

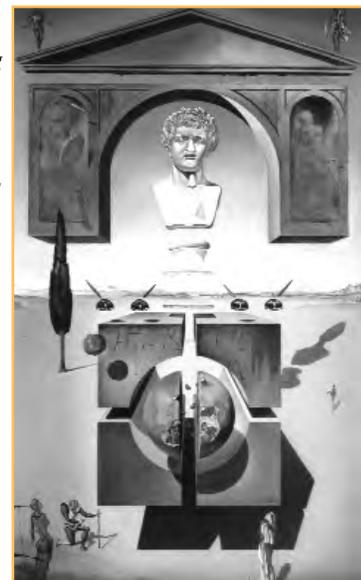
# THE **Salvador Dalí**

COLLECTORS QUARTERLY

**FOR THE DALI AFICIONADO AND SERIOUS COLLECTOR**

## **Dali Art Frauds Target DirecTV Home Shopping Enthusiasts** *from Art Business News, 5-6-2006*

*Over the last few months we've been contacted by several consumers who bought Dali prints from satellite TV shopping shows, only to discover that the prints were forgeries. The buyers came to us for appraisals, and were, understandably distraught to learn that they'd purchased fakes. When we looked into the matter further, we learned that these forgeries were being sold on television every day, and we took the story to the media. Below is a reprint of the story as it appeared in **Art Business News** -- Ed.*



*The original Nose of Nero, 1947. Collectors bought signed prints on shopping shows that were forgeries.*

**S**AN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CA - Two unsuspecting art collectors -- and possibly hundreds of others --recently discovered that the signed Salvador Dalí prints they had just purchased were forgeries. Other than having an appreciation for Dalí's work, the only thing the two men had in common was that they had purchased the art from television shopping shows on DirecTV. Upon investigation, a Dalí expert determined that these shows have been selling dozens of fakes.

"Both men called me within two weeks of one another," says Bruce Hochman, director of the Salvador Dalí Gallery in San Juan Capistrano, CA, and author of the only official Salvador Dalí print price guide. "They asked me to appraise the pieces, which turned out to be absolutely, without question, forgeries."

"Art fraud is traditionally committed in all kinds of respectable places, from hotel ballrooms and cruise ships to trendy galleries," Hochman says. "But now that people are buying art via the Internet and television, it's easier than ever for unscrupulous sellers to peddle fakes. On any given day there are hundreds of forged Dalís on eBay, and now, on television."

After Salvador Dalí's death in 1989, a wave of forgeries hit the market. At one point there was a federal investigation because many of the works had been shipped to buyers through the mail, and the U.S. Postal Inspectors ended up with a huge cache of confiscated Dalí fakes. To defray legal expenses, the postal inspectors sold off their ill-gotten harvest of counterfeits, but did so by clearly stating that the works were not authentic.

Hochman's *The Official Catalog of the Graphic Works of Salvador Dalí* is the only definitive source on Dalí's graphic works. The catalog, assembled by official Dalí archivist Albert Field,

*(continued on pg. 2)*

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## Dali Art Frauds (continued from p. 1)

is a useful tool in helping to determine if a print is authentic. "If it's not in the Albert Field catalog, it's not authentic," states Hochman.

Hochman outlines one way in which Field determines which works are real and which are not. "Dalí never produced or signed any prints after his health declined in 1980," Hochman says. "And that gives us our biggest clue to spotting imitations. Shady dealers, knowing that the master was on his deathbed, started copying his most famous paintings, reproducing prints and creating pastiches (composites from well-known Dalí images). They signed his name to them, and sold them to an eager market of buyers who believed that the value of the pieces would skyrocket after the artist's death.

Hochman continues, "What they didn't count on was that after 1980, the company that manufactured the paper used for Dalí's prints changed its formula and started using a new infinity symbol. Any print that shows that watermark is obviously a forgery. Some forgers simply cut off the watermark (near the bottom), which changed the paper and margin sizes."



*The original "Explosive Madonna, 1951. Collectors bought signed prints on shopping shows that were forgeries.*

Hochman says that fake Dalí prints are often touted as being identified by a special mark, such as the artist's thumbprint. Unsuspecting buyers have no way of knowing that Dalí never put such marks on his work.

"Whether it's work by Dalí or any other artist, a buyer should only work with sellers who offer a return guarantee in the event that the piece turns out to be counterfeit. Legitimate sellers will always do this. If the seller won't provide one, but still offers a certificate of authenticity, you should do your art shopping elsewhere." ☺

## Dali Sighting...

From the 1975 John Lennon biography *One Day at a Time* by Anthony Fawcett

Anthony Fawcett (*John and Yoko's assistant circa 1970*) details the story behind John's controversial erotic lithographs, which were first exhibited in the London Art Gallery. Police raided the show and confiscated eight of the 14 pieces on the grounds that they were indecent. Fawcett worked with Lennon to re-exhibit the pieces, and in the process met Dalí.

Before I left Paris I had a meeting with Salvador Dalí, who was anxious to work with John on some incredible project. (John never seemed interested in Dalí's many attempts to get together with him.) Dalí was an amazing character; it was useless trying to follow what he said as he spoke his own concoction of Spanish, French and English all mixed together -- the result, as I think he intended, was totally incomprehensible.

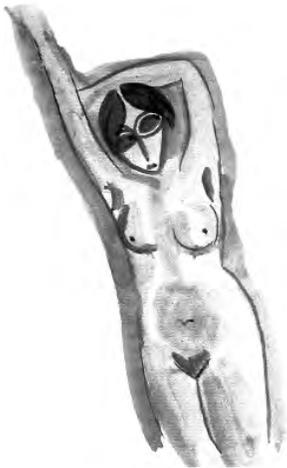
His butler served tea and at the end of my "audience" he proceeded to make an object for me to take back to John. Using anything at hand -- flowers, napkins, makeup -- Dalí created a surreal bouquet with a strange face painted on top of it; finally he squeezed a tube of gold liquid paint to create a message for John and signed his name with an elaborate flourish.

As I left his suite at the Meurice I wondered how he could still have such incredible energy -- he was surely in his eighties. (*Dalí would actually have been in his mid-60s at the time of this Dalí Sighting. Ah, the merciless eyes of the youth culture! --Ed.*) ☺



*Anthony Fawcett more recently*

*"Each morning  
when I awake,  
I experience again a  
supreme pleasure --  
that of being  
Salvador Dalí."*



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## Events and Exhibitions...

### Museum Ludwig -- Cologne

#### Salvador Dalí - La Gare de Perpignan: Pop, Op, Yes-yes Pompier

March 18 - June 25, 2006

This exhibition focuses on Salvador Dalí, specifically on one of the largest works he ever painted (295 x 406 cm) "La gare de Perpignan" of 1965, which is in possession of The Ludwig Museum. This complex work with reminiscences of Jean-Francois Millet and Siegmund Freud captivates visitors over and over again. The exhibition will show paintings, sculptures, graphics, photographs and documents -- by Dalí himself and by other artists -- that deal with the importance of this railroad and visualize the most different influences having to do with this extraordinary work of art.

### Dali Museum -- St. Petersburg, Florida

#### Salvador Dalí and a Century of Art from Spain: Picasso to Plensa

May 5 - July 30, 2006

The exhibition highlights the diversity of twentieth and early twenty-first century Spanish art and includes examples of cubism, surrealism, constructivism, and geometric abstraction. Focused exhibition features such key artist as Pablo Picasso, Joan Miró, Salvador Dalí and Julio Gonzales, and many more. Curated by William Jeffett; organized by Albuquerque Museum of Art & History and the Salvador Dalí Museum.

#### Dali by the Decades: Dalí's Surreal Century

August 4, 2006 - January 29, 2007

A chronological exhibition of oil paintings, drawings, watercolors and objet from the Museum's permanent collection cast against interpretive material including photographs, text and graphics showing the changing context - personal life and cultural times - in which Dali lived and created. The dynamic and tumultuous time between the two World Wars acted as a catalyst for the development of Surrealism and reflects Dalí's particular blend of integrating his personal symbolic interpretations within the context of universally recognized symbols.

#### Dali Zodiac

August 4, 2006 - January 29, 2007

This exhibition will seek to unveil connections between various definitions of the Dali Zodiac in four sections. One section will display the Dali Zodiac print suite; which will be supplemented by general information specific to each astrological sign. This will be complimented by a didactic representation of Dalí's own Zodiac, supporting and expanding upon the biographical information on Dalí presented in the main galleries. The last two sections have a more historical perspective, addressing the history of the Zodiac group and the origins of Catalan Mysticism. ☺

*"I believe that the moment is near when by a procedure of active paranoiac thought, it will be possible to systematize confusion and contribute to the total discrediting of the world of reality."*



David Sacks

### Yet Another Dali Movie?

From *Forbes.com* April 6, 2006

PayPal cofounders Max Levchin and David Sacks, who helped finance the movie *Thank You For Smoking*, are two of a growing number of Silicon Valley executives who have taken some of their winnings and made a bet on the movie business, with David Sack making plans for a movie about Salvador Dali. ☺

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# When Dali Went Hollywood, There Was a Hitch

Excerpted from *The Australian*, 8/3/2005 by Rachel Campbell-Johnston



It was a meeting of two great minds. It was a meeting of two great monsters. And its result was one of the most striking sequences in cinema history. The collaboration between Alfred Hitchcock, the movie-making megalomaniac, and Salvador Dali, the moustachioed surrealist, led to a mad intermission in the story of film.

"I don't do drugs.  
I am drugs."

*Spellbound* is a tale, as the tag line puts it, of "the maddest love that ever possessed a woman." It is set in a mental asylum. A famous psychiatrist (Gregory Peck), arriving to take the place of a retiring doctor, falls immediately in love with the glamorous but glacial analyst (Ingrid Bergman).

This is one of the first Hollywood films to confront Sigmund Freud head-on. Its producer, David O. Selznick, even brought his shrink into the project to offer advice. But it wasn't medical authenticity that Hitchcock was after, it was atmosphere. And this was where Dali came in.

Selznick was skeptical. He suspected that his director was employing the anarchic surrealist for publicity purposes. But Hitchcock was serious about art. He was certainly adept with a pencil. Trained initially as an industrial draughtsman, he would later take evening classes in drawing, making sketches of people at the local railway terminal and visiting galleries. Among his earliest film jobs he made the title cards for silent movies and later he worked on set designs.

Hitchcock owned an impressive art collection that included works by Rouault, Vlaminck, Chirico, Rodin and Dufy. His favourite, he once declared, was Paul Klee. "Klee could have made good storyboards," he explained.



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However, when it came to *Spellbound*, Dali -- the artist who had famously declared that “the only difference between me and a madman is that I am not mad” -- seemed to be the obvious choice. He had collaborated with Luis Bunuel on his bizarre but inspired *Un chien andalou* (1929) and on his scandalous *L'Age d'or* (1930). Who better to work on a film about psychoanalysis, “the method by which modern science deals with the emotional problems of the sane?”

This was the artist who declared his paintings to be “handmade photographs”, created by a “paranoiac critical method” in which “irrational knowledge” unravels “in a delirium of interpretation.”

But it was the painter's exactitude that appealed to Hitchcock. Traditionally, up to that time, the director explained, “dream sequences in film were all swirling smoke, slightly out of focus, with figures walking through mist made by dry-ice smoke.” It was a convention with which he wanted to break.

Arriving in Hollywood with typical fanfare, Dali set to work, producing more than 100 sketches and five oil paintings. He took surrealist ideas to bizarre extremes. Some ideas -- such as “a cockroach with an eye glued on to its back moving across blank playing cards” -- were tactfully rejected. Others were adopted and tried out.

In one scene, for instance, to create a nightmarish atmosphere of “heavy weight and uneasiness,” Dali envisaged suspending “15 of the heaviest and most lavishly sculpted pianos possible” from a ballroom ceiling and swinging them over the heads of cut-out figures below who, though caught “in exalted dance poses,” would not move at all, “they would only be diminishing silhouettes in very accelerated perspective, losing themselves in infinite darkness.”

Hitchcock was prepared to tackle this tall order but, because the skeptical Selznick was offering only a semi-starved budget, to save time and money he substituted miniature pianos dangling over the heads of live dwarfs. The final effect was a joke. And so this, too, was among the several dream sequences that were eliminated.

Compromise and corner-cutting stymied the project. Hitchcock's interest waned. A new art director was brought in. But there was so much re-shooting, re-cutting and re-dubbing that the sequences were increasingly unlike those that Dali had devised. And, in the final cut, little of what he and Hitchcock had planned appeared.

Peck never forgot part of what was lost. It was shot so that, as he lay there, the audience would share his nightmare, he said. “There were 400 human eyes which looked down at me from the heavy black drapes. Meanwhile, a giant pair of pliers, many times my size, would appear and then I was supposed to chase him or it -- the pliers -- up the side of a pyramid, where I would find a plaster cast of Ingrid. Her head would crack and streams of ants would pour out of her face.”

When Peck asked why his nightmare had been curtailed, Hitchcock replied with his typical deadpan humour: “The ants’ contract was cancelled. We couldn’t get enough trained ants from central casting and all of their fleas were already gainfully employed.” But more seriously, he added, Selznick was concerned that the sequences would make audiences laugh.

They didn't. The press and the public were entranced by the final, if much shortened, dream sequence. It was one of the things that made *Spellbound* -- one of the five movies for which Hitchcock was nominated for an Academy Award for best director -- a commercial success. And if Dali left irritated, eventually (after, among other experiments, a freakish collaboration with Walt Disney) dismissing film as a non-art, Hitchcock was glad to take the credit. 



*"I have Dalinian thought: the one thing the world will never have enough of is the outrageous."*



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## Beyond Dalí

### New Dalí Museum Exhibit Encompasses a Century of Spanish Art and Its Influence

Excerpted from *The St. Petersburg Times* online, 5/11/2006 by Lennie Bennett

For two years, the Salvador Dalí Museum has intensified its focus on raising the profile of its eponymous artist in the international art world, which often marginalized Dalí. Collaborations with major museums have produced impressive retrospectives of the Spanish surrealist that have invited fresh appraisals of his contributions to 20th century art.

Now the museum presents an exhibition making a broader case for a century of Spanish artists and their collective influence on 20th and 21st century art.

It's splendid, massive, somewhat eccentric. And a bold move for the Dalí Museum. Most of the several hundred thousand annual visitors are out-of-towners who come to see the most comprehensive collection of works by Dalí in the world. About one-third of what's usually on view has been stored to make room for about 90 borrowed works by other artists. Forty-one paintings by Dalí are still up, including his monumental ones, interspersed with art by other Spanish artists.

I hope no one is disappointed; they shouldn't be. It's full -- stuffed, really -- with big names, bracketed by Pablo Picasso's 1909 bronze *Head of a Woman* and *War? Why?*, a contemporary aluminum sculpture by Jaume Plensa, the artist who recently unveiled the celebrated Crown Fountain in Chicago's new Millennium Park. Informative but not overly long wall texts walk us through the progression of movements, beginning with the heady days in early 20th century Paris when it brimmed with European artists. Picasso and Juan Gris, Spanish transplants, were making names for themselves, and we see examples of their forays into cubism along with other Spanish artists, many of whom remained in Spain during the prewar years and worked in comparative isolation.

An early painting by 25-year-old Joan Miro, before he went to Paris, illustrates the importance of that urban milieu. Portrait of Heriberto Casany looks back to Van Gogh for its inspiration rather than hinting at the poetic visual language Miro developed once he hit France that would align him with the surrealists even though his work was far different from Dalí's.

The Spanish Civil War, from 1936 to 1939, devastated the country physically and psychologically. An event that resonated internationally was the bombing of Guernica, a Basque town, by the Germans with the approval of Gen. Francisco Franco, who was leading a rebellion against the government. Thousands of civilians were killed.

Spanish artists living in France responded, most notably Picasso, whose monumental Guernica is considered one of the greatest paintings in Western art, a devastating reproach to war and its horrors. Guernica, alas, is not part of this exhibition, but a series of small etchings and aquatints, based on the mural's figures, is.

The war was followed by Franco's 40-year dictatorship. Picasso never returned to Spain because of that. Dalí did, with great success, by ingratiating himself to Franco, which must have rankled many of his peers who worked in a repressive climate. Their interpretations of abstract expressionism, primarily an American movement given traction by European artists who fled during World War II, are somber and moving. And decidedly Spanish. You might have difficulty connecting Goya's powerful depictions of human misery with abstract slashes of dark paint. Yet Jose Guerrero's use of sunny yellows to mitigate a deep black references Goya's stubborn, fierce and definitely qualified optimism, a quality that seems to trail through centuries of art from the Iberian Peninsula.



Pablo Picasso's *Head of a Woman*, 1909

*"In order to acquire a growing and lasting respect in society, it is a good thing, if you possess great talent, to give, early in your youth, a very hard kick to the right shin of the society that you love. After that, be a snob."*



It's important to recognize that Spain is really several cultures that mostly coexist peacefully but cling to their own distinct territorial imperatives. As Plensa said in an interview at the museum, there are at least four Spanish languages, and those cultural distinctions sometimes seep into art.

In the 1970s, art coming out of Spain sometimes reflected the pop movement's cult of appropriation, but it had an earnestness, almost a heavy hand, its American counterparts lacked. That's understandable, since Spain was still in Franco's grip (he died in 1975). That era still produced some surprisingly fresh conceptual art, such as Pere Noguera's *Canon Packing Material Made in Japan*, a witty double-entendre using real and photographic images of packing strips that also look like noodles. But most of it, plucky and bold as it tries to be, seems to drift dispiritedly.

You turn a corner in the museum and come upon a prodigious display of contemporary art that announces itself like a detonated explosive. After years of wandering in an aesthetic desert, Spanish art has found its place again, in works as varied as Plensa's *Tattoo III* and Perejaume's *Altarpiece: Girona Township Theater*. Generalizations about such variety is a bad idea, but these artists seem to share an uncanny sense of the beautiful, a quality too often disavowed in contemporary art.

*Tattoo*, a sculpture of a man in a meditative pose, is massive, more than 7 feet tall. Unlike stone or metal sculptures, this one is translucent resin that glows with changing colors projected from inside his body. His skin is corrugated with words. It's a manipulation of the cliches we have about people -- seeing through them, seeing into them, looking skin deep, wearing one's heart on the sleeve, or in this case, on one's nose, cheek and thigh. It's both lyrical and grounded.

*Altarpiece* is a series of panels with mirrors on one side and photographs on the other that shows a progression of views inside and outside a theater. As we flip the mirrors, we get fragmented reflections of the photographed view, itself a fragment and a re-creation of the real thing. Its theatrical subject is also about creating illusions.

The contemporary art could stand on its own as an exhibition, which is a problem, if such an embarrassment of riches could ever be a problem. By the time you get to it, you may be tempted, especially if you have detoured into the Raymond James Community Room, where several fine videos are looping, to exit too quickly.

Please don't. For all its density, this is a remarkably coherent and thoughtful exhibition, ambitious but not overreaching.



## Annual Dali Museum Benefit Dinner Attracts Patrons From *The St. Petersburg Times*, by Mary Jane Park, 3/12/06

In tuxedos and ball gowns, patrons of the Salvador Dali Museum attended its annual benefit dinner on March 4, an experience where guests are seated at tables placed throughout the museum galleries and surrounded by Dali's extraordinary work. Even the floral arrangements and dessert are homages to the artist.

Longtime supporter William R. Hough is the 2006 recipient of the Morse Award from Tiffany & Co., named for museum co-founders Eleanor R. Morse and her late husband, Reynolds Morse. Hough and his wife, Hazel, who served on the gala committee, were traveling and were unable to attend.

Over lamb chops, grilled asparagus and a flourless chocolate confection, attendees couldn't stop talking about plans for a new building to house the collection. It is not a fait accompli, but leaders are confident it will take shape.



*Jaume Plensa's Tattoo, 2003*

*"I do not paint a portrait to look like the subject, rather does the person grow to look like his portrait."*



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## AUCTION NEWS



**Six Hommes-Brouettes, 1944 (pictured above)**  
Watercolor, pen & ink on paper  
Signed and dated  
Estimated: \$70,000- \$90,000  
Sold: \$216,000 Sotheby's, New York, May 4, 2006

**Le piano surrealiste, 1964**  
Bronze, black & gold patina, cast 1984, signed.  
Estimated: \$10,690 - \$14,253  
Sold: \$37,800 Christie's, London, April 5, 2006

**Atelier de 'l'artiste, 1947**  
Pencil, pen, brush, ink/paper  
Estimated: \$17,817 - \$26,725  
Sold: \$38,485 Christie's, London, April 5, 2006

**Le profil de temps, 1977**  
Bronze, green & gold patina, cast 1984, signed  
Estimated: \$10,690 - \$14,253  
Sold: \$28,863 Christie's, London, April 5, 2006

**Cheval a' Montre Moile , 1980**  
Bronze, green & gold patina, signed  
Estimated: \$10,690 - \$14,253  
Sold: \$37,800 Christie's, London, April 5, 2006

**Venus Spatiale, 1977 (pictured below)**  
Bronze, green & gold patina, cast 1984, signed  
Estimated: \$14,253 - \$21,380  
Sold: \$39,900 Christie's, London, April 5, 2006



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