but there are others who just want the best, most dependable watch they can buy and to have the pleasure of wearing it every day, whether in winter or summer, whether they



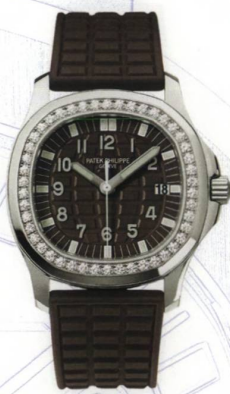
2013
REF. 5072G



2013
REF. 5068R



2013
REF. 5067A



2015
REF. 5067A



2016
REF. 5164R



2017
REF. 5168G



2017
REF. 5062/450R



2017
REF. 5072R



2017
REF. 5650G

To mark 20 years of the Aquanaut, Patek Philippe released its first white gold version, REF. 5168G (far left), in a jumbo size of 42.2 mm, and the Advanced Research Travel Time REF. 5650G (left), which has been crafted in a limited edition of 500 pieces and showcases two technical innovations. The Aquanaut Luce Haute Joaillerie REF. 5062/450R (second from left), fully set with 7.9ct baguette diamonds and brilliant-cut gems, features invisible settings in the dial center, recreating the Aquanaut's familiar embossed dial motif

are in a board meeting or on a surfboard. It was for these people that Philippe Stern launched the Aquanaut. However, the launch did not go as planned, as he later recalled, "We launched the Aquanaut as something of a younger person's watch, but I don't think a young person was able to buy that watch for the first year it was

available, because all the older, established collectors bought them up, saying it was the perfect watch for every day."

Nevertheless, when they did finally get their hands on one, the younger customers found that it was pitched just perfectly, and Philippe's then 27-year-old son, Thierry, became an instant ambassador for the

Aquanaut. "It's very smooth on the wrist," says Thierry Stern, 20 years later, caressing the "Tropical" bracelet of the Aquanaut REF. 5167. "It's a sporty watch, meant to be worn everywhere, in every season, and that's what I like: it's a watch I can wear with my suit or with my swimsuit. It feels good, the style is easy to wear, and it's very readable. And I like the fact that it's a little bit more fun than the Nautilus, which you could call a little more mature."

The first Aquanaut housed a classic Patek Philippe caliber, the 330 s c central rotor self-winding movement, an iteration of which – the 330 s c 1ZR – also appeared in the Nautilus REF. 3710/1A from 1998.

"The Aquanaut is easy to wear and I like the fact that it's a little bit more fun than the Nautilus," says Thierry Stern



From the archives: the first Aquanaut Luce collection, in 2004 (left), and a 1997 press shot created for the Aquanaut's launch (below). After two decades the collection has proved popular with younger owners who want a

sport-chic watch for everyday wear. Design accents echo the Nautilus, but the Aquanaut's case features a classic three-part construction, and the easy-wearing composite strap is ideal for both the beach and the boardroom



However, while the two models may have shared a moment, the Aquanaut's case, while superficially similar, was nevertheless entirely different.

Part of the difficulty in producing the Nautilus resides in the complicated two-part porthole construction of its case and, of course, the remarkable amount of highly skilled polishing that the case and bracelet require. By the 1990s, advances in Patek Philippe's case design meant that the conventional, simpler three-piece (bezel, caseband, and back) construction could be used to create a watertight watch that was slim enough to be a true Patek. And, of course, the composite strap required none of

the intricate, involved, and time-consuming polishing that the Nautilus demands. All that is required is for the retailer to fit the strap on the spot.

But this new design approach also came with special requirements, not least the need for a fold-over clasp. "The clasp is very important, because it finishes the watch," says Thierry Stern. "Most of the time the clasp on a sports watch has to be quite thick and quite large in order to be strong." But that would not sit well with the elegance at the heart of the Patek aesthetic. "Just as we are always working on the movement to make it slim, so we are for the clasp."

Such is the complexity of the process that, in its own way, Thierry likens the creation of a folding buckle at Patek Philippe to the making of a minute repeater. "For example, the new clasp that I am currently testing was begun about two years ago. The first prototype took us about six months," followed by many months of testing, until the final live test, "by either my father or myself. I think it's the best way. Like the sound of a minute repeater, it is something that I can test myself – and I do, because I think it's important."

There cannot be that many other places where a buckle is taken as seriously as a minute repeater. ♦



STORY *Suellen Grealy*
PHOTOGRAPHS *James Reeve*

Cap Ferrat, the spit of land that juts into the Mediterranean Sea a couple of miles east of Nice, makes a hefty contribution to the Riviera's mythical aura. There's a small village port, Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, where restaurants line up to afford a view across the sailboats, and there's a pleasant bustle between small stores, cafés, and real estate agencies. Once you leave the village, however, the hum is replaced by the whir of cicadas. Umbrella pines scent the air with musky perfume. The roads they shade are lined with tall hedges and muscular walls. Gates are more often than not solid metal or wood, allowing not a glimpse of what lies within.







Left: a mosaic on the patio. Horned figures such as goats, fauns, bulls, and unicorns were frequent Cocteau motifs. Below: the sleeping god Bacchus with his dog, is drawn on the wall of Carole's room. Opposite: the living room

is dominated by a representation of the head of Apollo – a perfect image for the hot south coast – appropriately with fish for eyes. Flanking him, his “priests,” based on fishermen from the nearby port of Villefranche



The atmosphere is discreet, protected: a comfortable world, which, compared to the gritty vitality of Nice and the cocksure dynamism of Monaco, is an oasis of peace.

Many have fallen for Cap Ferrat's azure charm. Béatrice Ephrussi de Rothschild, whose cotton-candy-pink palace was completed in 1912; Grand Marnier family members, who bought Les Cèdres in 1924 from King Leopold II of Belgium and have reportedly put it on the market for a billion euros; the writer Somerset Maugham, who held legendary parties at his Villa La Mauresque. The British composer Andrew Lloyd Webber and the Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen also have homes there.

It would be no surprise, then, to know that a young woman sailing by in the bay below looked up to see a simple villa among the trees – and fell in love. This is how the story of Santo Sospir and the French artist, writer, poet, and filmmaker Jean Cocteau first began.

The woman, Francine Weisweiler, a socialite from a wealthy Parisian family, had married the American banker Alec Weisweiler in 1941. Though Jewish, they remained in the south of France throughout World War Two. If they survived the war, Alec promised his wife, he would buy her whatever home her heart desired.

Santo Sospir was built in the mid-1930s, a family house unremarkable except for its extraordinary location – and correspondingly extraordinary view – at the

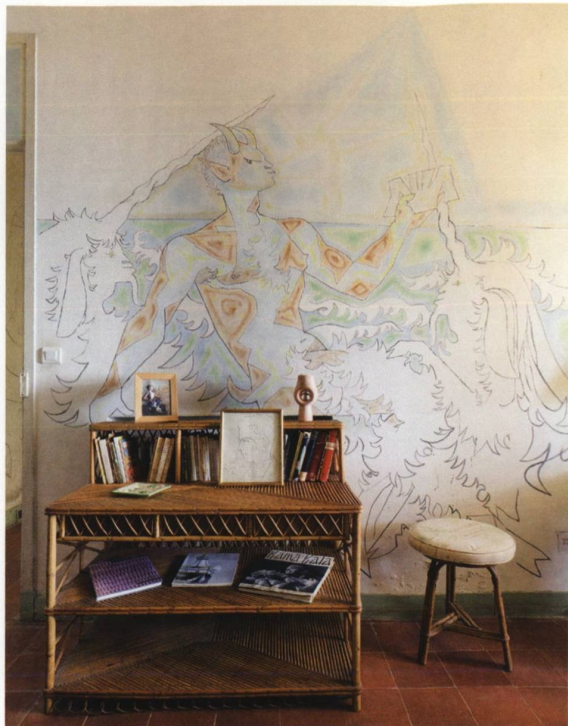
tip of Cap Ferrat. When Alec bought the villa just after the war, Francine used it as a holiday home. In Paris the couple lived a society life. Their neighbors were patrons of the arts; the interiors of their apartment were commissioned from the acclaimed decorator Madeleine Castaing. Francine's wardrobe was created by Balenciaga and, later, Yves Saint Laurent. In 1949, after Francine's actress cousin Nicole Stéphane introduced her to Cocteau during the filming of *Les enfants terribles*, their apartment became a set for several scenes. According to Carole Weisweiler, Francine's only child, the friendship between her mother and the artist was a form of love at first sight.

Soon Francine had invited Cocteau to her villa in the south of France for a week. With him came the striking 25-year-old ex-miner-turned-actor Edouard “Doudou” Dermitt, who was also Cocteau's former gardener, adopted son, and companion.

It's easy to imagine how, in this perfect environment, the unconventional ménage quickly became normal. From the living room and balcony, the view over Nice's Baie des Anges is mesmerizing; the proportions of the villa are intimate, yet allow the occupants space; the gardens that reach to the sea are just big enough to wander in. In the living room, a wood and rattan cocktail cabinet opens to reveal a mirrored interior,

Previous page: the view of the garden from Carole Weisweiler's bedroom and out past the umbrella pines and figs, across the placid Baie des Anges, toward Cap d'Antibes. In the room, beneath the ornamental lighting sconce, Jean Cocteau has imprinted his mark with a flourish





Far left: the room where Cocteau slept, with its painting of the god Pan offering a fougasse (a local bread) to goat-headed unicorns. Like many of the villa's rooms, this one has several names, including Chamber of the Wise and House of the Goats. Left: Cocteau couldn't bear an empty or "silent" space, so he also decorated doors and furniture. Here, a wardrobe in Carole's room, a place he called Initiation of the Bacchantes (priestesses)

in which, according to Carole Weisweiler, Cocteau would find the Angostura bitters, gin, and orange juice he favored for cocktails. Francine and Alec's boat, *Orphée II*, was moored in the bay. Quiet even now, in the 1950s Santo Sospir must have been paradise.

Cocteau remained in the house, off and on, for the next 12 years.

Yet it wasn't long after his arrival that the artist became restless. "Idleness tires me," he said. "It dries me up." Already in his early 60s when he first visited Santo Sospir, Cocteau was an established member of the French avant-garde. His interests and his friendships embraced a universe of European literature, film, painting, dance, and music. Some of the twentieth century's icons of creativity – Proust, Diaghilev, Nijinsky, Picasso – were his friends and associates. He was entertaining, talkative, and brilliant.

So when Cocteau asked Francine if he could do a charcoal drawing on the plain white wall of the chimney breast in the living room, she agreed. A head of Apollo with fish for eyes appeared, followed by two fishermen (in Cocteau's vision, the "priests of the sun") in the niches of the fireplace. It didn't stop there. As Cocteau would relate in his 1952 short film about Santo Sospir, Matisse told him, "When you decorate one wall, you have to decorate the others." Starting in the

summer of 1950, Cocteau followed this advice, as well as the advice of Picasso, who suggested Cocteau paint the doors. He painted most of the other rooms in the villa, as well as furniture; he designed a large mosaic for the entrance and eventually designed a tapestry for the dining room wall, which was handwoven in Aubusson. All of Cocteau's art reflected his preoccupation with Greek mythology, but there is a light-heartedness to it, too: in the living room, he painted a goddess asleep in the sun, with sea urchins and a fougasse (a local bread) close by, a reference to the tastes of his sun-loving friend Francine.

For Carole Weisweiler, about 8 years old at the time, arriving from Paris to find Cocteau's work in the house was a delight. "When I got back from school, it was total magic to discover his murals all over the villa. He didn't make any sketches, it was done in a single stroke." She remembers that an Italian technician

Matisse told Cocteau, "When you decorate one wall, you have to decorate the others..."



mixed the colors that would eventually fill in the lines – a tempera using pigment mixed with milk. Cocteau would become her “deuxième papa,” an adored and thrilling presence throughout her childhood.

While the magic hasn’t actually faded over the years, time has chipped away at it relentlessly. Cocteau eventually moved out after differing with Francine over her choice of lover, and Francine spent her last years in poor health at Santo Sospir. Fortunately, she had the foresight to have the interiors of the villa registered on the *Inventaire Supplémentaire des Monuments Historiques*, which means that they’re protected as part of the Riviera’s cultural heritage. But this has also meant that for Carole, the responsibilities and financial obligations she faced after her mother’s death in 2003 were onerous. Without the funds and expertise to conserve it, Cocteau’s art risked flaking gently into history. “It was like having a knife at my throat,” Carole says. “I had no choice but to sell.”

Since Francine’s death, the house has been watched over by Eric Marteau, who cared for Francine toward the end of her life. For him, it is Francine and not Jean Cocteau who is the essence of Santo Sospir. Following her wishes, the house was opened to visitors, and it has been Eric who greets them all. In the fall of 2015, the visitors included Marina Melia, her brother Ilia, and

her mother – Francophile, French-speaking Russians with a home in nearby Eze. Great admirers of Cocteau’s work, the family immediately recognized the house as a treasure to be kept safe, which they were able to do. And while the Melias now own Santo Sospir, Eric remains there, a guardian of Francine’s memory.

“The most important thing is to stabilize Cocteau’s frescoes and then to give them new life,” says Marina, who is a psychologist in Moscow as well as a spokesperson for her family. “The art in this house was created by great people, and now great people who are passionate about Jean Cocteau will take care of it.”

Eric Marteau is delighted with the fact that the Melia family can access the expertise required to conserve the interiors. Their dedicated approach has meant that they’ve found craftspeople (those “great people” Marina referred to) with a special sympathy for the house – for example, the French designer Jacques Grange, who in the past worked with Madeleine Castaing, the designer of the villa’s furniture (also protected); and Madison Cox, the New York garden designer who previously worked with the Weisweiler family.

Returning the house to the state of total magic that Carole found in the 1950s will be quite an endeavor, but Marina has no doubt that it’s possible. Its completion will become one more part of the mythology. ♦

The dining room, where guests once included Pablo Picasso and his future wife Jacqueline, Coco Chanel, and Greta Garbo. Everything here centers on the giant tapestry of *Judith and Holofernes* that Cocteau designed. The rattan walls and ceilings, and the wicker furniture were all chosen in collaboration with Francine’s friend, the interior designer Madeleine Castaing, to complement Cocteau’s work

Auctions

This sale season, remarkable prices were achieved for historic Patek Philippe watches and a number of examples of unique and rare timepieces were rediscovered – and seen for the first time on the open market. Simon de Burton highlights some intriguing lots, including a unique World Time model with a dial signed by Tiffany & Co.



US\$1,448,580 | CHF1,450,000

Patek Philippe's World Time models are the complication's gold standard. Their history dates back to the 1930s, to Louis Cottier's "heure universelle" system, which enabled a pocket watch to show the time in 24 zones; not until the late 1930s did he reduce his mechanism for a wristwatch, its bezel engraved with city names. In 1953, the REF. 2523 brought the cities under glass on a disk operated by a secondary crown. Nine examples of the 1963 version sold here are known to exist; this yellow gold piece is unique in having a Tiffany dial. Sold at Phillips, Geneva, May 14, 2017



US\$16,250 | CHF 15,840

The formation of a military air force was a major step for any country during aviation's pioneer years, so when the United States Air Service was established in 1918, it was clear that it would procure the best of timing devices. That explains the unusually workmanlike engraving on the back of this elegant yellow gold, split-seconds pocket watch, which reads, "U.S. Government Property, U.S.A.S." Although the watch was made in 1908, the U.S.A.S. was its first owner, and, despite seeing use "in service," it remained in fine condition. Sold at Christie's, New York, June 21, 2017



US\$110,000 | CHF106,260

Patek Philippe's grand complications intrigue enthusiasts of high-level engineering, so it was no surprise that this 1951 REF. 699 yellow gold pocket watch originally belonged to Stanley H. Arnolt. In 1938, the inventor and racing car driver created a high-performance marine engine called a Sea-Mite that enabled him to set a record for water crossing between St. Joseph, Michigan, and Chicago. He went on to establish the Arnolt automobile company, producing Italian-bodied cars based on an MG, Aston Martin, or Bristol chassis. Sold at Sotheby's, New York, June 7, 2017



US\$1,568,350 | CHF1,570,000

The REF. 2499 perpetual calendar chronograph is a piece that any Patek Philippe aficionado would wish to count among his or her collection. Introduced in 1951, produced for just 34 years in four series, its combined functionality and elegance were unmatched throughout. This yellow gold 1960 example was additionally appealing due to its dial, which carries the name of the original retailer, Tiffany & Co. of New York. This is the first example of a Tiffany-signed second series REF. 2499 to appear at auction for 15 years. Sold at Phillips, Geneva, May 13, 2017



US\$20,000 | CHF19,320

Patek Philippe watches have been renowned for accuracy since the first was made in 1839. As a result, the ones that can record elapsed time have long been used by wealthy sportsmen, as shown by this rose gold, hunter-cased, minute-repeating chronograph, made in 1890 and bearing the symbols of the New York Athletic Club on the front and the Larchmont Yacht Club on the back. Its white enameled dial is superbly legible; one can imagine the gentlemanly original owner using it to time hard-fought regattas and track and field events. Sold at Sotheby's, New York, June 7, 2017



US\$757,060 | HK\$5,900,000

Among the many handcrafts that Patek Philippe employs, the company is especially noted for cloisonné enameling, in which outline images are formed with fine gold wire, filled with powdered pigment, and fired under intense heat to create a hard, lustrous finish. This 1951 REF. 2481 hand-wound, time-only watch in rose gold features a jungle scene demonstrating the brilliance of the enameler Marguerite Koch, who worked for the dial maker Stern Frères. A watch with a similar "jungle" dial can be seen in the Patek Philippe Museum. Sold at Phillips, Hong Kong, May 30, 2017



US\$518,390 | HK\$4,040,000

Introduced in 1962, the REF. 3448 was Patek Philippe's first automatic perpetual calendar wristwatch; its dial layout – a bold date indicator encircling a moon-phase display, days and months shown in apertures below 12 o'clock – is now regarded as quintessential. Only 586 examples were made; this 1974 model is rare due to its luminous indices and hands and a case made from white gold rather than the more usual yellow. The watch had been preserved in superb condition and came complete with its original box, certificate, and paperwork. Sold at Phillips, Hong Kong, May 30, 2017



US\$2,921,720 | CHF2,911,500

This possibly unique yellow gold REF. 2497 perpetual calendar was likely commissioned by the aviator Federico Bazzi, who presented it to the Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie in 1954, during the latter's visit to Switzerland a month after the piece was completed. Featuring a solid gold dial oxidized to create a black finish, unique "alpha" hands, and a caseback engraved with the Emperor's monogram, it was offered in original condition that, combined with its provenance, helped it to realize a record price for the reference. Sold at Christie's, Geneva, May 15, 2017



US\$118,750 | CHF115,720

While Patek Philippe watches are invariably beautiful, their prime purpose is to tell the time. As a result, the practicalities of daily use are intrinsic to their design, as evinced in the appearance at auction of this rare 1960 REF. 2570, the firm's first yellow gold antimagnetic wristwatch. It retains its original inner cap of soft iron that enables it to resist magnetic fields of up to 450 gauss. The immaculate, original condition and the fact that its dial is signed by the Swiss retailer Gübelin helped it to realize almost five times the expected price. Sold at Christie's, New York, June 21, 2017

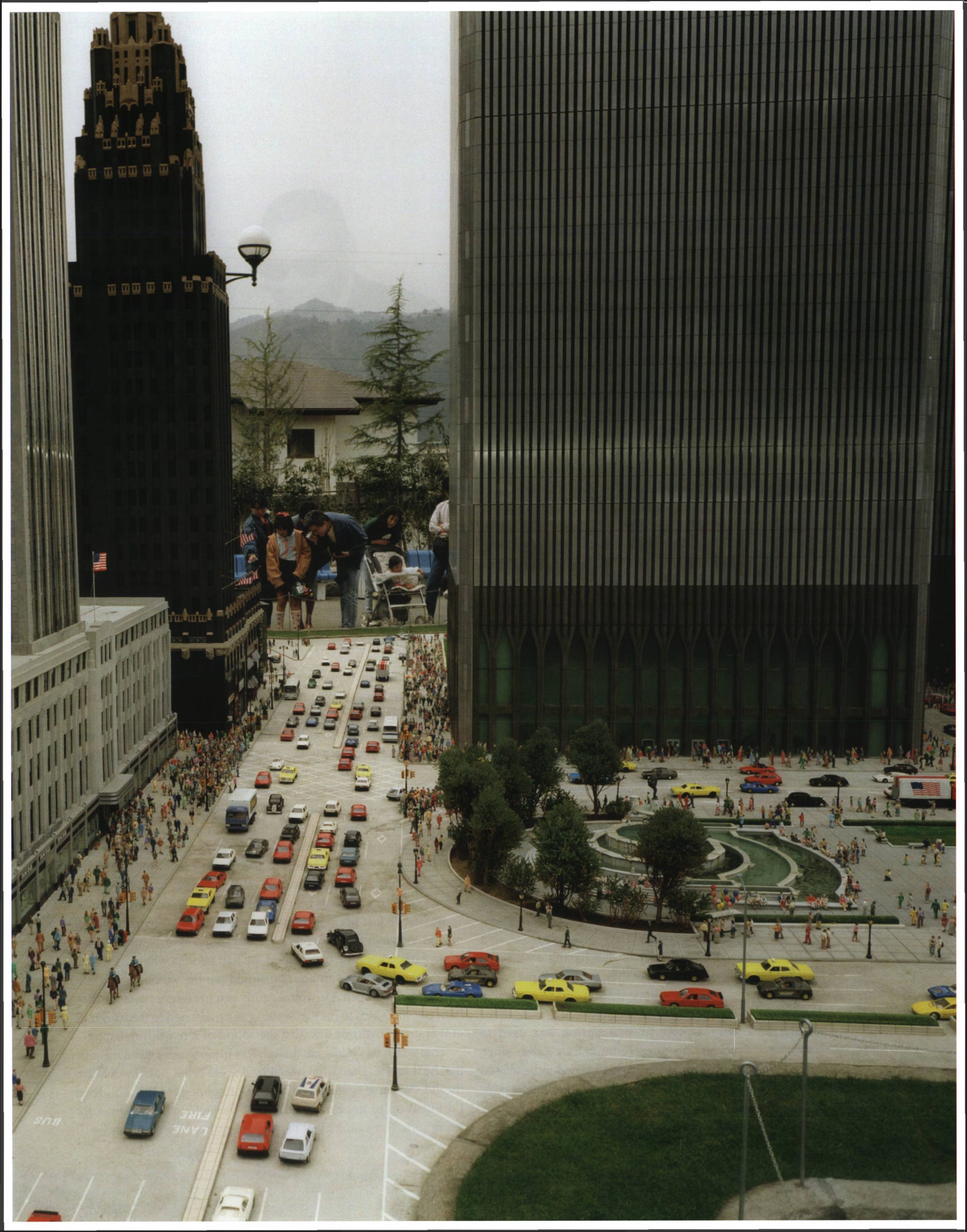
Pictorial

What you see here is a street scene from the American zone at Tobu World Square, a theme park in Tochigi, Japan, that features more than one hundred 1:25 scale models of famous buildings from around the world and is populated by one hundred forty thousand tiny model people, each measuring about two and a half inches in height. There are six zones and within them sit detailed replicas of noteworthy edifices, including a number of UNESCO World Heritage Sites.

The Modern Japan zone offers the Tokyo Skytree – at 85 feet it is much taller than the 65-foot replica of New York's Twin Towers (which, in this incarnation, are still standing). The American zone also includes, among others, a stunted Statue of Liberty, a fairy-tale White House, a cute Chrysler Building, and a less cute New York robbery scene. Stroll (not big steps) to the Egyptian zone to see pyramids and the Sphinx; to Asia for the Taj Mahal, Angkor Wat, and, at least figuratively speaking, the Great Wall of China; and to Europe, where the Parthenon, Buckingham Palace, the Colosseum, and the Eiffel Tower jostle for position. Step back to a more ancient Japan, studded with castles, pagodas – and even a representation of the Japanese tea ceremony, *Chanoyu*. Every single element here is rendered with devoted, painstaking attention to detail, and some of the fine artisanal techniques can be observed (through binoculars) in the carvings and stained glass. Train those binoculars on some of the dolls who live in this strange and fascinating world, and you will see their expressions of happiness, surprise, even terror. Or take a photograph; when you look back at it, it will be hard to believe that everything isn't real. ♦

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN PARR/MAGNUM PHOTOS





Fascinating memories of a legendary musician take the lead in this touching father and son tale, finds John Reardon, as he investigates the history of a unique Braille wristwatch that was made for Ray Charles in the 1960s

I recently had lunch with Werner Sonn, the retired chairman of Patek Philippe U.S.A., and he told me that he helped design a platinum Braille watch for Ray Charles in the 1960s. I confess that I took this with a pinch of salt, but I have a friend who is connected to the musician's family, and when I spoke with Ray Charles Jr., I found that it was true.

Ray Charles Robinson was a pioneer, blending jazz, blues, R&B, and gospel into a "sweet new style": soul. "His voice," wrote *Time* magazine, "rasped like a man whose heart is in his throat and has just been broken." Born in Albany, Georgia, Charles learned to play the piano at three years old. At four or five, he began to lose his sight, apparently as a result of glaucoma. When, at seven, he was completely blind, his mother sent him to boarding school, where he learned Braille. He left at 15, and later traveled to Seattle, set up his own band, and worked the clubs. Gradually his fame spread. By the '60s, with releases such as *Georgia on My Mind* and *Hit the Road Jack*, he was basking in acclaim and Grammys.

In 1963, and at the height of his powers, he was given a unique watch, probably by his producer Norman Granz, the founder of the jazz label Verve and a watch aficionado. Says Ray Junior, "They were very close, so it was a great way of dad having a one-of-a-kind memento of their partnership."

Patek Philippe hadn't made a Braille watch before. A pocket watch movement with a powerful mainspring was used to power the purpose-built REF. 3482, since with Braille the hands needed to be able to withstand the pressure of being touched. At 37 millimeters in diameter, the face was larger than average to accommodate the

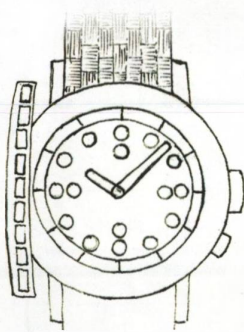


Braille with clarity. Charles wore the watch constantly; the original leather strap was replaced with a platinum bracelet, because, like most musicians, he sweated when he played.

"The piece was striking because of its silver color, when everybody then was wearing gold," says Ray Junior. "And on my dad's brown skin it looked beautiful. He had diamond cuff links but no other jewelry — I never saw him wear any but that watch." Charles was ineffably cool. "I remember vividly how he looked at that time. He was very young, just thirty-three. His suits were awesome, custom-made silvery sharkskin with thin lapels. Everything extremely stylish. I recall his cologne, his face, and the Patek Philippe on his wrist. Of course, he couldn't see the watch, and, as an eight-year-old child, I couldn't explain its beauty to him. Its design was impeccable."

Before he lost his sight, Charles was fascinated by mechanical objects. As a man, that interest grew. Ray Junior says, "Time was vital to my father, because, being blind, he had no idea where he was in the day. At least once an hour he would tap the watch very lightly, so that it would open. He would gently run his fingers over the dial, then put the watch to his ear, smiling as he listened to the workings of it and the rhythmic tick. Just the sound of it made him happy."

That watch has vanished, though Ray Junior hasn't given up hope that he'll find it. Then what would he do? He grins. "Ah, I would tap the lid. When it opened, I'd run my fingers over the dial, then I'd put it up to my ear and listen to the ticking." He's quiet for a moment. "I mean, it's just like yesterday. Just like yesterday." ♦



The design of Ray Charles's Patek Philippe wristwatch was stunning: a slim platinum case, a round dial with diamonds to allow the wearer to "feel" the time, and a hinged cover studded with 40 brilliants. Although the watch has since disappeared, these drawings from the Patek Philippe archives give a sense of what it looked like

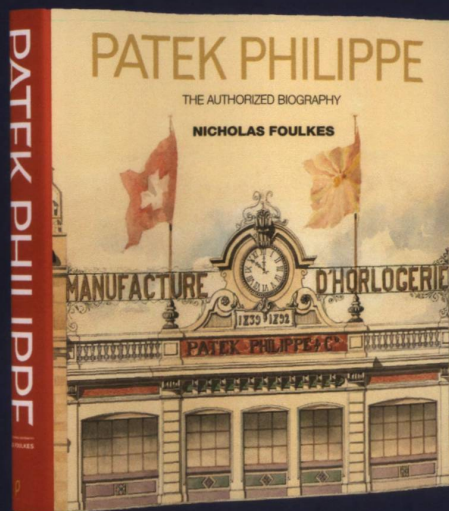


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That long-awaited monograph *Patek Philippe: The Authorized Biography* by Nicholas Foulkes will soon be available in French, German, Italian, Japanese, and Simplified Chinese as well as English. From the company founders' modest beginnings to an inspired partnership that resulted in the world's most revered watchmaker, the book brings to life a dramatic and captivating story. It includes interviews with the Stern family and watchmakers past and present, as well as previously unseen documents and original illustrations of rare watches. To pre-order a copy, go to patek.com



Patek Philippe, P.O. Box 2654, CH-1211 Geneva 2, Switzerland. Tel +41 22/884 20 20. Fax +41 22/884 25 47. patek.com



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