

THE Salvador Dali

COLLECTORS BI-MONTHLY JOURNAL®

FOR THE DALI AFICIONADO AND SERIOUS COLLECTOR

* * * Now In Our 23rd Year * * *

Exploding the “Pre-Signed Paper Myth”

We've heard it a thousand times: “Salvador Dali signed thousands of blank sheets for fast cash, and publishers later printed whatever they wanted.” Nothing could be less true. Here's the proof.

Because Dali's bizarre mystique was built on the much touted absurdities of his lifestyle, it's perhaps understandable how one very palatable myth has become so stubbornly entrenched in the annals of Dali lore. Unfortunately, it is also the most damaging fallacy affecting the Dali print market today -- the false popular belief that, late in his life, Dali greedily and indiscriminately signed carton after carton of blank fine art sheets for publishers who eventually printed anything they wanted over his signature.

Dali's longtime friend and personally appointed archivist, the late Albert Field, addressed this myth in a detailed letter to a *Wall Street Journal* editor, following a notorious article titled “Art Without Intimidation” which *WSJ* published April 17, 1998. Field took particular umbrage with a paragraph stating, “Be particularly leary of any Dalí prints: shortly before his death, the artist, for sport and for money, signed thousands of blank pieces of paper which were later printed.”

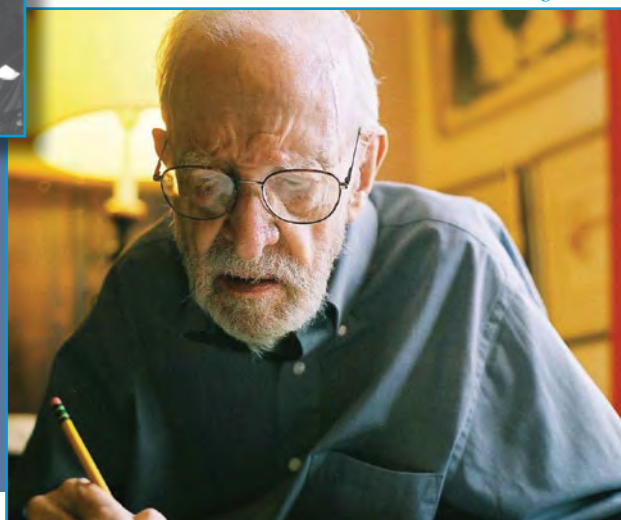
“The story was widely spread by crooks to explain how they had paper with [Dali's] signatures,” Field said in his letter. “That it is a lie is easy to prove. From 1980 until his death in 1989 [Dali] had palsy; his hand never stopped shaking. Doctors have testified that it was physically impossible for him to sign in a firm hand.” To treat persistent flu symptoms, Dali's near-senile wife Gala had allegedly been dosing him with a cocktail of unprescribed meds that damaged his nervous system, causing Parkinson's-like shaking of his hand. Dali later made an officially notarized statement that he signed no edition work after December 1979.

Field gave additional proof, noting that on April 1, 1980, the mills producing the Arches and Rives

Continued on Page 2...



Albert Field with Dali in 1968 at one of their many regular meetings at the St. Regis Hotel in New York, conscientiously cataloging the graphic works. The result of Field's tireless labor was *The Official Catalog of the Graphic Works of Salvador Dali*, published in 1996. The book remains the definitive source of information on the graphic works, including what editions are and are not authentic Dali graphic artworks.



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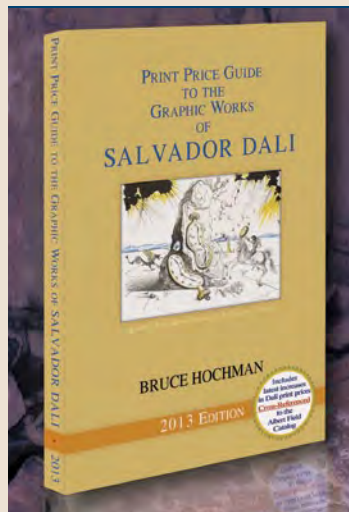
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An edition of Bruce Hochman's *Dali Print Price Guide* consulted in a recent episode of TV's *Pawn Stars*



Pre-Signed Paper Myth ... (Cont'd from page 1)

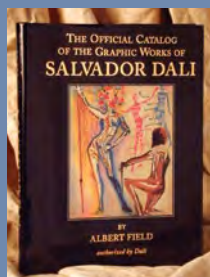
papers that Dali's works had been printed on changed their formulas and released new papers archivally suitable to last 500 years, they claimed. "In celebration, they added to their watermark the symbol of eternity -- a figure eight lying on its side." Printmakers call it *the infinity symbol*.



"Some crooks did not notice the new watermark and published their prints on paper that Dali *could not* have signed," Field insisted. "Never buy a Dali print on paper with an infinity symbol. He never signed even one! When they caught on, some of them trimmed the watermark off the paper, but their fraud can be detected by measuring the height of the sheet -- if it is short on the edge under the watermark, [the infinity symbol] has been trimmed. Others shifted to paper that cannot be dated, publishing nothing on Arches and Rives, which is a giveaway in itself."

Did Dali ever sign blank paper? Under careful control, he did. Field explained a handful of well documented instances. "These sheets have been closely controlled ... any extras were torn up. None got into the hands of anyone else," he insisted.

So where did all the "signed sheets" come from? Field detailed a few known sources "A major source was Gilbert Hamon in Paris," Field said. "He was caught by French police and admitted he had signed most of the sheets himself.... Other publishers had their own in-house forgers."



To order *The Official Catalog of the Graphic Works of Salvador Dali* by Albert Field, call the Salvador Dali Gallery toll free at 1-800-275-3254.

Or order securely via the gallery's website at www.DaliGallery.com.

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Albert Field's detailed
letter to The Wall Street Journal,
exploding the pre-signed paper myth.

ART REVIEW: *Dalí*, Pompidou Centre, Paris

Excerpted from *The Independent*, 12/23/2012, by Charles Darwent

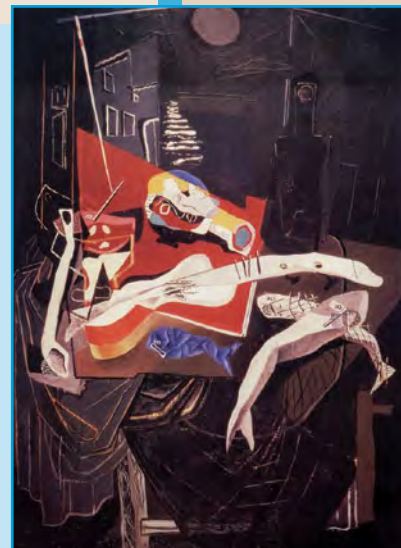
Which Dalí poster did you have? The egg and the fingers one? Or maybe the melting clocks? The crucifix-over-the-sea one? Whichever, it's unlikely you'll have it now. The object of a million teenage crushes, Salvador Dalí is an embarrassment in later life -- the kind of thing you confess to friends when you've had a gin too many; that makes you groan out loud when you recall it on a bus.

He had only himself to blame. A tireless self-promoter, Dalí turned himself into a product -- a ringmaster with twirly moustaches, a one-man poster-machine. The problem got worse with age, and he lived to be 84. When he came to London for the International Surrealist Exhibition in 1936, Dalí showed up in a deep-sea diver's outfit. He had, typically, forgotten about an air supply -- detail was never his strong point -- so that he had to be freed from his helmet, puce and gasping, by a young English poet. Even Dalí's most ardent fans have to concede that it might have been better if the poet hadn't been carrying a wrench.

So impressive was Dalí's talent for self-promotion that curators have also tended to take him at face value and Dalí-ise him -- present the mad Catalan in a mad-Catalan way, with attendant Surrealist hoop-la. So the first thing you notice about the Pompidou Centre's new show, *Dalí*, is how very dull it looks. The second is what a good thing that is.

You walk into *Dalí* expecting Surrealist razzmatazz and instead find a sober sequence of rooms with plain white walls, paintings hung in a line and objects displayed in vitrines, as though the works in them were from a serious artist; which, of course, they are. The exhibition's curators have taken the brave decision to ignore Dalí the showman and concentrate instead on Dalí the intellectual -- a less entertaining figure, but a very much more interesting one.

So who is this new Dalí? Asked to sum up his contribution to art, the Catalan cheerily replied, "Absolutely nothing. As I've always said, I'm a very bad painter." Treated by the Pompidou as an artist rather than as the Madman of Figueres, this turns out to be not quite true. A work such as *Still Life by Moonlight*, made in 1926 when he was 21, shows a serious young man getting to grips with Cubism. Dalí then toyed with Purism before settling on his own trademark style, a Max Ernst-ish super-real figuration.



Still Life by Moonlight (1926-27)

Even this last was not the casually thrown off thing its creator liked to pretend. Whatever else it may be setting out to do, *Falaise*, also from 1926, can hold its own as landscape: it's actually pretty well done. Likewise, Dalí's self-proclaimed fascination with Millet's *Angelus*, lent to this show by the Musée d'Orsay, was more than just absurd. (The Moustachioed One spent years badgering the Louvre to have Millet's work X-rayed, claiming that this would reveal its female subject to be felling a painted-out man.)

His dogged return to the image again and again over half a century, from his first *Angelus* of 1932 to *Dawn, Midday, Sunset and Dusk* of 1979, suggests the genuine fascination of one painter for another. And Dalí's references to Bosch and Bruegel aren't just there as inappropriate Surrealist borrowings. They show a serious understanding of the Dutch repertoire of nightmare, channelled through Freud. Dalí's interest in art history may have been meant to be seen as wacky, but it is something else as well.

If two things emerge from the Pompidou's show, they are Dalí's inventiveness and talent for evasion. It is easy to forget that the forms on those posters Blu-tacked to our teenage bedrooms -- the eggs and ovoids, the rocks that morph into flesh and back into rocks again -- were all his own work: familiarity with them has bred contempt. So, too, with the unpleasantly acid palette and slimy surface of Dalí's canvases. Framed on a gallery wall, his capacity for seeing double -- for finding the precise optical tipping-point between the two objects in *Apparition of a Face and a Fruit-Dish on a Beach* -- feels like something akin to genius.

Perhaps the biggest favour this show does, though, is to the older Dalí. Had the English poet not unscrewed that diving helmet when the artist was about to expire at age 34, we would have a very different view of him. The eggforms and trompe l'oeil and Freudian jokes had all been done by then: it was the subsequent 50-odd years that turned them into clichés. But Dalí didn't simply go on churning out Surrealist images, as their posterised ubiquity suggests. He spent that last half-century staging performances, painting Sigmar Polke-dots and making holograms of Velázquez's *Las Meninas*. By then, though, we all thought we knew who Dalí was, and what. The Pompidou's show is a useful reminder that he was also a very good liar.



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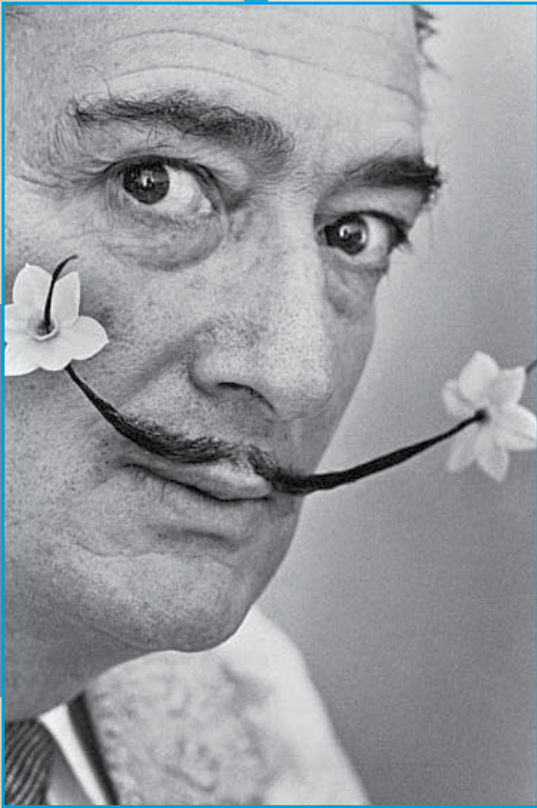
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The Bazaar World of Salvador Dalí

Excerpted from *Harper's Bazaar*, December 2012, by Julie Belcove

The wildly imaginative painter and Harper's Bazaar contributor led a life as surreal as his work.



In a classic episode of the 1950s TV show *What's My Line?*, the blindfolded panelists are stumped. "Are you a performer?" one asks the mischievous guest. "Yes." "Would you be considered a leading man?" "Yes." An athlete? A writer? A comic-strip illustrator? Have your exploits made headlines? All affirmative. To uproarious laughter from the studio audience, a confounded contestant demands, "You are a human being?" Perhaps it was the foreign accent, or maybe the seemingly egotistical self-assessment, but one panelist finally queries if the guest has a mustache, one, moreover, by which he could be caricatured. "Yes." "Are you Salvador Dalí?"

Dalí's answers were all true as far as he was concerned. He refused to be limited. "He wanted to be everything," says Hank Hine, executive director of Florida's Dalí Museum. Indeed, he was a painter, sculptor, filmmaker, photographer, author. He collaborated with fashion designers like Coco Chanel and Elsa Schiaparelli and contributed to *Harper's Bazaar*. He even helped create a whole new medium: His outrageous antics, like the time he gave a lecture wearing a deep-sea diving suit and helmet (and almost suffocated when he ran out of air), were the precursor to the now ubiquitous performance art. Dalí's strategic, career-minded approach to art foreshadowed today's multidisciplinary artist-cumbusinessman. His mission was to bring Surrealism -- the weird but accessible movement indebted to Freud's theories of dreams and the subconscious -- to the masses.

Still, Dalí slipped from the canon. The past few years have ushered in a reconsideration, and in November, Paris's Centre Pompidou unveiled a major Dalí retrospective. The artist's last retrospective there, in 1979, attracted more visitors than any other show in the museum's history.

Dalí was the first true celebrity artist. Picasso was famed and revered, but Dalí mingled in high society, hobnobbed with Hollywood and became a household name. His face alone is iconic: ridiculously waxed mustache curled upward like a bull's horns. His mad-genius persona and eccentric haute lifestyle may have been his greatest work of art.

Dalí had a bizarre entry into the world: Born in 1904 in Catalonia, he was named after his older brother, who had died a toddler just nine months earlier. Dalí reportedly was raised to believe he was the first Salvador's reincarnation. His father, a strict lawyer, provided ample Oedipal issues. Not long after Dalí, at 16, lost his mother to cancer -- he called it the "greatest blow" of his life -- his father married her sister.

As an art student in Madrid, Dalí dressed the part of the dandy, with knee breeches and stockings and long hair. Filmmaker Luis Buñuel and poet Federico Garcia Lorca formed his inner circle. But after getting expelled from school, Dalí fell in with the Surrealists. He let loose with paintings about masturbation, said to be his preferred, or perhaps only, method of sexual satisfaction. In 1929, he met Gala, a Russian émigré 10 years his senior who was married to the Surrealist poet Paul Éluard. She was already something of a Surrealist muse, or groupie: During her marriage to Éluard, she'd had a liaison with the painter Max Ernst.

Gala and Dalí married in 1934. She came to serve not only as his muse and model but also his business manager, PR adviser, and all-round handler. "I find myself married to an authentic rainbow," Dalí wrote of Gala in *Bazaar's* June 1937 issue. His devotion to and dependence on her were such that he frequently signed works "Gala Salvador Dalí." Amanda Lear, a singer and model whose 1985 *My Life with Dalí*, details her peculiar love affair with the artist in the 60s and 70s, claimed Gala wouldn't allow him to carry money. "When he was with her," Lear wrote, "he behaved like a child in front of his mother."

Dalí was still in his 20s when he painted 1931's *The Persistence of Memory*, an image of drooping watches that instantly became a Surrealist icon. By the time Dalí made his New York debut, in 1934, his outlandish reputation preceded him. Fawning socialites threw the Surrealist Bal Onirique in his and Gala's honor. He arrived wearing a pink brassiere in a glass case on his chest. Though provocative, it was prim compared

"The secret of my influence has always been that it remained secret."



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with Gala's headdress, which was ornamented with a model of an infant's corpse. It was reported that she was dressed as the Lindbergh baby, whose suspected murderer was then on trial. The ensuing uproar notwithstanding, the worlds of fashion and society were in his thrall.

Carmel Snow, then editor in chief of *Bazaar*, dispatched art director Alexey Brodovitch to Paris to recruit Dalí, who received him wearing a robe and sitting atop a table. Dalí "was very supercilious about doing any work for a fashion magazine," Snow recalled, and he flatly refused. The next time, Snow accompanied Brodovitch on the errand. "My reputed 'charm' (and cash, doubtless ...) accomplished our purpose."

Dalí's contributions to *Bazaar*, which continued for decades, included a 1935 stab at fashion illustration: He rendered two evening gowns, one with a girdle of coral, the other with a girdle of plaster and a mask of roses. The caption cheekily noted, "Not any of these are at Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field, or Bullock's Wilshire, California." And in a 1939 spread, Dalí lurks behind Gala in a portrait shot against one of his works -- painted at Coco Chanel's Monte Carlo villa -- of an enormous telephone receiver hovering over a plate of fried eggs.

Bonwit Teller, the elegant New York store known for its clever window displays, commissioned Dalí twice. The first, in 1936, drew crowds to see his mannequin dressed in a black gown, her head made of red roses, a red lobster telephone beside her. Dalí's second design for Bonwit's, in 1939, however, ended with the artist briefly taken into police custody. This time he had dressed a dummy in a risqué negligee of green feathers. Management quickly replaced it with one more primly dressed. Dalí went ballistic. In the chaos that followed, a bathtub from the display crashed through the window landing, along with Dalí himself, on the sidewalk.

Schiaparelli also persuaded Dalí to team up on a series of collaborations, chief among them designing a white silk gown with a giant red lobster drawn by Dalí. Its most famous model: Wallis Simpson, photographed by Cecil Beaton. Then there was the whimsical "shoe hat," an overturned pump worn with the heel sticking up from the woman's head.



1935 Dalí work for Harper's Bazaar

Nowadays, the collaboration may seem old hat, so to speak, but in the 30s, the art world latched at such blatant commercialism. The Surrealists were growing increasingly suspicious of him; founder André Breton even coined an anagram of Dalí's name: Avida Dollars. But Dalí's defenders argue his guiding concern was popularizing Surrealism. "Dalí really wanted to spread his ideas everywhere," says Elliott King, an assistant professor of art history at Washington and Lee University and a Dalí expert. (Ironically, the Surrealists kicked Dalí out of their club in 1939.)

As World War II broke out in Europe, he and Gala sought refuge in the U.S., which gave Dalí the opportunity to schmooze with the beautiful people on both coasts, arguably to the detriment of his art. Revisionists, however, insist that Dalí's dedication to figuration in the 40s and 50s -- while the Abstract Expressionists were dominating, he was painting Madonnas -- was an act of artistic daring and integrity.

In Hollywood, where he designed the dream sequence in Alfred Hitchcock's 1945 movie *Spellbound*, he chummed about with Clark Gable and Walt Disney, and painted a portrait of Ann Warner, the wife of movie mogul Jack Warner, which ran in a 1944 issue of *Bazaar*. Dalí's Hollywood ambitions, though, were largely thwarted. He longed to make a Marx Brothers movie, but it never materialized. In a 1937 essay in *Bazaar*, accompanied by a drawing of Harpo Marx with a lobster and an apple atop his head, he called Marx "the most fascinating and the most surrealistic character in Hollywood." Dalí even sent the comedian a harp strung with barbed wire as a Christmas present. Marx's response came in a photo of him playing it with bandaged fingers.

When in New York, Dalí cultivated his own theater of the absurd in his suite at the St. Regis. There he entertained guests like Berenson and Andy Warhol while his pet ocelot Babou roamed the halls. (Warhol, incidentally, did not delight in Dalí's antics. On their first meeting, Dalí crowned Warhol with an Incan headdress, causing the shy artist to bolt; on another visit, Warhol was even less lucky, with Dalí pouring paint over him.) "Dalí enjoyed very much shocking people," Berenson says. "He liked the idea of being a bit crazy. It amused him to see people's reactions."

Gloria Vanderbilt recalled attending a 1941 soiree in the Dalís' honor at the Hotel Del Monte in Monterey, California. "Senora Dalí reclined at the head of the table, leaning against pillows, ensconced as though the table was her bed and the linen tablecloth her sheet, with a tray across her lap for waiters to serve the

Continued on Page 8...

"It is good taste, and good taste alone, that possesses the power to sterilize and is always the first handicap to any creative functioning."



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New Dali Lobster Telephone Looks

Australian designer Elliot Gorham created the Dali-inspired “Lobster iPhone 5” case pictured left. This piece is a bit of a departure for Gorham, who mainly does furniture. He blogs: “Unlike a typical phone case, it doesn’t offer functionality of protection or style. Its features include: camera incapability, ergonomically awkward, too big for pocket or handbag and most importantly, it’s ability to cause its users embarrassment. The lobster phone case addresses the need to detach yourself from mobile technology, by being user-unfriendly. It presents itself as a deterrent through its awkward and inoperative design, resulting in minimal enjoyment of function, zero fashion credibility and reduced mobility for the user. But like most phone cases, it does offer the illusion of individualism.”

<http://www.noddyboffin.com/portfolio/lobster-mobile-telephone-case>

The Rodnik Band sent *SDCBJ* the fashion-forward Dali telecom crustacean pictured right: “We thought we would get in touch and send you a picture of our Lobster Telephone dress from our 2010 collection *Venus in Sequins*.”

<http://www.therodnikband.com>



Dali's Little-Known Foray into Glass Art

Excerpted from *ArtInfo.com*, 1/7/2013, by Benjamin Sutton

“There is only one difference between a madman and me. The madman thinks he is sane. I know I am mad.”



Three of Salvador Dalí's final works, fruits of a collaboration with French glass studio Daum, don't belong to any museums' permanent collections (yet). *Venus With Drawers*, *Soft Watch* and *Car Debris Horse* were made in editions of 850 each under the artist's supervision shortly before his death in 1989. They are composed of bronze-encrusted molten glass and have become much sought-after since the Centre Pompidou's blockbuster Dalí exhibit opened in November.

Though the three sculptures were Dalí's last collaborations with Daum, he began producing works with the storied glass studio 20 years prior, when Jacques Daum approached Dalí in hopes of recruiting a contemporary artist to test new molten glass processes. “We wanted to create editions of contemporary sculptures using a wax

mold process,” Daum, who died in 1987, wrote in his unpublished journal. “We had to convince one of the great artists of our time.

That was easier said than done, though, because by then Dalí was already venerated far and wide. You'd see him on television often being treated like a prince, which seemed to be perfectly natural to him.”

In 1967 Dalí and Daum produced their first edition, *The Rose is the Thing*, which was followed by another 20 before the artist's death. After working with the artist, Daum deemed him “a genius with enormous talent, a fantastic imagination, a very vast intelligence, and, in the end, great kindness, despite the egocentric and clownish airs he puts on.”



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EVENTS & EXHIBITIONS



Centre Pompidou

19 Rue du Renard, Paris 75191, France

Salvador Dali -- Through March 25, 2013

More than 200 works presented in chronological/themed sections. Dalí, a pioneer of performance art, a creator of ephemeral works, a media manipulator who saw art as a global act of communication. Among the iconic pieces exhibited are *The Persistence of Memory* (1931); *Le Grand Masturbateur* (1929); *Le spectre du Sex Appeal* (1934); *L'Énigme sans Fin* (1938) – plus 100 works on paper, objects, projects for stage and screen, films, photographs, clips from television programs that reflect the intense activity of the showman that Dali was. (See related review on page 3 this issue of the SDCBJ.) Telephone +33 (0)1 44 78 12 33 or for complete information online CLICK <http://www.centrepompidou.fr/Pompidou/accueil.nsf/tunnel?OpenForm>



William King Museum, United-Legard Galleries

415 Academy Dr., Abingdon, Virginia 24210

Dalí Illustrates Dante's Divine Comedy -- Through February 17, 2013

Dante's symbolic journey through Hell, Purgatory and Heaven. Dalí created 100 watercolors illustrating Dante's epic with each print depicting a verse from the poem. The prints on view were translated from Dalí's watercolors into printed plates, a process in which two artists worked for five years hand-carving 3,500 blocks. Telephone 276-628-5005 or for complete information online CLICK http://www.williamkingmuseum.org/w2/2012_0913/dali-illustrates-dantes-divine-comedy/



SUNY, College at Brockport, Tower Fine Arts Center Gallery

350 New Campus Dr., Brockport, New York 14420

Salvador Dali: Dante's Divine Comedy -- February 28 through March 29, 2013

Complete series of Dali's 100 *Divine Comedy* prints. Telephone 585-395-2787 or for complete information online CLICK <http://www.brockport.edu/finearts/calendar.html#February>



The Salvador Dali Museum

One Dali Blvd., St. Petersburg, Florida 33701

Royal Inheritance: Dali Spanish National Collection -- Through March 31, 2013

Twelve Dali works on loan from the National Collection of Modern Art in Spain. Begins with examples of Dali's technical skill in four paintings from 1918 to 1924. Continues with experiments in abstraction and perception, including paintings creating a 3-D experience. In *Las Meninas* (1975-76), Velázquez' famous painting is given a stereoscopic interpretation. *Composition* (1928) reveals Dali's preoccupation with the Spanish Anti-Art movement. This large abstract work is without horizon or discernible referent. *Portrait of Gala with Turban* (1939) is an arresting portrait. Rendered with dramatic highlights, it reveals the mystique that made Gala Dali's muse. *A Propos of the "Treatise on Cubic Form" by Juan de Herrera* (1960) issues from Dali's Nuclear Mysticism. Among Dali's last paintings, works from 1983 reveal the influence of mathematician René Thom's theory of "catastrophe" and Dali's mystical fascination with aesthetic form.

Much Ado about Shakespeare -- Through April 28, 2013

Presented as part of a Shakespeare Festival in collaboration with area arts organizations, the museum will exhibit 31 Dali works inspired by the works of William Shakespeare and two Shakespearean books illustrated by Dali: *Macbeth* and *As You Like It*. This exhibition, drawn from the museum's collection, will be curated by Joan Kropf. Telephone 727-823-3767 or for complete information online CLICK <http://thedali.org/exhibits/current.php>

"Mistakes are almost always of a sacred nature. Never try to correct them. On the contrary: rationalize them, understand them thoroughly. After that, it will be possible for you to sublimate them."



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Bazaar World of Dali ... (Cont'd from page 5)

dinner," Vanderbilt wrote in *The New York Times* in 2008. "She appeared to be in a tableau, unaware of the row of guests ... as if she was in the privacy of her own bedroom, unobserved." An impish tablemate donned a waiter's jacket and began flinging food at Gala, "and the spring chicken sauté skillfully slithered onto the Senora's décolletage instead of her plate."

Gala was an enigma in her own right, and her relationship with Dalí, though endlessly fascinating, is not exactly the stuff of romance novels. "Gala had a huge sexual appetite," says King, whereas Dalí "didn't like to be touched." Theirs was an open, perhaps unconsummated, marriage, as Gala dallied with ever younger lovers while Dalí dabbled in voyeurism. But by all accounts they remained devoted, and in 1968, Dalí bought her a medieval castle in the Spanish town of Púbol. "It was her castle," King says. "She could live there. He could only come if she asked him by written invitation."

By then his potent early work had been displaced by his clownlike behavior and suspected hucksterism. He took to wearing lamé, touching up his mustache with black pencil, Lear claimed, and passing off weeds as hairs from his mustache. According to one of Dalí's dealers, he sold a hair extension to George Harrison for \$5,000. ☺

AUCTION NEWS

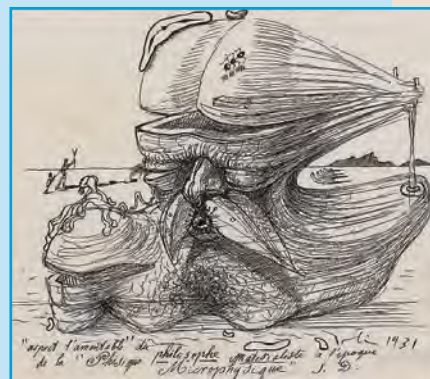


Sewing Machine with Umbrellas (top left)

Gouache on panel, signed, 1941

Estimated: \$2,260,000 - \$2,825,000

Sold: \$2,600,330 at Artcurial,
December 4, 2012



The Rhinoceros (bottom left)

Pen & ink on paper, signed, 1951

Estimated: \$35,300 - \$49,425

Sold: \$52,540 at Artcurial,
December 4, 2012



Le Philosophe Materialiste (top right)

Pen & ink on paper, signed, 1931

Estimated: \$35,300 - \$49,425

Sold: \$43,800 at Artcurial,
December 4, 2012



Etudes - Deux têtes de vierge (bottom right)

Pen on cardboard, signed, 1952

Estimated: \$14,125

Sold: \$51,700 at Ketterer Kunst, Munich
December 8, 2012 ☺

THE SALVADOR DALI COLLECTORS BI-MONTHLY JOURNAL

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Published bi-monthly (January, March, May, July, September, November) by The Salvador Dali Gallery, Inc., 31103 Rancho Viejo Road, #2-193, San Juan Capistrano, California 92675.

Toll free 800-ASK-DALI (800-275-3254). The Salvador Dali Gallery, Inc. is a complete Dali resource, exclusively offering Albert Field's Official Catalog of the Graphic Works of Salvador Dali; Bruce Hochman's Print Price Guide to the Graphic Works of Salvador Dali; authentic Dali prints and originals, and this publication. Visit The Salvador Dali Gallery's website: www.DaliGallery.com.