

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, AUGUST 15 - 17, 2008

# WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

## Liquid refreshment

Italy's Lago Bolsena offers a cool break  
from summer touring



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# Liquid refreshment

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Cover photo: Corbis

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## The Beijing Olympics

See daily coverage of the Games, including stats, video and blogs. At right, Jamaicans Asafa Powell and Usain Bolt and American Tyson Gay will race the 100-meters on Saturday. [WSJ.com/Olympics](http://WSJ.com/Olympics)



## WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

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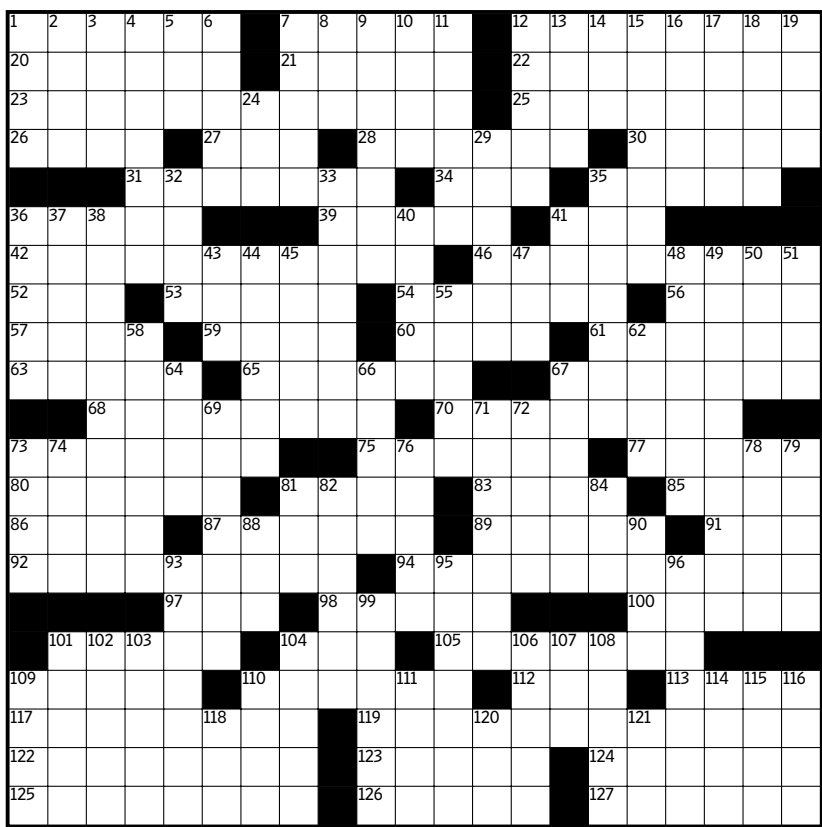
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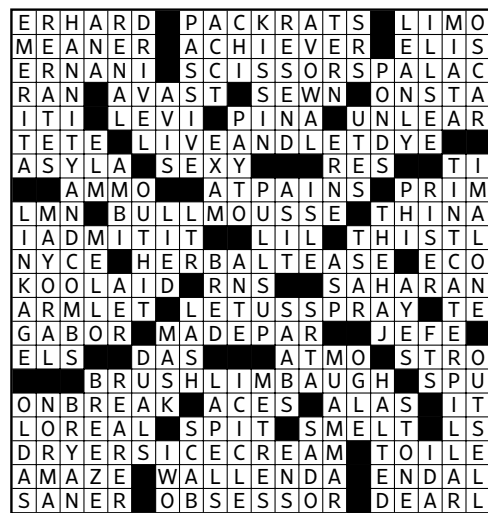
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❖ Fashion

# Slim chances for an aspiring model

**T**RISH SYMONDS-POWELL feels about as proud and anxious as a mother can.

Since moving to New York last August, her 18-year-old daughter has been scouted by modeling agencies, club promoters and the reality TV show "America's Next Top Model."

Tatiana Stewart's willowy physique—she is 188 centimeters and wears a size 4—attracts fashion-modeling scouts on the street. But once she appears at auditions, they tell her that if she wants to pursue a career on fashion's runways, she must lose weight. "I can't imagine her being as beautiful as she is if she's emaciated," Ms. Symonds-Powell says.

## On Style

CHRISTINA BINKLEY

Her sentiments underscore the fact that, despite the starvation deaths of several models and the fashion industry's pledge to protect the health of the young people who promote its clothes, skin and bones are still the ideal, as we head into a round of fashion-week shows next month. Parents of aspiring models wind up torn between hopes for their children's success and concerns for their health.

When I wrote in February about Ali Michael, whose skyrocketing career was disrupted after she gained 2.2 kilos, other parents of aspiring models told me their already thin children have been told to drop more weight. "He looks extremely thin to me, and now they are saying his thighs are bigger than they used to be, and they want him to lose the weight," wrote a father whose son has been modeling for five years. He was hesitant to speak publicly for fear of deterring casting agents from hiring his child.

It turned out Ali had been undergoing treatment for anorexia when I met her at a Paris fashion show. She looked thin, but I would never have guessed that she had been so ill that she had stopped menstruating and her hair had been falling out in clumps. Following my column, Ali told her story on the "Today" show and in a feature for Teen Vogue. Eventually, Ali was forced to choose between prioritizing her health and a successful career—and she chose health. She is still pursuing modeling jobs, but she has considered the possibility that her career could take a different direction, such as modeling off the runway.

Tatiana is far from the elevated status Ali has enjoyed as a model, but the message she's getting—good health or modeling success—is chillingly similar. It's hard to imagine how anyone who is 188 centimeters could get down to a "loose size 2," as she has been advised to do, without starving themselves.

She left home in Los Angeles last August to pursue a career as a ballet dancer. But on her second day in New York, while she was shopping in Soho, two Abercrombie & Fitch representatives offered her a job as a model at their flagship Fifth Avenue store, she says. She works at the front of the store, modeling the clothes and helping customers.

Ms. Symonds-Powell, who is 43, was thrilled to see her daughter snare a job with benefits so quickly. A single mom who paid for private schools by doing odd jobs, manicures and house cleaning, she hopes her daughter will use her Abercrombie earnings to study dance, photography or environmental studies.

Sitting in a Starbucks near her home in Sherman Oaks, Calif., Ms. Symonds-Powell recalls how she once skipped paying bills to buy her daughter a \$230 Juicy Couture outfit so she could be like the other girls at school. Ms. Symonds-Powell is hopeful that her child will get the sort of break she never had. "I'm proud of myself finally," she says, "because I always felt guilt that I couldn't give her more."

But Tatiana's attention has been diverted by scouts and recruiters. Just walking down the streets of New York, she has gathered invitations to modeling "casting calls," when models are considered for jobs or listings with agents. The agents approaching her included representatives from Ford, Elite and Click, she says. None of those agencies returned calls for comment.



**Tatiana Stewart**, 18, (also below left) has been told to lose weight if she wants to model. Below right, model **Ali Michael** battled anorexia as casting directors criticized her weight.



Lori Hawkins/Elaine Kom Associates for The Wall Street Journal (2)



ments they seek. Her waist is 71 centimeters and her hips are 91 centimeters.

Instead, she has been engaged by a variety of businesses that hire "model types" to draw customers. In addition to her Abercrombie job, she says, she was offered a job at retailer Club Monaco and is frequently recruited for parties at Manhattan nightclubs, where the drinks and food are free for her. She has spent the summer being ferried to nightclubs in the Hamptons in club promoters' Cadillac Escalades. Recently, she agreed to work at several clubs as a "bottle girl" serving liquor to tables in return for tips that she believes will amount to "\$600 to \$1,500 a night." Her mother frowns at this, saying, "She's underage. She shouldn't even be in those places."

For Tatiana, these jobs are treading water until she loses enough weight to get her big break. "I always thought I was thin," she says. "Girls here I know are 178 centimeters and size 0, and they want them to lose weight for Fashion Week. I don't think anybody's body is naturally like that."

In one weight-loss attempt, Tatiana tried taking laxatives for two days until her mother found out. "She said they want her to be 'heroin chic'—she needs to have sunken cheeks," says Ms. Symonds-Powell, her neck reddening with emotion.

Instead, Tatiana has gained a kilo or so. She recently began dance classes and is dieting on cabbage soup and fruit, on directions from her mother.



Robert De Michiel

## Summer party attire

BY CHERYL LU-LIEN TAN

**F**ASHION DESIGNER Carmen Marc Valvo has a social calendar that fills up in the summer, with at least three or four soirées a week.

Being a social butterfly has a downside, however. Dressing for summer parties that are not black-tie can be challenging, says Mr. Valvo, who designs eveningwear for women. It isn't always easy to pick an outfit that's dressy without being too formal.

For most parties, the 54-year-old Mr. Valvo likes to wear a crisp-looking, long-sleeved button-down shirt with dark jeans, which he says are more "minimizing" than light jeans. He likes to make his own dress shirts, adding formal details such as pleated lace on the placket or tuxedo studs instead of buttons, and he sometimes wears them with cuff links. These small details offer a dressiness that balances the casual look of jeans, Mr. Valvo says. He often brings along a dark blazer that he can throw on if the event is more formal than he thought.

Mr. Valvo always leaves his shirts untucked; the style "makes you look longer," he says. The designer is 180 centimeters tall, but he cautions men who are 165 centimeters or shorter against trying the look. (Many shirts, he notes, come with very long shirrtails, but these can be trimmed at the tailor's if they make their wearer's legs look too short.) He never buttons his shirt all the way down, he says: "When you sit down, you get this bubble coming up."

While Mr. Valvo sometimes wears stylishly ripped designer jeans—pairing them with a dressy jacket and shirt—he never wears shorts, even expensive tailored versions, to a party. "It's inappropriate," says Mr. Valvo, who also generally avoids wearing suits to summer parties, because he feels they're often too formal.

His favorite shirt fabric for the summer is cotton voile, a very lightweight material that can be rather sheer: He often picks embroidered versions so he's not "totally naked." He also likes super-fine handkerchief linens—though not regular linen. "When [handkerchief linen] wrinkles, it doesn't wrinkle as badly as regular linen," says Mr. Valvo. "It looks 'shabby chic' as opposed to 'Hi, I'm wrinkled.'"

He also steers clear of silk. "Sweating in silk is not so nice, because it shows," he says.

When it comes to footwear, he wears flip-flops "95% of the time," favoring dressy leather versions from Gucci, Prada and Louis Vuitton. "Make sure you have a nice pedicure," says Mr. Valvo. He opts for dressier penny loafers—sans socks—when attending fund-raisers, which tend to be more formal, and when he doesn't know the host well.

Another rule: "Never wear flip-flops if there's going to be dancing—you'll lose them."

# Did you hear the one about

BY RIAN MALAN

Special to the Wall Street Journal  
Johannesburg, South Africa

**A**FTER LOSING POWER in 1994, South Africa's white right-wingers withdrew into psychic exile, leaving the chattering classes to pursue a political agenda so correct that it sometimes verged on insanity. Newspapers were soon filled with great billows of soft-left pabulum. Talk show hosts routinely used appalling terms like "gendered" or "Othering," and almost everyone observed an unwritten law stating that it was unfair to criticize black people on the grounds that any failings they might exhibit were attributable to poverty, oppression and bad education, otherwise known as "the legacy of apartheid." In time, I came to feel as if I were suffocating in a fog of high-minded pieties, a condition that often reduced me to cursing and throwing things at the TV set.

In the course of one such episode a few years ago, I switched channels and came upon a demented comedy sketch in which a gunman was tutoring a class of black schoolchildren in the finer points of armed robbery. "You got to have an inside source to tell you where the money is," yelled the gunman, "and when you get caught...blame it on the legacy of apartheid. OK! So what have you learned today?" The children chorus, "Blame it on the legacy of apartheid!"

What do you do, if you're young, gifted and African, when the Economist describes your home as "The Hopeless Continent"? Contest this assessment and you sound like a silly white liberal, which is anathema to a cool dude like comedian David Kibuuka. "The way the foreigners see Africa is sort of the way it is," he says. "Wars, people dying of diseases that were cured long ago and so on." But acknowledging such truths is dangerous, too, because some will accuse you of being a self-loathing sellout, and that's enough to keep most Africans quiet.

Not so for a group of young, black comedians who have taken South Africa by storm. Their attitude, says 30-year-old comic Kagiso Lediga, is, "Get lost if you can't take a joke. Our job is to talk about things that are wrong, and we'll keep doing it unless you kill us."

Based in Johannesburg, the comics first rose to prominence four years ago in a TV series called "The Pure Monate Show." The title meant "absolutely delicious scrumptious show" in a local African language, and its standard fare was outrage. The show lampooned the nation's obsession with crime, staged a conversation between sex toys of various races, and offered some comic sketches about life in neighboring Zimbabwe, which has been rocked by political and economic turmoil under President Robert Mugabe. In one such skit, a shady-looking character hands a great wad of cash to an underworld connection, who

## A group of young, black comics is breaking taboos in South Africa



surreptitiously slips him a briefcase. Viewers think they're witnessing a Zimbabwe-style drug deal, but when the briefcase is opened, it contains a lone loaf of bread—the consequence of a currency destroyed by an inflation rate that recently hit 2,200,000% a year.

On the domestic front, the show parodied the cultural peculiarities of racial and tribal minorities, and, in one memorable sketch, portrayed South Africa as a country where politics were so boring that most people stayed in bed on election day, thereby allowing the white rulers of yore to stage a comeback. This was presented as a trailer for a horror movie: "Apartheid II—coming to a cinema near you."

The comedians' manager is Takunda Bimha, a 29-year-old lawyer who wears designer jeans and Italian smoking jackets and has a suite of offices in the trendy Johannesburg suburb of Greenside. Mr. Bimha forsook the law for TV production a few years back, and now he's a capo in Johannesburg's comedy underworld. As Mr. Bimha tells it, the comedians were middle-class boys with good educations who wanted to do a satirical comedy show in the style of "Saturday Night Live." Since most of them were young, gifted and black, state-owned SABC TV gave them a deal in 2003.

God knows what the broadcaster was anticipating, but what it got was renegade comedy of a sort never previously seen in South Africa. The show slaughtered sacred cows and lampooned important people. "Memories of apartheid were fading," says Mr. Bimha, "and the guys were like, 'Let's move on,' you know? They felt the culture had become boring, and that it was time we



started laughing at ourselves."

If they were white, they would have been fired. But black authorities seemed dazed by the fact that those responsible for this mockery were bright young men from their own side of the racial divide. "They thought we'd care," says Mr. Kibuuka, 27, a leading light in the collective. "But actually, we don't. We didn't set out to be subversive. We just did it because we liked doing it. They said, 'Hey, that's subversive!' And we said, 'Really? OK!'"

Mr. Kibuuka is a droll young sophisticate who drives a convertible, writes clever pop songs and affects to be vaguely bored by almost everything, including my questions. Although the show drew complaints from audiences, he says he has no regrets, and no serious grievances about the show's ultimate demise. (It was axed in 2005.) "The SABC is a public broadcaster," he yawns. "Citizens were complaining, so they had to listen." The SABC declined to comment.

The gang packed their bags and moved on to greater things,



Photos: Ross Garrett for The Wall Street Journal

beginning with a pseudodocumentary about young comedians and their girlfriends traveling into the backwoods to perform stand-up at a rock festival. Their film, the 2006 "Bunny Chow," directed by John Barker, did well on the local circuit, but foreigners found it a bit bewildering. There was an "Easy Rider"-esque scene where a small-town redneck threatens to murder the funnymen because they're trying to seduce his wife, but otherwise, this was a South Africa that was totally unfamiliar to outsiders. The whites were likeable slackers, the blacks cocky and urbane. Characters of various races were constantly hopping in and out of each other's beds, and apartheid cropped up only in jokes.

In short, the film was a fairly accurate depiction of the lifestyle and attitudes of, say, university students who were in grade school when apartheid ended and find their parents' politics passé. This in itself was a sin in certain eyes. "I thought politicians would be smart enough to treat comedians and satirists like court jest-



Top, left to right: Comedians David Kibuuka, Loyiso Gola and Trevor Noah. Below, from left: comedian Kagiso Lediga and manager Takunda Bimha.

ers," says Mr. Lediga, a veteran of the show. "You let them do their thing, and then you stand back and say, 'Of course I believe in freedom of speech, look what I'm willing to put up with.'" But South Africa isn't like that. "They expect you to take sides," says Mr. Lediga. "That's one of our problems. They feel the black youth is apathetic and we should be inciting them to take up arms or whatever."

The source of one such critique was Christine Qunta, a black-power activist and writer who sits on the state broadcaster's governing body and is said to be close to South African President Thabo Mbeki. After the Cape Town premiere of "Bunny Chow," she fired off a text message to a relative who leaked it to the comedians. Ms. Qunta did not return several calls for comment, but Mr. Lediga says her reaction was extremely negative. "Christine was like, '[This is] disgusting,'" says Mr. Lediga. His heart sank when he read Ms. Qunta's verdict. There was clearly no chance of "The Pure Monate Show" getting a second chance on state TV.

But hey, no worries. The boys were making good money on South Africa's live comedy circuit. In fact, some were making a great deal of money, wearing sharp suits and driving cars with TV sets in the back seat. It was time, as Mr. Bimha puts it, to start plotting "world domination." Their chosen vehicle was "The Dictator," a movie script about the rise and fall of Edson Nyirembé, president for life of a fictitious African country named Jambola. Part Idi Amin and part Robert Mugabe, Nyirembé is a sinister buffoon with certain painfully lifelike characteristics. In other words, Nyirembé is stupid, arrogant, occasionally



# Apartheid?

barbaric and always surrounded by quivering yes-men. Like Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe, he is perplexingly popular among foreign black-power fans, who invariably grant him a standing ovation when he appears on their shores. Mr. Lediga was sent to New York and Cannes to sell the project to potential investors, none of whom were willing to commit. "White liberals are happy to finance harmless African art movies," chuckles Mr. Lediga, "but they seem to get very anxious about ideas that might draw the attention of the Thought Police."

If the failed "Dictator" project cuts a bit close to the bone, one struggles to imagine the reaction to their other movie project—a comedy about apartheid, loosely inspired by "Life of Brian," Monty Python's heretical parody of the story of Jesus.

What was funny about apartheid? Mr. Lediga shrugs. "It was absurd," he says, "and that's always funny. It was also painful, so there has to be a lot of comedy in there somewhere."

"Ja," says Mr. Kibuuka, "like white racists with black lovers and morons trying to free Mandela."

Did he say morons? Ouch. These guys are lucky to be working in Africa's most tolerant country. Elsewhere, they'd be in dungeons. Nearly every country in Africa has "insult laws" to protect the dignity of its leaders, and if those don't work, there are other forms of joke suppression: African culture commands youngsters to respect their elders, and Africa's embarrassments provide a powerful incentive for self-censorship.

Am I making these guys sound like raving neocons? That wouldn't be accurate. In person, they're thoughtful young men who lament the poverty in which most South Africans still languish and acknowledge how lucky they are to have escaped it. They are also staunch anti-imperialists, always delighted to find an American in the audience so they can crack jokes about moronic presidents and so on. Local whites get frequent lashings, too. The other night, Tsepo Mogale picked out some pale faces at a front-row table and said, "You whites are full of s—, you know." He proceeded to tell a story about how he pulled up at a traffic light alongside "a battered old Datsun carrying a white family" who locked their doors the instant they clocked black skin. "I'm going to hijack a Datsun?" he chuckled. "Get out of here. I drive a Mercedes."

This draws a laugh, but whites are a dwindling minority, not nearly as interesting as the "Afristocracy" that now holds power. A year or two back, comedian Loyiso Gola, 25, developed a fascination with the local political style that evolved into a one-man show titled, "Loyiso Gola for President." His absurd policy proposals brought the house down. "Crime?" he'd say. "You want to stop crime? Easy. For six months, anyone who commits any crime, blam, just blow him away. Pull a Giuliani,

man. I guarantee you, crime will vanish." Mr. Gola says his follow-up show will be titled, "You should have voted for me."

This is not really a joke, given the perilous state of local politics. South Africa's ruling African National Congress hopes to install Jacob Zuma as the country's next president, in spite of his facing charges arising from the alleged acceptance of a bribe from a French arms manufacturer. Mr. Zuma denies the charges, and a judge will rule next month whether the trial will go ahead. Meanwhile, his followers portray him as the victim of a political vendetta orchestrated by "counter-revolutionaries." The dispute has precipitated a crisis in public life, with militant Zuma supporters threatening mayhem if the government attempts to jail their hero.

It was against this tense backdrop that dignitaries gathered at Johannesburg's Emperors Palace casino for the Black Management Forum's 2008 gala dinner. Mr. Zuma was the keynote speaker, and entertainment was provided by Trevor Noah, 24, the newest star in Takunda Bimha's stable. Trusting that Mr. Zuma was big enough to take a joke, Mr. Noah launched into a monologue that went something like this: In apartheid's dying years, he said, hundreds of thousands of terrified white South Africans moved to Australia rather than live under a black government. Those who remained were charmed by Mandela, but when the old man stepped down in favor of Thabo Mbeki in 1999, whites thought, "Uh-oh," and there was a renewed exodus to the Antipodes. Blacks were amused by these outbreaks of paranoia, Mr. Noah concluded, but now that a Zuma presidency is on the cards, they aren't laughing anymore. Now you hear blacks saying, "How much is a ticket to Australia again?"

The all-black audience howled. All eyes swiveled in Mr. Zuma's direction, and lo: "He was laughing like crazy," says Mr. Noah. "Killing himself." (A spokeswoman for Mr. Zuma confirms he heard the joke, and says, "it would be entirely in character for him to laugh" at it.)

Jokes rooted in pain are nothing new, but it was extraordinary to have a banquet-hall of glamorous black-tied Africans laughing at the notion that South Africa is now in such a pitiful state that even they might want to flee. Is this not a sign that they're transcending victimhood? "Learning to laugh at yourself is a great sign of human evolution," says Mr. Lediga. Jews and the Irish went through the process generations ago. Black Americans made the critical breakthrough in the seventies. Indians followed suit about 10 years later, and look at them now—rising giants of international trade and authors of every third work on the West's charts of best-selling books. Take this as a joke if you like, but I think the crew might foreshadow a similar renaissance in Africa. Takunda Bimha liked my punch line. "Exactly!" he says. "Exactly!"

Philippe Petit on his highwire between the Twin Towers of New York's World Trade Center in 1974.



Jean-Louis Blondeau/Polaris Images

## 'Man on Wire' hits the heights

HIGH DRAMA HARDLY begins to describe "Man on Wire," a magnificent documentary by James Marsh. Its subject is Philippe Petit, the French wirewalker who, on Aug. 7, 1974, spent almost an hour not just walking but dancing, kneeling—with one arm outstretched in a gesture of salute—and lying down on a cable

### Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

strung 405 meters above the street between the tops of the World Trade Center's Twin Towers.

When Petit returned to terra firma—in handcuffs, charged with criminal trespass—the only thing reporters wanted to know was why he'd done it. "I did something magnificent and mysterious," he recalls on camera decades later, "and everyone asked 'why why why?' There is no why." The film takes a more fruitful approach. It focuses on the how (the paramilitary preparations make a marvelous story in themselves) and above all on the who—a man driven by madly romantic dreams of glory, and visions of death-defying, life-affirming beauty.

Walking between the Twin Towers—the world's tallest buildings at the time—was only the most dramatic of Petit's feats to that point. He'd already done essentially the same thing at Notre Dame cathedral, and the harbor bridge in Sydney (where he picked a watch off the wrist of one of the cops who arrested him). Perhaps because a misstep at the World Trade Center would have been no more fatal than a fall on previous occasions at lower altitudes, Petit seems to have been less worried about gravity having its way than about the intricate challenges of those preparations, which took eight months, and which he likened to a bank job.

Part of what makes "Man on Wire" so enthralling, and so entertaining, is the filmmaker's skill in laying out the illegal ca-

per's logistics, mainly through interviews with Philippe and his support team. All of them were terribly young at the time and are now middle-aged. They include three faithful French friends—among them Philippe's girlfriend of the period, Annie Allix—plus several American co-conspirators of varying steadfastness. (One, a pothead musician, disappeared on the night before the big event.) Mr. Marsh supplements their collective narrative with stylized re-enactments. These are not the sort of serious, pseudo-dramatic segments that Errol Morris sometimes uses, controversially, to embellish documented facts. They are wonderfully witty, exuberant interludes that simulate the tone of a spy thriller.

Another part of the enthrallment comes from the singular nature of the place, and the fateful passage of time. Yes, the run-up to Petit's matchless coup de theatre resembles a bank job. One member of the team pretends to be a French journalist on assignment. Others use forged IDs to slip past World Trade Center guards, drive a van with almost a ton of cable and rigging equipment into a subterranean garage, then smuggle all the materiel up to the top floors, where they hide all night under the noses of wandering watchmen. Unavoidably, though, the team's escapades also carry

erie resonances of terrorist attacks. The film wisely refrains from any mention of this—no reference to the 1993 bombing, or to 9/11. The closest it comes to such comment is one heart-stopping still photograph, a sort of long-lens optical illusion, shot from below, of Petit aloft on his wire while a passenger jet high above him seems to fly toward one of the towers.

Great documentaries, and this is one, require not only great subjects but rich supporting evidence. "Man on Wire" fills the bill with stirring footage of the World Trade Center under construction, intercut with sequences of Philippe assisted by his friends as he practices for the Twin Towers wire walk in a sun-dappled French meadow marked by a sign that says, in English, "World Trade Center Association." A self-dramatizer par excellence, Philippe Petit had been documenting his own exploits, ever since his teenage years in France, in home movies, video and film. Some of the most evocative clips show him dressed in a mime's costume and a top hat, spinning around the streets of Paris on a unicycle.

Those images look as if they'd been lifted from "Children of Paradise," Marcel Carné's cinema epic set in the Paris of Balzac, and not by accident. They express Petit's sense of himself—his entirely accurate sense of himself—as an entertainer in the classic French tradition.

James Marsh's documentary raises the bar for the genre to skyscraper height. It's an inspired piece of work flawed only by the stretching and distorting of home movies to fill a wide screen, and by a short, mawkish coda. Michael Nyman's original score is exquisite; so is the use of Ralph Vaughan Williams's "The Lark Ascending" and an Erik Satie "Gymnopédie" to accompany Philippe's aerial ballets, which are studies in ecstatic relaxation. On the wire between the towers he was so relaxed that he felt free to look down, and he claims he could hear the crowd below. There's no reason to disbelieve him.

### WSJ.com

#### Opening this week in Europe

- Forgetting Sarah Marshall Italy
- Get Smart Hungary, U.K.
- Meet Dave Denmark, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal
- The Chronicles of Narnia: Prince Caspian Greece
- The Dark Knight Austria, Germany, Switzerland
- The Love Guru Turkey
- Then She Found Me Portugal, Poland
- The Visitor Norway
- You Don't Mess with the Zohan Belgium, Croatia, Denmark, Finland, Spain

Source: IMDb

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# Fizzy fun with Italian sodas

**G**UN CONTROL is long overdue, at least when it comes to the cocktail bar.

The “gun” is bartender slang for the hand-held plastic dispenser that spews sodas, sour-mix and juice at the pedestrian sort of bar (and at all too many places that fancy themselves above the ordinary). The use of

## How's Your Drink?

ERIC FELTEN

the gun is the dead giveaway that a saloon is in the business of making its drinks on the cheap and easy. Consider the marketing materials of the most prominent gun manufacturer, the kitschily named Wunder-Bar. The company slogan—“Higher Profits Pour Through Wunder-Bar”—suggests that making the best possible drinks isn't exactly the priority.

The better bartenders not only abjure the gun but are in revolt against the standard sodas themselves. Some creative bartenders, such as Justin Guthrie at Michel Richard's Central restaurant in Washington, make their own sodas from scratch, brewing up their own fruit syrups and charging them with carbonated water. Mr. Guthrie's lime soda—spiced with a touch of black pepper—is the backbone of his killer Gin Rickey.

The impetus originally driving some bartenders to make their own sodas was a profound dissatisfaction with tonic water. Even though Vodka Tonic and Gin and Tonic are among the most-poured drinks, there hasn't been much in the way of tonic choice. The two tonic titans—Schweppes and Canada Dry—happen to be controlled in the U.S. by the same company, what is now called the Dr Pepper Snapple Group.

The biggest complaint about Schweppes and Canada Dry is that they are over-sweetened—and sweetened with cloying high-fructose corn syrup. And then there is the quinine, the antimalarial drug that originally defined the soda as a medicinal “tonic.” Quinine comes from the bark of the cinchona tree (and its relatives). Tonic aficionados lament the lack of cinchona bark bite in Schweppes and Canada Dry. And so many turned to making their own.

Recently, though, alternatives to the Dr Pepper-controlled duopoly have finally hit the market. Leading the way was the Fever-Tree brand, which takes its name from a cinchona nickname. Close behind was a tonic from the cocktail-ingredient company Stirrings. Both use cane sugar instead of corn syrup and use it sparingly so that the bitter cinchona comes through.

Fever-Tree and Stirrings also make ginger ales, a category that has inspired real competition. Ginger ale comes in a wonderful variety, from the standard-issue Canada Dry to honey-sweetened Thomas Kemper and spicy Jamaican-style ginger brews such as Reed's.

Happily, the proliferation of ginger ales is but one example of the many interesting sodas that have become more widely avail-



Dylan Cross for The Wall Street Journal

## Tonic aficionados lament the lack of cinchona bark bite in the standard brands.

able in the past couple of years. There are a range of Italian fruit sodas, including a flavorful blood-orange soda that makes for a terrific cocktail ingredient. Why should tonic, ginger ale and cola be the main flavors in fizzy mixers?

I'm particularly fond of the citrus sodas made by San Pellegrino. Its fizzy lemonade is perfect for making Pimm's Cup, and its orange soda, called aranciata, has already attracted the attention of a prominent drinks mixer or two. New York mixologist Eben Klemm uses aranciata together with pineapple-infused

rum and peach bitters to make a Hurricane's Eye. I tried a simplified version at home, putting equal parts rum, pineapple juice and aranciata over crushed ice with a few dashes of peach bitters, and found out just how delicious the soda can be in cocktails.

But far and away, the Italian soda that shows the most promise as a cocktail ingredient is the bittersweet citrus drink called chinotto. San Pellegrino makes a chinotto, but there are others, including the excellent version made by the Abbondio soda company. The fruit that gives the drink its name is a bitter sort of orange, and the flavor will be familiar to anyone fond of the Italian amari liqueurs. It reminds me of the French liqueur Amer Picon, so I wasn't surprised to find that I had success using chinotto as a fizzy substitute for the amer in a Picon Punch: 60 milliliters of cognac, a spoonful of grenadine, chinotto, and a little club soda for extra sparkle, stirred with ice. I call the drink a Chin-Chin.

But the best results came when I turned to two skilled cocktail Edisons and asked them to experiment. Jackson Cannon, who presides over the bottles at Boston's Eastern Standard restaurant, found that the chinotto was a natural with Laird's Applejack apple brandy, with just a bit of Benedictine as an optional finishing touch. He calls it a Della Mela, Italian for “of the apple.” Ted Kilgore at the Monarch restaurant in St. Louis riffed on an old Trader Vic cocktail called El Diablo, putting chinotto on top of tequila, lime juice and crème de cassis. With a nod to the Italian soda, he calls it Il Diavolo.

Try these new drinks and I think you'll be convinced that chinotto should become a cocktail staple. Just don't put it on the gun.

Email [eric.felten@wsj.com](mailto:eric.felten@wsj.com).

### Il Diavolo

60 ml blanco tequila  
8 ml fresh lime juice  
1 to 2 tsp crème de cassis  
90 to 120 ml chinotto soda

Build in a highball glass with ice and stir gently. Garnish with a slice of lime.

### Della Mela

45 ml applejack (apple brandy)  
15 ml Benedictine (optional)  
90 to 120 ml chinotto soda

Build in a highball glass with ice and stir gently. Garnish with a slice of orange.

# The lady will taste

BY DOROTHY J. GAITER AND JOHN BRECHER

**A**t a restaurant recently, we both studied the wine list and I suggested a Pinot Noir. We both discussed our choice with the waiter. When he brought the wine to the table, the waiter then poured some wine into my husband's glass. While Larry was busy swirling and sniffing and tasting, he missed the fact that I was glaring at him from across the table. I have now asked him to please pass the glass to me after he has tasted the wine so that I, too, can taste it before nodding approval to the waiter. This is at least to open the eyes of the otherwise intelligent and charming waiters that perhaps a woman has something to contribute to this event.

—Marion Hamermesh  
Wilmington, Del.

taste. She has the palate.” That's what John says.

*With your words of advice to try the unfamiliar and exotic repeating in my head, I picked up an \$8 bottle of unfamiliar wine that was on sale. I asked the shop manager what she thought of it and she recommended it, saying that it was great in the summer with light dishes. Was she right! It's a Picpoul de Pinet. I was wondering if you have had the pleasure and whether it was a pleasure for you also.*

—Marlane Juran  
Morgantown, W.Va.

It's funny you should ask because Picpoul has become something of an inside joke at our little Wine Department during the past few months. Picpoul is a grape and Picpoul de Pinet is a specific wine from the Coteaux de Languedoc region of southern France (it's one of the few formal areas named after a grape, by the way). Annual production is about 500,000 cases from about 3,200 acres and some of the wines come in a tall, pretty bottle called a Neptune, which has the Languedoc cross molded into the glass. A while back, we noticed a Picpoul at a store and we talked about how this was an example that just about everything is available these days. Then we saw another, and then it became, for us, a cute little—petite—example of a very big trend. Then we were in London this summer and, at a fish restaurant called Fish Works, saw a Picpoul de Pinet on the list, which, of course, we ordered. It's made for seafood—crisp, lemony and clean, with ripe apples, some pear, maybe a touch of honey and minerals on the finish. When we got back, we bought several for a little tasting and found them consistently good—especially for about \$10 to \$15. We especially liked Château Font-Mars (\$11) and La Chapelle de la Bastide (\$10), both from 2007. They're the kind of wines we'd keep in the refrigerator at all times to sip when we got home on a hot day—refreshing and mouth-watering.

Melanie Grayce West contributed to this column. Our email address is [wine@wsj.com](mailto:wine@wsj.com).

## Arbitrage

# The price of a croissant from a local bakery

City	Local currency	€
Rome	€0.80	€0.80
Brussels	€0.83	€0.83
Frankfurt	€0.90	€0.90
Hong Kong	HK\$11	€0.95
Paris	€1.00	€1.00
Tokyo	¥181	€1.10
New York	\$2.18	€1.46
London	£1.15	€1.47

Note: Prices, including taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.





Ana Tovar for The Wall Street Journal (4)



From left: **Pinoso**, the mountain town where Paco Gandía is located; **Josefa Navarro** cooks paella at **Paco Gandía**, the restaurant she co-owns with her husband (above), the restaurant's namesake.

# Searching Spain for the perfect paella

BY RAYMOND SOKOLOV

*Pinoso, Spain*  
**I**N A WORLD GONE MAD for novelty at the table, the gastronomic pilgrim will find spiritual relief—and a very delicious paella—in this sweet little town in the center of Spain's rice-growing heartland.

Even in the capitals of the region, the coastal Mediterranean cities of Valencia and Alicante, the quality of the omnipresent paellas is often strained and distorted, the rice overloaded with oil, the dish overwhelmed by lobster and other luxury oddments from the sea.

But here in Pinoso, a short drive into the rugged highlands from Alicante, the small and rigorously authentic Paco Gandía serves this classic dish in all its earthbound purity. It uses round, short-grain rice cooked over an open fire of vine cuttings and garnished with creatures that thrive in neighboring vineyards—rabbit and snails.

This is the paella lovingly described to me years ago at the Oxford Symposium on Food & Cookery in England by the Spanish authorities Lourdes March and Alicia Rios. They demonstrated the dish in an Oxfordshire garden, improvising with ordinary twigs, a pan only vaguely similar to the circular paella (the pan gave its name to the dish) and with chicken for rabbit and our imaginations to supply the snails. The concept was excellent and the rice was cooked perfectly just as the cooking broth evaporated. But for the real thing, you need to be in eastern Spain, the terroir known as Levante. And Paco Gandía is the Angkor Wat of the local rice cult.

In fact, this is a small, informal place with a barely legible sign, tucked away on a back street in a remote village.

There were other things to order on the menu, but the staff assumed correctly that we wanted the paella with rabbit and snails, preceded by a simple salad of assorted seasonal vegetables, along with a quite drinkable, locally bottled red wine.

Not long after we finished the salad, out came a gleaming circular pan made of stainless steel, about

40 or 50 centimeters in diameter, with a raised edge. Several paper napkins were clipped to opposite sides of the pan. These served in part as heatproof handles, as we discovered after the paella itself emerged from the kitchen. The traditional copper pan nested in the steel one. The rice was a golden yellow, garnished with tawny, browned pieces of rabbit and snails in their brown-and-white-striped shells.

The thin layer of rice was the star of the show. Much of it adhered

lightly to the pan and had to be scraped off with a big spoon provided for the purpose. The crusty part that came away was a first cousin to the rice crusts so highly prized in Iran and elsewhere in the Middle East, but those are true crusts scraped from the bottom of rice dishes that consist primarily of fluffy rice. The Pinoso paella was almost all crust yet each grain remained magically moist.

The snails were equally succulent and provided an amusing diver-

sion as we sucked them out of their shells. The rabbit had the deep, smoky taste of wood-fired barbecue—little pieces of leg with the bone in, breast and even a bit of liver.

As any experienced home cook knows, the rice was a triumph of sensitive cooking. For me, taking the rice this close to burning, right to the edge of desiccation, would have been culinary risk taking of the most perilous sort. But obviously, at Paco Gandía they have done this a lot and can manage it for a dining

room full of clients, each table receiving its own, made-to-order paella from a cook as busy and multitask-adept as any short-order hash slinger.

Later, we witnessed this sorcery first hand in the appliance-free kitchen next to the Paco Gandía dining room. Basically, we saw a paella sitting over a blaze of vine cuttings. The rest was skill, a steady hand and an alert eye.

In other words, no recipe, however closely it hews to the activity that produced our lunch last week, is likely to yield a comparable paella in a home kitchen, even one with access to dried vine cuttings, the right rice, rabbit and snails. And even if you or I practiced enough to create a reasonable facsimile of the Pinoso paella, we would be missing the cultural surround of Levante, where hundreds, maybe thousands, of restaurants are having a go at the local specialty in myriad variations.

Indeed, there is a whole category of deliberately “soupy” rice dishes called arroces caldosos or arroces melosos. These paellas flow like honey instead of sticking to the pan. And we enjoyed some of the perfectly decent seafood paellas that have inspired thousands of similar dishes served from London to San Francisco. Some even had the crunchy rice stuck to the pan that adepts call soccarat.

In Pinoso, where most of the dish is soccarat, scraping your lunch loose is part of the fun and, in a crucial way, part of the recipe. It forces you to participate in the cook's feat physically as a prelude to eating it. And it turned out that it required a skill of its own.

Those napkins attached to the underpan serve as more than insulation. If you neglected them and grabbed the paella pan directly you got soot from the fire on your hands. The staff is prepared for this. With a friendly smile, they provide handy wipes to wash your hands. Soon you are clean enough to sign the credit-card chit, for a total of about \$75 a person. You feel clean at heart, too, having taken a stand for culinary heritage, voting with your fork for the future of the past.

Email [eatingout@wsj.com](mailto:eatingout@wsj.com).

## Paella

This home recipe may not be identical to the paella cooked outdoors in the Spanish countryside, but after one bite, it may transport you there. You'll need two pieces of equipment: a 40- to 45-centimeter-wide paella pan and a charcoal or gas grill. The flat pan is essential for obtaining soccarat, the prized crusty-brown layer of rice. Adapted from Paco Gandía, Pinoso, Spain.

- Yield:** 4 servings
- Preparation time:** 20 minutes
- Soaking time:** 1 hour
- Cooking time:** 1 hour
- 4 cups wood chips, such as cherry or alder, soaked in water for 1 hour
- 4 disposable aluminum loaf pans or a smoker box
- A 1–1.3 kilo rabbit, cut into 12 pieces; or 700 grams boneless, skinless chicken thighs, fat trimmed, halved crosswise
- Salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup extra-virgin olive oil
- 1 400 ml can diced tomatoes, drained
- $7\frac{1}{2}$  cups water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon saffron threads, crumbled to a powder
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups short-grain rice, preferably Spanish Bomba or Valencia
- 1 200 ml can escargot, about 18 snails, rinsed, drained



from the smoker, about 15 to 20 minutes.

- If using a charcoal grill, scatter drained wood chips directly onto lit coals. The smoke should start rising almost immediately. Cover the grill and adjust the vents to obtain a medium heat.

- Meanwhile, pat the rabbit or chicken pieces dry with a paper towel. Season with salt and pepper. Heat the oil in a large deep skillet over medium heat. Add the meat; sear until golden brown on both sides, about 6 minutes. Move the meat to the outer edges of the skillet. Add tomato; cook, stirring occasionally, about 3 minutes. Remove the skillet from heat.

- Check the grill to ensure the chips are smoking. Reduce the grill heat to medium-high by shutting off one of the burners. Place a paella pan over the unlit burner for a few minutes to get hot. The smoker box should remain over flame.

- Add the water and 1 teaspoon salt

to the paella pan. Heat to a boil. Stir in the saffron. Transfer the rabbit mixture to the paella pan on the grill. Cook, with grill lid down for 5 minutes, adjusting the heat to maintain the simmering water.

- Sprinkle rice evenly around paella pan, avoiding pieces of rabbit. Gently agitate mixture using a wooden spoon to ensure rice is evenly distributed and all rice grains are submerged. Do not stir again.

- Cook with grill lid down, about 10 minutes. Scatter snails over rice. Continue to cook until all the liquid is absorbed and each grain of rice is distinct and just tender or al dente, about 10 minutes more. If all the liquid has evaporated and rice is not tender, sprinkle warm water, about a tablespoon at a time over rice where needed. Cook for 1 to 2 minutes more.

- To achieve a crusty layer of rice on the bottom of the pan, turn the heat to high with the lid open and cook for about 5 minutes, turning the pan 180 degrees once. Stay by the grill so you don't burn the bottom layer. The rice should be caramelized, not burnt.

- Carefully remove the pan from the grill using oven mitts. Cover with a kitchen towel or foil. Let stand 5 to 10 minutes before serving. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Allow guests to serve themselves from the paella pan.



# Liquid refreshment: A dip in Italy



The town and lake of **Bolsena**. Right, **Viale Colesanti** leads to the water.

By Cathryn Drake

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

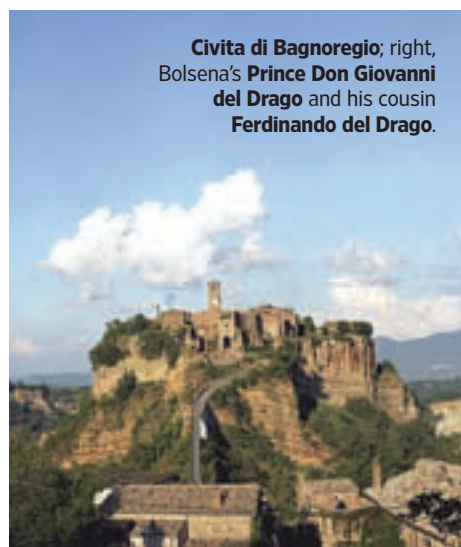
**A**FTER A TIRING pilgrimage to the frescoes of Piero della Francesca under the 38-degree Umbrian sun in and around Arezzo, Italy, my companion and I had only one thought: to get into water. We were headed back toward Rome, and a conveniently located blue spot on the map just west of the north-south A1 attracted our attention.

It was Lago Bolsena, the largest volcanic lake in Europe, nestled in a corner of the Lazio region just south of the borders of Tuscany and Umbria. We turned off the highway, and the picturesque winding road from the Orvieto exit brought us to the top of the Rocca Monaldeschi della Cervara, the medieval fort dominating the town of Bolsena. There, we encountered an exhilarating vista of glistening blue framed by gentle hills beyond the red-tiled roofs of the lower town, the tranquil prospect of the lake interrupted only by two verdant islands and an occasional sailboat.

Most tourists overlook Lazio to seek out the hill towns of Tuscany and Umbria, and even Romans tend to frequent the smaller Lago Bracciano, which is closer to the city and more crowded. About an hour farther north, Lago Bolsena was formed about 370,000 years ago by an eruption of the Vulsini volcano, inactive since about 104 B.C. Nearly 150 meters deep, its water is clean and crystal clear.

When later in the day we finally plunged into the cool, limpid water, accompanied only by a regal family of swans, we felt instant relief from our exhausting few days trudging around the cultural riches of Cortona, Perugia and Arezzo.

Earlier when we arrived into town, we took a stroll along the cobbled street traversing the fortress complex, lined with tidy stone dwellings and colorful heraldic flags. We entered a passage at the opposite end and descended the curving stone steps into the



**Civita di Bagnoregio**; right, Bolsena's **Prince Don Giovanni del Drago** and his cousin **Ferdinando del Drago**.

lower town.

At the bottom we emerged into the central Piazza Matteotti, next to the 13th-century San Francesco church, plain except for the twisted relief decorating its Gothic portal. It's now a community theater. From there, the Viale Colesanti leads straight to the lake. Lined with attractive villas painted in subdued terra cotta shades, the one-way street ends at the circular Piazzale Dante Alighieri. Just opposite is the marina, populated with small leisure boats, and next to it the Trattoria del Moro, with a salon on a pier jutting over the water.

The town had the tranquil atmosphere of a curative spa resort lost in time. There were hydrangea bushes everywhere—voluptuous pink, blue and white blossoms exploding like fireworks, planted for the yearly June festival dedicated to the flower. People strolled, cycled or lounged on benches along the well-manicured waterfront, while fisherman cast their lines from tiny rowboats moored near the shore.

Farther along the tree-lined lakeshore road, we found the midcentury Le Naiadi, the only hotel fronting the sandy public beach. Its magenta-flowered balconies overlook a kidney-shaped swimming pool adorned with



charmingly kitsch statues of nymphs. At the back is a much larger swimming pool and a spacious glass pavilion that accommodates wedding parties. This is where we booked a room, and as the sun turned pastel and slid behind the far hill on the horizon, we finally took our swim in the lake.

Once refreshed, hunger took over so we drove to the center of Bolsena and ascended to the fortress of Rocca Monaldeschi on the stone steps leading up from Piazza Matteotti.

The Castello Monaldeschi was first built high up on the escarpment in the 12th century on the remains of ancient Velzna, the last of the 12 Etruscan cities conquered by the Romans. Following a period of neglect after the downfall of the Monaldeschi family, it was eventually handed over to the Bishop of Orvieto as a summer residence and then destroyed by an earthquake in 1665. Captain Florida



Zampi restored the castle about 100 years later, but then the locals demolished it in 1815 to prevent its seizure by Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's competitive younger brother. Now completely restored, the castle houses the Museo Territoriale del Lago di Bolsena, dedicated to the area's geology and archaeological relics. A walk along the ramparts affords a dizzying view of the entire lake.

When we arrived into town people were perched on the stone steps in front of Aenos, a tiny wine bar opposite the castle serving vintages from Tuscany, Umbria and Lazio from above an ancient Etruscan cantina, still open for business. (Evening may be best for this locale; when we stopped in before lunchtime, the lively proprietor, Alessandro Casciani, claimed that he didn't know how to smile at that hour.)

For our return in the evening we dined at the restaurant Il Castello: grilled lake fish topped with a garlicky pesto sauce, lattarini fritti (tiny fried smelt fish) and a mixed antipasto platter including salami, marinated artichokes and radicchio stuffed with fish salad. The rosé, from nearby Montepulciano, and the homemade blueberry-and-ricotta tart were outstanding. Even prices felt a few decades behind the times: our dinner cost about €40 for two, not counting a bottle of bubbly offered by the gregarious head waitress Marcella as an emphatic apology that our salad arrived slightly late. Next to the restaurant is a medieval washhouse with an arched portico, where women still wash their linens. Our neighbors on the picnic tables lining the alley-



# 's Lago Bolsena



The Cathedral of Santa Margherita in Montefiascone.

Photos: Alamy, Van Parys Media, AFP, Cathryn Drake

way seemed to be local families and German tourists. By midnight we were back on our balcony contemplating the lake, serenaded by a vociferous chorus of lake frogs.

Bolsena was a strategic stopping point for medieval pilgrims on their way to Rome along the Via Cassia from as far as France. The town is most known as the site of the 1263 miracle of Corpus Christi—depicted by Raphael in the Vatican fresco “The Mass at Bolsena”—when a skeptical Bohemian priest saw the blood of Christ flow from the consecrated host onto the altar linen. The cloth was transferred to Orvieto, just 20 kilometers away, which owes its spectacular black-and-white cathedral and great wealth to the relic. The miracle reportedly took place in a grotto below Bolsena’s imposing Romanesque Santa Cristina church, which holds the tomb of this virgin martyr who withstood seemingly every possible type of torture before succumbing to death. Here you also can visit the atmospheric early Christian catacombs, notable for their unusual size and number of still sealed tombs. The gory tale of Santa Cristina is re-enacted yearly on the feast day of July 24, along with processions and fireworks.

More-contemporary art associated with the area is Cy Twombly’s “Bolsena” series, 12 drawn and painted abstract landscapes that he made when a guest of the local prince, Don Giovanni del Drago, in the late 1960s.

Heading out of town the next day we found what seemed like another fairytale vision just several kilometers east: Civita di Bagnoregio, population 15, built by the Etruscans on top of

a dramatic promontory shooting up from a deep canyon. Since its founding, the town has been crumbling over the edge in landslides but is being revived through an extensive soil-fortification project started in 2004. The only way to enter is over a concrete footbridge with a rather steep incline, worth it just for the breathtaking panoramic view of Orvieto and beyond to the Umbrian mountains. Entering through a 12th-century Romanesque gate, you come to the main piazza, the site of Etruscan and Roman temples, whose worn ancient columns still stand in front of the church. Other ruins include the facade of a Renaissance palazzo that was lost down the cliff.

Farther down along the lake on the ancient Roman Via Cassia is Montefiascone, another town worth visiting on the way back to Rome. From the road, the 16th-century dome of the Cathedral of Santa Margherita—the third largest in Italy—looks out of proportion to the town, which was a stronghold of the church from the 13th century until the unification of Italy. There is a stunning view of the lake from the Rocca dei Papi, which sits at the highest point of a volcanic ridge.

More practically speaking, Montefiascone is renowned for its local wine Est! Est! Est!, which is what a monk is said to have exclaimed—it means “It is! It is! It is!”—in the year 1000 upon drinking it. Just inside the grand portal of the historic center, you will find the impeccable Trattoria Al Buongusto, which advertises “family treatment.” After a delicious plate of beef carpaccio topped with arugula and a savory Parmesan basket, I had tortelloni stuffed with porcini, which was fresh and tasty, topped simply with a light mushroom sauce. The proprietor, who charmed us with his warmth and enthusiasm, told us that the cuisine is taken from all three bordering regions. The Est! Est! Est! white wine, of trebbiano and malvasia grapes, was delightfully light, subtle and slightly sweet.

Just an hour north of the capital along the same Rome-to-Florence route, Viterbo is surrounded by spas and hot sulfur springs due to its volcanic geology. It became a near obligatory stop for pilgrims in the Middle Ages when several popes were reportedly cured of chronic back pain after a dip in the thermal waters, which had been frequented long before by ancient Etruscans and Roman soldiers returning from foreign missions. Among the natural open-air fonts are Bulicame, toward Tuscania; Bagnaccio, at the end of a gravel road a few kilometers away; and the well-maintained Pozze di San Sisto, eight kilometers south of Viterbo. The most popular is the commercial Terme dei Papi, a full-service spa in a modern building where contemporary Romans loll about and gossip in the enormous steamy outdoor pool.



Clockwise from left: formal gardens at Villa Lante at Bagnaia; 16th-century sculptures at Sacro Bosco in Bomarzo; the cathedral in Orvieto.

## Trip planner: around the lake

### What to do

Long a destination for religious pilgrims on the road to Rome, Bolsena still makes a good rest stop for road-weary travelers on a cultural itinerary, with its proximity to historic hill towns and the option of a revitalizing swim in the pristine lake.

Nearby Orvieto is a major center of Etruscan civilization, with a fascinating underground maze of ancient caves and tunnels dug 3,000 years ago into the volcanic rock, which you can visit on a tour leaving from the Piazza Duomo. The town’s Gothic cathedral is magnificent.

Farther south near Viterbo you can visit the Renaissance garden of the Villa Lante at Bagnaia and the bizarre 16th-century monster park at Bomarzo’s Sacro Bosco, created by Prince Pier Francesco Orsini.

About 20 kilometers south of Viterbo at Caprarola you can visit the splendid Palazzo Farnese, one of the most important examples of Mannerist architecture in Italy.



From top, Hotel Holiday in Bolsena; Il Castello restaurant in the fortress.

### Where to stay

With rooms overlooking the picturesque beachfront, Le Naiadi is in a tranquil location slightly outside the center of town in Bolsena. It has two pools (€31-€49 per person with breakfast; Viale Cadorna 95; ☎ 39-0761-799017; www.hotel-bolsena.it).

The friendly Hotel Columbus is conveniently located on the lake near the town center on the quaint Piazzale Dante Alighieri (€62-€99 per person with breakfast; Viale Colesanti 27; ☎ 39-0761-799009; www.bolsenahotel.it).

Located on the lakeshore, Hotel Holiday has a large pool and tastefully decorated rooms with wooden floors. It offers a romantic weekend special: two nights with breakfast served in the room and dinner in the hotel’s restaurant Ai Platani for €120 per person (€53-€63 per person with breakfast; Viale A. Diaz 38; ☎ 39-0761-796900; www.hotelholidaybolsena.it).

### Where to eat

Il Castello, in the Rocca di Monaldeschi, serves pizza and local fish dishes in a medieval alleyway (main courses around €10; Via degli Adami 41; ☎ 39-0761-798377).

In a luminous salon on the lake, Trattoria del Moro specializes in local wines, such as Orvieto Classico, and the three types of fresh lake fish—pike, perch and eel—featuring the traditional l’Anguilla alla Vernaccia. The dish is immortalized in Dante’s Divine Comedy, in which a pope dies from gluttony after eating Lake Bolsena eels marinated in milk and then stewed in wine (main courses €7-€11; Piazzale Dante Alighieri 5; ☎ 39-0761-798810; www.trattoriadelmoro.it).

In the historic center of Montefiascone, Trattoria Al Buongusto features a fusion of cuisine from all three bordering regions in a lovely room with friendly service (main courses €10-€16; Via XXIV Maggio 51, Montefiascone; ☎ 39-0761-825777).

—Cathryn Drake



# Why we like the torment of tough courses

**T**HE MAJOR TOURNAMENTS this year seem to be having an identity crisis. The U.S. Open at Torrey Pines in June, with lots of roar-inducing weekend birdies and eagles, felt more like a Masters. The Masters in April lacked its usual magic and came across more like a typical PGA Championship, while last week's PGA, at Oakland Hills outside Detroit, shaped up more like a U.S. Open. The rough was unrelent-

## Golf Journal

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

ingly thick, and the greens were perfidious. (Ireland's Padraig Harrington won the tournament at 3 under par.)

The members at Oakland Hills love it. When Ben Hogan, after winning the U.S. Open there in 1951, called the course a monster, they proudly embraced the label. After all, famed architect Robert Trent Jones Sr. had been engaged before that Open specifically to render the course as hard as possible.

But in 2002, when the U.S. Amateur field waltzed around the South Course at Oakland Hills with average qualifying-round scores of 71.5—only a stroke and a half over par!—the club took immediate action to super-size the monstrosity quotient. It brought in Rees Jones, a son of Mr. Jones Sr. who is also known as the "Open Doctor" for his toughening rehab work on courses before major championships, to squeeze the fairways, add bunkers, push back tees and dish out other devilry to amplify the challenge.

Why make it so difficult? For some clubs, like Oakland Hills and Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, which hosted last year's U.S. Open, you might as well ask why mow the grass. Tweaking their courses to be as treacherous as possible is their reason for being. For them, difficulty is the point of the game.

Comedian Robin Williams does a wildly profane riff about the Scotsman who invented golf. This being a



The 16th green at Oakland Hills, framed by hazards.

family newspaper, I'll have to paraphrase, but essentially the guy takes a drunken idea (I know! We'll knock a ball down a gopher hole!) and progressively dreams up ways to make it harder: "We won't hit the ball with a straight stick, we'll hit it with a crooked one!" and "We won't use a hole that's nearby, we'll use one that's hundreds of yards away! And we'll put all sorts of stuff in the way!" Finally, satisfied that the game he invented is sufficiently impossible, he says, "And we won't just do it once. We'll do it 18 times!"

Mr. Williams's routine almost seems plausible, given the hair-shirt Calvinism that prevailed in Scotland during golf's formative centuries. The way I understand it (as the son of a Baptist minister who spent two gloomy years studying theology in Edinburgh in the 1940s), concepts like Original Sin and Total Depravity were big in Scotland back

then. The notion was that humans are born and live as wretched failures and can attain salvation only through grace granted from above—kind of like that one good shot that redeems an otherwise woeful round.

Mr. Williams's character nods at this grace concept, too, albeit sadistically. "And right near the end I'll put a flat piece [of ground] with a little flag—to give you hope!" he cackles.

Be all this as it may, the major tournaments claim a more practical rationale for their murderous courses: to identify the best players. "You want a setup that is a total examination of their skills," Rees Jones told me by phone last week. Oakland Hills is very long and its par threes form one of the toughest sets in golf, he said, but the green complexes are the primary challenge. "From 30 feet, you may have a putt

with a triple break," he said.

Fans like watching tournaments on hard courses, he suggested, because they can't relate to the 24-under-par totals the pros sometimes shoot at regular PGA Tour stops. "They like to see some ebb and flow, not all birdies, because that's more like the way they play the game," he said.

Implicit in ebb and flow, of course, is the heartening pleasure of seeing the pros screw up. Watching makes us feel better about our own ineptitude.

But this doesn't explain why we then feel the urge to go out and play extremely difficult courses ourselves. Bob Ford, the head pro at Oakmont, offers one theory: "We're all masochists."

The members at Oakmont, he pointed out, seem to enjoy and eventually get used to the beatings they take from the course's 210 bunkers

and the steeply pitched greens that roll at speeds up to 15 feet on the Stimpmeter (which is extremely fast). Moreover, Mr. Ford added, "It's fun for our members to bring guests here and see them get tortured. And the guests like it, too." (Mr. Ford acknowledged, however, that many Oakmont members also belong to other clubs in town, for relief.)

When the wind is up, the Ocean Course at Kiawah Island, S.C., may be the toughest course in the U.S. With 10 holes directly on the Atlantic Ocean and the other eight paralleling them, and with long, forced carries and diabolical greens (designed by that noted sickie, Pete Dye), the course would seem to be a good candidate for replacement by condos. But golfers book trips months in advance to play the Ocean Course, at a cost, including caddie fees, of more than \$300.

Why? Primarily the challenge. "It's the big test," Mr. Ford said about playing tough courses like Oakmont. "When their game is on, people want to play it and see what they can do."

Golfers, men in particular, aren't beyond thinking of such rounds as hero journeys, with themselves as the central character. The protagonist knowingly faces impossible odds but bravely battles on, confronting one fearsome beast after another and doing what he can to slay them. If in the end he succeeds, however he defines success, it's a thrill beyond compare. If he fails, at least he tried and can dine out on tales of his courage for years to come.

It's no coincidence that the world's highest-ranked courses are also usually insanely difficult. We stand in awe both of them and the players who defeat them.

Email [golfjournal@wsj.com](mailto:golfjournal@wsj.com).

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The monsters

Hear John Paul Newport talk about the lure of tough courses at [WSJ.com/Sports](http://WSJ.com/Sports)

## Scottish auctions feature impressionists, colorists

**S**COTLAND WAS ONE of the earliest countries to embrace impressionist art, as seen in the landscapes and seascapes of William McTaggart (1835-1910). Several of the artist's works will be included in Sotheby's annual Scottish picture sale at the Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire, Scotland, on Aug. 26.

### Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

"Port-an-Righ, Welcome to the Herring Boats," painted at Carradale, where Mr. McTaggart spent the summers of 1883 and 1885, depicts a sunny day as people wait at a bay ringed with rocks and sand for the return of the herring fleet (estimate: £200,000-£300,000). Scottish impressionist works are also on display until Oct. 12 in the current show at the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh.

Also in the Sotheby's sale will be works by the Glasgow Boys, a group of artists emerging in the 1880s-1890s who gathered



'Still Life: Tulips,' circa 1925, by Francis Campbell Boileau Cadell; estimate at Sotheby's: £200,000-£300,000.

in Glasgow in winter and traveled widely in summer. They were characterized by bold colors and a vigorous use of paint. "My Studio Door, Tangier" (1920) by Irish-born Glasgow Boy John Lavery, is a sunny painting depicting a terrace where the artist's wife Ha-

zel basks under bougainvilleas, reflecting Mr. Lavery's fascination with Tangier (estimate: £400,000-£600,000).

The sale at Gleneagles, a golfer's mecca, will include among the 264 lots a group devoted to golfing, led by John Charles Dollman's painting of a group of 19th-century gentlemen and their caddies in intense discussion over the position of two golf balls, estimated at £100,000-£150,000.

Timed to take place alongside the Edinburgh International Festival (Aug. 8-31), Bonhams will open new salerooms on Edinburgh's Queen Street with its annual Scottish Sale, now in its ninth year. The three-day auction (Aug. 27-29) will cover Scottish paintings, glass, ceramics, jewelry and furniture.

Striking colors dominated the work of a group of artists known as the Scottish Colorists, who were active in the early 20th century. "The Scottish Colorists were interested in beauty," says Chris Brickley, who heads Bonhams' picture department in Edinburgh. Their decorative works are strong in still lifes, particularly flowers, of which there are a number in both the Bonhams and

Sotheby's sales. At Bonhams, an exquisite painting from the 1920s of pink roses in a vase against a blue background by Samuel John Peplow is estimated at £120,000-£180,000. At Sotheby's, a gloriously simple painting of yellow tulips in a vase against a vivid red, blue and pink background by Francis Campbell Boileau Cadell from circa 1925 is expected to be sold for £200,000-£300,000.

Jack Vettriano is a contemporary artist represented at both Bonhams and Sotheby's with a number of his sizzling images of couples, sexy women and gangster-like men. "When Love Runs Dry," an image of a glamorous couple confronting each other with hostility at a party, is for sale at Sotheby's, estimated at £20,000-£30,000. Also at Sotheby's is a retrospective sketch of "The Singing Butler," estimated at £15,000-£20,000. The painting of the work was sold in 2004 at Sotheby's for the highest price ever for a painting sold at auction in Scotland, £744,800. The image is of a spider-like butler holding an umbrella over a couple dancing on a beach. The atmosphere should be romantic but instead there's a threatening air.



## A Pianist With a Flair for 'Knuckle-Busters'

Los Angeles

With his chic clothes, chiseled features and tall, trim frame, the French pianist Jean-Yves Thibaudet could easily be mistaken for movie or pop star—an impression only furthered by his yellow Corvette and ocher-colored house near Griffith Park. In fact, he is a living reminder of a time when celebrity musicians like George Gershwin, Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Jascha Heifetz called this part of the world home.

Mr. Thibaudet, 46, achieved fame in the 1990s concentrating on two broad areas of the keyboard repertoire: French music and Romantic-era showpieces. But he is at his most impressive when performing the thundering octaves of Liszt, Rachmaninoff and Gershwin, all of whose music he plays with panache and uncommon heart.

He has also taken up the cause of less popular scores, including the Armenian composer Aram Khachaturian's piano concerto. Mr. Thibaudet has by his own estimate performed the concerto, from 1936, about 40 times since first encountering it in 1997.

"Why do something everybody else plays?" asked Mr. Thibaudet in impeccable, accented English. "I don't say it's as good as Beethoven, but it's worth listening to, and I enjoy playing it. How many times can you listen to Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff?"

Resistant at first to learning the roughly 35-minute, technically formidable piece, with its physically demanding cadenzas and hard-to-memorize structure, he quickly grew to love it. "It immediately grabs you," he said. "And every time I play it, I like it more."

The appeal is understandable, if not necessarily universal. Khachaturian loved musical display, and those who solo in his knuckle-busting concertos labor for their glory.

"He's a bit like Gershwin in that way, voluptuous with big crescendos and very lush themes," said Mr. Thibaudet, adding that these days he finds the work's introspective and exotic moments more appealing than its bravura

perform it in Europe with Lorin Maazel and the New York Philharmonic early next month. "I'll play it in Paris with them," he said. "To be asked, as a Frenchman, to do this—that's a real sign of trust."

In some ways, the most striking thing about Mr. Thibaudet's career is what he doesn't perform, namely Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert generally. Brahms, too, was on that list until he began

to perform it in Europe with Lorin Maazel and the New York Philharmonic early next month. "I'll play it in Paris with them," he said. "To be asked, as a Frenchman, to do this—that's a real sign of trust."

Championing new music is not a priority, either, though in June he gave the premiere of a concerto by the Iranian-born Behzad Ranjbaran, and he will likely perform a new work by the French composer Guillaume Connesson next year. A piece by the German Matthias Pintscher is also projected.

"I need to love the composer—not just the music, but also the person," Mr. Thibaudet said about commissioning repertoire. "And the composer has to know me. Having you in mind, knowing what's special about you, that's important. It's like having a baby together. Music to me is very simple: It doesn't matter unless I'm moved. If not, I don't do it."

Such sentiments support Mr. Thibaudet's reputation as an artist of firm character. "What's important is that whatever I do, it's really me," he said. "It's not created. It's not marketing. I think that's very dangerous. If it's not you, it will not work."

Mr. Thibaudet's reputation as an artist of firm character. "What's important is that whatever I do, it's really me," he said. "It's not created. It's not marketing. I think that's very dangerous. If it's not you, it will not work."

*Mr. Mermelstein writes about the arts for various print and online publications.*



Zina Saunders

passages: "You can almost smell the Central Asian atmosphere."

The piece stands near the top of his recordings wish list, and just out of reach. "For years, I've been saying I will record it," said Mr. Thibaudet, who since 1989 has been under exclusive contract to the Decca label. "I don't know when or where, but I will. There is a need."

But first Mr. Thibaudet will probably record Gershwin's Concerto in F, the work that has been his calling card this decade. He will

program his Sonata in F Minor recently. And starting in 2010, he will undertake the composer's two titanic piano concertos.

The move has personal as well as musical motives for Mr. Thibaudet, who was born in Lyon to a French father and German mother and speaks both languages. "I will always feel French," he said, "but the German part has been fighting in my body lately. More than ever, I am comfortable when I play in Germany, and I feel real attraction to the German reper-

### Houses of Worship / By David Skeel

## Why Today's Christian Writers Are No C.S. Lewis

Recently a friend assured me that a recent book by a well-known evangelical Christian was the new "Mere Christianity." For an evangelical this possibly cryptic statement needs no explanation. As evangelicals, we are called to evangelize—to share the good news about Jesus Christ. Most of us also are surrounded by friends and co-workers who may be curious about our beliefs. And for over 55 years, Christians have turned to C.S. Lewis's little book "Mere Christianity" for both of these reasons.

Of course, C.S. Lewis was an Irish-born Anglican and was committed to a mode of worship and a tradition far removed from those of American evangelicals. But he was also an adept Christian apologist who used his literary gifts to explain the basic tenets of Christianity: what it meant to believe in Jesus Christ and to live according to Christian principles. More than that: He was at pains to capture, in prose, what it meant to discover Christianity as something worthy of belief. On the page, he thought his own faith through, trying to make sense of it for himself and others. "Mere Christianity" has sold several million copies since it was first published in 1952.

But much has changed in the last half-century. There is the con-

stant hope that a work of Christian apologetics will take its place alongside Lewis and help to explain Christianity to a new generation of readers.

The best of the contenders can be divided into two types. Some take a "scientific" approach, trying to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Christ was indeed the son of God who came to save us from our sins.

The new superstar of this type is Lee Strobel. In "The Case for Christ" (1998), the former investigative reporter tracks down scholarly experts and quizzes them about whether Jesus was who he said he was. And in "The Case for Faith" (2000), he queries scholars on such controversial issues as why there is suffering and evil in the world. This tactic enables him both to borrow the credibility of his experts and to translate their scholarly insights for a general audience. But today's experts won't seem quite so timely tomorrow.

Another set of books try to convey the beauty and joy of Christian worship. "Simply Christian" (2006) by Anglican bishop and New Testament expert N.T. Wright fits this second category. Bishop

Wright suggests that we all have intimations of God's presence in our thirst for justice and our sense of beauty. He explains Christ's death and resurrection as so unexpected an answer to pagan philosophy or Biblical prophecy that it is "either the most stupid, senseless waste and mis-

understanding the world has ever seen, or it is the fulcrum around which world history turns." But he often digresses into theological debates that would mean little to readers new to the Christian faith.

As it turns out, Tim Keller's "The Reason for God," the book recommended by my friend, is the best of the "Mere Christianity" wannabes. Mr. Keller argues that the usual objections to Christianity—that it is a straitjacket, that there cannot be just one true religion—are themselves the product of a particular (secular Western) point of view. He then builds an affirmative case for Christianity, suggesting that the Big Bang and our appreciation of beauty are clues pointing to God and that Christ's resurrection was so unlikely both to Greeks and Romans (who viewed the material world as weak and corrupt) and to

### Seeking a successor to his 'mere' classic.

Jews (who expected any resurrection to come at the end of time) that it cannot be dismissed as the clever marketing strategy of a new religion. "The Reason for God" is sensible and winsome, but it too is no "Mere Christianity." It does not have the original arguments or the magical prose of Lewis's classic.

Why can't evangelical authors produce a true successor to Mere Christianity? The main reason, I think, is that today's best scholars can't write for a general audience, and the writers who can accomplish this are no longer real scholars. Lewis was both, at a time when the two were thought to be compatible.

Lewis's real ambition was to be numbered among the great English poets. He didn't get there. But when we marvel at a metaphor or memorable passage in "Mere Christianity"—such as the famous claim that Jesus, given what he said, must have been either a lunatic or the very Son of God—we are the beneficiaries of a gifted dreamer's not quite successful quest. And maybe that's as good as it gets.

*Mr. Skeel is a professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania. He blogs about Christianity and the law at [www.lessthantheleast.com](http://www.lessthantheleast.com).*

## Medaling Without Meddling

By Amit Varma

It was a gunshot heard across a subcontinent. On Monday, Abhinav Bindra, a 25-year-old shooter from India, took aim for his final shot in the 10-meter air rifle event at the Olympic Games. The pressure was intense, but Mr. Bindra shot an almost-perfect 10.8 to win the gold medal. Wild celebrations began across the country, and there was much talk of national pride.

Mr. Bindra's achievement warrants such celebration. On a national level, this was, astonishingly, the first gold medal India has won in an individual sport in any Olympics.

It was also a testament to individual gumption, as opposed to government support. Mr. Bindra's family, not the sports ministry or even the national shooting association, enabled his success. Mr. Bindra has been lucky that his father is an industrialist who has dipped into his personal wealth to support his son. He built a shooting range for his son in his farmhouse in Punjab, and made sure he never ran out of ammunition, which is not made in India.

This hasn't stopped the state from trying to take credit for his achievement. India's sports minister, Manohar Singh Gill, said Monday, "I congratulate myself and every other Indian."

But everyone knows the truth: The Indian government does a pathetic job of administering sports. Rent-seeking bureaucrats run the various sporting federations—or ruin them, as some would say. A great illustration of this is field hockey, a sport once dominated by India, but in which India failed to qualify for Beijing.

Some nationalists might compare this state of affairs to a place like China—where athletes are fed into a vast, state-funded sporting machine tasked with churning out national champions. But the oddity is that China, a developing country like India, expends so many of its scarce resources on sport, not that India expends so little.

Any money that the government spends on sport could be better spent on building infrastructure. It would also do a lot of good simply left in the hand of taxpayers, who would then spend it according to their own individual priorities. Surely governments, especially the democratically elected variety, have a moral responsibility to spend taxpayers' money more responsibly.

And India is increasingly producing its own ranks of self-made sporting greats—such as Mr. Bindra and Viswanathan Anand, the world chess champion. India has seen its greatest international sporting successes in cricket, a sport that's not administered by the government.

So I don't mind if our government spends less money on sport, or even none. Where will our Olympic medals come from then, you ask? Well, lift enough people to prosperity, and the sporting laurels will roll in. Ask Abhinav Bindra.

*Mr. Varma, the 2007 winner of the Bastiat Prize for Journalism, writes the blog [India Uncut](http://www.indiauncut.com) ([www.indiauncut.com](http://www.indiauncut.com)).*

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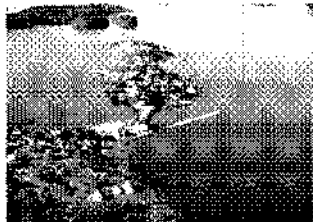
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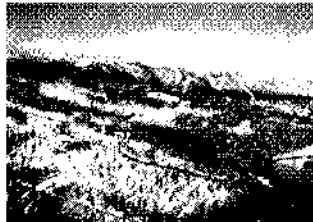
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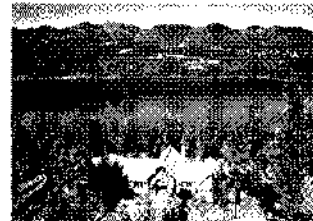
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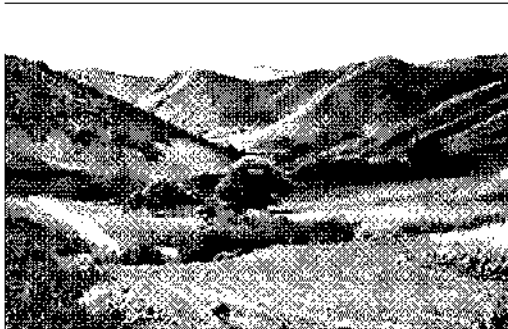
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Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation Beach & Bluff estate. 5bd/5.5ba. 1-story. Approx. 5 acres rolling lawns, tree-lined driveway. Pool/spa/tennis court. 4-car garage. Beach access.  
**Paul Randall 310-317-9365**



**PACIFIC PALISADES, LOS ANGELES, CA | \$21,900,000**  
Celebrity's former estate on approx. 7.5+ acres of expansive green lawns & gardens. Sparkling pool, tennis court. Lovely bridge over spring-fed stream.  
**Joyce Rey & Ben Mason 310-273-3113**



**BEVERLY HILLS, LOS ANGELES, CA | \$21,900,000**  
Traditional Estate located on one of the most exclusive streets in BH. Hand-hewn & hand-stained walnut flr. Dramatic use of granite, marble & limestone. 7BR main hse. Gst hse, pl.  
**Jade Mills 310-285-7508**



**SANTA PAULA, VENTURA, CA | \$12,495,000**  
Majestic property located minutes from Ventura. This preserve is a wonderful opportunity for a large ranch - either agricultural or game and sport. Wonderful views and privacy.  
**J. Rey / L. Wilde 310-285-7529**

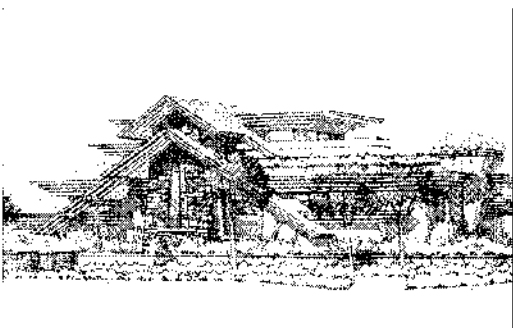


**WILSHIRE CORRIDOR, LOS ANGELES, CA | \$7,000,000**  
Unique 2-sty PH. Exquisitely remodeled w/hc expense spared. Apx. over 6500sf w/3br, gym, ofc & 3 balconies. Grand LR w/2C ceiling & fp, surrounded w/walls of glass framing panoramic views.  
**Irene Arathoon 310-285-7584**

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**DEL MAR, SAN DIEGO, CA | \$6,850,000**  
Del Mar Beach Colony 3 br 3 ba designed by Dean Meredith. Sure to become a landmark. Modern craftsman stucco and ledger stone ext. Honduras mahogany, cedar and cherry wood accents.  
**Kimberly Filanc 858-755-1500**



**MALIBU, LOS ANGELES, CA | \$6,550,000**  
Fabulous Custom Built 5BR 6BA Craftsman on approx. 2.75 acres w/Liviera III bch rights. Fenced & gated 1-story w/expansive lawns, cabana w/bath, lg pool, mtn & serene ocean vistas.  
**Susan Monus 310-457-6550**



**BIG CANYON, NEWPORT BEACH, CA | \$4,995,000**  
Stunning 5 br 5.5 ba Mediterranean style home with traditional and soft contemporary design. Private location with golf course and city light views.  
**Olga Matthews 949-922-5577**



**MALIBU, LOS ANGELES, CA | \$4,950,000**  
Lovely & tasteful 6017.50A in the prestigious Winding Way area w/charisma of a European villa. Infinity pool, spa, entertainment rooms & magnificent terraced gardens.  
**Susan Monus 310-457-6550**



**DEL MAR, SAN DIEGO, CA | \$3,800,000**  
Picture perfect Cape Cod/cottage 4 br, 3 ba. Remodeled in 2000. Kitchen w/top-line appls, granite. Brick patio w/fgc. Bl-in BBQ. Ocean view deck, short walk to beach & shopping.  
**Candace Leeds-Sears 619-980-4125**



**BEL AIR, LOS ANGELES, CA | \$2,699,000**  
Contemporary oasis awaits you! 5 bed 5 bath with pool, BBQ, waterfall and spa. Nearly 5000 sqft w/4 fireplaces in Bel Air Park. Open floorplan for entertaining. 3 car garage.  
**Kevin Cordasco 310-273-3113**

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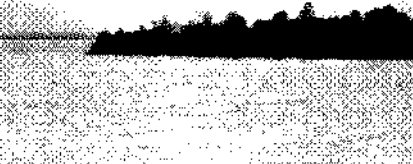
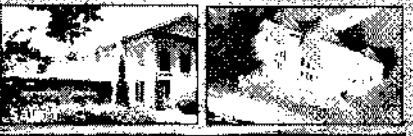

**Richard H. Talbert**  
Tel: 212-381-2302  
Fax: 212-381-2511  
Email: rhtalbert@halstead.com

**Barbara Weinstein, SVP**  
212-381-2208  
**Dean Feldman, EVP**  
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**WWW.HALSTEAD.COM**

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Sale 4: Burnt Rock Farm - Stone House and 90± Acres  
Sale 5: Hardscrabble - Fishing Cottage on 100+ Ac. • 3,300± sq. ft. of Lake Frontage  
Sale 6: Heart Stone Cottage - Lake Front Cottage with 7.9± Acres

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**LOT #52**  
**SAN GERMAN, PR**  
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3BR 2.5BA 2,534sf +/- 2-story. Built 2002.  
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**LOT #101**  
**VEGA BAJA, PR**  
• N-16 Luna St  
4BR 2.5BA 2,156sf +/- 2-story. Built 2002.  
**Nominal Opening Bid: \$50,000**  
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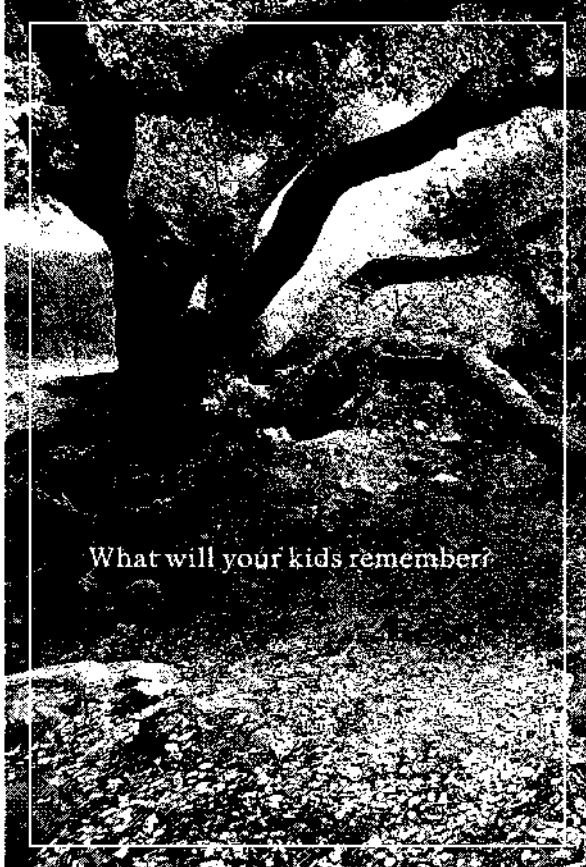
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# time off



## Amstelveen

**art**  
"Just Different!" shows over 100 artworks exploring sexual identity, gender and desire by 47 artists, including Gilbert & George, Nan Goldin, David Hockney and Robert Mapplethorpe.

Cobra Museum of Modern Art  
Until Sept. 21  
☎ 31-20-5475-050  
www.cobra-museum.nl

## Berlin

**art**  
"The Connoisseur in the Museum: Max J. Friedländer (1867-1958)" focuses on the art historian, who was the museum's director 100 years ago.

Kupferstichkabinett  
Until Oct. 19  
☎ 49-30-2662-951  
www.smb.spk-berlin.de

## Bilbao

**art**  
"Surreal Things" explores the influence of surrealism on furniture, jewelry, textiles and film with works by Magritte, Dali, Yves Tanguy and others.

Guggenheim Museum Bilbao  
Until Sept. 7  
☎ 34-94-4359-000  
www.guggenheim-bilbao.es

## Brussels

**photography**  
"Opening Maps" exhibits over 200 works by contemporary Latin American and Caribbean photographers.

Center for Fine Arts  
Until Sept. 21  
☎ 32-2-5078-200  
www.bozar.be

## Cologne

**art**  
"Rembrandt, a Boy's Dream: the Kramer Collection" shows the George Kramer Collection of 17th-century Dutch and Flemish masters.

Wallraf-Richartz-Museum & Fondation Corboud  
Until Oct. 5  
☎ 49-221-2212-1119  
www.museenkoeln.de/wallraf-richartz-museum

## Copenhagen

**art**  
"The Poetry of Shape" exhibits the del-

'Asado en Mendiolaza' (Barbeque at Mendiolaza), 2001, by **Marcos López**, on view in Brussels. Below, lacquer bowl, 1997, by **Nagatoshi Onishi**, on view in Copenhagen.

icate monochrome lacquerware vessels, bowls and objects by acclaimed Japanese lacquer artist and scholar Nagatoshi Onishi (born 1933).

Danish Museum of Art and Design  
Until Oct. 19  
☎ 45-3318-5656  
kunstindustrimuseet.dk/en

## decorative art

"Vikings in Modern Design" is the opening of the museum's renovated permanent exhibition "Danish Prehistory," showing Vikings' gold and silver hoards, the 3,400-year-old Sun Chariot and other objects from Ice Age hunters to Viking campaigns.

The National Museum  
Until Dec. 31  
☎ 45-3313-4411  
www.nationalmuseet.dk

## Dublin

**art**  
"James Coleman: Background, 1991-94" shows the slide installation 'Background' by Irish artist James Coleman (born 1941); it concludes the trilogy "INITIALS" in 2006 and "Lap-sus Exposure" in 2007.

Irish Museum of Modern Art  
Until Aug. 31  
☎ 353-1-6129-900  
www.imma.ie

## Frankfurt

**architecture**  
"Ready for Take-Off. Contemporary German Export Architecture" shows videos, models and images by 16 German architectural offices currently involved in projects outside Germany.

Deutsches Architektur-Museum  
Until Nov. 2



☎ 49-69-2123-8844  
www.dam-online.de

## graphic art

"The Sultan's Nose" traces the evolution of Turkish cartoons through works by 1950s graphic artists Turhan Selcuk and Tan Oral to today's generation working in the satire magazines "LeMan," "Penguin" and "Uykusuz."

Museum der Weltkulturen  
Until Nov. 16  
☎ 49-69-2123-5913  
www.mdw.frankfurt.de

## Geneva

**ceramics**  
"Fragile Beauties" exhibits 18th-century European and Chinese ceramic figurines, sophisticated containers and subtle trompe-l'oeil pieces alongside rare Strasbourg faience, Meissen and Saint-Cloud porcelain.

Musee Ariana  
Until Sept. 28  
☎ 41-22-4185-450  
mah.ville-ge.ch

## Helsinki

**art**  
"French Color in the Bäcksbacka Collection" shows works by early 20th-century French artists alongside Finnish art by Marcus Collin, Tyko Sallinen, Ragnar Ekelund, Alvar Cawén and others, donated by the estate of Leonard and Katarina Bäcksbacka.

Helsinki City Art Museum-Tennis Palace  
Until Aug. 31  
☎ 358-9-3108-7002  
www.taidemuseo.fi

## festival

"Helsinki Festival 2008" presents music, modern dance, theater, visual art and cinema, including performances by the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra, the Klezmatiks, the Helsinki Baroque Orchestra and more.

Helsinki Festival  
Until Aug. 31  
Tel: 358-9-6126-5100  
www.helsinkifestival.fi

## London

**art**  
"Love" explores the depiction of love in art from the 15th century to the present through works by Raphael, Cranach, Vermeer, Holman Hunt, Marc Chagall, Marc Quinn and others.

National Gallery  
Until Oct. 5  
☎ 44-20-7747-2885  
www.nationalgallery.org.uk

## theater

"Liberty" by Glyn Maxwell is a play in verse that tells the story of Gamelin, a young magistrate whose ideals are tested while working for Robespierre after the French Revolution.

Shakespeare's Globe  
Aug. 31 to Oct. 4  
☎ 44-20-7902-1400  
www.shakespeares-globe.org

## music

"BBC Proms 2008" offers 76 concerts of classical music, featuring Murray Perahia, Nigel Kennedy, the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and others.

Royal Albert Hall  
Until Sept. 13  
☎ 44-845-4015-040  
www.bbc.co.uk/proms

## Madrid

**photography**  
"Edward Steichen—Lives in Photography" exhibits 450 vintage prints of portrait, landscape, still life and nude photography by Edward Steichen (1879-1973).

Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia  
Until Sept. 22  
☎ 34-91-7741-000  
www.museoreinasofia.es

## Munich

**art**  
"Sep Ruf 1908-1982: Modernism with Tradition" celebrates the 100th birthday of German post-war architect Sep Ruf with a retrospective of his work, including the New Maxburg in Munich, the German Pavilion at the World Expo in Brussels and the chancellor's bungalow for Ludwig Erhard in Bonn.

Pinakothek der Moderne  
Until Oct. 5  
☎ 49-89-2380-5360  
www.pinakothek.de/pinakothek-der-moderne

## Paris

**art**  
"Homage to Georges Rouault (1871-1958)" shows 20 works by Fauvist and Expressionist painter Georges

Rouault (1871-1958), focusing on the early years of his career and his first paintings of women in front of mirrors, sad clowns and landscapes.

Centre Georges Pompidou  
Until Oct. 13  
☎ 33-1-4478-1233  
www.centrepompidou.fr

## Prague

**textiles**  
"Moravian Tapestry Manufactory" celebrates the 110th anniversary of the manufactory with tapestry designs since the late 19th century.

Museum of Decorative Arts  
Until Sept. 28  
☎ 420-2510-93111  
www.upm.cz

## Rome

**history**  
"The Story of the Fora Imperiali" explores Rome's urban transformation between 1924 and World War II with 140 objects, including photographs, paintings, frescoes and archaeological relics, documenting the demolition and excavation in the area around Trajan's forum and markets and the fora of Augustus, Caesar and Nerva.

Palazzo Caffarelli-Clementino  
Until Nov. 23  
☎ 39-0606-08  
www.museicapitolini.org

## Stockholm

**art**  
"Prince Eugen Waldemarsudde Turns Sixty" celebrates the 60th anniversary of the museum with paintings by Swedish Prince Eugen, who died in 1947 and donated his collection to the museum, and works by Ernst Josephson, Ivan Aguéli and early Swedish Modernists Isaac Grünewald, Leander Engström and others.

Prins Eugens Waldemarsudde  
Until Aug. 31  
☎ 46-8-5458-3700  
www.waldemarsudde.se

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.

## WSJ.com

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