

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17 - 19, 2008

# WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE



## Venice crossings

A traghetto-based tour reveals the city's other side

Scandinavia's brand gurus | Germany's tea island

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# Venice crossings

A traghetti-based tour reveals the city's other side



Above, a traghetti crossing to San Samuele; on cover, a traghetti crossing to San Tomà. Cover photo: Eddy Buttarelli/Cubimages

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## WEEKEND JOURNAL

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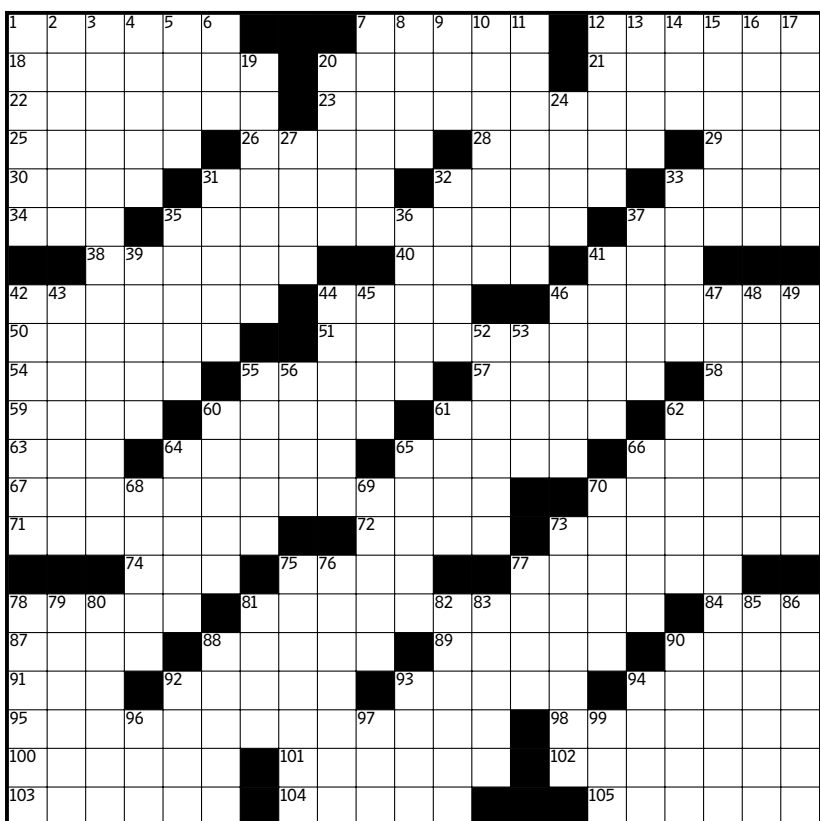
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## Last week's solution



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Crossword online  
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❖ Fashion

# A watch that can't be counterfeited

THERE USED TO BE easy tip-offs when a watch was fake, like light weight, shoddy artisanship—and the fact that no working Rolex sells for \$50. But these days, many fakes are so costly and carefully built that they require an expert to identify.

Now one Swiss watchmaker, Vacheron Constantin, has created a

have gotten more sophisticated," says David Hendry, chief underwriter for the Jewelry Insurance Brokerage of North America. "The counterfeiters have learned all the things that people didn't know 20 years ago." They add weight, use sapphire crystal for the glass of the watch and incorporate other elements that can confuse even experts—and they may charge many hundreds of dollars.

Forging was an industry scourge even when the fine-watch market was growing at double-digit rates annually. Now, with growth sure to slow in the current economy, it's even more important for watchmakers to differentiate their products in consumers' minds.

Many luxury retailers have seen sales slow markedly this year. A survey released on Monday by Unity Marketing, a Stevens, Pa.-based consultant to the luxury industry, suggests that affluent consumers "are buying luxuries more selectively and more carefully."

The idea of Vacheron's new watch came out of a chance acquaintanceship between Vacheron Constantin Chief Executive Juan Carlos Torres and Roger Pfund. Mr. Pfund is an acclaimed Swiss painter and designer of the Swiss passport and international currencies since the 1970s.

"To make secure watches was a new thing," Mr. Pfund said this past weekend, as he expounded on some of the artistic challenges involved. "The spirit of a watch is not the same as a bank note."

How does one use invisible ink on a watch, for instance? His answer: Print it on a slip of a paper-like polymer material that is inserted under the watch's crystal.

The Quai de l'Île can be customized in up to 400 combinations and will sell for between \$29,000 and \$60,000, depending on which fea-



Vacheron Constantin ©



One Vacheron Constantin Quai de l'Île model (left) features a sun image that can be seen only under a UV lamp and a transparent caseback (below). Above, the self-winding Vacheron Constantin Quai de l'Île Date in rose gold.



## On Style

CHRISTINA BINKLEY

wristwatch that it says is impossible to counterfeit. What timing: The watch will be launched on Oct. 22 in New York, just as the luxury-watch industry is facing a possible global recession.

The watch, called the "Quai de l'Île" for the watchmaker's historical Geneva address, uses layers of invisible UV marking, laser perforations of some watch parts, special high-security inks, and other measures used to secure passports and currencies like the euro and Swiss franc.

In the world of haute horlogerie, forged watches are as ubiquitous as fake handbags and black-market DVDs. These fakes are sold not only on sidewalk tables but also in stores, catalogs and Internet listings. The Swiss Customs Service has estimated that as many as 40 million counterfeit watches are put into circulation each year. Switzerland last year exported only about 26 million watches, so there's a fairly reasonable chance that the expensive-looking watch on your neighbor's wrist could be a fake.

Watchmakers have long fought counterfeiters by adding special stickers and limiting supply through authorized dealers. Rolex—probably the most faked watch of all time—strictly controls the numbers of its watches that can be sold by a dealer and requires that all repairs be made with authorized parts. Rolex also puts a green hologram sticker on the back of its watches—though counterfeiters forge that, too.

But counterfeiters have been improving their technology faster than watchmakers. "Counterfeits

tures are chosen. While the starting price for Vacheron Constantin watches is about \$12,000, the company recently took an order from a European entrepreneur for a \$6.5 million custom watch, says Julien Tornare, president of Vacheron Constantin U.S. The company, which produces about 18,000 watches annually, expects to make 800 Quai de l'Îles a year.

To set the Quai de l'Île apart, Mr. Pfund helped the company gain access to highly controlled money-printing materials like the polymer and inks, says Mr. Tornare. The inventory of polymer kept by Vacheron is

monitored by the maker of Swiss passports, he said, noting, "We had no idea about security printing."

The watch's security measures involve engraving and printing with special inks. In the first series of watches produced, the words "Swiss Made" and "Automatique" are laser-engraved without using ink on the watch's dial, while some of the numerals, the date and the words "Vacheron Constantin Genève" are engraved with ink.

Tiny texts on the dials of some models—illegible without the aid of a magnifying glass—reproduce parts of letters sent between 19th-

century family members of the watchmakers, Jaques-Barthélemy Vacheron and François Constantin.

The Quai de l'Île was unveiled to the watch industry last spring at the Salon International de la Haute Horlogerie in Geneva. This appears to have given would-be counterfeiters an opportunity to get cracking on Vacheron's come-and-get-me challenge. Mr. Pfund, who is currently designing the 2010 series of the Quai de l'Île, says, "They already have fakes of this watch. I saw one yesterday on the Internet. Of course, the movement is wrong—a lot of things are wrong."

WSJ.com

The test of time  
Join a discussion about  
real vs. fake luxury watches,  
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## Long-term style strategy

THE ECONOMIC CRISIS is changing Nevena Borissova's spending habits, but it's not crimping her style.

Ms. Borissova, the 33-year-old owner of the Curve clothing boutiques in Los Angeles and New York, decided early this summer to stop shopping at stores like H&M and Topshop, where she says she was spending easily \$1,000 a season on trendy clothes that didn't fit her well and that she never wore.

Instead, this season, Ms. Borissova, who is also a personal stylist, is updating her look with higher-quality designer pieces, such as a Balmain tweed jacket and Preen blouse, as well as vintage clothes including a Halston animal-print dress and a Thierry Mugler jacket. Not only are such styles likely to last longer than

cheaper clothes; they also are investments that might have resale value. "I have completely stopped buying disposable clothing," she says. "Everything that goes into my wardrobe right now is something of value."

Ms. Borissova is keeping tabs on what's in style for the next year and buying pieces that will be stylish for more than just one season. For instance, the Preen blouse has lace, which will be in style next spring, and she says the Balmain jacket is the right silhouette and material for next fall.

Finally, Ms. Borissova is getting pickier. She'd like a pair of low-heeled boots, but she isn't making a purchase until she finds a pair she is "really in love" with. "Before, I would buy anything I liked," she says.

—Jennifer Saranow

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# Economic crisis changes golf's landscape

**I**N A PRESS CONFERENCE last week, Tiger Woods and his developer partners announced a new, super-luxe private golf club in Mexico, 100 kilometers south of San Diego on the Pacific Ocean. To be called Punta Brava, it will sell one-acre lots for \$3 million and condos for \$3.5 million. Many of the holes on the course, Mr. Woods said at the Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles, will be "framed by natural rock outcroppings, steep cliffs and crashing

## Golf Journal

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

waves." Since his design fees for golf projects are said to push well into eight-figure territory, plus a share of real-estate profits, you can bet Punta Brava won't be cutting corners and stocking low-thread-count towels in the locker rooms.

As a reporter for a financial newspaper, I recognize that there are more than enough extremely rich people in the world to sell out Punta Brava, which, after all, is projected to accommodate only 40 homes and 80 condos. Mr. Woods's name guarantees cachet and, judging by the layout shown at PuntaBrava.com, it's possible that the course will break into the world's top 20 rankings on the day it opens. It looks to be a new and improved version of Cypress Point on California's Monterey Peninsula.

But it's hard not to wonder how a development like this fits into golf's new economic landscape. The announcement came as the Dow Jones Industrial Average staged a historic free fall and observers debated whether we're on the brink of another Great Depression—not great timing if the sponsor, the Flagship Group, was hoping for some quick impulse buys. How will the economic fallout ripple through the golf world?



Tiger Woods announcing the Punta Brava golf-course development.

third party, the lead developer, Eric Wells, declined to comment.

The other was a luxury residence club in a transformed dormitory overlooking the first tee and 18th green of the Old Course at St. Andrews in Scotland. Phil Mickelson signed up early, but too few other rich people seemed interested in forking over \$1.8 million to \$3.7 million for time-shares in the building, especially with no guarantee of tee times on the Old Course.

New residential golf developments in the U.S. are few and far between, leading to a net standstill in golf-course openings generally. More courses closed than opened in both 2006 and 2007, according to the National Golf Foundation, a sharp contrast to the course-building boom that started in the 1990s.

Even top-drawer designers are feeling the pinch. "I've got quite a few projects in the U.S.," Mr. Nicklaus told me recently, "but they have all kind of slowed down or are on hold or are kind of waiting until the economy turns a little bit." Tom Doak, the celebrated designer of Pacific Dunes in Oregon and Cape Kidnappers in New Zealand, doesn't lack for work but in recent months has seen two of the courses he designed struggle: St. Andrews Beach in Australia is closed and for sale, and Beechtree in Maryland will shut down in December.

"The people I really worry about are the young designers and apprentices coming up, and the talented course superintendents and club pros who are suddenly out of a job," Mr. Doak said.

For golfers still clinging to jobs, there is an upside. Less demand and more supply equals bargains. But even many seemingly successful clubs and golf communities aren't filled to capacity, which often means higher fees and assessments for members and, in some cases, difficulty leaving without taking a bath.

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

At the ultra-high Punta Brava end, there may be some immunity. Just as the poor will always be among us, so will the fabulously wealthy. In North America alone, there are more than 40,000 families with investable assets of \$30 million or more, according to the CapGemini/Merrill Lynch World Wealth Report, and approximately 300,000 U.S. taxpayers with reported annual incomes greater than \$1 million, according to the IRS. To say nothing of the huddled masses of superrich outside North America. Among them are many golf nuts.

Mr. Woods has two other golf projects under way, both targeting the mega-moneyed. The first is Tiger Woods Dubai, a residential community in the oil-rich emirate that will be limited to 200 members, with houses reportedly going for between \$12 million and \$23 million. Twenty-two will be "palaces" aver-

aging 33,000 square feet apiece. Mr. Woods's 7,800-yard course there, called Al Ruwaya, Arabic for "serenity," will feature massive elevation changes, waterfalls and lush tropical landscaping, despite being built on the desert floor. Thousands of trees and plants are being imported from Thailand and South Africa.

The second is in North Carolina, the newest outpost in the Cliffs archipelago of golf communities that spreads into South Carolina. Mr. Woods has been given a unique mountaintop outside Asheville on which to build his course, called High Carolina. The volcano-like bowl features a natural lake surrounded by gently contoured meadows. At an elevation of 4,000 feet, the course will be relatively cool in summer but protected from chilling winds in the shoulder seasons by the higher northern slopes. Premium lots at High Carolina will sell

for up to \$5 million.

These and other projects for the ultra-affluent, such as the new Quivira community near Los Cabos, Mexico, with two Jack Nicklaus oceanfront courses, seem likely to hang in there no matter what. The fortunes of potential clients for properties in this price stratum are presumably well-hedged.

But just a step lower, the market is vulnerable. The last few months have seen the demise of at least two high-profile projects. One was a projected \$70 million corporate golf club called The Presidential in Dulles, Va. Partially open since April, the club was reasonably on schedule in its quest for 150 corporate memberships at \$60,000 a year, according to a former consultant to the club. But financing problems, at least partially related to the home-mortgage crisis, forced The Presidential to close in September. Through a

## Finding your confidence for tournament play

BY JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

**F**ORECASTS OF unremitting rain recently postponed the club championship at my town course. I had been looking forward to the event for months, but perhaps because of the week's equally gloomy economic news and political turmoil, I found I was actually a bit relieved. Playing tournament golf, even in something as small-scale as a club championship, takes a lot out of you.

"You may take it from me, there are two types of golf," Bobby Jones said 80 years ago. "There is golf—and tournament golf. And they are not at all the same thing." Many nongolfers, I realize, find the notion of grown-ups in short pants sweating over short putts absurd. My mother-in-law, not illogically, wonders why golfers don't just pick up the ball and place it in the cup, if that's what they're so agitated about. But as tense as Saturday-morning players can get over friendly matches, the self-inflicted pressure that builds up around organized stroke-play tournaments is of another order altogether.

On rare occasions I have made reasonably good showings in tournaments, and when I do I am proud. Good results in golf are earned. You can't spin score. But most of the time I have returned home from competitions stooped with shame at not having played anywhere close to my "usual game."

Even during periods when I was occasionally shooting even-par rounds in recreational golf, I would usually score in the 80s in tournaments, and sometimes in the 90s.

Early in my adult life as a golfer, with a book contract in hand, I spent a year competing on the pro golf mini-tours. It was a delightful, miserable, antic year during which my technical skills improved somewhat but I grew steadily worse as "a player." Week after week, I got my head handed to me by fearless kids who had been playing competitive golf since they were in diapers. My golf self-confidence, never much to begin with, evaporated. In the big, culminating tournament of that year, minutes before teeing off, I became obsessed with my choice of socks. Then I began reorganizing the contents of my bag. Anything but face the certain mental anguish of the round ahead.

In the dozen years since, playing in a half-dozen or so amateur events each summer, I have made a bit of progress. The gap between my tournament scores and my "usual" scores has slowly narrowed. And earlier this year, I had a minor breakthrough which, in retrospect, subtly changed how I think about tournament golf.

It didn't come in an individual stroke-play event. It came at a friend's club in Connecticut in a two-man, best-ball tournament, a format that admittedly puts less pressure on each shot. But still, it was a big

deal at the club—60 participants, 45 holes over two days, plus a playoff with a sizable gallery—and we won! We took the championship flight by a fair margin and then won the four-hole elimination segment, using handicap strokes, against the winners of the other flights. My friend and I both played well. And for extended periods we both managed to operate in that elusive zone of relaxed focus and unselfconsciousness that always produces the best golf.

All this was fun, but what surprised me the most was how deeply thrilling it was to have played, for once, at close to my best in a tournament. It was possible, I think, because after years of vain struggle I had finally come to accept (as opposed to merely intellectualize) who I was as a golfer.

In my younger years I fantasized about putting all my best shots together in a single tournament and achieving spectacular results. But those expectations were precisely what created the disabling tension that was my undoing. A bad hole or two would trigger frustration. I had learned all the mental-game tricks for neutralizing frustration, but it was still there, and subterraneanly led to bad decision-making, anger and even worse play. You can't fake equanimity. You've simply got to figure out over time what is realistic and make your peace with it.

I'm in my 50s now and am totally happy competing most of the time against guys my



own age in local senior events. There's no glory in it, except maybe in a limited way for the handful of guys who win most of the tournaments, but there's unlimited opportunity for satisfaction if you look at things correctly. The guys my age all know why we're there. It's to test ourselves, it's to plug away at the enjoyable, never-ending project of our golf game, it's to work at self-mastery. Tiger Woods has often said that the rounds he's proudest of aren't those when he's on fire, but when his game is off and he is forced to grind it out to win.

Tee shots do splash in the lake, approach shots do plug in the bunker. Our job as golfers is to act nonetheless. We have to consider all the options, commit to the one we believe has the best chance of success and then swing freely—let it rip! When we pull off shots in such circumstances, our pride is boundless.



Russell Crowe and Leonardo DiCaprio in 'Body of Lies'

## CIA story 'Lies' tries for veracity but lacks feeling

RIDLEY SCOTT'S "Body of Lies," an action thriller set in the Middle East, turns on a conflict between two CIA operatives with two different ways of perceiving reality. Roger Ferris, played by Leonardo DiCaprio, is the principled, passionate one. He's in the thick of things in Jordan, risking his life to flush out a dangerous terrorist. His boss, Ed Hoffman (Russell Crowe), is the loftily detached one. He sits at home in suburban Vir-

ginia, laptop on lap, studying imagery from spy satellites, and from drone aircraft half a world away. The irony of the situation is that Ferris, unable to distinguish friend from foe in a baffling culture, sees his world no more clearly than Hoffman does. Yet there's another irony, and it's unintended. For all of Ferris's desperate struggles, and for all the director's efforts to emulate the remarkable verisimilitude he achieved in "Black Hawk Down," his new film remains abstract and unaffectionate. It's a study in semisimilitude, more Google-Earthly than grounded in feelings.

The screenplay was adapted, fairly freely, by William Monahan from a novel by the Washington Post columnist David Ignatius. Mr. Monahan won an Oscar last year for his intricate adaptation of "The Departed," and there are plenty of intricacies here. Before hatching his own plot to catch the terrorist, Ferris, who is fluent in Arabic, strikes up an uneasy alliance with Jordan's chief of intelligence, Hani, a suave sophisticate, elegant dresser and casual brute who may or may not be working both sides of the souk. Hani, played by an English actor named Mark Strong, is the movie's most distinctive presence; he seems to know things that even the writer didn't know. When he assures Ferris that Jordan "is a part of the world where friendship matters," you know there's trouble ahead.

Extremely violent trouble, in fact, relieved only by a tentative stab at romance between Ferris and a nurse, Aisha, who tends the first of his many wounds. She's played appealingly by Golshifteh Farahani, but cultural barriers stand in the way of anything serious growing out of their encounter, even though his concern for her, or his love, or whatever it is, sustains itself through thick, thin and thinner. The movie's drama lies mainly in the fraught relationship between Ferris and his devious boss, Hoffman, and the two performances are interesting but uninspired. Mr. DiCaprio stands up handsomely to lavish punishment, as he did in "Blood Diamond," while Mr. Crowe shows up bulkily—he's supposed to have put on 20 kilos for the part—and does a lot of foxy-grandpa peering over the top of his glasses. May he slim down quickly and find a role his formidable talents deserve.

### Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

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#### Opening this week in Europe

- Brideshead Revisited Portugal
- Burn After Reading Poland
- Ghost Town U.K.
- Hellboy II: The Golden Army Belgium
- Lakeview Terrace Sweden
- Nights in Rodanthe Norway, Spain
- Step Brothers Italy, Turkey
- The Love Guru Spain
- Tropic Thunder Italy

Source: IMDb

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### Arbitrage

## One liter of fresh, pasteurized whole milk

City	Local currency	€
New York	\$1.29	€0.95
Frankfurt	€1.09	€1.09
Brussels	€1.15	€1.15
Tokyo	¥159	€1.15
London	£0.91	€1.16
Paris	€1.47	€1.47
Rome	€1.52	€1.52
Hong Kong	HK\$23	€2.18

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



# Having fun with Puritans

Writer Sarah Vowell's 'Wordy Shipmates' takes a new look at history

WHEN SARAH VOWELL was in third grade, she saw a Thanksgiving episode of the television show "Happy Days" that made a big impression on her. The whole cast wore Puritan garb, and Joanie Cunningham complained, "Being a Pilgrim sure is a draggeth." Over the centuries, the word Puritan has become synonymous with "boring, stupid, judgmental killjoys," Ms. Vowell writes in her new book, "The Wordy Shipmates." She believes history has been unkind to the religious refugees from England who built the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the early 17th century. Ms. Vowell, 38 years old, has written four other books. She is also a frequent contributor to National Public Radio's show, "This American Life," and her endearingly squeaky voice landed her the speaking role of Violet in the animated movie, "The Incredibles." Writing or speaking, Ms. Vowell has a way with words.

—Cynthia Crossen



Author Sarah Vowell

**Q: You describe the subjects of "The Wordy Shipmates" as "the dreary religious fanatics who founded New England nearly 400 years ago." That's not exactly selling your topic.**

Really? Who doesn't love a good dreary religious fanatic? I hope I make a case for them as more interesting than that, but there's something about dreary people that's also a crackup. They could be so nitpicky. When Roger Williams and John Cotton get into a pamphlet fight, it's just two people who agree about almost everything bickering until one of them finally dies. It was very high school. I found their human capacity for pettiness and jealousy extremely entertaining.

**Q: You call the Puritans America's medieval people and quote Hawthorne saying, "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank Him, not less fervently, for being one step further from them in the march of ages." But didn't you also admire them, too?**

The Puritans were born before the Enlightenment, so they weren't enlightened. But it bothers me when people write them off as stupid. As a writer, I'm charmed by their love of words, literature, education. To them, theology wasn't some kind of gut-level gobbledygook, it was set in a framework of real learning.

**Q: Nowadays when we think of the separation of church and state, we assume it's because our forefathers were worried about the church interfering with the government. But Roger Williams was worried about the reverse.**

He was appalled that it was the law that everyone had to attend church whether they were a member of the church or not.

**Q: To the Puritans, days of thanksgiving weren't annual events, they were earned. And if things had been going badly, they called for a universal day of fasting.**

They saw God's hand in everything. If they weren't winning

Joe Schmo Puritans, too, but I'm always interested in knowing what the smartest people of any given age think about life, faith, community, government.

**Q: You once said you love America unconditionally but not blindly. What's the difference?**

I'm a huge fan of the Constitution, but it's continually being betrayed. I have enormous admiration for Lincoln, but the reason for his greatness was that he had to confront the ugliness of slavery. This book looks at the roots of American exceptionalism through the eyes of a person who's seen the photos from Abu Ghraib. I'm incredibly hard on this country the way I would be if I had a child who had a lot of potential and kept messing up.

**Q: I think kids would enjoy American history classes more if you wrote their textbooks. Any interest?**

Children would like their history classes more if their textbooks were allowed to be more lively and truthful. When I was going to school, the founders were presented as a uniform block of geniuses. Jefferson becomes far more interesting when you know he wrote life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and was sleeping with his slave. Their humanity makes them fleshier.

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# Scandinavia's corporate branding gurus

BY J.S. MARCUS

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

**I**N ITS BREAKTHROUGH corporate design campaign for Scandinavian Airlines, Stockholm Design Lab changed everything from the color of the plane engines to the airport lounge door handles. A uniform "wardrobe" was created, so employees could choose what to wear each day depending on the weather or their mood. The 1998 rebranding and design project even extended to the sugar packets, which now bear a range of haiku-like statements instead of a corporate logo.

Stockholm Design Lab has since become Scandinavia's leading expert in the design of corporate identities, with clients including Ikea, sports retailer Stadium and V&S Group, makers of Absolut vodka.

The company is sought out for its stylish take on the Scandinavian virtues of functionality, clarity and humor, and also for its fully integrated approach, which combines architecture, interior design and graphic design—corporate buildings, logos and packaging are all conceptually related.

The firm's creative directors and co-founders are Thomas Eriksson and Björn Kusoffsky (a third co-founder, Göran Lagerström, has since retired).

Mr. Eriksson, 48, is an architect and industrial designer (his red, cross-shaped medicine cabinet made by Cappellini is in the collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art), while Mr. Kusoffsky, 42, has a background in graphic design and advertising.

The men work together on Design Lab projects, and also maintain separate practices in their office, located in a spacious two-level penthouse suite overlooking the Humlegården, an elegant urban park in Stockholm's Östermalm district. We spoke to Messrs. Eriksson and Kusoffsky there last month.

**Q: Scandinavian design is associated with functionality. Do functional principles influence how you approach corporate design?**

Thomas Eriksson: When we do a corporate design, we think it's important to find something that can express what you do as a company, that supports the character and the nature of your business—instead of [just] being decorative. A lot of other companies, our competitors, they give loads of ideas and say, "Pick one." We want to take away. We are subtracting, until we find the small, pounding heart of the company. And we go from there.

Björn Kusoffsky: It's so important to learn the company. We have to go behind the brief, and find something that has a meaning, a depth, that really needs to be expressed in terms of design.

Mr. Eriksson: A good design project—a corporate identity or a new head office—gives you a toolbox to make [employees] change as well. People understand who they are. It's a relearning project for people to learn what they're there to do.

**Q: You're working on a corporate identity for Cubus, a Norwegian clothing-store chain, which is starting to branch out to other European countries. What are some of the special challenges in the project?**

Mr. Eriksson: The problem was a huge gap between their identity and



Above right, Björn Kusoffsky (left) and Thomas Eriksson, creative directors at Stockholm Design Lab, designed the brands and corporate identities for, from top: Scandinavian Airlines (here, an airport lounge); Moderna Museet, the modern art museum in Stockholm; and sports retailer Stadium.



their well-produced and designed range of products. [The logo] was stiff—it reminded me of a Finnish bank. For me it was totally separate from what they were doing.

Mr. Kusoffsky: They are a brand that sells fashion at a reasonable price—you could even say cheap—but that doesn't mean the identity should look cheap, or that you make the advertising look cheap. We're trying the opposite.

**Q: What's the biggest mistake that large corporations make when trying to launch a new image?**

Mr. Eriksson: One huge mistake is allowing [for example] the wife of the CEO to decide whether they should have black or white leather in the lounges. The good company brings in good people, rather than having some guy who is not competent allowed to judge.

Mr. Kusoffsky: Another major problem is that [corporations] don't have people to manage [design] in the company. If you decide to do a new redesign, or launch a new product, you have to have someone responsible within the company.

Mr. Eriksson: We prefer to work with in-house people very closely, to allow them to be part of the develop-

ment of a new brand, which they can then easily take on. Normally we do a manual to allow the people in-house to be able to manage the designs. [Advertising campaigns] are another interesting problem; sometimes you have an agency that totally misses the point. In a good world, you have an alignment between the new direction of the company, and the new design, and some of the new features.

**Q: Your breakthrough project was the rebranding of SAS in 1998. What was your original concept?**

Mr. Eriksson: The idea was to make [SAS] a good representative of the Scandinavian way of life. We wanted to express some kind of Scandinavian attitude through making the lounges very calm and very homey. Before, it was more corporate. The big thing was to go from the "businessman's airline" attitude, which anyone can own, to-

wards a broader, more humane attitude, which was Scandinavian.

Mr. Kusoffsky: All airlines buy their planes from Boeing or Airbus and fly to similar airports all over the world. Everyone has the same hardware, the same starting point. We also saw that everyone was doing the same thing in terms of branding, just putting their logos on everything—the airplane, the steward, inside the toilet, on the sugar, the napkins. It was just a matter of how many times you can flash your logo, and we questioned that.

**Q: You attempt to integrate a range of disciplines—architecture, graphic design, interior design. Does this integrated approach extend to your working methods? Does everybody do a little bit of everything?**

Mr. Eriksson: We tend to stay within our areas of expertise, due to the fact that we need everyone to be sharp in what they do.

Mr. Kusoffsky: I think we're quite unique [in that] we founded a company that consists of all these [areas of expertise]. When we started, we saw design was only being made by advertising agencies or by smaller design companies doing packaging. We thought that everything was important, that we should take care of the whole thing. That way we could see the whole company's needs.

**Q: Buildings are often built to last a certain number of years. Do you conceive of brands as having a certain life span?**

Mr. Eriksson: No, but there is a span between the points in time when you need to do a re-evaluation. You always need to be redefin-



ing the brand over and over again, forever. Otherwise there won't be a brand. It's like having a huge garden with very sensitive orchids. You need to be there every day, and you need to add some soil or some nutrition now and then. A brand can last long, but you need to redefine it—like Coke and a lot of the American brands that have changed over time.

Mr. Kusoffsky: In our approach to brands, we try to do something that is quite simple and basic, and then everything around it can change.

**Q: You have worked on projects for IKEA. How do you account for its world-wide success as a brand?**

Mr. Kusoffsky: You can meet anyone from Ikea, and they will tell you the same story—they're trained in a certain way. I think it's about how they approach problems, how they look on business. It's a kind of democratic idea about giving people high-quality design products at a reasonable price.

Mr. Eriksson: The whole idea of being democratic, which is a very Swedish idea, also makes [founder Ingvar Kamrad] think, "What do people need after they have been to my store? Maybe they need a hot dog. How can I make them feel that I am on their side?" He's almost like Chance the gardener [the hero of the novel and film "Being There."] A totally amazing guy, who's totally naive—about sticking to Swedish names, for instance.

**Q: This is my first trip to Stockholm, and I am amazed at how different it is from other European cities. It's so clean, and so stress-free. How does living in this idyllic setting influence what you do?**

Mr. Kusoffsky: I think we appreciate it as much as you do, in terms of walking around the city, having this environment. But on the other hand, there are six or seven months when it's quite dark and snowy, and I would like to be somewhere else.

Mr. Eriksson: Of course Björn is right. We are survivors up here. Being a survivor people, we look very much for the functionalistic aspect of things—we want things to work, and if they work well, and also look good, then we're home free.

**Q: In America, corporate law firms often do pro bono work for clients who can't afford their high fees but are in need of their services. Do you ever work for nonprofit or charitable organizations that need an image makeover?**

Mr. Kusoffsky: We do pro bono projects related to our own interests, whether it's an art project or a music project, or collaborating with different artists [on] catalogs. It's good for the soul.

**Q: How do you judge success?**

Mr. Kusoffsky: I think our success is judged by the long-term relationships with our clients. If you look at SAS, it's 11 years that we have worked with them. The long-term relationship is some kind of goal.



# Noguchi's sculptural evolution

## Wakefield, U.K. ■ art

The first major European show of the work of Isamu Noguchi (1904-88) is partly placed in the glorious landscape of the Yorkshire Sculpture Park (near Wakefield), and partly housed in a series of galleries. The illegitimate son of a Japanese poet father and an American writer mother, this versatile artist—who made huge contributions to design and was much in demand to collaborate with dancers (including Martha Graham)—changed his surname in 1924 from Gilmour, that of his mother, to Noguchi, that of the father who refused to acknowledge him.

In 1927 he went to Paris to work for a short while as assistant to Constantin Brancusi. The profound effect this had on his work is honored in the explicit homage to Brancusi's Endless Column. Noguchi used the idea of the Endless Column in several works, including his famous Akari paper lamp.

Noguchi once said, "I don't think that art comes from art...I think it comes from the awakening person." But it is oddly difficult to read his life, notwithstanding his

increasing interest in being Japanese, from his work—even from such a large selection as is on show here (many of the works were loaned by the museum the artist himself established in Queens).

Indeed, the excitement of this show lies in seeing the technical evolution of Noguchi's work, from the money-spinning portrait sculpture at which he excelled, to the idea of sculptures—even big ones—as puzzles to be assembled on-site, to his great breakthrough when he learned how to cut and fold metal without welding.

The exhibition features stone carvings, ranging in size from 25 tons to small interior works, plus ceramics, set designs, furniture, drawings and works on paper. A room called "Isamu Noguchi and Iconic Designers" shows many of the artist's commercial designs and also includes work by Charles and Ray Eames, Sori Yanagi, Frank Gehry, George Nelson, and Rowan and Erwan Bouroullec. It's all for sale and makes a nice change from the usual museum shop.

On the plentiful evidence of this show Noguchi was a great sculptor—whether carving, molding or construct-

ing—a splendid draftsman, a designer of entire landscapes and, in his dance projects, a real man of the theater.

—Paul Levy

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## London ■ theater

August Strindberg wrote that "my misogyny...is only the reverse image of a terrible desire for the other sex." This is strikingly apposite of "Creditors," his three-hander from 1888 (the year of "Miss Julie," so a mature work). Now at the Donmar Warehouse Theatre in a new version by playwright David Greig, this production of "Creditors," directed by Alan Rickman, boasts three outstanding performances.

In Ben Stones' paradoxically warm all-white set, we see Tom Burke as the young artist, Adolph, who has given up painting for sculpture. He uses crutches and has obviously been unwell. He's in deep conversation with Gustav, a frock-coated, older man who appears to be some sort of mentor (played with apparently gracious deliberation by Owen Teale). Much of the talk is about Adolph's

wife, Tekla, a proto-feminist who is on her second marriage, to whom the excitable Adolph is in thrall, sexually and emotionally. To Gustav he unveils a sculpture he is working on—it is a nude of Tekla, supine, with her legs spread à la Courbet's "The Origin of the World."

Tekla, played by Anna Chancellor—at first vivaciously, then with some new steel in her backbone—comes home and woos her slightly distant husband. Eventually she realizes that he's been poisoned against her by someone. Of course, when Gustav finally comes back on stage, we are mildly surprised, but not astonished, to discover that he is the spurned first husband who, if not still in love with her, is certainly not prepared to let her be happy with another man.

Why exactly do those characters torture one another? We don't find out—this is Strindberg: no excuses, no explanations, nobody gets away with anything, they're all damned. And in this magnificent production, it feels all too true.

—Paul Levy

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'Indian Dancer,' 1965-66, by Isamu Noguchi, on view in Wakefield.

## Eyeing London auctions

A BUSY WEEK of contemporary-art auctions in London kicks off Friday with Sotheby's evening sale. The 64 high-powered lots are led by two works: German artist Gerhard Richter's Israeli landscape paint-

### Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

ing featuring a tree-enclosed car park in Jerusalem; and U.S. artist Andy Warhol's series of 10 skulls (both estimated at £5 million to £7 million).

The sales are timed to attract the collectors in London for the Frieze art fair, which ends Sunday. But amid international financial turmoil, observers will be nervously watching sales at both Frieze and the auctions. "There is little doubt that we are in for hard times," says Victor Gisler, director of Mai 36, a contemporary-art gallery in Zurich. Although the one-man Damien Hirst auction at Sotheby's in London last month was a success—it sold out and made more than £111 million, compared with its estimate of £68 million-£98 million—it was a celebrity sale that provided limited insight into the market as a whole.

Phillips de Pury's sale on Saturday will offer such contrasting works as U.S. artist Joan Mitchell's lyrical abstract painting "La Grande Vallée XIII" (1983), estimated at £2 million-£3 million; and China's Yue Minjun's "Contemporary Terracotta Warriors No. 7" (2005), a grinning group of life-size male figures (estimate: £500,000-£750,000).

Christie's takes over on Sunday. Its evening sale will be led by "Concetto spaziale, La fine di Dio" (1963), an abstract, black canvas by Italy's Lucio Fontana, inspired by the dawn of the Space Age, that is expected to fetch in the region of £12 million.

At Bonhams next Thursday, there will be a sale devoted to so-called Urban Art, or art inspired by the streets. Alongside the U.K.'s overpublicized star Banksy, there will be the U.K.'s Adam Neate, a painter on used cardboard, who began his career by leaving his art outside London charity shops to be picked up free. A wonderfully colorful and haunting painting on cardboard called "Jackson, Red Portrait" (2007) is estimated in the Bonhams sale at £35,000-£45,000.

There will also be a number of lots at Bonhams with surfboards painted and donated by artists to the U.K. nonprofit organization Surfers Against Sewage, a charity founded by surfers to clean up beaches, among them a double-sided board with a female vampire by British artist Pure Evil. There are no estimates or reserve prices for the boards.

Separate sales will be devoted to modern and contemporary design: Sotheby's Saturday will offer Australian designer Marc Newson's aerodynamic aluminum and enamel "Orgone Stretch Lounge" (estimate: £400,000-£600,000).

The Christie's sale devoted to 20th-century design Oct. 28 will include a unique set of four 1950s dining chairs designed by Italy's Carlo Mollino (estimate: £80,000-£120,000).



Surfboard by Pure Evil, for sale at Bonhams.



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# Venice crossings: A traghetto tour reveals the city's other side

By Cathryn Drake  
Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

**I**T IS EASY TO MISS the serene soul of Venice among the maddening crowds of tourists that clog its maze of narrow streets.

Part of visiting the city is seeing such justifiably world-famous sights as Piazza San Marco and the Rialto Bridge, so those throngs must be braved. But Venice's real allure is revealed in the intimate interstices of daily life, a parallel world of secluded piazzas and obscure side streets. Exploring this labyrinth is key to discovering the true character behind Venice's mesmerizing, painterly façade. The best way to do that is on foot and across water.

Venice is a network of islands joined together by an elaborate water-transportation system. The Grand Canal, the main thoroughfare used originally by merchants on their way to and from the markets of the Rialto, is serviced by a fleet of vaporetti (water buses) and just four bridges—the newest of which was designed by Spanish architect Santiago Calatrava and completed just last year. But the vaporetti are costly, slow and often overcrowded. A cheaper and quicker alternative is the traghetto (“ferry” in Italian): one of the six gondolier crossings along the Grand Canal.

The service employs the same gondolas—stripped of the velvet seats and solicitous gondoliers—that offer touristy jaunts at exorbitant prices. But on a traghetto, for just 50 cents, you cross the canal in a boat rowed by two gondoliers.

A crossing takes only a few minutes (you just board the boat and pay one of the gondoliers—preferably with exact change), but allows you to experience the sights and sounds of the Grand Canal. What's more, walking tours that take strategic advantage of the traghetto crossings make it easy to avoid the main tourist thoroughfares. You can still see plenty of amazing cultural and historical sights, but you also stumble across quiet squares, and relax at affordable bars and restaurants frequented by locals. (You can even get the obligatory photo of yourself in a gondola without feeling like a sucker.)

Here's a guide—several itineraries, really—to using the traghetti to fashion walking tours into some of the unknown corners of Venice. This list starts at the geographical heart of the Venetian archipelago and zigzags down the Grand Canal, roughly from one end to the other.

## Fondaco dei Turchi-San Marcuola

Start with a coffee on the Campo San Giacomo dell'Orto, behind the Byzantine church of that name. The morning scene here is a bustle of



A traghetto crossing the Grand Canal from Santa Sofia to the Rialto market.

children playing while their elders shop at the corner supermarket or chat on benches.

Run by brothers Stefano and Davide Corrà, Al Prosecco is a good spot from which to watch the choreography of the locals as they cross the piazza, stop briefly to exchange banter, and then disappear into a hidden street at the other end. The café also makes a good evening stop for the aperitif it is named after, or any wine from its 600-bottle list, along with assorted cheeses served with the owners' mother Maria's homemade mostarda, a pungent fruit conserve.

The tour begins with a look at how wealthy 18th-century Venetians lived at the Palazzo Mocenigo—just up the Calle Larga and then right on Calle Colombo until you reach Salizzada Carminati across a small bridge. The Palazzo's perfectly preserved interior is opu-

lently decorated with original furniture, brocaded walls, Murano glass chandeliers, and portraits of the seven Mocenigo family doges.

The nearby Museum of Natural History features a complete skeleton of the *Ouranosaurus Nigeriensis* dinosaur, an aquarium with a display on local sea life and a tranquil courtyard with a fountain. The museum is in the colonnaded Venetian-Byzantine Palazzo Il Fontego dei Turchi—translated as “The Warehouse of the Turks,” one of the biggest palaces on the Grand Canal and the 17th-century base for Turkish merchants.

Just in front of the museum is the Fondaco dei Turchi traghetto stop, where you cross the canal to San Marcuola, not far from the train station (some of the traghetti don't operate in the afternoons or on Sundays; see map at right for details). This is the Cannaregio sestiere (dis-

trict), haunted by former residents such as Marco Polo, Wagner, Tintoretto and Titian. The name of this quarter is derived from the reeds (*canna*) that used to grow along the canals. (Most of the piazzas in Venice are called *campo*, meaning “field” in Italian, because they were originally planted with grass and trees.)

As you approach the bank, on the left you will see Palazzo Memmo-Martinengo, the residence of nobleman Andrea Memmo, whose descendent Andrea di Robilant recounted his forbidden affair with Giustina Wynne, aided by his friend Casanova, in the 2003 book “A Venetian Affair.” Farther to the right is Palazzo Vendramin-Calergi, where Richard Wagner lived and died. It's now the Casino.

By now it will be time for a lunch break, so take the little streets behind the church and the Casino to

Cantina Vecia Carbonera. This charming locale has a front bar frequented by jolly red-nosed men drinking the Venetian *spritz* (prosecco with Aperol, Select or Campari and a dash of seltzer) and eating cicchetti, the local version of tapas: mini sandwiches, crostini with leek-gorgonzola-walnut and radicchio-mascarpone-walnut

creams, mussels with tomato and cheese sauce, and risotto allo scoglio, or shellfish. Two signs above the bar read: “Spritz €2 Panini €2 Crostini €2” and “Ombra €1.” Ombra means “shadow,” but they aren't charging for shelter from the sun; it's a glass of house wine, served in a shot glass. The name comes from the wine vendors who in medieval times would set up in Saint Mark's Square under the bell tower, moving their kegs across the piazza along with the shade to

*Please turn to page W10*





Relaxing on Campo Santa Maria Formosa



Cantina Vecia Carbonera



Campo Santa Maria Formosa

Alamy

# A traghetto tour

The way to discover Venice's real allure is on foot and across water, using the six traghetto crossings along the Grand Canal.



- 1 San Marcuola-Fondaco dei Turchi**  
Winter 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.  
Summer 9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.  
Closed Sunday and public holidays
- 2 Pescheria-Santa Sofia**  
7:30 a.m. - 8 p.m.  
Sunday 8:45 a.m. - 7 p.m.
- 3 Riva del Carbon-Fondamente del Vin**  
8 a.m. - 1 p.m.  
Closed Sunday and public holidays
- 4 Sant'Angelo-San Toma**  
7:30 a.m. - 8 p.m.  
Sunday 8:30 a.m. - 7:30 p.m.
- 5 San Samuele-Ca' Rezzonico**  
8:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.  
Closed Sunday and public holidays
- 6 Campo del Traghetto-Calle Lanza**  
9 a.m. - 6 p.m. daily including public holidays



Basilica Santa Maria della Salute

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See an interactive version of the map at [WSJ.com/Travel](http://WSJ.com/Travel)



A traghetto crossing to San Samuele

Infophoto

AFP

# Venice crossings: A traghetto tour of the city

Continued from page W8

keep cool.

After eating, head along the Strada Nova toward the train station and cross the Ponte Guglie bridge to take refuge in Parco Savorgnan, a shady public park full of chirping birds and towering trees. It's tucked away behind the Palazzo Venier, to your right, and is signposted from Campo San Geremia, down the little street in front of the bridge.

Back across the Cannaregio Canal, taking the Ponte Guglie again, is the Jewish Ghetto, the origin of the term "ghetto," a formerly gated area where Venetian Jews were confined until the arrival of Napoleon in 1797. Although only about one-third of Venice's roughly 1,000 Orthodox Jewish residents still live there, the neighborhood remains their spiritual center, with two of five historic synagogues still functioning: the breathtaking Byzantine-accented Schola Spagnola, used in summer; and the Baroque Schola Levantina, with a finely carved woodwork, for wintertime worship.

The Museo Ebraico (Jewish Museum), in Campo del Ghetto Nuovo, gives guided tours of three synagogues. On Friday evening the lilting prayers of Torah students emanating from the Chabad Ari Yeshiva are a reminder of Venice's history as an ancient cultural crossroads.

For dinner in the area try laid-back Anice Stellato, which offers canalside tables in summer and serves classic Venetian seafood dishes such as bigoi in salsa (fat spaghetti in anchovy and onion sauce), spaghetti con caprossoli (with clams), garusoli (sea-snails), and baccalà mantecato (creamed cod).

After dinner head over to the Fondamenta de la Misericordia to the popular hangout Il Paradiso Perduto, with live music and a mix of boisterous locals, including burly workmen who dock their colorfully painted wooden boats right in front.

## Pescheria-Santa Sofia

Get up early the next day and immerse yourself in the bustle and banter of the 1,000-year-old Rialto fish market, housed in a neo-Gothic arcade. Even if you speak Italian, you may have trouble with the Venetian dialect, spoken in abrupt sentences that end mid-crescendo. The dappled light coming through the arches transforms the aromatic goods into still lifes.

Perhaps it will help to fortify yourself, like the Venetians, with a midmorning ombra and a snack at Cantina Do Mori, Venice's oldest bacaro, a typical wine bar that has served local tradesmen since the 14th century. By noon you can escape the crowds swarming across the Rialto Bridge by catching the gondola at the Pescheria traghetto stop (near Ca' d'Oro).

Disembark in front of the Santa Sofia church. For sustenance head to the Osteria Al Bomba, hidden at the end of a passageway to the right of the church. "That is where we go to eat well and not spend much," says one of the gondoliers. Typical cicchetti here include the Venetian sarde in saor (sardines with onions and raisins), baccalà mantecato and polenta.

Down the Strada Nova—an unusually wide and straight thoroughfare built in the late 19th century that spans almost the length of Cannaregio—and beyond the Campo dei Santi Apostoli bridge is the exquisite Santa Maria dei Miracoli, a Renaissance jewel box faced with multicolored marble left over from the San Marco Basilica and tucked away on its own between two bridges. Have a coffee with a lovely view from one of the cozy booths at Bar Ai Miracoli, in the adjacent Campiello Santa Maria Nova, where there is a flea market on some weekends. On the piazza is the shop of bookbinder Paolo Olbi, where you can find elegant hand-bound journals.

Cross the Ponte del Piovan and take the Calle Larga Giacinto Gallina to the Ostaria al Ponte, nestled next to the bridge leading onto the vast Campo San Zanipolo. By afternoon this cozy place will start filling up with an assortment of convivial Venetians sipping wine and savoring plates of seafood cicchetti, prosciutto and salumi, and pickled onions served



Traghetto gondoliers taking a break on the San Toma landing.

from the glass bar.

Across the bridge you'll see the Gothic façade of the enormous Dominican basilica of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, where 25 doges are buried; there is a grand funerary monument to Pietro Mocenigo, an altar by Giovanni Bellini and several paintings by Veronese.

You are now in Castello sestiere. Exit the piazza via Calle Bressana and head to the Campo Santa Maria Formosa, one of the largest in the city, framed by perhaps the finest collection of palazzos displaying Venice's unique architectural styles. At one end the Querini-Stampalia Foundation house museum exhibits original furnishings and artwork owned by the family of Niccolò Querini, who was banished to Greece for treason in the 14th century, along with periodic contemporary-art exhibitions. Of note here are paintings by Pietro Longhi and Gabriele Bella illustrating the daily life of 18th-century Venice. Behind the bookstore there is café and a courtyard garden designed by Carlo Scarpa.

## Riva del Carbon-Fondamente del Vin

It is a short walk from there to the next traghetto stop, Riva del Carbon, within sight of the Rialto bridge. Here, take the boat across to the Fondamente del Vin in the San Polo quarter.

You arrive in the secluded Campo San Silvestro, a perfect example of the deserted little piazzas that pop up unexpectedly as you turn a corner, seemingly into the past. Here are nondescript decaying palazzos—one pink, one saffron, many worn of paint—and the ubiquitous covered medieval wellhead. The neoclassical towered church features Tintoretto's Baptism of Christ. On the corner is the contemporary Altrove 360° Bar, one of the few that serves all day, from breakfast to after-dinner cocktails.

Next, head along the shopping street Campiello dei Meloni and stop on the way toward the Rialto at no. 1415. Pasticceria Rizzardini, sells candy from jars and traditional Venetian pastries such as pear cake and apple strudel in a lovely dark wood interior.

Avoid the Rialto throngs by ducking in among the porticoes opposite the bridge, where you will find one of Venice's more interesting new restaurants. Run by brother and sister Sara and Valerio Silvestri, the tiny Osteria Sacro e Profano serves a mix of traditional recipes such as baccalà mantecato served with slabs of polenta and inventive variations like pumpkin ravioli with poppy seeds, and shrimp with apples and curry. Then take descent on the only real terrace on the Grand Canal, at either Bancogiro or Naranzaria restaurants, in the former Rialto market storehouse, where you can watch the hectic boat traffic swerve past.

## Campo del Traghetto-Calle Lanza

Start a new day in Castello with an atmospheric mass invoking the exotic Eastern influence of Venice's past at San Giorgio dei Greci, the oldest and most important church of the Orthodox diaspora. The church's tower teeters a bit. Suffused with heady incense, its splendid interior features dark wood stalls, awe-inspiring iconography accented with gold, fine post-Byzantine mosaics, and a frescoed cupola painted under the supervision of Tintoretto.

Afterward head down the little canal to the Scuola di San Giorgio degli Schiavoni to see Carpaccio's great Venetian cycle illustrating the lives of Dalmatian saints, including the celebrated St. George and the Dragon. The paintings were made specifically for this building, which has a mysterious and hushed ambience. Next door to the church the Museo dell'Istituto Ellenico displays an impressive collection of Byzantine icons.

On a dim and narrow street behind the Doge's palace, the pasticceria-bar Da Bonifacio serves the best pizzette in Venice, as well as freshly made cakes and, at the bar, some of the juiciest neighborhood gossip.

Next, cross the Piazza San Marco through the arcade at the other end to Campo Santa Maria Zobenigo, and turn left on the Campo

## Tours that take advantage of the traghetto crossings make it easy to avoid the main thoroughfares.

del Traghetto for the ride across to the Dorsoduro quarter.

You will disembark not far from the magnificent octagonal Basilica Santa Maria della Salute, built in thanksgiving for the end of the plague in the early 17th century. The Baroque church, with more than 100 figures gesturing from atop its soaring buttresses, contains several Titians, as well as Tintoretto's great "Marriage at Cana" (1551) in the sacristy.

Down the street on a corner across from Saint George's Anglican church is Al Vecio Forner, a cozy dark-wood osteria specializing in seafood, where you can also order snacks from the cicchetti bar.

After dinner you can walk across the wooden Accademia Bridge to visit the Piazza San Marco when it is empty of pigeons and other tourists. Late at night the famous square is magical, with the lights from colonnade throwing a painterly sheen on the pave-

ment. The Caffé Aurora serves up cocktails, dance music, and a cool vibe under the portico until 2 a.m.

## San Samuele-Ca' Rezzonico

Start the next morning with an espresso among the hipsters at the red Caffé on Campo Santa Margherita while Venetians stroll by with their dogs or shop at the open-air market in the piazza. Then walk over the bridge and through Campo San Barnaba—along the canal that Katharine Hepburn fell into in the movie "Summertime"—and take a left past the church on the Calle del Traghetto to the gondola stop.

Once across the canal you will disembark next to the Palazzo Grassi, the contemporary-art museum opened in 2006 to showcase the collection of French billionaire François Pinault.

A twisting route of back streets starting at the Calle delle Carozze will take you to the eccentric Fortuny Museum, where you can see the former studio of textile designer Mariano Fortuny in a dark and dusty Gothic palace, which also hosts changing exhibitions. Afterward take a drink from the fountain in the desolate little Campo San Benedetto.

Nearby, off Campo Santo Stefano on the Calle dell Botteghe, the deservedly famous bacaro Trattoria Da Fiore is certainly no longer a secret, but its casual cicchetti bar is still great for a lunch of the classics: slices of eggplant, tomato and mozzarella with giant capers on top; sardines in saor; fried calamari and sea snails; baccalà mantecato spread on a bread slice; fried tuna balls or green peppers. Afterward go to Igloo, on Calle della Mandola, for an excellent fig or pistachio gelato.

## Sant'Angelo-San Toma

Back down Calle delle Botteghe past the restaurant is the Sant'Angelo traghetto stop, where you cross to the San Toma landing, in the San Polo quarter.

A short walk away are the Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari church and the Scuola di San Rocco, the richest of six medieval Venetian "schools," or guilds, founded between the 13th and 16th centuries. These two sites hold a veritable pantheon of the city's glories, with the greatest concentration of significant art outside of the Accademia. The impressive interior of the Scuola is decorated entirely by Tintoretto and became his epic masterpiece, with more than 50 paintings produced over 23 years. The cavernous Franciscan church contains masterpieces by Titian and Bellini and the tombs of Titian and Canova, the latter with an urn holding the sculptor's mummified heart.

After such an overwhelming experience, you may need a gelato. Take one of the little streets behind the Scuola di San Rocco to Campo Santa Margherita. At the far end of the piazza is Il Doge Gelateria (not to be mistaken for the newer one on the corner).

Continue toward the Accademia Bridge via Campo San Barnaba. On Calle della Toletta you will find Canestrelli, a small shop selling elegant handcrafted frames with convex mirrors by architect Stefano Coluccio, who learned the family trade from his grandfather.

Farther down the winding street, cross a bridge and head to the right. In the evenings a devoted crowd of regulars spills out onto the Fondamenta Priuli to drink at Enoteca Gia Schiavi, where there's also a delicious array of cicchetti: crostini with gorgonzola, apple, and aceto or pistachio-cheese cream as well as the classics, for only €1 each. For dinner, the bustling Ostaria ai 4 Feri, just off the Campo San Barnaba, serves simply grilled fish and seafood pastas in a rustic setting.

Back across the Ponte dei Pugni bridge, toward Campo Santa Margherita, the cool and sleek Imagina Café shows contemporary art and serves cocktails until 2 a.m. Nearby the Venice Jazz Club features live music starting at 9 p.m. And near the Accademia, the tiny after-hours disco dive Piccolo Mondo attracts lots of students with a colorful, rough-around-the-edges ambience.

Or, if the night life isn't your thing, just wander the city some more. You'll have the streets practically to yourself.

Cathryn Drake/The Wall Street Journal

# Teatime amid wandering dunes

BY DEBORAH STEINBORN

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

**T**O MANY VISITORS, the raw beauty of Sylt is almost enough to survive on. In the early 1900s, the expressionist painter Emil Nolde recalled “wandering for endless hours, like a drunkard” along the German island’s sprawling beaches and desert-like sand dunes.

Summer crowds gone, purple heather blossoming and a crisp North Sea breeze in the air, an autumn weekend is ideal to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Nolde. Drink in the narrow, arm-shaped island’s stunning landscapes, and, to warm up, its unique teas too. But do so the old-fashioned Sylt way. Locals see to it that age-old traditions still prosper. And when it comes to tea, they’re particularly vigilant.

Ever since tea was introduced to Germany’s northernmost point in the 1700s, it has played a major role in the island’s daily life. Unlike the rest of Germany, where coffee is more popular even than beer, Syltters stick to tea. They drink their *Friesentee* (Frisian tea) strongly brewed and black to wake up or warm up in the morning, mixed with rock sugar and cream or *Koem* (a locally distilled rum) to be social in the afternoon, and brewed with herbs in the evening before bedtime. On special occasions, a slice of *Friesentorte*—a layered plum-jam and cream cake—accompanies a cup.

The best way to discover Sylt is by bike, and you’ll find rental shops everywhere. Starting out in Westerland, the island’s heart, pedal along Friedrichstrasse, a pedestrian zone lined with jewelers and high-end pottery shops. Stop at Teekula, one of the island’s largest tea chains, for a first taste of the wide array of local teas.

Traditional Frisian tea is a strong blend of black tea with a malty taste. The tea isn’t grown here, rather it is mixed in various “secret” recipes by the island’s manufacturers to create the unique Frisian taste.

A popular local mix is *Schietwetter Tee*; it includes apple, blackberry, fennel, elder and wild rose petals that islanders like to drink on rainy days (its literal translation is “s— weather tea”). Interested cus-



Hiking the dunes in Sylt; below, the island is one of the few areas in Germany where tea is preferred to coffee.



High, uniquely sculptured hedges shield tables from the wind and each other ([www.kupferkanne-sylt.de](http://www.kupferkanne-sylt.de)).

Sipping tea with the North Sea all around, you can easily imagine whaling captains’ wives of the 18th century huddled together, tea cupped in hands, during the brutal winters. Tea came to the island by coincidence in 1738, when islanders found a case of the stuff on the beach after a nearby shipwreck. It took a fisherman who had been to Asia to identify it as tea rather than the green cabbage that grew on the island’s bluffs.

Frisians drank it as an alternative to alcohol, which was frowned upon in the era’s Calvinist culture, as well as to ward off stomach illness—water was safer if boiled and the islanders believed the strong brew killed germs.

As locals prospered at whaling and fishing in the 18th and 19th centuries, they added cream and rock sugar to sweeten the tea, and began to drink it socially.

The *Friesentee* ceremony is still practiced among Syltters in villages throughout the island. The best place to hunt it down as a tourist, though, is the former whaling town of Keitum, eight kilometers south of Kampen. Keitum was the economic and social heart of the island during its seafaring heyday, and descendants of whaling and fishing captains still live there.

On your way down, it’s well worth a break from biking to explore the vast *Wattenmeer* on foot. The tidal mud flats on the eastern coast of Sylt are famous for rich sea life. *Wadlopen*, or low-tide sea-walking in the *Wattenmeer*, is another tradition that has withstood the test of time on Sylt; organized tours take place daily, weather permitting.

Just outside Keitum atop a high cliff stands the 12th-century St. Severin Church. The church, which functioned as a landmark for seafarers in the old days, today has year-round organ concerts. Each February, islanders still pile straw, reeds and wood into a huge bonfire outside the church as a symbolic send-off for sailors heading into spring fishing season.

In Keitum, stop at the *Altfriesisches Haus* (Old Frisian House) on *Museumsweg* to brush up on local history. Built in 1739 by a sailing captain, the farmhouse now offers a chronicle of the island’s development. The Sylt *Heimatmuseum* (Sylt Folklore Museum) is nearby, as are modern artisans who have set up shop in neighboring Frisian-style homes. Just down the road, on a wide swath of lawn that used to be farmland, is what’s considered the island’s best hotel. The *Benen-Diken-Hof*, a family-run hotel with just a few dozen rooms, is worth a visit for its freshly baked cakes (following traditional Sylt recipes) and friendly service even if you don’t stay the night ([www.benen-diken-hof.de](http://www.benen-diken-hof.de)).

tomers can see tea being mixed at Teekula’s factory in the town of Tinnum, just a few miles south ([www.sylter-teehaus.de](http://www.sylter-teehaus.de)).

Just down the road, Teehaus Ernst Janssen sells 15 types of Frisian tea, and shopkeeper Mr. Janssen offers two-hour tea seminars weekly that are popular with tourists ([www.ernst-janssen.com](http://www.ernst-janssen.com)). “If you drink tea, you should know how to drink it,” he says. He says you should use the freshest water available, preferably from a spring (there are several natural springs on Sylt); use less tea than you’d think necessary; and brew black tea only for three to four minutes instead of the popularly believed five.

The traditional Sylt tea ceremony is heavy on etiquette and superstition. Sift one teaspoon of tea leaves per cup into a teapot—it should be made of heavy ceramic and look like it came from Grandma’s house. Add an extra spoon for good measure, and yet another if any grandmothers are at the table. Pour enough just-off-the-boil water to half-fill the pot, then wait exactly two minutes before adding more.

Next, place several rock-candy sugars into each teacup, being sure to add them one at a time—putting in too many at once is said to bring bad luck. Pour tea through a sieve directly into cups. Wait for the candy sugar in each cup to crack loudly.



Alamy ©

That sound marks the official start of teatime. Only then can you add one spoon of cream, letting it spill off the spoon from right to left—there’s no real reason, it’s just the old tradition.

Not far from Westerland’s center are the sprawling, mile-wide beaches for which the island is known. Hit the dikes of western Sylt, waves crashing below, and head north toward Kampen. With an abundance of red-brick houses roofed with reeds from the tidal marshes and streets lined with chestnut trees, the town is one of the island’s quaintest and is frequented by German celebrities in all seasons. It’s also host to the *Uwe Düne*, a dune that at 53 meters is the island’s high-

est point. Visitors can climb 102 sand-strewn steps to a platform that provides vistas of the entire island and, on clear days, Denmark beyond.

In Kampen stop at the *Kupferkanne* (Copper Kettle). It’s easy to find: hand-painted stone signs lead the way through Kampen’s residential area to its seaside outskirts. The café offers its own blend of Frisian tea and widely acclaimed butter cakes baked each morning.

A former World War II bunker, the building is a warren of now-cozily decorated rooms. The outdoor seating, amid 28,000 square meters of gardens, is built like a stadium, and levels of terraces with one to five tables spill down toward the *Wattenmeer*, or the Wadden Sea, below you.

## A pilgrimage for the Wattenmeer’s Royal oyster

**A** SYLT GETAWAY would be incomplete without stopping in List, a tiny town on the island’s northernmost tip to try the unique Sylt *Royal*, an oyster cultivated in the tidal shallows of the *Wattenmeer*.

The *Royal* tastes mildly nutty and just a bit salty. They’re large, and eaten raw with a twist of lemon.

Oyster fishing in northern Germany died out around the time of World War II and was never economical enough to revive. But in 1986 a small List-based company called *Dittmeyer*’s decided to bring back Sylt’s oyster production, and List is now home to Germany’s only oyster banks.



Eating Sylt *Royal* oysters in List.

For more than a thousand years, fishermen on Sylt had

used sailboats to drag nets across the tidal mud flats. The oysters—at the time, considered a poor-man’s food—that were caught were given away to the hungry.

Today, all Sylt *Royal* are cultivated, a painstaking process that lasts from three to five years. The oysters grow in mesh sacks attached to iron platforms in the tidal shallows of *Blidsel Bay*. Each winter, when the tidal shallows are covered by drift ice, the oysters are removed by hand and placed in indoor salt-water ponds.

One of the most popular places to try the oysters (and other North Sea specialties) is at *Gosch*’s fish restaurant in

List, an icon in giant fish-market-style stalls on the harborfront.

Jürgen Gosch started out here selling eel at a one-man wooden stand back in the 1960s, and now his chain of fish restaurants and stores extends across Germany. The 67-year-old—himself an island icon—can be found most days serving up traditional *Nordseekrabben* (North Sea shrimp) and *Seezunge* (sole) at the restaurant’s open kitchen, or telling Sylt tales over a plastic cup of *Aquavit* at its bar.

Sylt *Royal* oysters can be vacuum-packed to take home from the island. The oysters’ thick shells keep them fresh for roughly a week.

—Deborah Steinborn

# Deals for a down market

HIGHLAND PARK IS rolling out a new offering of 40-year-old single-malt Scotch—perhaps not the most auspicious time to bring a \$2,000-a-bottle whisky to the market. My guess is that there will soon be a premium on spirits without premium prices. Which makes now a good time to sample the standard brands of blended Scotch whisky to see which are good bets for the austere days to come.

I picked up bottles from among the most famous of Scotch brands,

## How's Your Drink?

ERIC FELTEN

including such blends as Johnnie Walker Red Label (the most popular Scotch in the world), Dewar's White Label, and J&B Rare. I also picked up such venerable—but no longer fashionable—brands as Black & White, Ballantine's Finest and White Horse. Prices ranged from \$12.99 to just over the \$20 mark.

These whiskies are a deal, not only compared with single malts, but in relation to the historical cost of blended whisky: Back in 1938 a liquor price war broke out, with retailers slashing what they charged for Scotch. In New York, the price of Black & White fell to \$2.29 from \$3.29. In today's dollars that discount price would work out to about \$35. But I was able to buy a bottle of Black & White for \$14.99. Maybe times aren't so bad after all.

But are the whiskies worth drinking? Yes and not really. Let's start with the not-reallys. I've never been a fan of Johnnie Walker's Red Label (as opposed to the much tastier Black Label variety), and in my blind tasting I found no reason to change my opinion—I wrote "burned rubber shoe" on my tasting sheet.

I wasn't too enamored of Dewar's either, a whisky that, in striving for complexity, ends up an inharmonious muddle of flavors. Cutty Sark was watery; The Famous Grouse was blandish; plain sweetness and alcohol burn contested for primacy in Grant's; Black & White was just blah.

Better was White Horse, a soft whisky with hints of vanilla and cinnamon. I also liked J&B, a green and grassy whisky in which you can taste the light and flowery Knockando single malt that is one of its constituent parts. But my two favorites were Ballantine's and Teacher's. Ballantine's has a rich, rounded, malty sweetness balanced by dry herbal notes. Teacher's has a robust, chewy malt taste as ballast and, above deck, the restrained smokiness of the peaty Ardmore single malt.

Teacher's is a brand that has always been around, but which I had never bothered to try. It has become incredibly popular in some big Scotch-drinking markets, such as India and Brazil, but the brand has been allowed to atrophy in the U.S.

It was once heavily advertised, with slogans worthy of Mr. Blandings. By the 1970s, Jerry Della Femina had the account, and the ads were decidedly more quirky. He hired a slew of comedians to pen comic testimonials to the whisky, among them Mel Brooks and Redd Foxx. Groucho Marx shilled for Teacher's in a rollicking advertorial that ran in Playboy and Esquire in 1973: "Whenever I think of Scotch, I recall the Immortal Words of My



Dylan Cross for The Wall Street Journal

## Sampling Whiskies

### GOOD/VERY GOOD

#### Teacher's Highland Cream \$16.99

Robust, chewy malt taste gives this whisky ballast. Above deck, the Scotch gets dressed in the elegantly restrained smokiness of the lightly peated Ardmore single malt.

#### Ballantine's Finest \$13.99

A rich, rounded, malty sweetness balanced by dry herbal notes.

### GOOD

#### J&B Rare \$18.99

A grassy-green young whisky in which you can taste the light and flowery Knockando single malt, one of its constituent parts.

#### White Horse \$12.99

A soft whisky with hints of vanilla, cinnamon, and caramel.

Brother Harpo."

Groucho's story went that he woke up one morning to find that his liquor cabinet had been robbed. Someone had taken a sample of every Scotch on the shelf, "Except in the case of Teacher's Scotch where the case was taken." Groucho suspected Harpo, at whose house, "there, big as life, were my bottles of Teacher's." Harpo honked that "Teacher's tasted better to him than any of the other scotches I had."

The funny thing is that, in real life, not only did Harpo dislike Scotch, but he hated spirits of every sort. The mere prospect of having to take a gulp of liquor was enough to make him throw up. "There was something wrong with my chemistry," he wrote in his autobiography "Harpo Speaks!" A friend had joked that Harpo couldn't even serve alcohol—if he opened a fresh bottle of rare old Scotch and started to pour, "by the time the liquor got in the glass the drink would be ruined."

Harpo and liquor may have been a bad mix, but not nearly as disastrous a combination as alcohol and Jack Kerouac. The Beat poet and novelist drank himself to death less than a year after making a boozy fool of himself on an infamous episode of William F. Buckley Jr.'s "Firing Line." A month after the riots at the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago, Buckley assembled a panel to discuss "The Hippies." Among

the guests was a spectacularly drunk Kerouac, who drifted off when not blurting non sequiturs—at one point Kerouac shouted, "Flat-faced floogee with the floy, floy!" Buckley was kind enough not to point out that the actual lyric to the swing-era tune begins "Flat foot," but he did turn to the audience and crack, "Give that man a drink."

But of course, Kerouac had a drink. He had been slurping whisky all the while from a coffee mug at his side, and according to biographer Dennis McNally that mug had been filled with what was left of a bottle of Teacher's Highland Cream that Kerouac had started in the green room.

You can't blame the Teacher's folks for leaving Kerouac out of their ad campaigns. Though they did enlist the help of another drinker of some renown, Fats Domino. His "Domino Theory of Drinking" went: "Once you down a Teacher's Scotch, a second one will soon follow in its place. And maybe a third. Sometimes even a Fifth."

Best not to so over-consume, notwithstanding the anxieties of the moment. And best not to get overstretched buying expensive liquor. That is, unless I can get the Highland Park 40 with an I.O.U. and persuade Henry Paulson to pay off the scrap of lousy paper for me.

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

## Hit List: MARIO BATALI

# The chef's favorite dinner music

Chef Mario Batali grew up listening to music, from the jazz his father favored to Chicago, Elton John and Led Zeppelin. Now, he uses music—he programs the iPods linked to his restaurants' sound systems—to create what he calls a happy, fun and somewhat unpredictable mood for diners. (His restaurant empire includes Babbo and Bar Jamón in New York and Osteria Mozza in Los Angeles.) The 47-year-old Mr. Batali is also on public television, hosting with Gwyneth Paltrow a 13-episode series called "Spain...On the Road Again." In the show, he guides a foodie roadtrip through Spain, where he went to school. Below, a few albums Mr. Batali puts on for dinner.

—Juliet Chung



Melanie Dunea



### Take Five Live

by Dave Brubeck w/ Carmen McRae (1961)

A favorite of Mr. Batali's father, this live recording features Mr. Brubeck's jazz quartet and vocals by the acclaimed Ms. McRae. "It's a little jumpin' but you don't have to listen to it on loud," says Mr. Batali.

### Swordfishtrombones

by Tom Waits (1983)

This album is an easy one for diners to appreciate, Mr. Batali says. Mr. Waits "was a little bit more of a crooner on that record. It's less high art and just more of the regular, basic, beautiful ballads that he's really a specialist at."



### Automatic for the People

by R.E.M. (1992)

One of R.E.M.'s most introspective, elegiac albums, Mr. Batali says it showcases the range of the band as well as Michael Stipe's skills as a vocalist. "Every song on that is an unbelievable masterpiece," he says. "People get goosebumps when they listen to it."

### Cesaria

by Cesaria Evora (1995)

Mr. Batali encountered Ms. Evora's music when he heard her perform in the 1980s. The Cape Verdean vocalist, who has a penchant for performing barefoot, sets a sultry mood, he says. "The vibe, it's unbelievably sexy."



### Cê

by Caetano Veloso (2006)

This rock album, with explicit Portuguese lyrics, comes from one of Brazil's enduring pop stars, who was briefly jailed in the 1960s by a government that saw political threats in his lyrics. "It's got this very beautiful, relaxing, not obstreperous rhythm and song to it," says Mr. Batali.

Listen to clips from some of these albums, at [WSJ.com/Lifestyle](http://WSJ.com/Lifestyle)

Houses of Worship / By James Martin, S. J.

## Love and Marriage and Sainthood

After their wedding in Alençon, France, on July 13, 1858, Louis Martin and Zélie Guérin refrained from sex for 10 months. The impetus for that arrangement, known as a “Josephite marriage” (after the celibate relationship between St. Joseph and his wife, Mary), came from Louis, who had earlier hoped to enter a monastery. Eventually, a frustrated Zélie escorted her husband to a local priest, who assured them that raising children was a sacred activity.

They took his advice: Before her death in 1877, Zélie bore nine children—five of whom joined religious orders.

We would know little about Louis or Zélie were it not for their youngest daughter, Thérèse, who entered a Carmelite monastery in Lisieux and became one of the church’s most popular saints. St. Thérèse of Lisieux, the “Little Flower,” was canonized in 1925.

This Sunday in the basilica of Lisieux, Louis and Zélie will be beatified, the Catholic church’s penultimate step before canonization, positioning them to join the

rarefied company of saints who were married. That brief list includes Saints Peter, Monica, Thomas More and the American-born Elizabeth Ann Seton. The roster of saints married to one another is even shorter: Isadore and Maria, 10th-century Spanish farmers, are among the few.

The Lisieux ceremony follows the Vatican’s approval, in July, of the required miracle—the healing of a man with a malformation of the lung. But the beatification raises questions about the models of life being presented to Catholics. What can a man and woman who planned to live celibately say to married couples today?

The two traditional roles of the saints are the patron (who intercedes on behalf of those on earth) and the companion (who provides believers with an example of Christian life). And the paucity of lay saints—more specifically, married ones—in the roster is somewhat embarrassing.

Two reasons underlie this anomaly: the outmoded belief,

almost as old as the church, that the celibate life was “better” than married life, and the fact that the church’s canonization process is an arduous one, requiring someone to gather paperwork, interview contemporaries if that is still possible and present the case to the Congregation for the Causes of Saints.

Certainly there have been as many saintly wives and husbands, and mothers and fathers, as there have been holy priests and nuns. But religious orders and dioceses know how to navigate the complex canonization procedures on behalf of bishops, priests, brothers and sisters. By contrast, how many families have the resources to embark on the decades-long process on behalf of even the holiest mother or father? As a result, married Catholics have few exemplars other than Mary and Joseph, whose situation was hardly replicable.

Since the Second Vatican Council, which emphasized the “universal call to holiness,” Rome has stepped up its efforts to canonize more lay and married people. The Vatican hopes to expand the “calendar of saints” beyond

those who sport miters, collars and veils in order to provide Catholics with lives that they can emulate, not simply admire. But do Louis and Zélie fit the bill?

No one doubts that the Martins led the traditional life of “heroic sanctity” required for sainthood. Though obviously biased, St. Thérèse wrote: “The Good God gave me a father and mother more worthy of heaven than of earth.” They were devoted to one another, to their children and to their faith. During their first year of marriage, the couple took into their home a young boy whose mother had died. And whenever Louis and Zélie were apart, they exchanged the tenderest of letters. “Your

husband and true friend who loves you forever,” Louis wrote.

One lesson that believers might take from the new “blesseds” is that sanctity comes in many styles. If it were up to their youthful selves, neither would have married: Zélie wanted to be a nun as much as Louis hoped to be a monk. After setting aside their celibacy, they provided a warm home for their children, five of whom fulfilled their parents’ thwarted hopes for life in a religious order. The wife died early; the grieving husband struggled with mental illness, including hallucinations in which he saw “frightful things,” according to his daughter Céline.

Throughout their complicated lives Blessed Louis and Zélie Martin tried to love as best they could, something that is still relevant—and not just to married couples. And whose life, and which saint’s life, is “typical” anyway? Holiness, as the lives of the saints remind us, always makes its home in humanity.

Father Martin is the author of “My Life With the Saints.”

Masterpiece / By Corinna da Fonseca-Wollheim

## The Unique Magic of Keith Jarrett’s Köln Concert

It is the most successful solo jazz album of all time, but Keith Jarrett wants to see each of the 3.5 million copies of “The Köln Concert” stomped into the ground. Recorded on Jan. 24, 1975, in front of a live audience in the Cologne opera house, the hauntingly lyrical free improvisation became as much a part of ’70s ambiance as the scent of pot and patchouli. In

an interview with the German magazine *Der Spiegel* in 1992, Mr. Jarrett complained that the album had become nothing more than a soundtrack. “We also have to learn to forget music,” he added. “Otherwise we become addicted to the past.”

But much as his admirers might like to honor Mr. Jarrett’s wishes, his “Köln Concert” is not likely to be forgotten any time soon. In fact, what makes the album extraordinary is that the music, created out of nothing over the space of an evening decades ago, has stood the test of time as a lasting work of art. Far from being a memorial monument, the record gives the lis-

tener the opportunity to witness the act of creation itself, to participate in the making of art.

The concert was part of a European solo tour begun in 1973. Previously, Mr. Jarrett had played in trios and quartets, then joined the ensemble around Miles Davis, helping him push jazz beyond its limits. At Davis’s request, he abandoned the acoustic piano in favor of the electronic organ and electric piano. He hated it. The solo tour was like a detox program, a return to his artistic core to the point where it was just Mr. Jarrett, the piano, and silence.

“When I think of improvising,” Mr. Jarrett says in Mike Dibbs’s 2005 documentary “On Improvisation,” “I think of going from zero to zero—or wherever it goes. I’m not connecting one thing to another.” Each concert was a blank, silent space waiting for Mr. Jarrett to fill it with music.

“Köln was different, because there were just so many negative things in a row,” Mr. Jarrett recalls in the documentary. He had not slept in two nights. The piano he had ordered did not arrive in time for the concert. The one in the hall was substandard, sounding tinny and thin in the outer registers. Mr. Jarrett nearly refused to play, changing his mind at the last minute. Almost as an afterthought, the sound technicians decided to place the mikes and record the concert, even if only for the house archive. Later, longtime friend and record producer Manfred Eicher said: “Probably he played it the way he did because it was not a good piano. Because he could not fall in love with it he found another way to get the most out of it.”

When Mr. Jarrett played the first four notes, a low ripple of laughter went through the auditorium: He was quoting the opera house’s intermission bell. But just as quickly, the reaction turned into awed silence as Mr. Jarrett turned the banal and familiar into something gorgeous and mysterious. On the LP, the concert would be cut into four segments, but that night he played two separate “movements” lasting about half an hour

each, plus a six-minute encore. The first movement is lyrical, pen-

sive. Mr. Jarrett uses the suspension pedal to create a liquid, suspended soundscape out of which melodies emerge gently, even reluctantly. Part II is all rhythm to begin with, with a choppy short motif in the left hand repeated over and over while scales break out in the right hand as if released by a spring. With minute harmonic variations, Mr. Jarrett conjures up different genres: rock ‘n’ roll, hoedown, mini-

malist music. A sudden silence gives way to a broody passage, and then there is a melody again, this time modal, somewhat Oriental, entirely distinct. The encore is simple and sweet like a familiar song.

In the jazz world of 1975, the sheer beauty of the program was revolutionary. It also helped make it accessible to a public that otherwise felt alienated from jazz, leading to the immense success of the album. But the popularity of

piece only in its recorded format. And it requires an audience that participates in the unfolding act of creation each time anew.

Thus the listener becomes involved in the search for a theme’s development, shares in the elation when Mr. Jarrett finds a beautiful new tune, experiences the joy of hearing him play with it. When he pauses on a chord, unsure of where to go next, it seems as if much more than the immediate future of this music hangs in the balance. When he shifts to a new key, it feels as if a door has been pushed open, inviting the listener to explore new rooms and hallways.

This spatial sense is an important feature of much of Mr. Jarrett’s solo work: His music offers room in which to breathe. But, like abstract art at its best, it can also present opaque surfaces that challenge the audience. Part II has long passages in which the sustained, hammering ostinato—a small motif repeated over and over again—becomes grating and uncomfortable. When Mr. Jarrett resolves the tension with yet another exquisitely phrased melody, the relief is physical.

In the 19th century, the great music critic and writer Eduard Hanslick described free improvisation as “the highest degree of immediacy in the musical revelation of mental states.” In “The Köln Concert,” the creative process is as much a part of the aesthetic experience as the resulting music is. The album is not so much masterpiece as masterwork: art as a process that forever remains in the present.

Ms. da Fonseca-Wollheim is a writer living in New York.



each, plus a six-minute encore. The first movement is lyrical, pen-

A jazz night to remember that the artist would like us to forget.

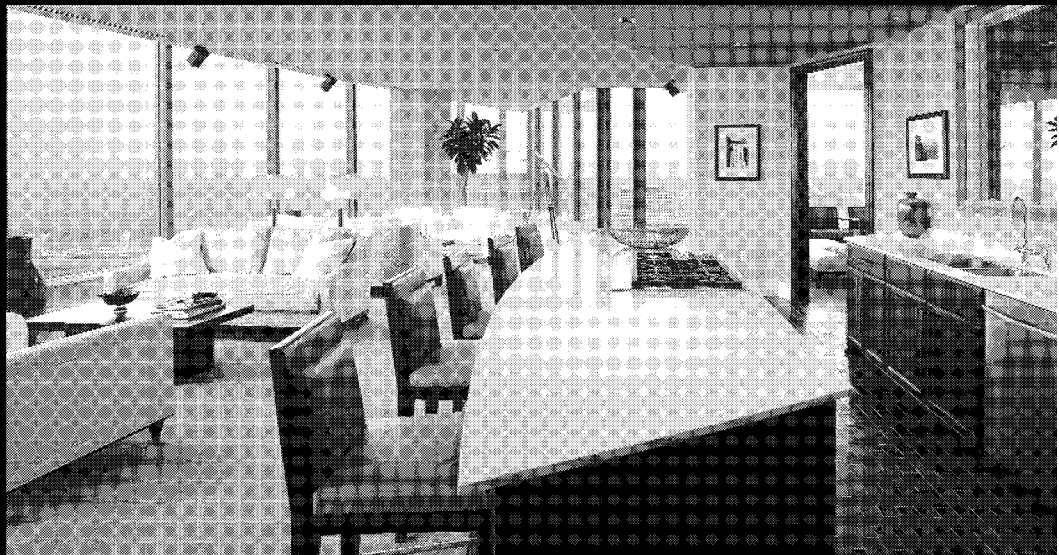


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## ❖ Books

# Works of beauty and loss

BY JOSEPH RAGO

**T**HANKS, IF THAT'S the word, to Robert Redford and his 1992 film "A River Runs Through It," Norman Maclean is regarded as America's poet laureate of fishing, more particularly of the sublime fly-fishing arts. Certainly the movie did not exaggerate the devotion that Maclean (1902-90) brought to the pursuit of trout in the rivers of western Montana. "In our family, there was no clear line between religion and fly fishing," he wrote at the beginning of the first tale of "A River Runs Through It and Other Stories" (1976).

But Maclean's veneration of the well-tied fly just betokened a wider reverence. Of what he called his "reminiscent stories," about roughnecking in Montana in the first decades of the 20th century, he noted: "I meant to record not only how we did certain things well in that world now almost beyond recall, but how it felt to do those things well that are now slipping from our hands and our memory." Thus he evokes the four-count rhythm of properly casting a dry fly—and describes the proper approach to logging, fire-fighting, drinking, trailcutting and other skills of his early manhood. The action in Maclean's autobiography-infused fiction is outwardly simple, rich in suggestion. The prose derives its power from words and their sounds and cadences: Meaning is unstated but nonetheless intensely felt. Nothing much happens, in other words, except everything.

Given the assurance of Maclean's work in "A River Runs Through It and Other Stories," it is astonishing that the collection represents his only venture into fiction—then again, he didn't start writing until he had reached his "biblical allotment of three score years and ten." The life began in 1902 and the work not until 1973, after Maclean had retired from the University of Chicago, where he taught Shakespeare and the Romantic poets. His collection nearly went undiscovered, suffering serial rejections from the New York publishers, with one editor sneering: "These stories have trees in them." File that under epic misjudgments. The title piece, a novella, is Maclean's portrait of his doomed brother Paul, who drinks, gambles and fights too much, and of their father, a Scottish Presbyterian minister; it is a genuine American classic.

But how did this retired professor bring off such accomplished work on his first attempt? And how did he then manage, just as remarkably, to produce a haunting work of nonfiction, the posthumously published "Young Men and Fire," Maclean's exploration of a deadly Montana forest fire in 1949?

"The Norman Maclean Reader" points us toward an answer. Smartly edited by O. Alan Weltzien of the University of Montana, the book brings together manuscripts and letters found among Maclean's papers after his death in 1990, as well as hard-to-find essays, lectures and interviews (Chicago University Press; £14.50). Maclean did not draw a distinction between his life and his fiction, and the material in the "Reader," much of it available for the first time, burnishes his achievement.

Maclean was deeply influenced by Wordsworth's notion of "spots of time," or the moments that give life shape and meaning, "as if an artist had made them," in Maclean's words. But he never went in for sentimentality or pointless nostalgia—he



was trying, rather, to lend such epiphanies the permanence of literature. It is no wonder, then, that much of his work is saturated with a sense of beauty and loss. In the story "USFS 1919," he writes: "I was young and I thought I was tough and I knew it was beautiful and I was a little bit crazy but hadn't noticed it yet." Or: "What a beautiful world it was once." The narrative crest of "A River Runs Through It" arrives with Paul's making "one big cast for one last big fish," a huge trout, "the last fish we were ever to see Paul catch." His father remarks: "He is beautiful."

"Young Men and Fire" is similarly haunted: A crew of 15 U.S. Forest Service smokejumpers—the embodiment of all that is young and brave—parachutes into Montana wilderness near Mann Gulch, "the gate of the mountains," which has been booby-trapped by nature. A 2,000-degree inferno will roar through the gulch and kill all but three of the men. Maclean, who worked for the Forest Service himself as a teenager, could not get the news of the disaster out of his head. In "Young Men and Fire," he bears witness to the heroism of the dead—"They were young," Maclean says, "and did not leave much behind them and need someone to remember them"—and he pursues the intensity of that day to the smallest particulars.

His subject, though, is larger than the fire, larger even than the doomed young men. Their story is enclosed in Maclean's account of how he came to understand what happened to them and, by extension, to understand the essence of his own mortality. As an old man, he returned obsessively to Mann Gulch summer after summer for a dozen years—a quest, he called it—and pressed, once more, to the edges of a finally unknowable mystery. "There's a lot of tragedy in the universe that has missing parts and comes to no conclusion," he writes, "including probably the tragedy that awaits you and me."

The revelations in "The Norman Maclean Reader" show him struggling to give form and coherence to these themes, in manuscripts and correspondence. He spent the mid-1950s and early 1960s working on a manuscript about George Custer and the Seventh Cavalry at Little Bighorn, which anticipates "Young Men and Fire." It proved too daunting, though, to work a fool like Custer into Maclean's tragic template, and he abandoned the project. But in a letter on the subject, Maclean described a quality that would typify the profound work that still lay ahead. His aim, he wrote, was to study the "topography of certain exposed portions of the surface of the soul."

Janet Hamlin

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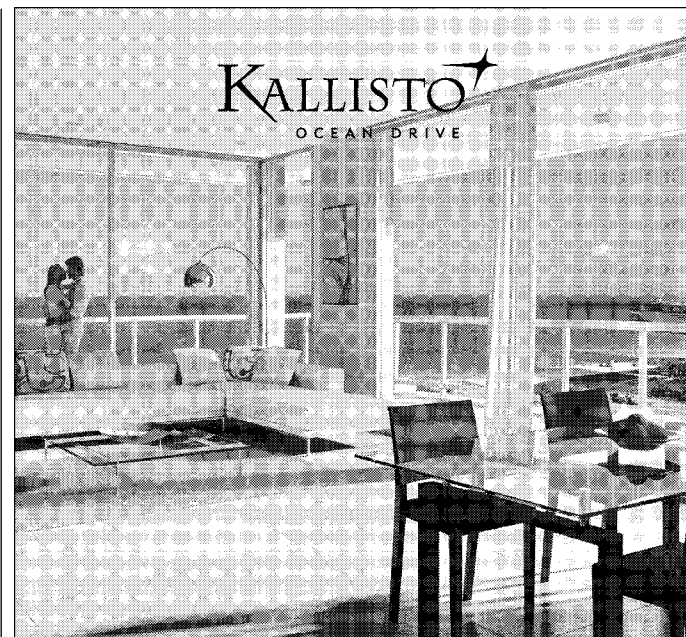
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## Amsterdam

### art

"The World of Christiaan Andriessen" displays a selection of 100 diary illustrations by Dutch artist Christiaan Andriessen (1775-1846).

Stadsarchief Amsterdam  
Until Jan. 11  
☎ 31-20-2511-511  
ngz.stadsarchief.amsterdam.nl

## Barcelona

### photography

"Universal Archive: The Condition of the Document and the Modern Photographic Utopia" explores the concept of a universal visual archive of photography.

Museu d'Art Contemporani  
Barcelona  
Oct. 23-Jan. 6  
☎ 34-93-4120-810  
www.macba.es

## Berlin

### art

"Orient Pictures / Pictures Orient: Fantasies of the Fin de Siècle" exhibits a selection of pictures illustrating how the Western world perceived the culture and art of the Middle East at the end of the 19th century.

Pergamonmuseum  
Until Dec. 14  
☎ 49-30-2090-5577  
www.smb.spk-berlin.de

## Bordeaux

### history

"Bordeaux in the '20s and '30s—Portrait of a City" spotlights cultural life in the city between World War I and II, with paintings, photography, posters and film.

Musée d'Aquitaine  
Oct. 24-Mar. 15  
☎ 33-5-5601-5100  
www.bordeaux.fr

### art

"Bordeaux in the '20s and '30s—From Paris to the Aquitaine" presents art and furniture of the Art Deco movement associated to artists from the Bordeaux region.

Musée des Arts Décoratifs  
Oct. 24-Jan. 28  
☎ 33-5-5610-1400  
www.bordeaux.fr

## Brussels

### art

"Never-Part: Histories of Palestine" shows artworks and objects that four Palestinian artists say they can never part with, sell or discard.

Centre for Fine Arts  
Oct. 19-Jan. 11  
☎ 32-2-5078-200  
www.bozar.be

## Düsseldorf

### decorative art

"Brought into the Light—Glass from the Archives" displays 400 rarely exhibited glass objects from the museum's holdings, dating from the Roman Empire to now.

Glasmuseum Hentrich im Museum Kunst Palast  
Until Jan. 11  
☎ 49-211-8992-463  
www.museum-kunst-palast.de

## Florence

### tapestries

"Women in Power: Caterina and Maria de' Medici" shows 15 monumental tapestries commissioned by the widowed Medici Queens of France, Caterina de'



Above, 'Rain—The Hairdresser's,' 2004, by Erwin Olaf, in The Hague; below, 'Évocation d'une forme humaine lunaire spectrale,' 1950, by Jean Arp, in Strasbourg.

Medici (1519-89) and Maria de' Medici (1573-1642).

Palazzo Strozzi  
Oct. 24-Feb. 8  
☎ 39-055-2776-4610-6  
www.palazzostrozzi.org

## Frankfurt

### fashion

"Tulips, Caftans and Levni" presents jewelry and caftans from Topkapi Palace with contemporary Turkish clothing by famous Turkish designers.

Museum für Angewandte Kunst  
Until Jan. 11  
☎ 49-69-2123-8530  
www.angewandtekunst-frankfurt.de

## Geneva

### history

"Akhenaton and Nefertiti: Sun and Shadow of the Pharaohs" exhibits artifacts documenting the reign of Egyptian King Akhenaten and his wife Nefertiti (14th century B.C.).

Musée d'Art et d'Histoire  
Until Feb. 1  
☎ 41-22-4182-600  
mah.ville-ge.ch

## The Hague

### photography

"Erwin Olaf—Rain, Hope, Grief & Fall" presents the work of the Dutch photographer Erwin Olaf (born 1959).

Fotomuseum Den Haag  
Until Jan. 18  
☎ 31-70-3381-144  
www.fotomuseumdenhaag.nl

## Helsinki

### photography

"Black and White: Classics of Japanese Photography" shows 64 works by eight leading Japanese photogra-

phers from the post-war period.

Museum of Finnish Art  
Until Feb. 8  
☎ 358-9-1733-61  
www.ateneum.fi

## London

### ethnography

"Between Tibet and Assam: Cultural Diversity in the Eastern Himalayas" displays objects depicting two tribal groups—the animist Apa Tani and the Buddhist Monpa, in North East India.

British Museum  
Oct. 23-Apr. 19  
☎ 44-20-7323-8299  
www.thebritishmuseum.org

### art

"Miró, Calder, Giacometti, Braque: Aimé Maeght and His Artists" pre-

sents paintings, sculptures, prints and other works collected by Parisian art dealers and publishers Aimé and Marguerite Maeght.

Royal Academy of Arts  
Until Jan. 2  
☎ 44-20-7300-8000  
www.royalacademy.org.uk

## Munich

### film

"Karl Valentin: Film Pioneer and Media Craftsman" exhibits 300 objects, including photography, original manuscripts, letters, drawings, posters, records and films related to German comedian, author and film producer Karl Valentin (1882-1948).

Deutsches Theatermuseum  
Until Jan. 11  
☎ 49-89-2106-9128  
www.stmwfk.bayern.de

## Paris

### art & antique fair

"FIAC 2008" 160 international galleries present highlights from their contemporary art collections.

Galleries Nationales du Grand Palais  
Oct. 23-26  
☎ 33-1-4413-1717  
www.grandpalais.fr

## Rotterdam

### art

"Especially No Principles! Charley Toorop" is a retrospective of 120 paintings by one of the most prominent female Dutch artists, Charley Toorop (1891-1955).

Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen  
Until Jan. 18  
☎ 31-10-4419-400  
www.boijmans.rotterdam.nl

## Strasbourg

### art

"Art is Arp" shows 180 paintings and sculptures by Strasbourg-born artist Jean Arp (1886-1966), a founding member of Dada in 1916.

Musée d'Art Moderne et Contemporain  
Until Feb. 15  
☎ 33-3-8823-3131  
www.musees-strasbourg.org

## Vienna

### art

"After 1970" shows modern Austrian art, including works by Eduard Angeli, Siegfried Anzinger, Gottfried Helnwein, Wolfgang Hollegha and Elke Krystufel.

Albertina  
Until Jan. 11  
☎ 43-1-5348-30  
www.albertina.at

## Zurich

### design

"Otto Baumberger—Advertising Pioneer" exhibits the poster work of Otto Baumberger (1889-1961), one of the first Swiss creators of advertising posters.

Museum für Gestaltung Zürich  
Until Feb. 1  
☎ 41-43-4466-767  
www.museum-gestaltung.ch

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