Questroyal Fine Art, LLC

Now
Important American Paintings

Now

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Credits for Artists' Photographs
Let’s be thankful that those inclined to spend the most overlook American art that has been celebrated for a century or more and that occupies the walls of our oldest and most revered institutions. We are greatly advantaged by the lunacy that cherishes the timely over the timeless. Some of society’s most affluent members are engaged in what may be best described as the economic equivalent of nuclear war. At the most recent contemporary sale, bidders experienced a sense of embarrassment if the lot they acquired did not exceed ten million dollars. Obsessed with the latest iteration and focused most on whatever sits at the pinnacle of present taste, the buyers of these works are making judgments based on the same criteria that might be used in assessing the merit of the latest model car. Those who cannot see the folly of overvaluing present preference are doomed to share its fate: obsolescence at the hand of the clock and the onslaught of ever-newer innovation and fashion. Art that endures the rigorous test of time remains relevant to the ages and is most deserving of our faith and capital.

We need not debate talent; there is inspiration to be garnered from artists of all types and from all periods. The distinction between Sinatra or Bieber, Streisand or Cyrus, would only merit criticism if there were a vast disparity in the monetary value of their recordings, as is the case with paintings by brilliant artists from different periods.

The natural course of anomalies is reversion, and I believe that the art we love will become what so many contemporary buyers seek when the bubble bursts. No one knows when that will happen, so while there is still time — while great art remains out of the spotlight — those of us who do not need the encouragement of headlines have an opportunity that begins with the turn of this page.

It’s a Mad, Mad World — Thankfully  
BY LOUIS M. SALERNO
A Letter to Our Clients

After considerable effort, we have concluded this, our fifteenth edition of *Important American Paintings* and look forward to the emails and phone calls that will ensue. The art market is back in full swing, and our inventory has been replenished with many fine-quality and fairly priced works.

There are exciting things to come. We have been building our collection of paintings by Ralph Albert Blakelock; presently at more than fifty examples, the possibility of another show continues to become more likely. Our last exhibition of his work was in 2005, and it remains the most successful in our history. By the close of opening night, we had sold nearly every painting offered for sale and have been trying to put together exceptional examples for a round two of that blockbuster event. The demand for his work is still very strong, which has created a pleasant but unusual problem, because we prefer not to sell too many in advance of a forthcoming show.

Recently, a group of more than eighty paintings from a major American collection was offered to us. Also, another important Hudson River School collector has asked that we consider some of his best pieces. Please monitor our website for developments.

Collectors continue to bring paintings to the gallery for our consideration and, more than ever before, many are being offered to us through email. I have probably considered hundreds—if not thousands—of JPEGs in the last year. Unfortunately, only a small percentage of them were of the quality and value we strive to buy, but I always appreciate looking at all of them.

We continue to work hard to engage our clients through monthly mailers and emails, and social network posts in Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Tumblr, and Pinterest in an effort to test various methods that effectively communicate new information.

After nearly fifteen years, we have finally secured the entire third floor of 903 Park Avenue. With more than one hundred paintings on display, come prepared to see a very diverse selection. Our total inventory, in excess of four hundred, enables us to offer works by virtually every significant American artist. I promise there is something interesting for every collector.

Sincerely,

Brent L. Salerno
Co-Owner
The Balloon Dog and the Underdog: The Value of Contemporary Art vs. American Paintings

The art world is becoming a tale of two markets: contemporary—and the rest.1

The above statement is polarizing, and it alludes to one of our perennial hurdles: building and maintaining confidence in American paintings. This challenge, while reinforced by the inherent beauty, value, historical importance, and solid reputation of American art, only intensifies in the shadow of the mammoth postwar and contemporary market—a hulking hulk of celebrity artists, kingpin dealers, and collectors with unimaginable wealth. Despite my confidence in American paintings, I feel occasion-ally overwhelmed by the flood of sensational contemporary art news. The blockbuster headlines roll in like a storm—a cloud cover of drama and gross spending that effortlessly overshadows the American paintings market. Rather than feeling even a hint of intimidation or insecurity, we American art enthusiasts should recognize the true absurdity of the billions of dollars spent on postwar and contemporary art each year. We constantly strive to make a compelling case for American art, and while we hope that Questroyal’s mantra—recited in national magazine ads and our monthly catalogues—resonate with and inspire collectors, we realize that these efforts might be seen as self-promotion. It is harder, however, to ignore the voices of art world authorities, who are completely disconnected from the Questroyal sphere—and any related bias—and who nonetheless reinforce our views. In his June 16 analysis of the popular contemporary abstract painting style cleverly deemed “Zombie Formalism,” Jerry Saltz, senior art critic at New York magazine, makes many chillingly relevant observations. His commentary exposes the impersonal and money-dominated nature of much of the contemporary art world:

In today’s greatly expanded art world and art market, artists making diluted art have the upper hand. A large swath of the art being made today is being driven by the market, and specifically by not very sophisticated speculator-collectors who prey on their wealthy friends and their friends’ wealthy friends, getting them to buy the same look-alike art.2

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Can you imagine buying a painting of this kind? Would it bring you real pride and enjoyment? Would you want to leave this type of art to your children? In contrast, when collecting American paintings, this unflattering stereotype does not exist; American art will never be obsolete because it has remained relevant for centuries, even during vast cultural and economic shifts. To quote Questroyal’s owner, Louis Salerno, my mentor for eleven years and a true proponent of American art:

Let’s take art back before it drown in the torrent created by a society bent on monetizing everything within its grasp. Once, artistic merit was essential to us; however, this inherent premise is being perverted by an egomaniacal marketplace that prioritizes a work of art in relation to the obscurity of its cost. As Saltz predicts, “My guess is that, if and when money disappears from the art market again, the bottom will fall out of this genericism. Everyone will instantly stop making the sort of painting that was an answer to a question that no one remembers asking—and it will never be talked about again.”

My belief in American art is essentially the antithesis to Saltz’s prophecy: our connection to nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings is entwined with the dense fibers of our lives, experiences, and legacies, and there is no way of permanently untangling it. The same cannot be said for the “trophy art” of today. If the American nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters you follow and collect occasionally seem lackluster or unpopular by comparison to the postwar and contemporary market’s blockbuster fame, consider the cautionary tale of ex-golden boy Damien Hirst, whose prices have been on the decline since 2009. In 2012, Bloomberg Businessweek called Hirst “the richest artist in the world,” with an estimated fortune of $350 million. Hirst is often compared to Warhol, but Pop art’s iconoclast never received more than $50,000 for a painting during his lifetime.5 While the concept of a superstar artist began with Warhol, this extreme level of wealth flaunted by contemporary artists and their collectors is a phenomenon unique to this decade, culmi-nating in the Christie’s evening postwar and contemporary sale this May, which produced “the highest total for a single auction, not accounting for inflation, in Christie’s history.”6 These jaw-dropping auction results are, in part, attributable to Jeff Koons, who was recently deemed “the most original, controversial, and expensive artist of the past three and a half...
decades\footnote{By The New Yorker and is the subject of The Whitney Museum of American Art's current retrospective—its last before the museum relocates downtown. Interestingly, though, The Whitney has only three works by Koons in its permanent collection; whereas, they have 3,153 works by Edward Hopper, arguably the most well-known American artist.}

This is not all to say that American art never makes headlines. In December, Norman Rockwell's Saying Grace broke the artist's auction record at an impressive $46 million. Laurie Norton Moffatt, director of the Norman Rockwell Museum, said of the artist's recent surge: "I think we're in a new era now. The ideals in his work are timeless, and they resonate deeply. That's a quality of great art throughout the centuries."\footnote{Michael Moses, a former professor of economics at New York University's Stern School of Business, commented on the 2013 American art sales results in the context of Rockwell's recent gains: "It is important to remember that auction sales represent only a portion of the art sales and should not be used exclusively to determine value or to assess the state of the market. Other advances in the American paintings market, though not as easily quantifiable as strong auction records, can yield equally positive results. Notably, in February, The National Gallery in London purchased George Bellows's Men of the Docks for $25.5 million—the first major American painting to be included in its collection." This acquisition signifies the increased recognition of American paintings abroad. Unlike the postwar and contemporary arena, which is flooded with buyers from Asia, Europe, and the Middle East, collectors of American paintings have historically been predominantly domestic. But appreciation of American art has been growing momentum in Europe over the past few years, and it is only a matter of time before the American paintings market draws more foreign buyers. Furthermore, a series of recent exhibitions outside the United States, such as American Impressionism: A New Vision currently on view at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art and later traveling to the Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza, Madrid—continues to advance the global influence of American art.}

This dichotomy of value, given Hopper's many years of influence and importance, is logical. Although it is difficult to predict at this point whether Koons's dominance will be a long-lasting phenomenon, it is unsettling, considering the arrogant demonstration of wealth involved, to imagine his popularity eclipsing the resilient reputation of a revered artist like Hopper. It is also disheartening to see that the artistic integrity of Koons's work (not up for debate here) has already been overpowered by the topic of its nonsensical worth, which has come to dominate the conversation. Saltz, in his recent New York magazine review of the Koons retrospective, remarks, "It's really the quality of his work, interlocking with what's happening in the contemporary market, and how it impacts nineteenth- and twentieth-century art—consistent optimism will generate momentum. My unending mission is to help build American paintings collections and to inspire further confidence in the artists and artworks within them. To do this effectively, I must address the elephant (or, rather, balloon dog) in the room—the postwar and contemporary market, and how it impacts nineteenth- and twentieth-century American art as an investment. In his review of the Koons retrospective, Peter Schjeldahl of The New Yorker writes, "It's really the quality of his work, interlocking with economic and social trends, that makes him the signal artist of today's world. If you don't like that, take it up with the world." Thank you, Mr. Schjeldahl, I will, and I encourage anyone of like mind to do the same. Rather than questioning why we are the underdog, let's hope American art remains relatively undervalued so that we can continue to buy and enjoy it."

...
MILESTONES IN AMERICAN ART 2013–2014

OCTOBER 2013

11
The Armory at 100: Modern Art and Revolution opens at the New-York Historical Society in celebration of the 1913 Armory Show’s 100th anniversary. “The Historical Society tries to correct some misconceptions that have grown up around this legendary exhibition, including the notion that there were no homegrown modernists.” — The New York Times

DECEMBER

4
Sotheby’s, New York, American art sale realizes $83,815,000, exceeding the sale’s high estimate of $62,100,000.

• Norman Rockwell, Saying Grace, 1951, dominates American art sales, selling for $40,085,000 against a high estimate of $28,000,000. This sale sets the auction record both for the artist and for American art.

8
Christie’s, New York, American art sale realizes $76,700,500, the record for a Christie’s American art sale.

• Edward Hopper, Aver Wind Over Friesland, 1954, breaks the auction record for the artist at $40,485,000 against a high estimate of $28,000,000.

JANUARY 2014

8
The Art Gallery of NSW in Sydney opens the most expansive survey of American painting ever presented in Australia, American: Painting a Nation. “The exhibition is designed to give our audiences in Sydney greater access to American art and culture... I believe this exhibition will both open a window on the grand narrative of American art. An exhibition focusing on Hartley’s Berlin works to be discovered as a bold representative of modern art. An exhibition focusing on Hartley’s Berlin works to be discovered as a bold representative of modern art.” — William Glackens, ca. 1913

FEBRUARY

6

MARCH

23
William Glackens opens at The Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale. Including works that have not been displayed publicly since 2016, this is the first time in nearly half a century that Glackens has been the focus of an exhibition.

APRIL

20
Marden Harrity: The German Paintings opens at the Berlin Neue Nationalgalerie.

• Munich is completely unknown in Germany and has yet to be discovered as a key representative of modern art. An exhibition focusing on Harrity’s Berlin-era works is long overdue and presents a rich area for research.” — Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin, Germany

23
The National Gallery of Art presents Andrew Wyeth: Looking Out, Looking In, an exhibition of sixty works that feature depictions of windows by the prolific American artist.

JUNE

20
The exhibition Looking for Homer: The National and Rhythm of Life at the Fenimore Art Museum features more than twenty-one rarely seen paintings and watercolors that span the entire career of Homer’s career.

30
Master Meme: Master: Thomas Cole & Frederic Church opens at the Thomas Cole National Historic Site.

[“Master: Meme: Master: Thomas Cole & Frederic Church] vividly evokes the personal, and intellectual bond between the elder painter and the pupil who became one of the most celebrated artists of the mid-19th century.” — The Wall Street Journal

JULY

3
Groundbreaking on the New Studio at the Thomas Cole National Historic Site. “The New Studio will enable the Thomas Cole National Historic Site to effectively serve as a catalyst for the burgeoning national and international interest in nineteenth-century American landscape painting...” — Thomas Cole National Historic Site, Catskill, New York

SEPTEMBER

13

10
Thomas Hart Benton’s “America Today” Mural Rediscovered opens at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. “This is the first major exhibition of American art at the Met in New York City... It will certainly play a key role in our ideas about modern art at this moment.” — Thomas P. Campbell, director and CEO, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
What Would Happen if Art Was Purchased for the Right Reasons?

**CHOOSE WITH YOUR HEART.** Sometimes, the paintings that bring the greatest joy are not those by the most famous artists. Perhaps we are all overly influenced by fame and popularity — the art we love may not be the most expensive.

**LET YOUR HEART DECIDE!**

The art world presently favors the separation of an idea from the means by which it is expressed. Art critics are working on a description for this concept. It is rumored that they frequently meet in the backroom of a Chelsea haunt and conspire to concoct the terminology. Some believe that they have agreed upon the term but are disinclined to express it because that would be too passé. **THE NOTION OF CONCEPTUALIZATION IN THE ABSENCE OF EXPRESSION IS ABSURD;** however, absurdity is apparently very much in vogue.

**EACH PAINTING HAS ITS OWN BURDEN OF ORIGINALITY.** Its message will either bear fruit or waste, and its potency is amplified by the intimacy the viewer has with it. There is only one painting and likely only a handful of viewers capable of grasping the full force of its expression, but at their convergence, **SOMETHING AKIN TO ARTISTIC ECSTASY IS REALIZED.**

THROUGH EAGLES’ EYES: PAINTINGS OF THE HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL

This art has a profound purpose: it takes us back to a simpler time and to a more perfect place. It grounds us so that we may, at least momentarily, extricate ourselves from a world wound too tightly.

Spend time with the art that you love — look at it again and again, from various angles and in different light. Most importantly, intentionally alter your viewpoint when you ponder the work. **CHALLENGE YOURSELF TO SEE WHAT YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE,** defy convention, and reject prevailing scholarship. There is no greater judge than the voice within.

The day of reckoning is not far off; soon the value of exceptional talent will once again exceed the false premium of hype.

One thing is certain: years from now, my sleek new boat will suffer the effects of time and tide, and so will its value. But this Gifford — well, it will just become rarer and remain forever beautiful.

**LOU-ISMS**

LoUIS M. SALERNO
OWNER, QUESTROYAL FINE ART, LLC

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But shouldn’t a wise art dealer guide his clients to paintings with great artistic merit that have not yet been valued accordingly in the marketplace?
Questroyal Paintings Average Top 10 Paintings at Auction

- Cope
- Farndon
- Benson
- Burchfield
- Buttersworth
- Gasser
- Howell
- Brevoort
- Avery
- Butler
- Kroll
- Kuehne
- Leith-Ross
- Porter
- Potthast
- Prentice
- Richards
- Ripley

Paintings under $100,000

Our transparency works in your favor. This graph is meant as a visual indicator of value. It includes auction results only, not private sales, and therefore represents a fraction of the art market. Our prices are measured against the average of the TOP 10 works sold at auction for each artist; we are NOT measuring ourselves against average paintings. Our goal is always to be honest with and fair to our clients. The burden is on us to satisfy any doubts you may have.
George Ault (1891–1948)

Plate 1

*Poppy Field in Bloom*, 1908

Watercolor on paper

7 x 10 inches

Monogrammed lower left: GA; inscribed, initialed, and dated on verso: Sketch - Cap Gris Nez, France - G. C. A. July 1908.

In 1908, a young artist, just seventeen years old, came upon this scene on the northern coast of France. With a skill and sensibility that belied his years, he expressed the optimism and joy that he was doomed to lose forever. This watercolor is especially precious, as it is one of a few surviving works that gives us a sense of what could have been, and it is in stark contrast to the body of work created after George Ault’s descent into profound darkness and despair.

The collapse of his family’s fortune, his mother’s death in a mental hospital, the suicide of three of his brothers, failing eyesight, and the ravages of his own alcoholism were tortures that George Ault could only extinguish through suicide. He was a precisionist painter known for architectonic urban scenes, before transitioning to Surrealism later in his career. Much of his work is tinted by literal, metaphorical, and suggested darkness or impending doom. His contribution to American Modernism and his stature among the most elite of its proponents are secure.

But this anomalous watercolor, completed when Ault was just a teenager, is evidence of the only blissful period in his life and the moment when his artistic passion began to blossom. The fact that the image shares virtually no kinship with any of the works produced for the remainder of Ault’s life truly distinguishes *Poppy Field in Bloom*; this watercolor is a rare example of his early artistic prowess, when it was still unencumbered by tragedy. As such, it is a work of fragile beauty for those who seek great art, and is all the more appealing as a rare and evocative example by Ault.
Milton Avery (1885–1965)

PLATE 2

Cock, 1957

Watercolor and gouache on paper laid down on board
25 7/8 x 10 inches

Signed and dated lower right: Milton Avery / 1957

It doesn't seem necessary to laud Milton Avery's significance as a premier American painter. He is regarded as one of the finest colorists of the twentieth-century's defining modernists. The art community's unceasing recognition of his artistic genius is the impetus behind the continuous escalation of the value of his paintings, which has been stunning. In recent years, he has had four paintings sell at auction in excess of $2,000,000; this year, March and Sally Outdoors realized $5,653,000—his new auction record.

In the Whitney Museum of American Art's 1982 retrospective catalogue, Barbara Haskell identifies an aspect of Avery's work that is absent in the work of virtually every other major painter of his generation: "Avery's habit of diffusing occasional resentments through humor…helped him to accept difficult conditions and to paint without anger. Since this tranquility is the underlying quality in Avery's work, it affects the appreciation of his paintings. For those who equate great art only with angst, Avery's achievements are incomprehensible." If we consider art informed by angst to be diametrically opposite to art informed by humor, then we must keep this in mind to fully appreciate the very essence of Avery's art.

After Avery's life-threatening heart attack, he began to appreciate the overlooked joys found in the commonplace and the everyday. This comic depiction of a pompous cock is sure to bring a smile to the viewer's face and, for its mastery of simplicity, is worthy of the same measure of accolades given to a work that holds command over the complex.

A perfect work for a happy kitchen!
Frank Weston Benson (1862–1951)

**Plate 3**  
Grouse and Snow, 1931  
Watercolor on paper  
24 5/8 x 19 5/8 inches  
Signed and dated lower left: F.W. Benson / '31

A member of America’s most esteemed impressionists known as “The Ten,” Benson was one of the nation’s most celebrated artists. He was often referred to as “America’s most medaled painter.”

His finely dressed ladies reveling in bright sunshine brought him instant fame. But he was a passionate sportsman, and in the later years of his life he produced imagery that reflected his experiences as an avid hunter and naturalist. His watercolors are particularly compelling because of their unusual spontaneity.

The author Faith Andrews Bedford wrote that Benson was deserving of a place beside Winslow Homer as a founder of the American sporting art fraternity. But those of us with an aversion to hunting understand that it is not necessary to “pull the trigger” to appreciate Benson’s unparalleled ability to capture the very essence of discovery—that magical moment when your senses are roused, your thoughts are extinguished, and your gaze is brought to perfect focus.

In a split second, we confront nature as human beings; there is not enough time for our psyches to alter the experience.

As I sit nearly consumed by the technological gadgetry that surrounds me, I understand just how necessary it is to have paintings that remind us to find the joy that waits beyond the brick and mortar.

This is a fine example by one of the very best American impressionists, and is well within a serious collector’s budget.
One of my greatest challenges as a dealer is to discover brilliant paintings by accomplished artists who have somehow fallen just short of fame. Such artworks are not yet accompanied by extraordinary price tags, but they are truly worthy of being shown among examples by the nation's most respected artists.

Their discovery is almost always accidental, one must be drawn to these works, as they are rarely sought out on the basis of status. And this is precisely why they are so important: they are revered for their merit, not reputation. We are attracted to the art, not the label. There simply is not a better reason or motivation for acquisition.

I traveled quite a distance to inspect the work of two major American painters, but among them I found James Renwick Brevoort’s *Kennebunkport, Maine* so compelling that I actually lost interest in those paintings I had intended to acquire. His rich colors and contrast conspired to craft what is best described as “magnetic perspective.” Space is so convincing that the viewer is tempted to abandon reality in favor of the one presented here. It is no wonder that in 1872 the National Academy of Design awarded Brevoort the position of professor of scientific perspective.

Brevoort’s work is frequently found in the best American collections and museums. He certainly deserves more credit and accolades, but in their absence astute collectors may seize opportunities.
Charles Burchfield (1893–1967)

PLATE 5

House by a Country-Road, 1949

Watercolor and pen on paper laid down on board
18 15/16 x 40 inches
Monogrammed and dated lower right: CEB / 1949; inscribed on verso:
BURCHFIELD / “HOUSE BY A COUNTRY-ROAD” / 19 x 40 / (1949)

The long, undulating road, a row of tall trees, a picket fence, a country home, and a few leaning telephone poles are all components of this watercolor, which depicts a simple country homestead. But it is much more than this.

I asked for this work to be placed behind my desk because it puzzles me. Burchfield is rarely, if ever, literal; there is always something that mystifies the viewer and provokes the imagination. If some sort of mysterious narrative exists in this painting, then it is veiled under archetypal country iconography. But with each fresh glance, I sense that something is askew.

Let’s consider the artist, whom I believe is the least derivative of all the modernists. He was intent on expressing the inexpressible: “I’m going to give you more sounds and dreams, and—yes, I’m going to make people smell what I want them to, and with visual means.” His foremost ambition was to engage all of the viewer’s senses so that his art would have a multidimensional impact. To this end, he invented symbols to express scent and sound, a type of artistic magic seldom seen in the work of other painters. The dynamic interplay of peculiar forms and color gives us a feeling of change occurring before our eyes—out of the ordinary but not detached from reality.

We are forced to give it credence and call upon our intellect to ponder what is before us. It is not really necessary to understand what we see. In fact, that would diminish the experience. Burchfield’s true genius lies in all of our faculties, daring us to look under, over, and beyond.
For centuries, painters have been drawn to water as a subject. Covering more than half the planet, the substance is a common thing, yet a massive body of water is undeniably captivating. As it interacts with light and earth, water produces unparalleled beauty in its myriad colors and textures. Indeed, the sea is an enigmatic and vibrant sitter, perpetually changing face and never failing to perform.

In the nineteenth century, artists and scientists engaged in a fascinating dialogue. Monumental advances in the study of nature, light, and color inspired painters to explore and incorporate scientific theory into their works. Howard Russell Butler uniquely embodied this synthesis of art and science. A so-called Renaissance man, he pursued physics at Princeton University and turned to painting in the early 1880s. His work quickly garnered acclaim at the Paris Salons and continued to win awards through the early twentieth century. Advocating an integration of scientific knowledge into the painter’s process, he wrote, “The painter is to deal with the facts and the laws of nature and there is no line of investigation which opens the door of the universe and gives an insight into the laws of nature and material things like the study of physics.”

Perhaps the mystery of nature spurred Butler first to understand what he saw and then to capture the likeness of his experience. In Marine, I sense Butler’s curiosity in the synergy of the ocean, sun, and rocks. I believe that the view Butler witnessed was extraordinary, and I share his wonder of the water.
If one were to take a boat ride across the Long Island Sound on any given warm weekend, the onslaught of sailing vessels of various sizes and shapes, engaged in activities from all-out racing to a soothing glide in the summer wind, would be astounding. It seems that in the technologically obsessed twenty-first century, the oldest means of transport may still be the most desirable.

The perpetual appeal of sailing assures the continued relevance of paintings of the subject. In the history of American painting, no one has conveyed the law of sailing as expressively as did James E. Buttersworth. The esteemed scholar and collector John Wilmerding wrote, “The artist is one of the few who could… go beyond ship portraiture to portray a scene of a larger environment and mood… He was one of the last and best of a long roll of American ship and yacht portraitists.”

Buttersworth was the premier painter of the America’s Cup races. Few other artists could so accurately depict precise detail without diminishing the overall spirit of the competition.

A close inspection of this painting reveals the artist’s ability to express both detail and intrigue. The deeply saturated sky is handled with a finesse that often eluded lesser painters. An American racing sloop seems to be competing on the Tagus River, just off the Belem Tower in Portugal. The tower has historical significance: it was built in the sixteenth century and marks the place where Portugal’s caravels sailed off to explore the unknown. In fact, because of the tower’s architectural and historical importance, it has been declared a UNESCO World Heritage site. This is an opportunity to acquire a quintessential Buttersworth, with international appeal, at a sensible valuation.
If we are brave enough to admit that a simple thought brilliantly expressed is as worthy as the glimmer of a complex idea, then we should revel in the work of the extraordinary nineteenth-century still-life painter, George Cope.

Why is an abstract concept more fashionable and more valuable than the mastery of technique? The art world presently favors the separation of an idea from the means by which it is expressed. Art critics are working on a description for this concept. It is rumored that they frequently meet in the backroom of a Chelsea haunt and conspire to concoct the terminology. Some believe that they have agreed upon the term but are disinclined to express it because that would be too passé. The notion of conceptualization in the absence of expression is absurd; however, absurdity is apparently very much in vogue.

I believe that an artist is diminished, regardless of how profound his thoughts may be, if he lacks the skill to express his ideas. The two are inseparable. A work of art's real merit lies in its ability to communicate an idea or emotion, no matter how simple or complex.

This elegant still life is a simple work of art, but the thoughts and memories it evokes are as varied as the viewers who consider it. Let us be wise enough to understand that timeless art should not be valued in accordance with the preferences of current taste—but astute enough to make acquisitions when it is.
When one thinks of an “artist,” the image that comes to mind is of a dark and tortured soul, someone with conflicted emotions who is compelled to create as an expressive release. Vincent van Gogh (and his severed ear) seems to be the quintessential artist type. But what about an artist who was by all accounts a happy and generous person? Someone who adored the act of creation and took the utmost joy in his craft? To the modern mind, it almost seems like such a person would not have enough angst to be a success, yet Walter Farndon delighted in his calling as an artist.

Farndon knew his destiny at the young age of ten and enrolled in art classes in his native England. When his family moved to New York, he was forced to sacrifice his training in order to help support his family. But a job at a carpet company, where he painted the designs to be reproduced as rugs, was pleasant work. His supervisor, Ernest Parton, and colleague, Jonas Lie, encouraged him to study at the National Academy of Design. Despite thirteen attempts at admission, Farndon refused to give up his dream; not only was he finally accepted to the school but also later honored as an Academician. His stellar exhibition and prize record proved his talent — and that the academy had been slow to recognize him.

Harbor Scene is typical of Farndon's oeuvre: bright, cheery, energetic, full of joy! You can feel his excitement as he came across an inspirational scene, set down his easel, and went to work at capturing the beauty in front of him. Working into his eighties, Farndon stated “the principal payment for an artist is not in money … but in the personal satisfaction of creating … and giving to others some of the pleasure you have experienced in the producing.”

Written by Nina Sangimino
I once met an odd character in a remote town somewhere in the recesses of the Catskill Mountains. He dressed in accord with the many idiosyncrasies that precluded his ability to find his place in society; imagine a nerdish woodsman. His isolation from the mainstream, his voracious inclination to read, and his unique ability to remain unbound honed his instincts for art. His living was earned by the occasional sale of paintings, but it was his scholarly qualities that truly distinguished him. Our lengthy discussion was dominated by his near obsession with Henry Martin Gasser, an artist I knew little about.

If Gasser’s paintings had commanded substantial prices at auction, I would have been compelled to pay closer attention to his work. But shouldn’t a wise art dealer guide his clients in paintings with great artistic merit that have not yet been valued accordingly in the marketplace? The more I focused on Gasser’s work, the more my unusual friend’s obsession began to resonate with me. I began to understand the artist’s truthful and poignant depictions of urban subjects. A viewer is immersed in varied emotional crosscurrents, and the humble scenery provokes nostalgia and vague memories.

Why has Gasser not yet achieved the fame he deserves? His work is found in some of our nation’s best museums, including The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Philadelphia Museum of Art, and Dallas Museum of Art. Perhaps a major retrospective, new scholarship, or the sale of a major work at auction may cause the curtain to rise, but it is best to act long before that happens.
Felicie Waldo Howell (1897–1968)

The Approaching Shower, 1921
Watercolor and gouache on paper
25 1/8 x 19 1/8 inches (sight size)
Signed and dated lower left: Felicie Waldo Howell – 1921 –

The best way to gain insight into human nature is to be attentive to those experiences that can teach us about our own nature. Recently, a friend told me about several paintings that were being offered at auction. His eye is both refined and experienced, so I am always careful to pay attention to his opinion. He mentioned, without naming the artist, a watercolor he had found truly exceptional. I immediately began to ponder the possibilities—a great Winslow Homer—but that seemed a bit too optimistic—perhaps an exceptional William Trost Richards, or Childe Hassam? My mind began to conjure all the various imagery of our most prized watercolorists.

There were many fine works on offer, but the only one that I was genuinely excited about—and that my friend recommended—was by Felicie Waldo Howell. But who was she? It was as if the painting’s label somehow precluded any possibility of quality. I needed to step back and think for myself. Bias obscures truth! I have always urged my clients to buy what they love and to give the greatest weight to the upticks of their hearts—and I needed to follow my own advice.

After we formulate our own judgment, it is wise to evaluate it against evidence and opinion. In the year that Howell completed this work, she was at the peak of her ability. In 1921, she won the Hallgarten Prize at the National Academy of Design and the Peabody Prize at The Art Institute of Chicago. An extensive review of her credentials reveals an impressive array of accomplishments and associations. Today, her work is in the permanent collections of the National Gallery of Art and The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

I chose wisely.
Leon Kroll (1884–1974)

PLATE 12

Rondout, New York, 1920

Oil on canvas

15 1/8 x 18 1/16 inches

Signed and dated lower right: Leon Kroll 1920

I am always very grateful that I’ve learned to see. It’s a very beautiful thing, to see.
Even as a boy I enjoyed seeing, in a way that was different from the ordinary seeing. I would see things looking rather beautiful. That kind of seeing is a great asset to an artist’s life, I think. — Leon Kroll

I have been consistently impressed by Leon Kroll’s abilities. One can glance at a painting from a significant distance and recognize it as his work. He acknowledged the influence of Cézanne, Monet, and Sisley, but his paintings have the distinct characteristics of his individual style: “I was definitely influenced for some time by Cézanne, just as I was by the Impressionists for a while. But I discarded both in forming my own kind of painting personality.”

“The picture throbs,” remarked a curator at the Cleveland Museum of Art upon acquiring a new work by Kroll. His paintings possess a palpable energy. They nearly leap from the canvas; in the company of others they shout the loudest. He always sought high-impact imagery and does not temper what he brings to canvas. Boldness of line, confidence of stroke, and clarity of color are consistently present in his work.

After Kroll’s participation in the seminal 1913 Armory Show, the artist’s recognition soared. He received prestigious awards and was invited to exhibit at the most important shows. Many of our nation’s leading museums include his work in their collections. His art is still undervalued—but perhaps not for long.
Anyone even remotely familiar with New York City knows that it is in a constant state of flux. Consider, for instance, the world-famous street art installation known as 5Pointz, whose legendary graffiti, painted by top artists from around the globe, was whitewashed overnight in order to raze the building in favor of luxury condominiums, or the transformation of Williamsburg from industrial no-man's-land to hipster mecca. The relocation of the Upper East Side’s Whitney Museum of American Art to the Meatpacking District, the reimagining of an abandoned railway trestle now referred to as the Highline—nothing ever stays quite the same.

How fascinating it can be to catch a glimpse of the city’s past. Across the Hudson, by German-born artist Max Kuehne, offers the viewer an ocular excursion into that old, gritty place. Kuehne made a home for himself in Greenwich Village and loved to paint the city’s waterways juxtaposed so dramatically against the madness that early twentieth-century New York City embraced. An ardent swimmer and sailor, the water appealed to Kuehne’s creative sensibility, which manifested itself in beautiful harbor scenes such as this one. To gaze at this painting is to remove yourself from the sterilized metropolis of today and to reemerge in a different place—one of horse-drawn carriages, cobblestone streets, tenement houses, and beer for a nickel.

I found myself wondering what I would see today if I stood in the same spot Kuehne did. Smiling tourists returning from their cruise to Bermuda, perhaps? Mega yachts? Maybe it does not matter; an image is only a fleeting moment in the mind’s eye anyway. In this city especially, what is here today may be gone tomorrow. Thankfully, we have the work of artists like Max Kuehne to restore a sense of permanence to our ever-changing world.
At peak season, autumn in America is unlike any other place, and Leith-Ross's work Searching the Brush is so intense that we feel as if he has somehow extracted a portion of the most vivid part of a fall day and forever preserved it in oil and varnish. Trees and brush rebel against the uniformity of summer green, defiantly flaunting colors so intense that they seem alien to the Earth. Hunters step lightly over dry leaves and cracking twigs to suppress sounds heightened in the crisp fall air. Their professions and possessions no longer distinguish them; they are just men in the woods, and I suspect there is no other place they would rather be.

Few artists could capture autumn's idiosyncrasies with such undue embellishment. This is the first work I have owned by Harry Leith-Ross, but this oil is a finely composed scene of the sheer force of fall. It is straightforward and unpretentious, a deceivingly simple work that lets us glimpse the soul of the season. Royal Cortissoz, art critic at the New York Herald Tribune, wrote, “Anyone of ordinary ability can paint a recognizable picture of our typical woods and pastures, but arresting the imponderable spirit of these things is another story. Mr. Leith-Ross arrests it.”

Leith-Ross was a highly acclaimed third-generation New Hope painter. His work is in several fine collections, including the Smithsonian American Art Museum and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. This particular oil has unusual presence and is likely to enhance any room it graces. I think both nineteenth- and twentieth-century collectors would find it appealing.
Fairfield Porter (1907–1975)

Sunrise, 1974
Watercolor on paper
29 1/8 x 21 5/8 inches (sight size)
30 x 22 inches (full size)
Inscribed on verso: Fairfield Porter (AEP)

Most collectors are well aware of Fairfield Porter's rapid ascent in the marketplace. A review of his auction record reveals a consistent pattern of appreciation and widening appeal, perhaps in response to the singularity of his artistic approach.

While Porter was essentially a realist painter, he embraced the abstract in an original manner; much of his work is at the intersection of realism and abstraction. Many painters chose to adapt one of these opposing styles, but Porter's art is found at the merger of both. He wrote, "The opposition between 'realism' and 'abstraction' is a misleading one... No matter how much either one pretends to prefer either reality or unreality (like Clive Bell), this reality or unreality is an eternal object which an artist... constantly refers to whenever he makes something." 10

His ability to simultaneously give weight to seemingly contradictory modes of expression is exemplified in this watercolor, which depicts a view from his home in Southampton. Here, his balance of realism and abstraction gives rise to unusually poignant imagery. A concept emerges, and it communicates something beyond the apparent subject matter. This idea is seemingly extracted from the subject and given a means to reveal itself on the canvas. Porter wrote, "The deepest order is not within the ability of the artist to create, instead it is something that he is able to find, whether within or outside himself..." 11

Collectors must be careful not to underestimate the importance of watercolors as an essential component in Porter's oeuvre. John T. Spike wrote, "In his last years, [Porter] increasingly turned to watercolor... much of his best work in his last years was executed in that medium; he was one of the rare artists of the postwar epoch who painted watercolors worthy of the technique's distinguished American tradition." 12
When I think of Edward Henry Potthast, I think of my childhood. One may wonder why, considering that I grew up on both the East and West Coasts in the 1990s, while Potthast grew up in Ohio and later became one of the most well-known and respected American impressionists. He passed away at his easel in 1927, decades before I was even born. So, how was he able to bridge this gap between time and reawaken such fond memories? I suppose I should clarify: he reminds me of a small part of my childhood—my favorite part—summers spent on the beaches of southern Maine. Beach scenes were Potthast’s specialty, and to me he paints the scent of salt air and sunscreen, that feeling when your toes first touch the ice-cold ocean water, and the hours spent playing in the sand.

Although Potthast is most revered for these scenes, he created remarkable paintings of varying subjects, such as this nocturne—a romantic oil where the moonlight shines upon roaring waves as they crash on a rocky coast. This is rare in American painting and an unusual subject for Potthast, as it deviates from his beloved umbrellas, pastel-clad girls, and low tides. Rather than depicting a vast seascape, he has cropped the expanse of the ocean in favor of the rocks in the foreground. This view takes our eye directly to the center of the action, where all of the elements congregate in a cosmic meeting place. The impasto creates dramatic movement of the foaming sea, which is depicted with cool blues and hints of deep purple. The water is juxtaposed against the saturated, commanding yellow of the moon and its shimmering light. Suddenly, I am brought back to the cliff walks of Maine, with their cool breezes, swaying evergreens, and the moonlight on the coast.

Written by Shannon Cassell
Levi Wells Prentice (1851–1935)

Still Life with Apples, Ladder and Tree
Oil on canvas
11 15/16 x 18 inches
Signed lower right: L. W. Prentice; signed on verso: L. W. Prentice

Take a journey with me to better understand the impossible odds a lone untrained artist faced, working deep in the woods, in the late nineteenth century.

The year is 1875, January. We leave from the gallery in New York City and head north for about three hundred miles. It may take us a week or more to reach our destination in a remote part of the Adirondack wilderness. We are traveling by horse-drawn carriage in the dead of winter.

We arrive at a place almost completely devoid of civilization. Whatever comforts we might have known are absent in the harshest recesses of this winter woods. Our purpose is to find a lone artist named Levi Wells Prentice, a man who puts paint to canvas to fulfill an innermost creative urge. We learn that he has received no formal training and has never apprenticed under anyone. These lively canvases have been perfected by an individual who is totally free of inhibition and absolutely unrestrained by the rules or principles set forth by academies or scholars. We have discovered an artist in the raw.

In the 1880s, Prentice moved to Brooklyn and shifted his focus from landscape to still-life painting, creating some of the most important and unique images of the genre. He typically placed fruits in a natural setting, and these scenes retain the same heightened sense of reality found in his Adirondack landscapes. There are those who believe that his style is primitive and naive, but many others think his work prefigures Modernism and Surrealism. Prentice, against incredible odds, has earned a place among the best and most original painters of the period.
William Trost Richards (1833–1905)

*Plate 18*

*A View of Whiteface Mountain from Lake Placid, 1905*

Oil on canvas laid down on board
Signed and dated lower left: WM T. Richards, 1905

There is a painter whose work nearly every American collector admires and aspires to own. I doubt that there is a major museum in the nation that does not include his art in its collection. His accomplishments are many and diverse, and his reputation extends the boundaries of our country. Few artists were as diligent in their fidelity to nature as he was—and even fewer had as great a work ethic. I have sought his canvases since the inception of my interest in American art decades ago, and this year I’m proud to offer three exemplary and varying examples in this catalogue.

We were exhibiting at the Boston International Fine Art Show last fall when a scholarly gentleman appeared at our booth and invited us to view his collection. His home was brimming with paintings, but my gaze was drawn to the one presented here. He was a reluctant seller, but I made an offer he could not refuse: I bought a total of four works to secure this one.

William Trost Richards journeyed to the Adirondacks often throughout his life. His early scenes depict the location in the Pre-Raphaelite style: extremely precise and focused on detail. This later example is freer and reflects the joy he discovered there. Rather than attempt to extoll all of the virtues of this painting, I will just say that it is currently placed adjacent to an exquisite Thomas Moran view of the American West and a seminal Sanford Robinson Gifford scene of the Catskills, both of which reflect the highest achievement of those artists. I defy anyone to suggest that *A View of Whiteface Mountain from Lake Placid* is undeserving of such exclusive company.

In fact, the only dichotomy is its exclusion from the lofty price category assigned to its companions.
Our primal instincts have been suppressed by the digitalization of society. While I’m not inclined to hunt, the need for humans to remain connected to their basest nature is essential to the very well-being of civilization. Any activity that places us in nature and removes us, even temporarily, from the synthetic environment in which we are immersed must be therapeutic.

In the twentieth century, America was growing rapidly, and individuality was being consumed by expanding corporate needs. The urge to find solace in nature was fostered by both the writings of Ernest Hemingway and the adventures of Theodore Roosevelt. Representations of hunting and the great outdoors were especially appealing, and Frank Weston Benson, a member of the most elite group of American impressionists known as “The Ten,” concentrated his efforts on sporting art. It was A. Lassell Ripley’s good fortune to attend the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where Benson taught. Ripley’s time there was formative; Benson had a profound effect on the young artist who worked to perfect his ability to convey the freedom and adventure found in the woods and valleys just beyond the reach of an encroaching industrial expansion.

There are few truly important American sporting painters. Of the select group specializing in this genre, Aiden Ripley and Frank Benson are among the most revered. The fact that this work is among Ripley’s best is substantiated by the auction record it set for the artist in 2008. Its scale and bold palette further contribute to its commanding presence.
Our transparency works in your favor

This graph is meant as a visual indicator of value. It includes auction results only, not private sales, and therefore represents a fraction of the art market. Our prices are measured against the average of the top 10 works sold at auction for each artist; we are NOT measuring ourselves against average paintings. Our goal is always to be honest with and fair to our clients. The burden is on us to satisfy any doubts you may have.
On the eve of the opening of Ralph Albert Blakelock: The Great Mad Genius, we awaited the arrival of about one hundred patrons. But at the appointed hour, more than three hundred wildly enthusiastic collectors swarmed the gallery to the great dismay of the caterers and elevator attendants. There were eighty paintings on view, and about forty were offered for sale. That night, thirty-seven of the forty sold, and those remaining were traded the next morning. We never experienced anything like it. It remains the most incredible show we—and likely any other American nineteenth-century gallery—have ever had.

Over the years, I have encountered many clients who have never before considered Blakelock’s work. They visit the gallery interested in a particular artist or genre, but there is a special moment when they come upon a work by Blakelock. Very often their thoughts yield to the effect of his visionary landscapes; they are at the precipice of discovery, and their rapid transition from curiosity to adulation is fascinating to observe.

Blakelock’s appeal is not a new phenomenon. During his lifetime, his paintings set auction records. At a 1916 auction, the total realized for the Blakelock paintings significantly exceeded the totals for the Botticellis, Rembrandts, Monets, Pissarros, and others. The author Glyn Vincent remarked, “in a country whose art market had been dominated for more than a century by European paintings, this was considered quite a coup.”

Respect and admiration for the artist continues to escalate. Several new books have recently been published and rumors of a possible movie persist.

What is it about the work of Ralph Albert Blakelock that continues to excite collectors nearly one hundred years after his death? This is a question I would very much enjoy discussing with any and all who ask it.
John Leslie Breck (1860–1899)

Plate 21

Oil on canvas
14 5/8 x 27 1/8 inches

Signed lower left: John Leslie Breck

I have always admired the work of John Leslie Breck, whom most scholars credit as having brought Impressionism to this country. John Henry Twachtman, one of our nation’s foremost impressionists, remarked, “Breck started the new school of painting in America.”

Breck spent more time with Monet and developed a more significant relationship with him than did any other American painter who visited Giverny. The artists’ friendship may be attributable to Monet’s recognition of Breck’s considerable talent. But his ensuing relationship with Monet’s stepdaughter, which ultimately caused Monet considerable consternation, precipitated Breck’s rapid departure to the states.

Because Monet believed that an artist should be a student of nature, not of another artist, he was never inclined to accept students of his own. However, he had great esteem for the young Breck and was quoted as saying, “Come down with me to Giverny and spend a few months. I won’t give you lessons, but we’ll wander about the fields and woods and paint together.” Monet also permitted him to paint his garden, which is reportedly something he rarely allowed anyone else to do. In fact, Breck exhibited the garden paintings in Boston, and they generated a great deal of excitement.

This fine example, titled Ipswich, is one of the earliest impressionist renderings of the ocean just off our Eastern Seaboard. The work differs from that of William Trost Richards or Alfred Thompson Bricher seascapes in that form is established by the creative interplay of color and light as opposed to the weight of line and measured composition. The ease of brushwork and the delicate transitions demonstrate a true measure of exceptional talent.

Upon Breck’s death, Twachtman wrote, “Our country loses a great genius, though it will probably never know it…”
The art dealer who buys a work at auction for resale faces an age-old question: Why is the painting he acquired at a recent sale worth more than what he paid? He may offer a number of answers, but the most compelling is a substantial improvement to the painting’s condition.

This unusually fine Alfred Thompson Bricher was offered at Christie’s premier spring auction. I am particularly familiar with the artist’s work, as I have owned several of his paintings. I am drawn to the stillness and the soothing tranquility that the best Brichers offer; however, the overall effect here was somehow muted and lacking a certain crispness one expects from this artist. Upon closer inspection, it became apparent that there was a layer of dirt trapped beneath discolored varnish. I asked my conservator to assess the work, and he concurred. This is exactly what a good art dealer dreams of discovering: a brilliant painting on offer, but its best qualities obscured by an easily rectified condition. The bidding was tepid, and the only serious competition came from an astute collector who understood the canvas’s worth, but he sensed my resolve and surrendered long before the bids reached the work’s potential value.

The painting restored brilliantly and is worthy of comparison to the Dallas Museum of Art’s seminal example of Bricher’s talent, *Time and Tide*. Both works successfully suspend time, giving viewers an opportunity to calibrate the pace of their lives to nature’s more sensible rhythm.

I think most collectors, upon learning the price, will understand the merit of this offering.
John Fabian Carlson (1874–1945)

PLATE 23

*Forest Pool*

Oil on canvas
48 7/8 x 58 3/4 inches

Signed lower right: John F. Carlson; titled and signed on stretcher bar: *Forest Pool / John F. Carlson*

When I was a young boy, I lived next door to a ten-acre woodlot, but to me it was the forest primeval. I was forbidden entry until I reached the age of twelve, and for five years I contemplated what mysteries lay within it.

Now—many more years later than I wish to divulge—I have John Fabian Carlson’s *Forest Pool* to rekindle those boyhood musings.

If art has an identifiable purpose, then this may be the most noble: to open a pathway back to childhood, where the rules of adult life are suspended and the mysteries of the unknown are as credible as fact and reality. If we allow ourselves to seriously ponder imaginary realms, might we augment our intellect and imagination in some tangible fashion? Perhaps this exercise is as vital as air, so that our minds may be fortified against adulthood’s assault upon the creativity nurtured during our youth.

Blakelock, Burchfield, and Carlson all found a great source of inspiration in the forest, and each of them perfected a particular sense of expression. Blakelock’s forest is ominous, and the weight of the unknown bears down upon us. Burchfield unbridles his imagination and invents symbols so that we might hear as well as see his world. Carlson, through a highly nuanced comingling of color, takes us to the edge of an unfathomable wood so that we might ponder what lies within.

Carlson was a highly accomplished member of the famed Woodstock, New York, art colony. He founded a school there and wrote an important book on landscape painting that is still in use today. This grand-scale oil is arguably his best. It was exhibited at four different venues from 1920 to 1922, including the Carnegie Institute.
There is that moment as the day gives way to the coming night, when elements of each coexist to odd effect. Reality is in transition and truth is more difficult to ascertain. Any clarity forged by day recedes against the unknown night, and alternate realities appear viable in this fleeting time in between time. It is both light and dark; people are going, coming, and waiting. This moment is exactly when the poet is most compelled to write and the artist most wants to paint.

Paul Cornoyer was at his easel during these hours. He presents the city as the day is under the siege of night and the rain turns the streets into mirrors. His buildings lose the definitive edges of their daytime countenance, and people stride rapidly in the diminishing light. Cornoyer was most fond of the city's complexion in the soiled light of night, and he deftly cast its many mysteries in oil and pigment.

His work stands in contrast to the more literal views of Guy C. Wiggins and other notable painters of the period.

Cornoyer was the most poetic painter of New York City. Many well-known critics wrote of his talents, and many of the leading collectors of the day sought his work. William Merrit Chase—one of the nation's most revered impressionists and a world-renowned art teacher—was one of his patrons. Beyond all the critical praise and awards bestowed upon Cornoyer, having the premier impressionist painter as a collector of his art may be the most convincing evidence of the depth of his ability.
Art has the potential to transport us to an unfamiliar place or reveal the world through a novel lens. More than simple mimesis, a painting can capture the spirit of the subject and express the artist’s unique perception. While many painters created work based on their immediate surroundings, Charles Hoffbauer often used his canvas to explore places he had never been.

In 1904, Hoffbauer began a series inspired by a photograph he had seen of New York skyscrapers. Although he had never visited the city, he devoted many months to a piece featuring two upper-class couples dining on a New York City rooftop. The painting was accepted for the 1905 Paris Salon. However, when he previewed his work in the exhibition space shortly before the opening, Hoffbauer impulsively decided to repaint it, drastically revising the scene in less than two weeks. The new version became a huge success, lauded by critics as one of the finest works of the year.

As with many of his subjects, Hoffbauer revisited these diners many times. Even after his triumph at the Paris Salon, he continued to paint new versions, which were avidly collected by major museums. Dîner sur le Toit is very similar in composition and detail to the celebrated 1905 Salon piece, executed on a smaller scale and in a looser, preparatory style. The diners seem to be relishing in a pocket of calm amidst their electric surroundings. It conveys the essence of turn-of-the-century New York as I envision it.

In 1909, Hoffbauer finally traveled to the city he had explored so many times by way of his paintbrush. One can only wonder if the experience lived up to his imagination.
Winslow Homer (1836–1910)

*Fresh Air*

Ink on paper

7 11/16 x 4 15/16 inches

Inscribed lower right: *Fresh-Air. Eng. Co. N.Y.*, titled and signed on verso: "Fresh Air"—by Winslow Homer / 14 x 20

Every dealer and collector dreams of discovering an important work. But to find a work depicting iconic subject matter, lost for more than one hundred years, by none other than Winslow Homer might be considered a fantasy—had it not just happened.

This brilliant drawing was found in the archives of the American painter James David Smillie. It is closely related to Homer’s seminal watercolor, similarly titled *Fresh Air*, now in the collection of the Brooklyn Museum. The Brooklyn’s watercolor was one of Homer’s submissions to the Twelfth Annual Exhibition of the American Water Color Society in 1879 and was completed at Houghton Farm, owned by Homer’s good friend and patron Lawson Valentine; some of his greatest works were created there. The catalogue for the American Water Color Society’s exhibition was essentially just a checklist; however, Smillie, who was on the catalogue committee, asked a few of the most distinguished exhibitors—such as Thomas Moran, John La Farge, and Winslow Homer—to create representative drawings, which is the genesis of this exquisite pen and ink drawing.

In this rendering, Homer demonstrates his unequaled skills as a draftsman. He uses cross-hatching to lend weight and substance, where needed, and expertly reduces line to achieve the same effects as the white gouache he employed in the watercolor. A comparison of this drawing to the watercolor underscores the depth of Homer’s genius.

It may be a long time before I can ever offer a drawing this important again. Great Homer oils and watercolors are well beyond the reach of even the most affluent collectors. Take notice of the price category in which this work is included and act quickly to seize an exceedingly rare opportunity.
How is it that an uncomplicated rendering of a forest interior somehow rises in our consciousness, provoking thoughts more profound than what we could ever expect from such a simple subject?

John Frederick Kensett’s paintings are deceptively potent. His mastery of silence and quietude inevitably encourages the viewer to ponder eternal matters, which align his work with transcendental doctrine. His ideology is diametrically opposite that of the grandeur of Bierstadt and Church, and along with Gifford, Hassam, and Lane, Kensett is a master of the luminist branch of the Hudson River School.

He has been revered as much for the sweetness of his personality as for the depth of his talent. The contemporary scholar Henry T. Tuckerman writes, “the calm sweetness of Kensett’s best efforts, the conscientiousness with which he preserves local diversities—the evenness of manner, the patience in detail, the harmonious tone—all are traceable to the artist’s feeling and innate disposition, as well as to his skill.”

I have personally observed the joyous effect of his paintings. Visitors in our gallery find comfort as they stand before his canvases. The ensuing conversation is optimistic, and their enthusiasm for the artist escalates as the moments pass.

Of the three paintings by Kensett in this year’s catalogue, Woodland Interior with Stream is the most intimate and demonstrates the artist’s highly personal relationship with nature. The canvas was previously part of a significant collection that included many larger-scale works, but it was never overshadowed. I think most will be in awe of its presence.
Winter: It’s quite an enigma. Most people abhor the icy cold winds that confine them to their homes; they despise the early setting sun that casts a shadow on the earth and their moods alike. How they long for the comfort of summer’s rays of sunshine! I feel sorry for these people.

I believe winter can be the most beautiful, tranquil, and uplifting time of year. Who doesn’t love the white fluffy shroud that a fresh snow brings to the ground like a down blanket, the crisp smell that only the winter air carries to our noses, the sparkly reflection of the sun off the snow? This is the winter that Walter Launt Palmer knew. This is the winter he immortalized in 1901 when he painted *Brook and Fence*.

Palmer garnered much fame for his winter scenes. He was the recipient of numerous awards for his scenes of snow and sunlight, including the prestigious W.T. Evans Prize from the Watercolor Society of New York. Interestingly, Palmer worked almost exclusively from memory. The artist once said, “One’s eye should be the camera and a vivid tangible image often remains on the mind that has been sufficiently enthralled by the beauty it perceives.”

The next time the winter blues have got you down, I recommend strapping on your boots, snow shoes, or skis, and heading out into nature to experience the tranquility that only winter can bring. If that sounds like too much work, you can always kick back next to the fireplace and admire this masterpiece by Walter Launt Palmer.
Everett Shinn (1876–1953)

Everett Shinn delighted in observing people in the ordinary course of their lives, as did the other members of The Eight. He found the greatest intrigue in the absolute ungirded present—the moment when the very act of living demands all resources, and the veil of vanity is dropped. People are like ants engaged in building a colony and collectively form the character of a place and time. Shinn knew that this was where he would find a worthy truth. His art gives us an intimate view of place; we visually wander through alleyways, circumvent extravagant boulevards, and enter the smoke-filled back rooms of the common haunts where locals gather. There is an intense sense of character in the poise and expression of his figures, even the façade of humble row houses bear a vague suggestion of anthropomorphic qualities. All that he put to canvas retains the authentic mark of a particular place and time.

Janay Wong, in Everett Shinn: The Spectacle of Life, emphasizes the artist’s major contribution to modern American painting. She writes that Shinn introduced modern subjects and used nontraditional techniques, with a particular preference for pastels, that allowed him a greater freedom of drawing and a more poignant immediacy. She notes that many modern artists advanced new and daring ideas, but few had Shinn’s mastery of technique to interpret them.

Shinn was the last survivor of the “Eight Men of Rebellion,” also known as The Eight or the Ashcan school, and his work has long been collected by our most esteemed institutions.
Dwight William Tryon (1849–1925)

Plate 30

Twilight

Oil on canvas

11 x 18 inches

Signed lower right: D.W. TRYON

This painting, not large or overly dramatic, has commanded the attention of all who have seen it. Even the works of undisputed masters, present in the same room, cannot distract the intense gaze of most collectors. Twilight draws us to it, engaging our intellect and encouraging the consideration of its timeless aspects. We become aware of some overarching truth that we have overlooked. The artist has little interest in subject matter or location, except to use it for a greater purpose. His highest aim is to stimulate the formation of an eternal understanding, the image of which formed, in our mind’s eye, is the art of his greatest creation.

Dwight Tryon is a connoisseur’s painter. His sensibility was informed by his study of Henry David Thoreau, perhaps our most important transcendentalist writer. Tryon is the artist as poet, a seeker of ageless truths. Nocturnal views suited him best. The author Charles Henry Caffin wrote, “[I]n Tryon’s Night pictures there is more than the sentiment of night. It is rather the spirit of night that has informed them. The local silence seems for a moment to be charged with the inarticulate echo of Eternity’s vast silence… Twilight pictures exhale the breath of a spirituality that has entered into them from an infinite Outside.”

He is a painter whose credentials and appeal exceed his market performance, and American collectors may soon rectify this disparity. In anticipation of objections to our valuation, I will state that I believe it is at least twice as captivating as his most expensive work sold at public auction.
Frederick Judd Waugh (1861–1940)

**Plate 31**  
Moonlight, 1893  
Oil on canvas  
25 3/4 x 48 3/4 inches  
Signed and dated lower right: FREDERICK • JUDD • WAUGH 1893.

Thirty years ago, I visited one of the most extraordinary American collections in the country. Among the profound works by our nation’s most revered painters was a canvas by an artist I did not know. It was simply spectacular, and I never forgot that painting.

This year, a young collector called to say that it was necessary for him to sell a cherished artwork to finance the purchase of a larger home. A few days later, I arrived at my office to discover a new, large painting on the wall opposite my desk. I turned on the lights and stood in absolute awe before the painting. Many aspects of the work were unique, but I could not connect any of its qualities to those of the painters I knew best. I tried to determine the hand without looking at the signature. Suddenly, I realized that this work was by the same artist who had shocked me more than thirty years ago.

Who was Frederick Judd Waugh? One could say, with considerable accuracy, that he is one of our best painters whose reputation unjustly rests on the edge of obscurity. He is not without credentials; his work is included in the collections of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, National Gallery of Art, Smithsonian American Art Museum, The White House, and Whitney Museum of American Art. He also received a multitude of prizes from various prestigious institutions.

Having spent the better part of my life among the best paintings in the land, I am not easily impressed, but I am confident that you will share my enthusiasm for this exceptional work.
Our transparency works in your favor

This graph is meant as a visual indicator of value. It includes auction results only, not private sales, and therefore represents a fraction of the art market. Our prices are measured against the average of the TOP 10 works sold at auction for each artist; we are NOT measuring ourselves against average paintings. Our goal is always to be honest with and fair to our clients. The burden is on us to satisfy any doubts you may have.

Paintings from $200,000 to $500,000

Albert Bierstadt, Fishing in Yellowstone Lake, 1883. 33

Questroyal Paintings Average Top 10 Paintings at Auction

- Bierstadt
- Bierstadt
- Cropsey
- Gifford
- Kensett
- Marin
- Père du Bois
- Peterson
- Porter
- Reid
- Richards
- Wiles

Questroyal Paintings
Average Top 10 Paintings at Auction
Albert Bierstadt (1830–1902)

Albert Bierstadt’s unprecedented ability may be attributed to his natural talent, but he rose to the pinnacle of fame because of his love of landscape and his desire to paint. As a young artist traveling with an expedition in the American West, Bierstadt was in poor spirits as he endured the difficult trek. But, as he ascended a particular peak, the view amazed him and he insisted that the entire party stop at that very spot so he could create a quick sketch. The trail was precarious, and his comrades’ abundant objections were no match against his enthusiasm. Promising that he would complete the task in fifteen minutes, he set about his work. As he set down his brush, he proudly proclaimed that he finished within the time promised. A colleague responded that he had been at work for three times as long, according to the watch!

A fellow student at the Düsseldorf Art Academy said, "[Bierstadt is] a noble fellow; and one who deserves to succeed, for no one ever worked harder, or against more adverse circumstances than he did… he has no other aim, pursuit, pleasure, but to paint." This rare combination of extreme talent and intense desire produced many of the most remarkable and venerated paintings of the century.

The work’s scale and the refinement of Bierstadt’s technique truly distinguish A Trail through the Trees. The dominant tree is precisely rendered, and the viewer’s focus is drawn to it by Bierstadt’s characteristic practice of providing far less detail in the foreground and middle ground. This use of contrasting degrees of precision is often found in the artist’s most developed paintings.

There is little risk of any challenge to Bierstadt’s stature as one of our greatest landscape painters. Works of this caliber could anchor any collection.
Americans buy American paintings; however, with an increasing number of exhibitions of our best artists opening around the globe, we have a compelling reason to believe that our market is poised to expand. Imagine the exponential increases we might experience if foreigners began to participate. Those American painters with the greatest international recognition would garner the most attention—and none more than Albert Bierstadt. As early as 1871, a critic wrote, “There are few landscape painters living whose reputations have reached so far as that of Albert Bierstadt. His paintings are as well known and at least as highly appreciated in Europe as they are here.”

Few paintings in the canon of American art have as much appeal as Bierstadt’s views of the American West, and Yellowstone may be the most desirable location of all. Even a cursory review of decades of auction results will unequivocally establish that his western subject matter is most coveted by collectors.

In the late spring of this year, a dealer friend called to tell me that one of his clients had an important painting to sell. He said, “Don’t ask who painted it! I want to see the look on your face when I bring it to your gallery.” He was amused by my many facial contortions—which I did my best to disguise, so as not to be disadvantaged in the negotiation that was about to begin.

There is an inherent vigor, a supreme force, in most Bierstadts that almost inclines us to shield our eyes and plug our ears as we experience something akin to a grand finale. But then there is Fishing in Yellowstone Lake, which is as serene as the greatest Bierstadt is dramatic.
Jasper Francis Cropsey (1823–1900)

Plate 34

Autumn Lake, 1875
Oil on canvas
12 1/2 x 20 1/4 inches
Signed and dated lower right: J. F. Cropsey 1875

The quiet before the storm—that eerie feeling one gets just before some significant occurrence. I believe something major is brewing. Many will suspect that my instinct is nothing more than ill-disguised promotion, but then why am I such an aggressive buyer?

The market for Hudson River School paintings has been unusually quiet because those who own examples of the best quality have no desire to sell—a sure sign of strength. Some individuals lament that modern and contemporary paintings dominate the focus of collectors. I concede that very zealous art dealers, critics, and reporters have precipitated something tantamount to hysterical buying. It appears that $50 million is the new $1 million. But the acquisition of important sustainable art is not about popularity; it is about connoisseurship. Those of us who endeavor to acquire the best examples by artists who have survived the test of time will have our just rewards.

When this bubble bursts and collectors feel the sting of overpaying for hyped paintings, they will look to art that has quality of design, historical relevance, and integrity of talent—all characteristics of the work of our nation’s best Hudson River School painters.

I proudly submit this remarkable painting by one of the most elite artists of the period, Jasper Francis Cropsey. It is a beautifully composed view of what is likely Greenwood Lake near Warwick, New York, where, in 1869, the artist built a home and named it Aladdin.

It is difficult to dispute Cropsey’s reputation and stature. I have owned and sold more than thirty Cropseys in my career, and this example is certainly among the very best.
Sanford Robinson Gifford (1823–1880)

Plate 35

New England Landscape, 1859

Oil on canvas
8 x 14 inches
Signed and dated lower right: SRGifford 1859

In an action that even I could not have anticipated—and have repeatedly warned my clients to avoid—I yielded to temptation and purchased an expensive toy. The magnitude of my transgression was further amplified by a self-imposed requirement to sell a precious asset to underwrite this bit of lunacy.

The only passage through the Hudson Valley that remains unaltered by the progression of time is the brackish waters of the mighty Hudson River, and I needed a vessel to traverse it alongside the historic landscape that inspired our nation’s best painters. And with the additional lures of the Atlantic just to the south and the glorious lakes to the north, I needed a capable craft to accommodate my nautical inclinations.

So, with considerable trepidation, I offer a brilliant Gifford that has adorned the walls of my home for nearly two decades. The Gifford authority Ilia Weiss has written about the artist’s extraordinary skill as an aerial luminist. A celebrity and renowned collector saw this very painting and said to me, “My God, he can actually paint air!”

Sometimes, our imaginations are ignited by the theatrical qualities found in the vast canvases of Albert Bierstadt or Frederic Edwin Church; sometimes, our souls are quieted by the contemplative works of more sensitive artists. One must stand before this painting to understand the impact of its subtlety.

Even the most conservative among us occasionally needs to spread our wings or sails during the course of a lifetime. One thing is certain: years from now, my sleek new boat will suffer the effects of time and tide, and so will its value. But this Gifford—well, it will just become rarer and remain forever beautiful.
John Frederick Kensett (1816–1872)

Newport Study: Rocks near Newport
Oil on canvas
9 1/16 x 16 3/16 inches

John Frederick Kensett's reputation as a brilliant and innovative nineteenth-century painter is unrivaled. The best American collections would not be complete without at least one of his works.

None other than Thomas Moran considered Kensett among the "three leading artists" of the Hudson River School. As early as 1852, in a review of an exhibition at the National Academy of Design, a critic commented, "There is no greater favourite than this Artist; and the esteem in which his pictures are held has always seemed to us an involuntary tribute to the correctness with which he studies Nature..." The degree of praise conferred upon Kensett during his lifetime and after his death was heartfelt and beyond any relevant precedent.

In striving to maintain absolute fidelity to the most sensitive qualities of nature, Kensett perfected his reductive style in order to achieve the greatest degree of simplicity. Entirely without vanity, he made certain his intellect did not taint the poetic integrity of his paintings. The many artists and critics who knew him best understood that his refined artistic sensibility was in perfect accord with his personality. A contemporary critic wrote, "In his case, the man is the artist. When you see his pictures, you see him. And they are of such noble and permanent character and charm because they are so wholly sincere."

In this exquisite oil, we see the full scope of Kensett's genius. He has guided his vision of nature from eye to brush—not as an exact transcription but as a sympathetic kindred spirit.
John Marin (1870–1953)

Apple Blossoms, Saddle River, New Jersey, 1952

Oil on canvas
22 1/8 x 28 1/16 inches
Signed and dated lower right: Marin / 52.

Good things start — good things finish — they don’t hesitate — they start...

John Marin shows no hesitation in his work. His process demonstrates a clear purpose: a canvas is a blank wall carrying its objects. Marin was known as an artist of contradiction, in painting and in life. Apple Blossoms is one of his distinct later works that perfectly embodies his persona and legacy.

The painting connects its objects with the boundaries and depths of nature. At the back layer, faint black lines intersect; blue lines then mimic the black, diagonally constructing a scene that conveys the sky. Marin explains, ‘Nature reveals herself in sets of three things — there is land between sky and water — grey between black and white.’ 

Between the heavy marks of blue sky and brown earth lie the blooming apple trees. Dabs of white paint, depicting the subject, become the highlight of the painting, in both tone and texture. Yet Marin’s handling of texture counteracts depth of space in the natural landscape, giving weight to the subject, background, and foreground alike.

In 1948, LOOK magazine named Marin the best artist in America, based on a nationwide poll of museum staff, curators, and art critics. His ever-changing perspective did not discredit him or his work. In his early career, Marin said there was “nothing but realism,” but by 1947 he had created a Movements in Paint series, focusing on the paint as subject. However, Marin specified object and location in this abstract example, furthering the contrasts present in Apple Blossoms, Saddle River, New Jersey.

We may be quick to think of contradiction on negative terms, but in reality it balances forces—a push and pull creating a movement. By 1953, the year of his death, Marin had developed a new, energetic style that would carry on throughout the century.

Written by Angela Scerbo
Guy Pène du Bois (1884–1958)

PLATE 38

Crossroads

Oil on canvas

36\1/2 x 22\1/2 inches

Signed lower right: Guy Pène du Bois

An intriguing photo of this work was buried under the clutter that typically occupies my desk. The image, firmly set in my memory, dominated my thoughts that evening and into the next morning. In usual fashion, my instincts were overriding my inclination to conserve capital for another acquisition I was about to make.

The painting was sent to the gallery for my approval and placed on a wall at the end of a long hallway so that it was visible from a considerable distance. It commanded my gaze from more than fifty feet. Quickly, I gathered my staff to survey their opinion. They unanimously recognized its brilliance but cautioned that some collectors may find it objectionable.

An attractive woman in a white dress appears to have her arms pulled back, as if tied to a signpost adjacent to a winding road that terminates at a vaguely rendered bridge. Her pose is set in defiance to an oppressor wind that draws back her hair and presses the revealing dress tight against her body. Her sultry expression suggests arousal, which evidences conceit and strength—both of which were in sharp contrast to the perception of femininity during the period. The sexual imagery commingles with religious references; the crossroad marker she stands before could easily be mistaken for a cross, and an intensely blue palette is the visual equivalent of a stained-glass window.

A master of social and psychological dynamics, Guy Pène du Bois honed this work to a fever pitch. Any objections or controversy it may elicit will only attest to the intensity of its artistic merit. In fact, such a response would have pleased the artist. He once said, “The good realist is a shameless fellow… A brave man and sometimes a ruthless one.”28
An art dealer representing an important collector invited me to his office to discuss what he described as an "unusual opportunity." He provided no other detail, knowing that he had said enough to entice me.

His office was overflowing with a diverse group of American paintings, from the Hudson River School to Modernism. His client was about to make a major acquisition and was willing to sell just one of the extraordinary paintings that surrounded us to offset the cost of this new purchase. Whatever painting I chose would be offered significantly below market value, as it was essential that the sale be completed at that very moment.

Perhaps a rigorous comparative assessment of each of the paintings’ qualities would have produced a different conclusion. But such a process is too calculating, too scientific, for the selection of art. Determined to “choose with my heart”—our gallery’s overarching mantra—I carefully monitored my senses to detect any brewing enthusiasm for any one work. To my disbelief, I dismissed a Cole, a Gifford, a fascinating Hartley, and many other gems, as my attention focused on a stunning painting by Jane Peterson.

Although those other works were as brilliant, the Peterson was so genuine that it was as if the artist—by the alchemy of oil and pigment—had created a portal through which viewers could experience the essence of another time and place.

Beyond the distinction of inclusion in such museums as The Metropolitan, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and many others, Peterson overcame the oppressive bias of her time that made it nearly impossible for female artists to succeed, earning her place among the greatest artists of the century. Important examples by our best women painters are rare and coveted by serious collectors.
Fairfield Porter (1907–1975)

Plate 40

Rosa Rugosa, 1966

Oil on board
18 x 14 inches

Signed and dated lower left: Fairfield Porter 66, inscribed on verso:
Rosa Rugosa – 18 x 14 – oil 66 F Porter

Questroyal is fast becoming the preeminent source for works by Ralph Albert Blakelock. Championing Blakelock as a visionary artist who did not belong to any movement, Louis Salerno now offers more than fifty works by this myth-inspiring artist. A more recent favorite has been Charles Burchfield, who began his career at the end of Blakelock’s tragic life. Burchfield also paved his own path, with a spiritual connection to nature unlike that of any of his contemporaries. It is no wonder, then, that Fairfield Porter—though he worked significantly later than did most on the Questroyal roster of artists—has finally joined their ranks.

Porter was a trailblazer; throughout the height of abstraction, he continued to paint representationally. Although he was not detached from the midcentury art world—in fact, he was close friends with Willem de Kooning and considered him a mentor—he had a boldly unique point of view: “The realist thinks he knows ahead of time what reality is, and the abstract artist what art is, but it is in its formality that realistic art excels, and the best abstract art communicates an overwhelming sense of reality.”

Porter found the most value not in the subjects he chose but in the paintings he produced based on them. For him, process was an act of discovery in which he strove for objectivity and spontaneity. “The subject has the importance that the canvas has; it is a background for making a painting.”

While this floral still life is striking for its sheer beauty, a closer look shows the journey Porter took while painting it. The interior arrangement and exterior background are woven into a single surface. Joan Ludman, author of the Fairfield Porter catalogue raisonné, described this work as “among Porter’s finest of his vibrant floral representations—a very fine and beautiful example of this genre.”
Robert Reid (1862–1929)

*The Pearl Fan*

Oil on canvas
30 3/16 x 20 1/8 inches
Signed upper right: Robert Reid

The most prestigious membership an American impressionist could have held was inclusion in a group called “The Ten.” Rebelling against established art societies and critics, this group formed in 1897 so that its members could paint without adhering to expectations or rules. The elite membership included Reid, Benson, De Camp, Dewing, Hassam, Mietz, Simmons, Tarbell, Twachtman, and Weir.

“The Ten” held its first exhibition in 1898; the group had annual shows for the next twenty years. The American public’s love of Impressionism is directly attributable to these extraordinary painters. Scenes that include attractive young women in formal attire continue to realize the highest bids at public auction, and these paintings have become increasingly more difficult to find and acquire.

This exceptional example was included in six important exhibitions: Montross Gallery, 1912 and 1913; Rhode Island School of Design, 1912; Detroit Museum of Art, 1912; Albright Art Gallery, 1913; and the Brooklyn Museum, 1932. Its content and exhibition history attest to its quality and its potential as a centerpiece of any important collection of American Impressionism.

Robert Reid worked hard to sustain the individuality of his art. He remarked, “If my work has virtue and value, it is because it is mine and does not remind you of any other man’s work, either French or American or other.” This trait did not go unnoticed by critics and scholars; the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy wrote, “He seems to paint unlike anyone else.”

15

16
According to John Ruskin, a mid-nineteenth-century writer and geologist, an artist must strive for both artistic and scientific fidelity to nature. These artistic principles coalesced into the main tenets of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, which influenced some American artists, though examples of such work are quite rare and coveted. William Trost Richards was one of the few of our nation's artists adept enough to create works in this very detailed style, and he completed very few of them because of the painstaking precision and the extreme amount of time they required.

Ten years ago, this brilliant example from Richards's short-lived Pre-Raphaelite period was offered at Christie's. I was not the only bidder mesmerized by its sheer beauty. I overheard several comments, such as, “truthful,” “precise,” “amazing,” and “best I have ever seen,” and they were but a few of many accolades. The $40,000-to-$60,000 estimate was well under its value, and I was prepared to pay more than three times the high estimate. I bid with conviction but was not even the underbidder: the painting commanded nearly five times its high estimate.

It would be ten more years before I would have another opportunity to acquire the same painting. The new $150,000-to-$250,000 estimate was closer to reality but, once again, collectors could hardly contain their enthusiasm. I was prepared to exceed the high estimate, but this time I benefited from the unusual phenomenon that occurs when expectation is too high: bidders surrender before actually bidding because they feel that a painting will sell for well above what they can afford or are willing to pay. This decision allows them to focus their efforts on works they are more likely to acquire. I bought it in the mid-range of its estimate and offer it at a valuation that will interest even the most conservative collector.
When I first saw Sterling Basin, my instant adoration for it was apparent. The light blues, greens, golden yellows, and soft pinks evoke nostalgia for many summers spent on the Atlantic Ocean and in the lake waters of the Adirondacks. Those days were spent lying — more likely running — on the docks and listening to the water gently ebb and flow against the wooden planks. Although I was unfamiliar with Wiles, his style fascinated me with its quick brushwork and ability to create momentary movement, capturing a flicker of time — a signature of impressionist painters. He skillfully pulls you into the scene using his subtle strokes of impasto, color scheme, and fluid composition, making it feel intimate and personal. As I gaze upon the boats half-covered and leaning against the dock, I recall the last days of summer, when the water finally feels a little warmer against your skin, the sunbeams refract and glow through the shallower waters, and a cool evening breeze passes over you at dusk.

As much as I would like to think my particular flashback was unique to my connection with Wiles, my mother and aunts likewise were captivated by this painting when they visited the gallery. I was surprised, because we have such a wide variety of tastes, that they too experienced the same peace and serenity I associated with the scene, and we appreciated the artist’s ability to return us to a place we knew from our youth. Wiles speaks to each of us like an old friend, coaxing us backward in time for a row on the water.
Paintings above $500,000

Our transparency works in your favor

This graph is meant as a visual indicator of value. It includes auction results only, not private sales, and therefore represents a fraction of the art market. Our prices are measured against the average of the TOP 10 works sold at auction for each artist; we are NOT measuring ourselves against average paintings. Our goal is always to be honest with and fair to our clients. The burden is on us to satisfy any doubts you may have.

- Coleman
- Cropsey
- Gifford
- Kensett
- Moran
- Potthast
- Richards

QUESTROYAL PAINTINGS

Questroyal Paintings

Questroyal Paintings

6,000,000 4,000,000 4,500,000 3,000,000 3,500,000 5,000,000 5,500,000 2,000,000 2,500,000 1,000,000 1,500,000 500,000 0

Richards
Moran
Gifford
Kensett
Potthast
Coleman

Questroyal Paintings

Average Top 10 Paintings at Auction

Edward Henry Potthast, The Water’s Fine, plate 49
John Frederick Kensett, New England Sunrise, plate 47
Homeric legend tells of the enchanting Sirens who inhabited the cerulean waters surrounding the remote isle of Capri, warning of their seductive melodies that could bewitch and imprison even the most heroic of men. The island herself evinces a beauty so intoxicating that she makes willing captives of all who visit, and the island air—saturated with mythic nuances—obscures all perception of time.

The ancient Roman villas dotting the landscape transported Charles Caryl Coleman centuries into the past, to an age of Augustan rule when Emperor Tiberius reigned over the Holy Roman Empire from Capri. Secluded away from the Senate and his discontent subjects, Tiberius retired to this Mediterranean paradise and transformed it into an erotic playground for his personal amusement.

The villas Tiberius erected were tributes to the Roman gods, but the debauchery that took place behind their sanctified walls was anything but holy. Coleman’s relationship with Capri, however, was far carnal and more romantic, expressed in idyllic scenes such as ‘Woman in a Garden.’ The crumbling architecture, lush greenery, and the woman’s contrapposto stance come together harmoniously here. As the leading expert on the artist’s work, Dr. Adrienne Baxter Bell recognizes the poignancy of this piece:

“...the garden of the Villa Castello, indeed Capri itself, focused Coleman’s romantic gaze. Through them he nostalgically viewed the island’s halcyon days in the classical era... It dissolved the complexities and contradictions of the past and resubmitted them as unmarred, idealized models of splendor, timelessness, and gravitas.”

With this rendering, Coleman embraced the approach of the Sirens by using his brush to paint a magnificent ode to the exquisite isle of Capri.
Jasper Francis Cropsey (1823–1900)

PLATE 45

In the White Mountains, 1862
Oil on canvas
15 x 24 inches
Signed and dated lower right: J.F. Cropsey / 1862

In the early spring of this year, an old and dear client called with sad news. Her husband had passed away, and she thought it best to sell his favorite painting because it was too difficult for her to enjoy it without him. Because she loves great art, I did what I could to persuade her to keep it, but she simply couldn’t.

That painting is offered here. It is by Jasper Francis Cropsey, and it was created in 1862, when he rose to the very peak of his artistic ability. In fact, the entire Hudson River School was according to its most mature and appreciated style during the 1860s. Works from this decade are vigorously sought after and are exceedingly difficult to acquire. A close inspection of this remarkable painting reveals Cropsey’s absolute command of detail and execution of line. Even with such a degree of precision, the refined nuances of his style are always apparent without dilution of his fidelity to nature. The work is imbued with those luminist qualities that appear in later work of the Hudson River School, and the painting’s commanding presence in the gallery has generated considerable attention from the few viewers fortunate enough to have seen it.

Interest in American nineteenth-century paintings extends beyond our borders. Major exhibitions featuring our nation’s paintings are opening all across Europe, and Cropsey is among only a few of our most elite artists who have enjoyed a long-established reputation there. As early as 1857, the London Daily News published the following assessment: “[We have some excellent designs from a stranger—an American artist, Mr. Jasper Cropsey—who, if we mistake not, is likely to make a name in this country.]”35

This quote is proving to be prophetic; as European interest in our paintings escalates, their attention will be focused on the artists they know best.
Shortly after Sanford Robinson Gifford’s death, at the urging of his peers, The Metropolitan Museum of Art initiated a stunning exhibition of more than one hundred sixty of the artist’s paintings. This was the first time in its history that the museum devoted a show to the work of one artist. Widespread praise for Gifford and the landmark show encouraged the museum to publish his catalogue raisonné, another historic undertaking.

The magnitude of the accolades conferred upon Gifford was remarkable. The renowned nineteenth-century art critic Henry T. Tuckerman considered Gifford’s landscapes examples of “artistic intelligence.” Another respected contemporary critic, Eugene Benson, referring to the atmospheric qualities of Gifford’s work, remarked, “There is a feeling about them as of opium—of a day just this side of the orient.” America truly produced a master in the league of the greatest the world had ever known.

While Gifford’s paintings are cherished, they are priced well below some of our most popular living artists. Time may temper exaggerated valuations, but it never diminishes true artistic quality. If a collector commits substantial capital to acquire the work of a contemporary painter, will the artist’s status be upheld by future generations? Our generation has spoken, as has the generation before us, and Gifford’s star shines brightly!

At the beginning of the twenty-first century, The Met continued to mount Gifford exhibitions, and influential scholars maintained their unabashed praise. Eleanor Jones Harvey wrote in the museum’s 2003 Gifford exhibition catalogue, “The works of Sanford R. Gifford seem to us the just exponent of that which is highest, fullest, ripest—most poetic and profound—in landscape.”
If someone were to ask me to present a quintessential example of a truly outstanding American painting—one that represents the artist's most profound achievement and could be shown as an equal among the most universally accepted masterpieces—New England Sunrise would be my choice.

It is a highly developed luminist work, a style refined by John Frederick Kensett as he was one of its leading proponents. Many of the ideas advanced by the transcendentalist writers of the period—mainly Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau—were in alignment with luminist ideology and are readily discernable in this work, particularly in the saturation of ethereal light and the infinite expanse that effectively suspends time. The scene is imbued with an eternal quality, which compels the viewer to ponder matters of universal significance. The philosophical ramifications of this exceptional painting place it on a higher plane than that of most other works. Kensett has not only established his place among the best painters of the period, but his art relates to one of the most important movements in literature.

Although Kensett's life was tragically cut short, his paintings are so forward-thinking that they approach the abstract. He preserves literal transcription; however, he renders it inferior, favoring instead the merger of opposing forms and the melding of sea and sky as to allude to ideals far more significant than specific locale. Few other painters of the period rose to such a level of sophistication.

This painting has several auction results that substantiate its importance—as well as the distinction of being the highest-priced Kensett sold at auction since the Recession.
With a perspective of more than one hundred years, the two highest-ranking painters of the American West have been determined beyond doubt. Their dominant position at the top has virtually no chance of being usurped by any other artist of the nineteenth century. The scholarship is well developed and irrefutable, and the historical importance of their work will forever insulate their reputations against any unlikely shift in contemporary opinion.

This compelling fact is reassuring to a collector about to commit a substantial amount of capital for the acquisition of one of their paintings, which may be accurately described as the most "blue chip" of all the American art created in the period.

Those two undisputed champions are Albert Bierstadt and Thomas Moran. I have enjoyed the reactions of the few clients who have seen the Moran presented here. At any given time, there are nearly one hundred paintings on display at the gallery, but this painting has been the star attraction ever since its arrival. A review of Moran’s five most-expensive paintings sold at public auction—all views of the West—attests to the magnitude of his appeal. These works sold for an average of more than $8.4 million dollars, with the highest-priced work commanding more than $17.7 million. This was a larger version of the Grand Canyon than what is offered here sold for more than $12.4 million.

Our asking price is not nearly as intimidating.

The question that I ask each tempted collector is this: Which would cause the greatest anguish: owning the painting or wishing you had owned the painting? Someone once asked Samuel D. Riddle why he refused to accept the sensational sum a prospective buyer once offered. He replied that anyone could have a million dollars, but only he would ever own Man o’ War, the greatest thoroughbred racehorse. Some things are truly worth more than money.

*Thomas Moran (1837–1926)*

**PLATE 48**

_A Side Canyon, Grand Canyon, Arizona, 1905_

Oil on board

14 x 20 inches

Monogrammed and dated lower left: TMORAN . 1905 ; titled, monogrammed, and inscribed on verso: A Side Canyon / Grand Canyon, Arizona. / TMORAN / for J. G. MOUNTON.

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Edward Henry Potthast (1857–1927)

PLATE 49

*The Water’s Fine*

Oil on canvas

30 1/8 x 40 1/8 inches

Signed lower center: E Potthast

It is rare for any dealer to have compelling evidence that demonstrates a painting is undervalued.

In 2007, this sensational Edward Henry Potthast was offered at Christie’s premier spring sale. The work’s commanding presence stimulated much chatter during the preview, and it was obvious that fierce competition would be likely at the auction. Just as I anticipated, the bidding was heated. The hammer dropped at $1,384,000, a record price for the artist. I never thought that I would see this monumental painting again.

Nearly eight years later, the owner’s representative called me. The collector was in the process of donating many of his paintings to various museums. He remembered how fond I was of his great Potthast and the mutually beneficial relationship that we had shared over the decades.

Because of his generosity and kind spirit, I can offer this painting substantially below the price it realized at auction. This work meets or exceeds the criteria found in the most valuable paintings: the importance of the artist as determined by museum representation, scholarship, market history, subject matter, scale, and condition. At least twenty-six of the most important American museums include in their permanent collections “The Father of American Beach Painting.”

At over two-and-a-half by three feet and in near-perfect condition, *The Water’s Fine* is possibly the most important painting in Potthast’s oeuvre. Furthermore, its value has been tested at public auction, which is the most transparent evidence of its worth.
This painting’s brilliance is equal, diametric, and unrelated to overhyped present-day works whose unjustifiable valuations exceed its own by many millions of dollars. And it is offered with this warning: Beware of criticism. It seems that contemporary artistic taste values concept and shock over the prowess of craft and has little regard for mastery of line and form. This oil is among the rarest of all works created by William Trost Richards during his pre-Raphaelite period. These paintings demanded absolute fidelity to nature, as prescribed by the influential writer John Ruskin. Of all the American painters of the period, Richards had the command of line and a predilection for detail that enabled him to paint some of the most precise and truthful renderings of nature ever created.

None other than William Merritt Chase once stood before a painting by Richards and said, “I take off my hat to him. He’s a master of drawing— I take off my hat.”

A London Times art critic wrote, “Surely we are destined to see or hear more of a painter of such unpretending power,” a remarkable statement considering that European critics of the period seldom praised American painters.

A careful review of Richards’s work sold at public auction will substantiate any collector’s eagerness to acquire his paintings from this period. They are scarce and consistently sell for more than those of his later period.

This painting bears favorable comparison to another similarly sized and titled work, thought to be a masterpiece, acquired by George Whitney and now in the collection of the Biggs Museum of American Art.

The day of reckoning is not far off; soon the value of exceptional talent will once again exceed the false premium of hype.
Henry Martin Gasser (1909–1981)

Watercolor on paper, 1974, watercolor, 30 x 22 inches, signed on verso: Fairfield Porter (AP)

Provenance: Fairfield Porter Estates, Greenwich, Connecticut


Related works


Edward Henry Potthast (1857–1927)

Still Life with Apples, Ladder and Tree Oil on canvas, 1916

Signed and dated lower left: E Potthast

Provenance: The Peoria Art Guild of Peoria, Illinois; Thomas Bailey, New York, New York, by 1975


Note: This watercolor will be included in the forthcoming catalogue raisonné by Yvon Gallimard.
PLATE 15
William Tisdale Richards (1842–1903)
1866
Oil on canvas
25 3/4 x 21 inches
Provenance:
The artist
Private collection, New York, New York

PLATE 16
Painted dinner at night in 1904; inspired by photographs he saw in Paris Salon and launched the artist to fame.

PLATE 17
Bierstadt posed as models. The drawing was submitted to the catalogue raisonné of the artist’s work by Dr. John P. Driscoll for which this work is a study, Evening in Borrowdale.

PLATE 18
Note:
In 1881, from mid-July through mid-October, Bierstadt visited Yellowstone Park.

PLATE 19
G. Chaumette, with General William Tecumsah Sherman.

PLATE 20
Mr. Albert Bierstadt (1830–1902)
1862
Oil on canvas
35 3/4 x 48 3/4 inches
Provenance:
Southwestern Bell Corporation, St. Louis, Missouri, acquired from above, 1985

PLATE 21
Dwight William Tryon (1849–1925)
Twilight
Oil on canvas
19 x 18 inches
Provenance:
J. N. Bartfield Art Galleries, New York, New York, acquired from above, 1994

PLATE 22
Michael Keene Art Fine Art
Antiques
Questroyal Fine Art, LLC
New York, New York

PLATE 23
Everett Shinn (1876–1953)
Pony Express
Oil on canvas
14 x 19 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, New York, New York, acquired from above, 2006

PLATE 24
Winslow Homer (1836–1910)
From the Back of a Horse
Oil on canvas
21 1/4 x 27 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, New York, New York

PLATE 25
Paul Cassonieri (1864–1924)
Printed head
Oil on canvas
9 1/16 x 7 1/16 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, New York, New York

PLATE 26
Walter Lawr Palmer (1854–1932)
Break at Winter Camp
Oil on canvas
24 x 24 1/4 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, New York, New York

PLATE 27
Charles Hoffmann (1875–1957)
Dine on the Top
Oil on canvas
20 x 24 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, New York, New York

PLATE 28
Ralph Albert Blakelock (1847–1919)
Footsteps of the Past
Oil on canvas
23 15/16 x 31 1/8 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, New York, New York

PLATE 29
Mark Osterrieth (1864–1934)
Stagecoach Returning
Oil on canvas
11 x 18 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, Knoxville, Tennessee, acquired from above, 2005

PLATE 30
Dwight William Tryon (1849–1925)
Firelight
Oil on canvas
11 x 14 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, New York, New York

PLATE 31
Frederick Zadoo (1891–1940)
Moonlight
Oil on canvas
25 x 20 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, New York, New York, acquired from above, 1994

PLATE 32
Albert Bierstadt (1830–1898)
A Path through the Trees
Oil on canvas
28 1/2 x 20 1/2 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, Brooklyn, New York

PLATE 33
Albert Bierstadt (1830–1898)
Fishing on Delaware Lake
Oil on canvas
24 1/2 x 18 1/2 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, Massachusetts, acquired from above, 1994

PLATE 34
Albert Bierstadt (1830–1898)
The American Painters, 1881–91
Oil on canvas
27 x 36 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, acquired from above, 1994

PLATE 35
Albert Bierstadt (1830–1898)
The American Painters, 1881–91
Oil on canvas
27 x 36 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, acquired from above, 1994

PLATE 36
Albert Bierstadt (1830–1898)
The American Painters, 1881–91
Oil on canvas
27 x 36 inches
Provenance:
Private collection, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, acquired from above, 1994

Plates 15–36
Paintings from American Impressionism:
Sur les toits
1/16 x 25 1/16 inches
/
15/16 x 26 3/4 inches
Moreover, Henry M. Marquand, who was a member of the Metropolitan’s board of trustees, recommended the painting to the trustees for purchase in 1925.

Plates 15–36
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The Value of Contemporary Art


Ibid. (Note 71).


The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 2003, 86.


Ibid., 114.


Ibid.


Ibid., 114.


Ibid.


Ibid.


Ibid.


Ibid.


