

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14 - 16, 2008

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

Destination Doha

Oil-rich Qatar previews its new Museum of Islamic Art

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A pair for Bond

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features the film series's
first theme song duet.
WSJ.com/Lifestyle

Sport's bad boys

Even stars of 'genteel' sports,
like golf and ice skating,
sometimes behave badly.
WSJ.com/Sports

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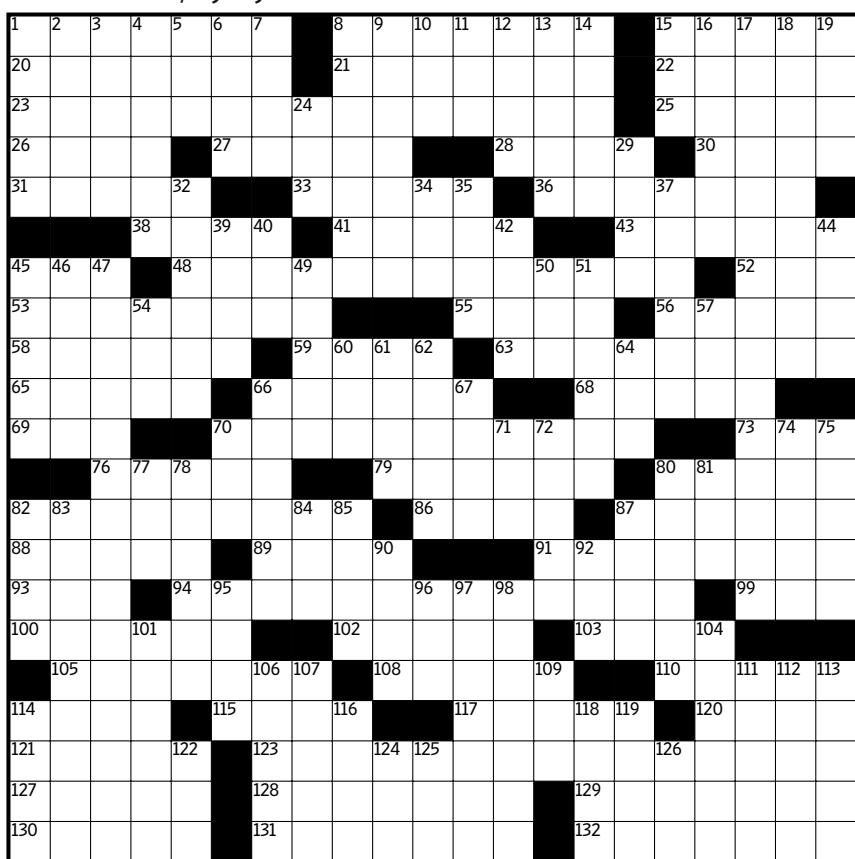
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Last week's solution



What sneakers say about you

WHEN DEREK Johnson was interviewing candidates for a marketing job at his tech company, one applicant arrived in a business suit. "It put us on edge," says Mr. Johnson, founder and CEO of Tatango.com. Mr. Johnson believed the job candidate was presenting a false image of himself. The suit, he felt, was tantamount to a lie.

On Style

CHRISTINA BINKLEY

Mr. Johnson is 22—an entrepreneur who dropped out of college when it got in the way of running Tatango, which enables groups to blast text and voice messages to their members. Like many of his generation, he sees traditional business attire as a form of cover-up. In his workplace, he says, "we're not trying to hide anything with our clothes."

Established companies have long hired employees whose clothing suggested they would toe the corporate line. Today, many young managers believe office attire should do pretty much the opposite: express a person's inner soul.

To older people, young people's style can be difficult to understand. Going far beyond business casual, the clothes seem either highly informal or provocatively young—jeans, athletic shoes, tight T-shirts and miniskirts, for instance.

But young workers are replacing traditional business dress with their own complex sets of rules and subliminal messages. Their choices among brand-name items are meant to communicate substance. Rather than Gucci versus Allen Edmonds, for instance, the choice may involve Nike Air Force versus Chuck Taylors. (Read: urban vs. surfer.)

In a way, their aesthetic represents a new kind of uniform—one heavily dependent on corporate labels. But young people say their mix-and-match style offers them more versatility and creativity than the old uniform did.

"You know when someone's real and when someone's corporate," says Roman Tsunder, 34. As chief ex-



ecutive of Access 360 Media Inc., a youth-market consultant based in New York and Los Angeles, his clients include MTV and AT&T.

Mr. Tsunder says he saves a suit for some occasions, such as meetings with investors who might lose confidence if he appears too edgy. But he's careful to note that his isn't a businessman's status suit: He bought it at Zara, the fast-fashion chain. His outfit costs more when he wears Diesel blue jeans, a white J. Lindeberg belt and Prada shoes.

For a recent meeting with MTV, Mr. Tsunder wore silver Nike Air Force athletic shoes and a white collared shirt under a mint green V-necked sweater "because it's youthful." With a more conservative client, he says, he'll wear something more "aggressive," such as "a collared shirt that I found in the south of France."

Tina Wells, the 28-year-old CEO of Buzz Marketing Group in Voorhees, N.J., wears a similarly broad high-to-low mix of brands to work. This includes mini dresses from Target, Chanel ballerina flats, and a lot of luxury denim. Like many of her generation, she defines her clothing by label: True Religion, Raven and Citizens of Humanity.

She founded her company, which serves clients that include Swarovski Group, at 16. "I'm not a Harvard M.B.A.-type person," Ms. Wells says. "If I were just a girl in a suit, I think it wouldn't clearly demonstrate" the degree of sophistication her company has to offer.

She hasn't thrown out all the traditional rules. Ms. Wells has banned certain lace tops and asked one intern to remove her chin-piercing for work, saying, "I think we shouldn't scare the clients."

Yet Ms. Wells has also rejected the below-the-knee skirts and neat matching sweaters suggested by her mother. "The boomer generation—they love those twin sets," she says. "I like cardigans, but not the set—oh gosh, not the set."

When Mr. Johnson got his first professional job—an internship in midtown New York City—his parents bought him two \$900 suits at Nordstrom. But Mr. Johnson declines to wear those suits, even as he meets with venture capitalists to raise money for Tatango. He says he did wear one once to make a presentation, but he adds ruefully, "I think I wasn't really myself."



Top: Derek Johnson (center) and the casual office look at Tatango.com; above, he dresses up for a meeting.

Holiday cards with style

BY CHERYL LU-LIEN TAN

NOVEMBER IS A BUSY time for Angelica Berrie, chief executive of Kate's Paperie, the chain of trendy stationery stores in New York City. Not only do things get busier at her stores; she also has to start planning her strategy for her own holiday-card mailings.

Ms. Berrie shops for holiday cards throughout the year, picking up single cards or boxed sets whenever something strikes her fancy. "I have two huge filing cabinets of cards!" says Ms. Berrie.

She sometimes sends a few people Thanksgiving cards, instead of Christmas or Hanukkah cards, to make her holiday greetings stand out. People who get a flood of holiday cards, she says, will sometimes tell her, "I really paid more attention to your card because I got it early. It's not that I got it with a mound of cards and just dumped it on the table."

Ms. Berrie typically mails about 300 cards each holiday season. Often, she orders cards that are printed in her own handwriting, which makes them look less mass-produced. To add an even more personal touch, she tries to scribble a short note in as many as she can.

With the cards she does by hand, she typically uses a fountain pen to create a more distinctive look. "Sometimes, I put a few drops of perfume or perfume



Christoph Hitz

oil in the ink bottle so that when they open it, they smell the scent of orange blossoms or my favorite perfume," Ms. Berrie adds. Still, she cautions senders against the practice of spraying cards with any fragrance. "It's too strong."

Another holiday-card pet peeve of Ms. Berrie's: filling the envelope with confetti-like items such as glitter or miniature snowflake cutouts. "You never expect it, so when you open it, it spreads out all over the floor," she says. "I hate that."

In addition to her cards, she also emails around a holiday letter in which she reflects on one memorable event within the past year—but she sends it to only about three dozen good friends. She says she has started focusing on one key event because she feels it's more meaningful than listing a bunch of different activities for the year.



Buzz Marketing CEO Tina Wells wears Seven jeans at the office (above) and a simple dress for a meeting (below).



Neilah Feanny for The Wall Street Journal (2)

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Suit yourself

Listen to Christina Binkley talk about the generational divide in office attire, and join a discussion, at

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'Role Models' goes off the rails

IF "ROLE MODELS" is any barometer, the weekend weather will be hot and humid. A prototypical summer release dropped into early November, this furiously raunchy, occasionally bright and eventually numbing comedy stars Paul Rudd and Seann William Scott as buddies forced to become mentors in a crackpot version of a Big Brother program run by a not-so-former crack addict. (At one point in its development, the film was called "Mentors,"

Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

but the marketing people may have worried that the target audience wouldn't know what mentors do.) The program's director is played by Jane Lynch, who was memorably funny as Steve Carell's libidinous boss in "The 40 Year Old Virgin." Like everyone else in this cast, she has been directed, by David Wain, to sell an attitude—the gleeful cynicism of a hustler who can't be hustled. Like everyone else, she ends up wearing out her welcome by overselling her wares. But then the target audience isn't shopping for understatement.

What it gets at the outset is glib, flip and quick—qualities to be admired in the genre, and especially in a movie with a relatively short running time of 99 minutes. Danny, played by Paul Rudd (another graduate of "The 40 Year Old Virgin") and Wheeler, played by Seann William Scott (the manic Stifler of the "American Pie" films), work as sales reps for a super-charged energy drink called Minotaur. When they overindulge in their product and wreck their company truck, their next stop is court-ordered participation in *Sturdy Wings*, the smarmy institution of lower re-learning where Wheeler, a foulmouthed party animal, is assigned to mentor a robotically foulmouthed fifth-grader named Ronnie (Bobb'e J. Thompson), while Danny, a stickler for language, pairs off with Augie, a 16-year-old refugee from reality who's obsessed with his role in a flesh-and-blood fantasy variant of *Dungeons & Dragons*. (He's played, unsubtly, by Christopher Mintz-Plasse, who was the delightfully nerdy Fogell in "Superbad.")

The buddydom is initially done deftly: Mr. Rudd gives Danny an intriguing air of detachment that turns to despair after he's dumped by his gorgeous lawyer girlfriend. (She's played by still another "Virgin" graduate, Elizabeth Banks.) But something bizarre starts to happen around the halfway mark, perhaps because no one knew how to develop the original premise. The fantasy game, a wildly overproduced outdoor free-for-all, takes over the film. Some of it is amusing—the game's aesthetic borrows liberally from the rock band Kiss—but as those 99 minutes threatened to become a mini-eternity I found myself wondering why I was watching a screwy kid doing battle with a fey king and his medieval knights. But then I'm not the target audience.

'Madagascar: Escape 2 Africa'

"Madagascar: Escape 2 Africa" continues the saga of the plucky animals who, in the 2005 animation hit, escaped from the Central Park Zoo and landed in the island nation of Madagascar. This time, attempting to return to New York aboard a rickety airplane piloted by penguins, they survive a crash landing in Africa. At first they mistake their ancestral cradle for San Diego, or possibly New Jersey, but there's no mistaking the new film for Pixar. We are once again deep in DreamWorks territory, where story and characters serve mainly as pretexts for clever riffs on familiar pop-cultural themes, and a visual style that soars beyond prettiness into sustained radiance. "It's like 'Roots,'" says Marty the zebra as the African adventure unfolds. The roots are shallow, but the sequel is good-natured,



high-spirited and perfectly enjoyable if you take it for what it is.

It's less a product of inspiration than accretion. Grown-ups with a memory for movies will tick off the sources and references: "The Flight of the Phoenix," in which an aircraft was built from salvaged pieces (an apt metaphor for the film as a whole); "Gladia-

tor," or the world of professional wrestling, as the model for a rite of leonine passage endured by Alex, the uncertain lion hero voiced by Ben Stiller. Little kids will be stirred by Alex's reunion with his parents; by his desperate efforts to gain their approval; by the love of Melman the giraffe for Gloria the hippo; and by Sacha Baron Co-



Above, 'Madagascar: Escape 2 Africa.' Left, Christopher Mintz-Plasse, Paul Rudd, Seann William Scott and Bobb'e J. Thompson in 'Role Models.'

hen's virtuoso performance as, once again, the voice of Julien the lemur. Julien's colloquy with the gods of a volcano is only the product of his perverid imagination, but it's inspired, as distinct from accreted.

'The Boy in the Striped Pajamas'

"The Boy in the Striped Pajamas" was directed by Mark Herman, who adapted the script from a novel by John Boyne. The film succeeds to the degree that it does—partially, but honorably and sometimes affectingly—because it was made as well as it was. (The cinematographer was Benoit Delhomme.) The central character, Bruno (Asa Butterfield), is the eight-year-old son of a Nazi officer in World War II. When the father becomes commandant of a concentration camp, the family moves from Berlin to a rather stylish house, with Bauhaus lines, on the edge of the camp. Soon Bruno's explorations lead him to the camp's barbed-wire perimeter, which he takes to be the fence of some sort of farm where the farmers and their children choose to wear, for some odd reason, striped pajamas. Then one of those children, Shmuel, the boy of the title who is played by Jack Scanlon, edges close to his side of the fence, and becomes Bruno's friend.

Bruno's misunderstanding is a given that you will either reject as cloyingly false naïveté, or accept as a device for retelling the Holocaust story from a new perspective. Though I wavered between the two, I came down more often than not on the side of acceptance, at least at the outset; the movie has strengths that often outweigh the contrivance. The main strength is Asa Butterfield's fine performance as Bruno. Another is the language spoken by an excellent cast that includes David Thewlis as Bruno's father and Vera Farmiga as his mother. The entire movie is in English, but matter-of-factly, almost prosaic English that, paradoxically, confers a convincing dailiness on the family's life, and on Bruno's slow realization of what his father—and by extension the Nazis—are doing in the camp.

That said, the development of Bruno's friendship with Shmuel pushes plausibility to the breaking point. For one thing, the Jewish boy looks more like a victim of indigestion than malnutrition, his ashen face notwithstanding. For another, the plot contrivances—including a betrayal evocative of "The Kite Runner"—cross the line into naked manipulation. When Bruno makes an effort to set things right, the film goes powerfully wrong.

London brawling

The era of the bumbling Brit is over. Whereas overly polite charmers like Hugh Grant and Jude Law have long dominated pop culture's perception of the British man, a new tougher breed of Brit is taking over the big screen. You'd be hard-pressed to catch any of the following actors crying into a pint over a lost love—probably because they're too busy doling out black eyes or hooking up with Angelina Jolie (on screen). —Michelle Kung

Name/birthplace	Current role	Street cred	'Make my day'-ish line	Flirting or hooking up with Angelina Jolie?
 Daniel Craig Chester, Cheshire, England	James Bond in "Quantum of Solace"; a Jewish WWII Resistance fighter in January's "Defiance."	Got his start in the "Tomb Raider" franchise; follow-up films include Steven Spielberg's "Munich," a cocaine dealer in "Layer Cake" and Agent 007 in "Casino Royale."	"I'm not a gangster. I'm a businessman whose commodity happens to be cocaine." ("Layer Cake")	Yes—in "Lara Croft Tomb Raider."
 Gerard Butler Glasgow, Scotland	Smooth-talking mobster One Two in "RockNRolla," in theaters now.	The former lawyer's moody and violent King Leonidas made loincloths sexy again in director Zack Snyder's "300," helping the graphic-novel adaptation gross \$456 million world-wide.	"Spartans! Ready your breakfast and eat hearty... For tonight, we dine in hell!" ("300")	Yes—in "Lara Croft Tomb Raider: The Cradle of Life."
 Clive Owen Coventry, Warwickshire, England	An Interpol agent in next February's "The International" and a spy in next March's "Duplicity," opposite Julia Roberts.	The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art grad rose to fame in the U.S. as The Driver in a BMW ad directed by John Woo. Other films include "The Bourne Identity" and "Sin City."	"I'll cut you in ways that'll make you useless to a woman." ("Sin City")	Yes—in "Beyond Borders."
 Jason Statham Sydenham, South London, England	A never-say-die package deliverer in "Transporter 3," out this month.	Mr. Statham was an accomplished driver, diver and clothing model before making his film debut as a con artist in Guy Ritchie's 1998 action comedy "Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels."	"I'm afraid that your flight's been canceled." ("Transporter 2.")	Mr. Statham, call your agent.

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Opening this week in Europe

- **Baby Mama** Belgium, Germany
- **Brideshead Revisited** Germany.
- **Body of Lies** Austria, Belgium, Germany, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Norway, Poland, Switzerland, U.K.
- **Lakeview Terrace** Romania
- **Madagascar: Escape 2 Africa** Czech Republic, Denmark, Finland, Netherlands, Norway, Slovakia, Sweden
- **Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day** Spain
- **Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist** Iceland
- **Rachel Getting Married** Italy
- **Step Brothers** Denmark, France

Source: IMDb

WSJ.com subscribers can read reviews of these films and others at WSJ.com/FilmReview

What slow players can learn from speed golf

CHRISTOPHER SMITH SET the world speed-golf record three years ago at a tournament in Chicago. On a regulation course, he shot a six-under-par 65 in 44 minutes and 6 seconds, carrying only six clubs and sprinting between shots. Not only is this extremely cool, it's also instructive. Speed golf proves what most of us know intuitively: Thinking is the ruin of good golf.

"In speed golf you don't have the option to think," Mr. Smith

Golf Journal

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

said last week as he prepared to demonstrate a few speed-golf holes. "All you have time to do is size up the situation, look at the target and hit the shot. So golf becomes a reactive sport rather than a deliberative one. It's more like tennis where you're responding to the something coming at you."

Mr. Smith, the 45-year-old lead PGA instructor at the Pumpkin Ridge Golf Club here, 25 kilometers west of Portland, has completed two marathons in under three hours, so the running aspect of speed golf came naturally to him. But he discovered, since taking up the sport about 10 years ago, that he often scores better in speed golf than he does playing normal golf (or slow golf, as he sometimes calls it). In more than 100 rounds at his home course, for instance, his lowest score is a 66—accomplished on the run, in 48½ minutes. Typical rounds at most courses take four hours or longer.

As a sport, speed golf has some practical drawbacks. The biggest is that players need something like 15 empty holes in front of them to start a round. Another is that golfers have to be fit, although not necessarily marathon-fit like Mr. Smith. The scoring system in speed golf adds strokes taken to the number of minutes consumed, a formula that places greater value on golf ability than on speed. It's far easier to lower your total score by saving a shot around the green than it is by running the course (typically eight to 13 kilometers) one minute faster. Zigzagging to chase errant shots, looking for lost balls and raking bunkers (a requirement) are big-time sinks. A good 10K runner with a scratch handicap will beat an Olympic-caliber 10K runner with a 10-handicap every time.

Players may carry any number of clubs, up to the normally allowed maximum of 14. Some competitors use only two, but Mr. Smith has settled on six: a driver, a four wood, a five iron, an eight iron, a 52-degree gap wedge and a putter. These he carries in a skinny Sunday bag with a stand but no strap. After each shot he keeps the club he hit with in his left hand, snatches up the bag with his right hand and dashes off like a rabbit.

According to my stopwatch, he spends from five to 10 seconds on each shot and completes par-four holes in about three minutes. The only time he walks is from the edge of the green, where he has to leave his bag, to his ball before putting. That's to help control his

heart rate. "Putting is the hardest part because your body is jacked up and yet you have to make a smooth, delicate stroke," he said. Conversations with biathletes, who pause during long cross-country ski races to take shots at targets with rifles, taught him the best time to pull the trigger on a putt was after a long exhale, an instant before his lungs become so starved for oxygen that he has to breathe in.

I played five holes of speed golf at Pumpkin Ridge with Mr. Smith offering instruction as he jogged alongside and an entire round a few days later at another course in Oregon that was deserted because of steady drizzle and the late-afternoon hour. It was a lot more fun than I expected—in fact, downright thrilling. The extra rush of oxygen in my lungs and the elevated heart rate supercharged my favorite pastime with a runner's high. The two hours and seven minutes of my 18-hole round (the best run-walk pace my middle-aged legs could muster) went by in a blur. My total absorption in the moment reminded me most of playing high-school football, when entire games seemed to fly by in 15 minutes.

I didn't score particularly well, but that was largely due to unfamiliarity with a tricky course and that jabby putting stroke, as Mr. Smith had predicted. Significantly, I didn't "miss" one shot all round—no stubbed chips, no pulled hooks (my nemesis), no wild pushes. Shot after shot, I simply saw and fired. The round flowed. It was a worry-free experience.

"In speed golf the subconscious takes over," Mr. Smith said. "It knows how to do everything—at least in an experienced golfer it does, because it's done it thousands of times." Problems arise when the conscious mind asserts itself, especially after a disastrous shot. "We hit bad shots because we're human. Even Tiger Woods hits terrible shots sometimes. But most players, instead of chalking that up to being human and trust-



Christopher Smith teeing off at the Greenbrier Sporting Club in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., in May 2005.

Christopher Smith

ing the mind-body system to do it better the next time, allow the conscious to step in and try to fix things, by telling us to take the club back this way or move the body that way. But the moment you start thinking consciously about how to do things, that destroys your ability to perform," he said.

Mr. Smith doesn't tout speed golf as the answer to all our problems. But he has learned a lot from his experiences (most compiled in his book, "I've Got 99 Swing Thoughts But 'Hit the Ball' Ain't One") that enhance his teaching and perspective on golf. For instance, he promotes games that involve the imagination much more than technique and repetition.

Many players, especially those bogged down by second thoughts and deliberation, will score better with faster pre-shot routines, he said. "Play a few rounds with no practice swings, or discipline yourself to take no more than 10 or 15 seconds from pulling the club to hitting. It will probably feel uncomfortable at first, because change is always uncomfortable. But it's worth trying to see what happens."

Above all, don't model your routine on those of the Tour pros. "Ben Hogan, Sam Snead and Byron Nelson, those guys played fast. You can see it in the old tapes. But then TV golf came along just as Jack Nicklaus was at his best, and he played unbelievably slow. So now we have everyone standing forever behind their ball visualizing and picking out intermediate targets and so forth, just like Jack did," he said. "The result is not just five-hour rounds, but people don't score as well as they should." Nor do they have as much fun.

Email golfjournal@wsj.com.

Arbitrage

The price of a Trek Mountain Hardtail 4500 bicycle



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New York	\$682	€531
Frankfurt	€550	€550
London	£450	€552
Paris	€589	€589
Brussels	€599	€599
Rome	€639	€639
Tokyo	¥90,000	€709

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

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TIME MAGAZINE: "The Riedel family has never stamped its name on a single bottle of wine. But over the past 50 years, this Austrian clan of master glassmakers has done more to enhance the oenophile's pleasure than almost any winemaking dynasty". WWW.RIEDEL.COM

Capturing an era of style on film

BY ANNE-MICHÈLE MORICE

FRENCH FASHION photographer Patrick Demarchelier, who has photographed movie stars, celebrities and top models over the past 30 years, reflects the style of an era. His technical mastery gives his subjects a soft and flawless beauty, with a warm glow that brings them to life.

Born in Normandy in 1943, Mr. Demarchelier's first job behind the camera was light years away from glamour: taking passport pictures in the port of Le Havre. Over the past three decades, he has worked for top fashion publications such as *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vanity Fair* and photographed everyone from Claudia Schiffer to Robert de Niro and the Clintons. In 1989, Princess Diana requested that Mr. Demarchelier become her personal photographer, making the Frenchman the first non-British official photographer of British royals.

A broad selection of the photographer's work is now being featured at Paris' Petit Palais museum: 400 photos are hung next to the museum's permanent collections of 17th-19th century sculpture and paintings—themselves often images of the fashions and beautiful people of the day. Mr. Demarchelier spoke to us last month at the museum about his career.

Q: The show compares and contrasts your images with works from the museum's collection. You were a little reluctant about the idea in the beginning. Why?

I wouldn't say that I was reluctant, but I was very surprised because it had never been done before. This idea of mixing my photos with much older art was masterminded by Gilles Chazal, curator of Petit Palais. It turns out that it was a great idea and I'm pleased with how it came out. Technically, the photos were difficult to hang because you can't hang pictures directly on the walls, as they are part of the museum. Most photos are attached by magnets on metal parts that come down from the ceiling.

Q: How did you make the selection?

You've got to take your time. It's a very long process and it took me months. Problem is, when it's over, you still want to make changes but it's too late. You've got to know when to stop.

Q: In your selection, which photos are your most proud of?

What's interesting is to see them as a whole, not each one separately. The power comes from the group. The show reflects an era. It gives an insight into the fashion world over the past 30 years, and to a lesser extent, into that of actors and artists.

Q: When did this passion for photography start for you?

I was 17 and living in Le Havre when my stepfather offered me a camera. I got hooked instantly. I learned the art of photography working in a small shop there, taking passport and wedding photos. Then I went to Paris and I began to work for press photo labs. One thing leading to another, I started doing assignments for fashion magazines like *Elle* and *Marie-Claire*. The turning point for me was when I started working for *Vogue*. That's what launched my career.



Fashion and advertising images by Patrick Demarchelier, above.

Q: You are self-taught. Looking back, do you think it was an asset?

In fact, I was supposed to study photography in a school in Switzerland but I never did. When I was 18, I fell gravely ill after a trip to Africa where I had been visiting my father, who lived there. So in the end I never went to that school. I figured things out on my own. Learning to take pictures means taking plenty of pictures. You learn everyday and I'm still learning today. Each project is a new challenge. I'm not blasé and will never be.

Q: How do you define your style?

Style is always about renewing yourself. I'm a positive person and I try to transcribe that in my photos.

Q: You have photographed the most beautiful models and charismatic personalities. What makes a good photo in the end?

A photo always captures one moment. The subject doesn't know when the moment is going to come. It's about taking people off-guard, by accident. It lasts only one second and that's that.

Q: You say that the best photos are those taken at the beginning or the very end of a photo shoot.

Mostly at the beginning of a session, actually, because people are



Patrick Demarchelier (2)

surprised and still unprepared. People are often camera-shy so they prepare. I like to surprise them. After that, it's hard to photograph them again. I need plenty of time to get them to relax again.

Q: Fashion photos are all retouched, aren't they?

Photos are more retouched today than they used to be, yes. It's more annoying since we've gone digital. Today you can retouch the clothes, the model can move, you can redo backdrops. Digital is the evolution of photo. We have entered a new era, there's no way around it. Classic photo will completely disappear in a few years. Labs no longer sell film or paper, so sooner or later,

it will be gone altogether.

Q: Is art an inspiration for you?

Art is everywhere. It's important to learn to watch. Particularly nature of course, but not only. Streets, people, faces: inspiration is everywhere. Yesterday I visited this extraordinary show about Picasso and Old Masters at the Grand Palais. There are no words to describe it, it's amazing. I find that very inspirational. Personally, I particularly enjoy Impressionist painters and I also like contemporary art very much. I collect works by artists like Jean-Michel Basquiat, Andy Warhol and Keith Haring.

Q: Where is the limit between



fashion photos and art?

I don't think there is one. When you click, you don't analyze what you do. You don't try to be an artist. Incidentally, I think you can be more of an artist when you don't see yourself as one.

Q: Who are your favorite photographers?

Irving Penn and Richard Avedon. I also love Robert Franck. His work is sublime and it wasn't commercial. You can feel how much he loves photography. His work was about beautiful photography and it is worth a lot of money today. At the time, he didn't realize his images were so magnificent.

Q: Photo collectors and enthusiasts appear to be more and more numerous around the world. In Paris for instance, a growing number of visitors check out the annual Paris Photo show at the Carrousel du Louvre gallery space (on now through Nov. 16) and the biennial festival Month of Photo (also taking place this month in cities around Europe). How do you analyze the phenomenon?

Above all, photo is very accessible and it's fun. Everybody takes pictures, we all have cameras. People say and feel they could almost do the same [as professionals]. This familiarity draws to museums visitors who maybe wouldn't come otherwise. That's the case for this show, which is doing great.

Q: You've been living in New York for 34 years. Do you miss France?

I do, but I travel a lot, and life is always about choices—same thing as for photos. Working in New York was a work choice for me in the beginning. Now my family lives in New York, my sons are American and I have two passports. I vote in France and in America, too.

Art fair puts focus on sculpture

THE FIRST MAJOR European fair completely devoted to sculpture opened in Berlin on Wednesday and will run through Sunday. Sculptura—European Sculpture Fair takes place in the historic, glass-domed Schlüterhof courtyard at the Deutsches His-

Collecting MARGARET STUDER

torisches Museum. Some 24 international galleries offer ancient and modern works.

Medieval sculpture is particularly strong at the fair. London dealer Sam Fogg says medieval works "can look very dramatic in contemporary interiors," and says the area has grown in popularity in the past five years with a younger audience that usually collects modern works. Among the works he has at the fair is "Ascendant

Christ" (circa 1515-1520), a tortured figure of the martyred Christ by Germany's anonymous Master of Rabenden (price: in the region of €500,000).

Meanwhile, Bremen's Galerie Neuse is selling "Satyr" (1796-1797), a powerful sculpture by Christian Daniel Rauch. This is a figure with powerful limbs and burning eyes that no one would like to meet in a dark alley (price: €150,000). Among contemporary works, Galerie Thomas of Munich has a special section devoted to the bronze sculptures of Colombia's master Fernando Botero. A standing woman that has just been cast is priced at €445,000.

Sculpture is the focus of other art events this week. This year's *Ars Nobilis*, the Berlin antique fair



Galerie Neuse, Bremen

"Satyr" (1796-1797), by Christian Daniel Rauch; €150,000.

running parallel to Sculptura, includes "Sculpture in Photography," an exhibition of German contemporary photo artists' images of marble Roman heroes, contemporary masterpieces and powerful African figures (prices: from €1,400).

In New York today, an extraordinary collection of African sculpture will be auctioned at Sotheby's. The Frieda and Milton Rosenthal collection includes a very rare pair of Ivory Coast Senufo Rhythm Pounders, a male and a female representing an ideal in which the sexes are complementary partners at the origin of life (estimate: \$3 million-\$5 million).

Photos with sculptural themes can be found at Paris Photo, the world's leading fair for still photog-

raphy taking place at the Carrousel du Louvre through Sunday. London's Michael Hoppen Gallery will have works by American emerging star Ofer Wolberger, whose "Life with Maggie" series has attracted attention. Maggie is a fictional character from another world who travels like a tourist posing in front of sites, such as a colorful, sculptural monument to film star James Dean (price: £1,500).

And in its impressionist and modern art sale in London on Dec. 11, Bonhams will offer the Clot Collection, 44 small bronze sculptures by Spanish surrealist Salvador Dali, in one lot estimated at £800,000-£1 million. Dali modeled the sculptures in wax between 1971 and 1981. They were later cast in bronze by his friend Isidrio Clot of the Diejasa foundry. "The sculptures represent all Dali's themes: religion, antiquity, Spain and his muse Gala," says Bonhams' modern art specialist Edward Plackett. "The marks of his fingers were on the wax and transferred to the bronze surface."

Did Michelangelo have a hidden agenda?

BY CATHRYN DRAKE

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

NEVER MIND the Da Vinci Code—what about Michelangelo's secret messages? On the 500th anniversary of the artist's first climb up the ladder in 1508 to paint the Sistine Chapel ceiling, a new book claims he embedded subversive messages in his spectacular frescoes—not only Jewish, Kabbalistic and pagan symbols but also insults directed at Pope Julius II, who commissioned the work, and references to his own sexuality.

First published in an English version in May by Harper One, "The Sistine Secrets: Michelangelo's Forbidden Messages in the Heart of the Vatican," coauthored by Vatican docent Roy Doliner and Rabbi Benjamin Blech, is already in its second edition in Italy. It will be translated into 16 languages and released in the coming months in Spain, Portugal, France, Poland, Serbia, Romania, Bulgaria, Turkey, the Czech Republic and the Netherlands.

A religious Jew who has guided visitors through the Vatican for nearly a decade, Mr. Doliner says his book is neither fiction nor an attack on the Catholic Church, but rather an attempt to reveal the universal connections between Christianity and Judaism. He says Michelangelo's frescoes also convey the tumultuous rivalry between the rulers of Florence and the Roman church at the time of their painting.

Mr. Doliner believes that Michelangelo, whose unconventional education at the court of Lorenzo de Medici included the study of Judaic and Kabbalistic texts, meant the 1,100-square-meter ceiling of the chapel as a mystical message of universal love—a bridge of understanding between the two faiths.

When Mr. Doliner visited the chapel after its restoration was completed in 1999, he discovered through a pair of binoculars that two characters on the ceiling were the Hebrew letters aleph and ayin rather than the Greek alpha and omega, a symbol for Christ, that they previously appeared to be while obscured by centuries of grime. He then noticed the puzzling figures of two Jews in "The Last Judgment"—the work behind the altar completed by Michelangelo nearly 30 years after he finished the ceiling. Curious about the findings, Mr. Doliner began a six-year investigation that took him to sources in Florence and Rome as well as countless libraries.

The idea for the book came in 2005, after Pope John Paul II invited 160 rabbis and cantors from all over the world to the Vatican under the auspices of the Pave the Way Foundation, an international organization of clergy and lay members whose aim is to promote cultural exchange between the Christian and Jewish worlds. Mr. Doliner says the visitors, led by Rabbi Blech, immediately saw the familiar imagery and started asking questions that the Vatican guides couldn't answer.

We met up with Mr. Doliner in the Sistine Chapel, where he talked about his controversial findings, and gave us his unusual tour.

Q: As a religious Jew, how did you end up being a guide at the Vatican?

I grew up in an Italian Catholic neighborhood in suburban Massachusetts. So I went to mass with my friends more often than I went to Hebrew school. And obviously spending a lot of time in Italy, I am passionate about art and architectural history, Western civilization, church history and of course the Talmud and the Torah, Kabbalism and Jewish history. If you study all of this stuff you see how it all is interwoven.

Q: Some people think you are simply cashing in on "The Da Vinci Code" phenomenon. How do you respond to that?

No, this is not cashing in. I was doing the research long before his books came out. [Dan Brown] is a great novel writer; they are wonderful thrillers. But this is historical fact. Mostly the people who make that accusation have not read one word of my book.



Q: When did you start to systematically research this whole theory?

I was the biggest skeptic in the world. When I first started spending time in the Sistine Chapel about seven years ago I saw a lot of stuff in Michelangelo's works that looked like coincidences to me. And I said, "No no no, I'm just imagining this; it can't be true." But Michelangelo himself, little by little, started convincing me with the overwhelming amount of symbolism in his works. After that I started doing private research and found out who his teachers were in Florence, and who the rabbis were that taught his teachers. It was like pieces of a puzzle all coming together.

The genius of Michelangelo is like the genius of the Talmud, with several layers of meaning, one on top of another. So you can interpret it in terms of Christianity and Judaism, sociologically, historically and artistically. We are just adding one level that has either been ignored or covered up over the centuries.

Q: So these images aren't exclusively Jewish?

What Michelangelo was doing was trying to remind Rome five centuries ago that Jesus was a Jew, he came from Jews, and that Christianity is based on Judaism. Florence in his time was proud of that connection, whereas Rome was not only trying to separate the two religions but to negate in great part its roots in Judaism—and even forcibly separate Jews and Christians. There were many Papal bulls outlawing fraternization and friendship between Jews and Christians, whereas in Florence everybody was partying together.

Q: Was Michelangelo simply promoting the Florentine agenda in Rome?

Absolutely. In his poems he complains about the abuses of power and hypocrisy of the church. It's not us imagining it; it's in his own words and work. This was not somebody who was thrilled about working for the Vatican on a ceiling. The walls were prestigious fresco work, not the ceiling; these were all done by top Florentine fresco painters of their

A new book co-authored by Vatican guide **Roy Doliner** (left) examines Jewish imagery and other secret messages in the Sistine Chapel; above, "The Fall of Man & Expulsion from Eden," from the ceiling fresco; below, the **Cumaean Sibyl**, in which two angels appear to be making a rude gesture.

day: Botticelli, Perugino, Ghirlandaio. This was part of the conspiracy against him. He had never done professional fresco painting in his life before being forced to paint the Sistine ceiling. He hated painting; he had to paint or die. You didn't say no to Pope Julius II. His nickname was Il Papa Terribile, the scary pope. So even these other Florentine artists hated him and his whole family, the Della Roveres, and hidden in all the panels are little insulting little messages to give a slap in the face to Pope Sixtus IV, the uncle of Pope Julius. There are secret insults to the Della Rovere family, to the Vatican and to Rome hidden throughout the side panels. So Michelangelo is not inventing the idea.

For example, Della Rovere means "over the oak tree." So here [on the northern wall in Botticelli's panel "The Temptations of Christ"] is the devil being unmasked and jumping into an oak tree. So it is saying he is linked to the oak tree family, the Della Roveres, the family of Pope Julius.

Q: What are those two mischievous-looking angels doing behind Pope Julius's head?

The putti [small angelic figures] on the ceiling are directional signals for Michelangelo's hidden messages and vendettas. Here they are "making the fig"—sticking the thumb between the index and middle fingers—the most obscene gesture of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, mentioned even by Dante in his *Inferno*. So Michelangelo is "giving the finger" not once but twice to Julius II: above the entrance where he was commissioned to paint Jesus but instead painted the pope and in the panel with the Cumaean Sibyl at the northern edge of the



ceiling. Of course, in order to protect his career (and probably his life), the artist made the gestures small, and a bit dark and blurry as well. If you look at any close-ups of these panels, these insults—which were pointed out by previous historians without a single reaction from anyone—are unmistakable.

Q: You also write that he includes references to his sexual orientation in "The Last Judgment." How did he do that?

We've got naked boys making out like crazy among the Male Elect, whereas in previous versions they are chastely placing hands on each other's shoulders at most. Dante is looking disgusted at the sodomites in his midst: They got up into heaven with him, and he's not happy. This was publicly condemned in the 1540s when it was unveiled. And Michelangelo never gets a woman's nude body correct; he never used a female model in his entire 89 years.

Q: I notice there are Stars of David all over the floor.

The floor was made 30 years before Michelangelo started the ceiling. The whole design is based on that of Florentine architect Baccio Pontelli, who made the Sistine Chapel a copy of the Jewish holy temple of King Solomon. So the floor is a very good example of where there are two different layers of meaning at once. It shows the path of the mass that you do in the chapel, where you swing the censur, where the pope would kneel. On the other hand it's a Kabbalistic meditational device. The tree of life is embedded in it, the ten spheres and also symbols of the Kabbalah. The seal of Solomon appears throughout the floor. In the 15th and 16th centuries it was considered the key to all ancient mystical wisdom in the universe. Today we call it the Star of David.

Q: How was Michelangelo able to conceal what he was doing? The pope was watching him pretty closely, right?

Michelangelo constructs this amazing flying bow bridge that presses against the side-walls so he won't block up the pope's chapel with a lot of wooden scaffold supports. He puts a big drop cloth under it and tells the pope, I don't want to drip any paint on your beautiful outfits. The real reason is so the pope can't look up through the arches and see what's going on. He broke the contract on day one. We know that all the giant images around the edges of the ceiling are seven Jewish prophets. You've also got five women who are not Jewish or Christian but pagan. They're sibyls from Greek and Roman mythology. In the middle, where the pope wanted a geometrical pattern and his crown, Michelangelo put what he thought really rules the universe: the five books of Moses—[holy] for both Jews and Christians. And the central strip is from the book of Genesis. He told Julius and his advisers, I am showing how everything in the ancient world, Jewish and pagan, leads up to the coming of Jesus, the Messiah. So that's how he got away with it.

New museum is Qatar's bid to ent

By Kelly Crow

NEXT WEEK, THE ART world will descend on the tiny Gulf country of Qatar to see the museum that oil and gas built.

Qatar's emir, Sheikh Hamad Bin Khalifa Al-Thani, has given only a few people a look into his country's first major art institution, the I.M. Pei-designed Museum of Islamic Art. But with the financial crisis and falling art sales dampening the global mood, the \$300 million-plus museum's Nov. 22 opening party is turning into a major event of the art season. Some 1,000 museum directors and major collectors are flying in for the occasion and getting booked into the city's fleet of new hotels, many for free.

The museum is hard to miss, sprouting from an artificial island in the Persian Gulf located just off the sandy shore of Doha, the capital city. The architect Mr. Pei, largely inspired by the geometric shapes of a 13th-century fountain at a mosque in Cairo, shaped the five-story museum like a staggered set of creamy building blocks, each cube adjusted just enough to catch a triangle of harsh light or deep shadow. Visitors can reach it by boat—there is a dock for dhows, an Arabian-style fishing vessel made of wood—or by approaching up a palm-lined path and crossing a small bridge.

Inside, the dimly lit atrium feels like a futuristic temple. A pair of crescent-shaped staircases rises to a mezzanine level while smooth stone walls shoot even higher to a dome whose metallic interior is illuminated by an oculus.

Islamic art, the museum's focus, is traditionally defined as anything decorative or sacred made within the Islamic region from the rise of the faith in the early 600s through the collapse of the Ottoman empire in the early 1900s. Its iconic objects and buildings, such as the Blue Mosque in Istanbul, feature a riot of geometric patterns, interwoven botanical shapes or carefully wrought calligraphy. Portraits were not incorporated into religious artworks since the Islamic faith feared their use as idols, but faces and animals popped up in books, jewelry, ceramics and carpets in Muslim homes from western Spain to India.

The strength of this museum collection lies largely in its metalwork and carpets, including a thousand-year-old astrolabe—a kind of astronomical device—that likely helped its owner face the direction of the holy city of Mecca. Another highlight is a red, silk carpet from the 14th or 15th century called the Timurid Chessboard Garden Carpet, a rare nod to the favorite board game of the era's Islamic ruler, Timur.

The emir needs to impress the global art establishment if he's going to transform Qatar into a cultural hub. It's a tall order given the lavish museum plans and Las-Vegas-style tourist attractions already lighting up the nearby sheikhdoms of Abu Dhabi and Dubai. At first glance, Qatar's Islamic art may not seem as provocative as Dubai's indoor ski run, but art experts say the quality of MIA's Pan-Arabian collection could make it the Met of the Middle East. (Sotheby's has also decided to put down roots in Doha and plans to hold its first auction there March 18.)

To pump up the anticipation leading up to the museum's launch, the emir and his family are waiting to give interviews until the opening party. The museum's Web site, meanwhile, reads only "Coming Soon." When guests finally arrive, they will be asked to mill on the front lawn outside the museum while the royal family takes the first official tour. "I can't wait to get in," says Jussi Pyykkänen,

Doha, Qatar



Photos: Courtesy of the Museum of Islamic Art



AFP

Sheikh Hamad Bin Khalifa Al-Thani, the emir of Qatar. Above right, the museum's collection includes an imperial Ottoman decree, 1559 A.D., and an emerald amulet carved in India, 1695-96 A.D.

president of Christie's Europe and Middle East. (No word yet on whether guests will also be able to arrange a glance at the family's private art collection, which includes a \$19 million medicine-cabinet sculpture by Damien Hirst and a \$72 million abstract by Mark Rothko.)

The museum's debut comes on the heels of an art-collecting frenzy across the Gulf, ignited a generation ago by several sovereign families and recently embraced by the region's oil-enriched masses, many of whom have sought out contemporary Middle Eastern art. Overall, the number of collectors from the Middle East participating in Christie's auctions has grown 400% since 2004—enough to rival the art-buying clout of the Russians. European collectors like Charles Saatchi have joined in, pushing up prices for Iranian art stars. For example, Farhad Moshiri's crystal-studded neo-Pop paintings have sold at auction for over \$1 million. And while no art cate-



gory is immune from the current market slowdown, state funding is expected to buoy the Gulf's new galleries, art fairs and public art projects, at least for a few years.

Even with royal backing, the creation of Qatar's first museum has been a struggle. The MIA's debut is at least a year behind schedule, thanks in part to high staff turnover and a scandal three years ago over allegations that the emir's cousin, a cultural official, used state funds to buy art for his own collection. Other key details still need to be finalized, from the museum's operational budget to operating hours. Head conservator Lisa Usman says the mood behind closed doors is "excitement tinged with panic."

In many ways, the museum is emblematic of this young country's harried chase for social standing, locals say. Ruled by the Al-Thani family since the mid-1800s, Qatar was a sleepy British protectorate known mainly for its camel breeders and pearl divers until the 1950s when it discovered the world's third-largest deposit of natural gas just off its shores. The nation won its independence in 1971 and more recently has undergone a dizzying modernization campaign that has increased freedoms for women and spurred a development boom in its capital city. Today, Qatar's 824,000 citizens boast the highest per-capita income in the world, around \$87,600 and double that of the U.S., according to the CIA World Factbook.

Qatar wants art-loving tourists to help diversify its economy so that it isn't as heavily dependent on oil and gas in the future. Mu-



seum officials say they expect to draw at least 300,000 visitors a year. (Spain's iconic Guggenheim Bilbao Museum gets 700,000 out-of-town visitors each year, by comparison.)

Tariq Al-Jaideh, an advertising executive and lifelong Doha resident, says he knows there's more to Qatar than gas but he wonders how his conservative city will react to the next round of cultural overhaul. "Things are changing so fast here and it's overwhelming," Mr. Al-Jaideh said recently, as he sat smoking a hookah in the local souq, a maze-like marketplace where cafés serve a Gulf fish called hammour and tailors offer dozens of white fabrics suited for Arabian clothing. "But if we are building a modern nation, we need all the elements. We have the oil and gas—now we need the art."

But is Qatar getting the art it needs? The religious moniker "Islamic" is no longer commonly used in art circles to describe work made by artists living in the Middle East; artists prefer to emphasize their nationalities instead. New York collector Simin Allison, an Iranian expatriate, says the emir's decision to build his country's cultural reputation around Islamic art may be a letdown for Western art lovers who might be more tempted to travel to a museum in the Middle East geared toward the politically charged artworks of contemporary artists like Shirin Neshat. Ms. Neshat's searing photographs of women in chadors have angered Tehran's religious leaders.

Abdullah Al-Najjar, MIA's president and CEO, says the museum has designated a space

ter art world big leagues



Doha's new **Museum of Islamic Art**. Right, the interior's grand staircase.



Ivory hunting horn, likely from Sicily, 11th-12th century.



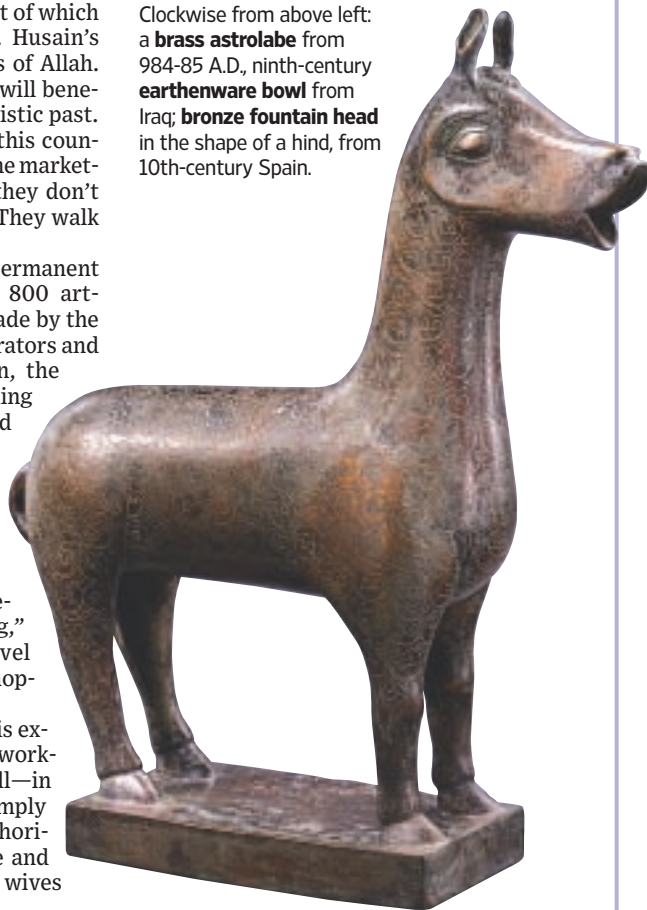
to show temporary exhibits, the first of which will include new art such as M.F. Husain's paintings inspired by the 99 names of Allah. Mr. Al-Najjar also says the country will benefit from an expansive view of its artistic past. "The children being brought up in this country are so focused on their iPods or the marketing plans of their companies that they don't understand our culture," he says. "They walk around the malls, seeing nothing."

The museum's walnut-colored permanent galleries will likely show around 800 artworks, but tweaks are still being made by the museum's core staff of around 15 curators and researchers. Some like Ms. Usman, the head conservator, have been working on the collection since it was housed at Al Wahabah, the emir's guard compound. But even she drew a blank one recent afternoon when a colleague from the shipping dock asked her to come sign for some crates that had suddenly arrived with additional artworks. "Sometimes we hear new stuff is coming," she says, "but I'm not at the level where they inform me about their shopping."

The shoppers are the emir and his extended family. Few of the museum workers say they know their bosses well—in water-cooler parlance, the staff simply refers to them as the "higher authorities"—but the family's lore is large and growing. The emir, age 56, has three wives

Please turn the page

Clockwise from above left: a **brass astrolabe** from 984-85 A.D., ninth-century Iraq; **earthenware bowl** from Iraq; **bronze fountain head** in the shape of a hind, from 10th-century Spain.



Region's contemporary side

QATAR'S NEW MUSEUM is focusing on older, Islamic art, but contemporary artists are also thriving across the Middle East. Here are five to watch.

Shirin Neshat b. 1957, Iran

This photographer is known for her provocative images of women in chadors, their skin often covered in Farsi poems about religious fervor or social confinement. In April, Christie's sold one of her works for \$265,000. Collector Farbod Dowlatshahi calls her "a national treasure."



Courtesy Christie's

Farhad Moshiri b. 1963, Iran

ArtTactic says about 70% of the Middle Eastern contemporary art market revolves around Iranian artists like Mr. Moshiri, who uses glitter and Swarovski crystals to recreate Persian calligraphy. Bonhams sold his "Eshgh (Love)" for a record \$1 million in March.

Rokni Haerizadeh b. 1978, Iran

This spring, British collector Charles Saatchi paid Christie's \$51,400, nearly double the estimate, for this artist's swirling portrait of a warrior. Last month in Dubai, the auction house sold his darkly humorous view of Tehran traffic, "Women in Cars" (shown above) for \$80,500.

Huda Lutfi b. 1948, Egypt

Five years ago, this conceptual artist from Cairo covered a batch of men's shoe molds in Sufi script as a meditative symbol of her city. When she tried to ship the molds out of Egypt, the airport's export officials confiscated the work as blasphemous to Islam, Ms. Lutfi says.

Lamya Gargash b. 1982, Dubai

Ms. Gargash grew up watching Emirati families shift like snails into ever-bigger homes as their oil wealth grew, so she's started photographing the abandoned rooms they left behind. "With the need to be 'modern' taking over, cultural extinction is sadly inevitable," she says.

A surprising gift of Beaujolais

EVERY YEAR AROUND this time, we recommend one special, break-the-bank bottle that would be a perfect present for the budding wine lover or confirmed wine geek in your life. We write this column early to give you plenty of time to find the wine, because what we suggest can take some effort, which is, of course, what

Tastings

DOROTHY J. GAITER
AND JOHN BRECHER

great gift-giving is often all about. Last year, for instance, we recommended Penfolds Grange, Australia's finest wine and one of the world's best.

This year, however, the bank is already broken and a single, very expensive bottle of wine seems as dated as bloated executive bonuses. So we have another idea—just as interesting, just as thoughtful and just as unexpected, but you will have to give us some time to explain it.

Here's the present: a mixed case of Beaujolais.

Plain-old Beaujolais? As a present for a wine lover? Yes, but to understand this, you have to understand wine lovers, either at the beginning of their journey or far along into it.

First: Pretty much everyone who loves wine loves Beaujolais. No, not Beaujolais Nouveau, which is routinely shunned as more grape juice than wine. Forget about Nouveau. For now, let's just pretend it doesn't exist. Real Beaujolais, which arrives about a year after the harvest, is one of the most perfect wines around: easy to drink, versatile with food, inexpensive. It's a good reminder why we fell in love with wine in the first place—it simply tastes good. It's refreshing, it's fun, it's easy and it tastes like grapes.

Second: No wine lover drinks as much Beaujolais as they mean to. There's just always something else out there to try. And we're hesitant to buy Beaujolais because it's generally best drunk young and we're sure we won't get around to drinking it while we're busy trying the newest California Cabernet or Super Tuscan.

Third: No matter how many bottles are in the house, a wine lover never has enough simple, inexpensive, refreshing everyday-drinkables to open for no reason at all. The bigger a collection gets, the less likely a wine lover is to buy everyday drinkables, because we always figure we'll be drinking something special. But then we get home and all we want to do is have a nice glass of wine without thinking about it, and what are we going to do, open that Montrachet?

Fourth: People who have just begun their wine journey may not know—and those far along on their journey may have forgotten—how very different the various Beaujolais can be. And this is where our perfect case comes in.

Beaujolais is made in a specific region of Burgundy from



the Gamay grape. It is light, fruity and charming. But its lovely simplicity obscures the fact that there really are differences among wines from Beaujolais, depending on the producer and where in the region it was produced. While Beaujolais is dominated by some large producers—notably Georges Duboeuf, which is the name you are most likely to see—there remain some smaller operations that make wines with special personality.

In all, a tasting of the wines of Beaujolais would be a most unexpected—and totally delicious—present.

Here's how we'd put a case together. Except where noted below, you want to get the 2007 vintage, which has recently been released. We have been tasting dozens of wines from the 2007 vintage in the past several weeks and they are consistently fruity, juicy and fun. Once again, keep in mind that the reason we are writing this column early is that it will take some effort to put together this case. You will almost surely have to visit at least a few good stores or spend some time online. Here's the case:

1) A bottle of regular Beaujolais.

2) A bottle of Beaujolais-Villages. This is supposed to be a slight step up from plain-old Beaujolais. We've never found much of a difference, but that's what will make this fun.

3-8) Six of the 10 cru villages of Beaujolais. The 10 villages are Brouilly, Chénas, Chiroubles, Côte de Brouilly, Fleurie, Juliénas, Morgon, Moulin-à-Vent, Régnié and Saint-Amour. If you can find all 10, wow, go for it. But even finding six will be a stretch, so let's reach for that for now.

9) A white Beaujolais. Many people—probably including several of the merchants you will visit—don't realize there is Beaujolais Blanc. It's made from Chardonnay and it can be absolutely charming—light, fun and a little bit earthy, very much the white equivalent of red Beaujolais. This will certainly take some ef-

fort. Call around or put that mouse to work.

10) A different producer of any one of the bottles above. If you can find, say, one Beaujolais-Villages made by Duboeuf and another made by Joseph Drouhin or Louis Jadot, that would be a fascinating tasting within a tasting.

11) A bottle produced by a winery with an unfamiliar name. Even confirmed wine lovers are sometimes amazed at how much stuff the little guys can bring to Beaujolais. We tasted a 2007 Morgon from Daniel Bouland that was terrific, with minerals, blue flowers and classy, intense fruit. It still had the grapey charm of Beaujolais, but was a very different wine, with some serious personality and soul. It was a wine to linger over and talk about and would be great even with elegant meals—quite something for a Beaujolais. Bouland made just 550 cases of this wine, which is one-third of the winery's total production, according to importer Weygandt-Metzler of Unionville, Pa., and the personal care shows.

There are more of these little-guy Beaujolais wines out there than you might expect—we tried an excellent Fleurie from Jean-Paul Brun, a lovely Beaujolais-Villages from Sylvain Rosier's Château du Chatelard and a memorable Fleurie from Pierre-Marie Chermette, among others—but they're often hidden in stores behind more popular names. If you can find more than one small producer, that's a bonus. The more producers in this case of wine the better.

12) An older Beaujolais. While Beaujolais is usually made to be drunk young, there's no reason the better, bigger wines can't improve with a few years in the bottle—that Bouland Morgon, for instance, will be even better in 2010. If you can find a Morgon or Moulin-à-Vent from 2005, that would be ideal. We also just tasted a Château de La Chaize Brouilly from 2005 that was excellent (and seems to be relatively widely available). If you can't find a

2005, go ahead and settle for a 2006. Don't just pick up an old Beaujolais that has been sitting on a market shelf for two years because it would likely be a tired, bad example of an older Beaujolais. This is another reason you should be dealing with a good store for this present.

Even if you shop at more than one store, you should be prepared to be flexible to fill this case. For instance, if you can't find six of the crus, maybe you can simply find a larger sampling of different producers.

The cost of this case will be somewhere around \$150, but there are so many variables that it could be somewhat less or could run up to \$200. If you want to keep the cost down, even a half case of mixed Beaujolais along these lines would still be a treat for any wine lover. Trust us on these three things occurring immediately after the holidays:

1) The recipient will open the wines because they're the kind of simple, unfussy, friendly wines that are great after stressful periods. And the idea of a Beaujolais tasting—the lucky gift-tee could drink one a night or stretch the case out—is so unusual that both pro and novice will be fascinated.

2) If the recipient is an old pro, he or she will drink the wines and say, "Man, I had forgotten how much I love Beaujolais and how very interesting it can be." In fact, as we tasted through many different kinds of Beaujolais for this column, we kept saying that ourselves. It may be the world's most all-purpose wine: good for sipping, good with all kinds of food, good at many temperatures, good for all seasons and lower in alcohol than many of today's wines. If the recipient is newly interested in wine, the idea that even unpretentious, simple Beaujolais can present so many different faces will be a revelation about the wonders ahead in the world of wine.

3) And then the recipient will say, "That was one wonderful present."



A glass wall in the interior of the museum has a view over the water.

Qatar readies new museum of Islamic art

Continued from previous page

and several children, and he rules from a tapioca-colored palace located minutes from the museum along the city's cornice. A graduate of Britain's Sandhurst Military Academy, he has a roughly \$2 billion personal fortune, according to Forbes, yet he moves easily among his subjects, often eating in the souq without a bulky entourage, locals say. When presented with a decision, he likes to pepper his assistants with questions. "He has this quiet, thoughtful demeanor, but things just happen around him," says Roger Mandle, the former president of the Rhode Island School of Design who is now executive director of the Qatar Museums Authority.

The emir nevertheless caused a stir years ago by letting his second wife, Sheikha Mozah Bint Nasser Al-Missned, go out in public without covering her hair; today, she oversees a swath of academic and philanthropic initiatives from her own office headquarters in Doha. Some credit her and their 26-year-old daughter, Sheikha Mayassa Bint Hamad Al-Thani, for pushing the emir to bring more cultural entities to Qatar. Ali Bagherzadeh, a London dealer in Iranian art, says that "both women are very enlightened and ambitious, and if they're not the engine, they are certainly the catalyst" for the museum in Qatar.

Mr. Pei, the architect, had to adjust to building in Doha's desert temperatures and to coordinating dozens of construction crews, from seasoned workers to novices, according to Hiroshi Okamoto, Mr. Pei's site representative. "Sometimes it was a steep learning curve," Mr. Okamoto says, "but we knew we were a litmus test for museums in the region, and the fact that it's done is a testament to everyone's persistence."

The building itself may be complete, but there is still plenty to do before the big opening. Michelle Walton, the museum's head of research, recently noticed a 1,100-year-old green chalice tucked into a crowded glassware display. The cup, an Islamic symbol of sovereignty, had been made in either Iraq or Egypt and had survived dozens of dynasties and wars, including the first Gulf War, where it sat intact even after the home of its former Kuwaiti owner was ransacked. Ms. Walton moved the piece to a more prominent spot: "It's had a long journey, too."

Delving into the origins of racism

BY JAMIN BROPHY-WARREN

FOR THE LAST 40 YEARS, Nobel Prize-winning author Toni Morrison has chronicled the lives of African-Americans in her fiction. Her novel "Beloved" won a Pulitzer Prize in 1988, and was made into a movie starring Oprah Winfrey in 1998. For her new novel, "A Mercy," Ms. Morrison follows the lives of four women—white, Native American, black and mixed-race—on a farm in upstate New York in the late 17th century after the male head of the household succumbs to malaria. The day after the U.S. election, we spoke to Ms. Morrison, a vocal supporter of Barack Obama, about her new book and Mr. Obama's successful presidential bid.

Q: Where did you watch the election results?

I was too anxious and I didn't want to be in anybody's company. But I was totally in the dark when someone called to say he won. My computer crashed and the TV didn't work. I didn't know how tense I was but [afterwards] I felt this relief like something was lifted. Even though I look forward and relish the hard work of the next term, I know we can do it. It made me feel like that phrase Martin Luther King Jr. had said about being to the mountain-top. I could never visualize the metaphor until now.

Q: Do you see any connection between your new book "A Mercy" and Mr. Obama's presidential nomination?

Racism was different then. Some people talk about Obama's post-ra-

cial status but my book is pre-racial in that it happens before it became institutionalized.

Q: Where did "A Mercy" stem from?

I was looking for a period before racism was inextricably related to slavery. The only place was this period before a race hierarchy was established legally and later culturally in the states. That was when people were more pre-occupied with religious differences.

Q: What research did you do prior to writing the book?

My first text called "Changes in the Land" [by William Cronon] was about what grasses and seeds were here before Europeans came. That led me into really finding out about how difficult it was to make a living but how bountiful and how much food there was for the taking. Second, I wanted to know who were these people from Britain and what were they running from. I had to imagine London so that you can see how delighted they were to come to a place without soot and city filth.

Q: Your book focuses on how women were treated and survived in the 17th century. What were you trying to say about gender in the novel?

I wanted to look at the vulnerability and the strength of women without men who don't have that security. What do you do in this environment where it's coupled with bounty and danger and you're not legal? There were laws that you could not beat your



Toni Morrison

wife after 9 p.m.—unless you had just cause. When you don't know what the true origins for the na-

tional story are, you have to look for them. Every nation has this myth and looking carefully at it doesn't just make one knowledgeable but stronger.

Q: Did you read John Updike's review of "A Mercy" in the New Yorker? He wasn't particularly kind.

For Updike? I suppose. I like reviews written by writers and he is a writer. I thought he recognized some of the merits of my book and he may have been misreading others, but that's just a regular reading response. I wasn't unhappy with the seriousness.

Q: You're the last American to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. Why do you think there's been such a drought?

It should change soon; there's some extraordinary writers here. I think they just get annoyed because American publishers are looking for hits and don't translate foreign writers. But there are American playwrights [who deserve it] since they gave one to Dario Fo. I'm not saying the ones they've chosen are bad. They're not backburners.

Q: What do you think Mr. Obama's win says about American conceptions of race?

We're still a very active, volcanic country which is part of its excitement—the reinvention of ourselves and the constant search for what democracy means. I'm keenly aware of this peculiarity for this country. You couldn't imagine a win like this in Europe, because they're more static in how they run things. I can't imagine a Senegalese man in Paris running

France—but now maybe.

Q: It's interesting that very little of the public discourse about Mr. Obama deals with his mixed-race status.

The other part of his race and his cultural experience was swept under the rug. That was deliberate so he could be the quintessential American even though the country was built on diversity. They had to tiptoe around that, but I think that nuanced discussion will happen. I kept saying that this is not an African-American but it's this specific man. This man. I can think of a lot of African-Americans that I would not vote for.

Q: Many great American novels like "Native Son" have dealt with the tragedy of racial divisions, but Mr. Obama's story seems to show racial restrictions can be breached. Is there any American literary character that compares to him? And, if not, why have American authors failed to imagine this kind of racial boundary-breaking?

No, there isn't. I think if Ralph Ellison was alive he would [change the title of] his book to "The Visible Man." Usually the heroic but flawed figure, whether in politics or in literature, it's sad and tragic even if they succeed for a moment. It doesn't last. The only place you see black presidents is in movies and they're always dealing with the end of the world.

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Early days of race
Read an excerpt from 'A Mercy' at
WSJ.com/Books

Can three Irish priests deliver a Christmas hit?

BY JOHN JURGENSEN

AS PRIESTS, THEY'RE Catholic clergymen serving parishes in Northern Ireland. As The Priests, they're a singing trio that a major music company is promoting in dozens of countries.

Father Eugene O'Hagan, his brother Father Martin O'Hagan, and Father David Delargy, a boyhood friend, signed a record contract with Sony BMG last spring. Since then, they've been navigating an unusual path between piety and pop culture. With the help of Radiohead's string arranger and a producer who's worked with U2, the group recorded an album of hymns sung in close harmony and a traditional liturgical style. In an unusually large launch for an unknown act, "The Priests" will be released this month by various Sony labels in more than 30 countries.

The album comes with a novel backstory (working priests who perform in their clerical collars) and a selection of sacred but accessible hits ("Ave Maria," "Pie Jesu") that Sony thinks can attract broader attention than even most pop projects.

Industry interest in holiday-themed releases has spiked since Josh Groban's "Noel" collection became the top-selling album of



From left, Fathers Martin O'Hagan, David Delargy and Eugene O'Hagan.

2007. "The Priests," featuring "O Holy Night," is being launched in time for Christmas. But the label is also hoping to create a long-term seller that it can rebroadcast during other big holidays such as Easter and Thanksgiving.

To do that, Sony is spreading the word to a wide range of potential fans. The label is promoting the album through networks of Christian bookstores and launched a contest this week on GodTube.

com, a Christian site modeled after YouTube. The winner gets a Christmas trip to New York.

In addition, the label hired a religious consultant to help target its marketing and "take the edges off" the notion of a big company peddling sacred music, says Mark Flaherty, senior vice president of marketing for RCA Music Group, which is releasing "The Priests" in the U.S.

The consultant, 27-year-old Daniel Schreck, also works for the

Archdiocese of New York doing outreach to young professionals. He helped line up meetings with Catholic media outlets, including the Eternal Word Television Network, which doesn't accept advertising. Mr. Schreck also made contact with dioceses outside the U.S. In letters to bishops, he says, he emphasized the album project as "a positive portrayal of the priesthood"—a potential boon for an institution racked by scandal in recent years.

In perhaps their biggest shot at mainstream exposure in the U.S., the Priests will be the focus of a one-hour special that begins airing Nov. 29 on PBS stations during their seasonal fundraising drives. It's a coveted platform that has helped launch other unconventional acts, including the platinum-selling Celtic Woman, another Irish ensemble. PBS stations are known to rebroadcast such programs throughout the year.

Father Eugene O'Hagan, who heads a Belfast parish of 300, says the group sees the album as an extension of their priestly duties. "In the very delicate ecumenical world that is Northern Ireland, music has been a wonderful means of communication," he says. "We see the album as a continuation of what

we've always been doing."

Sony is spending more than \$1.5 million to launch the album—a major push—but it's not a charity effort. "Our agenda is to sell as many records as we possibly can to benefit our shareholders," says Nick Raphael, managing director of Epic Records UK, who signed the group. Father O'Hagan says the priests "haven't earned a penny yet," but will donate a large portion of any future earnings to charity. The label has also committed to donating a percentage of its profits to charity, though it won't say how much.

There are drawbacks to turning priests into pop stars. Because they need to stay close to their congregations, the Priests won't be doing a typical promotional concert tour. But Father O'Hagan says his parishioners have pledged to support his new mission. "They have assured me if they go a couple days without Mass, they're not going to lose the faith," he says.

But there are also upsides for music executives accustomed to dealing with rock-star antics. "Why do most guys get into this? To get a chick and behave as badly as they possibly can," Mr. Raphael says. "These guys have already passed up on that side of life."

Tamed, transformed Phnom Penh

BY PATRICK BARTA

Phnom Penh, Cambodia

IT'S NO LONGER EASY to purchase AK-47 assault weapons here. Vendors have stopped selling marijuana in public markets, and fun-seekers can no longer lob live grenades behind the military compound outside of town.

Once famous for being the most lawless city in Asia—a Wild West frontier of ex-soldiers, drug addicts and criminals—Phnom Penh is rapidly becoming the latest Asian tourist playground of spas, handbag dealers and boutique hotels.

Many in the city's hardened expatriate community don't like the changes, saying they've eroded much of the sense of adventure the capital once had. But for visitors and for some newly wealthy Cambodians, Phnom Penh has become a more inviting place, retaining its Buddhist temples, wide avenues and French villas even as it pushes seedier elements underground. Before, high-end tourists only went to Angkor Wat, Cambodia's renowned temple complex. Now, they're stopping off in Phnom Penh, too.

The transformation was long in coming. After Cambodia won independence from France in the 1950s, Phnom Penh was one of the most popular cities in Asia: a miniature Paris in Indochina, with cafés, ornate lampposts lining the riverfront and landmarks of the nation's rich history including the Royal Palace, a compound of extravagant yellow and white buildings that included a pagoda with a floor covered in silver tiles.

But the Vietnam War brought chaos to Cambodia. The Maoist Khmer Rouge rebels overran Phnom Penh, forcing all its residents into the countryside and turning the once-vibrant city into a ghost town. When Vietnamese soldiers ousted the Khmer Rouge in the late 1970s, Cambodia fell into years of chaos and civil war.

The city's rowdy reputation only grew after the 1998 publication of Amit Gilboa's "Off the Rails in Phnom Penh," a Hunter S. Thompson-style tour of the city, which it called an "anarchic festival of cheap prostitutes, cheap drugs, and frequent violence." Mr. Gilboa described a public market selling AK-47s for \$100 and Chinese land mines for \$15.

As for tourism, aside from the posh Hotel Le Royal, established in the 1920s, many of the other hotels were seedy guesthouses. Recommended restaurants served Cambodian fare (which is similar to Thai cuisine) uninspiringly, with a focus on cheap, stringy meat.

Today, Phnom Penh still has plenty of rough edges and crime. At certain places, visitors can still order "happy pizza," or pizza with marijuana topping. But in other ways, it's a different city entirely.

The government, which is tightly controlled by Khmer Rouge defector Hun Sen, has destroyed 200,000 or more firearms through a program in which citizens voluntarily lay down their guns. It has also shut down the military-hardware market and closed some of the most infamous brothels. (In June, aggrieved sex workers even gathered at a local temple to pray



Gedric Arnold

to Lord Buddha for relief from the crackdowns.)

Foreign cash is pouring in, with some investors calling Phnom Penh "The New Ho Chi Minh City" after the city that's Vietnam's emerging center of consumption. Property values have soared and Phnom Penh is getting its first skyscrapers. One Cambodian developer even wants to dredge the Mekong River all the way to Vietnam, 100 kilometers or so south, to create a deepwater megaport, and other financiers are planning a satellite city with offices and malls.

All that activity has brought more well-heeled visitors and more hotels. The Quay Hotel along the riverfront, opened earlier this year, which calls itself Phnom

Penh's first "carbon-friendly" hotel (it measures carbon emissions and then buys "offsets" through carbon-reduction programs) and features minimalist décor of the "2001: A Space Odyssey" variety, spaces "infused with aromatherapy" and a rooftop wine bar. Other new hotels include the Pavilion, an elegant boutique property in a colonial mansion hidden behind the Royal Palace.

The palace itself remains the city's top draw. Besides the silver-floored pagoda, this compound for Cambodia's largely symbolic royal family includes a throne hall and collections of royal regalia and artifacts. A bigger artifact collection—the country's largest—is in the National Museum, one of the city's most impressive Cambodia-style



Patrick Barta/The Wall Street Journal



The Quay Hotel

Clockwise from above: part of the Royal Palace complex; the Chow restaurant at the city's Quay Hotel; the hotel's exterior.

with a wine bar, a shop selling homemade chocolates and bonbons and boutiques selling \$40 handbags and pillows. (Visitors to Spa Bliss can get a carrot-and-pineapple skin wrap.)

Another contrast to the past: new high-end eateries like the Quay Hotel's slick Asian fusion restaurant Chow, where the specials include fresh lotus-root salad with caramelized suckling pig, or soba noodles with marinated roasted snapper and crushed peanuts, all served with a backdrop of thumping club music.

Van's, a French restaurant in a towering colonial mansion, serves fried beef wrapped in coffee and Cambodian pepper crumbs as well as stuffed pigeon.

But a backlash is brewing, especially among expatriates, many of whom came to Cambodia to escape such luxuries.

"I don't know if I would have stayed here if I came here now," says Pierre Yves Clais, a former soldier from France who worked with a United Nations-supervised force that operated in Cambodian conflict zones in the early 1990s. "Back then, it was an adventure," he says, with guns, wild bars and lots of dangerous characters. Now, he runs a provincial hotel and calls himself "bourgeois." At least "you can make more money" now, he says.

Residents have other complaints. Tuk-tuks, the ramshackle taxis used for short trips around town, now sometimes cost \$2 instead of \$1. Rents have soared. And precious little money is filtering down to everyday Cambodians, whose incomes remain among the lowest in Asia.

All the spending at new cafés and boutiques is "so strange," says San Sovannara, a 24-year-old Cambodian driver and boxer. At the Chow restaurant, he says, "people spend so much money for food—the same as my monthly salary!" Still, his earnings come mainly from the tourist trade. He hopes to run a hotel someday.

Trip planner: Beyond Angkor Wat

What to do

Aside from the Royal Palace, National Museum and the institutions remembering the Khmer Rouge genocide, Phnom Penh has other major attractions:

Markets include Central Market, in an Art Deco building, and the Russian Market (named after the Russians that shopped there in the 1980s), known for its puppets and silk cloths.

Wat Phnom: A hilltop temple complex good for escaping traffic and for people-watching. Visitors can sometimes take an elephant ride at the base.

Boat cruises: Guests can charter boats along the riverfront for

a half-hour cruise up the Tonle Sap River and into the Mekong, with views of the city.

Shooting range: A bit of wild Phnom Penh survives at the city's main shooting range, on a military base near the international airport. Employees say they've run out of the grenades once sold to eager tourists. While it's still possible to fire automatic weapons there (about \$1 per bullet), the old pastime of shooting live rounds at cows and other animals is forbidden.

Where to stay

Quay Hotel is a futuristic hotel with minimalist décor and a hip clientele. Some standard rooms

buildings.

Of the two main sites commemorating the Khmer Rouge genocide, the Tuol Sleng museum is far more informative. It was a former school that became a prison and torture center and now includes powerful displays including photographs of people murdered by the Khmer Rouge. The Killing Fields, outside of town, is one of the many known mass graves for victims. (That site gave its name to Hollywood's grim 1984 Oscar-winning epic about the Cambodian massacres.)

A visit to one of these sober places makes a striking contrast with the vibrant life growing outside. One example: the small but growing shopping district centered on a road named Street 240,

are small and dark, but deluxe rooms are large with great river views. (Rooms start at \$80 per night; www.thequayhotel.com)

The Pavilion is a quiet retreat in a colonial mansion with gardens and a pool in the center of the city. (Rooms start at \$50 per night; www.pavilion-cambodia.com)

Amanjaya is a graceful boutique hotel with hardwood floors and unusually large rooms with balconies overlooking the waterfront. (Rooms start at about \$100 per night; ☎ 855-23-214-747)

Hotel Le Royal sets the standard for colonial luxury, with European-style rooms and a posh spa. (Rooms start at \$240 per night; www.raffles.com)

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Phnom Penh at
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Who's the Real Bond?

By Allen Barra

In a cleverly written one-minute sequence aboard a train in the 2006 version of "Casino Royale," British agent Vesper Lynd (played by Eva Green) reveals more information about James Bond than we have gotten in 20 previous films. That's 20, by the way, not including a 1954 TV production of "Casino Royale" (starring American actor Barry Nelson), a 1967 farce with the same title and a 1983 Sean Connery vehicle, "Never Say Never Again," loosely based on "Thunderball."

Bond, we are told in the scene, is an orphan from middle-class parents whose education was paid for by the kindness of others. He has "a chip on his shoulder" due to his lack of means. Oh, and he is a "cold-hearted bastard."

We pretty much figured out the last one for ourselves, but other facts about Bond have always been hard to come by. Bond's creator, Ian Fleming, gave us a skimpy KGB file in "From Russia With Love" (1957) and a newspaper obit written by Bond's boss, M, composed when Bond is thought to be killed in "You Only Live Twice" (1964). But except for a scrap of information dropped here and there throughout Mr. Fleming's 14 Bond books, that's pretty much it.

Decades of big-budget movies, most of them overstuffed with ridiculous gadgets and increasingly absurd save-the-world plots, have taken us away from the real Bond, the Cold War-era warrior admired by such high-class fans from the literary world as Kingsley Amis (who wrote a book, "The James Bond Dossier," in tribute), Raymond Chandler, W.H. Auden, Cyril Connolly and Anthony Burgess.

For many, Daniel Craig's Bond in "Casino Royale" (made from the first Bond novel published in 1953) and in "Quantum of Solace" (which picks up one hour after the events of the previous film) isn't merely the real Bond but the first Bond. Forget the foppish Roger Moore or the bland Pierce Brosnan, Mr. Craig's Bond is the real thing, the "blunt instrument" described by Mr. Fleming in an interview and repeated by Judi Dench's M in "Casino Royale." He isn't suave like Sean Connery or sensitive like Timothy Dalton; when a bartender asks Craig whether he wants his martini shaken or stirred, he snaps, in a line that drew chuckles from Bond fans everywhere, "Do I look like I give a damn?"

Mr. Fleming's character wasn't especially good looking—in two Bond novels, "Casino Royale" and "Moonrakers," other characters remark that he looked like "a young Hoagy Carmichael," something that was also said of Mr. Fleming himself. Bond wasn't an English gentleman. He wasn't even English; his father was a Scotsman and his mother was Swiss. He was never a spy: As Kingsley Amis put it, "A medium-grade civil servant would have been a more accurate description." Amis meant civil servant as a euphemism for "counter-spy," or, stated even more bluntly, a professional assassin.

The Bond of the books didn't

have the luxury of sports cars and speedboats, toys that would have bankrupted Her Majesty's government. In "You Only Live Twice," he complains to the head of the Japanese Secret Service that MI6's budget of "under ten million pounds a year doesn't go far when there is the whole world to cover." In "Thunderball" (1961), Bond envies his allies in the CIA for "the excellence of their equipment," which he is constantly forced to borrow.

Those combing the books for the "sex, sadism and snobbery" attributed to Mr. Fleming by his critics will be disappointed. Bond is far from sadistic and is, in fact, an economical and efficient killer—it's his enemies who are sadistic. The level of violence is not only

mild by today's standards but by that of other 1950s thriller writers such as Mickey Spillane. The literary Bond was hardly a snob. In Mr. Fleming's final Bond novel, "The Man With the Golden Gun" (1965), he was still, in the author's words, "an unrepentant Scottish peasant" who refused knighthood from the Queen—an offer that another, real-life, Scotsman, Sean Connery, could not refuse. Far from a gourmet, Bond preferred simple food such as cold roast beef and potato salad.

As for the sex, Mr. Fleming's women were hardly the "Bond girls" of the films, but invariably more interesting and exciting than Bond himself, who sometimes didn't seem worthy of them. For instance, in "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1963), Bond says Tracy Draco is "everything I've looked for in a woman . . . adventurous, brave, resourceful." It turns out that Bond has been looking for the right girl all along. "I'm fed up with all these untidy, casual affairs," he confesses, "that leave me with a bad conscience." Bad conscience is Bond's motivation in "Quantum of Solace" as he seeks revenge on fellow agent Vesper Lynd's killers.

* * *

Some argue that James Bond has become dated. British author Simon Winder writes in his 2006 study of the Bond phenomenon, "The Man Who Saved Britain," that the Cold War "has, weirdly, completely vanished, leaving behind such peculiar debris as 'From Russia With Love,' a book and film which will appear as strange to future generations as abandoned Kazakhstan rocket silos."

But world events change faster than ever these days, and old enemies become new allies and then old enemies again with startling swiftness. (Some newer enemies, like Kim Jong Il, seem like old Bond villains but are real-life Bond fans.) Anthony Burgess thought Bond "one of the great 20th-century myths," but 21st-century terrorism seems to demand his talents as much as the threat of communism did.

Don't be surprised if he's sent to check out those rocket silos again very soon.

Mr. Barra's next book is "Yogi Berra: Eternal Yankee," due out in March 2009 from W.W. Norton & Co.

For most of October, more than 200 Catholic bishops, along with sundry theologians and experts, met at the Vatican to figure out how to get Catholics to read the Bible—a project easily dismissed by Protestants and some Catholics as too ambitious and about 500 years too late. After all, wasn't it Rome's fears about letting mere lay people consult Holy Writ that stoked the Reformation? And Catholics don't want to read the Bible anyway, right? They're all about the Mass and the sacraments.

The first supposition has some merit, though the truth is a good deal more complex, and the Reformers—pace, Martin Luther—a good deal less enlightened on that score than is generally assumed. And, yes, Catholics continue to be sacramentally centered Christians who find the "summit and source" of their spiritual nourishment in the Eucharist.

But a funny thing happened on the way to modernity: The Catholic Church opened itself to the Word in a way it hadn't done before. In the process, it fostered a balanced culture of biblical exegesis and devotion (at least among most scholars and clerics) that many in *sola scriptura* Protestantism might envy. Especially in light of trends in mainline denominations that foster a radical deconstruction of biblical texts on the one hand, or, on the other hand, a blinkered literalism that appeals to many conservative pew-sitters.

The revolution in Catholic scholarship really began in 1943, when Pope Pius XII issued a key encyclical called "Divino Afflante Spiritu" ("Inspired by the Divine Spirit"). Pius did not give an unqualified imprimatur to using secular historical criticism on sacred texts, but he did welcome close readings of the Bible that spurred a renaissance in Catholic exegesis. Father Raymond Brown, the widely respected scriptural scholar, would later call the encyclical the "Magna Carta for biblical progress."

The Second Vatican Council (1962-65) expanded on Pius's initiative in the document "Dei Verbum" ("Dogmatic Constitution on Divine Revelation"), which firmly placed Scripture at the center of Catholic life alongside the Eucharist and noted that the church and its leaders are at the service of the Word, not the other way around. The council encouraged biblical scholarship by experts and easy access to the Bible for the faithful.

Liturgical changes after the council then transformed the experience of going to Mass, as worshipers heard and read more biblical texts than ever before—including, for the first time, passages from the Old Testament—and in their own language. Catholic scholars, meanwhile, emerged as among the best in the field. Even

Pope Benedict XVI, a theologian by trade, has drawn on his love of Scripture to write a well-regarded book, "Jesus of Nazareth."

So what's the problem? Why did the pope call leading churchmen from around the world to a three-week "Synod on the Word"? For one thing, the Catholic Church—at least in the

U.S.—is in no position to claim a high level of biblical literacy among its members. In fact, no church can. Almost all American homes have at least one Bi-

ble (93%), and about two-thirds of Americans claim to read it with some regularity. Yet in recent polls only half of U.S. adults could name a single Gospel, and most didn't know that the first book of the Bible is Genesis. Six in 10 Americans can't name five of the Ten Commandments. Few can distinguish literary forms like epistles, prophecy and history, and too many confuse inerrancy and literalism.

While the numbers don't quantify the difference between Catholics and Protestants, a 2000 survey did show that 60% of evangel-

refer to the readings that worshipers may—or may not—have paid attention to.

Did the Vatican meeting change that dynamic? The attention at the top is certainly welcome and can tap into a genuine curiosity about the Bible that is too often satisfied by questionable archaeological "discoveries" or cable-television glosses.

But the synod's 55 final recommendations to the pope (he will likely approve most of them in a document of his own next year), while filled with lovely language about better homilies, could have used a greater focus on small-group Bible studies outside the liturgy. Living biblically is hard to do if you don't understand the Bible or, worse, if you are afraid of what you might find there. The message of the Bible is simple, in a sense. But even Christ spoke with human words, which were related by human followers and preached by human beings through the centuries. That means the Scriptures are complex, and challenging.

It is no coincidence that the most popular Catholic Bible study program in the U.S. remains the Little Rock Scripture Study, which

was begun in 1974 as a way for Catholics in central Arkansas to hold to their faith amid the region's dominant Bible-quoting Protestants. The response was overwhelming, and today the program has been used in more than a third of U.S. parishes. But much more needs to be done to promote a Catholic version of the kind of small-group Bible study that is a staple of American Protestantism—and a draw to Catholics who don't find that kind of engagement in their own church.

In fact, one of the most concrete suggestions at the synod—for "a clear and direct guide that would highlight the rich and useful methods of the Church for reading and sharing sacred Scriptures"—came from Cardinal Daniel DiNardo

of Galveston-Houston. He noted that in the Bible Belt, as elsewhere in the U.S., Bible studies are often the locus of grass-roots ecumenical contact, as church-going Catholics and evangelicals often find their passion for issues in the public square coincides with an interest in exploring their respective beliefs. But then they are at odds over Bible and doctrine. That contact becomes a spur to Catholics to learn the Bible but also a challenge to the Catholic Church to equip them with resources that are "totally ecclesial and Catholic."

Unfortunately, the cardinal's recommendation did not make the final cut. Still, the tools are there, and besides, most reformations start from below. Only this time, perhaps Catholics can lead the way.

Mr. Gibson is a religious affairs writer and author of "The Rule of Benedict: Pope Benedict XVI and His Battle with the Modern World."

The Vatican gets back to its roots.



Martin Luther

❖ Top Picks

Contemplating artistic mysteries

Winterthur, Switzerland ■ art

On a sunny afternoon in October 1909 in Florence, Italian painter Giorgio de Chirico (1888-1978) experienced what he termed a "revelation." It was a moment that changed the course of European art.

Back from his studies in Munich, where he had acquainted himself with the work of symbolist painters such as Swiss-born Arnold Böcklin (1827-1901), the 21-year-old de Chirico was contemplating the impressive Basilica of the Holy Cross. All of a sudden, as the artist wrote in his journal, he had the "strange impression to see these things for the first time."

The ensuing 1909 painting, "L'énigme d'un après-midi d'automne" (Enigma of an Autumn Afternoon), shows a white, temple-like building and a marble statue against a blue sky. It reflected de Chirico's new artistic sensitivity that radically questioned the popular assumptions of the reigning symbolist painters such as Böcklin, who aimed at expressing an idealistic truth.

For de Chirico, who was an avid follower of German nihilist philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, the world was a place devoid of clear-cut meanings and seemed to hide an inexplicable mystery.

The painting—on public show for the first time since 1923 in the Kunstmuseum's current retrospective—made de Chirico almost instantly famous and earned him the title "metaphysical painter," giving rise to such revolutionary art forms such as surrealism and magic realism and inspiring artists such as Max Ernst and René Magritte.

In other paintings, such as "L'énigme de l'arrivée et de l'après-midi" from 1911-12, which shows a white tower behind a red wall, or "Les plaisirs du poète" from 1912, showing an orange-colored city square, de Chirico creates a peculiar and almost painful atmosphere of eerie loneliness. Although the buildings and squares are easily recognizable, the somber color tones and geometrical arrangements create a heightened sense of alienation. Often, de Chirico adds a train or a ship into the background of the painting, increasing the sense of mystery and adding a vague sense of longing.

Among the strongest works in the show, which includes 60 paintings and 20 drawings, are de Chirico's idiosyncratic "still lifes." "Armoires dans une vallée" from 1927 and "Meubles dans une vallée" both show pieces of furniture presented out of context, often in the midst of a landscape against an overarching blue sky. The paintings challenge our natural assumptions about seemingly simple things that radically change their meaning once they are shown outside their natural habitat. —Goran Mijak

Until Nov. 23
 ☎ 41-52-267-58-00
 www.kmw.ch

London ■ history

The intention of the Royal Academy's ambitious "Byzantium 330-1453" exhibition seems to be to change the popular idea of "Byzantine," a word that has come to mean mysterious complexity, hard-to-decipher rules or intricate and occasionally devious measures. In the context of this collaboration between the RA and the Benaki Museum, Athens, it primarily refers to the city founded by the Roman Emperor Constantine in 330 and later called Istanbul, and secondarily to the visual culture that sprang from it and its subsequent eastern Mediterranean Empire, until the city fell to the Ottoman Turks in 1453.

The Byzantine Empire lasted more than a millennium—straddling a period from early Christianity to the beginnings of the Western European Renaissance.



VG Bild-Kunst/ProLitteris



Jeremy Wheelahan

Above, 'L'énigme d'un après-midi d'automne' (1909), by **Giorgio de Chirico**. Left, Michael Gambon and David Bradley in 'No Man's Land'; below, 12th-century silver incense burner in the shape of a building.

popularity of this exhibition, though, derive not from this modest cup, but from the bling on show: shiny coins, trinkets and decorative objects.

Try to read the excellent catalog, and study the illustrations. The RA has gone for the drama of low levels of lighting throughout, and many of the objects are displayed in cases with cards that bear too little information and are badly positioned. Presumably for conservation reasons, some bound volumes of illuminated manuscript are opened only a tiny crack. And unless you can find a time when few others are visiting this show, you are also condemned to peering at most of these treasures over someone else's shoulder. —Paul Levy

Until March 22
 ☎ 44-20-7300-8000
 www.royalacademy.org.uk

London ■ theater

It's difficult to know who to credit for the stunning success of the production of Harold Pinter's "No Man's Land" that has come to the Duke of York's Theatre from the Gate Theatre, Dublin. Rupert Goold's direction (he's fresh from recent triumphs with "Macbeth" and his thrillingly inventive version of "Six Characters in Search of an Author") certainly helps us see this is vintage Pinter. But Giles Cadle's distinguished set of a luxurious Hampstead apartment, with its museum-quality bibelots and bar boasting 57 varieties of booze, sets the tone, too, for note-perfect performances by the four actors.

Michael Gambon is Hirst, the cavernously wrinkled-faced, successful writer who occupies the flat and who, though he drinks himself silly (Mr. Gambon gives us a sensational front-of-stage fall) in the summer night of Act 1, is miraculously fresh the next morning. David Bradley plays the equally aged, equally alcoholic Spooner, a shabby, impoverished would-be poet picked up by Hirst in a pub on Hampstead Heath who is also alert in the morning of Act 2, though he's been

locked in and forced to spend the night in a chair. He's even got enough of an appetite to tuck into a good breakfast and pocket a piece of toast for later.

His jailers are Hirst's menacing, gangsterish, Cockney-accented servants: Foster, played coolly as the smoother, more obviously gay one by David Walliams (of TV's "Little Britain" in his first "straight theater" role); and Briggs, played by Nick Dunning, as the one who delivers the Pinteresquely boring road-directions monologue while shimmering with suppressed violence.

The banter of the second half, in which the two old men seem to establish that one of them stole the other's girl, under Goold's direction serves chiefly to bring out the gay subtext of the play—not so evident in the original 1974 production. Is any of it true? Have they even ever met before? The only thing that

seems clear in these couple of hours, whose murkiness is pierced solely by the particularly entertaining sharpness of the dialogue, is that the two old codgers are going to die. So are we. With deadly humor, "No Man's Land" shows what a scary thought that is. —Paul Levy

Until Jan. 3
 ☎ 44-870-060-6615
 www.theambassadors.com

London ■ art

The Scottish painter Joan Eardley (1921-1963) was born and raised in London until 1939, when her family returned to Scotland and she entered the Glasgow School of Art. From then on her work had a Scottish tinge, responsive to the people and the landscape around her. Except for six months in France and Italy in 1948-49, she seems not even to have traveled anywhere else. Several of her works are on show in "Joan Eardley" at the new Fleming Collection.

Was she, asks the introduction to a catalog of a show earlier this year at the National Galleries of Scotland, "a painter of social realism working in parallel with the English Kitchen Sink School? Or was she Scotland's answer to the Cobra artists of continental Europe or America's Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning?" Viewers of the present exhibition will feel that invoking those last two names requires a bit of an artistic stretch, but in at least some of her work, Eardley showed a real painterly gift.

Her 1943 "Self-Portrait," with its bare patches of canvas adding depth and mystery to the face of a young woman—as though someone has rubbed out portions of the image—shows how very aware she was of the materiality of paint. Her other works from this decade show her love of color, as do the touches of red, blue and yellow in the otherwise grey, brown and flesh tones of her "Sleeping Nude" of 1955. All these virtues can be found, too, in her Scottish landscapes of the 1960s.

More the pity, then, that the show includes the repulsive, sentimental pictures of big-eyed Glasgow children she painted in her last years. —Paul Levy

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 www.flemingcollection.co.uk

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Amsterdam

art
"Fauvists and Expressionists" explores the influence of Van Gogh on the French Fauvists and the German Expressionists. On show are works by Henri Matisse, Maurice de Vlaminck, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner and others.
Van Gogh Museum
Until April 5
☎ 31-20-5705-200
www.vangoghmuseum.nl

Athens

art
"From Titian to Pietro da Cortona: Myth, Poetry and the Sacred" shows 24 Italian paintings of the 16th and 17th centuries.
Museum of Cycladic Art
Until Dec. 20
☎ 30-210-7228-3213
www.cycladic.gr

Berlin

art
"Karl Friedrich Schinkel and Clemens Brentano: Contest between Artist Friends" presents 60 works, including paintings, drawings, stage designs and manuscripts, resulting from the friendship between architect Schinkel (1781-1841) and novelist Brentano (1778-1842).
Alte Nationalgalerie
Until Jan. 11
☎ 49-30-2090-5801
www.smb.spk-berlin.de

photography

"America 1928, Photos of a Study Trip by Walter Gropius" shows photographs of architecture taken by the German architect during a U.S. trip.
Bauhaus-Archiv/Museum of Design
Nov. 19-Feb. 2
☎ 49-30-2540-020
www.bauhaus.de

Bonn

art
"Gandhara—The Buddhist Heritage of Pakistan" exhibits 270 Buddhist objects from the historical region of Gandhara, now part of present-day Pakistan and Afghanistan, including stone sculptures, reliefs, precious coins and jewelry from the first to fifth century A.D.
Kunst- und Ausstellungshalle der Bundesrepublik Deutschland
Nov. 21-March 15
☎ 49-228-9171-0
www.kah-bonn.de

Brussels

art
"The 60th anniversary of the founding of CoBrA" shows 150 works tracing the history of the abstract expressionist art movement CoBrA (Copenhagen, Brussels, Amsterdam) from 1948-1951.
Museum of Modern Art
Until Feb. 15
☎ 32-2-5083-211
www.expo-cobra.be

opera

"That's Opera" provides a look behind the scenes of an opera production. Visitors explore 200 years of Italian opera through elements such as story, music, set design, props, costumes and performance as they tour an opera stage set.
Tour & Taxis
Until March 3
☎ 32-2423-0910



'Little Boy,' 1950, by Karel Appel, on show in Brussels; top right, 'Mask,' circa 1897, by Fernand Khnopff, in Paris.

www.thatsoopera.com

Cologne

ceramics
"Fire and Earth: Chinese Ceramics" showcases more than 200 pieces of Chinese ceramics spanning 5,000 years of history.
Museum für Ostasiatische Kunst
Until April 26
☎ 49-221-2860-8
www.museenkoeln.de/museum-fuer-ostasiatische-kunst

Dresden

art
"Madonna Meets Mao" presents contemporary Asian and Western art from a private collection, including Chinese art from the period 1920-1940.
Kunsthalle im Lipsiusbau

Until Jan. 4
☎ 49-351-4914-2000
www.skd-dresden.de

Florence

art
"Giovanni da Milano—Gothic Masterpieces of Lombardy and Tuscany" is dedicated to work of 14th-century Italian painter Giovanni da Milano.
Galleria dell'Accademia
Until Dec. 8
☎ 39-055-2388-612
www.uffizi.firenze.it

Liverpool

soccer
"Only A Game?" presents shirts, medals and trophies of great European UEFA soccer players such as Phil Neal, George Best, Ferenc Puskas, Franz

Beckenbauer, Bobby Moore, Stanley Matthews and others.
World Museum Liverpool
Until March 1
☎ 44-151-4784-393
www.liverpoolmuseums.org.uk

London

art & antique fair
"The Winter Olympia Fine Art & Antique Fair 2008" presents furniture, glass, ceramics, textiles, clocks, prints, sculpture and antiques from leading English and international dealers.
Olympia London
Until Nov. 16
☎ 44-20-7385-1200
www.eco.co.uk

history

"Babylon" examines the myth of Babel and the facts surrounding the ancient city of Babylon. Over 800 objects are on show, including statues, architectural fragments and documents.
British Museum
Until March 15
☎ 44-20-7323-8299
www.thebritishmuseum.ac.uk

science

"Darwin" presents notebooks and rare personal belongings of British naturalist Charles Darwin (1809-1882), as well as fossils and zoological specimens he found, celebrating his bicentenary in 2009.
Natural History Museum
Until April 19
☎ 44-20-7942-5000
www.nhm.ac.uk

Milan

fashion
"Eternal Platinum" shows platinum wedding rings by seven Italian designers, fashion designer and jewelry designers.
Triennale di Milano
Until Nov. 30
☎ 39-02-7243-4219
www.triennaledesignmuseum.it

Paris

art
"Masks, from Carpeaux to Picasso" exhibits paintings, sculpture and avant-garde art relating to masks.
Musée d'Orsay
Until Feb. 1
☎ 33-1-4049-4814
www.musee-orsay.fr

art

"The Louvre invites Pierre Boulez—Oeuvre: Fragment" draws parallels between drawings, musical scores and selected texts.
Musée du Louvre
Until Feb. 9
☎ 33-1-4020-5050
www.louvre.fr

Rome

history
"Julius Caesar: The Man, the Enterprise, the Myth" presents a series of archaeological finds such as sculptures, mosaics, frescoes and coins, alongside sculptures and paintings by major artists illustrating the life of Roman emperor Julius Caesar.
Chiostro del Bramante
Until May 3
☎ 39-06-6880-9036
www.chiostrodelbramante.it

art

"Jean-Michel Basquiat: To Repel Ghosts" exhibits more than 40 works

by American artist Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-1988).
Palazzo Ruspoli
Until Feb. 1
☎ 39-06-6874-704
www.palazzoruspoli.it

Rotterdam

art
"Alberto Giacometti" shows sculptures, paintings and drawings in a retrospective of Swiss artist Alberto Giacometti (1901-1966).
Kunsthall Rotterdam
Until Feb. 8
☎ 31-10-4400-301
www.kunsthall.nl

Stockholm

art
"Reflections—Images of Water" presents paintings depicting water created between the 18th and 20th century, alongside water-themed sculptures by Swedish artist Carl Milles (1875-1955).
Millesgarden
Until Jan. 25
☎ 46-8-4467-580
www.millesgarden.se

art

"Max Ernst: Dream and Revolution" exhibits paintings, collages, works on paper and sculptures by German surrealist artist Max Ernst (1891-1976).
Museum of Modern Art
Until Jan. 11
☎ 46-8-5195-5200
www.modernamuseet.se

Turin

design
"Enzo Mari—The Art of Design" presents 250 works by Italian designer Enzo Mari (born 1932), including designs for companies such as Danese, Artemide, Castelli, Driade, Gabbianelli, Zanotta and others.
Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea
Until Jan. 6
☎ 39-011-4429-610
www.gamtorino.it

Zurich

art
"Head to Head—Political Portraits" examines portraits of political figures during campaigns and their subsequent political careers. Includes images of Lenin, Che Guevara, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Yulia Tymoshenko and others.
Museum für Gestaltung Zürich
Until Feb. 22
☎ 41-43-4466-767
www.museum-gestaltung.ch

art

"The Cosmic Dancer" shows 100 works from southern India depicting the Hindu god Shiva, including bronzes, stone sculptures, paintings and wooden sculptures.
Museum Rietberg—Park-Villa Rietberg
Nov. 16-Mar. 1
☎ 41-1-2063-131
www.rietberg.ch

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.

WSJ.com

What's on
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