FRIDAY - SUNDAY, AUGUST 7 - 9, 2009

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

Green cuisine

London's sustainable restaurants set a new culinary trend

The old man and the tee | Keats House, restored

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Elisabeth Garouste's funerary urn (2008-2009).

WEEKEND JOURNAL.
EUROPE

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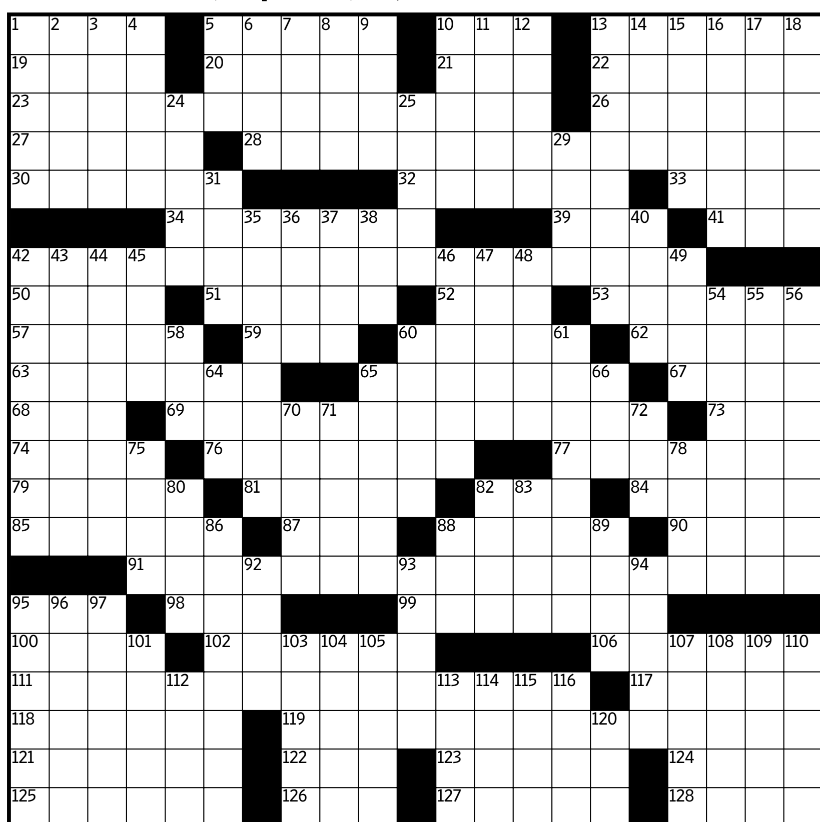

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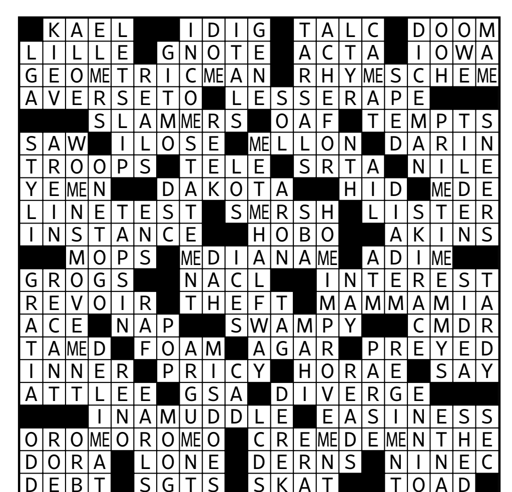


What's in a wool? The secret of Loro Piana

OPERATING OUT OF the village of Quarona at the foot of the Italian Alps, the Loro Piana family has been wholesaling textiles for six generations. Famed for its meticulous grading of wools, Loro Piana sells its fabric to high-end manufacturers, tailors and couturiers such as Brioni, Brooks Brothers and Maggie Norris—makers who sell suits for $10,000 and are permitted to sew Loro Piana's scripted label onto their garments.

"As long as they sell the finished product for a high enough price,

On Style
CHRISTINA BINKLEY

they can use our name," said company Co-Chairman Pier Luigi Loro Piana over lunch and an Australian sauvignon blanc at the Modern in New York. "They cannot be too cheap because our fabric is always at the top of the line."

The cost of Loro Piana's own line of conservatively cut clothes—a sweater can cost well over $1,000—reflects the luxury-at-all-costs approach of Mr. Loro Piana and his brother Sergio, who seek out rare wool, cashmere and silk fibers from Australia to the Himalayas.

But consider the online description of another sweater, a cashmere V-neck cardigan that is "spun from supersoft, luxurious Italian cashmere from a world-famous mill in the foothills of Piedmont."

The peddler: U.S. catalog purveyor J. Crew. The price: $145. J. Crew's Web site also notes that for a $298 cardigan, "We used the very finest cashmere—direct from a storied mill in Quarona."

With that cagey wording, J. Crew refers to an open secret in the textile industry: Loro Piana supplies not just Brioni but also Bloomingdale's and Cinzia Rocca, as well as many other middle-market brands. Some use Loro Piana wool and fabrics openly and some under deepest cover—forbidden by contract to associate their brands with Loro Piana's luxury image.

J. Crew, for instance, makes its cashmere sweaters—including Crew Cuts sweaters for children—from Loro Piana yarn. But the company has contracts with the Italian manufacturer that require it to keep mum.

Which it does, sort of, by using everything but the company's name. "I told them, why don't they just put in the ZIP Code?" says Pier Guerci, Loro Piana's president in the U.S., who has brought up the issue with J. Crew's chairman and chief executive, Mickey Drexler. Mr. Guerci chortles wryly—Mr. Drexler is a friend who recently let him use his home in the Hamptons. "They could have a little map, with an arrow pointing to the factory."

The $1,750 Loro Piana cardigan was made in the company's Italian factories. The $298 J. Crew cardigan, at right, was made with Loro Piana yarn at a Chinese factory.

Riley & Riley Photo for The Wall Street Journal (2)

Yet the back-and-forth begs a serious question for consumers: Is it worth paying for the Loro Piana name? What do you get from two different companies that use the same yarn?

J. Crew is a mass brand with broad middle-class appeal, but Mr. Drexler has been working to upgrade its clothes' quality. Loro Piana was one of the first new producers he hired in an effort to switch to more luxurious textiles—part of a turnaround he credits with attracting the brand's highest-profile customer, Michelle Obama. "We focused our efforts on the best in the categories we were in," he says, referencing J. Crew's Thomas Mason shirt fabrics among others. He declined to discuss his company's relationship with Loro Piana. Executives from Bloomingdale's and Brioni also declined to discuss their relationship with the Italian company.

But a sweater is more than the wool it's made of. At a time when virtually all Italian textile manufacturers are struggling with a global recession that has exacerbated competition, Loro Piana is trying to differentiate itself by playing up its image of quality and luxury. In its fabrics, it markets innovations such as lightweight wool threads twisted with linen and silk. Loro Piana-branded clothing and accessories now account for about 60% of the company's revenue, Mr. Loro Piana says.

Mr. Loro Piana speaks with pride of the company's vertical control—from Mongolian sheep-shearer to Manhattan cardigan. At Loro Piana factories, workers known as menders use tweezers to pick out small impurities from fabric. Only two flaws per 50-meter piece are allowed, below the industry standard of five flaws.

"Anything you manufacture, you can control the quality," says Mr. Loro Piana, with a brief segue into how wool becomes one micron thinner, and therefore worthless, in a drought. "If you don't control the manufacturing, you lose something."

But what is it that you lose? To get an idea, I made an informal comparison of a J. Crew sweater and one from the Loro Piana line.

Priced at $1,750—a level at which one expects quite a bit—the gray-ribbed Loro Piana sweater was created at the company's factories near Quarona. Its tight knit creates a rich texture, and the details—such as working buttons at the cuffs, tightly woven elbows in a contrasting pattern and finely finished, sturdy pockets—suggest lasting style without looking trendy. After we bunched up the sleeves, the knit held its shape, the wrinkles quickly falling away. It's also long enough to double as a dress. Cared for properly, it should last for years.

J. Crew's white cardigan, priced at $298, was made from Loro Piana yarn that was shipped to a factory in China to be knitted according to J. Crew's specifications. Its label makes the most of the yarn's origins, saying "Made in China of Italian Yarn." The sweater is more stylish in its 80s-influenced boyfriend-style design, but it's so thin that it's see-through—which may be intentional, given that it's billed as 14-gauge "featherweight" wool. (A J. Crew spokeswoman declined to comment on my critique.)

Grosgrain trim inside the placket smartly stabilizes the big shell buttons, but it stops midway up the body, creating an ill-finished, flimsy look at the top. The arms remained wrinkled after being bunched up. It's fashionable, but not dressy—a wardrobe item that should last a year or two.

Arbitrage

The price of a Camper shoe

City	Local currency	€
Paris	$105	€105
London	£90	€106
New York	$163	€114
Rome	€125	€125
Hong Kong	HK$1,534	€138
Frankfurt	€140	€140
Brussels	€140	€140
Tokyo	¥22,600	€166

Note: Camper Peu Cami model; prices, including taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

Ask Teri: Finding wrinkle-free travel clothes

By Teri Agins

DO YOU HAVE *a recommendation for "good travel clothes"—those that don't wrinkle and do layer well? I usually wear Prada, Jil Sander and Michael Kors when dressed up and Banana Republic when simply running around. I'd love your suggestions about stylish, fitted traveling clothes if you have them.*

—K.E., Nashville, Tenn.

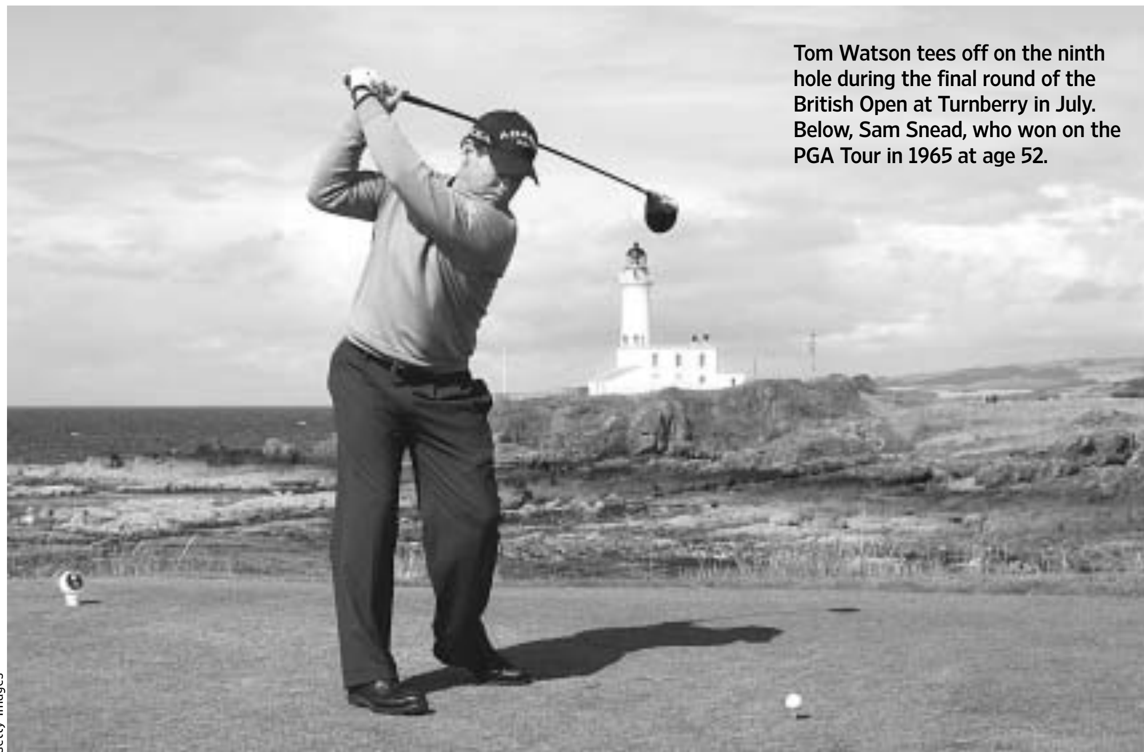
For travel, your best carefree fashions are knitwear and woven garments infused with a little stretch, which tend not to wrinkle as much as traditional garments do. Avoid flimsy, shapeless knits; you want shape-retaining knitwear that feels heavier, including thicker double-faced weaves.

Consider labels like Eileen Fisher, St. John Knits and Theory, which market knit pants, dresses, skirts and tops—pieces that you can mix into your travel wardrobe. Take a tip from legions of modern businessmen who no longer send shirts out for cleaning: They swear by the wrinkle-free cotton dress shirts sold at every retail chain around. Personally, I love the women's no-iron cotton shirts at Brooks Brothers. Check out the wrinkle-free garments sold by Travelsmith.com and Orvis.com. And don't forget the beauty of jeans: They smooth right out once you put them on! More high-end designer brands are putting stretch in fabrics, so they're better for travel.

By the way, you don't have to leave your favorite linen party dress at home just because it's wrinkle-prone. You can pack it carefully, rolled into a plastic dry-cleaner bag with layers of tissue paper. Get into the habit of hanging all your clothes on the shower rod in your hotel room. The wrinkles really will fall out. Or use a portable travel steamer—rather than risking ruining your clothes with a too-hot iron—for touch-ups.

Email questions to askteri@wsj.com

Christoph Hitz


Tom Watson tees off on the ninth hole during the final round of the British Open at Turnberry in July. Below, Sam Snead, who won on the PGA Tour in 1965 at age 52.

Getty Images

The old man and the tee

Tom Watson's success shows that time can be on the side of the golf pro

TOM WATSON'S near-victory last month at the British Open, at 59, would have been a grand triumph for the age cohort Mr. Watson himself described as "geezers." But I'm not as inclined as some golf fans and media sages to seek paranormal explanations for his performance. I was reminded more of what Gloria Steinem said on her 50th birthday, when someone told her she looked good for her age. "This is what 50 looks like," she responded. Mr. Watson's play at Turnberry is what 59 looks like, or at least what it can look like, when everything is right.

Golf Journal
JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

It's not as if there aren't precedents for geezers playing well against the flat-bellies. At last year's British Open, 53-year-old Greg Norman held a two-stroke lead going into the final round. Kenny Perry, at 48, came within a hair's breadth of winning this year's Masters (and has won five other Tour events in the past 14 months). Sam Snead won on the PGA Tour in 1965 at age 52, and at 62 finished third at the PGA Championship behind Lee Trevino. Even Ben Hogan, with his crippled legs, contended at the 1967 Masters when he was 54 years old, shooting the lowest round of the tournament, a 66 on Saturday, before finishing 10th after a final-round 77.

In talking this week with some of the world's best older players, I came away convinced that age per se is not the obstacle most people think it is. "As long as you're feeling pretty good health-wise, age is not a big factor," Fred Funk told me Wednesday, a few days after winning the U.S. Senior Open at the 7,316-yard Crooked Stick course in Indiana with a record-smashing 20-under-par total.

One problem for senior players, Mr. Funk acknowledged, is that compared with the young pros they spend significantly more time not feeling pretty good health-wise, primarily from overuse injuries. Mr. Funk, for instance, had to have his knee drained 18 times last year, following surgery on it in the spring. The 16th of those needle pricks gave him a staph infection, from which he needed months (and six weeks on an IV line) to recover. This spring, swinging awkwardly to compensate for his still-weak knee, he tore the labrum in his left shoulder. Nevertheless, thanks to aggressive therapy on his shoulder and a whopping new knee brace, he can now swing (if not walk) mostly without pain, and thus play up to his 53-year-old potential. Two weeks ago he lost in a playoff (to Loren Roberts) at the British Senior Open. "I'm a better player now than I've ever been," Mr. Funk said.

Stan Badz/PGA

Hale Irwin, 64, also believes he played his best golf in his early 50s, despite having won 20 times in regular Tour events, including three U.S. Opens. On the Senior Tour (now called the Champions Tour), he has won 45 times. "I was clicking on all cylinders. I was comfortable in my business career. I was comfortable with my family. I was probably in the best physical shape of my life. And the want and the need to compete was still there," he told me.

Performances like Mr. Watson's at the British Open inspire us everyday amateurs as much as they do in part because the gap between amateurs and same-age pros grows wider each year. Flexibility, in particular, gets harder to maintain.

"The guys I knew who were good amateurs in their 30s and 40s, that's where they've lost it," said Mr. Roberts, age 53. "The longer they sit behind desks in their sedentary jobs, the harder it is for them to get out there and get moving."

Since turning 40, Mr. Roberts said, he's had to work roughly twice as hard as before to keep his game sharp—which he can do, of course, because that's his job. Moreover, as Mr. Irwin pointed out, crafty old pros can figure out ways to work around physical limitations such as, say, a lower-back problem. Amateurs usually can't.

Thanks to modern equipment, aging pros don't sacrifice much length off the tee. "Everybody's so long these days it doesn't even matter. It's the short game that matters," Mr. Irwin said. Putting, in fact, is often the first thing to go. In many cases that's because of changes in eyesight that, even with corrective lenses or Lasik surgery, can subtly affect depth perception in different lights. Nerves can be a factor, too—both in the sense of nerve endings (older people sometimes get shaky) and in the sense of confidence.

"If you're not playing as well as you used to and start to get frustrated, a lot of times that becomes most apparent in your putting," Mr. Irwin said.

Another issue older golfers face is waning intensity. "Once or twice a round these days, I make some kind of silly mistake because I'm just not paying attention. I go blank in the head," said Robert McKinney of Houston, the best older amateur player I know. At age 64, he's still winning major amateur events against players a third his age. "If I knew why, I'd change it. Maybe it's just complacency. I've seen those shots so many times before."

Mr. Irwin has noticed the same phenomenon. "The funnel gets bigger when you get older. You take in more things than when you were younger and thinking just about golf. Your interests are broader, you've got grandchildren now," he said. It becomes more difficult, he said, to pay full attention to every single putting stroke. And that's not necessarily a bad thing.

Staying slim in Europe without trimming a wallet

By Elizabeth Bewley

SOMETHING STRANGE IS happening in Brussels's Cinquantenaire Park.

About 500 people are gathered in a wide circle in the grass, dancing in unison to loud, upbeat music. Dressed in everything from jeans to Spandex, they clap their hands to the beat, run with arms outstretched like wings, and pump their knees and hands from side to side in a near-perfect imitation of Michael Jackson's "Thriller." An energetic leader in a skintight red bodysuit guides the crowd from the circle's center, silent but for the occasional enthusiastic yell.

It may look like some kind of high-energy cult rally, but it's just a typical Thursday night fitness hour in the park. Run by the Stockholm-based nonprofit gym Friskis and Svettis, these exercise sessions are going on throughout the summer—and don't cost a cent (www.friskis.com).

With consumers tightening purse strings and scientists deploring the rise of obesity-related health problems, free exercise programs are cropping up across Europe. From aerobics classes in central London to rollerblading through Berlin streets, these activities provide the health benefits of expensive classes and personal trainers.

University student Sarah Ballatori has participated in the park sessions in Brussels since June, when she canceled her €60-a-month gym membership.

"The gym was just too pricey," she said. "It's great to know you don't have to spend a fortune to stay in shape."

Friskis leaders say the size of their summer sessions has shot up in the past two years. Pia Bilting Bearfield, a Friskis instructor, says the economy may have played a role in the program's recent popularity. "If money is tight, people often skip more expensive exercise options," she said.

Brussels isn't the only city offering free fitness opportunities. Friskis operates throughout northern Europe and holds free summer workouts in Luxembourg, Paris and other French cities, where it is known as La Gym Suédoise (The Swedish Gym). The programs help promote the gym's yearlong indoor courses.

For those in Paris looking for a program after the summer ends, the city sponsors free fitness classes on Sunday mornings in 12 different parks. The courses run year-round with a two-month break in the summer, and they attract anywhere from 20 to 70 participants per session (www.paris.fr/portail/Sport/Portal.lut?page_id=100).

Meanwhile, Londoners can join a free aerobics class at the Scoop near Tower Bridge every Wednesday morning until the end of August. Regulars recommend arriving early, as space is limited. For those seeking a more permanent group, the fitness chain Sweaty Betty organizes women's yoga, pilates, aerobics, running and walking clubs throughout Britain. Walking clubs can also be found through Natural England's Walking the Way to Health program, which coordinates "health walks" in various regions of the country (www.morelondon.co.uk; www.sweatybetty.com/sweatyclub; www.whi.org.uk).

For a faster pace, try joining a cycling or inline-skating group. Paris Rando Vélo organizes a group bike ride through central Paris on Friday nights, while Britain's Cycle Touring Clubs take cyclists into the countryside for a more pastoral ride (www.parisrandovelo.com; www.ctc.org.uk; www.pari-roller.com).

Paris, London, Amsterdam, Berlin and Brussels offer group skating trips through city streets. Beginners should stick to Paris's Rollers et Coquillages or London's Easy Peasy Skate, which travel at slower speeds in broad daylight. Brussels' Friday night Roller Parade offers a beginner's session one hour before the main event (www.rollers-coquillages.org; www.easypeasyskate.com; www.lfns.co.uk, www.londonskate.com; www.berlin.skatebynight.de; www.belgiumrollers.com).

For those who prefer dancing to running or pedaling, Paris offers free tango lessons every evening along the Seine, and salsa lovers can find weekly lessons in Copenhagen's Faelledparken (tangoargentin-eric.site.voila.fr; www.salsabrava.dk).

Jacob Schouenborg, secretary general of the International Sports and Culture Association, says free exercise programs offer indispensable health benefits. "They get people active and motivated," he said, "and that's what matters."

Elizabeth Bewley

Exercisers take part in a fitness hour, run by the Stockholm-based nonprofit gym Friskis and Svettis, in Brussels's Cinquantenaire Park.

THE PGA CHAMPIONSHIP

HAZELTINE NATIONAL GOLF CLUB
CHASKA, MINNESOTA
AUGUST 13TH TO 16TH, 2009

Chaska, Minnesota. Last stop for the 2009 Majors and a poignant reminder that it will be a long, cold winter without a victory here. Playing host to the PGA Championship this year is the well-known and more difficult than ever Hazeltine National Golf Club. A hilly course, with narrow, well-guarded fairways and notorious greens, it will test a man's resolve. No place for amateurs, the world's best players seek to apply even greater pressure to one another by playing unrivalled golf. Win. And be the man to beat come spring.

ROLEX. A CROWN FOR EVERY ACHIEVEMENT.

OYSTER PERPETUAL DATEJUST

Green cuisine

London's sustainable restaurants set a new culinary trend

By Jeffrey Scott Marcus special for The Wall Street Journal

THINGS AREN'T THE way they used to be at Moro, the celebrated restaurant in London's Clerkenwell district. The Spanish-Moroccan cooking is as good as ever, and the restaurant, which opened in 1997, is still booked weeks in advance. But starting about a year ago, something significant is happening behind the scenes. Moro has begun to aggressively take environmental issues into account when deciding how and where to get its food, says the director and co-owner, Mark Sainsbury.

Moro, a longstanding symbol of London's radical makeover as a culinary capital, has gone green where it counts most and has become a symbol once again—this time, of the city's sustainable restaurant movement.

"My eyes have opened to what's going on," says Mr. Sainsbury of his growing environmental awareness.

As an increasing number of London's finest restaurants try to reduce their carbon footprint, the city has transformed the sustainability fad to something more serious and comprehensive. Although other food capitals, notably San Francisco, have seen a wave of ecologically minded restaurants, London is ground-breaking in bringing together a range of once diverse concerns—from animal rights to energy conservation—into a single, identifiable movement.

Sustainability has become "a trendy term," says Guy Dimond, food-and-drink editor of Time Out London, publishers of Time Out magazines and travel guides. Last year, Time Out added a "best sustainable" category to its influential annual restaurant awards. For Mr. Dimond, the sustainable restaurant movement is at the cutting edge of the city's culinary scene, comparable to the Pacific Rim cuisine wave 15 years ago, or to the "molecular" cuisine wave, associated with the experiments of Catalan chef Ferran Adria, of five years ago.

Pioneering its own fusion of Western Mediterranean cuisines, Moro should logically place cod front and center on its menu. But local cod stocks have been exhausted, so fresh cod has been removed. In the meantime, the restaurant has drastically increased its number of suppliers, as it switches from larger wholesalers, who can't guarantee how their food is grown, to small, local sources, who can. At Mr. Sainsbury's other Clerkenwell restaurant, Zetter, "sub-meters" have been installed, allowing different sections of the restaurant to monitor, and therefore to reduce, electricity consumption.

Ben Reynolds of the London Food Link, an organization that helps new and existing restaurant owners to implement sustainable principles, says the goal of the sustainable-restaurant movement is "ethical eats." A sustainable restaurant, he says, will try to use fish from sustainable fisheries, seasonal products from local farms, "Fair Trade" goods from abroad, and meat from farms that promote the health of their animals.

Knowing "where food comes from" he says, is the key. He cites two new London restaurants as pioneers of the trend: Konstam, which gets nearly all its food direct from sources inside an area serviced by the London Underground; and Acorn House, whose goals include a radical reduction of energy consumption and the retraining of professional chefs to cook sustainably.

Konstam, located in a former pub not far from King's Cross train station, was started three years ago by chef Oliver Rowe, 35, who worked for several years at Moro.

"I learned about seasonal food at Moro," says Mr. Rowe, speaking recently at Konstam, whose hard-edged industrial décor isn't what you would expect at a restaurant with prominent environmental concerns. He then made the leap to looking for food in and around London. "We just thought that we should try to source food as locally as possible. The more local you are, the more seasonal you are."

Located on the border between the gentrified borough of Islington and the mixed borough of Camden, which Mr. Rowe likes to call "rough and ready," Konstam even manages to source food within a few blocks. "My sous chef Luke is growing some cress," he says. "And we had it on the menu as 'Camden Cress.'"

Good ethics and good food go

Clockwise from left: Oliver Row cooking in his kitchen at Konstam; preserves at Konstam; cheese and vegetables at Borough Market, a high-quality retail gourmet market in London.

Photos: Ilpo Musto for The Wall Street Journal

Clockwise from above, Mark Sainsbury in front of his celebrated restaurant Moro; Clerkenwell Kitchen owner Emma Miles at Stoke Newington Farmers' Market; locally sourced vegetables at Acorn House.

hand in hand, says Emma Miles, the owner and chef of the Clerkenwell Kitchen, winner of Time Out magazine's first annual award for best sustainable restaurant in 2008. Ms. Miles, 43, says the hallmark of her restaurant is knowing her suppliers, who must be local, which forces her to create menus in response to the English seasons. This allows her to save energy in transporting food, but, more importantly, it also inspires her to cook well. "I like the restrictions placed on me," she says. "It makes me more creative." It also prevents her from, among other things, serving tomatoes for much of the year. During a conversation in late April, Ms. Miles said she was excited to see the year's first English tomatoes, which she was expecting any day from a farmer she knows on the Isle of Wight. The small menu at the Clerkenwell Kitchen sources all its food for customers, from its fish to its cheeses, generally referring to sources by their first names.

Unlike Konstam, the Clerkenwell Kitchen also uses sustainable ideas about design in its décor, which combines rustic refurbished wood tables with high-modernist fiberglass Eames chairs. Ms. Miles chose the chairs because she likes the look, but also because they are durable and their postwar design has proved timeless. "We have had these for three years," Ms. Miles says, "and we haven't had to replace one."

The sustainable trend has reached the upper echelons of the London restaurant world. In the past few years, master chef Tom Aikens, whose eponymous Chelsea restaurant has a Michelin star and is sometimes mentioned as one of the top restaurants in the world, will only serve fish that comes from sustainable fish stocks. "When I say I serve pollock," says Mr. Aikens, "people kind of laugh about it," noting that most people in the U.K. associate pollock, which he uses to replace cod, with cat food. "It is in the same family as cod," he says. "But it is a little more creamy and rich."

Mr. Aikens notes that a decade ago, all fish in London came from a centralized fish market, which couldn't track where and how fish were caught. Most quality meat came from French wholesalers. Now, he says, he can rely on day boats that fish in U.K. waters, and he can source his meat to small farms in southern England. The rise in quality, he says, has also led to a rise in price. He says he has to pay significantly more for locally grown beef than he would to French wholesalers. "The green life," he says, "is now associated with luxury."

The luxurious side of the sustainable approach to food can be seen in the transformation of Borough Market, a retail gourmet market, featuring a number of organic producers, held a few days a week on the south bank of the Thames. A pioneer in the idea of an urban farmer's market when it started about 10 years ago, Borough Market is now considered one of London's best sources of high quality, high-priced gourmet food—a rival in every way to Harrods Food Halls.

Mr. Rowe prefers the much smaller Islington Farmer's Market, which he says is a better place to get locally grown produce. Laura Hearn, the Clerkenwell Kitchen's co-owner, agrees.

"It is lovely down there," says Ms. Hearn of the Islington market, held on Sundays behind the town hall on Upper Street. "It has a lovely atmosphere—it's more of a quiet local market, with people buying their roast and veg for Sunday."

The premium placed on local sources has its limits, say some chefs. Mr. Aikens gets nearly all of his produce, fish and meat from the U.K., but he must go outside to find the ingredients for his elaborate

Please turn to next page

How sustainable is your restaurant?

Heston Blumenthal

"The sustainability issue is the biggest topic in food at the moment," says chef Heston Blumenthal, the owner and imaginative force behind The Fat Duck, a three-star Michelin restaurant in Bray, a Berkshire village about 45 kilometers west of London.

Although celebrated for playful creations like bacon-and-egg ice cream and snail porridge, Mr. Blumenthal is also a firm practitioner of sustainable principles—with some qualifications.

"All of our seafood comes from sustainable sources," says Mr. Blumenthal, who gets his restaurant's fish from day boats, or, as he likes to put it, "a bloke with a fishing line." In addition, "every single bit of meat will be free-range, from free-range farms.

"In the last year," he says, "we have made a more concerted effort on the seasonality issue." But, he says, "we're not 100% seasonal with our fruit and veg," which he attributes to "the problem we have in the U.K. with our very famous weather." Although he relies on a network of local farmers for his produce, he still insists on looking abroad for certain ingredients, like tropical fruit. "I just keep finding reasons why" seasonality is "too restrictive."

Ruth Rogers

If a single establishment could embody London's culinary revolution, it would be the River Café, a seasonal Italian restaurant in southwest London, opened by self-taught chefs Ruth Rogers and Rose Gray. Initially planned as a canteen for the architectural offices of Ms. Rogers's husband, Richard Rogers, the River Café gradually perfected a combination of Italian home cooking, seasonal ingredients, a casual atmosphere and high prices that has made it the standard by which many Londoners still judge any new restaurant. Jamie Oliver got his start at the River Café, along with Sam and Sam Clark, the husband-and-wife chefs behind Moro.

"When I first came here, London food was a joke," says Ruth Rogers, looking back to the early 1970s. A native of upstate New York, Ms. Rogers, a graphic designer, first discovered the joy of food a few years later after she went to live in Paris, where her husband was working on the design of the Centre Pompidou. At the same time, she recalls, Ms. Gray was having a similar awakening in Lucca, Italy. By the mid-1980s, she says, "I wanted to do something different," and Ms. Gray, who had just returned to London from New York, joined her in setting up the restaurant. The two were influenced by the passionate seasonality of California chef Alice Waters and by the open kitchen and lack of pretense of Austrian chef Wolfgang Puck.

"We were one of the first restaurants to recycle all our glass bottles," says Ossie Gray, Ms. Gray's son and the River Café's general manager. Later the restaurant managed to reduce its waste by almost half, pioneering the recycling of everything from cardboard to cooking oil, which the restaurant converts into biofuel.

River Cafe

Marcus Wareing

"As much as I want to champion British produce," says London chef Marcus Wareing, "the only thing we can really grow are carrots, potatoes, onions and turnips." While London's sustainable chefs revel in the chance to seek out small farmers and suppliers in remote corners of southern England, Mr. Wareing—whose London restaurant, Marcus Wareing at the Berkeley, was recently awarded two Michelin stars—revels in the freedom from having to do just that. "I'm slap bang in Knightsbridge," Mr. Wareing says. "My time is valuable inside my kitchen, not sitting in a car trying to pick up some carrots."

Many London restaurant owners say diners want to see evidence of growing environmental awareness at their favorite restaurants, but Mr. Wareing believes his clientele is looking for something else. "When people come to a fine dining restaurant," he says, "they come to indulge. It's about being spoiled with food." The English asparagus season only lasts six weeks, he notes, but he keeps imported asparagus on his menu for several months.

Fergus Henderson

Before London had sustainable restaurants, it had St. John, the central London institution that has helped to make British cuisine fashionable since it opened 15 years ago. Known for its "nose to tail" approach, featuring ignored cuts of meat that many diners had never previously tasted or even heard of, St. John insisted from the beginning on sourcing locally as well as seasonally.

The result is a radically inventive menu that changes twice a day, featuring ingredients from sources the restaurant often knows personally. Other restaurants—especially in St. John's Clerkenwell neighborhood, which the restaurant helped to put on the map—call this sustainable. Not St. John's chef and co-owner, Fergus Henderson.

"No," is his answer, when asked if the buzzword applies to him. "And we're not organic either," adds Mr. Henderson's business partner, Trevor Gulliver. "The way I cook," Mr. Henderson says, is "just common sense." Nature, he says, "is doing all the work for you."

"St. John has been one of Britain's most influential restaurants," says Oliver Rowe, owner and head chef of Konstam.

St. John is known as a carnivore's paradise—its signature dish is roast bone marrow, served with a parsley salad—but Mr. Rowe says the restaurant's insistence on British cuisine has resulted in widespread use of local fruits and vegetables.

Oliver Peyton

"Don't start me on all that," says Oliver Peyton, when asked about the Fair Trade movement, which seeks to promote economic opportunity and sustainable agricultural methods in developing countries. A cornerstone of London's sustainable restaurants, which often use the movement to find sources of imported goods like coffee and spices, Fair Trade may have admirable goals, says Mr. Peyton, but it can't follow through on them. Mr. Peyton, who presides over a growing London restaurant empire specializing in high-quality British cuisine, goes to Central America regularly, he says, "and those coffee farmer's haven't benefited from anything."

A native of County Mayo in the west of Ireland, Mr. Peyton got his start in London as a nightclub owner in the 1990s. His two flagship restaurants, Inn The Park, near St. James's Park, and the National Dining Rooms, in London's National Gallery, have reclaimed touristy sites for discriminating Londoners and international foodies. Mr. Peyton stresses local food sourcing—a dish recently on his menu at the National Dining Rooms features honey from Hackney, in the heart of London's East End—and will only serve fish from sustainable stocks.

Though Mr. Peyton includes many sustainable principles in his approach to managing his restaurants, he shies away from the term itself. "I try to avoid going along with the latest fad," he explains. "Words are an enticement. I'm more interested in deeds."

The Berkeley

Above, baked egg custard tart, cranberry jelly and strawberry mivi ice cream at Marcus Wareing at the Berkeley; top, The River Cafe.

Above, Meryl Streep plays celebrity chef Julia Child in 'Julie & Julia.'
Below, Amy Adams plays Julie Powell, who is writing a blog about her culinary adventures.

Julie spoils the joy of Julia

Film
JOE MORGENSTERN

BEFORE AND AFTER everything else, Nora Ephron's "Julie & Julia" gives us Meryl Streep in a grand comic performance—a fearless actress playing the fearless Julia Child in post-World War II Paris, where she's in the process of transforming herself from an embassy wife into a world-famous apostle of French cuisine. That ought to be enough for one movie, and there's more: handsome settings (the City of Light regaining its prewar lustrousness), midlife romance (Stanley Tucci is Julia's ardent husband, Paul) and foodie porn (brie, chocolate cream pie and beurre blanc sauce in lascivious close-ups).

Strangely, though, there isn't enough for one movie, and the first clue to why lurks in the title's ampersand, a sort of linguistic duct tape holding together two stories that never really function as one.

The Julie story, insistently intercut with Julia's, takes place in New York half a century later, and involves a real-life blogger, Julie Powell, who is played by Amy Adams. A bright woman trapped in dull office work, Julie sets out to cook, in the space of one year, all 524 recipes in "Mastering the Art of French Cooking," the landmark book that Julia wrote with Louisette Bertholle and Simone Beck. Julie's intention is to write a blog about her culinary adventures, but the blog leads to a popular book of her own, published in 2005, that provides half of the film's structure, though much less than half its substance.

The parallels are intriguing at first. Two women, happily married and blissfully obsessed by food, follow their bliss as they seek to define themselves in love and work. (Ms. Ephron's alter ego in "Heartburn" was a food writer played by Ms. Streep.) And the early scenes in Paris are such a pleasure that you're set to go along with whatever may come. (The cinematographer was Stephen Goldblatt.)

Ms. Streep starts off with huge and affectionate energy—the unworldly warbling of Julia's birdcall voice precedes the first glimpse of her towering physique—and never relents. (To help the star measure up to her character, who stood 1.87 meters tall, the movie surrounds Ms. Streep with shorter actors and scaled-down props. One scene, in which Julia's feet overflow a Parisian bed, looks like "The Incredible Shrinking Woman" in reverse.)

The remarkable thing about the Julia segments, given Ms. Streep's daring flirtations with caricature, is how full and affecting they prove to be. Yes, Julia's windmill arms are outlandish; so is her awkward, stentorian French and her religious belief in the miracle of butter. Yet she's an endearing figure, a woman who digests the life around her with enormous gusto while she's breaking the gender barrier at a Cordon Bleu cooking class or, much later, after fame has struck, digests with incredulity her husband's advice that she ought to be on TV.

Mr. Tucci's Paul plays a subordinate role in the story, but his dry wit and calm love are perfect counterpoints to the intensity of Julia's enthusiasms. (The film includes a bit of Dan Aykroyd's deathless sendup of Julia Child on "Saturday Night Live.")

The Julie segments, though, are pallid by comparison—dollops of margarine that barely hint at butter. They're pleasant enough, at least until Julie and her husband Eric (Chris Messina) fall into banal wrangling over the emotional cost of her new career. And Amy Adams is appealing, as always. ("Are you back?" Julie asks with lovely guilelessness when Eric reappears after briefly leaving her. "Please be back.")

Yet those segments aren't very interesting, despite a pervasive sense of calculation—Julie's plan for her blog sounds like a movie treatment—so they grow constantly more intrusive to the end, which is notable only for its clumsiness. The joys of the Julia parts are cumulative, and addictive. The Julie parts keep forcing us to go cold turkey.

Colombia Pictures (2)

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Opening this week in Europe

- **Adam** U.K.
- **Coraline** Austria, Germany
- **Land of the Lost** Poland
- **Public Enemies** Germany, Spain
- **The Hurt Locker** Austria, Germany
- **The Proposal** Denmark, Norway
- **The Taking of Pelham 123** Czech Republic, Switzerland
- **The Ugly Truth** U.K.

Source: IMDB

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London's green cuisine

Continued from previous page

trademark dessert—which features white chocolate in various incarnations, flavored with black pepper and black truffles.

"We don't always succeed," says Mark Sainsbury, who a few months ago entered into a local food-distribution network with several nearby restaurants, including Konstam and the Clerkenwell Kitchen. "It's always a compromise. Midweek we may run out of nettles, say, and then we have to go to the wholesaler. Practicality demands that."

John Mayhew, the owner of Rules, a London restaurant specializing in traditional English food, admires the goals of the sustainable-restaurant movement, but he is skeptical of its viability for even midsize establishments. Founded in 1798, and regarded as London's oldest restaurant, Rules, located in the heart of the city's West End, was bought by Mr. Mayhew in 1984. Mr. Mayhew's family owns an estate in the north of England, and he quickly decided to use the estate as a source of humanely raised cattle, which has won him a place in the sustainable-restaurant canon.

"The reason why the food business exists is that there is a lot of money to be made out of food," he says. "When you're talking about sustainability in a commercial context, the only way that you can get a restaurant that could supply the quantity required would be a very small restaurant."

Mr. Mayhew says that his restaurant has a turnover of up to £7 million a year, and that volume alone requires the use of food wholesalers. "It's impossible to find [a large restaurant owner] who says, I know exactly where my food comes from. When you're dealing with suppliers, you're never quite sure. If they say the rabbit is from Lincolnshire, how do you really know?"

Another drawback, he says, of bypassing wholesalers is chefs can't know in advance what they are going to have on the menu, which prevents restaurants from developing signature dishes. "It's very difficult to run a restaurant when [customers] don't have a clue what they're going to get until they arrive."

The prospect of an ever-changing menu is exactly what excites Konstam's chef, Oliver Rowe, who is often forced to change his menus halfway through a shift. "I love using what's available," Mr. Rowe says. "I just don't get bored of that. If I have a dish on the menu for too long, I get fidgety."

For chef Alice Waters, the co-founder and owner at Chez Panisse, the Berkeley, California, restaurant that many of London's sustainable chefs look to for inspiration, an ever-changing menu is what diners should seek out.

"I was willing to run out of things," says Ms. Waters, speaking by phone from Chez Panisse, which opened in 1971 and pioneered the use of intensely local food sourcing.

"Sometimes people are disappointed," she says, "But on the whole they understand that when you're out of fish that's a good thing." Running out of fish, she suggests, attests to the freshness of the fish on offer.

For Acorn House, a nonprofit sustainable restaurant and culinary school, environmental goals are as prominent as culinary ones. Opened around the same time as Konstam, Acorn House excels in waste management, operating its own wormery in the back courtyard for disposing of organic waste.

Oliver Rowe appreciates the effort. "What drives sustainability is passion," he says. But he wants Konstam—whose inventive take on English ingredients has won praise from Ms. Waters, among others—to be "all about food." Diners may come initially because of the restaurant's sustainable agenda, he says, but "I hope they come back because the food is great."

WSJ.com

Ethical eats
A photo essay on the sustainable-restaurant scene in London at WSJ.com/Lifestyle

Ilpo Musto for The Wall Street Journal

Bream is served at Moro.

For Keats, a restored home and a heartfelt shrine

By Robert Costa

London

EARLY ONE MORNING in December 1818, Charles Brown was awakened at Wentworth Place, his modest chalk-white house in Hampstead, then a pastoral suburb north of London, by a small tap on his hand. His visitor was quiet, his face devastated.

It was John Keats, "who came to tell me his brother was no more," recalled Brown years later. Sensing his friend's despair, Brown quickly invited the 23-year-old poet to lodge with him, proffering the adjacent bedroom plus the ground floor parlor that bordered the back garden. During the ensuing 17 months as Brown's housemate, Keats would produce such works as "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "Ode to a Nightingale," whose brilliance still inspires thousands to journey to this nook of London.

On July 24, after a two-year renovation, the building—now best known as Keats House—once again opened its doors to friends, pilgrims and curious tourists. The day before, with contractors and curators flitting about, Mick Scott, its manager, was happy to guide a Yank around the rooms newly restored to their Regency-period ambience. "The house was saved in 1925 thanks in part to donations from Americans," he noted.

But the house had finished its last major overhaul in the mid-1970s and had been in a "dilapidated state," said Mr. Scott, who is employed by the City of London's Metropolitan Archives, which has operated the site since 1997. "The floors were so damp and weak," said Geoff Pick, the restoration project's director, that guides used to be able to take only a few people up to the second floor at a time.

After securing a £424,000 grant from Britain's Heritage Lottery Fund, a new steel frame was installed. Then, said Mr. Pick, the goal was to capture the feel of Wentworth Place during Keats's time, down to the salmon-pink paint on his bedroom walls, the Chaucer and Milton books dotting the shelves and Brown's grandfather clock in the corner.

The tubercular Keats watched that clock during his final days at Wentworth Place, lounging on what he called a "Sopha bed," and penning letters to his lover Fanny Brawne next door. Eventually Keats shipped off to Italy in late 1820 for an unsuccessful attempt at convalescence, ultimately dying of the disease in February 1821, at just 25.

"It's often hard to think about what life was like before modern medicine, but everybody understood that they were going to get sick and endure a great deal of pain," said Prof. Susan J. Wolfson of Princeton University, a Keats scholar. "Moments of ease and relief from that knowledge became exquisitely precious to Keats—always conditioned by the unrelieved knowledge of the opposite."

For those working on the restoration, finding a balance between Keats's sense of both life and death was crucial. "We didn't just want a beautiful house or a mausoleum," said Mr. Pick. "What is special is that this is one of the few physical artifacts remaining that actually relates to John Keats the poet. His possessions in Italy were burned after his death. Very little of his own survives."

Above, the exterior of the house; right, a guest is sitting in Chester room; below from left to right, pictures of Keats and Fanny Brawne, and the engagement ring that was given to Brawne by Keats, with a poem.

Mr. Scott notes that "this was a brand new house in 1815, with new decorations. The people who did the decorating at the time were cutting-edge and fashionable. We've gone back to the earliest evidence, by way of microscopic analysis, and where we can't find any evidence, we've gone back to what experts tell us about Regency design. What we're opening to the public is a small and unpretentious domestic Regency building, and there are not many of those left."

Strolling through the home, one is struck by its brightness, thanks to the sunlight dancing through the windows and off the garden's plum trees, under which Keats would woo Brawne with his poetry. "Bright Star," director Jane Campion's film about the Keats-Brawne romance, premiered to rave reviews at the Cannes Film Festival earlier this year and is set for release this fall. Mr. Scott hopes to bring the film's costumes to Hampstead.

Regardless of whether "Bright Star" becomes a blockbuster, Wentworth Place remains a "kind of a home base for Keats," said Christopher R. Miller, an English professor at Yale University. "Going to the house, going up to Hampstead, can still give you an appreciative feel for what it was like for Keats. It gives you a great grounding in the kind of experiences and perceptions that he had." But if you sit in Keats's parlor and gaze out the window, your eyes alight not on the fields he saw but on rows of pricey apartments and coffee shops. "Hampstead has become more built up and more tony since Keats's time," Mr. Miller said.

Visitors have been known to weep upon entering the tiny room where Keats first coughed up his "life blood" in February 1820 and knew he was doomed. One unashamed to admit membership in that club is Corinna Russell, fellow and director of English studies at Emmanuel College, Cambridge University. "There is good reason to be grateful to the idea of reproducing the aura of a great life or great art, which can retain something of its charge," she says.

Trinkets left over from Brawne's family, including the cheap garnet ring Keats gave her for their engagement, are now displayed in a downstairs drawing room, as is a brooch containing threads of Keats's hair. Keats's life and death masks also adorn various rooms, as do well-chosen period paintings—including a wonderful copy of a portrait by Joseph Severn depicting Keats writing inside Wentworth Place.

So what would Keats have made of his home as a literary mecca?

In 1818, before moving to Wentworth Place, Keats traveled to Scotland to visit the home of the poet Robert Burns, who had died in 1796. Before arriving, he wrote to a friend that "one of the pleasantest means of annulling self is approaching such a shrine as the cottage of Burns—we need not think of his misery—that is all gone—bad luck to it—I shall look upon it all with unmixed pleasure."

Unmixed pleasure is an apt way of describing a visit to Keats House. Though the poet's days were brief, his home, at least, remains a joy forever.

Mr. Costa, a former Bartley Fellow at the Journal, is a graduate student at Cambridge.

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❖ Top Picks

Planet to pixel: Ruff abstractions of the universe

VIENNA: The closer you get to Thomas Ruff's blown-up prints, the less they seem to say. Mr. Ruff's lens hovers only on the surfaces of things, and to our consternation, no deeper. The German photographer's latest works on show at the Kunsthalle in Vienna—close-ups of Saturn's candy-colored moons and rings, wiry depictions of electromagnetic force fields—remind of his large portraits, where a shadowless light flattens each face to the point that it begins to look like a mask. Despite the meticulous capture of each hair, pore and wrinkle, the portrait remains startlingly cool and neutral—and progressively less trustworthy.

For his new Cassini series, Mr. Ruff plucked images from the public Internet archive of NASA. The hyperreal becomes toy-like and fantastic as blue and orange planet bodies are shown suspended in violet or olive skies, their frozen rings wispy as laser halos. Massive shadows are cast by other celestial objects, presumably standing in the way of the sun. The images are also enlarged to the point where the resolution meets its limit: In Mr. Ruff's depiction, the planet crumbles pixel by pixel into the black void of the galaxy.

His other new series, "zycles," is based on 19th-century engravings of electromagnetic waves. Mr. Ruff translated these images via a 3D computer-modelling program, but instead of his usual flattening, gives volume to 2D. The results are large, inkjet prints on canvas of colored lines and swirls with Jackson Pollock-like depth. The lines resemble traffic patterns or '80s screensavers, coursing with energy. More than any of Mr. Ruff's previous work, zycles is extreme in presenting images without context or guidance, but ones for which viewers have no preconceived notions at all.

Also on show are Mr. Ruff's earlier series, including the eerie-homey '70s interiors, night-vision shots of Düsseldorf, the architecture of Herzog & de Meuron, portraits and composite police mugs, newspaper images and stereo photos. Mr. Ruff's approach may seem heavy-handed and serious, but the way he tromps through these genres—lightly, almost wantonly—makes his way of seeing a joy.

—Helen Chang

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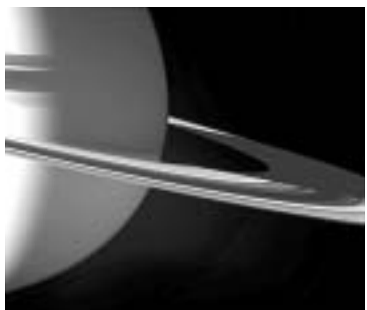

Courtesy of the artist © VBK, Wien (2)

Thomas Ruff's photographs 'Cassini 10,' (2008), top, and 'Interieur 5D (Tegernsee),' (1982), bottom, at the Kunsthalle in Vienna.

The ensemble of 'Enron,' Lucy Prebble's play about the 2001 corporate fraud, performs at the Chichester Festival; below, Samuel West plays Jeffrey Skilling.

Telling the tale of Enron

CHICHESTER: It sounds weird when you describe it, but Lucy Prebble's second play, "Enron," which has just premiered at the Chichester Festival, has critics reaching for superlatives. Director Rupert Goold's flamboyantly theatrical rendering of the big bad-news financial story of the noughties plays at Chichester until Aug. 29, moving to London's Royal Court Theatre from Sept. 17-Nov. 7. Mr. Goold collaborates with designer Anthony Ward, lighting man Mark Henderson, the hot theater composer Adam Cork, video designer Jon Driscoll and choreographer Scott Ambler to tell the tale of the ingenious financial machinations that resulted in the spectacular collapse of Enron on Dec. 2, 2001, using song, dance, mime, puppets and the whole high-tech bag of theatrical tricks that correspond satisfyingly to the smoke-and-mirrors manipulations of Enron's stock prices.

A-list casting has Tim Piggott-Smith as Ken Lay, the CEO of the gas-and-power company that he says "deals with everyone with absolute integrity." When he chooses a successor, he thwarts the ambition of Claudia Roe (played by Amanda

Manuel Harlan (2)

Drew, known to British fans as the scary, warped doctor on TV soap "EastEnders") and elevates Harvard smart-guy Jeffrey Skilling. Sam West isn't at first recognizable as Jeff, for he's nerdy, heavyset and awkward. Mr. West's transformation is itself breathtaking, as he sheds weight before our eyes, gains confidence and sets about proving that "all wealth is debt."

In this he's aided by imaginative accountant Andy Fastow, marvellously acted by Tom Goodman-Hill. Ms. Prebbles shows us that men like Skilling and Fastow are motivated by something far more complex than greed. When Fastow invents companies to hide Enron debt, he calls them raptors; Ms. Prebbles has them "take corporeal form"—they have the heads of monsters à la Jurassic Park. Fastow and Skilling feed them Enron shares and caress them, for they are creatures whose existence shows their own creativity.

The song and dance is so beautifully integrated into the goings-on that it seems a natural response to stock prices going up and down, political corruption and even the perverse calculations that make the Enron scheme work for a time. It's a real achievement to tie this so neatly into what is, after all, mostly documentary theater.

There are a few distant flights from reality, such as making Lehman Brothers conjoined twins sharing a single overcoat, and playing Arnold Schwarzenegger as one actor on another's shoulders, but these touches add to the wackiness of the humor, and help us see the essential madness of the system that created Enron and our current mess.

—Paul Levy

www.cft.org.uk

At the Tate, reviving William Blake's artistic effusions

LONDON: Tate Britain has mounted the opposite of a blockbuster show, a quiet, small re-creation of William Blake's only one-man exhibition, with modest, actual blank spaces on the wall to indicate missing pictures. At the turn of the 19th century, Blake (1757-1827) was a little-known and difficult poet, and engraver of other people's images. In May 1809, and for about a year afterward, in an attempt to create a reputation for himself as a visual artist, he held an exhibition of his work in a private house in Soho, in the upstairs of what had been his childhood home, then his brother's hosiery shop in Golden Square.

It consisted of 16 paintings, discussed in a long printed catalog written by Blake himself (and reprinted in full in Tate's "William Blake, Seen in My Visions: A Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures"). In his advertisement, Blake described the show as "The grand Style of Art restored; in FRESCO, or Water-colour Painting, and England protected from the too just imputation of being the Seat and Protectress of bad (that is blotting and blurring) Art."

Instead the viewer would see "real Art, as it was left us by Raphael and Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano, stripped from the ignorances of Rubens and Rembrandt, Titian and Correggio."

The show was poorly attended. No wonder: The admission price was two shillings and sixpence, equivalent (by the measure of average earnings) in purchasing power to nearly £87 today. There was only a single, negative review, in "The Examiner," whose critic called the pictures "the wild effusions of a distempered brain."

Tate displays 10 of the surviving works, the largest number ever reunited. The bad news is that the original 16 works were in watercolor and tempera, and in four of them the glue of the tempera has darkened so much, I found it difficult to discern any image at all—though you can make them out from the reproductions in the catalog.

The drawings and watercolors, and his large pen and ink and tempera on canvas "Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the Nine and Twenty Pilgrims on their Journey to Canterbury" fare better. The Blake-show reconstruction is supplemented by works exhibited elsewhere in 1809, which include two Turner paintings and Thomas Stothard's rival 1806-07 "The Pilgrimage to Canterbury."

—Paul Levy

Until Oct. 4
www.tate.org.uk

Bonhams

An early Italian harpsichord from Bologna, circa 1680, fetches between £40,000 and £50,000.

Instruments: a sound bid

Collecting
MARGARET STUDER

MUSIC AUCTIONS PLAY a fine tune with the right old instrument. Sotheby's had one of its most successful sales ever of historic musical instruments in March, in the midst of the global financial crisis: 80.6% sold by number of lots offered and 91.8% by their value.

Among auction records was a violin circa 1750 by Gennaro Gagliano, member of a famed family of violin makers who worked in Naples from 1700 to the mid-1800s. The instrument was estimated at £65,000-£85,000 and fetched £133,250.

Nicola Gagliano, another member of the family, will feature in Sotheby's Oct. 6 auction with a violin from 1776 estimated at £70,000-£100,000. A number of cellos also will be on offer, including one from 1773 by Milan maker Carlo Landolfi, estimated at £45,000-£65,000.

Acquiring the holy grail of instruments—a violin by the master maker of stringed instruments Antonio Stradivari (1644-1737)—requires a deep pocket. Stradivari holds the record for any musical instrument sold at auction: Christie's New York in 2006 fetched $3.54 million for a violin made in 1707.

Tim Ingles, head of Sotheby's musical-instruments department, says his area is one of the few unaffected by the financial crisis because instruments "are not art works to put on the wall, but working objects." He says 18th-century instruments by Italian makers are "as good as you get. This is an area of engineering where no progress has been made in more than 300 years."

Bonhams frequently holds auctions of musical instruments through the year. A highlight of its next sale on Oct. 7 will be an Italian harpsichord circa 1680, decorated with a rural scene, which is estimated at £40,000-£50,000.

Simon Maguire, a Sotheby's music-manuscripts specialist, says autographed manuscripts by great composers—are doing well. (Autographed means written by the composer himself). On June 10, a Ludwig van Beethoven two-sided, one-leaf manuscript with the first sketch for his "Wind Octet Opus 103" along with previously unknown music ideas sold at Sotheby's for £163,250 against an estimate of £100,000- £120,000. In Sotheby's Dec. 3 manuscript auction, Frédéric Chopin's seven-page autographed manuscript, with extensive deletions and revisions of the piano solo "Tarantella Opus 43", fetched £409,250 (estimate: £200,000-£300,000).

Freudian America

By Daniel Akst

Sigmund Freud hated America. He couldn't stand being called "Sigmund" by his informal hosts. He believed that Americans had channeled their sexuality into an unhealthy obsession with money. And he seethed at his own need for the dollars that they had in such unseemly abundance. "Is it not sad," he wrote to a German friend after World War I, "that we are materially dependent on these savages, who are not a better class of human beings?"But while Freud loathed all things American (except its currency), the feeling was anything but mutual. "No nation outside of Germany and Austria was more hospitable to psychoanalysis than America," notes Mark Edmundson in "The Death of Sigmund Freud" (2007). Freud may even have anticipated the eagerness with which Americans would embrace his theories. "We are bringing them the plague," he reportedly told colleagues when disembarking in New York. "And they don't even know it."

Freud made that fateful trip to the New World he so despised 100 years ago this month, carrying with him the intellectual equivalent of an alien species that would run riot in the favorable climate of opinion in its new home. He traveled from Europe by steamship with Carl Jung and Sandor Ferenczi, the three of them psychoanalyzing one another en route. When they arrived, they spent several days touring Chinatown, Coney Island and other New York sights.

Then Freud went on to Worcester, Mass., where on the morning of Sept. 7 he gave the first of his famous "Five Lectures on Psycho-Analysis" at Clark University. At first Freud had been unwilling to accept Clark's invitation—the impetus for the whole journey—because it would have meant losing patient fees in Vienna. "America should bring in money, not cost money," he wrote to an acquaintance. But Clark's president, the psychologist G. Stanley Hall, rescheduled Freud's appearance to suit the analyst's calendar, promised him an honorary degree—and raised his fee.

The impact of Freud's talks was enormous—and enduring. Listeners included the great psychologist William James, who told an associate of Freud's that "the future of psychology belongs to your work." The anarchist Emma Goldman was at Clark, too, and was smitten. "Only people of depraved minds," she said later, "could impugn the motives or find 'impure' so great and fine a personality as Freud."

Freud claimed to dislike the popularization of his ideas, but he aimed for it with his Clark lectures—composed for a "lay" audience rather than a specialized one—and scored a clean bull's eye. The lectures sold well in book form, and psychoanalysis was soon a topic in general-interest magazines. During the 1924 murder trial of Leopold and Loeb, Chicago Tribune publisher Col. Robert McCormack cabled Freud with an offer of $25,000 or, as he put it in telegraphese, "anything he name," to come to Chicago and psychoanalyze the killers. Later that year the movie producer Samuel Goldwyn (who called Freud "the greatest love specialist in the world") offered him $100,000 to write for the screen or work as a consultant in Hollywood. Freud accepted neither offer, but playing hard to get probably amplified his renown. "By the mid-1920s," Peter Gay tells us in "Freud: A Life for Our Time" (1988), "Freud had become a household name."

In the decades to come, Freud's ideas would grow into a kind of orthodoxy in America, becoming a staple of medical training in psychiatry and permeating the larger culture. By the 1950s Freudian therapy was almost commonplace for those who could afford it, and its basic doctrines were familiar even to those who had never reclined on an analyst's couch. For literary critics, the encounter with Freud was practically "transference" at first sight; classics such as "Moby-Dick" were subjected to psychoanalytic review, and psychobiography became a trendy approach to writing lives. Popular culture was perhaps more ambivalent, offering layman's explanations in paperback but mocking Freud and his ilk in films such as Billy Wilder's "The Seven Year Itch" (1955) and in songs such as the Chad Mitchell Trio's "Ballad of Sigmund Freud."

Getty Images

Sigmund Freud at Clark University (1909).

Since that high-water mark, Freud's ideas have gradually receded from American culture. In the humanities, rival theories—including feminism, structuralism, post-colonialism—have seized the attention of scholars and critics. More importantly, Freud's methods and ideas, not to mention the mythology that surrounded him, have come under assault from such skeptics as Adolph Grunbaum, Frank Sulloway and Frederick Crews.

These attacks have been fueled by decades of clinical and scholarly research. There is scant evidence, for example, that repressed impulses produce tell-tale symptoms, as Freud insisted. There is considerable evidence, though, that Freud claimed success for treatments that failed. In the famous case of "Dora," he accused a young girl of lusting for her own molester—and, incidentally, of wanting a kiss from her therapist. In the case of the admiring Horace Frink, in whom Freud instantly and erroneously diagnosed latent homosexual tendencies, Freud aggressively intervened to blow up two marriages. Freud's clinical record is riddled with dangerous meddling, ludicrous interpretations tailored to fit his theories, and false accounts fashioned to justify himself and his ideas. In the judgment of the psychiatrist Peter D. Kramer, writing in "Freud: Inventor of the Modern Mind" (2006), Freud "was more devious and less original than he made himself out to be, and where he pioneered, he was often wrong. Freud displayed bad character in the service of bad science."

It would be easy to blame Freud's American housecall for the culture of therapy and victimization so widely decried today. But in fact he landed in a nation that was already well on its way to throwing over the stoic legacy of Puritan restraint. The rise of Swedenborgianism, Christian Science and the "mind cure" movement all helped to cultivate the public's fascination with a "subconscious" mind long before Freud got here. "By the middle of the nineteenth century," Eli Zaretsky writes in "Secrets of the Soul: A Social and Cultural History of Psychoanalysis" (2004), "American receptivity to the idea of mental healing was unparalleled in the world."

It may be still. A Harris poll last year found that nearly one in three American adults had "received treatment or therapy from a psychologist or other mental health professional." Orthodox Freudians are relatively rare nowadays, and drugs are replacing psychotherapy as a treatment for many mental ills. Yet some version of Freud's talking cure—with or without the dogma—is an accepted feature of American middle-class life.

Before his visit, Freud predicted to his circle of followers that presumably strait-laced Americans would never embrace his ideas "once they discover the sexual core of our psychological theories." But of course in America sex sells; indeed, it is probably one of the biggest reasons that Freud's theories gained such currency here. As with so much else, he was wrong about that, too.

Mr. Akst is a writer in New York's Hudson Valley.

de gustibus / *By Eric Felten*

Turning Water into Whining

The recession may be finishing what environmentalists started a few years ago: the end of the bottled-water fad. Twice in the past week I have been in restaurants that just a year ago would have been pushing still or sparkling water at their patrons from the moment they sat down. This time the waiters said merely: "Tap water OK?" When low-margin businesses like restaurants start passing on juicy profit centers—in this case, the chance to charge premium prices for a cheap commodity—you know something dramatic has happened. The rise and fall of bottled water may be the best case study yet in the strange politics of trendy environmental causes.

Bottled water got its foothold in the U.S. as a statement about healthy living. The 1980s craze for sweating at the gym launched a durable fad for toting around bottles of mountain spring water. To drink something so natural was to be "Fit on the Inside"—in the words of an ad campaign that nicely captured the soul-craft of the treadmill set.

But even without the example set by aerobicizers, the popularity of bottled water had a push. Go back to the mid-'90s, when the trend was booming, and one finds a steady drip-drip of frightful tap-scares. Perhaps no one did more to promote the bottled water craze than the Environmental Working Group, a Washington-based activist organization that issued report after breathless report about the lethal dangers spewing from American taps. There were the 1995 studies alleging that 1,000 Americans a year were dying from tainted municipal water, with an extra 400,000 sickened by faucet-flowing pathogens. In 1997, came the alarm that some 245 Midwest towns were serving up a toxic cocktail of H_2O and weed killer. In 2001 it was rocket fuel in California aquifers. In 2002 the group warned that the chlorine used to disinfect tap water led to "a health risk for pregnant women."

> Bottled H_2O has become the latest eco-scare.

Faced with this drumbeat of doom, consumers might be forgiven for having taken to the bottle. How else were they to quaff the 64 ounces of water a day they had been told was essential to health? For a little while, carrying a bottle of water was the very symbol of fashionable health-consciousness. But fashions change: Now bottled water is the eco-equivalent of last year's frock. And so none other than the Environmental Working Group was on Capitol Hill last month mounting a full-throated campaign against the stuff. The thrust was that, hey, if you run tap water through a filter, it isn't really so bad after all—and quite the bargain too!

Environmentalists complain of all the energy wasted shipping and trucking bottled water around, but their most ardent scorn is reserved for the bottles themselves. Once upon a time plastic bottles made from lightweight polyethylene terephthalate, or PET, were an innovation meant to be relatively friendly to the planet. They could be stomped into thin discs, crushed by hand or even rolled up like toothpaste tubes, thus taking up a small space in landfills. Now they are seen as bad in every way, choking the rising oceans and poisoning our precious bodily fluids with leaching carcinogens (an idea promulgated by such august academic journals as the Proceedings of the Society of Anonymous Chain Emails).

The trendy disdain for plastic bottles has produced a new fad for reusable containers. Helping to shame the sinners is Sigg, a Swiss manufacturer of stylish little metal jugs. The bottles are available with eco-slogans such as "Make Love Not Landfill," "Rise Above Plastic" and "Green Is the New Black." Or how's this for pushy: "Friends don't let friends drink from plastic." (In my book, friends don't bully friends over the water they drink.)

And so an innocent choice consumers were urged to feel good about comes to be fraught with moral peril. Part of the appeal of bottled water, after all, was that you didn't have to plan ahead by filling a canteen. It was available at a moment's notice, purchased at a bodega or wrangled from a vending machine. It could stand as a healthy alternative to soda, packaged attractively enough to lure consumers who would otherwise be seduced by caramel-colored fructose bombs.

It wasn't that long ago that making water available everywhere was itself a sort of crusade. In 2005 the American Beverage Association urged its members to stop selling sugary drinks in schools. A year later the Clinton Foundation, acting on the former president's preoccupation with weighty issues, persuaded Coke and Pepsi to phase out their signature products from campus vending machines, replacing the siren-song of soda with pure, healthful water and juice for kids. But now schools such as Washington University in St. Louis have made "Ban the Bottle" a campus cry. Thus does one crusade lead to another, with the solution to yesterday's crisis providing the stuff of today's.

One problem with fashionable causes—whether for healthy living or a healthy planet—is that the more broadly they are adopted, the less fashionable they become. Eco-chic isn't quite so chic when it becomes as common in Des Moines as it is in Marin County.

What began as an elite taste for rare French and Italian mineral water was soon democratized into a mass preference for pseudo spring water—municipal tap reverse-osmosis-filtered by megacorporate bottling factories. Just as street vendors can chill the appeal of a hot new handbag by flooding the market with fakes, the ubiquity of knock-off water stripped the symbol of its status. As important as it may be to save the planet, the eco-system still comes in second to the ego-system.

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time off

D.R.

Above, a clown at the Helsinki Festival in Finland.
Below left, a street performer at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival.
Below right, Franz Marc's 'The Tiger' (1912), on display in Baden-Baden.

Amsterdam
music festival
"Grachtenfestival 2009" stages classical-music concerts featuring works by Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971), Joseph Hayden (1732-1809), Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) and others.
Stichting Grachtenfestival
Aug. 15-23
☎ 31-20-4214-542
www.grachtenfestival.nl

Arles
photography festival
"Meetings in Arles 2009" presents over 50 photography exhibitions at various venues, including work by Nan Goldin (born 1953), Martin Parr (1952) and Roni Horn (1955).
Les Recontres d'Arles
Until Sept. 13
☎ 33-4-9096-7606
www.rencontres-arles.com

Baden-Baden
art
"The Blue Rider: Marc, Macke, Kandinsky, Münter, Jawlensky" displays works by the German "Blue Rider" artist group, including "Hutladen" by August Macke (1887-1914) and "The Tiger" by Franz Marc (1880-1916).
Museum Frieder Burda
Until Oct. 8
☎ 49-72-2139-8980
www.museum-frieder-burda.de

Basel
art
"Holbein to Tillmans" showcases about 200 paintings and sculptures from the Kunstmuseum Basel collection, including art by Lucas Cranach (1472-1553), Edgar Degas (1834-1917) and Andy Warhol (1928-87).
Schaulager
Until Oct. 4
☎ 41-61-3353-232
www.schaulager.org

Berlin
art
"Paradise is Elsewhere" explores "paradise" in the photographic, installation and video works of contemporary artist from the Asian-Pacific region, including Nicole Andrijevic (born 1981) and Yason Banal (1972).
Ifa Galleries
Until Sept. 6
☎ 49-30-22-6796-16
www.ifa.de

art
"Allora & Calzadilla" exhibits works utilizing film, installations, performances, and sculpture by American artist Jennifer Allora (born 1974) and Cuban artist Guillermo Calzadilla (1971).
Temporäre Kunsthalle Berlin
Until Sept. 6
☎ 49-30-2576-2040
www.kunsthalle-berlin.com

Bregenz
performing-arts festival
"Bregenzer Festspiele 2009" stages various open-air performances, including Giuseppe Verdi's "Aida"and Shostakovich's operetta "Paradise Moscow."
Bregenzer Festspiele
Until Aug. 23
☎ 43-5574-4076
www.bregenzerfestspiele.com

art
"Antony Gormley" presents four major installations by British contemporary artist Antony Gormley (born 1950).
Kunsthaus Bregenz
Until Oct. 4
☎ 43-5574-4859-40
www.kunsthaus-bregenz.at

Budapest
art
"Turner and Italy" exhibits 80 works by British artist Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851), from his early landscapes to his near-abstract late pictures, created during and after his journey through Italy.
Budapest Museum of Fine Arts
Until Oct. 25
☎ 36-1-4697-100
www.szepmuveszeti.hu

Dresden
art
"Carl Gustav Carus: Nature and Idea" displays paintings and drawings by German artist Carl Gustav Carus (1789-1869) alongside works by his contemporaries including Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840).
Gemäldegalerie Alte Meister/Residenzschloss
Until Sept. 20
☎ 49-351-4914-2000
www.skd-dresden.de

Edinburgh
arts festival
"Edinburgh Festival Fringe 2009" is one of the biggest arts festivals in the world, featuring theater, comedy, music, dance and exhibitions.
Edinburgh Festival Fringe
Until Aug. 31
☎ 44-131-2260-026
www.edfringe.com

Grenoble
art
"Alex Katz—An American Way of Seeing" presents a retrospective of 40 works by contemporary American artist Alex Katz (born 1927).
Musée de Grenoble
Until Sept. 27
☎ 33-4766-3444-4
www.museedegrenoble.fr

Edinburgh Fringe Festival

Helsinki
arts festival
"Helsinki Festival 2009" stages circus events, a children's program, cinema and other performing arts.
Helsinki Festival
Aug. 13-30
☎ 35-89-6126-5100
www.helsinginjuhlaviikot.fi

Hereford
music festival
"Three Choirs Festival 2009" is the world's oldest classical choral-music festival, offering works by Gustav Mahler (1860-1911), Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) and Franz Schubert (1797-1828).
Three Choirs Festival
Aug. 8-15
☎ 44-8456-5218-23
www.3choirs.org

Lausanne
design
"Post Mortem: Ten Creators Rethink the Funerary Urn" displays modern funerary urns developed by 10 designers and produced by Matteo Gonet, a Swiss glass artist and designer.
Musée de Design et d'Arts Appliqués Contemporains
Until Dec. 31
☎ 41-21-3152-530
www.mudac.ch

London
art
"Titian's Triumph of Love" shows the artist's painting "Triumph of Love" to the public for the first time in nearly 50 years.
National Gallery
Until Sept. 20
☎ 44-20-7747-2885
nationalgallery.org.uk

theater
"Alan Cumming: I bought a Blue Car Today" is a one-man show featuring anecdotes and musical performances by actor Alan Cumming (born 1965), including songs by Frank Sinatra, Dory Previn and Cyndi Lauper.
Vaudeville Theatre
Sept. 1-6
☎ 44-8444-1246-63
www.iboughtabluecartoday.com

Malaga
art
"Picasso's Late Sculpture: Woman—The Collection in Context" displays works by the Spanish artist (1881-1973), alongside works by his contemporaries Julio González (1876-1942) and Henri Matisse (1869-1954).
Museo Picasso Malaga
Until Aug. 30
☎ 34-9521-2760-0

© Städtische Galerie im Lenbachhaus, München

www2.museopicassomalaga.org

Paris
history
"The Great Monuments of the Lutèce" explores the foundation and evolution of ancient Paris through documents explaining plans, function and décor of civil constructions built between the 1st and 4th centuries.
Crypte Archéologique de Paris de Notre Dame
Until Sept. 12, 2010
☎ 33-1554-2501-0
www.paris.fr

music festival
"Festival Musique en l'Ile" is a summer festival of choral music in the churches of St-Louis-en-L'Ile and St-Germain-des-Prés, featuring music by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) and others.
Festival Musique en l'Ile
Until Sept. 13
☎ 33-1-4462-0055
www.latoisondart.com

Prague
history
"Path of Life: Rabbi Judah Loew ben Bezalel" features objects, books and archival materials examining the life and legacy of Rabbi Judah Liva (Loew) ben Bezalel, known as the Prague Maharal.
Prague Imperial Castle/ Jewish Museum Prague
Until Nov. 8
☎ 420-221-711-511
www.jewishmuseum.cz

Salzburg
performing-arts festival
"Salzburger Festspiele 2009" presents opera, concerts and drama, including Handel's opera "Theodora" and Chekhov's play "The Seagull."
Salzburger Festival Foundation
Until Aug. 30
☎ 43-662-8045-500
www.salzburgerfestspiele.at

Santander
performing-arts festival
"Festival Internacional de Santander 2009" stages classical concerts, dance, theatre, jazz and opera around Santander.
Festival Internacional de Santander
Until Aug. 29
☎ 34-942-2105-08
www.festivalsantander.com

Valldemossa
music festival
"Chopin Festival 2009" is a festival dedicated to the Polish composer Frédéric Chopin (1810-49).
Monastery of Valldemossa
Aug. 9-30
☎ 34-9716-1210-6
www.festivalchopin.com

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.