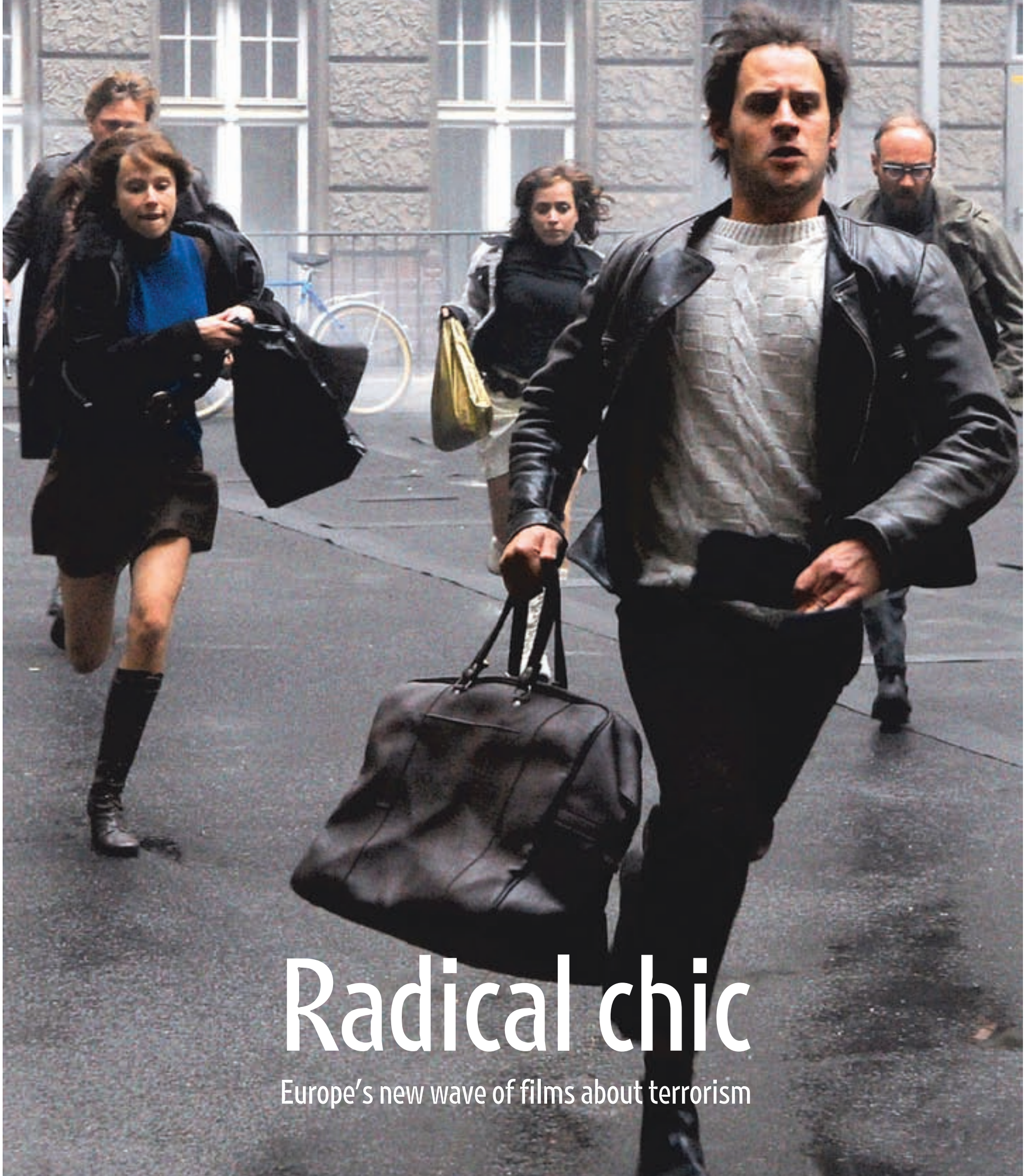


FRIDAY - SUNDAY, JANUARY 16 - 18, 2009

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE



Radical chic

Europe's new wave of films about terrorism

The best presidential writers | Wines for an inaugural toast

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Radical chic

Europe's new wave of films about terrorism



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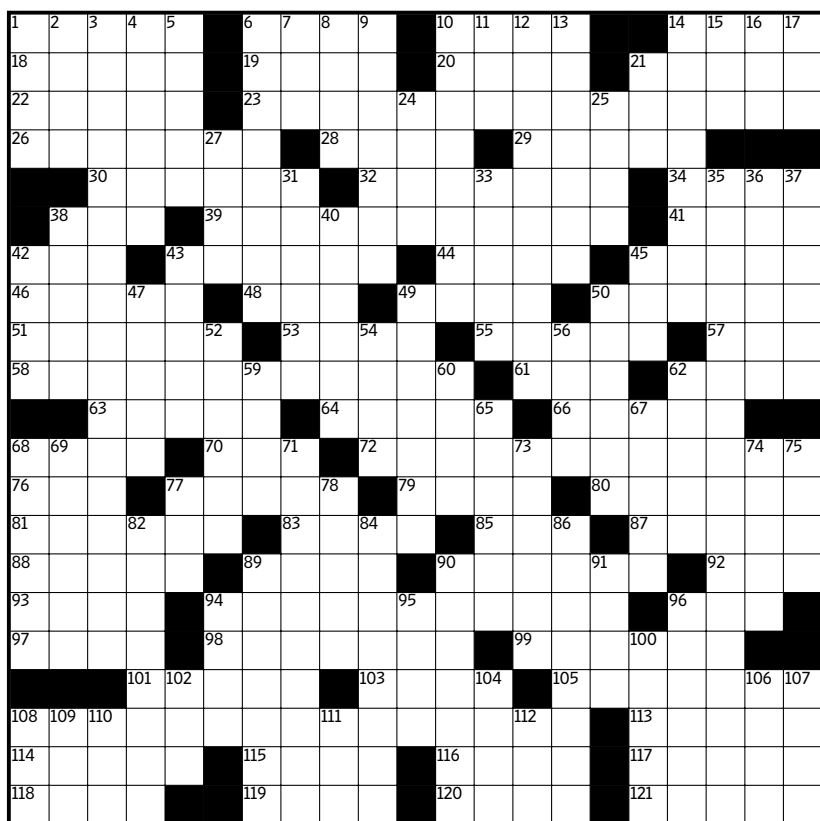
Craig Winneker EDITOR
Fahire Kurt ART DIRECTOR
Kathleen Van Den Broeck ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR
Matthew Kaminski TASTE PAGE EDITOR

Questions or comments? Write to wsje.weekend@wsj.com. Please include your full name and address.

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❖ Fashion

The mania for fashion as art

SOON AFTER MICHAEL Govan took over at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art three years ago, costumes and textiles curator Sharon Takeda stepped into his office with an unlikely proposal.

She suggested acquiring a rare private trove of European clothes: 550 items of women's, men's and children's pieces—including exquis-

for this. All my friends are in contemporary art," says Mr. Govan. "There are not people sitting around waiting to spend millions of dollars on ... costume."

Still, to Ms. Takeda's delight, he joined her in the fall of 2006 to comb through the European collection in a Basel, Switzerland, warehouse. Ellen Michelson, a longtime donor to the museum, accompanied them to watch as Wolfgang Ruf, a co-seller with Martin Kamer, pulled out items such as men's suits embroidered with gold and elaborate dresses designed to display the wealth of the wearers. One delicately embroidered silk petticoat proved that the more things change, the more they stay the same: It was made in China for export to the West.

There was an exuberant knitted men's vest from the time of the French Revolution. On the left collar was knitted a butterfly and a pair of scissors. On the right, the butterfly's wings lay snipped off, like the metaphorical wings of the country's royalists.

Mr. Govan was intrigued. The museum won't reveal the exact price but says it was several million dollars, less than a single sculpture. "A Richard Serra costs \$10 million," he says. "This was less."

Yet Mr. Govan remained skeptical as the group awaited return flights at the Zurich airport. Where would the funding for the purchase come from?

At that moment, Ms. Michelson offered to commit one-third of the price—enough to negotiate the shipment of the collection to Los Angeles on a three-year payment plan.

Still, the drama wasn't over. The value of the dollar plummeted wildly, raising the cost of Swiss francs, the currency of the deal. Credit markets yo-yoed. Fund-raising stalled. The museum was on the brink of losing the collection for lack of funds by the time the third installment payment was due last summer, when Mr. Govan was seated beside Suzanne Saperstein at a private dinner.

A well-known collector of haute couture, Ms. Saperstein had never before supported the museum. But by dessert, she was ready to see the costume collection, still under wraps in a storeroom. Soon, she was bringing friends to see the collection, including layered silk dresses that display the progress of dressmaking from hand-sewing and vegetable dyes and Paul Poiret pieces that show his elimination of the corset. Eventually, she committed more than half the price of the collection, enabling the museum to seal the deal. Ms. Takeda and her staff are cataloging the collection—whose acquisition was announced last week—for a 2010 debut exhibition.

The L.A. museum

recently formed "Atelier"—an elite group of patrons who will help expand the museum's textile collection. As a founding member, Ms. Saperstein has her own hopes for the mark the costume collection might make on her city.

"L.A. from a fashion point of view has always been looked down on a little bit," she says. "Hopefully, it'll attract a new group of people—and hopefully a fashion-forward group of people."

Meanwhile, Mr. Govan has a new commitment to fashion's role in the art world. "When you see this collection, not only are the things visually engaging, but you see a map: In all the elements of fashion are all the elements of how ideas are conveyed through society," he says. "Instead of being frivolous, it turns out to be a core artifact."

Email Christina.Binkley@wsj.com

On Style

CHRISTINA BINKLEY

ite, gold-embroidered courtiers' clothing and Queen Victoria's nightie. While the collection was cohesive and substantial, covering clothing from 1700 to 1915, Ms. Takeda wondered if the new museum director—a specialist in contemporary art—would put his reputation on the line for fashion.

"It wasn't always fashionable to have costume and textile in a museum," she explains. "For many years, we were the poor cousin even within our own museum. Many of our colleagues weren't sure what to do with it—or whether it was really art."

The ensuing struggle to secure the collection says a great deal about the increasing value that museums are placing on fashion, which is wildly popular with the public yet costs less to collect than painting and sculpture.

Fashion and costume exhibitions have become big draws for museums, bringing new donors and visitors and generating lavish publicity for star-studded opening galas. Last year, New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art drew 576,000 visitors to its "Superheroes" exhibit, says a spokeswoman. A 2005 Chanel exhibit there drew 463,000 visitors. Other notable exhibits include the Philadelphia Museum of Art's exhibition on Italian designer Elsa Schiaparelli in 2004; San Francisco's de Young Museum's Yves St. Laurent exhibit; and the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art's 2006 "Skin & Bones" exhibition on fashion and architecture.

What's more, even as prices for painting and sculpture have blown sky-high in recent years, fashion and textiles remained bargain-priced. Mr. Govan muses, "How much would it cost to be No. 1 in European painting? You couldn't do it at any cost."

Mr. Govan sought change for the museum, which lacked the esteem of many of the city's own residents. Indeed, a few days earlier, he had challenged the staff to find significant, "museum-altering" pieces to acquire.

Yet valuing, acquiring and showcasing a significant fashion collection still posed major hurdles. Mr. Govan was not accustomed to working with fashion—a word that still draws the occasional wince from him because of its frivolous and commercial connotations. "I had not a clue how to raise money



The collection pursued by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art included an embroidered evening mantle (above) and a petticoat made in China for export around 1785 (below).



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TO RECOVER?

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All the presidents' literature: Leaders

BY JONATHAN RABAN

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

IT'S BEEN SO LONG since a talented writer last occupied the White House; no wonder, then, that American writers have been among the most prominent of all the demographic groups claiming a piece of Barack Obama for themselves. In the last year, Mr. Obama's 1995 memoir, "Dreams from My Father" (though not his later, more conventional campaign book, "The Audacity of Hope") has been discovered by the literary profession as if it were the Comstock Lode: He wrote it himself! Every sentence has its own graceful cadence! He could as easily be a novelist as a politician!

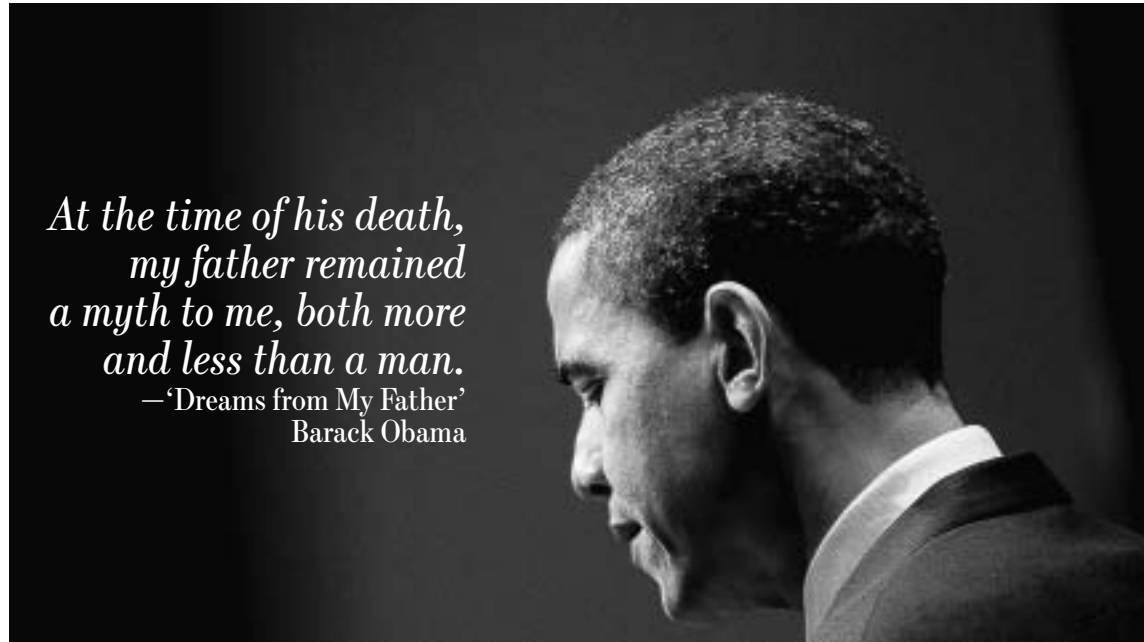
It's an uncommon coincidence. The solitary existence of the writer, recasting the world alone in a room, generally unfits him for the intensely sociable, collegial life of practical politics, just as most successful politicians would as soon turn into Trappist monks as face the daily silence and seclusion of the writer's study. There are of course exceptions: Benjamin Disraeli entered British politics as a fashionable novelist, and went on to twice become prime minister; the playwright Vaclav Havel became president of Czechoslovakia, then of the Czech Republic.

But there's no particular correlation between literary ability and high political office: think of a Melville administration, or a novel by George Washington.

Yet writing has sometimes been as important an accomplishment for an American president as his skill as a general or diplomat, as when Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and John Adams wrote the United States into being by lamplight, and Abraham Lincoln scribbled disconnected sentences on scraps of paper that he tucked for safe-keeping inside his hat.

The two-minute speech that Lincoln read at Gettysburg, dedicating the battlefield as a cemetery, is a miracle of verbal compression, so tightly packed with layers of implication that even now historians and critics are still uncovering fresh subtleties in its scant 270 words of text. The Gettysburg Address redefined the purpose and meaning of the nation with such richness and precision, and with such breathtaking economy, that it has become a classic of American literature, at least as great a piece of writing as "Moby-Dick" or the very best poems in "Leaves of Grass."

Lincoln, steeped in the Bible and Shakespeare, set an impossibly high bar for presidential prose. One doesn't so much read as listen to him speak, on the floor of the U.S. House in July 1848, when he lays into Gen. Lewis Cass, the Democratic candidate for president against the Whig, Zachary Taylor. The cut-throat edge of Lincoln's sarcasm hasn't blunted: Mocking Cass, mocking himself, he is at once deadly serious and in high good



humor, telling barnyard stories of hogs, dogs and old horses in his grating tenor voice, with perfect comic timing.

The speech took Lincoln an hour to deliver, and it doesn't flag for one second. The long-forgotten Gen. Cass comes splendidly to life as a chronic drain on the public purse, a spinning weathercock on the crucial issue of the presidential veto, and a Falstaffian boaster about military exploits in which he was only distantly involved. Comparing Cass at the Battle of the Thames in the War of 1812 with his own modest service in the Black Hawk War, Lincoln says, "By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero?... If General Cass went in advance of me in picking huckleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions." Lincoln's performance as a young, one-term congressman reminds one that, like Shakespeare, his tragic genius was grounded in a relish for knock-about comedy and an extraordinarily agile wit.

No president has come near to rivaling Lincoln as a writer. It's customary to salute Ulysses Grant's "Personal Memoirs" as the greatest book ever written by a president; it has a somber grandeur and dispassion, but Grant on the Civil War is, on the whole, less vivid than his comrade-in-arms William T. Sherman, who brings the reader into the noise and stink of battle as Grant does not. The colossal reputation of "Personal Memoirs" owes much to the half-dozen pages, in chapter 67, where Grant accepts Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and renders it as a dignified reunion of old friends ("The conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting"). The symbolism of that moment, as the Confederacy and the Union come together in a scene of almost dreamlike concord, is so deeply affecting that it elevates the whole book far above its otherwise gruff, soldierly prose. The battles (Chattanooga, Spottsylvania, Franklin, Nashville...) blur and fade; what we remember is Grant

and Lee comfortably reminiscing about their shared past and thereby pointing the way forward for a nation at peace.

One professional writer made it to the White House—Theodore Roosevelt, who, from his senior year at Harvard (when he began his well-received history of the naval War of 1812) until his death, couldn't stop churning out books. He was a glutton for literature, once boasting of the pleasure of feasting on Aristophanes in German translation, but his own roaring style seems perfectly untouched by his omnivorous reading. If his style has antecedents, they're the boys' adventure stories of G.A. Henty and the nature writing of John Burroughs: Whether biographizing Oliver Cromwell, regaling readers with his tales of killing large mammals in "Hunting the Grisly," or killing Spaniards in "The Rough Riders," Roosevelt managed to write on a single, continuous, trumpet note. "The Gatlings were up again!" "Then I heard a twig snap; and my blood leaped, for I knew the bear was at his supper." After a few pages of this, the sheer noise becomes deafening; it's like being trapped in the company of an unbearably hearty counselor at a wilderness summer camp.

At least T.R. wrote his own stuff, dying a few years before the hired ghosts showed up to write the speeches and memoirs of presidents too busy and gregarious to stand the solitary confinement of the writing life. Soon after his marriage, FDR began a novel about a Chicago millionaire, but sensibly abandoned it before he got to the end of page 2. John F. Kennedy won a Pulitzer Prize for his "Profiles in Courage," but there is widespread agreement among historians that the book was assembled by a platoon of writers and "research associates" under Kennedy's command. Richard Nixon's autobiography, "RN," begins with the promising sentence, "I was born in a house my father built," but does that I belong to Nixon or his spook? One hears Bill Clinton's own voice in

"My Life," the best presidential memoir in recent times, but it often sounds more taped than written; transcribed, punctuated and shaped by a loyal amanuensis.

"My Life" has its virtues (such as the enormous data-storage capacity of the Clinton memory, a marvel in its own right) but one could hardly accuse it of having a prose style.

The only book by a modern president that bears serious comparison with Mr. Obama's "Dreams from My Father" is Jimmy Carter's short campaign autobiography, "Why Not the Best?," published in 1975. Almost every presidential candidate comes equipped with a professionally manufactured campaign bio, but it was apparently thought a novelty when Mr. Carter, little known outside his region, introduced himself to the national electorate with a personal memoir, written in his own hand, with no more than the usual amount of editorial assistance.

Mr. Carter wrote very engagingly of growing up on the family farm in segregated Georgia, and rather less so of his subsequent career in the U.S. Navy, the state capitol and the governor's mansion. At its best, his plain, well-centered prose has the air of a Sunday school teacher telling a Bible story. "My life on the farm during the Great Depression more nearly resembled farm life of fully two thousand years ago than farm life today," he writes, as if the tiny hamlet of Archery, Ga., and first-century Bethlehem lay just a few steps apart. First published as an inspirational book by a small evangelical press in Nashville, Mr. Carter's memoir quickly became a best-seller during the 1976 primary season, and clearly helped in his victory over Gerald Ford in November.

Mr. Obama was 14 when "Why Not the Best?" came out, and may conceivably have registered the book's surprising success. Certainly "Dreams from My Father," like Mr. Carter's book, betrays a political motive, not just the itch to write for writing's sake. Mr. Obama had come to Chicago as a

carpetbagger by way of Hawaii and New York, and carpetbaggers have always been unwelcome in the cronyish world of Chicago politics. On one level (and the book has several), "Dreams" is intent on staking out Mr. Obama's claim to having put down deep and permanent roots in Illinois's First Congressional District, represented then, as now, by Bobby Rush.

The long midsection of the book, set among the housing projects of the South Side, where Mr. Obama spent less than three years as a community organizer, is a love letter to the people of Chicago and to Harold Washington, the city's first black mayor. "Dreams" came out in 1995; the next year, Mr. Obama successfully ran for the state senate; three years later he challenged Mr. Rush on his home turf for his congressional seat. Although he lost that primary, his presence in the race would have been unthinkable had he not so convincingly transformed himself into a full-blooded Chicagoan in the pages of "Dreams."

To build a political base in his adopted city, Mr. Obama had to write a book, but it's a measure of his seemingly unbounded confidence in his abilities that he set his sights on making the book a work of literary art. "Dreams" is less memoir than novel: Most of its characters are composites with fictional names; its total-recall dialogue is as much imagined as remembered; its time sequences are intricately shuffled. It has an old-fashioned plot, as it charts the progress of its hero, first met as a 21-year-old loner for whom "my solitude" was "the safest place I knew," on a Ulyssean quest for identity and community. Like a Trollope novel, "Dreams" ends with a wedding scene, in which all the warring fragments of Mr. Obama's life—black and white, Hawaii and Indonesia, Kenya and Chicago—finally cohere into one like pieces of an elaborate jigsaw puzzle. Married to a South Side native, and, by inference, to the South Side itself, the wandering hero has at last come home, in—as it so happens—the very heart of Bobby Rush's political bailiwick.

Mr. Obama is a skillful realist. By day, the I of his book is a vigilant listener and watcher, a hoarder of contingent details, who hugs his observations to himself, then broods on them late into the night. It's in the insomniac small hours when—alone except for his burning cigarette—he comes into his own as a restless thinker, figuring out his world in passages of eloquent interior monologue. Three o'clock in the morning is a recurring time in "Dreams," the hour at which patterns reveal themselves, resolutions are made and the reader enjoys the illusion of unhindered intimacy with the author.

But the book really takes wing when Mr. Obama wriggles out of the constraints of the first person singular and, like a novelist, imag-

who can write well

ines his way into the skulls of other people. Early on, he tries to see Kansas in the 1930s through the young eyes of his white grandparents, "Toot" and "Gramps," when they were courting. Later, his 7-year-old self is playing with Lolo, his Indonesian stepfather, in the backyard of their house in a Jakarta suburb when Mr. Obama catches sight of his mother, watching them from behind a window. For the next five pages, he leaps inside her head to observe himself and Lolo through her eyes. It's a bravado performance, as the writer feels on his own pulse the pain of his mother's expatriation and her budding estrangement from her new husband, so troublingly different in his native Indonesia from the student with whom she fell in love in Honolulu.

In Kenya, Mr. Obama, who speaks only a few words of Luo, interrogates "Granny," his black grandmother, with the help of his English-speaking half-sister. From that single, halting conversation, he constructs for Granny a 28-page recitation, in formal, stately English like the language of translated Greek myth, in which she takes over the narrative reins of the book and tells the story of his family from the perspective of her African village.

There's nothing very original in Mr. Obama's recognition of the limitations of first-person storytelling as necessarily partial and monocular, his experiments with multiple, contending points of view, or his hyper-alertness to what he calls "the messy, contradictory details of our experience." These are the basic ingredients of modern literary realism, from Henry James and Joseph Conrad to E. L. Doctorow and Marilynne Robinson, two of Mr. Obama's favorite living authors. What's interesting is how very closely Mr. Obama's promised style of governance chimes with his proven style of writing.

In politics, "realism" is usually just another term for pragmatism, or Realpolitik. But "Dreams from



Stephen Webster

My Father" suggests that for Mr. Obama the word is rooted less in a political than in a literary tradition, where it has a far richer meaning. It signifies the watchful eye and patiently attentive ear; a proper humility in the face of the multiplex character of human society; and, most of all, a belief in the power of the writer's imagination to comprehend and ultimately reconcile the manifold contradictions in his teeming world. It's not much to go on, but, so far, naming his cabinet and organizing his inauguration, incorporating into the narrative characters and voices quite different from his own (like Hillary Clinton's or Rick Warren's), Mr. Obama has demonstrated an impressive consistency between his instincts as a writer and his performance as president-elect. He reminds us that novelists, no less than apprentice politicians, are in the business of community organizing.

It would be quaint to expect Mr. Obama the writer to be conspicuously in evidence when he's in the White House. He, too, now employs a team of ghosts, led by the 27-year-old wunderkind Jon Favreau. He's said to have "input" into his own speeches, and to edit and modestly rewrite them—a far

cry from the time when he was composing "Dreams." But we can at least hope that his literary sensibility, his personal brand of meticulously observant realism, will continue to shape his thought while he's in power, and that, however well or badly his administration turns out, he'll write the best-ever presidential memoir when he leaves office.

He's a good—even exceptionally good—writer, but his best sentences still pale beside those of the president he echoes and alludes to in almost every speech. It's not, I think, an exaggeration to say that Mr. Obama is the most able writer to win the presidency since Lincoln. But so far Lincoln's grasp of homely metaphor, the scathing clarity of his logic, his capacity to make the gravest subject yield material for comedy, leave Mr. Obama in the dust. It's not just the great prose-poems of the Gettysburg Address and the two inaugurals; it's the wonderfully lucid—and funny—prose of Lincoln on the stump that stops the reader in his tracks, as no president has done before or since. Here he is, in New Haven, Conn., on March 6, 1860, speaking on the bitterly contentious subject of the introduction of slavery to Western states yet to be admitted to the Union, like Kansas and Nebraska (transcript from the New Haven Daily Palladium):

If I saw a venomous snake crawling in the road, any man would say I might seize the nearest stick and kill it; but if I found that snake in bed with my children, that would be another question. [Laughter.] I might hurt the children more than the snake, and it might bite them. [Applause.] Much more, if I found it in bed with my neighbor's children, and I had bound myself by a solemn compact not to meddle with his children under any circumstances, it would become me to let that particular mode of getting rid of the gentleman alone. [Great laughter.] But if there was a bed newly made up, to which the children were to be taken, and it was proposed to take a batch of young snakes and put them there with them, I take it no man would say there was any question how I ought to decide! [Prolonged applause and cheers.]

Mr. Obama, who's shown flashes of humor but little real wit, could usefully learn from Lincoln's genius for rousing so much laughter on an issue as menacingly serious as slavery. In a fragment of a speech written in 1858, describing those who stubbornly opposed the abolition of the slave trade in Britain, he came up with this marvelous sentence: "Though they blazed, like tallow-candles for a century, at last they flickered in the socket, died out, stank in the dark for a brief season, and were remembered no more, even by the smell."

Jonathan Raban's most recent books are the novel "Surveillance" and the essay collection "My Holy War."

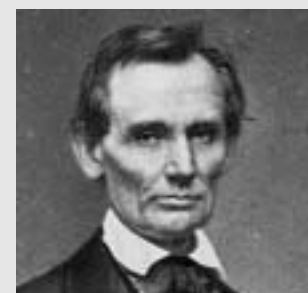
The power of the pen

A selection of passages from politicians who wrote with style.
—Juliet Chung



▲ **BENJAMIN DISRAELI**
'Sybil,' 1845
This novel, by the future prime minister of the U.K., looks at class through the lens of a romance between the daughter of a working-class activist and the aristocratic hero.

The long summer twilight was just expiring; the pale shadows of the moon were just stealing on; the gas was beginning to glare in shops of tripe and bacon, and the paper lanterns to adorn the stall and the stand. They crossed a broad street which seemed the metropolis of the district; it flamed with gin palaces; a multitude were sauntering in the mild though tainted air; bargaining, blaspheming, drinking, mangling; and varying their business and their potations, their fierce strife and their impious irreverence, with flashes of rich humour, gleams of native wit, and racy phrases of idiomatic slang.



▲ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**
Presidential speeches
The 16th president wrote his speeches without the help of ghostwriters. He gave this address in Baltimore in 1864.

The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd as a liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the same act as the destroyer of liberty, especially as the sheep was a black one. Plainly the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of the word liberty; and precisely the same difference prevails to-day among us human creatures, even in the North, and all professing to love liberty. Hence we behold the processes by which thousands are daily passing from under the yoke of bondage, hailed by some as the advance of liberty, and bewailed by others as the destruction of all liberty.

JIMMY CARTER
'An Hour Before Daylight,' 2001
In this memoir of his Depression-era childhood, Mr. Carter explores his personal history as well as race relations.

My most persistent impression as a farm boy was of the earth. There was a closeness, almost an immersion, in the sand, loam, and red clay that seemed natural, and constant. The soil caressed my bare feet, and the dust was always boiling up from the dirt road that passed fifty feet from our front door, so that inside our clapboard house the red clay particles, ranging in size from face powder to grits, were ever present, particularly in the summertime, when the wooden doors were kept open and the screens just stopped the trash and some of the less adventurous flies.



WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
'The Age of Revolution,' 1957
In the third installment of his four-volume "A History of the English Speaking Peoples," the former prime minister covers Britain's 18th century history. Here, he writes about the aftermath of the Battle of Waterloo.

Late that night Blucher and Wellington met and embraced. "Mein lieber Kamerad," said the old German Field-Marshal, who knew not a word of English, "quelle affaire!," which was about all the French he could command. This brief greeting was greatly to Wellington's laconic taste. It was a story he delighted to repeat in later years... The Duke rode back to Brussels. The day had been almost too much even for a man of iron. The whole weight of responsibility had fallen on him. Only the power and example of his own personality had kept his motley force together. The strain had been barely tolerable. "By God!" as he justly said, "I don't think it would have been done if I had not been there." As he took tea and toast and had the casualty lists read to him he broke down and wept.



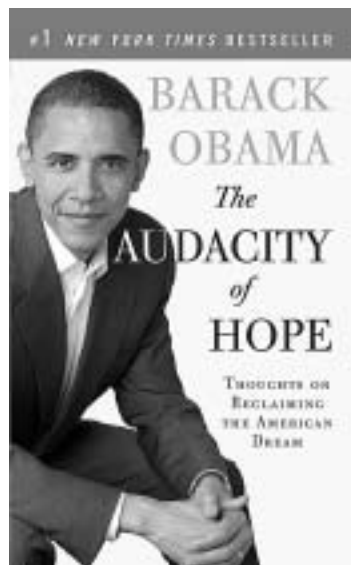
Photos: Fox Photos/Getty Images/Corbis; Library of Congress; Fotosearch

Arbitrage

The price of 'The Audacity of Hope'

City	Local currency	€
New York	\$9	€6.68
Frankfurt	€9	€9
Tokyo	¥1,225	€10.06
London	£9	€10.13
Brussels	€12	€12
Paris	€14	€14
Rome	€17	€17

Notes: Vintage Books paperback edition; prices, including taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.



Here's to the red, white and brut

MILLIONS WILL GATHER in Washington next week for the inauguration of Barack Obama as the 44th president of the United States, and many of them will attend fancy parties. But if your invitation, like ours, was lost in the mail—and we sure hope the new president does something about that problem—you can still celebrate the event at home. Our sugges-

Tastings

DOROTHY J. GAITER
AND JOHN BRECHER

tion: Open a fine bottle of American bubbly. Which one? We tasted dozens to answer that question.

Good bubbly is being made all over the world these days and the U.S. is no exception. There are big sparkling-wine operations not just in California, but in Washington state (Domaine Ste. Michelle), New Mexico (Gruet) and elsewhere. In addition, many small wineries make a limited amount of bubbly that can be quite fine, but is often not sold outside the winery or the region. We wondered what we could recommend that would be fairly widely available and cost less than \$50, so we bought every bubbly we could find that fit into those parameters, from Korbel to Schramsberg.

Schramsberg, by the way, became famous when President Nixon took it to China in 1972, but there don't seem to be many other famous stories involving presidents and sparkling wine. In fact, the White House Historical Association notes: "In 1840, the Whigs presented their candidate, William Henry Harrison, as a simple frontier Indian fighter, living in a log cabin and drinking cider, in sharp contrast to an aristocratic, Champagne-sipping Van Buren."

Thank goodness for Thomas Jefferson, the third U.S. president. We know from John Hailman's book, "Thomas Jefferson on Wine," that Jefferson had at least 14 wine cellars throughout his long life, including two at the White House. Mr. Hailman wrote that Jefferson was partial to Champagne, often non-mousseux—still wine—and often had it while in the White House. The connoisseur-president was a virtual ambassador for Champagne. Mr. Hailman included in his book a letter dated Aug. 12, 1790, in which Jefferson, the new secretary of state, ordered cases of Champagne for George Washington. "The favorite wine of Jefferson's first term," Mr. Hailman wrote, "was Champagne, recognized then as now as a festive beverage, suitable for giving a lively tone to a dinner party."

Mind-numbing variety

As we shopped for our bubbly, our first surprise was the profusion of different wines among the big brands. Just about all of these are old friends—Chandon, Domaine Carneros, Roederer Estate and others—but some of these brands have morphed into hydra-headed enterprises offering a mind-numbing variety of wines. There's not just Blanc de Blancs and Blanc de Noirs (which—warning—is now often a rosé, more Noirs than Blancs). There's not just Brut (which means dry) and Extra Dry (which means a bit sweet). There are different vineyards and different vintages and different cu-



Shira Kronzon/The Wall Street Journal

vées. These can be important designations for bubbly. But it seems like Chandon alone now has a different bubbly for every week of the year, including one, Étoile, that is closed with a crown cap like a bottle of Coca-Cola or beer. (Unfortunately, it tasted, to us, like an over-oaked Chardonnay with bubbles.)

While we like specificity—and wine from a single, storied vineyard often means we're in for a treat—we found in our tasting that this mass of labels is not a good thing. There was simply too much variation in

quality within each brand to make intelligent choices. It's like they're throwing as many labels against the wall as possible and trying to see which one sticks to consumers. We'd urge the producers to get back to basics and produce a smaller number of wines on which they have a tighter focus on quality.

Some good values

Overall, we found these American sparklers pleasant enough. Still, too many seemed to strive only to be inoffensive, a low bar indeed. We

wish more of their winemakers were willing to take some risks and try to make a truly world-class sparkler, a wine with pinpoint bubbles, great acidity, some nuttiness, integrated tastes, real depth and excitement in every pop. So while these will not soar with the oratory of the day, they are generally fine for a celebration and, in some cases, good values. It's worth noting that while the Domaine Ste. Michelle wines were not among our favorites, their quality has improved and they're bargain-priced at just around \$10.

Gruet and Scharffenberger, two of our old favorites, were good but not among our favorites this time. We tasted various Schramsberg offerings and, while good, only its Mirabelle label was among our favorites. The two we liked best were also old friends, from Iron Horse and J. We used the word "classy" in our notes for both of them, which seems appropriate to the inauguration. The Iron Horse is 86% Pinot Noir and 14% Chardonnay; 4,083 cases were made. The J is 49% of both Chardonnay and Pinot Noir and 2% Pinot Meunier; 18,000 cases were made. Both were aged more than three years on their sediment.

We should also note that, dollar for dollar and bubble for bubble, good old Chandon Brut, the classic Chandon, continues to be the most reliable widely distributed American bubbly, year after year. While never our very favorite in a tasting, it is always clean, fresh and pleasant—and because it is so widely distributed, it is often available for about \$13 a bottle or less if you shop around. This is the wine we give as a token of appreciation to people every holiday season because we know it won't disappoint.

So pop open a bubbly and wish the new president good luck. What will he be drinking himself during the big parties? We asked the inaugural committee that and they never did get an answer for us. Maybe it's the Van Buren effect.

The inaugural bubbly index

In order to find a good, widely distributed American bubbly to suggest as an inauguration celebration wine, we tasted dozens that cost less than \$50. After the holidays, there are sometimes good deals on sparklers, so shop around. Thrift is patriotic in these times. These are nonvintage except as noted.

VINEYARD	PRICE	RATING	COMMENTS
Iron Horse Vineyards 'Wedding Cuvée' 2004 (Sonoma County, Green Valley)	\$36.99	Very Good	Best of tasting. Lovely nose of fruit, yeast, minerals, lemon and some mushroom. Nice bubbles. Classy and fully integrated. We didn't like the 2005 as much.
J Vineyards and Winery 'Cuvée 20' Brut (Russian River Valley)	\$26.50*	Very Good	Best value. Hits all of the right notes, with good fruit, toast and some almonds, especially in the long finish. Classy wine. Would age well.
Argyle Winery Brut 2002 (Willamette Valley)	\$24.99	Good/ Very Good	Nicely austere, with a little bit of attractive mouthfeel at the back. "I'd want this with passed hors d'oeuvres," Dottie said.
Domaine Chandon 'Brut Classic' (California)	\$13.99	Good/ Very Good	Uncomplicated, pleasant and drinkable, with some austerity and a bit of brown sugar. Good for a celebration, especially at the price.
Mirabelle Brut Schramsberg Vineyards (North Coast)	\$21.99	Good/ Very Good	Despite the Brut in the name, we'd recommend this to people who prefer their bubbly a little sweeter and softer than most. Relaxed and relaxing and quite approachable. Good as an aperitif or with cookies, so maybe it's just the thing for a noon inauguration.
Mumm Napa Valley 'Brut Prestige' (Napa Valley)	\$19.99	Good/ Very Good	Light, easy and fun to drink, with good lemon and a touch of elegance. Quite bubbly.

Note: Wines are rated on a scale that ranges: Yech, OK, Good, Very Good, Delicious and Delicious! These came from California, New Jersey and New York. *We paid \$23.99 for J, but this price appears to be more representative. Prices vary widely.

Wine Notes: Label lexicon

BY DOROTHY J. GAITER
AND JOHN BRECHER

SAY YOU'RE IN the wine store and you want to buy something new. You have nothing to go by outside of the label. Will the label tell you anything you should know?

In a sea of wine labels, are there certain things to look for—across the board, country to country? We've thought a lot about it, and here's what to look for and what to ignore. There are a million caveats and exceptions, but here's some general advice:

Vintage. This is actually the first thing we look for ourselves. You don't need to have a vintage chart in your pocket or care whether 2001 or 2002 was a better year in the Sierra Foothills. The vast majority of wines at the store are meant to be drunk right away, so you want to make sure the wine isn't too old, particularly if you're buying it expecting lively, fresh fruitiness. We routinely see five-year-old Pinot Grigio and two-year-old Beaujolais Nouveau at stores, for example, so as soon as we see that kind of age on wines like those, we know we can skip them and move on.

Alcohol content. Too many wines today have too much alcohol, which leaves them unbalanced. Sure, there are some classic wines with fairly high alcohol levels, but many of today's regular table wines—Merlot, Chardonnay, Shiraz—have levels at 15% or above. Some of those might be terrific, but if we had nothing else to go on, we'd look for alcohol content at about 14% and below.

Critter labels. In the past few years, there has been a profusion of inexpensive wines with cute animals on the labels. We have tasted these wines and they are generally less attractive than the labels.

Geography. The more specific the better. A wine that says it's from Napa is probably a better bet than a wine that simply says it's from California. It's the same way all over the world.

Estate-bottled. This means the people who made the wine also had a hand in growing the grapes on their own land. We generally find this a good sign.

Old vines or vieilles vignes. Theoretically, older vines produce fewer, but more flavorful, grapes, but the problem is that no one has defined what an "old vine" is, so anyone can put this on the label. Ignore it.

Details, details, details. When we were young, we were fond of the late Hanns Kornell's Sehr Trocken, one of a handful of sparkling wines he made at his California winery. On the back label was a hand-printed date of when the wine was "disgorged," when the sediment in the neck of a bottle of bubbly was removed and the temporary cap replaced by a real cork. On the front of each bottle was this notation: "Naturally fermented in this bottle," which was a big deal because that's the way real Champagne is made, with the bubbly fermentation taking place in the bottle and not in a huge tank. We love information like that and some wineries still give it, including the dates when the grapes were harvested and the wine bottled. Details like these make the point that these things mattered to the winemaker and that he or she understands that they have meaning for the consumer, too.

WSJ.com

Cheers to the chief
Watch John and Dottie
taste and talk about
American bubbly, at
WSJ.com/Tastings



The Bridge Project's European actors (from left) Sinéad Cusack, Rebecca Hall and Simon Russell Beale...

'The Bridge Project' links British and American actors

BY GWEN OREL

IRISH PLAYWRIGHT George Bernard Shaw once said that America and England were "two countries separated by a common language." The Bridge Project, a new transatlantic theater venture, aims to close that gap. A collaboration between the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM), the Old Vic, and Neal Street Productions, the Bridge Project is staging plays in the U.S., the U.K. and elsewhere, featuring British, Irish and American actors.

The focus of the Bridge Project is classic plays. The inaugural season features Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," in a new adaptation by Tom Stoppard, now running at BAM, and Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," opening at BAM on Feb. 20. Sam Mendes (the director of "Revolutionary Road") will direct both plays. Ethan Hawke, Sinéad Cusack, Rebecca Hall and other actors will appear in both shows. After finishing at BAM in March, the productions will go on a global tour, with international residencies in the Old Vic in London (starting May 23) as well as the home countries of various presenting partners such as the Singapore Repertory Theatre and the Athens-Epidaurus Festival.

The Bridge Project was launched because several of the producers and stars involved wanted to work together. Actor Kevin Spacey, who has run the Old Vic since 2004, was looking to do something with Mr. Mendes, who had directed him in his Academy Award-winning role in "American Beauty" (1999). He had hoped to woo Mr. Mendes to direct at the Old Vic. "The more we talked the less satisfied we were with the idea that he would come and direct a single play. I wanted to do something extraordinary. I think Sam wanted to stretch himself, too," says Mr. Spacey.

Launching the international project presented a number of challenges, says BAM executive producer Joe Melillo. For example, press releases had to be coordinated to appear simultaneously in differ-

ent time zones, and fundraising efforts needed to consider different currencies and different tax laws. In addition, the cast members had to make an 11-month commitment.

It's also a tough economy for such an ambitious endeavor. Fortunately, says Lynn Stirrup, BAM's executive director for special campaigns, Bank of America signed on as primary corporate sponsor, making a seven-figure contribution over a three-year period, by far the largest single contribution BAM has ever received. American Airlines came forward with in-kind donations of airfares. The two companies helped signal that the arts community is "going to get through this challenging [economic] crisis," says Mr. Spacey, and "Culture is good for business."

The scope of the project was a lure for actors. Mr. Hawke recently completed a year-long commitment to Mr. Stoppard's "Coast of Utopia" trilogy on Broadway, and was so satisfied with the experience that he thought he was done with the stage for a while. But he decided that working in Chekhovian naturalism and Shakespearean style back to back was too intriguing to pass up. "Theater's my first love," says Mr. Hawke. "This was an opportunity that offered me the possibility of learning. I try to commit to things based on an imagined obituary. If I were dead, this would sound like an incredibly cool thing to have done."

Irish actress Sinéad Cusack had always wanted to play Chekhov's Madame Ranevskaya, the charming, financially irresponsible lady of the doomed estate in "The Cherry Orchard." "The idea of a mixed company has always appealed to me—the energy is different and exciting," she explains.

The Bridge Project plans to feature different actors in future productions, but Mr. Mendes will be the sole director. Works by American writers will probably be performed in the future. Mr. Spacey is likely to perform as well in the project's third year.



...and American actors (from left) Josh Hamilton, Richard Easton and Ethan Hawke.

Dave Hampton, aka the 'Carbon Coach.'



Emission impossible?

'Carbon Coach' Dave Hampton helps homeowners fight global warming

BY ISIS ALMEIDA

WORLD-WIDE CONCERN about global warming is hitting home as more and more people try to make their houses and businesses eco-friendly and reduce emissions of carbon dioxide.

With the European Union estimating that commercial and residential buildings are responsible for 40% of the EU's total CO2 emissions, governments around the continent have turned to homes to help achieve Europe's goals of reducing 60% to 80% of CO2 emissions by 2050.

In the U.K., the government has adopted the Code for Sustainable Homes, which aims at ensuring that all new homes built in the county be "zero-carbon" by 2016. The Code assesses the sustainability of a house on a six-point scale, with six being a "zero-carbon" home, meaning its usage of energy from renewable sources offsets its carbon emissions. The E.U. has yet to adopt specific regulations for low-carbon housing.

For Dave Hampton, a Cambridge-educated engineer and self-described "carbon coach," the new emphasis on emissions cuts represents a business opportunity. After working on energy efficiency for over 20 years for numerous firms, including British Gas, engineering consultants WS Atkins, Building Research Establishment and ABS Consulting, Mr. Hampton set himself up in business as a consultant who specializes in helping individuals reduce their carbon footprint. "My aim is to show people they can halve their carbon shadow just by making simple changes," he says.

Mr. Hampton started by setting his own example. He has completely refurbished his own house in Marlow, outside London—making it more eco-friendly by installing solar panels to heat water, insulating all the walls and wooden floors and installing a heat-recovery system that exchanges the air without wasting energy. He even changed to LED light bulbs, which require 2 watts instead of 50.

"After the changes in my

house, our total utility bills went down to £80 a month," he said. "Were it not for the alterations, we'd be paying almost three times more," he added.

We spoke to Mr. Hampton about how he advises people to become "carbon healthy."

Q: You left your job at ABS to become "the Carbon Coach." What made you do that?

The discrepancy between my ideas and companies' views. I'd tell CEOs we needed to reduce their company's footprint by 90% in the next 30 to 50 years and they'd say a 10% reduction could be possible, but stabilizing emissions was more realistic. Being a consultant who was helping firms stay still felt very inauthentic, frustrating, even wrong.

Q: Reducing your own emissions is a fundamental part of your business. How well has your family adjusted?

There is always conflict in every family relationship and it's no different in my house. But as my kids grow older, their take on our lifestyle changes. At the moment, my two daughters are extremely supportive. The tension is more evident with my oldest son. Tom is 18 now and he wants to see the world. Last holidays he went on a round-the-world trip, flying to Hawaii and New Zealand. That trip alone added 10 tons to our family's footprint. My wife plays probably the most important role. Whilst she has always been in favor of a "carbon healthy" life, even engaging in a competition to see how many miles per gallon we can achieve on my Mini One diesel and her seven-seater Volkswagen Sharan diesel, she is also the one that keeps my ideas in check.

Q: You no longer fly. Isn't that a bit of a radical measure?

It is radical to ask others not to fly. That's why I can't stop my 18-year-old son. In my case, I think it adds to the authenticity of what I do. Living a carbon-low life is at the heart of being "the carbon coach." When advising others,

however, I aim at reducing their carbon shadow in a way that they will no longer be "carbon obese," but I also won't make their life miserable by turning them into "carbon anorexics."

Q: In 2007, you submitted a petition requesting that U.K. cabinet ministers disclose their annual CO2 emissions. Did it have any effect?

The petition gleaned quite a lot of attention. At least 500 influential individuals have signed it. It still hasn't had any practical effects, but that doesn't mean it won't. Just as Prince Charles decided to disclose the carbon footprint of his estate, which is a true sign of leadership even if his emissions totalled 3,425 tons in 2006-2007 and 2,795 in 2007-2008, cabinet ministers may still decide to do so. Next year I'll be spearheading a new project related to that.

Q: How much does it cost to make your house low-carbon?

Although the changes in my house cost me £20,000, I don't expect a regular family to do the same. That spending was my marketing budget. Estimating a price is dependent on how much carbon is cut. Simple measures can make a huge difference and cost very little. Changing 12 tungsten bulbs to fluorescent costs only about £35 and saves £100 and half a ton of CO2 for every 1,000 hours of use. In terms of heating, adjusting the clock programmer and setting the thermostat down a fraction to reduce the load on the boiler can slash £250 off a £1,000 annual gas bill and lower emissions by two tons.

Q: How green do you think people are willing to be in times of credit crunch?

Some say people are not willing to spend to be green. But I prefer to believe that this is actually the best time to reduce your footprint. After all, is there anything better than being environmentally friendly and reducing your bills at the same time?

Radical chic: Europe's new wave of

By Tobias Grey

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

TWO DAYS before Spanish director Jaime Rosales' new film "Bullet in the Head" premiered at last September's San Sebastián film festival, the Basque separatist group ETA claimed responsibility for yet another car-bomb killing. The Sept. 22 bombing in the Spanish town of Santona killed an army officer and injured several others. For Mr. Rosales, whose fact-based film addresses an earlier incident—the killing of two Spanish Guardia Civil by ETA gunmen in the French town of Capbreton on Dec. 1, 2007—the shock was palpable.

"I felt a bit like a cultural terrorist," he says. "For the first time in its history the San Sebastián Film Festival heads organized a demonstration against ETA before the screening of my film. When my film eventually did screen it was contaminated and provoked fanatical reactions in Spain."

Mr. Rosales' offense—or at least the one he has been accused of in the Spanish media—was to make a practically wordless 85-minute film that exults in the banality of an ETA gunman's quotidian existence, without ever offering any moral directive.

The austere but gripping "Bullet in the Head," which has already been released in Spain and comes out in France in March, is part of a new wave of fact-based European films grappling with terrorism in striking and unusually visual ways. Other examples include "Hunger," a brutally savage yet painterly depiction of IRA prisoner Bobby Sands' 1981 hunger strike directed by English contemporary artist and former Turner Prize winner Steve McQueen; Germany's Golden Globe-nominated "The Baader Meinhof Complex," about a radical group of left-wing European terrorists who began operating at the end of the 1960s and gave birth to the Red Army Faction; and the French-made "Public Enemy No. 1, parts 1 & 2," a diptych of films about the notorious gangster and pseudo-terrorist Jacques Mesrine, who roiled France during the 1970s.

All these films have attracted controversy for choosing to depict terrorism from the terrorists' point of view—an approach far removed from the usual Hollywood focus on officers enforcing the law. The films also come at a time when Europeans have been critical of America's response to global terrorism in the post-9/11 era—and especially its conduct of the Iraq War.

By shining a spotlight on the terrorists, the filmmakers have left themselves open to accusations that they are legitimizing or glamorizing violence through artistic means. The Spanish journalists who stormed out of the press screening of "Bullet in the Head" railed against the film's obtuseness. "The



Steve McQueen



Jaime Rosales



Uli Edel

'Bullet in the Head,' 'The Baader Meinhof Complex' and 'Hunger' take controversial looks at terror

"Baader Meinhof Complex" has been accused in some quarters of sexing up terrorism by casting some of Germany's hottest young actors in the principal roles. "Hunger"'s depiction of Bobby Sands as a kind of saint—more sinned against than sinning—invites a hagiographical reading. "Public Enemy No. 1" has been accused of glorifying a common thug.

"When the Mesrine films came out I received several emails saying, 'Don't you feel ashamed at yourself for glorifying such a disreputable character?'," says the film's screenwriter Abdel Raouf Dafri. "We didn't set out to glorify the character at all, but it seems people still find it very difficult to watch a bastard go about his business."

In "Bullet in the Head," Mr. Rosales uses a telephoto lens of the type frequently used in wildlife documentaries. He trains his camera on Ion (played by Basque actor Ion Arretxe), a bearded hulk with a disarming smile, who lumbers around doing not very much until he is ultimately called into bloody action. The film, which won San Sebastián's

international critics FIPRESCI Award, was applauded by some Spanish critics and booed by others who walked out of the festival's press screening.

"The reason I made this film the way I did, without dialogue, is because there is a big breakdown in communication at the moment," Mr. Rosales says. "The only solution comes from listening to the other one and the other one listening to you. As a filmmaker the only way to have an effect on society, unfortunately, is through art conceived as a terrorist mechanism which is what my film is about. My film isn't going to kill anyone but it has something

in the mechanism which produces a violent reaction in the viewer."

In "Hunger," which won the Golden Camera award for best first film at last year's Cannes Film Festival, Mr. McQueen uses his camera impressionistically—juxtaposing light and shadow, moments of calm and frenzied violence, silence and noise. Except for one scene in which a prison guard is brutally gunned down, the terrorists are portrayed as the victims, not the perpetrators, of violence. "When I first began thinking about making this film five years ago the atrocities in U.S.-run prisons like Guantánamo Bay and Abu Ghraib were not known," says Mr. McQueen, whose film nonetheless brings to light similarly appalling prison conditions, daily beatings and constant humiliations.

"The Baader Meinhof Complex," which has grossed over \$25 million in Germany since its release last October, is a more sustained kinetic experience. The film, which is being rolled out world-wide, hurls one scene after another at the viewer without recourse to any psychological narrative thread. It's a modern-



Asun Arretxe and Ion Arretxe in 'Bullet in the Head.'



Michael Fassbender in 'Hunger.'

ist style of filmmaking its producer and co-screenwriter Bernd Eichinger describes as *Fetzen-Dramaturgie*, or drama of fragments.

The two "Public Enemy No. 1" films, which together have grossed over \$40 million in France and are being released in the U.S. this summer, place a similar stress on well-staged action sequences, such as Mesrine's dramatic escape from a high-security prison in Quebec. It is after this scene that Mesrine, charismatically played by Vincent Cassel, begins to consort with left-wing terrorist groups in the hopes of abolishing maximum-security prisons.

More terrorist-themed films are in the works. These include Mathieu Kassovitz's "Order and Morality," about the 1988 hostage-taking of 23 police officers in the French protectorate of New Caledonia; Olivier Assayas' three-part tele-film "Ilich: Story of Carlos," about the Venezuelan-born terrorist Carlos the Jackal (it will be re-edited for a cinematic release later this year); and a thriller directed by Julien Leclercq about the hijacking of an Air France plane in December 1994 by four Algerian terrorists belonging to the Groupe Islamique Armé (GIA). A German company, UFA Cinema, is producing an adaptation of Bernard Schlink's novel "The Weekend," about a Red Army Faction terrorist who is released from prison. British comic Chris Morris, who helmed Channel Four's spoof current affairs TV program "Brass Eye," recently received funding from FilmFour for his directorial debut, a satire about jihadi suicide bombers, which will be released at the end of this year.

The wave of terror films comes as a new generation of European filmmakers looks to make political sense of the past—and be provocative at a time when the issue of terrorism is so relevant.

"In the case of most of these films there has been about a generation of distance from the events depicted," says Professor Elizabeth Ezra, an expert in European cinema at Scotland's University of Stirling. "The events depicted are moments of trauma, and trauma by its very nature is characterized by a delayed reaction."

"The Baader Meinhof Complex"'s producer, Mr. Eichinger, is wary of drawing too many parallels between the Baader Meinhof group and modern day Islamist terrorism. But scenes like the one in which the group bombs a U.S. army base or another in which members discuss the possibility of crashing a hijacked plane into a built-up area in the former West German capital Bonn lead to inevitable comparisons.

"If you suppress certain ideas or developments which are going on then terrorism is a way of making yourself heard," says Mr. Eichinger. "In 'The Baader Meinhof Complex' we show the Munich Olympics in 1972 where the Palestinian terrorists said: 'Nobody is listening to us, so now you listen to us.' The current rise of Islamist terrorism has a lot to do with the growing domination of the U.S. [The Americans] are hated and they don't understand why."

of films about terrorism



"Baader Meinhof" director Uli Edel was a 21-year-old film student in Munich when Rudi Dutschke, the prominent spokesman of the left-wing German student movement, gave a famous speech denouncing the Vietnam War. For many Germans, including Mr. Edel, Dutschke, who survived an assassination attempt, stood for the kind of peaceful demonstration that was anathema to the Baader Meinhof Group.

"With the film we wanted to show how our first [anti-imperialist] feelings came across until the bombs first started exploding and we quickly distanced ourselves from what was happening," says Mr. Edel. "I wanted to tell this story to my sons, who are 20 and 21 years old, the same age I was then."

In "Hunger" the Irish actor Michael Fassbender, who plays Sands, undergoes a startling transformation—his once sinuous body slowly wasting away to skin and bones. "I come from the art world but art by itself is not the answer," says Mr. McQueen. "I wanted the cinema screen to be like a mirror. I want people to sit down in the cinema and basically see themselves rightly or wrongly in the behavior of the prisoners and the prison guards."

But by sanctifying Sands' political protest and demonizing the prison officers, critics say, Mr. McQueen's portrait favors the terrorists and their actions. "All political protest in 'Hunger' is stripped of violence," says Prof. Evra. "It is dissoci-



Blue Film

ated from violence, because the violence is loaded almost entirely on the side of the prison officers and the British government, while the Irish republicans are beatified."

The idea that an audience can identify with terrorists, whether they are prisoners or on the outside, is one that Mr. Rosales was also keen to tap into—hence the deliberate banality of the protagonists in his film.

"My film is anti-spectacular and anti-ideological," he says. "I'm not trying to say these are the bad guys, look how mean they are, look how unacceptable the situation is. My film does not do that; it's more complex and therefore more disturbing."

The title of "The Baader Meinhof Complex," taken from Stefan Aust's book on which it is based, suggests a group with far less clear-cut ambitions than the separatists portrayed in "Bullet in the Head" and "Hunger." The group, which was originally founded by Andreas Baader and Ulrike Meinhof in 1968, billed itself as a communist urban guerrilla organization engaged in armed resistance, particularly against capitalist industrial elements of German society.

Mr. Edel's direction frames the group as a gang of capricious young left-wingers who are rebelling as much against their parents' Nazi past as they are against what they perceive as a repressive govern-



Constantin Film/Jürgen Otczyk (2)

ment. Mr. Edel says his decision to cast some of Germany's sexiest up-and-coming actors in the main parts was dictated as much by realism as anything else. "Glamour was part of the group," he argues. "When Andreas Baader [Moritz Bleibtreu] and Gudrun Ensslin [Johanna Wokalek] burned down a department store in 1968 they were treated like left-wing rock stars. They knew exactly how to appear in front of the media."

Not everyone is enthusiastic about the new portrayals of terrorism. Last August the Italian government began to stem state funding for what the country's Minister of Culture Sandro Bondi described as offensive projects. A month later the Ministry of Culture canceled funding for a \$2.5 million film called "Micci Corta" (Short Fuse) about a 1982 jailbreak by four female terrorism suspects.

Mr. Bondi also criticized state funding of "Il sol dell'avvenire" (Red Sunrise), the first Italian documentary to retrace the Marxist-Leninist roots of the Italian left-wing terrorism group the Red Brigades, which in the 1970s carried out a series of political assassinations and robberies. Following Mr. Bondi's comments many Italian distributors who had originally agreed to release the documentary pulled out.

When "Bullet in the Head" was released in Spanish cinemas last October, screenings were poorly attended. But when it played at the Reina Sofia Museum in Madrid there were queues around the block. "People were lining up for two hours for the screenings in the museum with about 40 or 50 people not getting in," says Mr. Rosales. "The same day, about 200 meters from the museum, the film was playing to an audience of ten people."

Mr. Rosales says he was not altogether surprised by the contrast. "Classic Hollywood-style cinema is very easy and very comforting," he says. "When you see my film it is not a pleasant experience. Even when I saw it I thought this is hard and the ideas are complicated. But I wanted to propose something very different to what we've already seen in cinema."

When bad times make good movies

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

WHERE ARE YOU, Fred and Ginger, now that we need you?

Back in the darkest days of the Great Depression, the brightest lights of the silver screen sang, danced, quipped and smooched to keep the audience's mind off its woes, if only for a couple of hours at a time. These days our economic prospects may not be as bleak—at least that's the ardent hope. But there's plenty of grim stuff out there to be distracted from, and big-screen entertainments possess a singular power to take us out of ourselves.

The question is whether, and how, movies can rise to the occasion.

You can bet the farm, if it hasn't been foreclosed, on a strong uptick in what Variety likes to call laffers. A number of producers, writers and filmmakers I talked to for this article said the same about feelgood films, which will grow in number, if not in quality, should audiences feel worse. And action spectacles—the so-called tentpoles that are meant to support the whole circus tent of studio production—will always be in demand, along with inventive animation, romance and fantasy. (I can see it now, next year's fantasy sensation: Miley Cyrus in "Hannah Montana: Dow Hits 15,000.")

Thus far, however, no genre or style has been foreclosed by the studios or distributors. "Nobody has said we only have to have rosy projects," said Mark Johnson, one of Hollywood's most prolific producers. Michael Barker, the co-chairman of Sony Pictures Classics, noted that audiences embraced the dark family drama "In the Bedroom" only a few months after Sept. 11: "I don't see filmmakers changing their philosophies. In difficult times people love those tentpoles, but they're also open to real dramatic engagement. What's important, especially because of the economic situation, is that they don't feel ripped off."

Since this past September's economic meltdown, moviegoers have continued to support challenging films. An instructive example of Mr. Barker's notion is his company's surprise success "Rachel Getting Married." The inexpensive indie production has done brisk business, despite being steeped in family dysfunction, because audiences are engaged by Anne Hathaway's stunning performance. Other recent successes that bode well for the immediate future of offbeat fare include "Milk," "Frost/Nixon," "The Wrestler," "I've Loved You So Long," "Tell No One," "Waltz With Bashir" and "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button."

The most curious—and instructive—case in recent weeks is a surprise hit with a classic Depression-era plot: poor boy meets poor girl, love blossoms, boy loses girl, boy gets rich, boy finds girl and they live happily ever. Preston Sturges recycled? A remake of some Frank Capra fable? No, "Slumdog Millionaire," a tough-minded, sweet-spirited prodigy of energy and inventiveness that's custom-tailored for these troubled times, even though the tailoring was done by Brits and Indians in Mumbai well before the trouble set in. "Slumdog" is feelgood filmmaking with a 21st-century feel. People love the inten-



sity, but also the generosity. Far from feeling ripped off, they come out dazzled and fulfilled.

Still, "Slumdog" isn't likely to spawn Slumpuppies anytime soon. No one saw this movie coming, and no one will catch its inimitable magic while it's here. Which is all to the good, because slavish imitations won't do the trick as Hollywood slowly turns its super-tanker fleet—an image often invoked in an industry that can take two or three years to bring a product to market—and independent filmmakers take new tacks in flotillas of skiffs. Those endearingly elegant Astaire-Rogers musicals were tailored for their times, not for ours; those screwball comedies with Hepburn or Grant, Gable or Colbert, sparked with fast, ironic dialogue that's not quite music to our ears. Still, the past always offers clues to the future, and so it does for escapist entertainment.

I use the term escapist advisedly, since it doesn't do justice to the past, any more than it hints at what present-day moviegoers might come to embrace. The best Depression-era films were not just exercises in escape; they were potent fantasies that spoke to audiences in a universal language with an emotional grammar that hasn't much changed over eight decades. The point was made eloquently by a screenwriter—a young screenwriter, as it happens—named Dan Chariton. "Then, as now, the challenge was about coping gracefully

with adversity and profound uncertainty. Fred and Ginger may have moved in wealthy circles, but their characters were often hungry hoofers, living essentially hand-to-mouth. They're not of the moneyed world, and they invariably poke fun at its emptiness and rigidity, just as the Marx Brothers and Preston Sturges did. They showed that one can live richly, even in the Depression, by virtue of one's wits and talent. If you've got an optimistic, go-with-the-flow attitude, then life will somehow sort itself out."

As for the era's screwball come-



Left, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in 'Top Hat'; above, Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in 'Holiday'; below, Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in 'Sullivan's Travels.'

dies, they got their laughs with virtuosic performances and plots of sometimes daunting complexity: "Bringing Up Baby," a manic farce involving a dinosaur bone, a dog and two leopards, exists in an antic universe almost as remote from the normal life of the 1930s as from our own. Yet the subtext of that film, like other Depression comedies from "Platinum Blonde" through "Holiday," was a yearning for personal freedom. Fast-talking heroes and heroines of the day wanted to break free from the chase for the almighty dollar—that was a reliable theme, since most people saw so few dollars to chase—but also from marital mistakes in the making, from the expectations of others, from much the same assortment of bewildering fears and existential anxieties that plague us in our present plight.

It's too early to know how our plight will be addressed by today's dream merchants—a term from the distant past that now describes vast entertainment conglomerates making movies for a global audience. Just as each era has its tone, each has its archetypes and story-telling modes. And Hollywood itself is plagued by systemic problems that predate the current slowdown—spiraling costs, declining star power, a production glut in the process of be-

ing rolled back, and, most conspicuously, a proliferation of entertainment choices undreamed of during the Depression, when the only way to see movies was to go out to a movie theater.

Yet the studios and distributors can turn this slowdown into a rare opportunity, provided they follow the safest policy, which is not playing it safe at all—not settling for musty formulas when audacious ideas are at hand. "Slumdog Millionaire" may be copy-protected by virtue of its originality, but the lesson it has to offer could hardly be clearer—audacity can win the day.

Another lesson leaps out from the unexpected popularity of "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button" (Brad Pitt aging backward) and, before it, the phenomenally successful "Lord of the Rings" trilogy (make-believe elevated to must-believe). At a time when audiences crave fantasy as seldom before, big-screen films—not TV, not MTV, not YouTube videos on iPhones—are in a unique position to feed the hunger with digital tools that are truly magical in the hands of modern artists. "Lord of the Rings" couldn't have been made 10 years ago because the technology wasn't available," said Bob Shaye, the former co-chairman of New Line Cinema who won an epic gamble producing the trilogy. "Now fantasy films are so much more realizable."

My own fantasy, and I don't think it's far-fetched, is that theatrical films will grow and flourish in whatever hard times lie ahead precisely because they are theatrical films, entertainments meant to be shared with large groups rather than sampled in living rooms, bedrooms, home theaters or the psychic bubbles of handheld electronic playthings. For Pixar's Andrew Stanton, who directed "WALL•E," the notion of escapism is more properly a process of release that's best experienced in the company of others. "In times like these," he said, "you really understand the benefit of moviegoing, of sitting in a large dark room with strangers and feeling the collective reaction to the truths of life presented to you via humor, observation and the thrill of action. Moviegoing is not a panacea, but it's a hell of a multivitamin. Whatever the movies do should be geared toward bringing people together. Don't let them stew in their private darkness."

In Preston Sturges's classic "Sullivan's Travels," a bittersweet comedy made just as the Great Depression was drawing to an end, John L. "Sully" Sullivan, a super-successful director of escapist comedies, feels an urgent need to make more meaningful films, so he hits the road as a hobo to experience his fellow Americans' pain and misery. But the joke is on him. Once he sees how horrific life can be, he realizes that escapist entertainment is what the country wants. Sully's discovery is still valid, but his concept needs broadening. What we'll want in the foreseeable future is what movies shown in movie theaters can and should provide—a rich variety of comedy, fantasy, adventure, information and drama that opens us up to the world around us and the worlds within us, while reminding us that we're not alone.



Everett Collection (3)



Anne Hathaway (left) and Kate Hudson in 'Bride Wars.'

Wit, invention are missing from this year's 'Bride Wars'

'BRIDE WARS' is nothing if not user-friendly—whenever something is funny, or meant to be, the sound track signals the event with a helpfully puckish passage of plucked strings. No cues are needed to understand the plot,

Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

which feels computer-generated and barely serves to sustain an hour and a half running time. Kate Hudson's Liv and Anne Hathaway's Emma, best friends since childhood, fall into fierce rivalry after a clerical error schedules their dream weddings at the Plaza Hotel on the same day in June.

If this seems like a minor glitch in the grand scheme of things, rest assured that the grand scheme of things doesn't enter the picture. Nor does the fact that the Plaza has more than one ballroom. Dueling weddings is the concept, and it's worked out doggedly, though the movie does have its moments—most memorably the climax of Liv's bachelorette party, when Emma throws herself into a drunken dance-off with a frightening intensity that evokes Ms. Hathaway's performance in "Rachel Getting Married."

The movie isn't meant to be frightening, of course. It's meant to be a cheerful chick flick whose release date coincides, almost to the day, with last January's cheerful chick flick, "27 Dresses." (In that one the heroine had been a bridesmaid at 27 weddings and kept the clothes to prove it. In this one Liv picks a Vera Wang gown, then worries about getting too fat to wear it.)

This January's flick, which Gary Winick directed from a script by Greg DePaul, Casey Wilson and June Diane Raphael, is also meant to track the evolution of Liv, a perfectionist lawyer, into an obsessive-compulsive monster, and that of Emma, a self-effacing teacher, into an equally appalling Bridezilla.

The problem with keeping "Bride Wars" cheerful is the inherent nastiness of the rivalry, which comes to involve outlandish sabotage at such locales as beauty parlors and a tanning salon. "A wedding marks the first day of the

rest of your life," says a dictatorial wedding planner played by Candice Bergen. "You have been dead until now." That's not quite correct. Her two crazed clients have been relatively well-adjusted until now; it's wedding fever that nearly kills them.

'Last Chance Harvey'

"Last Chance Harvey" is a good chance to see two superb actors having their way with wafer-thin material.

Dustin Hoffman's Harvey and Emma Thompson's Kate meet by chance in London. Chance in this case means the laborious workings of an anti-surprise script; in scene after scene, the outcome is clear from the start. The title also refers to Harvey's plight. Long divorced and newly jobless, he has flown in from New York for the wedding of his almost-estranged daughter, and sees Kate as his last shot at a happy life.

For a while Joel Hopkins's romantic comedy is little more than bright banter and naked contrivance. Parallel passages follow the equally lonely Harvey and Kate (she works in customer relations at Heathrow airport) as they don't meet again, then almost do, then do. But the film catches fire when Harvey brings Kate to the wedding reception. That's where Mr. Hoffman seizes a good moment that the script has given him and turns it into a speech that's worth the price of admission. Suddenly the actor's art transforms contrivance into the defining moment of a man's life.

WSJ.com

Opening this week in Europe

- Bedtime Stories Poland
- Bolt Germany
- Bride Wars Estonia, Spain, Sweden
- Defiance Poland
- Frost/Nixon Portugal, Finland, U.K.
- Milk Netherlands, Poland, U.K.
- Rachel Getting Married U.K.
- Slumdog Millionaire Norway
- The Curious Case of Benjamin Button Denmark, Greece, Poland, Portugal
- Valkyrie Austria, Germany, Netherlands, U.K.
- Vicky Cristina Barcelona Portugal

Source: IMDb

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Boldly revisiting 'Trek' roles

BY JOHN JURGENSEN

THE COMING MOVIE "Star Trek" is meant to completely reboot the science fiction franchise—which may be why the title doesn't sport Roman numerals. Director J.J. Abrams recruited a new crew of actors to portray characters that have long been linked to the cast of the original "Star Trek" TV series, which first aired in 1966. Inheriting the role of space explorer Capt. Kirk from William Shatner is relative newcomer Chris Pine. Zachary Quinto, best known as a villain on the TV series "Heroes," plays Mr. Spock, a half-human alien who champions logic over emotion. The character was first embodied by Leonard Nimoy. The new movie focuses on the volatile youth of Kirk, Spock and their crewmates. The stakes are high: The property has been moribund on screen since the TV series "Star Trek: Enterprise" was canceled in 2005. In separate interviews, we spoke to Messrs. Pine and Quinto.

Chris Pine as Capt. Kirk

Q: J.J. Abrams has said he's making the movie for future fans, not necessarily veterans. What's he doing to freshen the story that might rattle Trek fans?

I'm not well-versed in the Trek canon, but we're venturing into territory that's only been covered in these paperback novels they sell. It's definitely not going to please everyone. There's a scene where my character is in a bar and he's definitely inebriated and under the influence of his own arrogance. It's him becoming the Kirk everyone knows. In my book that makes the journey a little more interesting. If he's a clear-cut leader from the beginning, you don't have anywhere to go.

Q: Why has this character become so mythic?

Kirk is still a little elusive to me. But what I think is so unique about this story is that, unlike other genre movies, "Star Trek" has always represented an incredible amount of optimism. In the late '60s, in a time of unrest, it represented this utopian world. As opposed to "The Dark Knight," which I enjoyed, but was so bleak and didn't speak kindly of humanity. Kirk is so iconic because he's the head of this fantastical utopian team. They aren't superheroes, they're men and women trying to achieve something good.

Q: A lot has been made of the differences you bring to the Kirk character, but what aspects of the original did you keep?

There's a lot of humor, arrogance and decisiveness. I tried to bring in these qualities, but with this new element of a young man coming into his own—he's a leader who doesn't know he's a leader yet. But the speech pattern? Absolutely not. In that territory it becomes an impersonation. I can only do my version of it.

Q: How would you describe your version of the Kirk/Spock dynamic?

My secrecy contract means there's not much I can say. But this version is very contentious, with Spock and Kirk not enjoying each other's company at first. The arc is that they find common ground through great conflict.

Q: Did you have a strategy for



Above, actor Chris Pine as Capt. Kirk in the coming 'Star Trek' film; left, Zachary Quinto as Mr. Spock.



Industrial Light & Magic (2)

thing or another.

Q: On "Heroes" you play another quasi-human character, a supernatural serial killer. Is there something otherworldly about your looks?

About my visage? I don't know. I could never imagine when I moved to L.A. the course that it would take me on. Right now, I guess I'm in a pocket of aliens.

Q: What kind of things did Leonard Nimoy tell you about Spock to help you understand him?

It's been such an indelible mark on his life and he's metabolized it so gracefully. We spent some time watching episodes but it was an all-encompassing experience. We'd go to his house. We'd meet sometimes at Paramount. I'm seeing him before the holidays. He's an advanced mind and heart and I want to hang out with him as much as possible.

Q: A lot has been made of the differences you bring to the Spock character, but what aspects of the original did you keep?

Especially with Spock, more so than Kirk, there are characteristic movements. It's established in the mythology, this stillness and economy of movement. There are ways one holds oneself, such as the hands behind the back.

Q: Why has this character become so mythic?

In this archetypal way, people respond to someone who's able to contain himself. He operates from a place of logic, but always with the betterment of others in mind. He's able to endure things and experience things from a place of balance.

Q: How did you wear the Spock haircut off the set?

Begrudgingly. I made do. I was very rarely seen last year without my giant black glasses. My hair I could usually muss it up. I underestimated the impact of that haircut. It engendered a sense of alienation in me personally, which probably influenced the part.

Q: You felt like an alien?

I just felt like a nerd. I felt like I was 12 again. You look back at those pictures and you see the bowl cut. There's no question I was born to play the Spock role. I was sporting that look for a good four or five years.

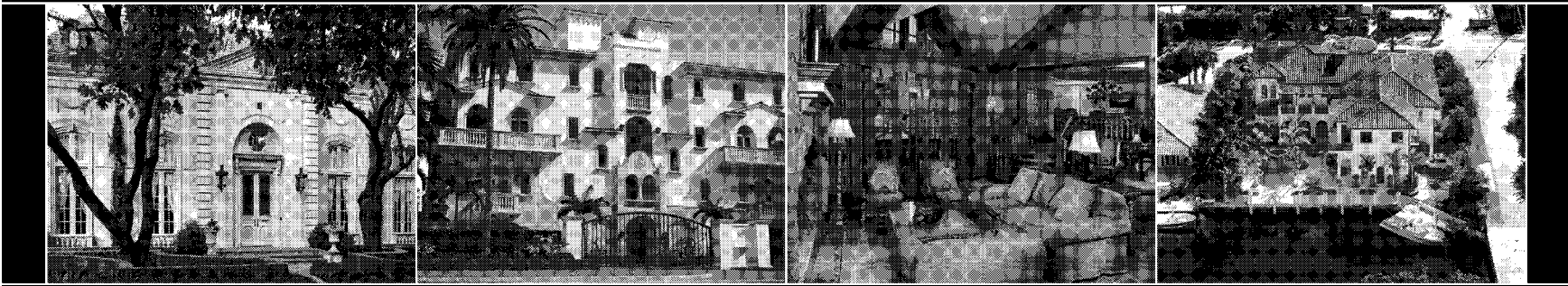


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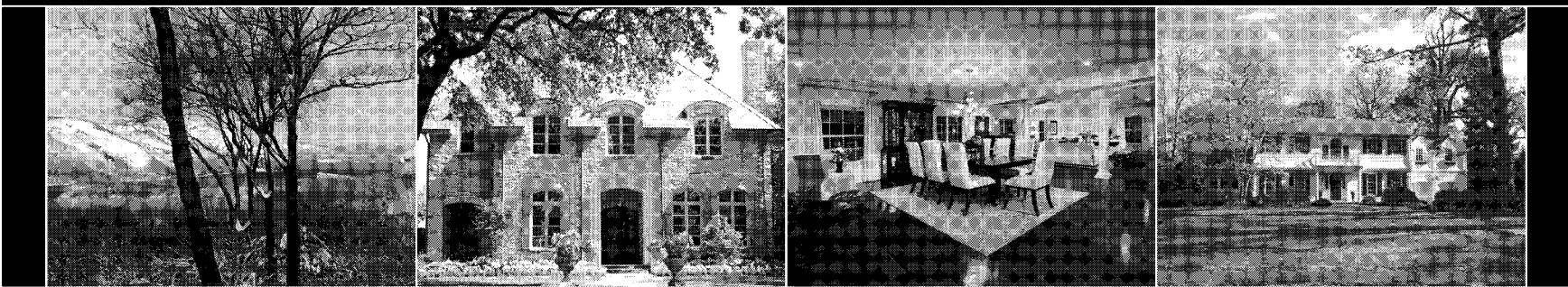


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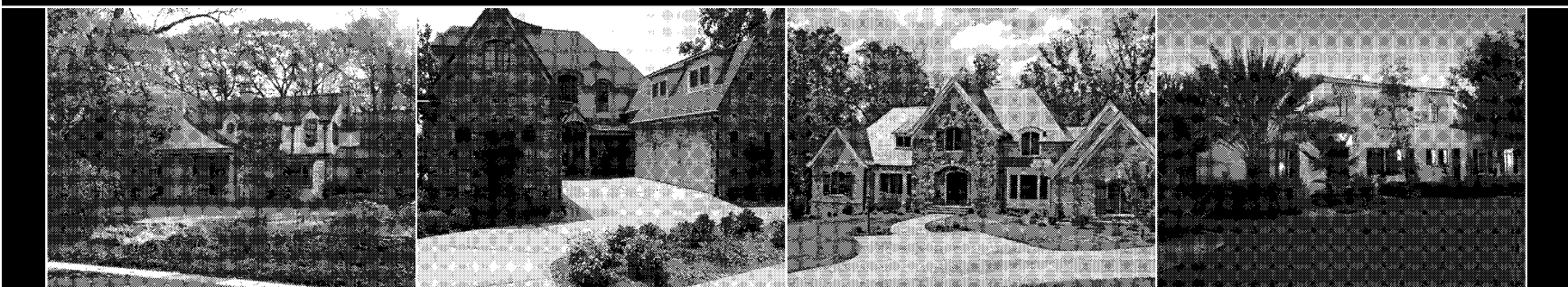
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The art of gamesmanship

How golf allows opponents to get under your skin, and stay there

WITH THE POSSIBLE exception of putts on super-fast, U.S. Open greens, gamesmanship is golf's most delicate art. A good gambit must be fine-tuned to the psychology of its victim, but also avoid being perceived as gamesmanship. Plausible deniability, as a friend of mine says, is the key.

Take, for instance, the storied episode on the first tee of the 1971 U.S. Open playoff at Merion Golf Club between Lee Trevino and Jack Nicklaus.

Golf Journal

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

laus. Moments before their tee time, Mr. Trevino, aka the Merry Mex, pulled a meter-long rubber snake from his golf bag, held it up wiggling for the gallery and tossed it at Mr. Nicklaus's feet.

Great fun, right? Both men laughed heartily (you can find the video on YouTube), and Mr. Nicklaus won't call it gamesmanship. "I asked him to throw it to me," he told me this week. But a few seconds later, as he fleshed out the incident, Mr. Nicklaus also said, "Of course, you have to ask why he had that snake in his bag in the first place, and why he pulled it out when he did."

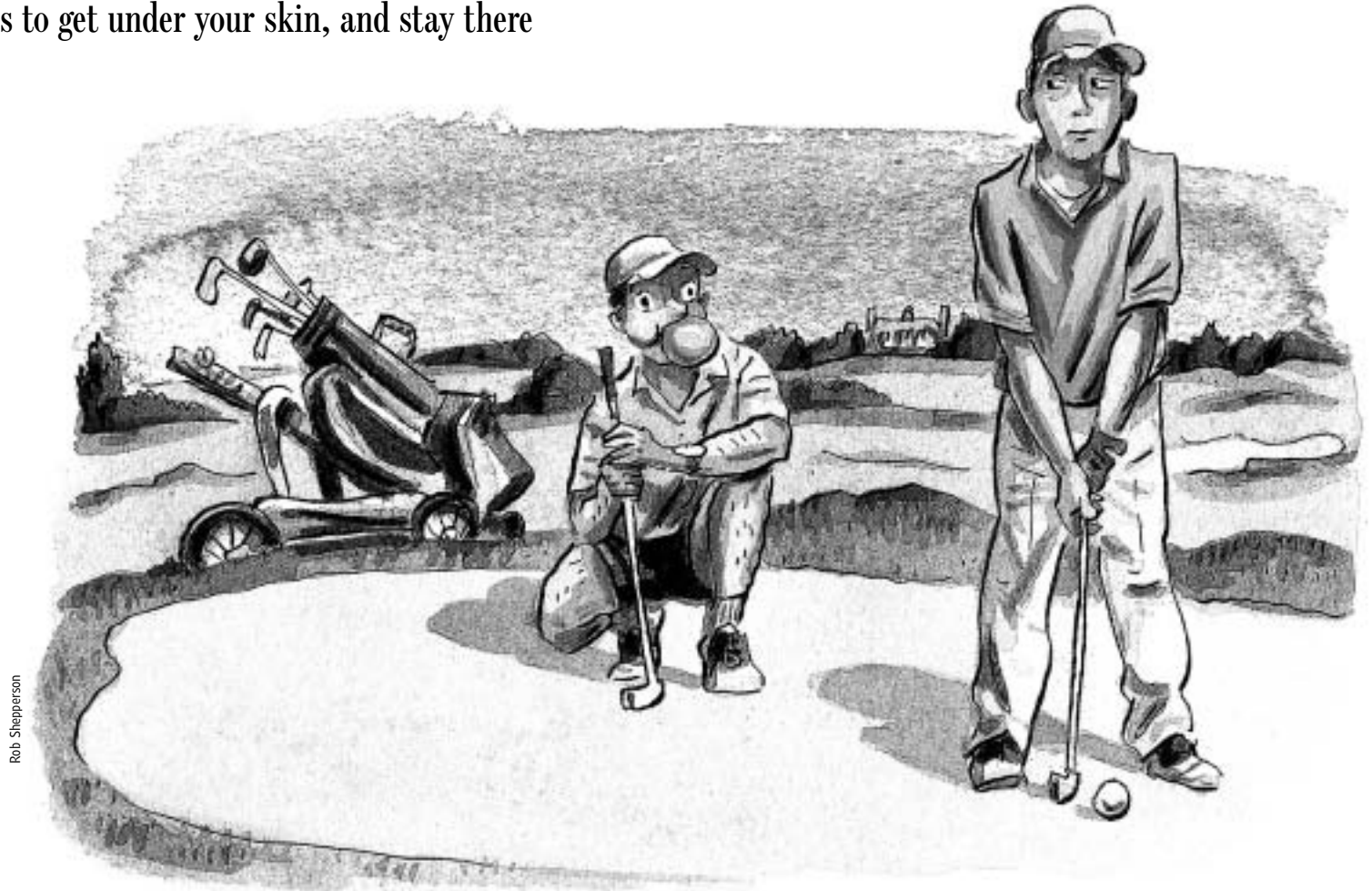
In other words, maybe it was gamesmanship, maybe it wasn't. In either case, Mr. Trevino won the playoff. (Mr. Trevino, through a spokesman, said the snake was in the bag as a toy for his daughter.)

Most gamesmanship gambits are more subtle than a rubber snake. That's what makes them so delicious. The classic stratagems involve mentioning, in all faux innocence, things that your opponent will be unable to banish from his mind. You might casually ask, "Do you ever notice your shadow when you swing?" Or advise helpfully, "Whatever you do, avoid the water on the left." The desired results of these comments, naturally, are for your opponent to think about nothing but his shadow when he swings and for his next shot to fly directly into the water on the left.

The seminal work on golf gamesmanship, published in 1968, was "Golfmanship" by the English author and satirist Stephen Potter. It was Mr. Potter, in fact, who coined the word "gamesmanship" in his 1947 book by that title, and "one-upmanship" in a later volume.

"When 'Gamesmanship' made its first appearance, golf was the setting chosen for many of the first crude experiments," Mr. Potter writes wryly in the opening chapter of "Golfmanship," "and it was found that of all games golf was the most susceptible to gamesmanship for two reasons. First, it is a still-ball game ('the less violent physically, the more vulnerable psychologically'). Second, the players are in close contact ('the smaller the orbit the more potent the ploy'). A well-timed failure to smile at an opponent's joke or to react to his sporting gesture is ineffective if the two of you are separated by the length of the tennis court."

The book is essentially a taxonomy of common golfer weaknesses and neuroses, with advice on how to exploit them. For instance, if your



Rob Shepperson

opponent is on a hot streak with his driver, Mr. Potter suggests a comment such as "I see how you're doing it. Straight left arm at the moment of impact, isn't it? Do you mind if I just stand here and watch?" That should be sufficient, he asserts, to throw your victim off his game for the rest of the round, if not the season.

Another of my favorite Potter ploys is called "Simpson's Statue" after a man named Ronald Simpson, who supposedly perfected the technique in the 1940s. The sequence involves moving distractingly just as your opponent is about to swing, apologizing profusely, and then freezing in an exaggerated manner.

"Golfmanship," unfortunately, is long out of print. But in 2000 Jon Winokur, acknowledging his debt to Mr. Potter, advanced the discipline with a kind of sequel entitled "How to Win at Golf Without Actually Playing Well."

The core gamesmanship concepts, in my reading and experience, fall into four categories, all of which prey on a golfer's lonely vulnerability. Implanting irrelevant or otherwise distracting thoughts deep in a player's mind is the most time-honored tactic. "Are those butterflies bothering you? I can try to shoo them away," one may offer. Unwanted instruction is also a perennial: "Are you doing that old business of forgetting to grip with the third and fourth fingers?"

The next category involves deliberately becoming an irritant. Matching your foe's brisk pace of play with a snail's pace of your own is hard to defend against, especially for Type As. Voicing political opinions known to be anathema often produces splendid results. Boldly repeating shopworn expressions—such as "Never up, never in" when someone leaves a putt short—is guaranteed to get under anyone's skin.

Next, and less sporting, comes ac-

tive physical distraction, such as standing just a tad too close, or absent-mindedly jangling change. Mr. Winokur describes The Mangrum, named after former Tour pro Lloyd Mangrum, who was fond of wearing bright white shoes and, while standing just inside his opponent's peripheral vision, crossing his legs at just the right, or wrong, moment.

I myself was haunted for years by something similar: a frequent playing companion who started to walk a beat too soon when I was putting, usually just as I was beginning the forward stroke with my putter. Eventually, after several conversations about the matter, he reformed, and I'm still not sure whether he was gaming me or was just naturally impatient.

Finally, there's the trickier matter of misleading an opponent. Knowingly delivering false information about the course, such as "There's no out-of-bounds on this hole" when you know that there is, though not technically a breach of the rules of golf, could justify disqualification from some tournaments. Lesser gambits would not. For example, you stand on a tee box with a driver in hand, to influence your opponent's club choice, even though you plan to lay up short of the cross hazard with a long-iron. Similarly, after leaving a putt short because of a poor stroke, you can tell your partner or caddy (loudly enough for your opponent to hear) something like "Wow, I really belted that one." This may sow doubt in your foe's mind about the green speed.

But is that cricket? For that matter, is golf gamesmanship in general cricket? It used to happen at the pro level more than it does now. Sam Snead arguably lost the 1947 U.S. Open at St. Louis Country Club because of a gambit by Lew Worsham, with whom he was tied on the final green. Both men had three-foot putts remaining, but Mr. Worsham

waited until Mr. Snead was about to make his stroke to call him off, questioning who was actually away and thus had the right to putt first. It turned out Mr. Snead was away, by one inch, but the delay unnerved him and he missed. After Mr. Worsham made his putt, he took the trophy.

In those days, with skimpy purses and a vagabond lifestyle, the pros expected such behavior,

and Mr. Snead was famous for giving as good as he got. These days, insists Mr. Nicklaus, "ridiculous" exploits like that don't happen at all on the Tour. That seems to be true at the elite amateur level, too. "It never happens," said Buddy Marucci, the reigning U.S. Senior Amateur champion and captain of the 2007 U.S. Walker Cup team. "Anyone who tried it wouldn't last long."

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❖ Top Picks

Rethinking a museum, from toe to head

Bregenz, Austria ■ art

Jan Fabre has turned the Kunsthhaus Bregenz on its head with five new, room-sized tableaux. Filled with the artist's usual morbid and magical language of blue ballpoint Bic pens, memento mori and nods to Dutch masters, each sculpture corresponds to a body part and floor of the museum—from the feet in the basement to the brain in the attic.

Yet confounding allusions abound on Mr. Fabre's metaphorical tour of the human body: Swan and peacock heads dangle upside-down in the cellar, while mounds of earth cover the museum's top floor. Beetles, slaves and the stomach meet on the floor dedicated to the latter, which appears to be invaded by a giant UFO-like breakaway chunk of Brussels' Royal Palace. In a previous project, Mr. Fabre covered the palace's Hall of Mirrors ceiling with millions of iridescent jewel beetle shells. Here, the upended ceiling fragment (covered by the same beetles, which appear as if they, too, could rise and fly away at any time) serves as a stunning and sick contemplation of the common fate of insects and slaves. Sprawled face-down over the ceiling is a scarred and naked black mannequin, recalling Belgium's colonial enslavement of Congo.

Less spectacular though more provocative is the oversized, plastic brain on the top floor. Visitors circle the work on wood platforms above trenches of earth, in the midst of which a life-size man stands atop a huge brain. At first glance, the casually attired model looks like another museum guest. Is he real, or just an eerie play on scale and part of the mirroring aspect often found in Mr. Fabre's other work as a theater director and choreographer? This mysterious, almost-voyeuristic quality lends the tableau a life of its own—one that offsets the artist's pervasive contemplation of death.

—Helen Chang

Until Jan. 25
☎ 43-5574-48594-0
www.kunsthhaus-bregenz.at

Berlin ■ art

The Westphalian city of Bielefeld is indelibly linked in German minds with the name "Dr. Oetker," a popular brand of frozen pizzas. However in artistic circles, Bielefeld is known as the home of collector Egidio Marzona—in spite of his Italian name, a Bielefelder born and bred—who, starting in the 1960s, put together a unique collection of 20th-century avant-garde art.

Unlike other collectors, Marzona sought to document every moment of an artist's life, from the most haphazard sketch to remnants of the most deliberate installation, turning his collection into something like a databank of the artistic condition. In 2002, the Berlin State Museums acquired the Marzona Collection, and this winter the State Museums' Kunstbibliothek has mounted an exhibition called "High Fidelity," emphasizing one particular expression of the post-war artist's vocation: the vinyl record. Using album jackets, concert posters and performance paraphernalia from the Marzona holdings, and crucially complemented by a number of listening stations, the exhibition, like the Marzona Collection itself, moves effortlessly from the particular to the general. It captures, with the help of figures like Joseph Beuys and Yves Klein, the vague but fruitful intersection between art and music.

From the beginning of modernism, music and performance have been associated with experimentation in the visual arts. During World War I, the cream of Europe's avant-garde met at Zurich's Cabaret Voltaire to stage events comprising music, poetry, shouting and even hiccups, as a way to find a new direction in the arts. But it took several decades for the vinyl record to become an actual platform for artists. The breakthrough came in 1961, when French artist Jean Dubuffet produced his "Expériences musicales," which released emphatically primitive tape recordings of music, noises and spoken texts as a limited-edition LP, accompanied by a superb jacket sleeve designed by the artist. The original jacket, with its strange depiction of a court jester staring at a reel-to-reel tape recorder, is on view at the exhibition, while excerpts from the record can be heard at a listening station.

"High Fidelity" is dominated by the singular career of John Cage (1912-1992), the American composer and visual artist who helped transform the course of the arts by introducing random noise into formal composition. Cage—who paved the way for performance artists, installation artists and later



Above, 'In the trenches of the brain as an artist-lilliputian' (2008), by Jan Fabre, in Bregenz; top right, 'Etudes Australes for Piano Books 1 & 2' (1979), by John Cage, in Berlin; bottom, 'Black Grid' (1922), by Wassily Kandinsky, in Munich.

generations of composers and popular musicians—is represented here by record jackets and lithographs, and, at a listening station, by the 1966 recording of "Variations IV," which incorporates a huge range of overlapping noises and voices. The piece is like a series of aural snapshots that harbor some mysterious, if hardly intentional, cohesion. Keep it in mind when you look at Cage's 1969 lithographs, made in honor of his friend, Marcel Duchamp. "Not Wanting to Say Anything about Marcel" shows randomly splattered typeface on a black surface, which nonetheless suggests an image as irreducible as a landscape.

—J. S. Marcus

Until Feb. 1
☎ 49-30-266-2951
www.smb.museum

Munich ■ art

Three museums—the Centre Pompidou in Paris, the Guggenheim in New York and Lenbachhaus in Mu-



nich—own the world's largest collections of Wassily Kandinsky's work, so it's not surprising that their co-operation results in a blockbuster show now at the Lenbachhaus, "Kandinsky, Absolute Abstract."

Ninety-five paintings illustrate all the major periods of Kandinsky's work from 1907 to 1942. Early works such as "Riding Couple" and "Colorful Life" evoke his Russian origins: mosaic-like glowing colors, riders on spirited horses and majestic cities crowning hillsides.

By 1908 when Kandinsky—together with Gabriele Münter and other artists—took up residence in Murnau, near Munich, his work grows increasingly abstract. The colors are bolder and the forms spring from the canvas in paintings like "Landscape with a Tower" (1908). The riders are still there in "Blue Mountain" (1908/09), but now they are angular and flattened against a more abstract background.

The Lenbachhaus owns a several works from Kandinsky's Blue Rider period, between 1908 and 1914, that Gabriele Münter donated to the museum. The exhibit also includes works from other collections, like "Improvisation 7 (Storm)" (1910) from the Tretjakov Gallery in Moscow. By this time Kandinsky's paintings gradually depart from representational figures, but they still lurk behind transparent veils of color.

The paintings from the Centre Pompidou focus on Kandinsky's work in Russia between 1915 and 1921 and at the Bauhaus in Dessau in the 1920s. His characteristic geometric shapes on gray backgrounds emerge in this period, exemplified in the painting called "In Gray" (1919).

His latter work is dominated by formal geometric forms: the triangle, rectangle, line and—with increasing importance—the circle. The Guggenheim contributes its magnificent collection of Kandinsky's late works in which these forms dominate, such as "Around the Circle" (1940).



The three collections, together for the first time, prove greater than the sum of their parts. In addition to the paintings, the museum is showing a collection of Kandinsky's drawings and prints in an adjacent 19th-century villa. After the show closes in Munich it makes its way to Paris (from April to August) and finally to New York (September to January 2010). Don't miss it.

—Mariana Schroeder

Until Feb. 22
☎ 49-89-23-33-2000
www.lenbachhaus.de

Berlin ■ art

In honor of the recent retirement of Peter-Klaus Schuster, director of the Berlin State Museums since 1999, Berlin has been transformed this winter by a series of simultaneous exhibitions built around figures as diverse as the artist-architect Karl-Friedrich Schinkel and the prankster-artist Jeff Koons. Although every one of the exhibitions—collectively titled "Cult of the Artist"—is worth seeing, none is as impressive as "The Klee Universe," a major retrospective of Swiss-German artist Paul Klee at the New National Gallery. Installed with great insight, and with just the right amount of user-friendliness, this is quite simply the most important Klee exhibition in recent memory.

Paul Klee (1879-1940) was associated with many of the leading artistic movements of his time, from the fevered expressionism of Munich's "Blue Rider" School to the hydra-headed functionalism of Dessau's Bauhaus School. He showed with the Surrealists in Paris, and influenced New York's Abstract Expressionists. But his work defies categorization. It is abstract and figurative; expressionist and analytical; primitive and refined. The curators convey his place—or rather, his many places—in the history of art by arranging the exhibition's 250 works into otherwise unrelated categories, like "Eros," "Architecture," "Animals," "Melancholy," that actually correspond to motifs or techniques found in Klee's work.

Whole periods of Klee's life have been recreated in Berlin. His two great nocturnal fish paintings from 1925—"The Goldfish" from Hamburg's Kunsthalle and "Fish Magic" from the Philadelphia Museum of Art—stand side-by-side, revealing remarkable similarities in color, scale and form, and dramatic differences in subject and tone. Klee's glowing eponymous goldfish—whose whisker-like teeth suggest a knife—is a menace; while the various fish in the Philadelphia painting swim peacefully between clocks and people and flower vases. "The Goldfish" is about evil; "Fish Magic" is like an enchanted portrait of a harbor town.

Unlike Picasso, Klee does not really have single works that race ahead of the others; all the work is interesting, all of it marked by genius. However, two works do stand out in this show. "Angelus Novus," Klee's 1920 watercolor portrait of a horrified angel, which once hung in the Berlin apartment of philosopher Walter Benjamin, has made its way back to Berlin from Israel. The genderless figure, described by Benjamin as "the angel of history," is like a magnet for museum-goers, who seem drawn to its visionary implications without quite knowing why. And the show ends, fittingly, with "Death and Fire," painted on burlap in 1940, the last year of Klee's life. Here the poetic, cuneiform-like scribbles of Klee's many decades are reduced to a few burnished images, dominated by a childlike—but unmistakable—skull.

—J.S. Marcus

Until Feb. 8
☎ 49-30-266-2951
www.smb.museum

A Turnaround Specialist Takes on Italy's Museums

Rome When Mario Resca welcomed a visitor recently to his baronial office near Piazza Venezia, he was still a day away from the official start to his latest job; yet the veteran corporate manager appeared fully at home.

With a highly varied résumé, including stints as a Versace Group director, as president of Italy's American Chamber of Commerce, and most famously (or notoriously) as chairman of McDonald's Italia, Mr. Resca is used to new assignments. Just a few months ago, the Italian financial press reported that he was about to take over the faltering national airline, Alitalia.

Instead, the self-described turnaround specialist has taken on what he calls an even bigger challenge: serving Italy's Culture Minister Sandro Bondi as "adviser on value-adding for museums." Assuming that a proposed law makes it through Parliament, he will become the first director-general—what Mr. Bondi calls a "supermanager"—of 464 nationally owned museums and archaeological sites, including such world treasures as Florence's Uffizi Gallery and the ancient ruins at Pompeii.

The appointment of the 63-year-old Mr. Resca has already sparked protest, in the form of a petition circulated by an Italian research institute. Signed by 7,000 people, including curators at the Louvre and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the petition warns darkly against reducing art to a "negotiable commodity" and "introducing a process of disposable consumerism" into Italy's cultural heritage.

Smiling serenely, Mr. Resca responds a bit like Barack Obama during the presidential campaign. "People worry about change, the

new, the unknown," he says. "I'm not an insider, so that's normal, human." What sort of change is this outsider proposing? He wants to boost attendance at the museums to make up for recent cuts to the culture ministry's budget, which amount to some \$1.3 billion over the next three years.

None of Italy's museums is among the world's top 10 in terms of visitors, he says, and in order to change that, the visiting experience must become more user-friendly and "fun."

He points in particular to Pompeii—Italy's most popular site with 2.6 million visitors in 2007—where littering, looting and the dilapidation of 2,000-year-old buildings and frescoes prompted the government this summer to declare a "state of emergency." His concerns extend beyond conservation to issues of marketing and service. "As a client of the Italian cultural system I am frustrated," Mr. Resca says. "The museum attendants don't smile, they are depressed. Some of the museums are not physically clean. There is no signage, there is no communication, there is nothing to tell me, 'I want you to come and visit me.'"

Anyone who has read a museum guidebook or even a respectable newspaper in this country knows how low a value Italian culture places on clarity and accessibility. When Mr. Resca speaks of "customer satisfaction" and "plac-

ing the client at the center of our attention," he is flouting the guild-like mentality that dominates Italy's public institutions, and much of the private sector, whereby an organization exists to serve the interests of those who run and work in it, not its putative beneficiaries.



Zina Saunders

Then, of course, there is the almost universal suspicion that cultural mandarins feel for the business people on whom they so heavily depend. Mr. Resca's references to "benchmarking" and "co-marketing alliances" are bound to make aesthetes and academics wince. Like Italy's Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi, a sometime business associate, Mr. Resca lacks the traditional European

shyness about commercial success. He speaks proudly of expanding McDonald's Italia to 378 restaurants from 10 and producing more than 13,000 jobs in the process. Yet money is clearly not his only way of keeping score, since he will be drawing no salary for his government work.

Beyond making the state's museums more profitable, and promoting "synergies" with Italy's tourism and gastronomy industries, Mr. Resca seeks to make Italian culture a national "brand," like Ferrari's Formula One auto racing team: an emblem of excellence and a high quality of life.

"Our heritage is our ambassador around the world," he says, arguing that Italy's cultural "assets" should therefore circulate more freely. Loans to foreign museums could be an important source of revenue as well as prestige, says Mr. Resca, who acknowledges expert concerns about conservation but suggests that recent technology has made it safer than ever to move works of art.

The supermanager's arrival may be personally alarming to some of the culture ministry's 23,000 employees, since he backs the recently declared campaign by Renato Brunetta, Italy's minister of public functions, against *fanulloni* ("slackers") on the public payroll. Reducing absenteeism and inefficiency will be among his priorities, Mr. Resca says.

He says that he will spend his first three months consulting with experts inside and outside the ministry, and whatever plan he ends up proposing "must be shared by all concerned parties, because they will have to do it. I'm not an arrogant person who comes here to tell you what to do. I'm a facilitator. My role is to be a coach."

As for the controversy greeting his appointment, Mr. Resca insists that he actually welcomes it. "I like this debate," he says. "It means people care."

Mr. Resca says experience has taught him how such conflicts can yield benefits for all sides. He notes that Slow Food, the now-global movement to promote local foods produced by nonindustrial methods, started in Italy—explicitly in response to the arrival of McDonald's.

"I grew McDonald's and so, in reaction, did Italian pride in local cuisine, so I take credit for that," he says. "Now everybody goes to McDonald's, but they also go whenever they can to high-quality restaurants to celebrate special occasions. Slow Food became relevant because McDonald's became relevant."

In other words, the classic win-win situation of managerial literature.

The precedent seems unlikely to reassure the 7,000 petitioners who denounced Mr. Resca's hiring, but it suggests that his marketing plans, however unaesthetic, could end up placing Italy's high culture in even greater demand.

Mr. Rocca is a Rome-based correspondent for Religion News Service and the Chronicle of Higher Education.

de gustibus / By James Taranto

The Ex Files

When Barack Obama becomes the 44th U.S. president next week, George W. Bush will join an even more exclusive club. Of the 42 men who have served as president, Mr. Bush will be only the 34th to become a former president. (Grover Cleveland, of course, served two "terms," 1889-93 and 1897-1908.) What does a man do after leaving America's highest office, whether by his own choice, by that of the voters, or by constitutional mandate?

Some have continued their careers in politics. In 1830, two years after losing his re-election bid, John Quincy Adams won a Massachusetts congressional seat, which he held for nine terms. He distinguished himself as an opponent of slavery, both in the House and in his successful representation of rebellious slaves in the *Amistad* case of 1841. In 1875, Andrew Johnson reclaimed the Senate seat that he had vacated in 1862 to become military governor of Tennessee.

Cleveland was the only former president to return to the White House, but others tried. Martin Van Buren in 1848 and Millard Fillmore in 1856 mounted third-party bids, as did Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, after unsuccessfully challenging incumbent Wil-

liam Howard Taft for the Republican nomination. None came close to winning, but TR's 27% of the popular vote and 88 electoral votes were enough to hand victory to Woodrow Wilson and push Taft into third place. Taft spent the Wilson years as a Yale law professor and president of both the American Bar Association and the League to Enforce Peace. In 1921 President Warren Harding nominated him chief justice. He served until shortly before his death in 1930, and he preferred the Supreme Court to the White House. He is said to have remarked, "I don't remember that I ever was President."

The trend in recent decades has been toward longer presidential retirements, in part thanks to improvements in lifespan. Three 20th-century presidents—Herbert Hoover, Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan—lived past 90, a milestone only John Adams had reached before. Jimmy Carter and George H.W. Bush are both 84 and seem to be in good health. Hoover's ex-presidency was the longest so far, just over 31½ years. Ford died less than a month shy of 30 years after leav-

ing office. If Mr. Carter is alive at the end of 2010, his postpresidential longevity will surpass Ford's.

Hoover's productive and public-spirited postpresidency was in some ways exemplary. Although he had good reason to be bitter over his repudiation by the voters and his status as a Democratic scapegoat, he refrained from publicly criticizing his successors. He became friends with Harry S. Truman, who sent him to postwar Germany, where he helped deliver food aid. In 1947 Truman appointed Hoover head of the advisory Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government. He also wrote books, oversaw the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, and raised money for the Boys Club.

Taft was the last former president to serve in, or even seriously pursue, full-time governmental office. In part this is because being an ex-president has itself become far more rewarding than it once was. Until half a century ago, former presidents received no pension or other benefits. Many, including Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson

and Ulysses S. Grant, struggled financially. It was Truman's relative poverty that moved Congress in 1958 to pass the Former Presidents Act, which entitles ex-presidents—unless removed from office through impeachment—to a lifetime pension (currently \$196,700 a year), medical care at military hospitals, Secret Service protection, and budgets for office space, postage, staff and travel.

Assured of at least a comfortable retirement, former presidents have found ways of making it a highly lucrative one. Richard Nixon earned book royalties and was handsomely paid for his 1977 interview with David Frost. Ford served on corporate boards, Bush père became an adviser to the Carlyle Group, and Bill Clinton has made tens of millions in speaking fees. Because Hillary Clinton is the first presidential wife to hold public office, Mr. Clinton's postpresidential finances have raised new questions about conflicts of interest. This week the Senate Foreign Relations Committee grilled the secretary of state nominee about foreign governments' donations to her husband's library and foundation.

But the most controversial living former president surely is Mr.

Carter. To his admirers, he is a selfless public servant in the tradition of Herbert Hoover. And Mr. Carter does deserve praise for his charitable activities—building houses for Habitat for Humanity and combating Third World diseases like guinea worm.

Unlike Hoover, however, he has not been shy about criticizing his successors. At times he has even meddled in affairs of state, as in 1991, when he wrote to members of the U.N. Security Council urging them to vote against the U.S.-sponsored resolution authorizing the liberation of Kuwait. When the Norwegian Nobel Committee gave Mr. Carter the Peace Prize in 2002, its chairman described the award as "a kick in the leg to all that follow the same line as the United States."

Yet when it comes to giving comfort to America's adversaries, Mr. Carter is not the worst ex-presidential offender. That would be John Tyler (1841-1845). When he died, in 1862, he was a member of the Confederate Congress.

Mr. Taranto, a member of The Wall Street Journal's editorial board, writes the Best of the Web Today column for Opinion-Journal.com.

time off



Musei Civici Veneziani

Amsterdam

opera

"Hercules in Love" is an opera by Francesco Cavalli with ballet intermezzi by Jean-Baptiste Lully. Cavalli depicts the myth of Hercules, Deianira and Iole as an allegorical spectacle, including divine manifestations and allusions to Louis XIV, who commissioned the piece. Directed by Ivor Bolton and performed by Concerto Köln Orchestra and the choir of the Dutch Opera.

Het Muziektheater
Jan. 18-30
☎ 31-20-6255-455
www.muziektheater.nl

Basel

art

"The Aeppli Donation" explores the work of Swiss artist Eva Aeppli (born 1925), including 43 bronze heads donated by her brother Christoph Aeppli, early paintings and an early Nana-sculpture by Niki de Saint Phalle.

Museum Tinguely
Until Feb. 1
☎ 41-6168-1932-0
www.tinguely.ch

Berlin

photography

"Hans Robertson: The Berlin Years 1926-1933" shows images of the Weimar Republic and figures from Berlin's 1920 dance scene by German photographer Hans Robertson (1883-1950).

Berlinische Galerie
Until Feb. 2
☎ 49-30-7890-2600
www.berlinischegalerie.de

art

"Katharina Meldner—Spirits: Drawings and Videos" exhibits drawing and video works by German artist Katharina Meldner (born 1943), including the "Spirits" series, which uses colored contours to reduce modern and contemporary pieces of art to their basic outlines.

Kupferstichkabinett
Until Feb. 8
☎ 49-30-2662-002
www.smb.museum

Brussels

opera

"Death in Venice" is the last opera written by Benjamin Britten. Exploring themes of guilt, duty, homosexuality and doubt, Britten tells the story of a German writer whose visit to Venice leads to an encounter with a graceful adolescent boy and moral confusion. Directed by Paul Daniel, staged by Deborah Warner and performed by the La Monnaie Symphony Orchestra & Chorus.

De Munt
Until Jan. 29
☎ 32-7023-3939
www.demunt.be

Budapest

art

"Dóra Maurer—Concise Oeuvre" is a retrospective of Hungarian artist Dóra Maurer (born 1937), presenting paintings, graphics, photographs, films, collages and installations.

Ludwig Muzeum
Until Feb. 22
☎ 36-1-5553-444
www.ludwigmuseum.hu

Copenhagen

art

"Everything you can think of is true—



André Morin

'La Matrix' (2005), by Gloria Friedman, in Paris; top, vase in chalcedony glass (1850-1860), by Lorenzo Radi Sr., in Venice.

the dish ran away with the spoon" presents a broad selection of private sketchbooks from artists from the 18th to the 20th century collected and staged by the American artist Robert Wilson (born 1941).

The Royal Library
Until April 4
☎ 45-3347-4747
www.kb.dk



© Succession Picasso 2008

'Face' (1972), by Pablo Picasso, in Sofia.

Dresden

science

"Parasites—Live and Let Live" offers a closer look at lice, tapeworms, ticks and other parasites with photography and multimedia presentations, revealing their importance to medicine, veterinary medicine and agriculture.

Senckenberg Naturhistorische Sammlungen
Until Feb. 1
☎ 49-351-8926-367
globiz.sachsen.de/snsd

Dublin

archaeology

"Rites of Passage at Tara" shows finds from excavations at the Mound of the Hostages, a burial mound built just before 3000 B.C. and used in the medieval period as a location for the symbolic exchange of hostages.

National Museum of Ireland
Until Dec. 31
☎ 353-1-6777-444
www.museum.ie

Frankfurt

art

"Experimenta Folklore" explores the role of folklore in contemporary art. On show are works by Olaf Breuning, Marie-Clémence & Cesar Paes, Factotum, Jeremy Deller & Alan Kane, Lilian

Franck, Andy Holden, Honey-Suckle Company & Konrad Sprenger, Thomas Kratz, Claus Richter, Duncan Ross, and others.

Frankfurter Kunstverein
Until March 1
☎ 49-6921-9314-0
www.fkv.de

Helsinki

opera

"Daddy's Girl" is an opera by Olli Kortekangas exploring the history of independent Finland through the lives of a mother, a daughter and a grandmother. Conducted by Mikko Franck and Kari Kropsu. Performed by the Finnish National Opera.

Finnish National Opera
Jan. 24-Feb. 19
☎ 358-9-4030-2211
www.operafin.fi

Linz

art

"Best of Austria: An Art Collection" exhibits about 100 works, including photography, paintings, sculpture and film from more than 30 Austrian museums, collections and galleries.

Lentos Art Museum
Until May 10
☎ 43-7327-0703-600
www.lentos.at

London

science

"Darwin and the Book that Shocked the World" shows wall displays of the epic global voyage of Charles Darwin (1809-1882) alongside books, fossils, photographs and illustrations that helped create the 1859 book "On the Origin of Species."

The British Library
Until March 22
☎ 44-1937-5460-60
www.bl.uk

theater

"Thriller Live" is a musical tribute to the career of American pop star Michael Jackson (born 1958). The show, directed by Gary Lloyd, presents hits like "Beat It" and "Billie Jean" with multimedia effects and dance.

Lyric Theatre
Until April 11
☎ 44-870-0400-081
www.thrillerlive.com

Madrid

art

"The Invention of the 20th Century: Carl Einstein and the Avant-Garde" exhibits 120 artworks by Braque, Dalí, Grosz, Léger, Miró, Picasso and other avant-garde artists alongside the influential writings of art critic and historian Carl Einstein (1885-1940).

Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia
Until Feb. 16
☎ 34-9177-4100-0
www.museoreinasofia.es

Paris

art

"Cartoons—The Louvre invites comic-strip art" presents a selection of original comic-strip plates by Nicolas de Crécy (born 1966), Marc-Antoine Mathieu (born 1959), Éric Liberge (born 1965) and Bernard Yslaire (born 1957) alongside several previously unseen drawings.

Musée du Louvre
Jan. 22-April 13
☎ 33-1-4020-5050

www.louvre.fr

art

"The Parisian Metro seen by Akemi Noguchi" shows 50 works by the Japanese engraver Akemi Noguchi (born 1946) on the subject of the Paris Metro.

Musée Carnavalet
Until Feb. 1
☎ 33-1-4459-5858
www.carnavalet.paris.fr

art

"Gloria Friedman, the Russet-Red Moon" showcases sculptures, photography, drawings and prints by German contemporary artist Gloria Friedman (born 1950).

Musée Bourdelle
Until Feb. 1
☎ 3-1-4026-7794
www.bourdelle.paris.fr

Sofia

art

"I do not seek. I find: Pablo Picasso" exhibits 86 works by Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) alongside 25 photographs of the artist by his friend, Lucien Clergue.

National Gallery for Foreign Art
Until March 15
☎ 359-2-988-4922
www.foreignartmuseum.bg

Stockholm

science

"Rainbow Animals—homosexuality in the animal world" shows photos, model figures, texts, and animals in an exploration of homosexual behavior in animals, based on the work of the Canadian scientist and biologist Bruce Bagemihl.

National Museum of Natural History
Until May 3
☎ 46-8519-5404-0
www.nrm.se

Talinn

history

"A Will to Be Free: 90 years of the Republic of Estonia" presents rare documentary pieces, photographs, audiovisual presentations and unique historical material, tracing 90 years of the Republic of Estonia.

Estonian History Museum—Maarjamae Palace
Jan. 28-March 14, 2010
☎ 372-6411-630
www.eam.ee

Turin

film

"A Tribute to Francesco Rosi" shows 130 photographs in a retrospective of the life and work of Italian film director Francesco Rosi (born 1922).

Museo Nazionale del Cinema
Until Feb. 15
☎ 39-0118-1385-11
www.museonazionalecinema.it

Venice

glass

"Rediscovering Museums: Murano 1797-1859 from the Collections of the Murano Glass Museum" presents 135 works of early 19th-century glassware.

Glass Museum
Until May 1
☎ 39-041-5209-070
www.museiciviveneziani.it

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.