

FINANCIAL TIMES

# HOW TO SPEND IT

SPRING  
ARTS ISSUE

29 FEBRUARY  
2020

## DONALD JUDD, *MARFA AND ME*

The making of an ART MECCA

PLUS \_\_\_\_\_ JOHN CURRIN, CHUCK PALAHNIUK, CAMILLE WALALA, JACK COULTER, CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN



LOUIS VUITTON



"CAMÉLIA" NECKLACE IN WHITE GOLD, RUBY AND DIAMONDS  
"CAMÉLIA" RING IN WHITE GOLD AND DIAMONDS

# CHANEL

HIGH JEWELLERY



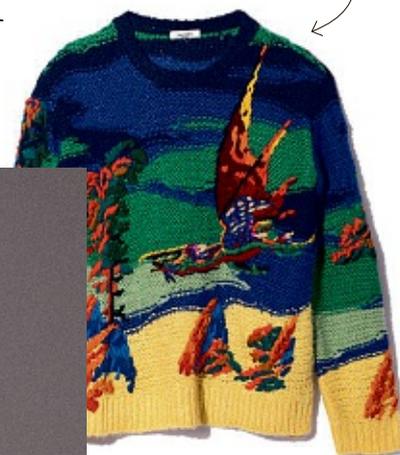


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# HOW TO SPEND IT

29 FEBRUARY 2020

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FRANCESCA GAVIN

Aside from a childhood interlude in LA and Woodstock, NY, Francesca is “a born and bred Londoner”. She has written six books on contemporary art and design, oversaw the Soho House art collection for seven years, co-curated Manifesta 11 and most recently put together *Mushrooms*, on show at Somerset House until 26 April. On page 42, she interviews the artist Jack Coulter, whose synaesthesia means he sees sounds as colours: “Talking to Jack was a strange pleasure,” she says. “I was aware my voice was having a visual effect in his mind, but I’m happy to report he said I gave off good colours and warm tones.”



CHUCK PALAHNIUK

Chuck wrote the short story that grew into the novel *Fight Club* while working as a truck mechanic in Portland, Oregon. He has since published 27 works of fiction and non-fiction, including graphic novels and colouring books. His latest book, *Consider This: Moments in My Writing Life After Which Everything Was Different* (Little Brown), is both a memoir and a meditation on the art of writing. “If you’re dedicated to being an author, nothing I can say here will stop you,” he writes. “But if you’re not, nothing I can say will make you one.” On page 78, he shares his passion for collecting skulls.



WILLIAM LUZ

The artist, whose swooshes of textured colour are now a regular feature of *How To Spend It*’s pages, was born in Stourbridge and is currently based in Plymouth. He has worked with Nike, Facebook, Aesop, the Barbican and the Hepworth Museum, and is one-third of *Nous Vous Collective*. On page 32 you’ll find a streak that might be a car-tyre track, and on pages 71-72, yellow crescents that could be bananas. Or something else entirely. As William says in his book *The Shape It Makes*, “abstract art can be whatever you want it to be, and it gently encourages a more playful and curious engagement with our visual world.”



WILLIAM JESS LAIRD

William is a photographer and documentary filmmaker from New York whose stunning photographs of Donald Judd’s work feature in “The Magic of Marfa” (page 36). He has been in thrall to the artist since childhood. “I saw Donald Judd’s work for the first time when I was eight and had travelled there with my parents. It wasn’t just something you looked at – it was a feeling; it was a world. The experience reoriented my understanding of what art could be, and became a model for what it meant to live a creative life. Revisiting Judd’s work in these photographs, trying to see it with fresh eyes, has been grounding.”



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I blame the dog for the fact that I have become a philistine. Seven years ago, pre-cockapoo, the art world lay before me like a giant snacking table of independent cinemas and galleries and dance shows and theatres and live-music venues. And then the dog arrived with its need for company and walks, and its insistence on lying on the sofa demanding to have its stomach rubbed while watching Netflix – and the opportunities for cultural outings started shrinking, shamefully, pathetically, ever smaller. I now consider it a great luxury to go to the cinema during dog-walking hours, or to attend breakfast previews of new shows on my way to work. Exhibitions come and go. I've given up on happenings.

Instead, the great outdoors has become my gallery: instead of walls, I must channel the spirit of the transcendentalists and marvel at the miracle of nature. It can be hard. I doubt Ralph Waldo Emerson would have been much inspired either if his muse had been a muddy Saturday on Wormwood Scrubs. Occasionally, however, great art and the natural world combine. Most weeks, the Henry Moore monolith at Kenwood House is about as close as I get to any art appreciation; and I always get a thrill from the ancient figures and Andy Goldsworthy-worthy hedgerow spirals marking the Icknield Way that trails the Chiltern Hills.

Perhaps that's why, like so many others, I am so fascinated by Marfa, the high-plains Texan outpost-turned-art mecca transformed by Donald Judd. The late minimalist sculptor is the subject of a giant retrospective at MoMA this spring, in which his work will be elevated to the loftiest of settings, but it's in the natural environment of the desert, with its massive vistas, molten sunlight and open borders, that the pieces truly shine.

Judd first visited Marfa in the 1970s, where he was inspired to plant a series of stunning outdoor installations so simple in style and execution that even a cockapoo could mark them. But Judd's influence has cast an even greater spell. In this arts issue of *How To Spend It*, Rima Suqi



describes the unique community that has evolved in tandem with the arts hub, and admires a cultural legacy that reverberates as widely as the artworks that Judd made (page 36).

Of course, you don't *have* to travel to have your artistic interests sated. I first encountered the Belfast-born painter Jack Coulter on Instagram, where he shares his kaleidoscopic visions with some 135k followers.

Untrained, in the classical sense of the word, Coulter has the rare condition of synaesthesia, and his paintings help articulate the cacophony of colour that accompanies his sensory experiences. His is a fascinating, singular and often overwhelming point of view – and one that is rapidly gaining commercial traction. His studio images, alongside Francesca Gavin's interview (page 42) provide a poignant portrait of the artist as a millennial provocateur.

Social media also forms the basis of another feature – six fine art feeds to follow (page 26). Instagram can be a fearsome time waster, even more consuming than a dog, but in the

hands of some curators it can become a thing of genius. Have you ever considered how many revolting images of the baby Jesus have been committed to canvas? Possibly not, but the people behind @gesubambinibrutti have amassed a collection that is quite hilariously grotesque. I also bow in admiration to the effort that goes into @artlexachung – the account that finds historic artworks that mirror the designer and fashion plate's own inimitable style.

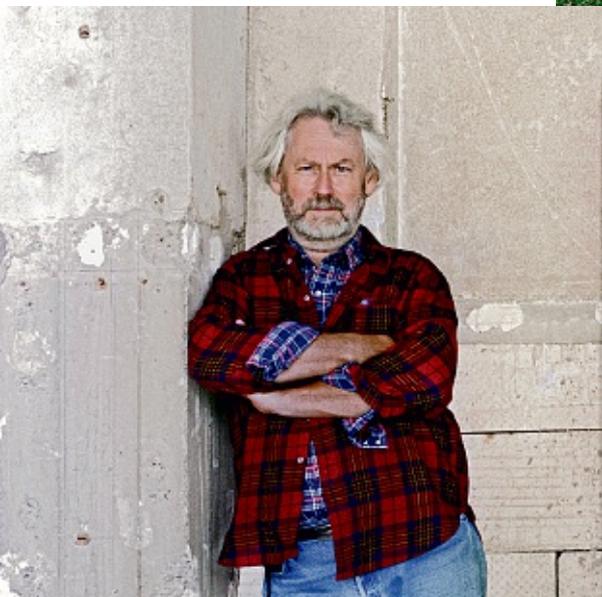
As such, I hope this arts issue has that same celebratory flavour. In my experience, the art world can often present as a strange and alien environment – full of fancy jargon and overbearing opinions. It can be terribly offputting. And yet, the good stuff is so good. It's why I adore Chuck Palahniuk's column about his skull collection (*How I Spend It*, page 78): an enlightening examination of a pure – and quite perverse – private passion. And Camille Walala, who describes her ambition to make the world a brighter place in *The Cause* (page 35). Walala's work is all about bringing colour to the world – and finding the joy. It's surely an artistic sentiment we can all appreciate – wherever we are.

@jellison22

I DOUBT RALPH WALDO EMERSON WOULD HAVE BEEN INSPIRED BY A MUDDY SATURDAY ON WORMWOOD SCRUBS



Above: spiralling hedgerows on the Icknield Way in the Chiltern Hills. Left: the late sculptor Donald Judd in 1993



PHOTOGRAPHS: DONALD JUDD, 1993, ARCHITECTURE STUDIO, JUDD FOUNDATION, MARFA, TEXAS. © LAURA WILSON

# OPENING SHOT



Lovers, 1993,  
by John Currin  
(oil on canvas,  
86.4cm x 71.1cm)

## JOHN CURRIN

Fêted for his portraits of women, the American artist examines his more masculine side in a new book

Best known for his kitsch, surreal and often provocative oil paintings of women, American artist John Currin focuses instead on depictions of his own gender in a book published next week. Titled *John Currin: Men*, the book intersperses essays from curator Alison M Gingeras, journalist Naomi Fry and the New York-based psychoanalyst Jamieson Webster with paintings and drawings that span the whole of Currin's 40-year career. They show that the artist has long been fascinated

by men and masculinity: men making pasta, men being fitted for suits, men naked and wielding fishing nets, men looking serious with beautiful women, as in his 1993 painting *Lovers* (pictured). But all is not (always) as it seems. Speaking in 2011, the artist said of his subjects: "If there's a reverse logic to my work, it's that the pictures of men are about men, and the pictures of women are about me." BAYA SIMONS  
*John Currin: Men* (Gagosian/Rizzoli) is out on 3 March

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# Nicole Berry

The executive director of New York's The Armory Show art fair lives for statement jewellery, snow globes and strong cheese, says *Victoria Woodcock*

PORTRAITS BY NICHOLAS CALCOTT

**MY PERSONAL STYLE SIGNIFIER** is my platinum pixie cut. I cut my hair short about seven years ago; it used to be red, but when I dyed it blonde people were like, "Oh my goodness, you can't go back." I also wear a lot of large statement jewellery, including a Murano glass necklace by two brothers with a studio in Venice, called Attombri; another I got in Bogotá, also in glass, by Lucette Mugnier.

**MY CURRENT ART CRUSH** is Derek Fordjour. I was first introduced to his work during his residency at Sugar Hill Children's Museum of Art & Storytelling in Harlem, in 2017; his immersive exhibition, *Parade*, was amazing. Since then he has exploded onto the scene and is now represented by Josh Lilley. He's an incredible talent, but also such a sweet person. It's always nice to see good people do well; I hope his star will continue to rise.

**THE ONE ARTIST WHOSE WORK I WOULD COLLECT IF I COULD** is Doris Salcedo. Her art deals with the trauma the Colombian people experienced in the civil war. It's powerful but beautiful. The first piece I saw, *Untitled*, was at Tate Liverpool; it stopped me in my tracks. The work, from 1998, is made up of an old armoire, its doors and drawer removed, and a chair inserted on its side. Salcedo fills the furniture with cement, giving it an almost tomb-like quality.

**THE BEST GIFT I'VE RECEIVED RECENTLY** is a gold bracelet from my parents. Each year before the fair, they have one made for me at a little jewellery store, Dell Fox, in Santa Fe, where they live. Last year's was engraved with "The Armory Show 2019" and had a diamond; another says, "Breathe deeply and appreciate the moment". I wear all of them on the opening day of the fair; they keep me grounded in the busyness.

**AN UNFORGETTABLE PLACE I'VE TRAVELLED TO IN THE PAST YEAR** is Australia. It was on my bucket list, and getting to drive the Great Ocean Road and see the Twelve Apostles did not disappoint at all. The natural beauty was breathtaking. We went to Melbourne and to Sydney, where we stayed at a cute boutique hotel called Little Albion. The location, in Surry Hills, was great for exploring the city. *Little Albion*, from \$306.

"THE FIRST DORIS SALCEDO PIECE I SAW – OF FURNITURE FILLED WITH CEMENT – STOPPED ME IN MY TRACKS"

**THE BEAUTY STAPLES I'M NEVER WITHOUT** are Laura Mercier Tinted Moisturizer, Diorshow mascara and my MAC red lipstick, Viva Glam I. Mascara and red lipstick are often all I need. *Dior Diorshow Mascara*, £28. *Laura Mercier Tinted Moisturizer*, from \$46. *MAC Viva Glam I Lipstick*, £17.50.

**IF I DIDN'T LIVE IN NEW YORK, THE CITY I WOULD LIVE IN** is London. I lived there for a short time, when I was an intern at Sotheby's. I love Hyde Park and Fortnum & Mason, and there are so many great galleries: Victoria Miro, Simon Lee, Josh Lilley and Richard Saltoun, to name a few – all exhibiting at The Armory. And then there are the institutions like the Barbican, and smaller non-profits like Parasol Unit, whose wonderful exhibitions I always try to get to. There is something so civilised about London. I always stay at Dean Street Townhouse – they treat me like family. *Dean Street Townhouse*, from £150.

**THE BEST BOOK I'VE READ IN THE PAST YEAR** is *Finding Your True North* by Bill George, a businessman and Harvard Business School professor. I read it before a leadership conference at 1440 Multiversity – a truly innovative non-profit learning centre in northern California, named after the number of minutes in a day. I thought I'd simply build a skillset to bring back to my team, but it was so much more. I gained many professional and personal insights.

**AND THE ONE I CAN'T WAIT TO READ** is *Hold Still*, the memoir of photographer Sally Mann. I saw her recent show at the High museum in Atlanta, which was unbelievable.

**THE LAST THING I BOUGHT AND LOVED** was a piece of art from the 1-54 Contemporary African Art Fair by Sudanese painter Ibrahim El-Salahi, from his *Pain Relief* series. He's nearly 90 and has chronic back pain, and he did this series of small drawings on his medication packaging. The act of drawing takes his focus off the pain. It's very moving.

From top: Nicole Berry in her New York home. MAC Viva Glam I lipstick, £17.50. Bracelets given to Berry by her parents. Her *Pain Relief* art by Ibrahim El-Salahi



## THE AESTHETE



Above: Alexander Wang Rockie bag, £272, from [vestiairecollective.com](http://vestiairecollective.com). Below: Berry's bedroom with an artwork by Nohemí Pérez



Berry's snow-globe collection. Right: *Hold Still* by Sally Mann. Below: a tote from Murray's cheese store



**AND ON MY WISHLIST** is an Isamu Noguchi coffee table – the sculptural glass-topped style – for my new apartment in New York. I also have my eye on a past-season Alexander Wang Rockie bag. I have wanted one for a while; perhaps it will be my gift to myself after the fair this year. *Table*, from \$1,895.

**MY FAVOURITE ROOM IN MY HOUSE** is my bedroom. After visiting fairs and exhibitions around the world, it's always nice to come home to my bed and be surrounded by my own artwork. I have a beautiful artwork of an endangered plant by Colombian artist Nohemí Pérez: the simple beauty of the charcoal on raw linen with pink flowers overwhelms me every time I see it. Another favourite is by Maxwell Alexandre, whose paintings of everyday life in the Rio favelas have great personality and vibrancy.

**THE BEST SOUVENIRS I'VE BROUGHT HOME** are snow globes. I bring one back from every trip and now have about 30, much to my partner's chagrin. It started with a beautiful one from Venice of the Rialto Bridge, but now I tend to go for the kitschest version I can find – like a genie in a lamp from Istanbul. People want to give them to me, but that doesn't count; I have to purchase it from that place and go through the ordeal of getting it home. One from the Vienna Secession was nearly confiscated because I left it in my carry-on, and I brought another back from Madrid, put my bag down at my front door, and... well. The challenge is absolutely part of the process.

**AN OBJECT I WOULD NEVER PART WITH** is my diamond and gold ring by Ruth Tomlinson, the London-based jewellery designer who makes handcrafted, unique pieces. My partner, Bruce, gave it to me for our fifth anniversary and I never take it off.

**MY STYLE ICON** is a combination of Lauren Bacall and Cate Blanchett. Bacall, like Blanchett, was not afraid to take risks, but also balanced that masculine/feminine quality very well. They both make pants and a blouse look very sexy, but in a unique way. There's one image of Lauren Bacall in a puffy-sleeved shirt where she looks just stunning. I also admire Iris Apfel for the way she wears big jewellery.

**THE LAST MUSIC I LISTENED TO** was *The Beautiful Ones* by Prince. I miss him. He was a musical genius.

**MY FAVOURITE APPS** are *New York* magazine, which I read cover to cover; See Saw, an app of gallery listings in New York and other cities that is very handy; and Headspace for meditation.

**IN MY FRIDGE YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND** Cashewgurt – a dairy-free alternative to yoghurt – fresh berries, champagne and some good cheese. I love getting new local cheeses from Union Square Greenmarket or the speciality-cheese shop Murray's. Morbier and Oma are two of my favourites – the stinkier the better.

**IF I WEREN'T DOING WHAT I DO, I WOULD** be an actress or a dancer. When I was young, I took ballet and jazz lessons and dreamt of being on a television show called *Solid Gold*.

**A RECENT "FIND"** is Chalait, a matcha café in my new neighbourhood on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. I'm addicted to matcha lattes and this is my new spot. They serve coffee, too, but that's not my thing.

**INDULGENCES I WOULD NEVER FORGO** are massages at The Well and yoga at YogaMaya studio in New York. It's not for everyone because it's very calm. Initially, I thought it was too slow, not athletic enough – but in a city like New York, I need that calming influence.

**THE LAST ITEM OF CLOTHING I ADDED TO MY WARDROBE** was a vintage Dior coat that I found in Amsterdam, in La Doyenne Vintage. I love it. It's black, long, double-breasted, and fits me like a glove. I also bought an outfit from the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago while the Virgil Abloh show was on. It's going to make quite an impression. It's a suit in an off-white silky material by Planet by Lauren G, with a short-sleeved jacket and these fabulous wide-legged pants. It's fancy but comfortable; I think I'll feel like I'm wearing pyjamas.

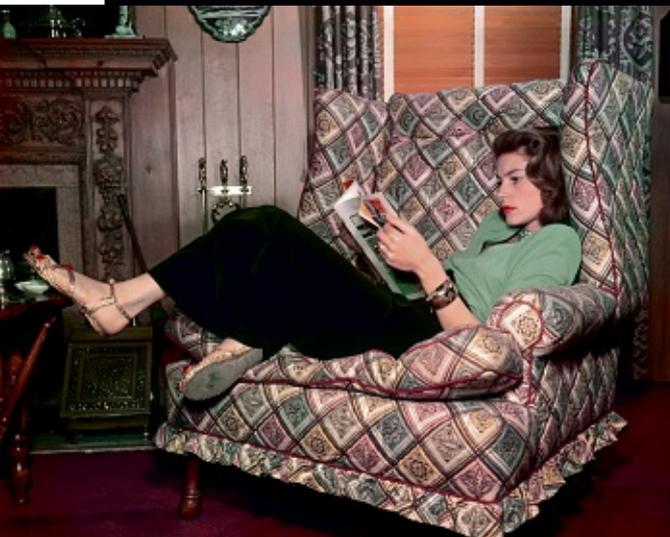
**MY BEAUTY GURUS** are Bonnie and Melissa, who cut and colour my hair. When I was living in Chicago, I found a salon that I love, Marianne Strokirk – in fact, Marianne is a collector herself – and have stuck with them. With short hair, you can't hide a bad haircut, so, yes, I fly to Chicago and get my hair done, but my partner is also there currently, and so is my dog. ■ **HTSI**  
*The Armory Show runs from March 5 to 8; [thearmoryshow.com](http://thearmoryshow.com)*



"I BRING A SNOW GLOBE BACK FROM EVERY TRIP, AND GO FOR THE KITSCHTEST VERSION I CAN FIND – LIKE A GENIE IN A LAMP FROM ISTANBUL"



Clockwise from left: Lauren Bacall, one of Berry's style icons. Berry's gold and diamond ring by Ruth Tomlinson. Statement jewellery is her style signifier. Right: Diorshow Iconic Overcurl mascara, £28 – another of Berry's beauty staples





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# THE FIX



FASHION

## SOLE SUBVERSION

As a new Christian Louboutin retrospective opens, *Lucia van der Post* charts how fashion has always had a thing for feet

Shoes hold a special place in the heart of many women. Mimi Pond, in her 1985 humorous look at the subject, *Shoes Never Lie*, put it like this: “Shoes are totems of Disembodied Lust. They are candy for the eyes, poetry for the feet, icing on your soul. They stand for everything you’ve ever wanted: glamour, success, a rapier-like wit, a date with the Sex God of your choice... They seem to have the magic

power to make you into someone else, someone without skin problems, someone without thin hair, someone without a horsey laugh. And they do.”

While she used the heightened language of the essayist, any woman who has ever stepped into a pair of high-heeled masterpieces will know exactly what she means. High heels, after all, have nothing to do with practicality and are all about allure. More than any other piece of clothing or accessory, they have become the focus of art, satire, museum exhibitions and films.

This fascination is fully examined in a major retrospective exploring Christian Louboutin’s universe and the things that formed his eye. *L’Exhibition[niste]*, which runs until 26 July at the Palais de la Porte Dorée in Paris, displays past and current designs – including some never seen before – as well as objects highlighting the sources of his inspiration, including stained-glass works produced in the workshops of the Maison du Vitrail, a Bhutanese wooden theatre, jewellery, textiles and giant wooden columns, as well as collaborations with a variety of artists he admires. There is also a section devoted to Louboutin’s

collaboration with the filmmaker David Lynch, reprising their partnership in 2007 for a photographic exhibition called *Fetish*, and a room full of his most iconic pieces, including his Ballerina Ultima heel, the Pensée (which sports a flower on the side and was worn by Princess Caroline of Monaco at the 1995 Bal de la Rose), and the extremely high Pigalle (beloved by Kate Moss).

Fabrizio Viti, who launched his eponymous shoe line in 2016 and who currently oversees women’s shoes with Nicolas Ghesquière at Louis Vuitton, remembers the cultural shift that Louboutin’s skyscrapers brought about. “I was working at Prada when the Pigalle launched in 2004,” he recalls of the designer’s 120mm stiletto. “It wasn’t so much that it was so high, which it was; it was that it thrust the foot forward in the shoe and re-centred the heel so that the foot would really arch. At the time, Prada didn’t really do any significantly high heels, but that fetish element was very influential – and commercially successful. We started making higher heels from that point on.”

Above: Louboutin’s 130mm-heel, 22ct-gold Zuleika Regina shoes, made for his spring/summer 2019 couture show. Below: his sketch for his 2014 Ballerina Ultima heels





Left: a 1975 Helmut Newton shot from his 1999 book *SUMO*. Above: Louboutin's sketch for his Pensée shoes, as featured in *L'Exhibition[niste]*

accessory. He fully buys into the notion of their power to transform and is just as obsessed with their erotic force. "So much power is packed into such a small package," he says. He first became

preoccupied with their symbolism as a small boy when he visited the Palais de la Porte Dorée, which was around the corner from where he lived, and came upon a sign that had a drawing of a high-heeled shoe crossed out, indicating they were forbidden. From then on, he drew shoes obsessively. "I was drawing shoes all the time," he says, "but I had no idea it could ever turn into a job."

**THERE ARE MANY MORE DESIGNERS** who are fascinated with the potency of the high heel. Those who have observed Manolo Blahnik's work closely generally acknowledge that many of his designs contain an element of fetishism. As André Leon Talley, the well-known American fashion journalist, put it: "When he does a black shoe with a chain, it's certainly a bondage shoe, but it's always a bondage shoe with elegance."

Historically, few designers have dabbled so extensively in the imagery of erotica as Alexander McQueen, who used spikes and studs, glitter, lacing and hints of bondage, combined with vertiginously high heels, to create some of the most extraordinary shoes on the planet. Saint Laurent (remember the famous caged boot?) is another house that still embraces the stiletto's seductive allure. And Christopher Kane is particularly fond of injecting a hint of kinkiness into almost anything he creates.

It's interesting, though, to speak to Charlotte Dellal, the designer behind Charlotte Olympia, about how a female designer approaches footwear and fetish. "When I'm designing, I am probably thinking more about how a woman feels when wearing them, rather than as a voyeur," she says. "I think I – and possibly other women designers – usually take a more playful approach than an outright erotic one. That said, I have often used bondage or fetish symbols in my designs."

Edoardo Caovilla, the third generation to head up the family firm René Caovilla, thinks that "a combination of elegance and sexiness is the name of the game". But no matter which designer you speak to, all acknowledge the same thing – it is the arch of the foot that lends the frisson of kinkiness to a design. And offers us a chance to strut a little stronger, to feel that bit more glamorous – and to dream. ■ HTSI



SAINT LAURENT, £1,140



CHRISTOPHER KANE, £695



ALEXANDER McQUEEN, £780



MANOLO BLAHNIK, £575



RENÉ CAOVILLA, £790



FABRIZIO VITI, £530



CHARLOTTE OLYMPIA, £625, from matchesfashion.com

For his autumn/winter collection, Viti has unveiled a 110mm heel for his own brand. It has a higher "throat" (Viti prefers not to see toe cleavage) to lend it a more "dominatrix" look. "Women can wear whatever they want, when they want," he says of his first major heel. "I don't try to do shoes as a fetish object. There's something that could be seen as fetish in my design, but it's not my ultimate goal. I don't like women to be objectified. But if they want to be an object, I'm very happy!"

Artists have long explored the shoe as fetish object. Andy Warhol was obsessed – he first drew them simply as fashion illustrations, but they became the focus of a series of famously sought-after screen prints in the 1980s. Helmut Newton frequently fetishised high heels in his photography, as documented in *SUMO*, a new 20th-anniversary version of his 1999 tome.

Allen Jones says his interest was primarily personal: "I'm one section of the male population that finds the leg and the high heel very attractive – there's just something about the arched foot. When I did my series in the 1960s, high heels were totally out of fashion and that was exactly why I was

interested in them. At the time, representative art of the sort by Fragonard or Boucher wasn't in vogue and abstract art was all the rage, but I was interested in doing representative art using a

new language – the language of popular culture. I took my imagery from strip cartoons and *Ruggles* comic strips."

Feet and shoes feature in many of our most powerful myths and fairytales, from *Cinderella* and *Puss in Boots* to *The Red Shoes* and *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Modern-day social anthropologists often trace the popularity of high heels to the rise of "stiletto feminism", which encompasses both traditional femininity and power – think of Carine Roitfeld and her fondness for bondage stilettos. As one of the greatest shoe designers, the French-born André Perugia, puts it: "Almost every woman is not only conscious of her feet, but sex-conscious about them." Certainly, for Louboutin heels are much more than mere

**IT IS THE ARCH OF THE FOOT THAT LENDS A FRISSON OF KINKINESS TO A DESIGN**

TREND

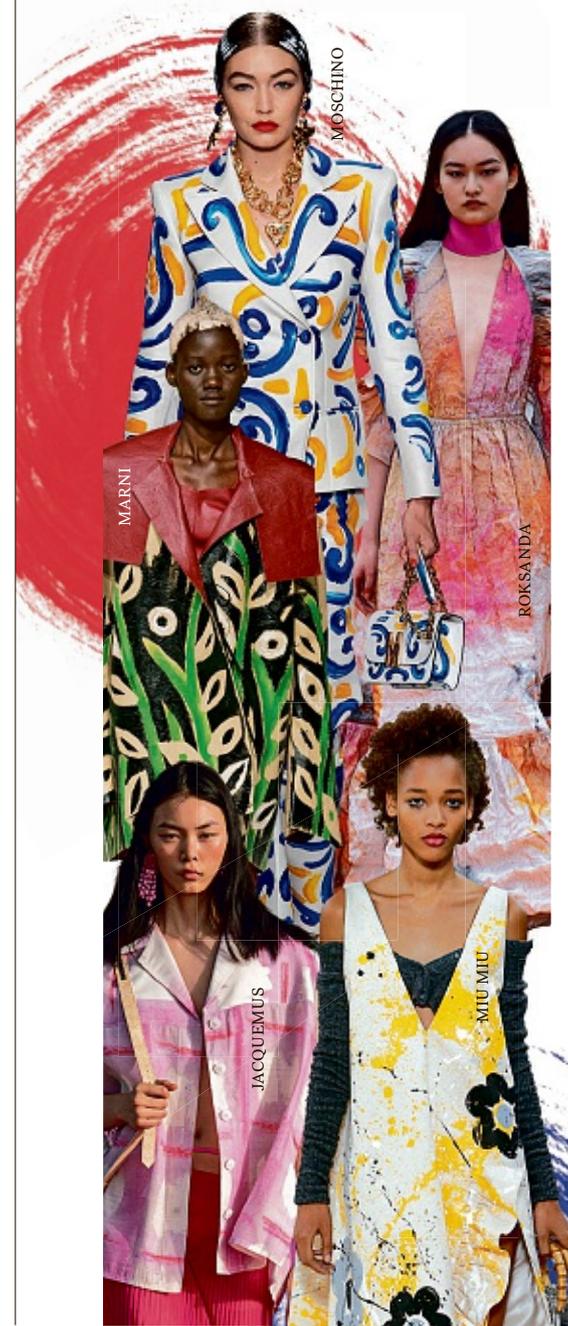
**Brush hour**

These painterly looks make an exhibition of themselves, says *Rosanna Dodds*

It was Rembrandt, in his later paintings, who became one of the first to play with visible brushstrokes. Two hundred years later, the impressionists caught on. Now the brushstroke has resurfaced in the spring/summer collections, imprinting fashion with all sorts of creative marks. At Marni, Francesco Risso offered cotton canvas jackets, skirts and dresses with fauvist dashes of colour, worn by models whose hair was slicked back with white paint. "The brushstroke evokes the urgency for creative expression," says Risso. "Every garment is a canvas." There was more paint-flecked hair at Moschino, where creative director Jeremy Scott took Picasso as his muse to create paint-daubed suits and dresses.

Miuccia Prada had Jackson Pollock on her mind, made manifest at Miu Miu in colourful canvas splatters and handpainted flowers. Equally liberated was Simon Porte Jacquemus, who channelled Rothko with thick square daubs.

But not all designers played with isolated strokes. At Diane von Furstenberg they swirled Van Gogh-style on a jacket and dress; Japanese label Toga conjured the crosshatch of Cézanne's *Sous-Bois* studies; and Roksanda Ilincic opted for gowns inspired by the abstract works of American painter Mary Weatherford. ■ HTSI



PHOTOGRAPHS: VILLA D'ESTE, LAKE COMO, ITALY, 1975 FROM HELMUT NEWTON; *SUMO* - 20TH ANNIVERSARY (TASCHEN); © THE HELMUT NEWTON ESTATE/MACONOCHE FILM & PHOTOGRAPHY LTD. © COURTESY OF CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN; ILLUSTRATION: WILLIAM LUZ



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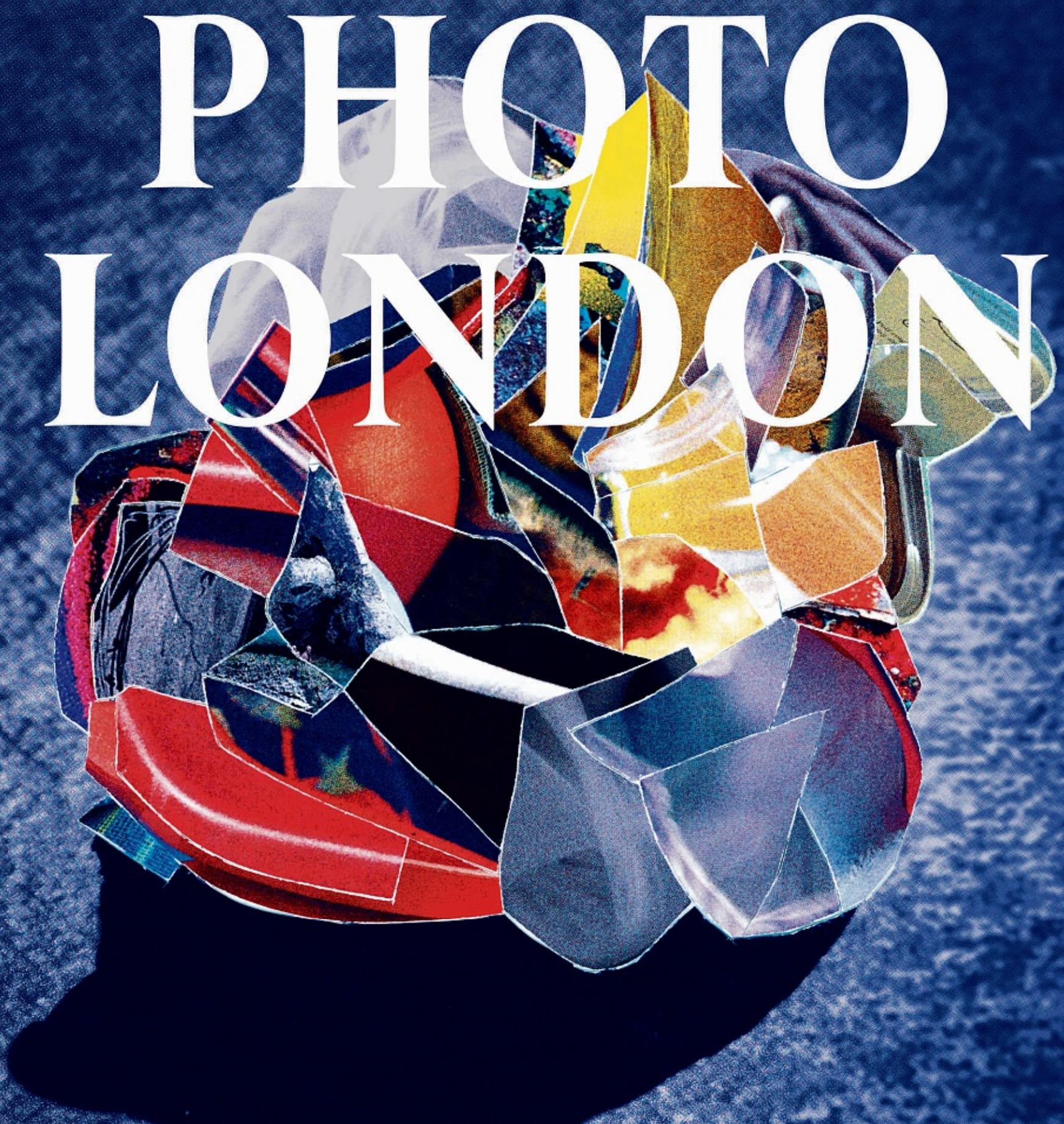
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DESIGN

# BEHIND THE *IT* VASE

Aimee Farrell writes an ode to a fashion icon as the humble flower pot becomes highly covetable sculpture

ROKSANDA Vase  
34, £1,380, from  
matchesfashion.com



Could the vase be the ultimate ornament of the digital age? In a moment when our lifestyles are distilled into tableaux, curated to fill social-media feeds, it lends instant visual swagger. A flower-filled vase takes centre stage at fashion dinners through the stylised medium of the “tablescape”; at home, it communicates creative flair and artisanal tastes and – unlike wallpaper or upholstery – offers a chance to experiment in a non-committal way (tire of one, and it can effortlessly be replaced). No wonder the vogue of the vase is in full swing.

“These days fashionable tastes apply to customers’ homes as much as they do to clothes,” says Natalie Kingham, fashion and buying director at Matchesfashion.com. “A vase can be a really easy way to update a room, and with artist collaboration pieces it’s like buying a piece of art or sculpture.”

Forget the It bag, this is the age of the It vase. A love of pots, says Kingham, runs in tandem with fashion’s love of flowers and floristry – at both ends of the price spectrum. A £45 Bud vase by the American ceramic artist Jessica Hans is just as likely to sell out as Roksanda Ilincic’s limited-edition painterly urn, designed in collaboration with Linck Ceramics and Nick Vinson, priced at £1,380.

Ilincic is not the only fashion designer championing the vase. For autumn/winter 2019, Jonathan Anderson devoted a Loewe capsule collection to the British Arts and Crafts ceramicist William De Morgan. The Persian-inspired motifs, informed by tiles and pots, embellished everything from trench coats to trousers and totes, and campaign imagery saw models pose alongside original decorative urns from the De Morgan Foundation (Anderson is a well-known vessel obsessive, scouring auction houses for serious finds).

When the French fashion designer Simon Porte Jacquemus opened his second restaurant Oursin inside Galeries Lafayette Champs-Élysées in Paris last September, he decked the simple whitewashed interior with dozens of ceramic vessels placed within alcoves in the walls. Oursin is as much a miniature ode to the urn as it is an epicurean destination. On show are

**“THE CURVES RESEMBLE THE WAIST AND HIPS OF A WOMAN”**

alongside original decorative urns from the De Morgan Foundation (Anderson is a well-known vessel obsessive, scouring auction houses for serious finds).



COMPLETED WORKS x Ekaterina Bazhenova Yamasaki Banned Book No 2 vase, £221



MICHAEL VERHEYDEN marble Buzze vase, £850, from matchesfashion.com



From top: ANISSA KERMICHE with her Love Handles vase, £340, from conranshop.co.uk. Simon Porte Jacquemus’s Oursin restaurant in Paris is an ode to the urn. SUZANNE RAMIE vase, 1956, POA, from thomasfritsch.fr



the sinewy, textural creations of the Italian ceramicist Paola Paronetto (crafted from a blend of paper and clay), chic leather vessels by the French studio Forget Me Not and the playful, cartoon-like forms of Yuko Nishikawa.

Most of the pieces were sourced at 1,000 Vases, an itinerant exhibition that celebrates the form on a monumental scale. After visiting the first iteration in Paris in 2018, Jacquemus was similarly inspired to decorate his newly refurbished office with three pieces from artists who had exhibited at the show, and last November even offered a curated selection at his 10th anniversary archive sale, dubbed La Braderie, displayed alongside oversized sun hats and colourful Le Chiquito bags.

So why is fashion so enamoured with the vase? “It’s a very immediate symbol,” says Francesco Pirrello, the Milan-born, Paris-based co-creator of 1,000 Vases, which sees designers, furniture-makers and ceramicists offer their take on the form.





Clockwise from left: LA DOUBLEJ's decorative vases, from £300. L'OBJET x Haas Brothers Mojave vase, £510, from matches fashion.com. LOEWE's a/w 19 capsule collection was inspired by William De Morgan. JESSICA HANS Juicy Fruit Bud vase, £105, from matchesfashion.com



"It's an object that everyone can understand without explanation, and for artists it's a flag showcasing their style." To date, the exhibition has travelled from Paris to Dubai and back – each time with an entirely new roster of vessels. Its next stop will be Superstudio Più in Milan, coinciding with the Salone del Mobile furniture fair in April. Pieces can be secured for as little as €50, but for Pirrello the secret of the show's success is its scale. "It's like viewing a huge crowd at a concert," he says

**"YOU CAN BUY A REAL MASTERPIECE FOR €10,000"**

of the spectacle. "En masse you suddenly feel the diversity and the richness of the designs."

Pirrello is passionate about the value of the vase as a medium for artistic expression. "It's not just a trend of the moment – as a form it's timeless, in the same way that the lines of an Egyptian vase have the power to represent the past."

Certainly, the vase has a long and storied history. The decoration of ancient Greek urns has been the subject of decades of academic study – and the source of Keats' poetic assertion that "beauty is truth, truth beauty". Later, the pot became a passion project for contemporary artists such as Cocteau, Chagall and Picasso. According to Left Bank gallerist Thomas Fritsch, an expert in postwar French ceramics, these artists spawned a revival.

"Perceptions of the vase have completely changed over the past 50 years or more," he says. "They were designed as functional objects, but thanks in part to artists like Picasso they're now perceived more as sculpture." The sheer proliferation of vases also makes them one of the biggest markets for collectors, he adds.

"There are so many styles that you get a complete range of creativity. The prices are much more affordable compared to a painting – you can buy a real masterpiece for €10,000."

Alongside highly sought-after creations by ceramic masters such as Georges Jouve, Fritsch offers the work of Suzanne Ramié.

It was Ramié (co-founder of the Madoura pottery factory close to Antibes in France) whose skilful hands shaped the ceramics of Picasso. The single-minded Spanish artist wanted her to work exclusively for him – she refused. Her own bright, bold designs are a lasting testament to that blazing spirit – and a symbol of the marriage of art and craft that underpins the vase.

Modern collectibles in the making can be found among the collections of jewellery innovators – their creativity finding fresh form in contemporary ceramics.

Completedworks' sculptural aesthetic spans both mediums. Its organic vessels – which fold, twist and contort in the same way as its jewels – are created to spark wider conversations about history, politics and the human condition.

But the last word must surely go to London-based French-Algerian jeweller Anissa Kermiche, whose provocative Love Handles vase – referencing the figurative forms of Brancusi and Botero and the humanistic, often humorous, elements of Picasso's ceramics – was an instant Instagram hit. "I like finding the human side in every object. When you look at a classical vase, the



curves resemble the waist and hips of a woman," she says. "People are often lost when they decide to invest in art, but want something different for their home. This appeals, as it's accessible and daring. People tell me it brings life to their room. They've sold in their thousands and people can't seem to get enough." ■HTSI

#ARTSTAGRAM

## Six art feeds to follow

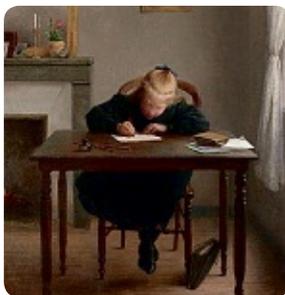
Accounts to educate and titillate your insta-life. By Marianna Giusti



**@artlexachung** 84.9K  
Masterminded by Zaragoza sisters María and Beatriz Valdovín, Art-lexa Chung pairs images of the British designer and fashion plate with disparate, yet eerily resemblant, artworks – and features works by everyone from Renoir and Modigliani to Picasso and Damien Hirst. Chung is a fan herself and regularly reposts pictures from the account.



**@charlottedicarcaci** 65.8K  
"People focus on the faces in paintings, but if you look at the details you will find an incredible richness of beauty," says Charlotte di Carcaci. The Chelsea-based jeweller, and former columnist for *T Magazine*, showcases her obsession with the trinkets, embroideries and fabrics that feature in masterpieces, from the Tudor era to the late 19th century.



**@imagined\_interiors** 50.8K  
The project of Fernanda Pinto-Basto, an art history PhD who wrote her thesis on interiors in art history. Her feed features contemplative domestic scenes from the Flemish masters and 18th- and 19th-century European artists, and her posts offer decor inspiration and history lessons along with profoundly soothing images.



**@titsfromthepast** 19.7K  
"We share fine art nipples" announces this provocative account's mission to "free the nipple" of art history. The impressive range of breasts, cropped from baroque, Flemish, neoclassical and renaissance paintings, offers an alternative education in art history with detailed captions – striving to appeal to the body-positive rather than the voyeur.



**@cmbynmonet** 58.4K  
Call Me By Monet is the brilliant hybrid art project of Mika Labrague from the Philippines, who superimposes stills of *Call Me By Your Name's* Elio and Oliver – the lovers played by Timothée Chalamet and Armie Hammer in the film – over Monet's sunlit landscapes. Her radiant photomontages are available to buy as prints at villacapriart.com.



**@gesubambinibrutti** 28.4K  
"One day, at the Uffizi, we realised that almost all baby Jesuses in paintings look funny," say Giulia and Maria Laura, two Florence-based friends with a passion for Christian art. "We then started to take pictures of all ugly baby Jesuses we found." Today, the duo are sent examples of #gbb's by art academics from around the world – "ugly Jesuses are everywhere!"

PHOTOGRAPH: GETTY; FROM LEFT: MADAME CHARLES MAX, GIOVANNI BOLDINI, RMN-GRAND PALAIS, MUSEE D'ORSAY, PARIS; HERVÉ LEWANDOWSKI, AN UNKNOWN NOBLEWOMAN, GILLIS CLAEISSENS, COURTESY OF THE WEISS GALLERY; FILLETTE REDIGEANT SES DEVOIRS, LOUISE MERCIER, COURTESY OF SOTHEBY'S, LONDON; OPEN HOUSE, PAOLO GADIANO, PRIVATE COLLECTION; MADONNA COL BAMBINO IN PIEDI SUL DAVANZALE, SATURNINO GATTI, COLLEZIONE BPER BANCA; CALL ME BY MONET, COURTESY OF MIKA LABRAGUE

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Bee Goddess ring, £3,080

Berluti shirt, £900

Hermès Brides de Gala wash scarf, print by Hugo Grygkar and Rop van Mierlo, £385

Alice Made This x Jessica Rose Bird cufflinks, £210

Dior x Wang Guangle bag, £5,400

Pont des Arts wine, £49

Arne Jacobsen Ant Deco Silhouette chair, reimagined by Krista Rosenkilde, £380

Hublot x Carlos Cruz-Diez watch, £10,700

SHOPPING

# ART HOUSE

From wardrobe to wine cellar, these creative collaborations really sing. *By Clara Baldock and Raphaëlle Helmore*

Valentino x Roger Dean jumper, £1,550

Lalique Art x Arik Levy Rockstone 40 Chapter 2, £19,000

Delvaux x Magritte Foundation bag, £750

John Booth x Floor\_Story rug (160cm x 230cm), £3,500

Lladró x Ricardo Cavolo limited-edition figurine, £2,200, harrods.com

Victoria + Albert x Orodè Deoro bath, £14,500

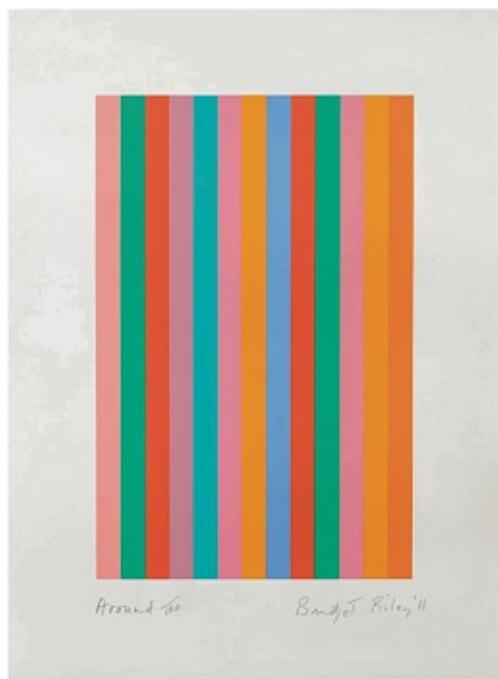


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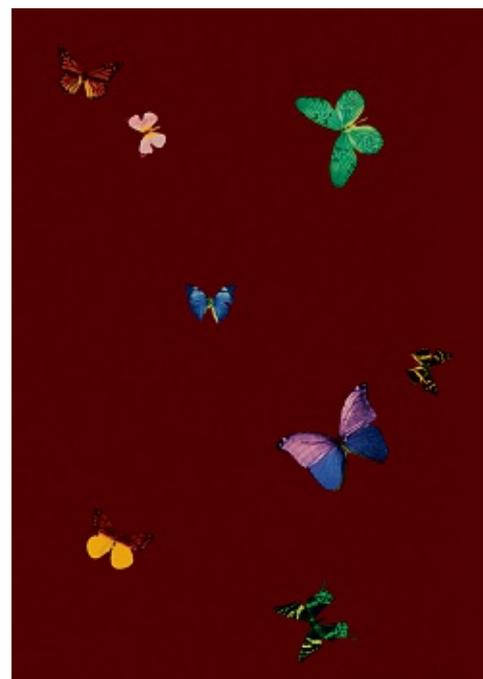
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**Bridget Riley (b.1931)**  
*Around*  
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# Distressed TO IMPRESS

The tattered bodies of these “derelict” cars are designed to hide a masterpiece within. By *Simon de Burton*



## ICON 1952 CHEVY STYLELINE COUPE (above left)

**Engine:** 6.2 litre V8 petrol injection  
**0-60mph:** 5.5 seconds  
**Tech:** electric windows

## ICON 1951 DESOTO (above right)

**Engine:** 6.1 litre V8  
**0-60mph:** 6 seconds  
**Tech:** horn is a repurposed second world war ambulance siren

If you're the type who judges a book by its cover, you probably wouldn't have thought much of lot 116 when it crossed the block at RM Sotheby's Aston Martin auction in Monterey last summer. A 1957 DB2/4 MkII, it had lost all its exterior paintwork and the bits of its aluminium body that hadn't been repaired with crudely applied patches were dented and pockmarked. Inside, the tale of neglect continued: bubbling varnish, cracked and missing veneer, the odd absent switch, leather upholstery erupting with the veins of wear and a boot lined by ragged carpet.

For those who cared to delve a little deeper, however, there was more to this 63-year-old warrior than met the eye – because beneath the skin, all the parts that enabled it to go and stop were as good as new.

The car was discovered in the California desert by enthusiast Don Rose. It had been abandoned mid-rebuild by its British expat owner but, rather than go down the conventional restoration route, Rose chose to have all the DB2/4's mechanicals returned to A1 condition while leaving the heavily patinated body and interior untouched in an automotive take on “shabby chic”. It was an idea that the bidders at RM Sotheby's seemed to appreciate – the car sold for \$302,000.

Such a treatment was more or less unheard of when the classic scene first took off during the mid-1980s, bringing a rash of restorations (especially in the US) that saw cars

emerging looking far shinier than they ever did, with inch-thick chrome and interiors almost too perfect to sit in.

But in recent years the appeal of originality has come to the fore and major *concoeurs d'élégance* shows – events at which owners have traditionally competed to field the most meticulously presented vehicles – now frequently include a “preservation class” for cars that are well maintained and fully drivable but retain their time-worn look inside and out.

As one pundit in the business told me: “People have finally begun to realise an object can only be old once – as soon as you restore anything, be it a car, a piece of furniture, a watch or a house, you take away an inherent character that is often key to its appeal.”

That said, a thriving industry now exists for “adding” patina to a perhaps over-restored classic, with specialists chemically treating metal parts to accelerate ageing, artificially crazing varnish to give the impression of sun damage and even creating fake “rust patches” using clever paint techniques.

But one man has taken the idea of a beaten-up old car being more than the sum of its apparently rotting parts to an

Below: the Icon 1951 DeSoto's dashboard.  
Bottom: inside an Icon 1958 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud





From top: interior of the 1957 Aston Martin DB2/4 MkII sold at RM Sotheby's. Icon 1948 Buick Super Convertible. An Icon Derelict emblem

entirely new level. Former film and TV actor Jonathan Ward decided to pursue his lifelong passion for cars by setting up a company called TLC in 1996 that specialises in restoring and lightly modifying examples of Toyota's classic FJ Land Cruiser from the 1960s and '70s.

Ward launched a second brand, Icon4x4, in 2006, which – in addition to making new production cars based on Toyota Land Cruisers, Ford Broncos and Chevy Thriftmaster Pickups – reimagines classic cars, from 1950s Chevys to Land Rovers and Rolls-Royces. While the distinctive exterior styling of these vehicles is retained, everything beneath the carapace is rebuilt for regular use in the 21st century – from chassis, brakes, suspension and steering to engine, transmission, interior and gadgets.

**THE JOURNEY TO ICON BEGAN IN 2004**, when he found a rusty and unloved 1951 Chrysler Town and Country station wagon languishing in a backyard in the down-trodden Pacoima suburb of Los Angeles.

"I had a bad habit of restoring my own cars to the point that they were too nice to actually use, so I thought I would buy the Chrysler, leave its beaten-up bodywork and turn it into the perfect family vehicle for carrying the kids and dogs and for taking us surfing and antiquing," he says.

But then he realised the potential for mechanically upgrading the car using the methods he employed with the

Land Cruisers, while leaving the shabby bodywork untouched to create the perfect "rat rod" (that is, something that looks beat-up but goes like the clappers).

Ward later built an all-new, stronger and more rigid chassis to which he fitted competition-grade Wilwood brakes, modern suspension and a 6.1-litre V8 engine and a transmission new from Chrysler. He

put the patinated body back on top, replacing the Chrysler front end with a more elegant one from a vintage DeSoto. Inside, the apparently original instruments contain modern electronics: air-conditioning, a high-end stereo, Bluetooth phone connectivity and a steering wheel mounted to a safety-enhancing collapsible column.

The original textile upholstery, which was too far gone when Ward acquired the car, has been perfectly replicated – but the interior chromework (never especially dazzling because it dates from the Korean war era when materials were in short supply) has been left in its natural state.

"I'm interested in the fact that we have been diverted by the convenience of modern cars, but they generally have no personality – and there didn't seem to be anyone else who was combining the charm of classic models with the reliability and ease of use of current ones," he says.



Once on the road, the car soon "started to get a lot of love" – so it wasn't long before it appeared on the cover of *Hot Rod* magazine, prompting an 11-minute slot on the cult YouTube show *Jay Leno's Garage*, in which the car-mad former talk-show host enthused about the performance and ride of the distressed-looking wagon – even pitting it against a high-performance Mercedes-AMG in a traffic-light drag race (it won).

Ward has since delivered 17 "derelicts", including a 1948 Buick Super Convertible, a 1953 Dodge military truck, a 1967 VW Bus and a 1966 Ford Bronco that, despite lacking doors or a roof, packs a current-model Mustang engine beneath the skin along with brand-new underpinnings, competition suspension and a race-standard brake set-up.

It's a process that takes around 18 months – and costs anything from \$250,000 to \$750,000, plus the price of the project car. One client who thinks it's money well spent – despite his derelict's rust holes and faded paint – is 28-year-old Elliot Ross, who works in the film industry. His car collection includes a Ferrari Enzo, an F50 and an F355, a Jaguar XJ220 and a Porsche 911 GT1, but when he spotted what is possibly Ward's most unlikely derelict build on the Jay Leno show – a 1958 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud – he simply had to have it.

"I've had it for around a year and it has more or less become my daily driver," explains Ross. "It has a modern, 550-horsepower General Motors engine and transmission, state-of-the-art brakes and suspension and a custom-built chassis – so it goes and stops like a modern supercar, but it has the wonderful, graceful look of a 1950s Silver Cloud. I find it gets a lot more positive attention simply because it looks a bit banged-up and, unlike a conventionally restored classic, I never worry about it being bumped when I park it."

Ross declines to reveal how much the car cost, but does say that it was "roughly the price of a new Rolls-Royce" – and has proved sufficiently reliable to be used as though it were a modern car, even transporting him and three friends from Aberdeen to Goodwood in high style for last year's Festival of Speed, a round trip of 1,200 miles. Not bad for a 62-year-old. ■ HTSI [icon4x4.com](http://icon4x4.com)

## Preservation society

SEVEN OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RUST-BUCKET ROCKETS



1957 Aston Martin DB2/4 MkII, sold for \$302,000 at RM Sotheby's



Icon 1966 Ford Bronco



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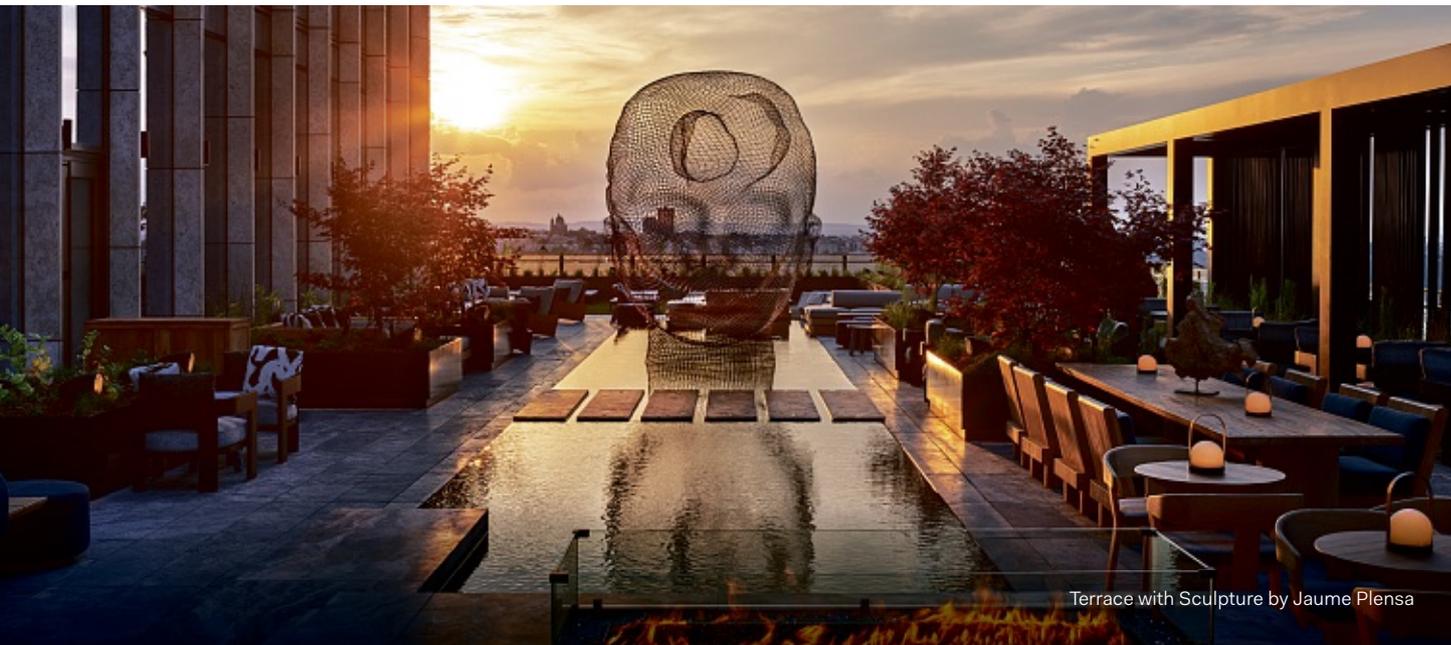
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WALALA'S EQUILIBRIUM RUG FOR FLOOR\_STORY

# Walala LAND

Beatrice Hodgkin meets the artist making the world a more joyful place

PORTRAIT BY GABBY LAURENT

**W**a-la-la. That's what a former boyfriend of the "tribal pop" artist Camille Walala said when he first saw her. And why he set up her email account under that name – which she then adopted professionally.

"My real surname is Vic-Dupont," says the London-based Frenchwoman. "But now I relate more to Walala."

This onomatopoeic chutzpah fits the work as well as the woman. Walala's exuberant, colour-saturated murals, furniture and product designs – which draw on inspirations as diverse as Dick Bruna's Miffy, the Memphis movement, the Ndebele tribe, op artist Victor Vasarely and Josef Albers – are lightning bolts of colour that stop you in your tracks and fill you with joy.

"My goal is to make people smile and inspire them to interact – it's missing from cities. I really believe in the power of street art – everything is often so dark and there's not much femininity, colour or happiness. I want to create positive, uplifting messages; to surprise; to break up the commute with messages like dance more, kiss more, floss more." An upcoming talk in Helsinki is entitled: Taking Joy Seriously. "When I love something, I don't have to understand why – the best result is emotion."

Earlier this month, Walala's collaboration with Lego saw her create a pop-up life-sized house from over two million pieces – complete with kitchen, living room, an 8ft-plus slide and a ball pit – in London's Coal Drops Yard. In January, she erected an inflatable village in Hong Kong's Victoria Park as part of the design festival. Last year, for a community project in Fort Smith, Arkansas, she transformed an abandoned petrol station, injecting the stark "Last stop before the wildness of the Wild West" with vibrant vim. Her Bauhaus-esque benches can currently be found cheering up South Molton Street, in central London, while visitors to Facebook's London HQ will be welcomed by her mural *Connect More*. For the full immersive experience, there's Salt, the Mauritian riad-style hotel that opened in 2018. And among her upcoming projects is a geometric reinterpretation of a zebra crossing in Abu Dhabi. It's all in a day's work for the artist who has been uplifting public spaces since creating her studio in 2009.

Only now, her strategy has shifted. Walala's new agenda is focused on turning "a portfolio of dream projects" into reality. On one hand, she's taking on private commissions: "Sometimes public works are restrictive; with private spaces we can go more wild," she says. She has her eye on



homes. Walala has long created interior products, such as her collection of rugs for Floor\_Story (from £450), but this vision is bigger, bolder. "I love the idea of painting someone's house." Another dream design is a multi-level, turquoise-tiled pool bordered by humbug-striped fountains.

In parallel, Walala is expanding her philanthropic designs, which already include a mural for Essex's Park Royal mental-health hospital, water tanks for African albino rights charity Standing Voice in Tanzania, and a bus for children's art therapy charity At The Bus. She wants to help Juli Beattie, founder of the latter, launch a fleet of buses. And, building upon her work with charity End Youth Homelessness, she's currently looking for funding to set up a community kitchen in east London's Haggerston.

"If you really want something and you keep talking about it, that's when opportunity comes," says Walala. Back in 2015, the project that catapulted her into the public consciousness was an eminently Instagrammable 15m x 20m building in east London that she painted with a team of people paid in prosecco, and an abseiling window cleaner. "I'm always talking about my dreams, so was always saying – to people and on social media – that I wanted to paint a building. A woman messaged me: 'Do you want to paint my husband's building on Old Street?'" She did. Not only that, but on her team was Julia Jomaa, who has since become her partner in life as well as work. One can't help but feel that Walala's positivity breeds positivity. And that if ever dreams come true, they do for her and those in her orbit. ■HTSI



Right: a Camille Walala bench on London's South Molton Street

From right down: Walala's pool for Salt of Palmar, Mauritius. A water tank for Standing Voice, Tanzania. Her poster for Ending Youth Homelessness



#### HOW TO GIVE IT

Walala Studio  
camillewalala.com  
At The Bus  
atthebus.org.uk  
End Youth Homelessness  
eyh.org.uk  
Standing Voice  
standingvoice.org



PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES EMERSON/HARRY FREELAND, INDUSTRY CITY; KEVIN LAKE/JACK AGENCY; TEKLA SEVERIN (2)

Clockwise from below: Camille Walala's mural in Brooklyn's Industry City. Her recent Lego House of Dots pop-up at London's Coal Drops Yard. Walala in her studio





# *The* MAGIC of MARFA

As MoMA opens a major retrospective of the American minimalist Donald Judd, *Rima Suqi* looks at how the remote desert town became a cultural mecca

Photography by *William Jess Laird*



Artillery shed at the Chinati Foundation, the museum Donald Judd created on the site of a former army base

DONALD JUDD, ARTILLERY SHED WITH 100 UNTITLED WORKS IN ALUMINIUM, 1982-1984. PERMANENT COLLECTION, THE CHINATI FOUNDATION, MARFA, TEXAS. PHOTO BY WILLIAM JESS LAIRD. COURTESY OF THE CHINATI FOUNDATION, DONALD JUDD ART © 2020. JUDD FOUNDATION, GUNAWANT'S RIGHTS SOCIETY, RASHI, NEW YORK

This is shaping up to be a banner year for the late American artist Donald Judd. His first US retrospective in over three decades opens this weekend at MoMA in New York. Alongside it is *Prints: 1992*, an exhibition at the Judd Foundation in SoHo featuring 20 of the artist's late-period woodcut prints on paper, curated by his son Flavin. A book, *Donald Judd Spaces*, offering a glimpse into his living and working spaces (ranging from the 1870 classic cast-iron SoHo building he bought in 1968 to a 40,000-acre ranch bordering the Rio Grande), will be published in a few days. And basking in this glow is the tiny town of Marfa, Texas, where the godfather of minimalism (though he loathed the term) created one of the world's largest permanent installations of contemporary art – some of it, significantly, set outside in the scrubby brush.

Judd unwittingly contributed to transforming the town into not only a pilgrimage site for art and architecture aficionados, but also, post his death in 1994, into a bucket-list destination. Those who come today may not even have heard of Judd, but have connected with the town's growing cultural significance via Beyoncé on Instagram, or because they want to pop by that much-photographed Prada "store". Judd's Chinati Foundation estimates it'll have 50,000 visitors this year, up from 12,500 just seven years ago, while Marfa Invitational, an international art fair that debuted last year, promises to be an annual event.

But how did Marfa transform into a destination that appeals to such a wide audience and a moniker found on luxury goods including a perfume by Memo Paris and stiletto boots by Tamara Mellon? Judd first travelled here in 1971. "I wanted to be in the southwest of the United States and be near Mexico, and also to have room for large permanent installations of my work as well as room to install work by other artists," he noted in his book *Donald Judd Writings*. Essentially, he was looking for space.

While the artist didn't refer to his three-dimensional works as sculpture, many consider him to be the person who challenged the idea of what a sculpture is – his hollow aluminium "boxes", along with such works as stacks of rectangular boxes in different materials, often incorporating colour, are now held in the permanent collections of over 60 museums worldwide, including Tate Modern (which staged the last major Judd retrospective in 2004). "He and several others of his generation made works that, when they first appeared, wouldn't have even seemed like works of art," acknowledges Ann Temkin, chief curator of painting and sculpture at MoMA. "Fifty years later, we see things that look this way and without a second thought acknowledge that it is a sculptural form."

Last year, Paris gallery Thaddaeus Ropac sold stack pieces for between \$6.5m and \$7m, and estimates the artist's Corten-steel pieces, created between 1985 and 1992, now fetch about \$3m. Last November, a stack of 10 brass and green Plexiglas boxes (executed in 1993) came up for auction at Christie's New York. Described as "majestic" by Ropac, and "monumental" by David Zwirner, who has presented solo exhibitions by Donald Judd in New York and London, it fetched \$6,631,000 – a sum Zwirner felt "should have been more". Meanwhile, Judd's furniture – tables, chairs, stools, benches, beds, desks and shelves, originally designed for his own homes – are still in production, with prices including \$1,900 for a stool and \$21,150 for the Serving Table.

But arguably it's in Marfa where Judd's pieces really come to life. Monumental outdoor concrete sculptures sit in stark glory in the high-desert landscapes. I first visited in 2005, flying into El Paso and driving three hours, much of it on a two-lane "highway" through expansive ranchlands, under that big Texas sky, with the occasional tumbleweed skipping across the road, just like in the movies. I stayed at the Thunderbird, the hiply renovated roadside motel, and slept poorly on a beautiful platform bed – not because of the design, but rather the mile-long freight trains that passed by throughout the night.

I experienced everything Judd: from the Chinati Foundation, the museum he created on the site of a former army base, with installations of his pieces, as well as works

by Dan Flavin, Claes Oldenburg, John Chamberlain and others, to the Judd Foundation buildings that house the artist's office, studio and in-town living quarters. I perused vintage books while sipping a coffee at lone café The Brown Recluse, followed the advice of a Chinati intern from Germany (who dressed head to toe in cowboy gear) and had breakfast at Ramona Tejada's home (now known as Marfa Burrito), where she served up homemade breakfast burritos to ranchers, Border Patrol officers, locals and tourists seated at mismatched tables in her living room.

I wandered along Highland, the main street, and into the historic Hotel Paisano, which was the headquarters for the filming of the classic epic movie *Giant*, starring Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean and Rock Hudson. I tried to see the famous Marfa Lights, which Flavin Judd later semi-ruined for me by claiming they are flickering headlights from a highway, not an otherworldly source. Nonetheless, I was smitten with it all. The fact that I could drive for miles and see not one single billboard ad. That I could walk down a "main" street with no glass towers or huge buildings. That insane Texas sky. Just the fact that there were no other people. Only incredible art – and some cows, antelopes and the occasional snake.

## "IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT SMALL TOWN IN AMERICA"

Quite fortuitously, on that same trip, I met a real-estate agent named Valda Livingston, who wore '80s glasses unironically, raised Cadillac cows and would later email me about some five-acre plots of land that a rancher had subdivided in an area called Antelope Hills. Mary Farley, a forensic therapist with a penchant for birds, ex-wife of artist Matthew Barney and now owner of Marfa Vista Real Estate, took a look and blessed the purchase. A month later I was the proud owner of a piece of land – the size of which Livingston would later joke was 726 times the size of my New York apartment – bought sight unseen.

In the 15 years since I first drove into this town of just under 1,800 people with one flashing stoplight, a lot has changed. Back then, it was still a challenge to find what many would consider basic necessities, like lunch. Today, you can not only get what you need, but many things you don't – provided said establishments are open, which is never guaranteed. The robust made-in-Marfa retail scene includes saddle-leather minimalist chic furniture at Garza Marfa (I swear someday I will own that daybed), boots and leather goods at Cobra Rock, clothing and jewellery at Mano Mercantile and Sister Gaiya, quirky cool *objets d'art* at Wrong Marfa and three-legged stools made by a group of young girls operating as Lumber Club Marfa (although there's a several-months-long waiting list for those).

The Get Go, a gourmet grocer, now ensures I can get cold-brew coffee, dark chocolate and a decent bottle of wine. Its canvas tote bag is the perfect insider Marfa souvenir (if you know, you know). The town finally has a proper barbecue spot, Convenience West, praised as "a work of art" by (really) the barbecue editor of *Texas Monthly* magazine. The Brown Recluse coffee shop has been replaced by Do Your Thing, Frama (located in a laundromat) and others. And El Cosmico, where you can stay in a trailer, tent or yurt, has one of the best hotel gift shops I've ever seen. The Marfa Municipal Airport recently lengthened a runway to accommodate private jets.

"Marfa is now a brand," confirms Tim Crowley, a lawyer from Houston who moved here in 1997, founded the Crowley Theater and Marfa Book Company, and opened the closest thing this town has to a boutique hotel

– the Hotel Saint George – in 2016. "A lot of people who visit Marfa don't really know why they're coming, but they know it is something they should check out."

"We turned up the volume on Marfa, but it wasn't immediate," admitted Fairfax Dorn, who, with Virginia Lebermann, founded Ballroom Marfa in 2003. This gallery and cultural arts space champions future star artists and musicians (before-they-were-famous Rashid Johnson and Bon Iver among their number), and put Marfa on the map for a different, often younger person. She's being modest. The Texas natives put together a very cool board of artists, well-connected locals, ranchers and cultural philanthropists. As a result, when artists Elmgreen & Dragset were trying to do Prada Nevada, and Nevada wasn't working out as a location, Ballroom Marfa stepped into the breach – and helped create the Insta-famous Prada Marfa, a "permanent sculpture" that looks like a Prada boutique circa 2005. It's not actually in Marfa, but 60km away in Valentine. But who cares? The installation is a must-selfie stop for anyone visiting the area.

The fashion world has moved in too. Ballroom Marfa's annual fundraisers, held in New York, are attended by Naomi Campbell, Moda Operandi co-founder Lauren Santo Domingo, and Sofia Coppola, a childhood friend of Judd's daughter Rainer. Having Jay-Z repeatedly photographed sporting a Ballroom Marfa trucker hat doesn't hurt either. Flavin Judd once said, "In some ways, my father saved Marfa from becoming a dusty, abandoned Border Patrol stop. But in other ways it was Fairfax and Virginia who did it. They put their faith in the future of Marfa."

They're not the only ones. Over the years there's been a steady ebb and flow of newcomers, ensuring that every time I visit there are surprises. Old favourites, temporarily shuttered or just plain gone, have been replaced by new businesses and faces, co-mingling with notable locals like the artist Christopher Wool or the late Boyd Elder, whose art graced two Eagles album covers and who was, for years, the caretaker of Prada Marfa. When I first met Elder, he was driving a rusted baby-blue pick-up truck, with a shotgun in the passenger seat to ward against "critters". He claimed the sunglasses he wore were a gift from Jack Nicholson, who he hung out with in LA back in the day. For years I'd rate my Marfa trips based on whether I'd had an Elder sighting. I'd often spot him at The Capri, arguably the best restaurant in town, helmed by Rocky Barnette, who spent years at a Michelin-starred establishment on the East Coast and is co-author of *Cooking in Marfa* (published in a month's time), for which another Michelin-starred chef, Daniel Humm, has written the foreword.

Humm, too, has been seduced. "I expected Marfa to be more of a touristy spot than it was," he says of his discovery of the town, while visiting artist friends. "I found it to be so pure and authentic... I really felt the magic of the town and the community."

This magic – of the remote location, the art sensibility, the sky, the community quirkiness and the oh-so-slow pace – creates a cultural alchemy. Crowley describes it as "the most important small town in America, from a cultural perspective". The Coen Brothers filmed *No Country for Old Men* here. Sissy Spacek has graced its local stage. The Lannan Foundation residency programme has brought more than 350 novelists, poets, playwrights and activists here over the past 20 years – including Pulitzer Prize winners Colson Whitehead, Forrest Gander and Tyehimba Jess. Its music festivals, including the Trans-Pecos and Marfa Myths, have attracted heavy hitters like Robert Plant, Sonic Youth and Lyle Lovett. And in 2017, Solange Knowles, native Texan and sister of Beyoncé, staged a now legendary performance piece, *Scales*, outdoors amid Judd's *Untitled* concrete blocks.

Marfa's power as a creative magnet is not going to wane any time soon, as evidenced by the tech titans, world-class gallery owners and at least one country-music star who've seriously eyed or bought property recently. The enclave's envious combination of epic landscape with art, retail and culinary offerings in a very remote setting ticks all the boxes. A lot of them Judd's. Dorn describes it best: "The quality of design and art created the destination, and it was all influenced by Judd. It shows the power of art, and what it can do, when done in the right way." ■HTSI



## Mapping Marfa

**Marfa Visitor Center**  
302 S Highland Ave  
(visitmarfa.com)

Gateway cities to Marfa:  
**El Paso** (300km northwest;  
elpasointernationalairport.  
com); **Midland** (300km  
northeast; flymaf.com)

### JUDD

**Chinati Foundation**  
1 Cavalry Row (chinati.org)  
**Judd Foundation**  
104 S Highland Ave  
(juddfoundation.org);  
guided tours from \$25

### CULTURE

**Ballroom Marfa** 108 E San  
Antonio St (ballroommarfa.org)  
**Crowley Theater**  
98 S Austin St

### EATING

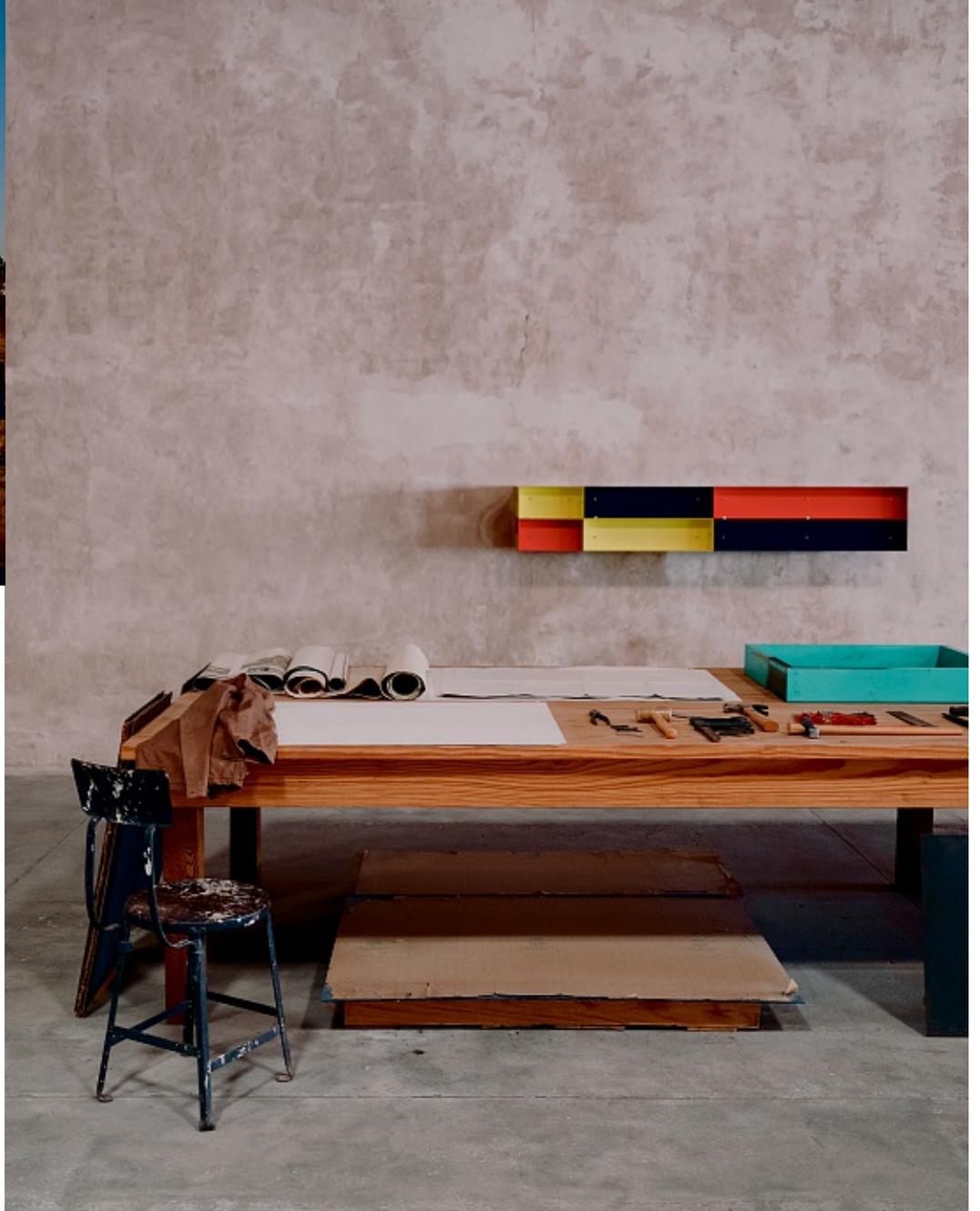
**The Capri**  
603 W San Antonio St  
**Cochineal** 107 W San Antonio  
St (cochinealmarfa.com)  
**Convenience West**  
1411 W San Antonio St  
(conveniencewest.com)



**Do Your Thing**  
201 E Dallas St (doyourthing.  
us, pictured above)  
**Marfa Burrito**  
515 S Highland Ave  
**Stellina** 103 Highland St  
(stellinamarfa.com)

### STAY

**El Cosmico**  
802 S Highland Ave  
(elcosmico.com, pictured  
below), from \$85  
**Hotel Paisano**  
207 Highland St (hotel  
paisano.com), from \$139  
**Hotel Saint George**  
105 S Highland Ave  
(marfasaintgeorge.  
com), from \$159  
**Thunderbird**  
601 W San Antonio St  
(thunderbirdmarfa.  
com), from \$136



Clockwise from top left:  
*Untitled* concrete works by  
Donald Judd at the Chinati  
Foundation. The Art Studio at  
Judd Foundation, Highland,  
Marfa's main street



This page: The  
Arena building  
at the Chinati  
Foundation.  
Opposite: 100  
*Untitled* aluminium  
works by Donald  
Judd at the Chinati  
Foundation



“THE REMOTE LOCATION, ART  
SENSIBILITY, COMMUNITY  
QUIRKINESS AND OH-SO-SLOW PACE  
CREATE A CULTURAL ALCHEMY”

DONALD JUDD, 100 UNTITLED WORKS IN MILL ALUMINIUM, 1982-1986. PERMANENT COLLECTION, THE CHINATI FOUNDATION, MAREA, TEXAS. PHOTO BY WILLIAM J LAIRD, COURTESY OF THE CHINATI FOUNDATION. DONALD JUDD, ART © 2020 JUDD FOUNDATION/ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK. DONALD JUDD, THE ARENA, 1980-1987. PERMANENT COLLECTION, THE CHINATI FOUNDATION, MAREA, TEXAS. PHOTO BY WILLIAM J LAIRD, COURTESY OF THE CHINATI FOUNDATION





“I CAN’T  
EVEN  
ESCAPE  
COLOUR  
IN MY  
DREAMS”

Jack Coulter’s ability to see music in colour has made him one of the most unusual abstract painters today.  
Interview by *Francesca Gavin*

**T**he neurological condition synaesthesia is often seen as nature's genius button. Vladimir Nabokov, Duke Ellington, Arthur Rimbaud and Pharrell Williams are among those who have had, or have, the condition that sees people mix up their sensory perceptions – feeling sounds or tasting shapes, for example. Chromesthesia, in particular, means individuals involuntarily see colours when they hear sounds (and even when they don't).

It is this out-of-the-ordinary ability that has made Northern Irish artist Jack Coulter one of the most popular and unusual abstract painters emerging today. He is especially celebrated for his links to music – his work can be found in the art collections of Paul McCartney and Patti Smith. He was asked to paint the entire line-up for the 2016 Glastonbury Festival, and a recent commission for the Freddie Mercury Estate found him interpreting the 1985 track *Mr Bad Guy* according to his unique perception of colours through sound.

Becoming an artist used to have a clear pathway. Go to the right art school, get picked up by the right gallery, exhibit in the right institutions, and slowly climb the ladder into the establishment. Jack Coulter's career defies these norms. Born and raised in Belfast, the 25-year-old has taken advantage of a stream of opportunities – both self-made and serendipitous – and is quickly becoming sought after. The Arts Council Collection of Northern Ireland bought some of Coulter's work when he was just 21, making him the youngest artist to have work in the collection. More recently, *Dazed Beauty* commissioned him to depict scents by brands including Alexander McQueen, Chanel and Byredo. His pieces sell for upwards of £10,000, he has been commissioned by Island Records to produce an artwork for Jack Garratt's latest album *Love, Death and Dancing*, and he has just completed a huge project for the Coca-Cola headquarters. In 2018, Coulter was invited by the London Chamber Orchestra to paint during its live performance of Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto* at Cadogan Hall. The video had more than two million views on Instagram before being archived, says Coulter. The physical, performative aspect of his work has since become part of his appeal. As has his elfin style: his paint-splattered worker boots are a distinctive and much-liked feature of his social media feed.

Unusually, however, he has never had a solo exhibition. "I've had offers over the past few years from gallerists and organisations in New York and London, yet they just didn't fit into what I had planned at the time. Having a

show wouldn't be about selling work for me. It would need to be an all-encompassing audio-visual experience."

Coulter's approach is vibrant, violent, sometimes acidic and always unexpected, mixing his own pigments from anything he finds – yellow gloss paint with pomegranate juice, for example. Colour is something he cannot escape from. "My eyes pick things up – but so do my ears," he explains. "It's exhausting. Things actively shift in colour: there are times I'm looking at objects and they're in subtle hues, then I focus again and the colour has changed. It's a bit like staring at the sun and then looking away, and everything has weirdly morphed. It's like that all the time." It's a challenge that "can be quite depressing. There are moments I don't want to be in colour," he says. "I remember I was at a funeral and I was seeing everything so intensely and bright. It was disorienting. I can't even escape colour in my dreams."

Painting is a way to positively manage, respond to and reclaim his experience. Coulter found his method by putting on a song and interpreting what he saw with paint, almost transcribing the results into artworks. His pictures have become a way to address how he perceives the world, make sense of the neurological rollercoaster he experiences. He has seen numerous neurologists for the severe migraines and disorientation he suffers, with little success, yet art has shifted things. "I know what triggers me. I've been through a lot of experiences. But things have gotten way easier... The migraines and disorientation are just strange, but I wouldn't change anything, or the way I see things. I know it's not normal, but I don't know anything different."

**M**ost of Coulter's works are created on the floor in his Belfast garage, where, instead of using brushes, he moves around the canvas pouring on paint directly and scraping it with whatever he finds near him – from bits of glass to tools. "It's not a conscious effort to stay away from using the conventional artist things. It's just the way I've always been. I'm a different person when I'm painting. I go into a totally different mindset. I have everything around me. I use a lot of second-hand house paint. I often work with liquid too, water and vodka. I just used Coke on the Coca-Cola pieces. I was a bit terrified it would start fizzing or something."

Coulter has always been erudite, culturally obsessed and slightly outside the norm. His mother instilled in him an interest in culture from an early age. "I vividly remember my mum taking me to the Yoko Ono exhibition in 1998. I was four," he says. His late aunt, Christine, was an abstract printmaker and another huge inspiration. "She lived in Germany for a while and met up with artists like Georg Baselitz. She was a proper hero to me." One of the first lightbulb moments in Coulter's life was seeing a piece on Jackson Pollock in a vintage issue of *Life* magazine when he was very young. "It sparked something in me. I didn't know a painter could be so authentic in pop culture and have celebrities owning their work. I became kind of fascinated by it." He first started experimenting with house paint on canvas at the age of 11, while listening to his grandfather's Miles Davis and Frank Sinatra records. Like the abstract expressionists, Coulter has always felt a connection to jazz. Yet his work feels contemporary – echoing the textured, colour-field paintings of Frank Bowling or the business-savvy confidence of Damien Hirst.

By the time Coulter was accepted into the Belfast School of Art, he was already creating album artwork for young musicians such as Derry band SOAK, which had signed with Rough Trade and was later nominated for the prestigious Mercury Prize. Likewise, he was quick to

**"I CAN LOOK AT OBJECTS AND THEY'RE IN SUBTLE HUES, THEN I FOCUS AGAIN AND THE COLOUR HAS CHANGED – A BIT LIKE STARING AT THE SUN, THEN LOOKING AWAY"**

harness the potential of Instagram. "I wouldn't exist without electricity and WiFi," he notes, ironically. "I mean, there are millions of artists out there. I just started pushing. I never felt like anyone else. I didn't want to be like anyone else. I made a decision. I wanted to share what I do, and for people to know what I do and what I am. I was so stimulated in my own world, I was thinking, 'What if everyone else gets something from this as well?'" Neither does he have any qualms about approaching musical artists he likes with paintings of their songs – such as Paul McCartney (his take on The Beatles' *Yesterday*), Patti Smith and Harry Styles (for one of Styles' favourite songs, Fleetwood Mac's *Landslide*). His is a ferocious work ethic: "I just thought that if I work extremely hard now it will benefit in years to come. As Tracey Emin said, 'You have to crack a code.' I always loved that quote."

He manages his own career. "A musician doesn't need a record label any more. An artist doesn't need a gallery or management," he says. Perhaps as a result, he doesn't take his success for granted. "The loneliest and most painful years of my life were those starting all of this. I'm lucky to be here. I didn't expect my larger canvases to be selling for five figures at this age. I put everything back into expanding my art. The best investment you can make is in yourself. I didn't study business; I've had to learn through experience."

Unsurprisingly, musicians in particular are drawn towards Coulter's deep affinity with sound. Today, his work sits in the collections of Foals' drummer Jack Bevan, Brit Award-winning music producer Mike Crossey and *Queer Eye's* resident chef Antoni Porowski, who says: "Jack's work is deeply emotional and he touches on my love of both music and art in a way I've never seen before."

Mumford & Sons' Ben Lovett is another fan: "The thing I love about Jack's work is that I believe art should be felt first and contemplated second, and given the unique way in which Jack channels his synaesthesia, he does this naturally. I also love that I feel a connection somehow to his experience when I look at one of his pieces inspired by a song. More often than not Jack's work makes me feel like the song does on quite a unique level."

"We were drawn to Jack's work because of the vibrancy of his colours and the harmony of his composition," says the Freddie Mercury Estate, whose commission of a visual interpretation of *Mr Bad Guy* was in part inspired by the fact that the Queen front man had studied art in Ealing and worked briefly as a freelance artist. "Within the spontaneity of Jack's method, the composition and flow – so key in abstract art – as well as the balance that Jack achieves between the colours are fantastic. The level of detail in his paintings is mesmerising, with each close-up being a painting within a painting." Upcoming projects include a commission for Abbey Road Studios and an album cover for Island Records.

Coulter's outsider approach has garnered an unusual level of popular appeal. In many ways he's everything people want from an artist. Someone young, beautiful and emotionally sensitive, who is shut away, painting in their garret (or, in this case, garage). There is something authentic and perhaps even naïve about Coulter, which is a refreshing shift from a market of strategy and awareness. He is simply, authentically, an artist. ■HTSI

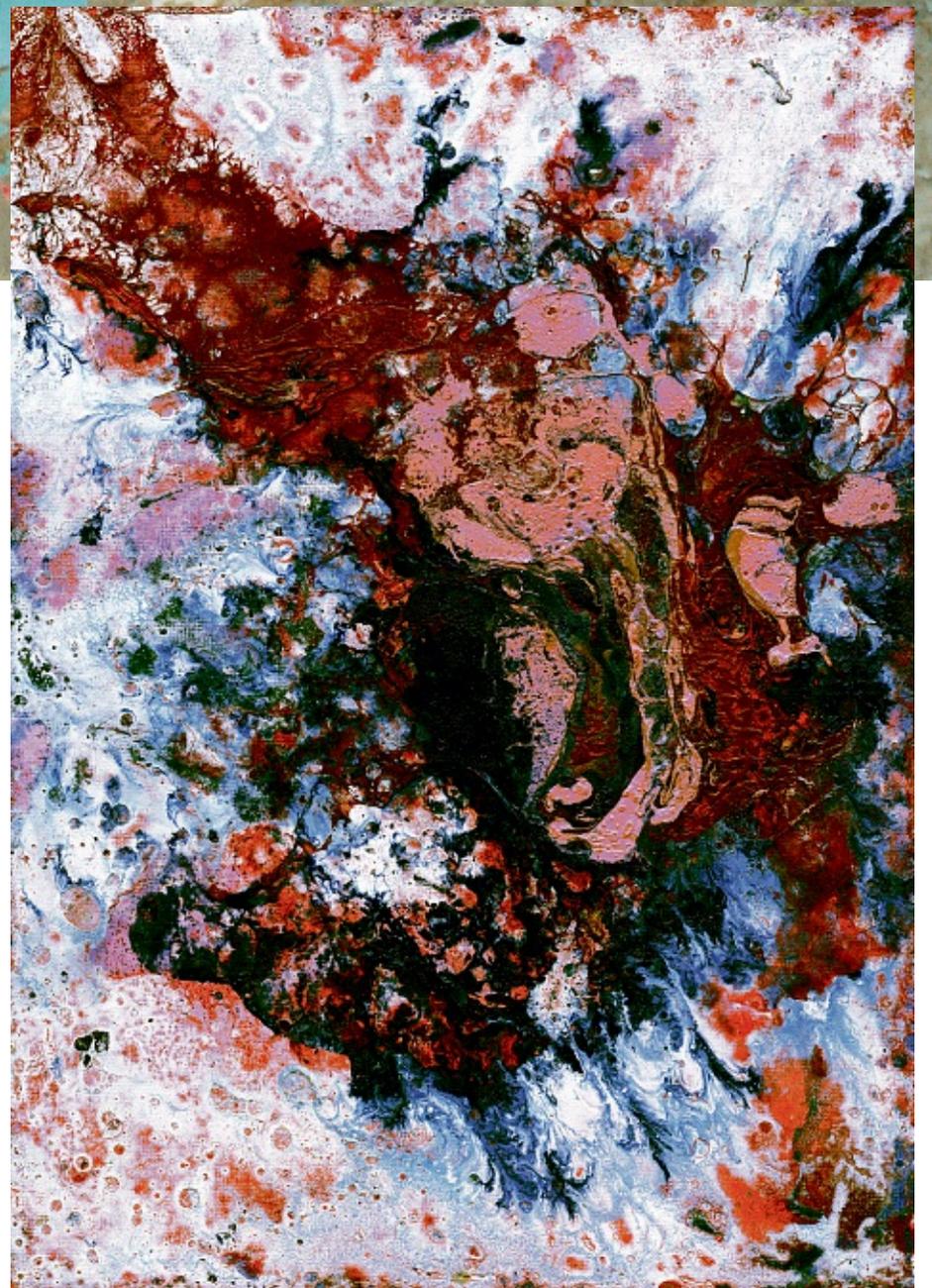


Left: Jack Coulter's *Mr Bad Guy* – Freddie Mercury, commissioned by The Freddie Mercury Estate





This page:  
Jack Coulter's  
photographs of his  
studio, the worker  
boots he wears to  
paint and *Perfect  
Way - Scritti Politti*  
(far right). Previous  
pages: his *Your  
Love - The Outfield*  
and a self-portrait  
of Coulter in Belfast





This page: PAUL SMITH  
wool blazer, £815, and  
matching trousers, £395.  
JOSEPH rayon dress  
(worn as shirt), £195

Opposite page:  
MAX MARA silk crepe-de-  
Chine jacket, £1,240, and  
matching shorts, £375



# HUE ROMANCE

Time to FALL IN LOVE with COLOUR again

Photography by *Antoine Harinthe*. Styling by *Raphaëlle Helmore*

# SAVOIR

×

Bill Amberg



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silk crepe-de-  
Chine shirt, £675



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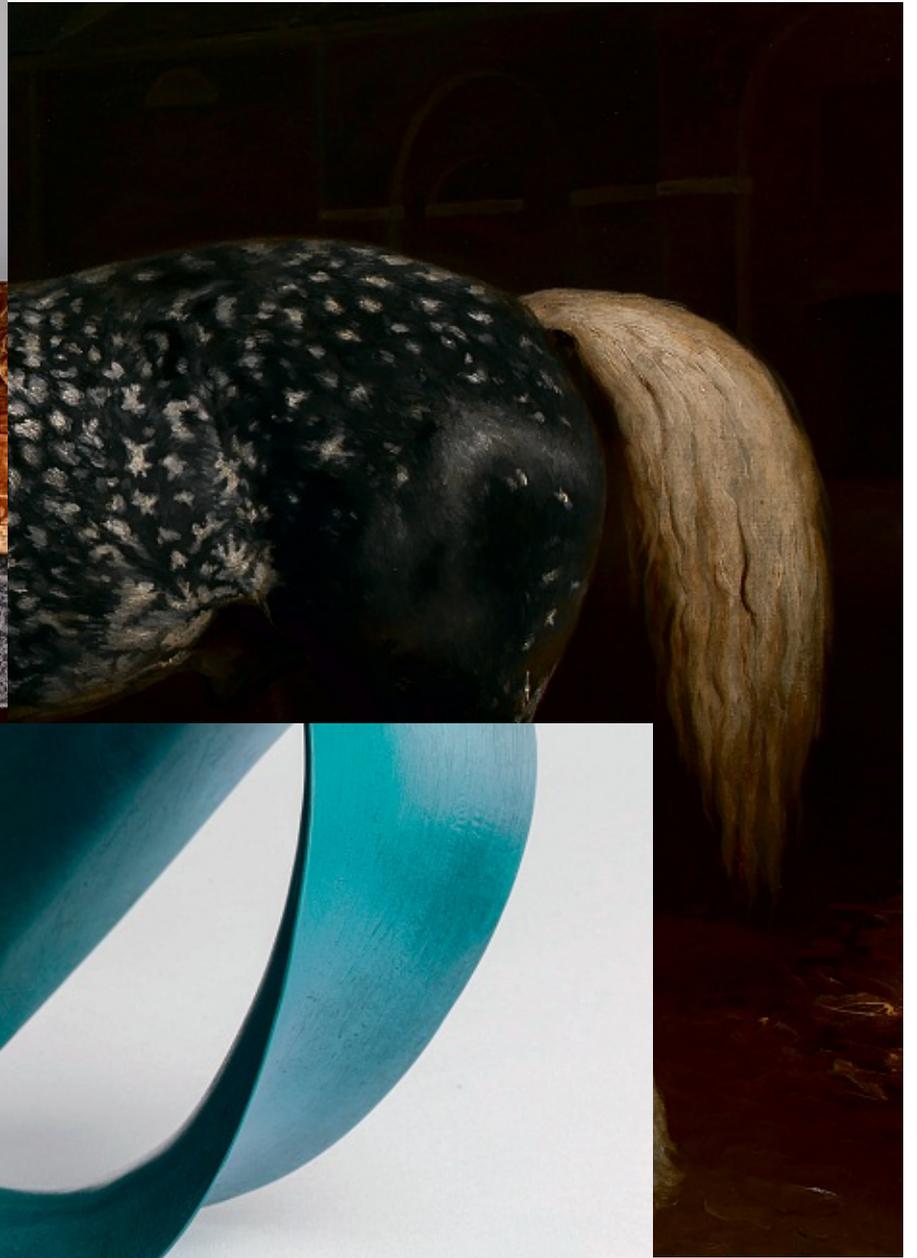
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Left: Horse armour probably made for Count Antonio IV Collalto (1548–1620) ca. 1580–90 and later. Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fletcher Fund, 1923. Right: Portrait of a Percheron and his groom at the Simonds brewery, Reading, 1813, by Philip Reinagle. Courtesy of The Parker Gallery. Centre: Oscillation, 2019, by Mette Rasmussen. Courtesy of Mette Rasmussen/Pangolin London. Photo by Steve Russell.



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# COLLECTING THE NOW

Activist art has never felt so vital – nor inspiring. *Kasia Maciejowska* meets the artists and collectors bringing a conscience to the cultural conversation



If you're collecting art that's being made while you're alive, you have to acquire works that speak to the important issues – otherwise you're only decorating," says investor, activist and contemporary art collector Nachson Mimran. Just as the fire of popular protest has taken hold in the streets, so things have become more politicised in art. And some of today's most powerful collectors are investing in works that speak to global challenges – from climate change to racial inequality.

Increasingly, collectors who seek to engage with current events are either investing in works that address specific issues through their messaging or creative process, or buying art in support of a cause. Sotheby's, for example, saw record results of £1.9m at its fundraising sale in aid of the Grenfell Tower fire survivors in October 2017, four months after the London disaster. That same year, the V&A announced the arrival of a significant cultural artefact into its newest department, the Rapid Response Collecting Gallery. The item? A Pussyhat: the pink woolly beanie with cat ears named in reaction to President Trump and worn on Women's Marches around the world. The collection also includes a photo-taking drone, a 3D-printed gun, an Extinction Rebellion logomark woodblock, a malaria-awareness mosquito emoji, and a Brexit poster from the 2016 Vote Leave campaign. For the V&A's senior curator of design and digital, Corinna Gardner, these items "reveal truths about how we live today", while the gallery, which will reopen in June, "invites visitors to think critically about our choices and their impact".

Gardner represents an ever-growing number of museum keepers who believe that, with the hypervisibility the internet has given rise to, society is more adept at contemplating controversy alongside beauty. Today's public looks for representations of the world that provoke

thinking, talking and – perhaps most of all – feeling. Another V&A acquisition, the Refugee Nation flag, a black stripe on orange designed by Syrian Yara Said in reference to the lifejackets worn by those attempting to cross the Mediterranean, was created in 2016 for the Olympics' first refugee team. The museum was not alone in adopting it – institutions including MoMA New York and the Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam also added it to their collections. Miniature flags, upcycled from lifejackets piling up in the Mediterranean, sold out in the V&A shop as demand outpaced the speed with which the refugees of Makers Unite, an Amsterdam social enterprise, could produce them. One of the project's creative leads, advertising art director Belén Márquez, says they're now developing a full-sized flag for collectors. Hanging one at home acts as a poignant reminder of human resilience, a precious sensation in today's political mood.

Beyond public institutions, private collectors are also tapping into the approach. Mimran, who is CEO of To, an investment fund and activism platform that has supported innovations including futuristic protein providers Beyond Meat and eco-tech menswear startup Vollebak, says human migration is among the subjects he wanted to prioritise when buying art for The Alpina Gstaad hotel, majority-owned by his father. Pierre Huyghe's aquarium – a living sculpture that prompts awareness about our role in nature – sits in the lobby; a dystopian landscape by Nicole Eisenman tops the fireplace; and Thomas Schütte's monumental bronze *Third Animal*, a hybrid creature that looks alien yet endearing, presides over the garden.

Parked outside is *Shadowman Van* by Richard Hambleton. Mimran has fitted the 1977 Chevrolet ice cream truck – a piece of first-wave street art representing inner city life and bought at a benefit for Amfar (the foundation for Aids research) – with benches and tables to host discussions on art, sustainability and activism. Mimran literally uses the work as a conversation starter.

He believes it's possible to collect works that both engage with today's issues and appreciate in value: "The challenge is figuring out what will resonate in enduring ways." He highlights Wade Guyton's paintings about (and made using) digital tech, some of which are in the Whitney Museum of American Art's collection. "These couldn't have been produced at any time but now. They build on the evolving trajectory of painting while taking into account the advent of new technology."

Art about innovations with complex implications such as artificial intelligence and astrophysics is also exciting collectors and curators. Take Suzanne Treister's series of paintings inspired by cosmology and theoretical physics, exhibited at Annelly Juda Fine Art in Mayfair last autumn and at the Serpentine Gallery's online exhibition space. Treister's experiential project depicts imaginary scenarios of techno-human evolution. To look at the world through her augmented-reality app is to experience the artist's interpretation of unknowns such as black holes. These works are paired with the diagrammatic and text-based paintings (from £3,000 to £36,000) shown at Annelly Juda, which mesh aspects of tech culture, futuristic conjecture and alternative spirituality in the popular new-age style. In the vastness of their subject matter, they acknowledge the world as we understand it today, with AI, big tech and scientific research – while simultaneously enjoying their inherent surrealism. Each piece lightly critiques its context in a knowing way.

But for those who feel that art can inspire real change, a knowing nod is not enough. Maria Brito is a New York-based art adviser of Venezuelan origin whose client list includes Gwyneth Paltrow and rapper Sean Combs, known as Diddy. Brito recently launched a culture show, *The C Files*, on US PBS's arts channel and streaming platform All Arts, where she interviews figures about the intersection of art and social issues – from Harlem-based artist and Columbia associate professor Sanford Biggers to trans arts-and-nightlife sensation Juliana Huxtable. "My clients believe in advancing society through

From top: T.B.T. (*Headed Down River...*) by Nicole Eisenman. The Refugee Nation flag designed by Yara Said. Opposite page: *Survivor(F)/Algorithmic Interplanetary Séance*, 2016-19, by Suzanne Treister





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From top: the mosquito emoji at the V&A's Rapid Response Collecting Gallery. *The young Susi Korihana Thëri swimming*, 1972, by Claudia Andujar. *Absolut Power*, 2003, by Hank Willis Thomas



art,” says Brito. This amounts to progressing discourse through politicised patronage, while also appreciating the pieces aesthetically.

When actor Ami Sheth and her husband, hedgefund analyst Miraj Patel, enlisted Brito's help to build their collection, she fostered their commission of a painting by leading African-American artist Nina Chanel Abney called *Untitled (We March)* about the fatal police shooting of Philando Castile in 2016. Abney's paintings are disarmingly joyful at first glance, crammed with bright colours, dynamic figures and graphic shapes. But on closer reading, they convey complex stories about gender, race and society. This commission was particularly personal as it uses phrases from an essay about the tragedy written by the couple's friend.

“Nina Chanel Abney is a truly groundbreaking artist changing the conversation in society,” says Patel. Sheth adds: “To have that kind of personal access with Nina was a remarkable moment and resulted in a stunning piece about hope and humanity in the face of injustice.”

The key purpose of this kind of commissioning is that it stimulates debate around specific problems while supporting artists living at the heart of them. Elliot Perry, a retired NBA player and part-owner of the Memphis Grizzlies, has, with his wife Kimberly, amassed a renowned collection of African-American art, some of which tours to US museums. “We've taken great pride in building a collection that's not 'safe,’” says Perry.

Perry spotlights several of his pieces that illuminate race-related issues: Glenn Ligon's wall-mounted neon text *Warm Broad Glow*, which reads “negro sunshine” and radiates a positive message of complex linguistic reclamation; and Hank Willis Thomas's lightbox *Absolut Power*, depicting an Absolut vodka bottle as a slave ship crowded with black figures, which plays with the iconography of advertising and the history of capitalism. Perhaps most challenging is photographer D'Angelo Lovell Williams' *Face Down, Ass Up*, a comment on unspoken

sexual violence in the African-American community. “We feel we have a certain obligation to build a collection that's not only informative but also transformative,” says Perry.

“It's one thing to buy something for your wall, and another to support new projects because you believe in their message,” says Sophie Wright, global cultural director at Magnum Photos. “The community for the latter has definitely grown.” She highlights an expanding appetite for collecting photojournalism as art, thanks in part to museums such as Tate curating shows by photographers including Don McCullin. But she's also noticed that the documentary photographers that Magnum represents are exploring collectable formats for their work beyond simple prints. Moises Saman's 2016 art book *Discordia*, a personal archive of the Arab Spring, was supported by private patronage. And during last November's Paris Photo Fair, Magnum presented a timely exhibit-book by 15 photographers called *Linea*, a privately funded group documentary project made on the US

border with Mexico. The resulting collection will comprise 16 limited-edition books, which will be sold with 15 per cent of sales going to Human Rights Watch.

At the Fondation Cartier Pour l'Art Contemporain in Paris, the collection's *raison d'être* is to generate conversation – especially about the environment – through commissioning. The current exhibition, running until 10 May, is of vivid photographs by 88-year-old Swiss-born Brazilian artist Claudia Andujar, which depict the lives of the Amazonian Yanomami people. The local fight to save the forest is longstanding, but when news screens first broadcast footage of swaths of burning trees in August last year (it is still burning), the eyes of the world turned to the ecological catastrophe. Cartier seized the moment to tap into the wellspring of feeling that followed – although its links with the artist run deep, having first shown her work 17 years ago. “This show makes the relationship between Andujar's aesthetic and the activist part of her life very clear,” says Hervé Chandes, director of the Fondation. “I've noticed much greater curiosity around her subject.”

“WE'VE TAKEN GREAT PRIDE IN BUILDING A COLLECTION THAT'S NOT 'SAFE'”

The Fondation is a role model for the luxury-brand art foundations that have proliferated over the past decade, and it has particularly excelled with installations that envelop audiences – such as the immersive video and soundscape commissioned from United Visual Artists, using ecologist Bernie Krause's recordings of animal sounds. Celebratory responses swept social and print media when it was shown at 180 The Strand in October 2019. For Chandes, such an interactive amplification of an artwork's meaning fulfils Cartier's motivation for collecting: “For us, a collection has to be alive.” And with this comes a degree of power to drive change. “We pay attention to the news to pay attention to the world,” he adds. “But we also see ourselves playing a role in creating the news through the art we commission.” ■HTSI

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Clockwise from this picture: a finely woven shawl from Kashmir Loom. *Cashmere* by John Singer Sargent. The spinning, done by women, by hand, on a charkha wheel, is an ancient skill under threat



# RAPT *in* KASHMIR

Painters and poets have long been entranced by its finely woven folds, but the future of the Kashmiri shawl is far from certain. *Victoria Frolova reports*

**O**n 5 August last year, I was finalising the itinerary for my upcoming trip to Kashmir. The same day, the Indian government revoked its special (limited) autonomous status, which the Muslim-majority state had held since joining the Union in 1947. The government then imposed a security lockdown, cut communication lines and restricted travel. I'm neither a reckless risk taker nor an irrepressible optimist, but I didn't cancel my trip. I knew it was foolish to hope that the situation in the Kashmir Valley – a place whose borderland status between India and Pakistan has seen it become a violent battleground over the decades – would stabilise in time for my journey a mere month away, but I was obsessed. The reason? A piece of fabric so weightless and yet so warm that it seems to defy all laws of science. I wanted to meet the artisans and learn how real Kashmiri shawls were made. The escalating conflict only increased my resolve for a glimpse of this rare art that is under threat of vanishing.

Understanding the secret behind the unique beauty of a Kashmiri shawl begins with the

goat. Only the wool of the Changthangi breed, reared by nomadic herders in Ladakh at an altitude of 4,000m, is used for the authentic Kashmiri shawl. The animals grow a warm coat in response to the harsh climate, and when they shed it in summer, they are hand-combed – with no harm to them – in order to obtain the extraordinarily delicate fibre, which is even thinner than the finest sheep's wool, about 12-15 microns.

“A weaver's son, possessed of a weaver's patience,” sang Kabir, a 15th-century Indian poet and weaver whose words remain true centuries later. Patience is an essential element in weaving, especially in the weaving of a Kashmiri shawl. Each bundle of wool, too fragile to be

worked by a machine and weighing as little as 50g, takes many hours to clean before it is treated with rice paste, washed and spun into gauzy threads, and sent to artisans at the loom. Kashmiri shawls are traditionally decorated using *kani*, tiny bobbins wound with different coloured threads, and the artisan manipulates the bobbins to create the design one deft move at a time. An intricate Kani piece can take more than two years to complete – and delicate embroideries are likewise time consuming. Each Kashmiri shawl requires human hands and inhuman patience.

“Weaving is like meditation,” say the artisans. “It's like being in a trance.” The 14th-century Persian mystic Mir Sayyid Ali Hamadani is credited with promoting the art of shawl weaving in Kashmir. Like many other visitors to the valley, he was spellbound by the region's lush greenery and blue lakes, and is said to have returned with 700 artists, scholars and craftspeople from central Asia. Although textiles had a long history in Kashmir, the Sufi saint encouraged his followers to support themselves by weaving, and the industry grew. By the time the Mughal emperor Akbar conquered Kashmir in 1586, the state exported its luxurious shawls as far as China and Egypt.

European arrivals also fell under the spell of Kashmiri shawls. British traders came to India searching for spices,



PHOTOGRAPH: ARCHIVART/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

# Guinevere



but they found the textiles even more tempting. As historian William Dalrymple points out in *The Anarchy: The Relentless Rise of the East India Company*, many English words connected with weaving, such as chintz, calico, khaki, taffeta, pyjamas and dungarees, are of Indian origin. One might also add the word cashmere, from the old spelling of the name of the region.

By the early 19th century, Kashmiri shawl mania was at its peak, from Saint Petersburg to Paris – and the East India Company was doing a roaring trade. Napoleon brought the exotic fabrics to France from his Egyptian campaign, and Empress Josephine set the trend by appearing in white gowns accessorised with colourful shawls. Painters like Jacques-Louis David and Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres were attracted by the complex patterns because they offered artists a chance to show off their skills. In the process, their masterful depictions fuelled the contemporary obsession with shawls. One example draping Josephine's shoulders in a painting by Antoine-Jean Gros was particularly copied. It was crimson red, its border embellished with a motif known as paisley, after the town in Scotland that had begun to produce imitation Kashmiri fabrics. Queen Victoria may have appeared in Paisley-made shawls in public, but the gentry – like Lady Bertram of Jane Austen's novel *Mansfield Park* – coveted the real thing.

And this ancient art continues to exert a strong pull on our imaginations. At a Christie's auction last June, mere fragments of 17th-century Kashmiri shawls drew extraordinary prices. One fetched over £50,000, against an estimate of £4,000–£6,000, astounding even the experts.

But finding real Kashmiri shawls made today proved more difficult than I had anticipated. When I finally arrived in India, most of the “pashminas from Kashmir” I encountered were produced in Punjab, Nepal or even China. “You should visit Kashmir Loom,” said a friend, taking pity on me at last. She divulged its New Delhi address as if sharing classified data. “The shop is open by appointment only.” A few days later I rang the doorbell of the Kashmir Loom studio near the mausoleum of the Sufi saint Nizamuddin Auliya. Nothing short of divine intervention, I suspected, was required to learn about the art of the Kashmiri shawl.

“Weaving is indeed a mystical craft,” said Asaf Ali, co-founder of Kashmir Loom, over a cup of saffron-flavoured green tea. He firmly dissuaded me from going to Kashmir in these uncertain times, but he promised to teach me everything he knew about shawls. Born into a family of artisans in the Valley, Ali met his business partner Jenny Housego in New Delhi when he was a 17-year-old carpet seller and she was co-running a textile company. Housego, a former member of the curatorial team at the V&A and the author of books on Iranian and Punjabi textiles, had become fascinated with shawl weaving when she moved to India in 1989, and the more she marvelled at the complex techniques and elaborate designs, the more she grew concerned about the future of the art. In 2000, she and Ali created Kashmir Loom, determined to prevent true Kashmiri shawls from disappearing.

**K**ashmir is a place at a crossroads, and a craft like Kashmiri shawl weaving could only develop in such a site, where people and traditions from places like Persia, China, central Asia, India and later Europe met and interacted. The pattern generally known as paisley, for instance, started out as a slender Persian cypress tree on early shawls, before ripening into a curvy Indian mango. As the floral patterns became fashionable in Europe, Kashmiri paisley blossomed into graceful bouquets. In the 1960s, brands such as Etro blended the familiar teardrop shape into a psychedelic riot of forms, and in turn the Etro-like mélange of paisley returned to Kashmir to inspire new patterns and styles.

Clockwise from right: the shawls are decorated using *kani* – bobbins with coloured thread. The wool comes from Changthangi goats. Detailing on a Kashmir Loom shawl. The brand has a team of 120 weavers



## AN INTRICATE KANI PIECE CAN TAKE OVER TWO YEARS TO COMPLETE



Being a crossroads and a borderland, however, comes with tragic disadvantages. Since the partition of the subcontinent in 1947, India and Pakistan's multiple clashes over the region, which both countries claim in full, have seen the Valley become the world's most militarised zone. To many, the name Kashmir evokes violence, protests and insurgency, rather than its unique cultural heritage. Traditional arts are under threat in many parts of India, says Aparna Gwande, textile designer and an associate professor at World University of Design in New Delhi, but the situation in Kashmir is particularly dire because of the ongoing conflict. “Also, fake machine-woven shawls made from viscose and other cheap fibres are flooding the market. Because those sell at a lower price, they give tough competition to the actual craft. Weavers have thus been reduced to a meagre number.” At the end of the 19th century there were 23,000 workshops in the city of Srinagar alone, but today some estimate that only 50 to 60 do traditional high-quality weaving.

“This is why I avoid the word pashmina when talking about our shawls,” says Housego. Pashmina, an alternative word for Kashmiri shawl, means “made from wool” in Persian, but has been so adulterated that it has become a dirty word. “People are genuinely confused. I once saw a sign in London advertising ‘Pure pashmina: 100 per cent acrylic,’” says Housego. Kashmir Loom made its mission to revive the reputation for exquisite weaves

that the Valley once had. “We were determined to preserve the techniques that almost vanished, like the Kani weave,” she explains. “Few weavers even knew the way it was done.”

The partners focused on finding artisans willing to make Kani shawls and teach the skill to the next generation. “I'm proud to say that we've made progress and today we have a team of 120 weavers,” says Ali. The company has worked with luxury brands such as Hermès and Marie-Hélène de Taillac's Hot Pink store in Jaipur on their cashmere pieces, and offers a contemporary line made from cashmere and merino wool – but embroideries and Kani weaves are its trademark. Every year Kashmir Loom's artisans create about 90 to 95 fine Kani shawls, including museum-quality pieces, such as the Sargent shawl. John Singer Sargent, to whom Housego is related, depicted a Kashmiri shawl in several of his paintings. Housego decided to reproduce it – but in true Kashmiri fashion, Kashmir Loom's Sargent shawl isn't a simple replica; it's inspired by the painter's pastel palette, which inflects its paisley motifs with blue and green hues.

Textiles are a fragile art to preserve: fashions change and threads decay. The current situation in Kashmir is grave, but, as Ali and Housego observe, the relationships the company has built with artisans over the years motivate them to overcome challenges. “We took responsibility for our artisans and their families when we created this venture,” says Ali, whose own kin still live in Kashmir. “Why care about weaving in such times, one might ask. If we don't maintain our culture, we have no prospects for the future.” He pauses for a moment and adds, “Each shawl contains months of work, but also years of training and centuries of tradition. Isn't something so precious worth preserving?” ■HTSI



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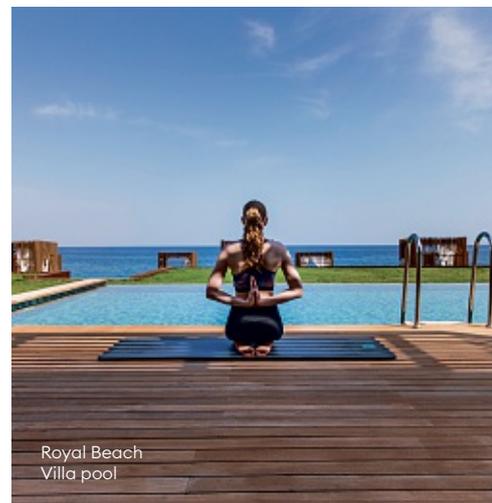
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## How To Spend It in... VIENNA

Womenswear designer  
PETAR PETROV shares his  
guide to the Austrian art capital

WORDS BY **AVRIL GROOM**  
PORTRAITS BY **THOMAS ALBDORF**



**V**ienna is a slow place with a great respect for craft. Maybe that's why it took seven years for me to have my first catwalk show. The city gives me freedom to create under less pressure than in a fashion capital, but with cosmopolitan inspiration from strong, stylish women friends.

I came here more than 20 years ago, having applied to study economics at university. They generously paid for my studies years before Bulgaria – where I grew up – joined the EU. Then I found out about a fashion course at the University of Applied Arts. My mother was a tailor and had taught me how to cut, so I was already making clothes for myself and friends. The course only took a small number of people each year, so I was lucky to get in.

Unlike western Austria – my partner, Christoph, comes from Salzburg – Vienna feels eastern European. It felt like a village compared to today. The art nouveau architecture and café culture were like Sofia's, so while aspects of the city were familiar to me, the lifestyle was liberating – you could do, say or buy anything you wanted. They have an expression here: "Italians have no rules, Germans obey the rules, Austrians break them". That

sounded good to me. I liked also that it was home to Helmut Lang, even though he had moved his business to New York.

Growing up in Bulgaria, all we knew about fashion came from imported Italian *Vogue* and *Burda* patterns; here there were designer stores. Everything at home had a handmade finish, so I craved factory fashion. I spent hours in the famous E Braun & Co department store on the Graben looking at ready-to-wear designs in a historic, palatial setting – it used to supply fine linens to the Austro-Hungarian court. Now, it's an H&M, but the late-19th-century building remains untouched. My favourite building, though, is **Wittgenstein House**, designed by the philosopher for his sister in minimal Mies van der Rohe style. It's now the Bulgarian Cultural

Institute, so I can be reminded of home while appreciating an amazing space.

Vienna is small for a capital, and walkable, and the numbered districts each have their own character. I have moved from the old-school 8th to the studenty 3rd, then the 6th, which is very vibrant, with a profusion of art nouveau architecture, a train station designed by Otto Wagner, and the

### I LOVE SITTING AT ZUM SCHWARZEN KAMEEL WITH SOME HAM AND A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE

there are the bargain Obkirchergasse sales where I've found midcentury Riedel glasses and Walter Bosse's quirky animal figurines. Nearby is **Lichterloh**, my favourite vintage design store. I often chat with Dagmar Moser, one of the owners – she styles it so well, it's hard to leave empty-handed. And

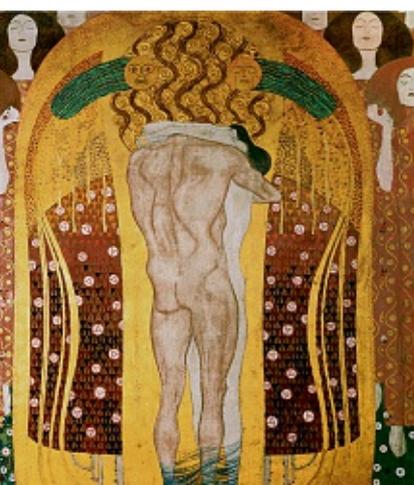
I always stock up on food, especially cheese, from **Urbanek**, a delicatessen that also has a wine bar: they'll make up a plate of cheeses for you and suggest wines to go with them.

I started my business in 2004 on limited resources, but growing up making things from nothing encourages creativity, and we evolved into luxury fashion. Now I live and work in a beautiful 1900 apartment in the 2nd district – it has a wraparound balcony, huge windows and 3m-high ceilings. This is traditionally the Jewish area, central but away from the tourist spots, with creative startups and cool restaurants. I like **Café Ansari**, which does a Georgian breakfast of dumpling and mozzarella with a fried egg on

Below: sushi at Mochi. The art nouveau Wienzeilenhaus by Otto Wagner



Clockwise from below:  
*The Beethoven Frieze*, 1902, by Gustav Klimt.  
Taubenkobel restaurant.  
A former train station  
entrance designed by  
Otto Wagner. Lichterloh,  
Petrov's favourite vintage  
design store. Petrov in the  
bar at Hotel Bristol





From top: Petrov outside the Secession Building. *Moa*, 1911, by Egon Schiele, on display at the Leopold Museum (bottom centre). Restaurant Grüne Bar at Hotel Sacher

top, plus tomato and basil salad (you won't need lunch), or **Mochi** for really good sushi. I buy garden produce and armfuls of flowers at the farmers' market in Karmelitermarkt, though I often have flowers delivered by Christine Fink at **Blumenkraft**, who arranges them far better than I do.

The Jewish community was at the heart of secessionist culture, and Gustav Klimt's subjects were the It girls of their day. The rich patterns and stylisation resonate with anyone who's into fashion. I took a stylist friend of mine, Jane How, to see Klimt's Beethoven Frieze in Joseph Maria Olbrich's **Secession Building**, and she was impressed to see it in the flesh – and, of course, the works at the **Belvedere**, including *The Kiss*. The more traditional **Kunsthistorisches Museum** has interesting exhibitions too – though I prefer the **Leopold**, a private collection of 20th-century work by artists like Kokoschka and Schiele, who seem very relevant now, even if they make for less easy viewing than Klimt. I also love **Ursula Krinzinger's**



contemporary gallery; she has been supporting young artists since the '70s.

**MY FAVOURITE HOTEL IN THE CITY** is the quirky **Bristol** – shabby chic, in original fin-de-siècle style. It has fantastic suites, one with its own cigar room, and the wood-lined bar with plump pink chairs is straight off a 1900s cruise liner. The **Sacher**, by contrast, is old and stately (like its clientele), but the bars there – each named for its colour: Red, Green and Blue – are opulent yet cosy. Personally, though, I prefer the more contemporary style of the **Park Hyatt**, in the early-20th-century former Bank of Austria HQ – the decor subtly references art nouveau and the breakfast buffet is terrific. **The Guesthouse**, meanwhile, is an old brutalist youth hostel renovated by Terence Conran, with a showcase for furniture by Carl Auböck, one of my favourite designers.

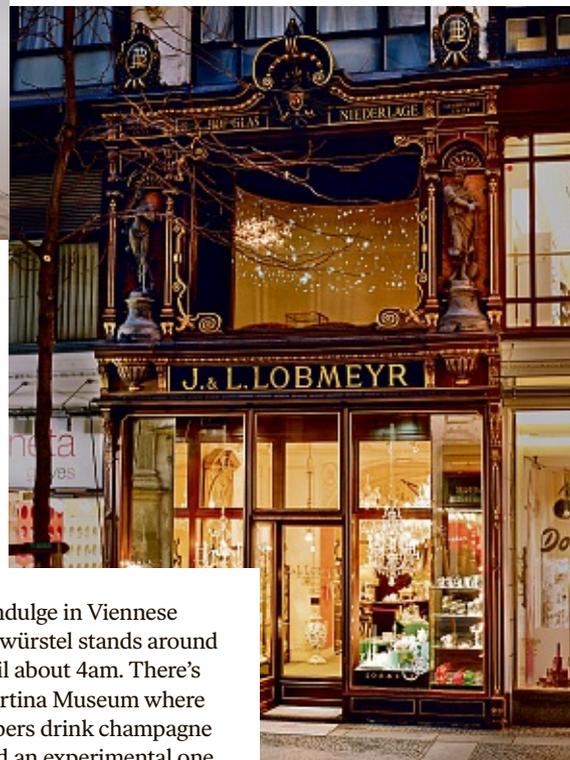
The best places to eat have an ambience as enchanting as the food. **Taubenkobel** is a restaurant in a farmhouse hotel outside town, but every December the owners, Barbara Eselböck and her husband Alain Weissgerber, the chef, run a pop-up in some abandoned building, say, a train shed or the ballroom of an old hotel. Exquisite food in such a haunting location is a special experience. Equally eccentric is

**CANDLELIT DINING AT CONCORDIA SCHLÖSSL BY THE CEMETERY IS SPOOKY BUT COOL**

by the Central Cemetery; it has a huge statue outside and serves traditional Viennese food by candlelight. It's spooky but cool – if you share my morbid sense of humour. **Gasthaus Pöschl** is famous for Wiener schnitzel and goulash – and if you need to walk it off, there's a lovely Franciscan church nearby to explore. For lunch on Saturdays, I love sitting at the informal bar at **Zum Schwarzen Kameel**, with a plate of ham and horseradish and a glass of champagne.

I used to go out on Friday night in the city and not get home until Sunday, but now I enjoy my Saturdays too much to do that. Occasionally, I go with my studio staff to **Volksgarten**, one of Vienna's oldest clubs that was recently redesigned with original 1950s furniture. In summer, there are great Tuesday-night techno-café dance parties in the garden. There's a strong underground music and club culture here, and a fast-moving scene of pop-up venues. You can find out the latest locations via the 1950s **Café Espresso**, where the late-night food has Moroccan and Korean overtones. And don't

Clockwise from above: Galerie Krinzinger specialises in contemporary art. J & L Lobmeyr is a 200-year-old artisanal glassware store



forget the chance to indulge in Viennese sausage culture – the wüstel stands around the city stay open until about 4am. There's a chic one by the Albertina Museum where opera-goers and clubbers drink champagne with their wüstel, and an experimental one near the stock exchange with vegan varieties.

It's easy to imagine yourself back in secessionist times at the **Loos American Bar**, designed by Adolf Loos in 1908 with amber glass tiles and mirror walls – it has hardly changed, though I miss the smoke haze. It's small and packed, with a great ambience created by the owner, Marianne, who was a friend of [Helmut] Lang and has great style, tattoos and high platform shoes, despite being in her 70s. She has her own rules – no beer, no shorts, no flip-flops and definitely no cameras. What happens there stays there! I also recommend **Roberto**, founded by a former employee at Loosbar and with a serious cocktail menu. Then there's **Bonbonnière** piano bar, which is fun – it looks like an old jewel box and feels like being in a 1960s French movie – while **Eden Bar** epitomises early '80s "sophistication", with a jacket-and-tie rule even for dancing.

Vienna is popular before Christmas, of course, but the big markets are very touristy. Better to seek out locally made traditional souvenirs, such as glass from **Lobmeyr**, a 200-year-old store with its own museum and workshop; glass snowglobes, a Viennese original – those by **Perzy** have tall wooden bases; or artisan chocolates – my favourites, from **Altmann & Kühne**, are like tiny jewels in a miniature casket.

Vienna is beautiful in summer and while it can reach 35°C, escaping the heat is easy. In 20 minutes, I can be across the Danube in Grinzing, sitting in a vineyard with a glass of white wine. **Taubenkobel** is only 40 minutes away in Burgenland – my favourite summer treat is to go for dinner, stay overnight and in the morning Barbara Eselböck's parents come in an old gondola and take us across Neusiedler lake to **Haus im See**, a peaceful, summer-only restaurant in Hungary, at the end of a long pier. ■HTSI



**HOTELS**

- Hotel Bristol** marriott.co.uk, from £154
- Hotel Sacher** sacher.com, from £285
- The Guesthouse** theguesthouse.at, from £218
- Park Hyatt** parkhyatt.grandluxuryhotels.com, from £302
- Taubenkobel** taubenkobel.com, from £275

**RESTAURANTS, BARS, CLUBS**

- Prices are for three courses and a half bottle of wine where applicable.
- Bonbonnière** +431-512 6886
  - Café Ansari** cafeansari.at, from €24.70
  - Café Espresso** espresso-wien.at
  - Concordia Schlossl** concordia-schloessl.at, from €30
  - Eden Bar** edenbar.at
  - Gasthaus Pöschl** gasthauspöschl.com, from €65
  - Haus im See** +3699-355 319
  - Loos** loosbar.at
  - Mochi** mochi.at, from €35
  - Roberto** robertosbar.com
  - Taubenkobel** taubenkobel.com, from €200
  - Volksgarten** volksgarten.at
  - Zum Schwarzen Kameel** kameel.at, from €90

**SITES, GALLERIES, MUSEUMS**

- Albertina** albertina.at
- Belvedere** belvedere.at
- Galerie Krinzinger** galerie-krinzinger.at
- Kunsthistorisches Museum** khm.at
- Lake Neusiedler** neusiedlersee.com
- Leopold Museum** leopoldmuseum.org
- Secession Building** secession.at
- Wittgenstein House** haus-wittgenstein.at

**SHOPS**

- Altmann & Kühne** altmann-kuehne.at
- Blumenkraft** blumenkraft.at
- Der Naschmarkt** wiennaschmarkt.eu
- Erwin Perzy III** viennasnowglobe.at
- J & L Lobmeyr** lobmeyr.at

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## DRINKING

## Dram good drama

A new documentary, *The Amber Light*, is a love letter to literature and Scotland's national spirit, says *Alice Lascelles*

The movie world is full of storylines that are fuelled by Scotch. It's not often, though, that you find a film that's actually about whisky itself. *The Amber Light* is a new release (amberlightfilm.com for screenings) that puts whisky at centre stage. Written and narrated by Glaswegian writer Dave Broom, this 90-minute documentary is a love letter to Scotland's national spirit. But it's also a celebration of the culture that created it: the communities, the craftspeople, the alchemists, artists and dreamers.

Accompanied by a hypnotic post-rock score, Broom journeys to Islay, the west-coast island where people first began making a primitive form of Scotch – *usquebaugh* – around 700 years ago. As the camera sweeps over the coastline, we learn that distilling used to be a female domain, an art somewhere 'twixt cookery, medicine and witchcraft. Early forms of *usquebaugh* were flavoured and often coloured with botanicals – more like a modern-day gin. In one lovely sequence, Broom goes foraging with a botanist for plants to make his own *usquebaugh*, which he cooks up over a fire in a miniature still. In the fading light, Broom and his companions toast each other with drams in pink-edged scallop shells, just as early distillers would have done.

*The Amber Light* explores Scotch whisky's relationship with literature. But instead of wheeling out the clichéd Robbie Burns, Broom drafts in Ian Rankin to read a poem by the 18th-century writer Robert Fergusson – one of the first writers to document whisky's place in Scottish culture. "I don't understand all of that," Rankin says drily, "but it's lovely, and it's musical, and it's definitely about whisky."

Broom, an avid record collector, has also filled the film with music: in a tobacco-stained Edinburgh pub, folk musicians Alasdair Roberts and his band The Furrow Collective perform a fragile lament about the perils of drink; in the coastal town of Kirkcaldy, musician James Yorkston tinkers around in a studio brimming with cranky old instruments.

The second half of *The Amber Light* looks to a new generation of "farmhouse distilleries" that are springing up in Fife. Broom meets Francis Cuthbert, farmer and founder of Daftmill, a distillery that grows all its raw materials from scratch; and Stephen Marshall, a distiller who owns the Fettle craft brewery, which boasts a gigging space and record label.

There is surprisingly little about how Scotch whisky is made, or even how it tastes. If you're looking for a primer on distillation or regional styles, *The Amber Light* is not for you. But if you want to understand how "boiled beer", as Broom puts it, came to capture the imaginations of people around the world, this slow-moving, thoughtful, warm-hearted film tells you all you need to know.

📍 @alicelascelles



## EATING

## The peel good factor

From Coke to ketchup and cans to cornflakes, Andy Warhol's food obsessions still pop, says *Ajesh Patalay*

It was the most hotly contested banana in history. (OK, possibly the second most hotly contested, after the bendy variety that the EU supposedly banned.) The banana on the cover of the 1967 debut album by The Velvet Underground was an image so simple and so suggestive – especially on early editions of the LP, where the banana could be peeled open to reveal raw pink flesh inside ("Peel Slowly and See", read the instruction) – that it could only have been the brainchild of one man: the band's manager Andy Warhol.

Given the circumstances, it's not surprising that the Andy Warhol Foundation, which has overseen the artist's estate since his death in 1987, thought it owned the rights to said banana. Nor that The Velvet Underground felt otherwise, seeing as the fruit in question had become synonymous with them. So when, in 2011, the foundation licensed the use of the banana on iPhone and iPad cases without the band's permission, a legal battle kicked off. Two years of wrangling followed before both parties reached a settlement, the terms of which remain undisclosed. None of us is any the wiser about who owns it or doesn't. Was it a banana split?

Warhol was a big fan of bananas. He took Polaroids of them. A self-portrait from 1982 shows him eating one. He

even filmed drag superstar Mario Montez licking one not once, but twice – first in colour, then in black and white. Other artists might cringe at the obviousness. Not Warhol. He embraced foods that lacked subtlety.

With a major exhibition on Warhol opening at Tate Modern in March, some might wonder if the world needs another show on him right now. But time spent with Andy rewards the effort, not least when it comes to food.

Take his 1964 work *Eat*. A 16mm film assembled out of sequence, it shows the artist Robert Indiana (best known for his "LOVE" paintings and sculptures) eating a mushroom. Indiana was inspired by the orgiastic eating scene from the film *Tom Jones*, which he had watched the night before. Ahead of the shoot, he assembled a bountiful platter of fruit and vegetables, from which Warhol selected just the one mushroom, telling him to "make it last". (You can imagine Indiana's disappointment: "But I bought all this papaya!")

Admittedly the film, which runs to 39 minutes, has been slowed down. But Warhol shot nine three-minute rolls, which, by any measure, is a hell of a long time to be nibbling on one mushroom. Somehow, though, the film isn't dull. Nor is it all that sexual. Perhaps that's because what we're watching here isn't so much a man eating – a mushroom requires very little of that after all, unlike, say, a watermelon, the choice of which would have resulted in a very different, stickier, kind of film. What we're watching instead is a man doing what you do when you have neither a phone nor a family to distract you between bites. Hence we see Robert Indiana looking out of the window and into the middle distance, lost in his own thoughts, his jaw moving up and down in a semi-bovine motion. Even if all

**“YOU CAN SEE WARHOL’S LEGACY IN THE WAY FOODS ARE EXALTED ON INSTAGRAM”**



From top: Warhol and Tina Turner share a slice of watermelon, 1981. *Green Coca-Cola Bottles*, 1982, by Warhol. Far right: an artist-designed Coco chocolate wrapper. Previous page: a Warhol-inspired dish at Tate Modern



he’s thinking about is his to-do list (“Must offload papaya”), it is gripping to watch.

Most of us have lost the habit, not of eating, but of eating without a sense of urgency, of really chewing our food and ruminating. It takes a 39-minute film to remind us of what we’re missing.

A lot has been made lately of the rise in solo dining, as if it weren’t largely attributable to the fact that, with a phone, no one need feel alone. Most of us would prefer the company of our phones to other people anyway. Warhol, ever prescient, solved this problem when he came up with his 1970s scheme for Andy-Mats – a chain of fast-food diners “for lonely people” where you take your tray to a booth and watch TV. He understood a fundamental truth – even singletons and loners deserve to eat out.

**T**he only place the stigma of dining alone never seemed to apply was burger joints, and McDonald’s was Warhol’s favourite – not so much for the food but because he liked its packaging. His eye for commercial design led to some of his most famous works – the Campbell’s soup series, the Heinz ketchup boxes, the Coca-Cola screen prints – common brands with iconic logos that appealed to Warhol because every consumer in America, rich or poor, could own them. Some 30 years after his death, you can still see his legacy in the way so many foods are designed and displayed, and then exalted on Instagram.

Warhol would surely have approved of the renaissance in tinned fish in Portugal, handsomely showcased at the grocery store Conserveira de Lisboa, where shelves are stacked high with brightly coloured tins, or the fishing tackle shop-turned-restaurant/bar Sol e Pesca, where cans of sardines and tuna are served up with bread and salads.

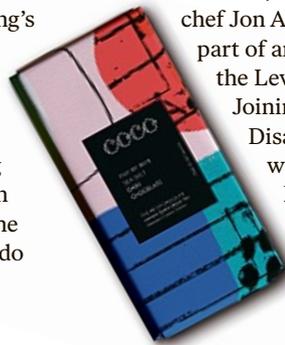
Warhol would also have delighted in Lina Stores, the chain of Italian eateries that started 75 years ago with a deli on Brewer Street in London’s Soho, expanded to include a small restaurant round the corner on Greek Street in 2018, and last November added a larger deli-restaurant in a former warehouse behind Granary Square in King’s Cross. The latter looks like a cross between an ice cream parlour and a 1950s canteen, with candy-cane stripes and banquettes the colour of peppermint. There are even two booths with their own awnings, like you might see extending over the sidewalk outside apartment buildings in Manhattan. I like to imagine Warhol sitting in one of these, doing his sketching, as he was wont to do

at Serendipity 3 on East 60th Street, his favourite “sweet spot” and unofficial headquarters as a young commercial illustrator in New York in the 1950s.

This general store-cum-café, founded by Calvin Holt, Stephen Bruce and Preston Caradine, was an apt bolthole for Warhol, full of madcap energy and a sense of its own myth. Was ever an origin story better told than theirs, by Pat Miller in the Serendipity cookbook? “It was 1954,” it begins. “The world was suffering from unrequited love, a big postwar baby boom and an insatiable craving for sweet solace. In the heart of Little Italy, sharing a cold-water flat with creepies, crawlies and things that go bump in the night, lived Serendipity 3. Princes under their frog suits, they waited, lips pursed, for the kiss that would reveal their true selves...”

Lina Stores now serves some of the best pasta in London (its crab and scallop rondini with confit cherry tomatoes is a sweet, tangy, fishy delight). But Warhol rarely ate such grown-up food. At Serendipity he subsisted on Frrozen Hot Chocolates (the closest equivalent at Lina Stores is the Tiramisu Ice Cream Sandwich, which is like a posh arctic roll). Warhol also liked cornflakes with milk (who doesn’t regress now and again?). And when he cooked steak, which he did often, he lost interest once it was done and ended up with bread and jam. “I’m only kidding myself when I go through the motions of cooking protein,” he wrote. “All I ever really want is sugar.” Who doesn’t feel that way at least once a day?

Perhaps the ultimate Warhol food was chocolate. From an illustrator’s point of view, a chocolate bar offers the ultimate showcase, and the rise in artisanal chocolate has led to an explosion in exquisitely designed versions – Brooklyn-based Mast; Vietnamese-crafted Marou; all-female, British-led Creighton’s; or Edinburgh-run Coco – so beautiful you want to line them up on a shelf and coo. Any of these would be perfect in Warhol’s recipe for cake. This doesn’t require the chocolate to be melted and spooned into a mixing bowl before going in the oven. All you do is lay a whole slab between two slices of white bread and, hey presto, you’re done. Tate Modern’s head chef Jon Atashroo has come up with his own version as part of an Andy Warhol-inspired menu being served at the Level 9 restaurant for the gallery’s exhibition.



Joining savoury dishes that include “Tuna Fish Disaster” and “Pâté for the Cat”, the “Mars Cake” will consist of chocolate brioche Mars Bar French toast with roasted banana. My teeth hurt just thinking about it. ■HTSI  
@ajesh34

## Fork on the wild side

FIVE WARHOL-WORTHY RESTAURANTS



**MCDONALD’S**  
Lakewood Boulevard, California

Opened in 1953, this is the third McDonald’s ever built and the oldest still in operation. With its pair of 30ft arches, it remains virtually unchanged since the 1950s, and it was listed as one of America’s 11 most endangered historic places by the US National Trust for Historic Preservation in 1994. [mcdonalds.com](http://mcdonalds.com)



**SOL E PESCA**  
Lisbon

A former fishing tackle shop in the Cais do Sodré district, Sol e Pesca reopened as a tapas bar specialising in tinned seafood in 2010. With old fishing gear on the walls and shelves full of tins containing specialities such as tuna with black linguine and monkfish liver, it’s a culinary and aesthetic haven. [facebook.com/solepesca](https://facebook.com/solepesca)



**SERENDIPITY 3**  
225 E 60th St, New York

Beloved of Andy Warhol, Marilyn Monroe and Jacqueline Kennedy, this “restaurant and general store” opened in 1954 and is still famous for its Frrozen Hot Chocolate and foot-long hotdogs. Its pink-and-white interior is the backdrop to scenes in the films *One Fine Day*, *Serendipity* and *Trust the Man*. [serendipity3.com](http://serendipity3.com)



**TATE MODERN**  
London

To tie in with the Warhol exhibition, Jon Atashroo, head chef of Tate Modern’s Level 9 restaurant, has created a menu that would appeal to Warhol – cornflakes and Coca-Cola all present and correct. One dish is inspired by his painting of two ladies poisoned by a can of tuna; another pairs bacon ice cream with tomato sauce. [tate.org.uk](http://tate.org.uk)



**LINA STORES**  
King’s Cross, London N1

Housed in a former transit shed in Granary Square, this is the iconic Italian deli’s first venture outside Soho in 75 years. Both a deli and restaurant, it serves Lina’s legendary fresh handmade pasta and is decorated in the original store’s signature mint green and white stripes. [linastores.co.uk](http://linastores.co.uk)



Above: Phaselis Antalya

# TRUE BLUE

*Discover one of Turkey's countless Blue Flag beaches and unlock a little piece of paradise*

**S**ome 463 Turkish beaches are now in possession of the prestigious Blue Flag award, an internationally recognised accolade that rewards the world's highest-quality coastlines. In order to be eligible, a beach must meet the programme's demanding criteria, which include safety standards and key environmental considerations such as water purity. Given the emphasis on clean, unspoiled shores, it's no surprise that Blue Flag beaches are usually beautiful to look at, too, with immaculate sands and pure, azure waters stretching as far as the eye can see. But there's more to them than just looking pretty, because visit one of these seaside treasures on the Turquoise or Aegean coasts and you'll often uncover a gateway to vibrant

Turkish culture, rich with ancient history and irresistible local food.

A number of picturesque spots in the Marmara region and on the Black Sea coast have recently been awarded Blue Flag status, while the country's pristine Mediterranean shorelines are long-established and world-renowned.

Find out more and plan an unforgettable trip with this insider's guide to Turkey's finest Blue Flag beaches...

Continues on next page ►

## ADVERTISEMENT FEATURE



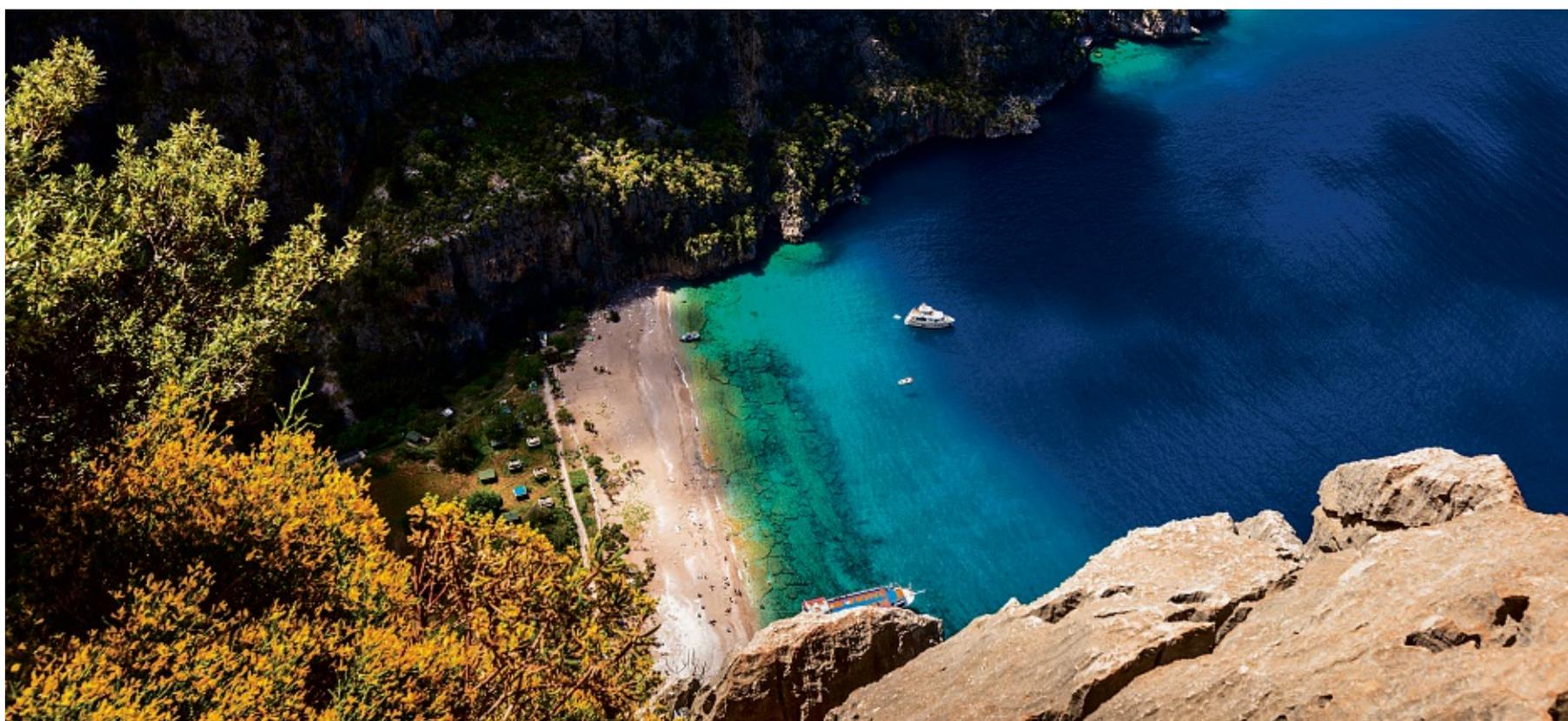
### Kaputas Beach

Widely regarded as one of the Mediterranean's most beautiful beaches, Kaputas is ideally perched on the road between the popular seaside towns of Kalkan and Kas. With its glimmering turquoise waters and fine sands, it isn't hard to see why the beach so often makes the cover of travel magazines. Take a minute to absorb the breathtaking view before you descend the scenic stairway down to the beach itself; the walk back up will feel like a small price to pay for a day spent in paradise.

### Kabak Bay

The remote Kabak Bay is surrounded by lush pine forests and characterised by its laid-back atmosphere. Stay in one of the bay's charming bungalows or even camp right on the beach as the sweet pine aroma fills the night air. A popular destination for backpackers and hikers following the famous Lycian Way, Kabak Bay is only a few kilometres from another Blue Flag treat, Butterfly Valley.

*Top: Paragliding over  
Ölüdeniz Beach  
Bottom: Butterfly Valley*

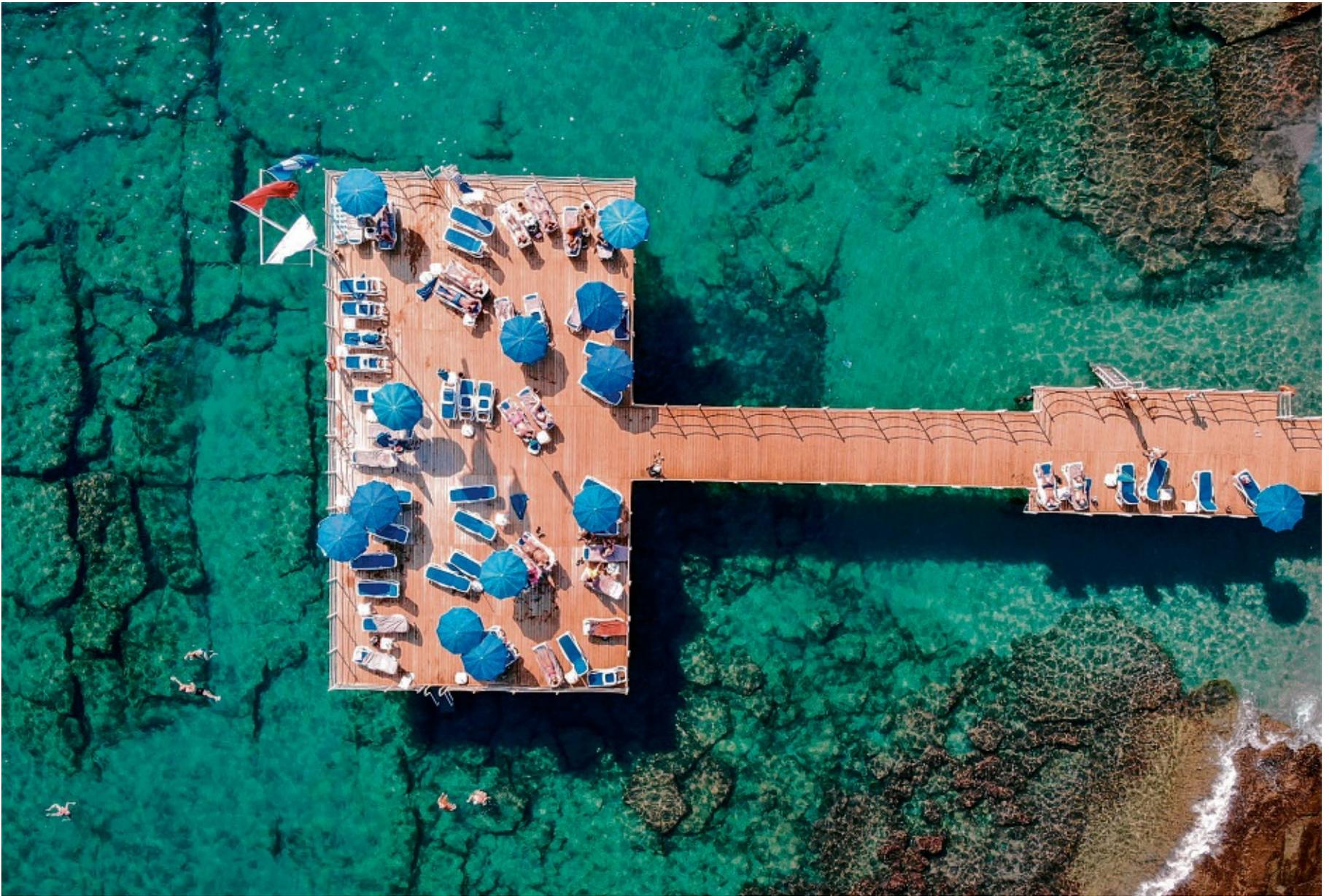


### Butterfly Valley

This postcard-perfect cove is hidden between the walls of a steep canyon and named after its dazzling population of colourful Jersey tiger-moths. The beach is only accessible by boat and electricity is limited here, making it feel like a truly untouched paradise for those

who are lucky enough to visit. In fact, in 1987, the valley was declared a preservation area in order to protect the butterflies and their natural habitat. Get close to the striking creatures by following one of the hiking trails to discover the valley's most secluded spots, then reward yourself with a cooling dip in the sea.





Top: Antalya's Turquoise waters  
 Left: The Aegean Sea  
 Right: Adrasan



### Iztuzu Beach

Not far from the attractive town of Dalyan lies this peninsula-like beach and its dramatic backdrop of pine-covered mountains. Its location right at the point where the scenic Koycegiz Lake opens out into the seas means Iztuzu is washed by the Dalyan River on one side and the Mediterranean Sea on the other, making it an excellent swimming beach. The much-loved caretta caretta, or loggerhead turtles, certainly think so, and thanks to decades of conservation efforts, they still flock here to lay their eggs.

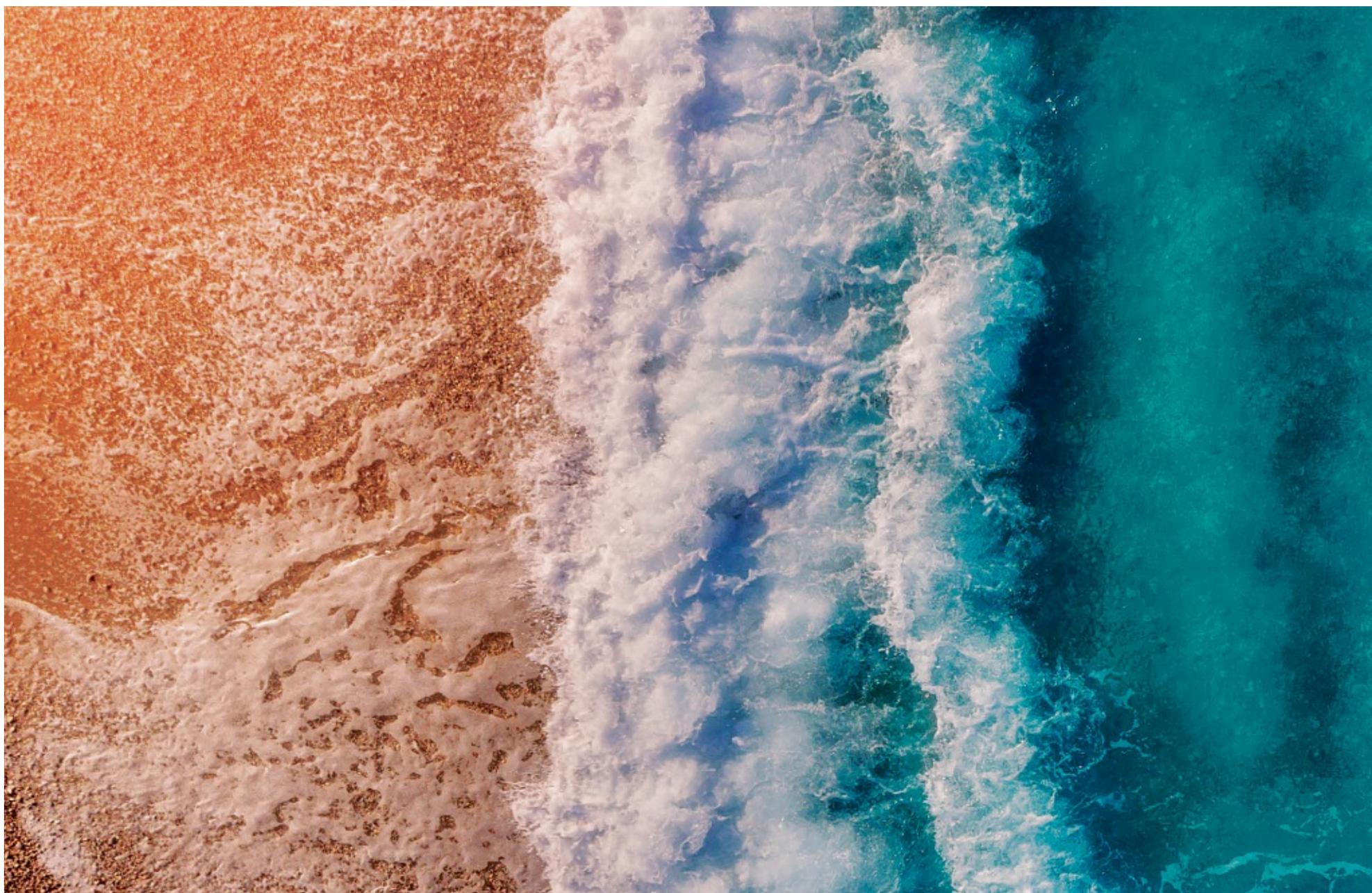
### Cirali

It's hard to believe this little-known spot is only an hour's drive from popular Antalya, especially when you consider the incredible natural and historical wonders it offers visitors. At one end of the beach is a short, pretty walk to the ancient ruins of Olympus, featuring the remains of a Roman temple and bathhouse. And a hike up into the mountains will reward you with a view of the incredible natural phenomenon that is Chimaera's famed eternal flames, which burn against the rockface and are best seen at night.

### Patara Beach

Turkey's longest beach is also one of its most beautiful, offering a sublime view of golden sands lapped by clear, shallow waters. The 18-kilometre shoreline guarantees you a quiet spot of your own, even if you are sharing the beach with the endangered caretta caretta sea turtles, too. While you're in the area, be sure to explore the ancient city of Patara and visit the charming nearby village of Gelemis.

## ADVERTISEMENT FEATURE



Top: Ölüdeniz Beach  
Above: Antalya Kapatlas  
Right: Olimpos  
Below right: Ölüdeniz Beach from  
the sky

### Datca

One of Turkey's most unspoilt seaside towns, Datca gives the term "hidden gem" new meaning with its peaceful ambience and plethora of beautiful beaches. Nestled at the junction where the Aegean Sea meets the Mediterranean, the Datca Peninsula boasts nine Blue Flag beaches, including several in the city centre itself. Explore the old town's cobblestone streets and historic houses adorned with colourful bougainvillea, or if idyllic coves are more your thing, take your pick from secluded sites like Ovabuku, Palamutbuku and Hayitbuku.

### Cleopatra Beach

Named after the Egyptian queen herself, this spot in Alanya is a hero in its own right. Cleopatra and Marc Antony are said to have sunbathed on this sand, which many believe to have been shipped in from Egypt. Import or not, it's fine, plentiful and golden; and best of all it's lapped by glimmering turquoise water. Once you've absorbed the history and marvelled at the view, make time to visit the nearby Damlatas cave, whose dripping stalactites make it a must-see for anyone in the area.

### Konyaalti Beach

It isn't hard to see why Konyaalti is one of the most popular beaches in Antalya. Picturesquely nestled between the sea and the mountains, this seven-kilometre stretch is the perfect spot for a leisurely day of seaside fun. The beach is surrounded by restaurants, cafés and shops and Konyaalti town is known for its vibrant nightlife, with clubs and music bars catering to every taste. After a busy day at the beach, the seafront promenade is ideal for a relaxing evening stroll.



### Icmeler

Located just eight kilometres from the vibrant town of Marmaris, Icmeler has gained popularity amongst nature-lovers in recent years, thanks to its unspoilt beach and pine-blanketed surroundings. Try your hand at watersports in the bay or hike the nearby canyon to see another side of this stunning area. Icmeler was once a small fishing town and the present-day beach offers plenty of boat excursions to see the best local sights.

### Ilica Beach

The quaint Aegean town of Cesme is one of Turkey's most popular summer destinations and it's easy to see why, with its delectable local food, magnificent coastal views and even its very own castle. But the jewel in its crown is surely Ilica Beach, famous for its pristine waters and thermal springs, which rise from the shallow sea floor. Many believe that a swim at Ilica has healing properties because of the minerals found here, and whether or not that's true, taking to this warm, bath-like water for a quick dip will certainly leave you feeling blissfully relaxed



### Ölüdeniz

A day spent at this sheltered lagoon, flanked by lush national park on one side and a long white-sand beach on the other, truly feels like an escape from reality. Swimming and sunbathing opportunities abound, of course, but the more adventurous visitor can also turn their hand to numerous watersports, or experience the thrill of paragliding. Here, Blue Flag-certified beaches such as Belceviz and Kumburnu boast transparent, aquamarine waters and irresistible white sands.

To discover Turkey visit  
[goturkey.com](http://goturkey.com)



# HOW I SPEND IT



## CHUCK PALAHNIUK ON SKULLS

ILLUSTRATION BY KLAUS KREMMERZ

**M**y skulls have found a final resting place. The first ones I bought in the desert under a blazing sun, in a remote yard selling garden ornaments. Five human skulls cast from concrete, they were sitting half submerged in a pool of brackish water, black with slime and staring skyward. The woman who'd made them told me her concrete Buddhas and gnomes sold well, but these skulls had sat unwanted for years. So she gave me a deal: all five for \$20, total.

I had yet to grow my first grey hair. Back then, the so-called "gothic garden" was in vogue – woody herbs and bits of broken trefoils and quatrefoils propped in beds or mortared among the paving stones. Gargoyles leered out of every horticulture magazine. Unable to afford a house and garden, I could stockpile skulls. Some came from an artist convinced his work would moulder faster if he mixed the cement with aggregate and his own urine. For the bacteria, you know. These smelly skulls I soaked away with my growing collection. Other skulls I bought from a homeless artist who mixed and cast a few at a time in her old car and sold them on the street. By that time, I could afford to shell out \$20 for each, and hers were carefully detailed, down to the sutures and the exact shape of the bicuspid.

By then I had a house, I'd written *Fight Club* and a dozen other books. I'd written graphic novels and colouring books and a travel guide, and much of my income had gone to buy a ramshackle house situated on a rocky point of land. Only Bram Stoker or Edgar Allan Poe could imagine such a location. The precipice hangs above the Columbia River, which at this point is a mile wide, and directly across this river sits a strange little castle called Vista House, perched on a steep basalt promontory called Crown Point. Google them. Aeons ago, massive floods scoured the cliff faces clean, and barren stone monoliths – Rooster Rock, the Bridal Veil columns, Beacon Rock – tower over the river's edge, shaggy with moss and ferns. Waterfalls abound.

For half the year hurricane-force winds blow, until the towering fir trees are denuded on their eastern sides and the gigantic white oaks twist and hang over the cliffs. It is the landscape of Wagner or Lovecraft; Arcadian, with stone walls built by Basque shepherds over a century ago, and

## UNABLE TO AFFORD A HOUSE AND GARDEN, I COULD STOCKPILE SKULLS

a reproduction Italian Renaissance palace called Maryhill built and abandoned by a railroad baron. He also built a full-sized restored replica of Stonehenge – as a memorial to the first-world-war dead. These romantic landmarks are my neighbours, although I haven't a human neighbour within a mile and a half.

A few years ago I set out to make my contribution to the scenery. On a small knoll, hidden until you stumble upon it, suspended above the river, I built the foundations for two intersecting walls. My vision was for two tall stone walls, a couple of peaked stained-glass windows, a ruin that would tempt people to walk the length of a long trail in order to get a better look. The view from the ruin – of the river, the monoliths, the castles – would be framed by my windows and stonework.

My childhood I'd spent cleaning used bricks and mixing mortar for my father and grandfather. The caustic lime smell of wet concrete is for me what baking cookies is for other people. Dump trucks deliver my rock, mostly two-man chunks of basalt, and I wash and sort and cart it and eventually assemble the stone into walls that now form rooms. The rooms enclose courtyards and offer niches for statues. During winter, deer shelter in these rooms. Summers, they're alive with striped chipmunks and my dogs and me, building yet more foundations and rooms. And mortared in among the stones my skulls have at last come to rest. Black with age, green with mildew, the skulls leer from crevices and window frames. Some skulls are almost completely hidden by the rocks around them. Others are grouped tightly together to suggest an ossuary. Native vines and bushes crowd everything.

Last Halloween, a kindergarten class held a party among the stained glass and skulls flickering in light from a bonfire. Otherwise the surrounding woods are dense and so dark the constellations look like textbook illustrations. It was the kids who dubbed it "the scary castle".

Recently, my husband, Mike, walked the long forest path and surveyed the ruins, the skulls, the gothic view. He told me, flat out, "I think the scary castle is big enough."

The foundations are already laid for another year's building. Just a few more rooms.

I think Mike is wrong. ■HTSI

BY INVITATION  
13-14 MAY 2020

BY TICKET  
15-16 MAY 2020

TWO TEMPLE PLACE

# EYE OF THE COLLECTOR

13-16 MAY 2020



Patricia Treib Asturian II, 2017, courtesy of Kate MacCarray | Modular TV bench, Hans Olsen for Bramin, 1957, courtesy of Modernity | Greek black-glazed hydria, circa 350 - 300 BC, courtesy of Kallias Gallery



"BEAUTY LIES IN THE DETAILS OF  
THE GRANDEST STRUCTURES,  
AND THE FINEST!"

ORA İTO,  
CREATOR OF SHAPES, WEARS THE  
VACHERON CONSTANTIN PATRIMONY.

  
**VACHERON CONSTANTIN** | ONE OF  
GENÈVE | NOT MANY.