

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, JANUARY 23 - 25, 2009

# WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

## The world's greatest food city?

From markets to top restaurants, Mexico City is a contender



The White House's new look | A Bergman protégé on acting



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# The world's greatest food city?

From markets to top restaurants, Mexico City has it all



On cover, duck ravioli at Café Azul y Oro; above, venison in cumin crust at Pujol. (Photos: Adriana Zehbrauskas/Polaris Images for The Wall Street Journal)

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WSJ.com/Lifestyle

## WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

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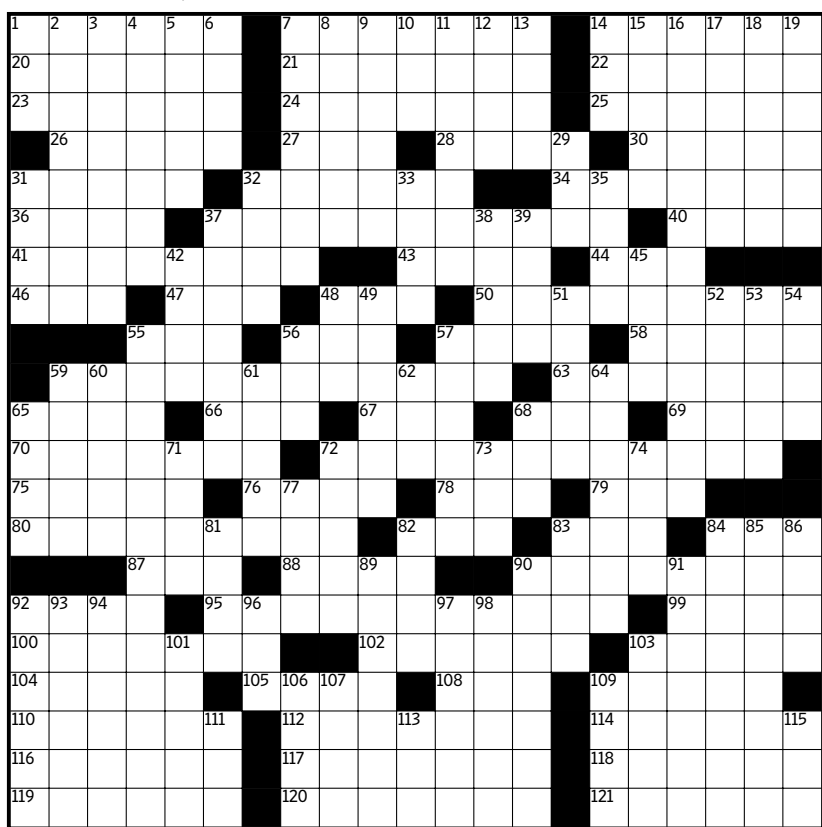
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### Last Week's Solution



❖ Fashion

# The First Lady's style signals

BY CHERYL LU-LIEN TAN

**T**HE COLOR, FIT and style of Michelle Obama's inauguration-day dresses have already been minutely dissected, from the pale lemongrass hue and sparkly details of her daytime outfit to the feminine, even demure silk chiffon and crystals of her ball gown.

Yet what was most interesting about Mrs. Obama's style choices for her first day as First Lady was not the ensembles themselves but the message she telegraphed through the designers she picked.

Her day dress and matching jacket were created by Isabel Toledo, a designer who is admired for her artistic touches, which often includes eye-catching architectural shapes and geometric patterns. Ms. Toledo, who has run her small business largely on the fringes of mainstream fashion over the past 25 years, was born in Cuba but left as a girl when her family fled to the U.S. in search of a better life.

Mrs. Obama went off the beaten path of well-known designers again when choosing her evening gown. The dress she wore was made by Jason Wu, a 26-year-old Taipei-born designer who lived in Vancouver and Paris before interning in New York for Narciso Rodriguez (whose work Mrs. Obama wore for other inauguration festivities) and then launching his own line in 2006.

The designers embodied multiculturalism, the universal immigrant's success story and the quest for the American dream—and their frocks, as a result, were much more than just pieces of silk and crystals stitched together. They provided a powerful visual symbol of the struggles and triumphs that Barack Obama has spoken of in his sweeping speeches about this country.

"Every designer that Michelle has worn and supported in the past 48 hours has a very American story to tell," says Mary Alice Stephenson, a stylist and fashion expert. "It's just like the Obama slogan about change—these are the rising stars in fashion, and Michelle gave them a little push to be the artists that they are going to be."

Fashion is a fitting slate for the message, as immigrants from a wide variety of backgrounds in recent years have charted remarkable rises in the field. Thailand-born Thakoon Panichgul, Behnaz Sarafpour, born in Iran, and eveningwear designer Monique Lhuillier, born in the Philippines, are just a few of the designers pollinating the industry with new ideas. Despite a powerful fashion establishment, it is still possible to find designers whose meteoric rises echo Obama's own.

Carefully thought-out messages were present, too, in the Obamas' daughters' outfits. The ensembles picked out for 10-year-old Malia and 7-year-old Sasha appeared calibrated for challenging economic times. Jenna and Barbara Bush were outfitted in high-end Badg-

ley Mischka for the 2005 inauguration's evening festivities. But Malia's periwinkle blue coat and Sasha's bubble-gum pink coat—as well as potential evening ensembles that weren't seen by the public since the girls skipped the inaugural balls—were designed by American retailer J.Crew, according to the label.

For the children, it was important "to make sure that they were wearing things that were festive but not out of reach for many Americans," says Patricia Mears, deputy director for the museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York. "The underlying message of this momentous occasion is that she's standing up and saying that Americans make great designs, and I'm going to stand as a symbol for American creativity."

Mr. Obama, whose attire has been far less scrutinized than his wife's, also opted for American-made evening attire, with a classic tuxedo by Chicago suit maker Hart Schaffner Marx.

To be sure, Mrs. Obama does not make her style choices alone. She appears to rely heavily on Ikram Goldman, the owner of the high-end Ikram boutique in Chicago, to steer her toward designers and runway looks that would work for her. Mr. Wu, for example, came to design the \$3,510 silk shift dress that Mrs. Obama wore to a November interview with Barbara Walters after Ms. Goldman saw the style at his spring 2009 runway show in September and put in a special order. Also, designers from all price ranges have been lobbying Mrs. Obama to wear their clothing since it's become clear that almost anything the 45-year-old former lawyer wears sparks a buying frenzy and copycat looks.

But Mrs. Obama has the final say. Late on Tuesday afternoon, for example, a spokeswoman for Mrs. Obama said that the First Lady still hadn't decided which gown she would wear for the inaugural balls and would make her choice when she returned from the parade to change clothes.

Mr. Wu, a designer whose work only recently got picked up by major stores such as Nordstrom, said that when Ms.



Goldman contacted him in November, requesting a formal gown for an unspecified event, she only had one request: "sparkle." While Mr. Wu says he didn't dare to hope that the dress might be for the inaugural balls, he felt pressure to produce a gown that would convey many things for "a moment of history: It had to be powerful, beautiful, striking, and [to] convey her exuberance and intelligence."

Mr. Wu, who worked with a team "sewing night and day" for a week in December to produce the dress, says he chose white because "it's a bold color—nothing's cleaner than white." He used a modern, one-shouldered silhouette to give a hint of sexiness without showing too much skin and added Swarovski crystal flowers for a "dream-like" effect.

As Mrs. Obama settles into her new role in the White House, the scrutiny of her fashion choices will only increase. Fashion pundits and laypeople will likely make even more sport of dissecting the cost of her outfits, the idea that she's spending money purchasing the pieces or, alternatively, the idea that she's borrowing them. The pressure to perform, to strike just the right note, will likely intensify.

Even Mrs. Obama's Inauguration Day choices, though still edgy in her choice of designers, seemed just a touch safer than her usual fare. The dress she wore for morning church services and the swearing-in ceremony was conservatively high-necked and fit loosely, unlike the body-conscious shifts she wore while still on the campaign trail. The soft, rather coquettish inaugural-ball gown posed a sharp contrast to the bold looks and striking shades of purple and crimson that have marked Mrs. Obama's style.

As time passes, will her sartorial choices become more conservative? Will she be less likely to take chances on the Jason Wus of the world? Fans of the U.S. fashion industry hope not.



The little-known Jason Wu (in picture at left, in his studio) designed Mrs. Obama's gown.

Getty Images (2)



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AP

Isabel Toledo (above left) designed Mrs. Obama's pale yellow outfit for Inauguration Day.

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# Extreme makeover: White House edition

BY DOMINIQUE BROWNING

STYLE WATCHERS are buzzing about Michael Smith, the L.A. decorator to stars, models and fund managers, who is joining the Obamas in Washington to design the family quarters. He's a surprising pick, if only because he is associated with clients like Cindy Crawford and Steven Spielberg, for whom the concept of a budget is impressionistic at best. (Rupert Murdoch, chairman of News Corp., which owns The Wall Street Journal, is also a client.) Michelle Obama's press office praised Mr. Smith's "family-focused and affordable approach," but I doubt even he can remember when he last accepted a \$100,000 limit—that's what is earmarked for the presidential family quarters—unless that was the budget for window treatments. Private donations will subsidize this project; that's how Nancy Reagan got her \$210,000 worth of Lenox place settings. The connection to Mr. Smith was made through incoming White House social secretary Desiree Rogers, a friend of one of Mr. Smith's important Chicago clients, realtor Katherine Chez and her companion Judd Malkin, an important Democratic Party donor.

Mr. Smith is a national star. He makes classic rooms that look like their owners have inherited money and furnishings, and he mixes things up with tastefully hip pieces—just as he wears Keds and John Lobb custom shoes. Were the economy in better shape, we might look for an uptick in sales of his signature scents (\$55 for a 200-gram candle, \$110 for air fresheners), a relatively cheap way to get a whiff of society decorator. The Obamas made it clear during their campaign that they would not tolerate divas, another reason Mr. Smith is a startling pick, but he's smart enough to know when to respect protocol. Mr. Smith declined to comment.

As goes the cabinet, so goes the cabinetry. Mr. Smith's qualifications are strong: this is no time for the inexperienced, particularly if the at-home style of the Obamas reflects anything of their public personae. We can expect that the private quarters will embrace what in decorating parlance is called an eclectic style—America's favorite in every survey. That sounds like anything goes, but is far from it, quite difficult to pull off gracefully. Mr. Smith's look is sumptuous without being too fussy; he buys the finest quality, most expensive fabrics, carpets and antiques. Mr. Smith has a large, well-organized operation; he'll whip things into shape quickly. For the past month he has blazed a trail through New York's most exclusive dealers.

Mr. Smith said in a press release he plans to bring "20th Century American artists to the forefront." Let's hope he also turns to America's artisans, such as potter Frances Palmer, weavers Jamie Gould, Elizabeth Jackson and Angela Adams, and designers Stephanie Odegard and Katie Ridder. But for now, you can expect to hear lots of talk about shopping at Ikea and West Elm, at least for the girls' rooms; Mr. Smith is savvy enough to know that it isn't in the Obamas' interests to give



Simon Upton (2)

the impression that they have launched a bailout for the high-end design industry.

There is good karmic reason for the Obamas to have rooms of their own; you know what they say about if walls could talk. Those quarters will be the family's sanctuary during difficult times. There will be days during which they feel that the only thing in their control is how their home looks and feels; it should bring them joy and serenity. In choosing Michael Smith, they are showing a distinct taste for the high life. But what about the good life?

Apart from the Oval Office, I'd like to submit a vote that, unless things are in tatters, the public rooms be left alone. If refreshing is needed, the White House can be a model of what I'm calling the Borrow Economy—sharing the stuff in our closets. The White House collection fills warehouses. They would be a good place, while we're on it, to find a different presidential desk; with all due respect to Queen Victoria and Rutherford Hayes, we've had enough of looking at the HMS Resolute.

Instead, the Obamas should invest their \$1.6 million restoration budget in...yes, infrastructure! They can become leaders in green living. Our homes are laboring under outmoded systems. While campaigning, Barack Obama stated that we should achieve an 80% reduction in carbon emissions by 2050. Home is the place to start: Mr. Obama can advance his agenda; lower White House operating costs; and, best of all, support American industry, starting in the place that needs it most: auto-industry-wracked Michigan.

First up, a thorough audit of the White House carbon footprint—with a public accounting. Show us where to look for the big energy drains in all our homes.

Next, the low-hanging fruit: Find the hundreds of ways to be more energy efficient. The White House can upgrade insulation and install more light-emitting diodes

Clockwise from top right: interior designer Michael Smith; his choices for a Richard Meier beach house (painting by Brice Marden); the Lincoln Bedroom, renovated by First Lady Laura Bush and White House curator Bill Allman; the Oval Office in 1933; a guest bedroom in Mr. Smith's home.



Joao Canziani/Corbis Outline



Sipa Press



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inside—it uses a third the electricity of compact fluorescents, and contains no toxic mercury.

The Obamas can also get serious about energy production. What about digging under that expansive lawn and installing a geothermal system to generate energy using heat stored in the

earth? According to Jackson Robinson, who manages Boston-based Winslow Green Growth, which invests in sustainable public companies, "the technology already exists to lower heating and cooling costs by 70%—and it is American technology. The two leading geothermal-heat-pump companies are based in our heartland, in Indiana and Oklahoma." The Obamas could document the work online; the White House Web site is filled with pretty pictures of tulips, but it could do more to show us how to live responsibly. Let the building industry teach—and learn. Not as "sexy" as the color of the sofas? These days, "worthy" has more appeal.

Then climb to the rooftop, and shout it out: thin film solar! Remember when President Carter put in solar panels, which were admittedly ungainly—and the Reagans took them out? Now there is technology for wrapping the rooftop with sheets that unobtrusively

take in solar energy, and can withstand Category 5 hurricanes. And, drum roll, the best available flexible thin film in the world is being made in Michigan, by Energy Conversion Devices, one of the fastest growing new energy companies.

A few green acres carved out of that gloriously sunny lawn (irrigated with a "gray water system" that uses water from the showers and sinks for the lawn and gardens) will supply enough organically grown fruits and vegetables to feed the first family and friends—send the surplus to food banks or schools for their lunch programs. Let's hope the Obamas become "locavores," getting their meat and poultry from the area's small farms. And is there a beekeeper handy? The Obamas can kick off another Victory Garden movement in America's suburbs, but it needs a new name, as the original one grew out of war shortages and implies a vanquished enemy. To kick off the discussion, try Sunshine Gardens, symbolizing a return to sustainable farm practices using a plentiful energy supply.

Environmentalists have a culture war on their hands, whether or not they acknowledge it. Their values haven't yet been translated appealingly to enough people. But we're now in times when we can surely appreciate what most of this boils down to: habits of thrift, modesty, order, and discipline. They're still part of our national DNA, though recessive, perhaps.

Finally, let's talk trees. They absorb carbon—remember how plants extract CO2 from the air, use the carbon to build tissue, and return oxygen to the air? Right in the Obamas' new backyard (sort of), in Virginia, the American Chestnut Foundation is fighting valiantly to return the mighty chestnut tree to the eastern woodlands by breeding a new, disease resistant strain. The old giants have been nearly wiped out all over the U.S. east coast. Chestnuts would be a good way to start, in planting the seeds of change. We need a values shift of epic proportions. A green lifestyle shouldn't be an unaffordable status symbol; it has to become mainstream. With the Obamas' leadership, America can trace a path to a more compassionate, respectful, sustainable way of keeping house.

*Dominique Browning was the editor in chief of House & Garden magazine. Her most recent book was "Paths of Desire: The Passions of a Suburban Gardener."*



# Born to run—and promote

BY ETHAN SMITH

**L**AST WEEKEND, Bruce Springsteen took the stage at the Lincoln Memorial in a pre-inaugural concert that marked, in some ways, the culmination of several years of sometimes controversial political activism on behalf of the Democratic Party and working-class causes. Next weekend, the 59-year-old rocker is playing an event with a decidedly different flavor: the glitzy halftime show at Super Bowl XLIII, part of a carefully orchestrated marketing plan to ramp up sales of his new album.

The two events highlight different sides of Mr. Springsteen's persona—the liberal singer-songwriter and the commercial juggernaut recording artist. Right now, both are enjoying a simultaneous golden moment, just ahead of the Jan. 27 release of "Working on a Dream."

The campaign for the album is massive, enlisting the combined might of the National Football League, Wal-Mart Stores Inc. and at least one major awards show. Mr. Springsteen is also in the process of planning a tour of arenas in North America and Europe kicking off in March, say people familiar with the plans. His 2007-2008 tour with the E Street Band did brisk business, grossing more than \$204 million world-wide, according to trade magazine Pollstar.

Fans today understand that music sales are slumping and are likely to accept marketing strategies that they once would have considered evidence that their idol had sold out, says Charles R. Cross, author of "Backstreets: Springsteen, the Man and His Music."

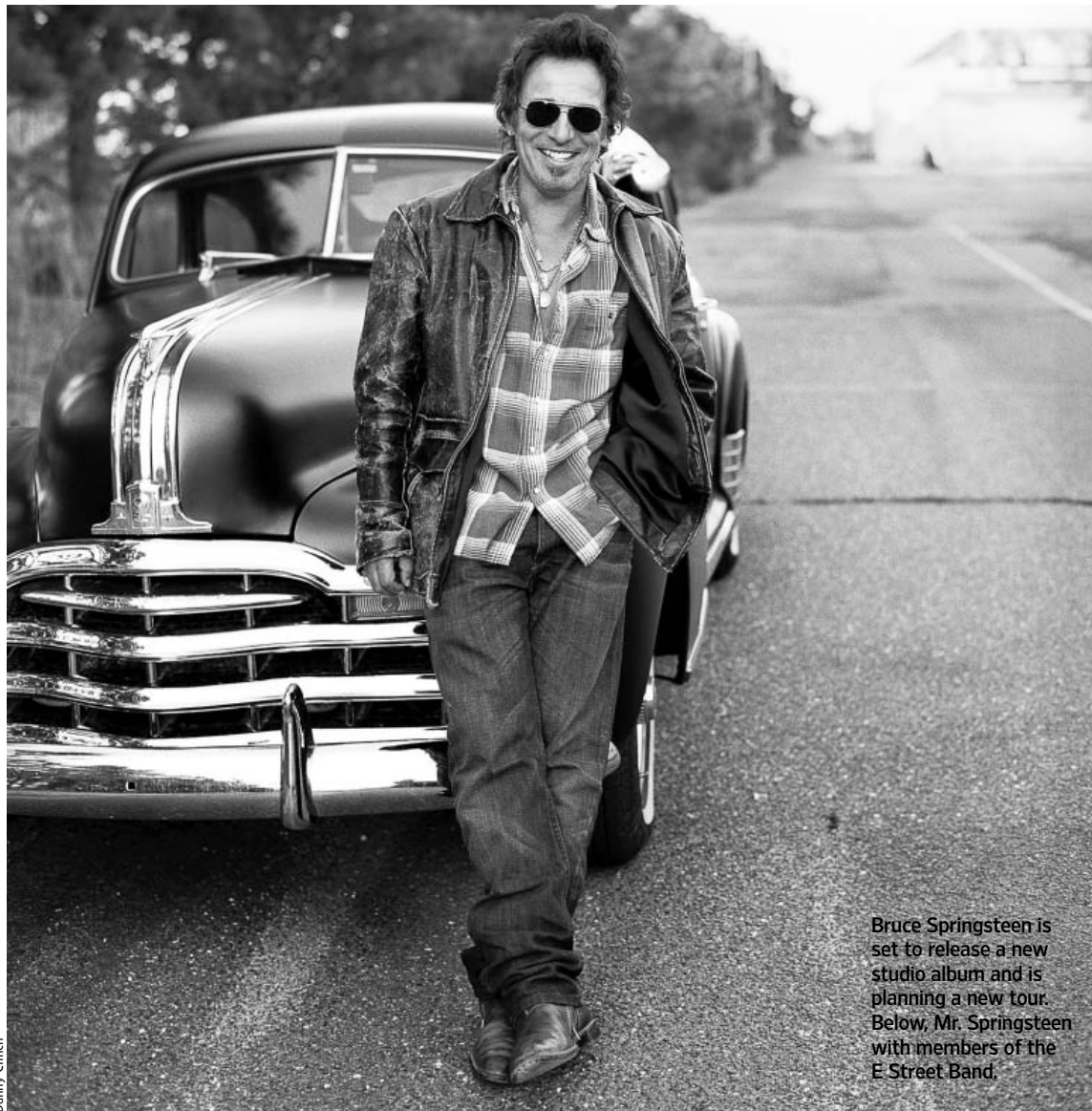
"If Bruce did this kind of commercial push around 'The River,' the hardcore fanbase would have been marching with pitchforks down the middle of Main Street," Mr. Cross says, referring to the 1980 album that included "Hungry Heart."

Last weekend such concerns took a back seat when Mr. Springsteen played, along with Bono, Mary J. Blige and Beyoncé Knowles, in a free concert. The Washington, D.C., event featured more than a dozen major acts, most of them outspoken supporters of President Obama.

The concert represented in some ways a vindication for Mr. Springsteen's politics, which in recent years have alienated some members of his blue-collar fanbase. For instance, in a 2006 CNN interview, the singer sharply criticized George Bush's handling of Iraq. "You don't take a country like the United States into a major war on circumstantial evidence," he said. "You lose your job for that." Mr. Springsteen added his fans had mixed reactions to his views: "Some people like it and some people boo you."

After he contributed a song to the soundtrack of an antiwar documentary last year, people claiming to be fans said in online forums that they had burned or discarded their Springsteen CDs and memorabilia. Such episodes had parallels to the treatment received by the Dixie Chicks after lead singer Natalie Maines criticized Mr. Bush in front of a London audience in 2003. Unlike the Dixie Chicks, Mr. Springsteen didn't seem to suffer any dropoff in demand for tickets to his concerts.

The promotional efforts for "Working on a Dream" kicked off in earnest two weeks ago, when Mr. Springsteen appeared on the



Danny Clinch

Bruce Springsteen is set to release a new studio album and is planning a new tour. Below, Mr. Springsteen with members of the E Street Band.

Golden Globes to accept the best-song award for "The Wrestler"—the theme from the Mickey Rourke film. It beat out a song co-written by Clint Eastwood for the movie "Gran Torino." Mr. Springsteen drew laughs during his acceptance speech. "This is the only time I'm going to be in competition with Clint Eastwood," he said, chuckling. "And it felt pretty good, too."

Earlier this month, Wal-Mart released "Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band's Greatest Hits." The disc features only one song, 2007's "Radio Nowhere," that wasn't already on 2003's "The Essential Bruce Springsteen." Record labels and artists, including the Eagles, AC/DC and Guns N' Roses, have increasingly embraced exclusive deals with major retailers, particularly Wal-Mart, as a low-risk way to sell huge numbers of CDs. That's because in such exclusive deals, the retailers generally agree not to return unsold product, which can be a major cost for record labels.

In Mr. Springsteen's case, the impetus for the new, 12-song greatest-hits collection was even more specific, according to people involved. First, priced at just \$10 and sold only at Wal-Mart, it was designed as an inexpensive proposition that would appeal to some of the 125 million people expected to tune in to at least part of the Super Bowl.

Second, thanks to an unusual provision in his record contract, the new collection could help Sony Music defray some of the multimillion-dollar advance payment it made to Mr. Springsteen for "Working on a Dream." Mr. Springsteen's seven-album, \$110 million deal was so rich that it contributed to the downfall of Andrew Lack, who lost his job as



Corbis

chief executive of what was then known as Sony BMG Music Entertainment shortly after it was signed in 2005.

Despite the deal's cost, it did contain some financial protection for Sony. Typically, a record company would be able to recoup an album-advance payment only out of sales of the new album in question, not older ones. But Mr. Springsteen's deal allows Sony to recoup its investment in each new album out of sales of older material. That gives Sony a motivation to come up with new packages of old material, such as the new greatest-hits collection. People familiar with the matter say that Mr. Springsteen and his manager, Jon Landau, have been cooperative in such initiatives.

A spokeswoman for Sony's Columbia Records label said the com-

pany doesn't comment on artists' contracts. Through a spokeswoman, Messrs. Landau and Springsteen declined to comment.

As a result of similar efforts to goose catalog sales, say people familiar with the matter, Sony has managed to turn a modest profit on other recent Springsteen albums, including 2007's "Magic," which has sold one million copies in the U.S., according to Nielsen Soundscan, and 2006's "We Shall Overcome," which has sold 701,000. Sony may in the next few years also remaster and reissue some of Mr. Springsteen's early albums, as it did in 2003 with "Born to Run."

Nonetheless, the exclusive deal with Wal-Mart has rankled some fans, labor activists and independent record store owners. The latter group long regarded Mr. Springsteen as an ally, and exclusive deals with big retailers as a force driving them out of business.

A month before Mr. Springsteen's Wal-Mart deal was announced, Seattle record store owner Matt Vaughan participated in a mu-



## Yes, we can 'Dream'

"Working on a Dream" is one of Bruce Springsteen's most stylistically diverse albums, built largely around themes of redemption and hope. A track-by-track guide to its 13 songs.

### 'Outlaw Pete'

An update of the murder-ballad tradition—but with strings that flirt with '70s disco.

### 'My Lucky Day'

A raucous Springsteen anthem.

### 'Working on a Dream'

A midtempo "Yes, we can"-themed rocker unveiled at an Obama campaign event.

### 'Queen of the Supermarket'

A tongue-in-cheek take on unrequited love about pining after a checkout clerk.

### 'What Love Can Do'

An ode to the strength of romance.

### 'This Life'

Takes some arranging cues from "Pet Sounds"-era Beach Boys.

### 'Good Eye'

Gospel-inspired blues, featuring harmonica and lyrics disparaging "earthly riches."

### 'Tomorrow Never Knows'

A song with a shuffling beat and lilting melody.

### 'Life Itself'

A dark love song, in which the singer urges the addressee not to succumb to suicidal urges.

### 'Kingdom of Days'

A string-washed ballad.

### 'Surprise, Surprise'

A birthday wish that "the evening stars scatter a shining crown upon your breast."

### 'The Last Carnival'

The Boss sings of life as a trapeze artist.

### 'The Wrestler'

Folk-inspired track about final shot at stardom.

sic-industry panel that included a discussion of exclusives. "I said what would be the death knell to indie retail is if a guy like Bruce Springsteen started playing with the big boxes," recalls Mr. Vaughan, whose Easy Street Records has two locations in Seattle. "Because if the Boss can do it, Tom Petty can do it, Neil Young can do it, Pearl Jam can do it."

"The Wal-Mart Greatest Hits package is a limited edition item only rather than a permanent addition to catalog," Columbia Records said in a statement.

Mr. Springsteen's performance at the Super Bowl, Feb. 1, promises to put him in front of hundreds of millions of viewers. The huge push could prove necessary, based on fans' mixed responses to leaked versions of "Working on a Dream." While some people posting on the fan site Backstreets.com have given favorable reviews, others have been less charitable. Several posters compared the melody to the new Springsteen song "Outlaw Pete" with Kiss's 1979 disco-rock anthem "I Was Made for Lovin' You."

WSJ.com

Glory days  
Listen to clips from Bruce  
Springsteen's two new albums, at  
WSJ.com/Lifestyle

# Michael Jackson: The Musical

A show featuring the Gloved One's songs—but not the singer himself—hits London's West End

BY JOHN JURGENSEN

**T**HRILLER LIVE," a new West End show built around the music of Michael Jackson, features a moonwalking lookalike, zombie choreography and prepubescent singers who hit the high notes on "ABC." What's absent: any backstory about the elusive King of Pop.

To reel in audiences with a familiar hook, producers have long looked to "jukebox musicals" that weave a story around the songs of famous acts such as the Four Seasons, Queen or ABBA. Now, the creators of "Thriller Live" are stripping that model down. With a string of more than 30 song-and-dance numbers ranging from "Ben" to "Bad," they're mounting what's essentially a two-hour tribute concert, billed as a "musical celebration" on the posters plastered around London. There's no plot or dialogue—just music.

"We don't have a big name in the cast to pay. There are no moving sets or scenery," says producer Paul Walden. Instead, his team is betting that Mr. Jackson's music will draw crowds as the troubled global economy makes people more picky about their entertainment choices.

On Broadway, slow ticket sales have forced some shows to close and the credit crunch is hampering new productions. By comparison, London's theater industry has held stable, buoyed by a raft of musicals featuring stars cast via reality TV shows. As of mid-December, total box-office revenue had slipped by only 1% from the record gross of \$686 million in 2007, according to the Society of London Theatre.

Beyond brother Tito Jackson's appearance at the "Thriller Live" premiere, neither Michael Jackson nor his family are involved in the production. The star gets revenue from the show only indirectly, through standard fees that the production pays to Britain's Performing Rights Society, which collects



A scene from 'Thriller Live.'

Harrison Funk

royalties on behalf of songwriters. Mr. Jackson's record company, Sony, isn't connected to the show either, though a spokesman for Sony Music UK says it supports the production. The company is eager to promote Mr. Jackson's back catalog in lieu of new music—he hasn't released an album of new material since "Invincible" in 2001. He's been in the studio with various producers and last year discussed a performance residency in Las Vegas, but the 50-year-old star has stayed out of the public eye since he was tried and acquitted of child-molestation

charges in 2005.

Representatives for Mr. Jackson did not respond to requests for comment.

"Thriller Live" came out of the fandom of its creator, Adrian Grant. About 20 years ago the Reading native launched a Michael Jackson fan club magazine called "Off the Wall," which led to visits with his idol in the studio and at the Neverland Ranch. In 1991 Mr. Grant began staging talent shows where fans would flaunt their impressions and renditions of Mr. Jackson's music. These annual productions (including one

attended by the star himself in 2001) eventually attracted the attention of Flying Music, a production company specializing in tribute shows based on the music of Fleetwood Mac, the Rat Pack and other acts.

In 2007, after refining the "Thriller Live" concept, Flying Music financed a six-week tour around the U.K. Attendance was "patchy" and reviews were mixed, says Mr. Walden. But the tour built steam, leading to two follow-up tours through the U.K. and Europe. Now, in addition to the West End run at

the Lyric Theatre (it opened Jan. 21 and is booking into April), a separate "Thriller Live" show will go to Europe again starting in February. So far, at least, there are no plans to take the show to the U.S.

On the stage of the Lyric Theatre, a 900-seat venue, two sets of stairs flank a video screen that flashes images of Mr. Jackson and declarations about his commercial clout, such as "The 'Thriller' album was at No. 1 for 37 weeks!" Eighteen cast members, split between singers and dancers, work through his catalog chronologically, starting with Jackson 5 fare such as "I Want You Back," pausing only for introductions and praise for Mr. Jackson's legacy.

Ricko Baird, an American dancer costumed in a fedora and black loafers, got some of the loudest applause at a preview show two weeks ago when he moonwalked, thrust his pelvis and executed other trademark Jackson moves.

Four boys have been cast to perform young Michael's material and will rotate through the performance schedule. They include 14-year-old Layton Williams, who recently shared the lead role in the London version of "Billy Elliot." The boys represent one of the show's biggest hooks—cooing "aaws" from the crowd greeted 14-year-old Ashton Russell each time he appeared on stage two weeks ago—as well as a potential weakness. "Unfortunately they quickly grow up," Mr. Walden says. "Once their voices break they can't sing the songs."

Another challenge for the show: The singing and dancing abilities of the cast members invite comparisons to Mr. Jackson in his prime. But with the pop star absent from the world stage for the foreseeable future, productions like "Thriller Live" might be the closest fans can get to the real thing. Even Mr. Walden tends to refer to Mr. Jackson in the past tense, saying, "Here was an artist who had an amazing career."

## How Smalls became B.I.G.

Executive producer Sean 'Diddy' Combs on his new biopic, 'Notorious'

Christopher "Biggie Smalls" Wallace lived his life in the spotlight, which proved an unexpected blessing for the filmmakers behind the new biopic, "Notorious." Thanks to an endless supply of photographs and old footage, director George Tillman Jr. was able to accurately recreate many of the seminal moments from the life of the rapper (played by Jamal Woolard), who in 1997 was shot and killed at the age of 24. Also providing a reality check: executive producer Sean Combs, who signed Mr. Wallace, aka "The Notorious B.I.G.," to Bad Boy Records in 1992. "My experiences with Biggie happened when we were still young, and to be honest, it was kind of weird to see myself that way on screen," says Mr. Combs, who is portrayed by Derek Luke in the film. "I haven't had any fun making music since the day [Biggie] died. Some things you can never let go of. But seeing the movie has helped me to get closer to closure." Mr. Combs talked about scenes from the movie.

—Michelle Kung

See a clip from 'Notorious,' at WSJ.com/Lifestyle.



Combs Outline



### B.I.G. man on campus

Biggie made his official debut as a rapper at Howard University's annual Yardfest party in 1993, where he was accompanied by Mr. Combs onstage. Initially, Mr. Combs says, he didn't know if Mr. Luke (right, in photo above) would be able to pull off the performance, but concludes, "His dance moves were on point for the time period. Back then, I was pretty much happy just to be on the stage. But a lot of my moves have evolved since then."

### Fizzled friendship

Biggie's first album, "Ready to Die," was an immediate hit. "There were always cameras on us," says Mr. Combs. "There's definitely a lot of party footage and pictures from the parties, which gave the art director and production staff points of reference." Much of the media frenzy revolved around Biggie's friendship-turned-rivalry with rapper Tupac Shakur (left, played by Anthony Mackie). "This film gives a deeper level to the story," says Mr. Combs.



20th C. Fox (3)

### 'Notorious' mom

Although Mr. Combs was involved with the film from the start, he says it was Voletta Wallace, Biggie's mother, who was the driving force behind the production. In the film, Ms. Wallace is portrayed by Angela Bassett (middle), who Mr. Combs says captured Voletta's "exact walk, sound, everything." Adding to the authenticity was the casting of 12-year-old Christopher "CJ" Wallace Jr., Biggie's son with wife Faith Evans, as the younger version of Biggie. "It was his idea, and he just came in and read for it," says Mr. Combs.



# An actor in the Bergman tradition

By J. S. MARCUS

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

STOCKHOLM'S ROYAL Dramatic Theater has long been one of the world's great reservoirs of acting talent. Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman both started their careers there in the 1920s and '30s, and a few decades later the theater became the spiritual and professional home of Ingmar Bergman. The director often cast actors from his many productions at Dramaten, as Swedes call their national theater, in his award-winning films.

By the 1980s, Bergman (1918-2007) had stopped making feature films, but for the next few decades he continued to direct a few plays every season at Dramaten. The shows often went on international tours, bringing the theater's distinctive, penetrating acting style to a worldwide audience. In 2002, Bergman ended his theater career with a production at Dramaten of Ibsen's "Ghosts." Now the young star of "Ghosts," and the last member to join Bergman's troupe of regular actors, Jonas Malmström, has reached full maturity.

Since appearing in Bergman's final productions, Mr. Malmström, 37 years old, has gone on to become one of Sweden's leading classical actors, culminating in his acclaimed 2008 portrayal at Dramaten of Hamlet. Born in Stockholm, Mr. Malmström is the son of Jan Malmström, another Bergman and Dramaten actor, best known for playing the sadistic pastor in Bergman's 1982 film, "Fanny and Alexander." Father and son appeared together in Bergman's 2000 production of Strindberg's "The Ghost Sonata," and then in "Ghosts," which also starred another Bergman favorite, Pernilla August. "Ghosts," which tells the story of a Norwegian widow (August) and her doomed son (Jonas Malmström), was reworked by Bergman into a gripping horror show, and owed as much to August Strindberg, Bergman's great influence, as to Ibsen. Viewed many years later on DVD, the production still holds up as an unforgettable work of acting and directorial genius.

In addition to classical roles at Dramaten, where he is a member of the ensemble, Mr. Malmström also appears on television and Swedish films. Later this year, he stars as "a priest with a secret," as he says, in a religious thriller called "Psalm 21." And in the spring, he will star Dramaten's production of "Final," by 19th-century Swedish author Victoria Benedictsson. He will also participate in Dramaten's first annual Ingmar Bergman International Theater Festival, the brainchild of Staffan Valdemar Holm, who directed Mr. Malmström in "Hamlet" and served as artistic director of Dramaten through 2008. This year the festival runs from May 27-June 6. In late spring, "Hamlet" will go on tour to Belgrade and Moscow.

Mr. Malmström, who lives outside Stockholm with his girlfriend and young son, spoke to us in the ornate surroundings of Dramaten's Royal Lounge.

**Q: What did you learn about acting from Ingmar Bergman?**

He was a man who really wanted to push the limits of what you can do. Some people say, "You can do better. I know you can do better." They dare you to do something new, but they don't give you the tools to



Jonas Malmström as Hamlet.

do it. Ingmar did. He gave you the courage to jump off the cliff. He always took your hand and jumped with you. When it was time for us to rehearse [the final scene in "The Ghost Sonata"], he sent everybody out. No one was allowed to be there—it was just us [two actors and him.] And when we cried, he cried. And when we laughed, he laughed. You never wanted it to end. I didn't grow up with Bergman's films. I didn't fall apart when he entered the room, like people did. But when I worked with him, that's when I realized what he was. He knew things that others didn't. It was that simple.

**Q: The Royal Dramatic Theater is famous for its realistic, psychologically penetrating style. Your recent production of "Hamlet" uses extreme acting styles and preposterous effects often associated with contemporary German theater. What are the pluses and minuses of both approaches.**

I like to think that what I'm doing is a kind of psychological realism. The obvious plus in working with realism is that when the actors talk to each other, they mean what they say. Listening is the most difficult thing in theater. When you actually listen, and answer, that's when theater is the most interesting to watch and—for me—the most interesting to act. That can get lost when you do a production [like "Hamlet."] I like how Staffan works. He's very visual, which is all well and good. But as an actor I need to take time for the text, because that is the most important thing for me, [as it was] for Berg-

man. If you asked [Bergman], there were only two things that were really important: the text and the actors. You could do without everything else, even the director. Of course, it takes a lot of imagination from the director to create the kind of world [presented onstage during "Hamlet"]. To step into this completely different world is something that can be fun. I think it's fun to watch, and it's fun to do it, though it is hard sometimes to be really, really moved. It's more like a show.

**Q: Ingmar Bergman's ghost makes an appearance of sorts in "Hamlet," when snippets from Bergman's last feature film, "Fanny and Alexander," are recited by actors who, as it happens, actually appeared in the film. What was your reaction when you learned that Bergman's text would be used this way?**

The whole production is sort of a celebration of the theater. When Staffan said we were going to incorporate Bergman, it all just clicked. Of course! I realized, Bergman should be here. If you read the original text, and you read the Bergman text Staffan chose from the film, it's not outrageous. They're actually [connected]. It really works.

**Q: Another Bergman star from Dramaten, Peter Stormare, known for his later work in the films of the Coen Brothers, and your father, actor Jan Malmström, appeared together in a reality series on Swedish television in 2007. What did the cast, which also included Swedish celebrity Britt Ek-**

**land, actually do during the show and were you yourself a fan?**

[They] did nothing, absolutely nothing. There were no gory details, no fights. They did [things like] go fishing. I didn't watch every single episode. I have to admit. I know all these people. They are nice, [but] I don't know if it was good television.

**Q: What are you reading these days?**

I am reading "Crime and Punishment." For so many years, I've tried to read it, [but] for some reason I never managed it. I would come to page 40, and say, "No. I can't." Now I think I'm going to do it. I think I've reached an age when I'm not in such a hurry anymore.

**Q: In 2003, in your last collaboration with Bergman, you starred in a radio production of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," and you are about to start work on a television production of Strindberg's "The Father." What happens when you try to recreate a live play in another medium?**

What happens? I would like to say, "Nothing." If it's a classic, there must be a reason why it's a classic, and then it doesn't matter if you do it on stage, or in front of a camera, or in front of a microphone. I love radio [especially], because it's only about the acting and the words, nothing else. You can't do interesting things with your hands—it's only about text.

**Q: Ibsen and Strindberg share the center of the Scandinavian theater tradition. Do you have a pref-**

**erence?**

I'm looked on as a heretic [because] I'm not as big a fan of Ibsen as I am of Strindberg. I am a complete Strindberg freak. It takes Ibsen five acts to say what Strindberg says in the first line. Ibsen is very slow. People are standing with their cognacs and discussing things, and on page 557 they finally say what Strindberg opens up with. "You never loved me." That's the first line in a Strindberg play. And there we go. Very often Strindberg's plays start where Ibsen's end.

**What is your dream role?**

Iago. You always want to play the villain. Every actor in the world wants to play the villain, and Iago is the most sophisticated, the greatest villain ever.

**Q: Several of Bergman's actors made careers in the U.S. Have you ever been tempted to work in Hollywood?**

Tempted, yes. When we were in New York with "Ghosts," I was approached by this lady who thought it would be a good idea for me to meet up with some people—agents, managers, whatever you call them. They all said the same thing: If you're serious about pursuing a career in this country, you need to be here 24/7. And that was just not possible for me. Of course I want it, of course it would be fantastic. But I'm not prepared to sacrifice everything for it.

**Q: Your father played one of cinema's most villainous characters—Alexander's stepfather in "Fanny and Alexander." Did you look at him differently after you saw the movie?**

I didn't, but a lot of people did. He lost a lot of his friends for a while. [My father] is actually a very nice man, but for years people didn't think that [because of the movie]. People are crazy.

**Q: This spring, the Royal Dramatic Theater will start an annual international theater festival named in honor of Ingmar Bergman, featuring a few Bergman texts but no Bergman productions. Why not revive one or two of his late productions for the event?**

Well, that's not the way it works in this country. In other countries you can revive a production years after it has actually ended. It's just not our way. Plays are around for a season, maybe two. But then it's over.

**Q: Bergman was famous for the bond he created between his actors? Has that bond managed to survive his death?**

Absolutely. A good example is Pernilla [August]. I [almost] never meet her; I don't know what she's doing. But when we meet, it's like we were instantly back in that very special situation, with that very special bond that you're talking about. Bergman insisted on the bond between the actors. There was a tremendous amount of love in the room, and there was his wonderful sense of humor. He insisted that when you're dying—when you're lying naked on the floor and your mother is feeding you morphine, so you can die—you have to laugh before, and you have to laugh afterwards. We laughed so much, it was so much fun. I don't think people know that.



# Is Mexico City the world's greatest

By Stan Sesser

**I**T WAS MY FIRST bite of food in Mexico City, a snack called *esquites*, consisting of kernels of corn boiled in water with strips of jalapeno peppers and an herb called *epazote*, then garnished with lime juice, chili salt, mayonnaise and grated cheese. "One of the best things I've ever eaten," I wrote in my notebook. The cost: 70 cents at a street market.

A couple days later, at the restaurant Pujol, I was dining on a soup of squash blossoms topped with coconut foam, and venison coated with a pungent seasoning of Yucatán oregano and dried burnt chilies and served on a purple-banana purée. Washed down with high-quality wines from, of all places, Mexico's Baja Peninsula, the meal was \$50 for the fixed-price dinner plus wine, and worth every penny.

After six days of making my way from street-corner tamale vendors to elegant restaurants of impressive interior design, I can draw only one conclusion: Mexico's capital has got to be the least-appreciated great food city in the world.

There are cities, like Bangkok, where you can eat superbly at open-front restaurants with plastic stools for seats, and cities like Paris, where the food is terrific but comes at a price, usually astronomical. Mexico City is a rarity: From open-air markets to the highest-end restaurant, the food is magnificent.

With Mexico's mountains and tropics providing every sort of growing climate; with its big middle class whose favorite entertainment is eating out; and with its food so varied that there are more than 50 different regional cuisines, I shouldn't have been surprised. "Now a lot of chefs are being trained in the U.S., Spain and France, and they return with new ideas, adapting Mexican ingredients," says Ruth Alegria, who leads tours of the city that focus on food ([www.mexicosoulandessence.com](http://www.mexicosoulandessence.com)).

Enrique Olvera is one of the new wave of chefs giving food lovers in Mexico City reason to cheer. Eight years ago, at the age of 24 and armed with a degree from the Culinary Institute of America, Mr. Olvera started Pujol. It's now one of the hottest tickets in town. On a Monday night, almost all 48 seats were filled. Mr. Olvera said he grapples with an enviable problem: "We're trying to incorporate new ideas, but in Mexico we also have very strong traditions. Sometimes you start out to change things and you can't, because the traditional way is so good."

Rather than try to emulate the food scene in the U.S., Mexico City chefs are making a concerted effort to mine Mexican cuisines for their historic treasures and to improvise using local ingredients. Whereas Pujol used to have four or five local suppliers, now it has 25, Mr. Olvera says. "If Mexicans can do the quality, we buy Mexican," he adds. "Most of the farming in Mexico was organic to start with, because we were too poor to afford fertilizers."

Mexico City can be a problem in other respects. The traffic can be fierce. One taxi ride took me 90 minutes for a route I could have walked in half an hour. Because of the danger of being robbed, locals advise visitors who don't speak Spanish and don't know the city to take hotel cars instead of



Café Azul y Oro's chef Ricardo Muñoz Zurita; below, the bean tamales at Azul y Oro.

hailing a taxi on the street; this means that the 70-cent esquite at the street market may end up costing \$30, with transportation.

But the eating prospects make the hassles worth it. Consider, for instance, a visit to Casa Merlos, specializing in the cuisine of Puebla, a state just southeast of the capital that's known for its colonial architecture. Pueblan food is famous for its mole sauces, which always contain chilies but otherwise vary widely in color, ingredients and taste; the well-known chocolaty mole pobl-

**With delicious food from markets to top restaurants, the Mexican capital is a contender**

ano is only one of many. Casa Merlos offers seven mole varieties, each from a different Pueblan village. Mole de Tehuacan Puebla is a thick red soup containing chunks of goat that have been raised on a diet of herbs, giving the meat a delicate flavor with no hint of gaminess. Mole de Acapixtla is a reddish-brown sauce made from sesame seeds that enhances the yellow meat of a chicken raised on marigold flowers and corn. The sauces demand to be mopped up with the hot corn tortillas continually whisked to your table.

Casa Merlos opens only for lunch, keeping to a Mexico City tradition that is only now being broken by the many high-end restaurants that open for dinner. This long, gargantuan lunch—which makes it doubtful that anyone can get work done later in the day—is called the *comida*, and is most Mexicans' main eating venture of the day. When we left the restaurant at 3:30 p.m., more than 40 people were waiting in line.

Some other establishments are taking off in flights of fancy, but always with Mexican ingredients in mind. At Biko, a strikingly modern restaurant started by Mikel Alonso and Bruna Oteiza, former sous chefs from San Sebastián, Spain, I had fried green plantain stuffed with onion mousse and topped with caviar, and Cornish game hen coated with crushed popcorn (the invention of popcorn is often credited to the Aztecs of pre-Hispanic Mexico).

At Izote, a high-end restaurant of chef Patricia Quintana, I tasted a lasagna like none other; instead of ground meat, it was filled with *huitlacoche*, the fungus that grows on corn silk and that's considered the Mexican equivalent of a truffle. At Café Azul y Oro, the chef and food historian Ricardo Muñoz Zurita serves a duck ravioli



Photos: Adriana Zehbrauskas/Polaris Images for The Wall Street Journal



# Best food town?



Above, a tamale from Mexico City's Condesa neighborhood; below, a woman holds a tostada in Chapultepec Park.



topped with a black mole sauce from Oaxaca and garnished with blackberries.

A great restaurant by any definition, Azul y Oro is smack in the middle of Mexico's largest university. Mr. Munoz, who authored the 600-page *Encyclopedia of Mexican Gastronomy*, serves his superb food in dining room that looks like a high school cafeteria. A regular meal runs around \$15, but on weekdays students can take advantage of a special three-course lunch for \$5. "I collect all the traditional ingredients and put them together," says Mr. Munoz. "They look contemporary but don't have anything new."

One of the most spectacular-looking dishes I ate—four black towers on a stylish, white rectangular plate, each topped with herb leaves and resting in a red sauce flecked with white bits of cheese—turned out to be nothing more than lowly bean tamales.

After lunch, Mr. Munoz offered to take me the next evening for a spectacular dinner. We drove for 45 minutes to an area of town where the traffic was suddenly bumper to bumper—due to the fact that so many people were besieging a restaurant. Astonishingly, it was nothing but a taco shop, Taqueria El Pastorcito. But what a taqueria: Lines of cooks on the sidewalk of the open-front restaurant hacked away at skewered pork shoulders rotating on an open flame. Three huge stone tubs of salsas, each one different, rested on a long communal table.

I had four tacos: pork, tongue, beef and sausage, each slathered with salsa ranging from mild (avocado and green chilies) to fiery (hot chilies marinated with pineapple and onions). I wouldn't have traded the meal for a Michelin-rated dinner in Paris.



Venison in cumin crust and, at right, soup of squash blossom flowers topped with coconut foam, both from Pujol.



Chef Enrique Olvera at his restaurant, Pujol.



Lasagna filled with huitlacoche (left) and enchiladas with shrimp and green pipian sauce, both from Izote.



## A gourmet's tour of Mexico City

IF YOU'RE ADVENTUROUS and I speak Spanish (or have a good phrase book and map), you can use Mexico City's subways for a do-it-yourself food tour:

**Biko:** Two former sous chefs from the three-star restaurant Arzak in San Sebastián, Spain, cook innovative Spanish-Mexican food, \$50 tasting menu. 407 Presidente Masaryk, Polanco, ☎ 52-55-5282-2064.

**Café Azul y Oro:** On the UNAM university campus, serving chef and food historian Ricardo Munoz Zurita's twist on classic Mexican cuisine; around \$15. To 6 p.m. Sun.-Thurs.; to 8 p.m. Fri.-Sat. ☎ 52-55-5622-7135.

**Casa Merlos:** Marvelous moles of Puebla state, about \$35. Lunch only Thurs.-Sun. 80 Victoriano Zepedia St., Observatorio, ☎ 52-55-5516-4017.

**Izote:** The high-end restaurant of chef Patricia Quintana, famous for enchiladas stuffed with lobster. 513 Presidente Masaryk, Polanco, ☎ 52-55-5280-1671.

**Los Chamorros:** Pork leg you won't believe, in the style of Jalisco state, about \$15. Open to 6 p.m. 177 Tlacoquemecatl St., Del Valle, ☎ 52-55-5575-1235.

**Pujol:** Said to be Mexico City's best; reservations are essential; about \$50 a person, plus wine. 254 Petrarca St., Polanco district, ☎ 52-55-5545-4111.

**Taqueria El Pastorcito:** So popular it causes traffic jams, about \$5. 4503 Lorenzo Boturini St., 24 de Abril, ☎ 51-55-5764-118 5.

—Stan Sesser







Kyubey, a posh Ginza sushi place, sold single slivers of the prized bluefin for €16.



The trophy fish at one of Itamae Sushi's Hong Kong locations.

# What an €80,000 tuna tastes like

BY YUMIKO ONO

**W**HAT DOES THE *Tokyo* most expensive sushi taste like? Smooth, succulent and a little on the light side.

The Tokyo restaurant world was shocked earlier this month when a 128-kilogram Japanese bluefin tuna fetched 9.63 million yen, or about €80,000—the highest price paid for a bluefin tuna in eight years. Two restaurants with distinctly different styles bid jointly at Tokyo's first fish auction of the year, splitting both the cost and the fish. To see what they got for their money, I sampled the tuna at both places during the three days it was available.

Half the trophy tuna went to Kyubey, a posh sushi bar in Tokyo's glitzy Ginza district that serves 40 kinds of fish and counts Sony Chief Executive Howard Stringer and Steven Spielberg as clients. The service and the food is so personalized here that the chef asks whether you want your Post-It-size slice of abalone raw or steamed, brushed with soy sauce or salt. On my recent visit, a single sliver of the prized bluefin cost €16. It also was offered as an item in the 10-piece, €45 lunch set, which is what I ordered. The pinkish-brown chutoro, or medium-fatty tuna, I ate at the black-lacquered sushi counter was so smooth that the whole thing melted away in seconds, making me wish for a second piece.

The tuna's other half went to Itamae Sushi, a Tokyo outpost of a casual, Hong-Kong restaurant chain that has been expanding recently. The restaurant, packed on a recent afternoon with blue-suited office workers wolfing down €8 lunch specials, had posters plastered all over the place to tout its achievement: "We bid successfully—for a whopping 9.6 million yen!"

Itamae Sushi didn't even pretend to be making money on the bluefin. It stuffed the fish into its voluminous tuna lunch set, which includes chutoro, chopped tuna, soy sauce-soaked tuna and tuna maki rolls—10 pieces for €25, offered to the first 20 customers of the day until the restaurant ran out.



Itamae Sushi of Tokyo put a slice in its €25 lunch set.

On the day I visited, the lunch set sold out promptly. I managed to sample a piece of chutoro from the restaurant's last remaining block of bluefin and found it tasted clean and smooth. It wasn't as firmly pressed onto the rice as at Kyubey, though, and it flapped around when I picked it up.

How two such disparate establishments came to share one extremely expensive fish says as much about the no-holds-barred competition among Japan's 32,000 sushi restaurants as about

the Japanese passion for eating first foods of the season and of the year, which they believe are "auspicious," bringing good luck.

Japan's foodies have long been obsessed with everything from the first bamboo shoots in the spring to matsutake mushrooms in the fall. Food snobs spend a fortune for first-of-season foods that will plunge in price in a matter of days or weeks—and often taste better at the height of the season. Just this month, a 10-ounce box of the first crop of Japanese greenhouse

## Where it landed

### Kyubey

8-7-6 Ginza Chuo-ku, Tokyo 104-0061  
 ☎ 81-3-3571-6523  
[www.kyubey.jp/index\\_e.html](http://www.kyubey.jp/index_e.html)  
 €57 for lunch; €161 for dinner, including drinks

### Itamae Sushi

3-8-17 Akasaka Minato-ku, Tokyo 107-6052  
 ☎ 81-3-6659-7288  
[www.itamae.co.jp/](http://www.itamae.co.jp/)  
 (in Japanese only)  
 €8.10 for lunch; €24 for dinner, including drinks

cherries sold for €290.

Miki Hizume, a 44-year-old Tokyo housewife, went straight to Itamae Sushi with her husband the day after the bluefin auction, which was the first of the year and an important occasion because it came so soon after the festive New Year's celebrations. Ms. Hizume said the bluefin sashimi was so fresh she could feel the smell rush up to her nose as she popped the first piece in her mouth. "I feel so lucky to be able to taste it," she said.

High bidding for Japanese bluefin has set off media feeding frenzies in recent years. In 2001, a Tokyo restaurant paid a record €167,854 for a 202-kilogram bluefin. That was an eye-popping €831 per kilogram—even more than the €625 per kilogram paid earlier this month. Last year, a Hong Kong entrepreneur named Ricky Cheng plunked down €50,439 for the most-expensive tuna at the year's first auction, becoming the first foreigner ever to buy the top tuna. Mr. Cheng, best known for his ramen noodle restaurants and the budding Itamae Sushi chain, became an instant media star.

Yosuke Imada, Kyubey's second-generation owner, watched with unease as Mr. Cheng was referred to as "Sushi King" in the Japanese press, when it was establishments like Kyubey that regularly purchase top-quality fish. Traditionally, the 63-year-old Mr. Imada says, he has frowned upon buying

at the first auction because the fish command a high premium that doesn't always match the quality. But this year, he couldn't sit still. "I said, 'Hey, wait a minute. Why is Hong Kong getting it all?' I had my pride."

As they learned of each other's interest in the first auction, Kyubey and Itamae Sushi decided to strike a deal to bid for the fish together and split the cost if they won. While the price was extra high this year because of bad weather and a poor catch, both restaurants say they would have gone even higher. One technicality: Kyubey secured the half of the fish that was facing up when it was caught, which is considered of higher quality than the side facing down.

So was it worth it? To my disappointment, both Kyubey's Mr. Imada and Katsura Nakamura, head of Itamae Sushi's Japanese operation, say their bluefin's quality wasn't the best they've seen. At 128 kilograms, it wasn't as fatty as bluefin in the preferred 200-kilogram category. The fish was caught on Dec. 29, and while taste improves with several days' aging, the expiration date was approaching.

Mr. Imada says even selling at €16 a slice, the tuna won't make Kyubey any money. His half of the fish will yield only about 3,000 slices, and including labor costs, he says he won't come out ahead. Still, he appreciates all the attention he got at a time when the economy is rapidly deteriorating and corporate entertainment is poised to take a big hit. "I'm going to do it again next year," he says.

On my visit to Itamae Sushi, Mr. Nakamura offered me a slice of a different bluefin tuna, one that had been caught just two days earlier. He said even though its cost was a fifth of the first-of-the-year tuna, this one was of higher quality. Indeed, the fresher fish did have a brighter red color, and the fat burst in my mouth. "This drives me crazy," Mr. Nakamura says, but adds it was a marketing effort that would be worth repeating next year.

—Miho Inada and Juliet Ye contributed to this story.

## Arbitrage

### The price of a cup of hot chocolate

City	Local currency	€
London	£2.05	€2.20
Frankfurt	€2.50	€2.50
Hong Kong	HK\$26	€2.59
Paris	€2.80	€2.80
Brussels	€3.23	€3.23
Tokyo	¥417	€3.60
New York	\$5.76	€4.46
Rome	€5	€5



Notes: From a coffee shop; prices, including taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.



# The keys to swing keys

Why the thoughts that help guide shots can be so maddeningly fleeting

ONE OF GOLF'S core mysteries is why swing keys—those helpful little thoughts, visions or sensations that you focus on just before pulling the club-head back—have such dismally short lifespans.

## Golf Journal

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

Bert Yancey, the 1960s-era Tour player, apparently once had a swing key that lasted six months. "It was a vision of a high, drawing seven-iron shot that hopped twice on the green and stopped near the pin," said Gary Wiren, who knew Mr. Yancey well back then and is now director of instruction for Donald Trump golf properties. "He lived off that picture, but then it went away, no one knows why."

In general, swing keys that last even two weeks are rare. Most of us are lucky to get through one round with an intact swing thought, however sharp it may seem on the first tee. "For some players, by the third or fourth hole, it just starts to get blurry, like a document that's been photocopied over and over," said Pia Nilsson, whose students have included Annika Sörenstam and other LPGA standouts. When that happens, the swing key loses its power, causing some players to commit the unpardonable sin of layering on additional swing thoughts, invariably leading to confusion and ruin.

It's tempting but false to blame the short half-life of swing keys on the shrinking modern attention



Wesley Bedrosian

span. The Old Masters were just as afflicted. Arnold Haultain, in golf's early metaphysical treatise "The Mystery of Golf" (1908), speculated that the cause was "the ideational or conceptual centres of the brain" being "too much occupied." In other words, distraction. Bobby Jones wrote that the "charm" of a swing key was good "for only a limited time," at which point, inevitably, "someone will loosen a nut, or forget to put in the oil, and everything will go to smash."

In an Edenic world, we wouldn't need swing thoughts.

"Ideally I try to play in sort of a daze as far as my swing is concerned," Sam Snead wrote in 1978. "I try merely to settle on what type of shot I want to hit; visualize it beforehand; sense how it will feel to make it happen, and then let it all happen."

That state of mind is more or less the goal that mental-game coach Bob Rotella sets for his players, including Pádraig Harrington, a two-time major champion last year and the PGA Tour's Player of the Year. He doesn't like swing keys except as a last resort.

"People who think about their swings are basically telling their brain that they don't know how to swing. It's a sign that they are afraid of something," Dr. Rotella told me. Far better, he argues, to figure out what that fear is and address it later during practice. Meanwhile, on the course, focus on a positive vision of the shot at hand and swing away.

That's great, but some of us are too lily-livered for that approach and prefer the comfort of a good swing key—if only to "distract the distractors," as Ms. Nilsson put it. Mr. Snead, in fact, maintained a list of swing keys for use whenever his shots started "misbehaving." "Each key has a certain purpose," he wrote. To fight a slice, for example, he might try gripping the club lightly with the right hand.

Mr. Snead's strategy suggests one explanation for why swing keys, like good play generally, are so quick to wink away: we ourselves change, however fractionally, from one day to the next.

"Maybe you slept wrong, maybe you're stiff and can't turn as well as you did. You think you're doing everything the same, but you're not," Dr. Wiren said. "Julius Boros used to say he warmed up at the range before a round to see what the ball wanted to do that day, because it was always different."

Another school of thought, not contradictory to the first, is that swing keys dissipate primarily because they, or we, aren't strong enough. We forget to pay attention, or simply lose interest. "The mind is inherently inquisitive, it's always searching for freshness,"

said Jim McLean, founder of the Jim McLean golf schools. "Swing thoughts go stale."

Also a problem, according to Ken Bowden, Jack Nicklaus's long-time collaborator on instructional books, is that gradually we overdo or exaggerate them.

That said, there are steps you can take to make swing keys more robust, starting with limiting yourself to one at a time. "The best swing keys, like 'swing easy,' are broad in nature. Focusing on details such as where you want the clubface to be a meter from impact, that is a bad playing thought," Mr. McLean said. Swing keys relating to the backswing, such as "take it back slow" or "pause at the top," can be effective but don't tend to last, he said. "The target is in front of you, so the most powerful swing thoughts are forward-oriented, like 'go to a good finish' or 'swing through the ball' as opposed to hitting at it."

The biggest shortfall of many swing keys, according to Ms. Nilsson, is that they rely too heavily on quick-evaporating conscious thought and not enough on the other senses.

"Standing over the ball, you want, first, to be totally present and, second, for your awarenesses to be as sensory-based as possible," she said. "For the pros we work with, it's usually more of a feeling in the body or a vision than it is a cognitive thought."

Above all, she said, don't linger. "Human beings lose their focus after six to eight seconds at most," she said. Longer than that, it might not just be your swing keys that disappear, it might also be your partners.

## Don't shoot the messenger: Bad news for Martini drinkers

MARTINI DRINKERS are conservatives. Not necessarily politically, but in temperament: They abjure fad and fashion in drink, hewing to the Platonic form of the cocktail. They would stand athwart history yelling

### How's Your Drink?

ERIC FELTEN

Stop—if yelling weren't inconsistent with the proper comportment of a Martini drinker. They dislike change. It is with some trepidation, then, that I bring what is almost certain to be received as appalling news: Noilly Prat, the dry vermouth considered by many devotees to be the only choice for a well-made Martini, is changing its U.S. formula.

"Noilly Prat is a necessary component of a dry martini," wrote the novelist and Martini connoisseur W. Somerset Maugham in 1958. He gave the French vermouth such a formidable endorsement that the company would, for years, devote full-page magazine advertisements to quoting his claim that, without Noilly Prat, "you can make a side car, a gimlet, a

white lady, or a gin and bitters, but you cannot make a dry martini."

Maugham's digression into the essentiality of Noilly Prat comes from an essay in which Maugham is exploring a Hindu-inspired notion of man's fallen nature. "Man is born to sin," he writes, and "he would not be a man if he were devoid of evil." To flesh out his point, Maugham argues that "Evil is a necessary component of him just as (if I may be permitted a flippant comparison) Noilly Prat is a necessary component of a dry martini. . . ." The comparison may be flippant, but it does have a certain resonance. Just as evil is necessary to man, vermouth has come to be seen as a necessary evil in Martinis.

The question is, just how evil is the new Noilly Prat? For starters, it isn't exactly new—according to the company, the dry vermouth is merely a return to the "original recipe," which has been the version sold in Europe all along. Unfortunately, the version sold in Europe has never been produced with Martinis in mind. And the new Noilly Prat marketing materials put Martini drinkers on notice that their druthers



Dylan Cross for The Wall Street Journal

are passé: "Once considered primarily as a secondary cocktail ingredient," the new Noilly Prat is meant to be "served straight and chilled or on the rocks with a twist of lemon." The company claims to have enhanced "the bouquet, color, and flavor of the wine," producing a "sweet, floral blend." Uh-oh.

If that weren't signal enough that the stolid Dry Martini virtues are under threat, the new Euro-vermouth comes in an over-

produced, curvilinear bottle, "dual-textured, with smooth and pebbled surfaces to indicate the weathered effects the natural elements have on the wine." Gone is the straightforward and dignified bottle that served civilized drinkers so well for more than a century; in its place you will soon find a fussy imposter.

Noilly Prat promises that these changes provide access to "the elegant and relaxed French lifestyle" and "an old-world European sensibility." Which gets right to the heart of the problem—a problem identified several years ago by the head of product development for General Motors Corp., Robert A. Lutz, a man who cares about the correct construction of Martinis as much as (or more than) the correct construction of automobiles.

"The dry martini is a uniquely American cocktail," he wrote in his management memoir "Guts," noting that the drink doesn't easily translate "into other cultures, especially in expensive and traditional establishments not daily frequented by Americans." Martini drinkers neither have nor want "an old-world European sensibility."

How sugary is it? If you took

an old bottle of the dry vermouth and mixed it half-and-half with the Sauternes-sweet aperitif wine Lillet, you'd have a pretty good approximation of what to expect.

As an aperitif meant to be sipped on its own, the European Noilly Prat succeeds admirably, and has to be seen as an improvement over the vermouth the company has been shipping to the U.S. for decades. It may even attract the youngish, female drinkers who are clearly the new target audience. But the world-weary sophisticates for whom the Martini is a violet-hour balm will want to look elsewhere for the cocktail component, perhaps trying the dry French vermouths from Boissiere or Dolin.

In the preface to his scholarly musing, "Martini, Straight Up," classicist Lowell Edmunds writes: "In my experience of the Martini . . . how often have I seen the ravages of time." It is with such developments as the new Noilly Prat in mind that he quotes the poet Hugo Williams: "What a strange coincidence it is that everything always changes for the worse during the course of a single lifetime."



## ❖ Film

# Max Ophuls's 'Lola Montès' restored to classic status

BY BRIGID GRAUMAN

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

**L**OLA MONTÈS," THE LAST work directed by the great German-born Max Ophuls, is a legendary *film maudit*. It bombed on release in late 1955 and remained cursed for decades—cut, re-edited and dubbed almost beyond recognition. But the film—the romantic story of a courtesan—has been hailed as a masterpiece by such movie giants as Martin Scorsese, Robert Altman and Stanley Kubrick.

Now, 53 years after the original release, a painstakingly restored copy is being shown on big screens around the world and a DVD version with extras is set to be released in autumn this year.

The audience at the Paris premiere of "Lola Montès" hated it. It was a rainy afternoon in late December, and Max Ophuls was sitting with his son Marcel in a café near the theater. Marcel, who had been an assistant on the film, remembers his father "a little paler than usual, slowly drinking an herbal tea, as if it might boost his morale and avert disaster." Having worked in Germany, France, Italy and the U.S., the elder Ophuls had been hailed as a brilliant director for such films as "Letter from an Unknown Woman," "The Reckless Moment" and "La Ronde," but he was now finishing his career with a flop.

### An angry response

Filing out of the theater, angry spectators told people standing in line for the next showing to go home. Most had gone to see French sex kitten Martine Carol (whose blond hair had been dyed dark for the role). They didn't get what they wanted, and they didn't like the particular way in which the story paralleled the movie star's own agitated life. Instead of the prurient tale of a fallen woman, Ophuls was offering a melodramatic critique of the plight of women and the cruelty of the star system.

The real-life Lola Montez was a 19th-century Irish-born dancer and renowned courtesan. In the film, we meet the one-time *femme fatale* in a circus in America where she is the main attraction of a garish show that presents episodes of her life in the form of tableaux vivants. She is ill and the camerawork evokes her dizziness. In a trance-like state, spurred along by ringmaster Peter Ustinov, she drifts into stagey memories from her past—stealing her mother's lover, the end of her affair with Liszt, a romance with Ludwig I of Bavaria that leads to the local version of the 1848 revolution. At the end of the show, she sits in a cage and for a dollar men in the audience can kiss her hand.

Ophuls's only color film was a lavish super-production shot in Cinemascope and released in English, German and French language versions. Despite its disastrous opening, it instantly found a vocal defender in François Truffaut, then still a cinema critic. "If audiences don't like 'Lola Montès,'" he wrote, "it's because they haven't been taught to appreciate truly 'original' and 'poetic' works." At his instigation, Jean Cocteau, Roberto Rossellini and Jacques Tati signed a manifesto in the film's defense, and directors Jean-Luc Godard and Jacques Rivette joined the ranks of the movie's advocates. But that didn't save it.

Immediately cut and restructured against Ophuls's wishes, the film wasn't seen in anything close to its original form until French producer Pierre Braunberger bought the rights to it and released a first restored version in 1968. Forty years later, Serge Toubiana of the French Cinémathèque encouraged Mr. Braunberger's producer daughter Laurence to pick up the gauntlet. He wanted an ambitious and emblematic project to draw the world's attention to the urgent need to save old films.

"Lola Montès" is a truly European film," says Laurence Braunberger, "a co-produc-



tion between France and Germany that is also a courtesan's voyage across Europe." The €470,000, 18-month-long restoration was organized by the French Cinémathèque, with Ms. Braunberger's Films du Jeudi, the French Fondation Thomson for cinema and television heritage, and the Franco-American Cultural Fund.

It's a textbook restoration, according to Mr. Toubiana, "a huge project involving several film archives. It took a long time to gather all the elements we needed for the digital restoration." The original's carefully picked colors, which vary in tone and intensity with the seasons, its stereophonic soundtrack and wide-screen format were all exactly restored and digitized by Technicolor Creative Services in Los Angeles using prints from the Brussels, Luxembourg and Munich Film Archives, as well as negatives and monochromatic selections from the original French laboratory.

### Complex restoration

Restoration of a film is as complex as the restoration of a painting. With half an hour lost forever, the restorers had to rely on the recollections of 81-year-old Marcel Ophuls. In some places they used animation (to recreate a curtain, for instance), and other passages had to be worked on frame by frame. Digital techniques allowed the restorers to harmonize their patchwork, which they then had to transfer back to 35-mm prints for the many cinemas that don't have digital projectors.

The other problem is conservation. The French Cinémathèque's Mr. Toubiana says there are no adequate measures yet for the conservation of digital film. "People assume that digital film is safe," he says. "They're not. DVDs are not made to last. Old-fashioned film is precious."



Top, Peter Ustinov and Martine Carol in Max Ophuls's 'Lola Montès'; above, Carol in the title role.



'Slumdog Millionaire' director Danny Boyle (center) says "our first good decision was hiring" co-director Loveleen Tandan (right).

## The 'Slumdog' co-pilot

BY JOHN JURGENSEN

**I**N 2007, A LITTLE known casting director named Loveleen Tandan was hired to find actors for the movie "Slumdog Millionaire," a love story that springs from the chaotic streets of Mumbai. But in filling the parts Ms. Tandan also helped reshape the project itself, and emerged with a big role of her own as the film's co-director in India. "It's not a credit that could exist in any other film," she says.

"Slumdog Millionaire" is "a Danny Boyle film," as the closing credits announce. The British director known for indie hits such as "Trainspotting" steered the movie from script to screen. He won the Golden Globe award for best director and has been nominated for an Oscar (the film was nominated for ten Academy Awards, including Best Picture). But to pull off what critics call the film's greatest feat, an explosive rendering of place and people, Mr. Boyle incorporated key artistic and cultural cues from his collaborators in India, such as Ms. Tandan's urging to translate a third of the dialogue into Hindi.

"As soon as she did it, the scenes just transformed," says Mr. Boyle. "A good decision follows a good decision, and our first good decision was hiring Loveleen."

Ms. Tandan's unusual credit, "co-director (India)," reflects the unique demands of the film, which jumps through time to trace the main character's path from street orphan to TV quiz-show contestant. It also stems from Mr. Boyle's goal of boosting Ms. Tandan's professional profile. But in giving her billing second only to his own, Mr. Boyle has inadvertently sparked some debate among critics and filmgoers about her contributions, as well as the traditional notion of directing as a solo craft.

Co-director credits of any kind are rare, except in animated films. To protect the concept of singular vision (and reduce the kind of pile-on titles typical in the producer category) the Director's Guild of America passed a bylaw in 1978 that said there could be no more than one director per feature film. Waivers are occasionally granted, like in the recent case of brothers Joel and Ethan Coen, who both collected a directing Oscar for "No Country for Old Men." Controversy over the issue erupted in 2004 when Fernando Meirelles, director of the Brazilian film "City of God," received an Oscar nomination—and won—while his female co-director, Katia Lund, was passed over.

After the 2009 Golden Globe nominations were announced in December, a Chicago film critic launched an online campaign to question the governing Hollywood Foreign Press Association about why Ms. Tandan had not been nominated for best director along with Mr. Boyle. "If she's co-director during the filmmaking and marketing process, why isn't she co-nominee when the awards are passed out?" says campaign organizer Jan Lisa Huttner.

When she caught wind of Ms. Huttner's campaign, Ms. Tandan quickly sought to quell it. "I can't tell you how embarrassed I am by

this," she wrote in a letter to the HFPA. "The suggestion is highly inappropriate, and I am writing to you to stress that I would not wish it to be considered."

Like Ms. Tandan, the movie's U.S. distributor, Fox Searchlight, and its producer, Christian Colson, say her credit is being misconstrued to mean she is on equal creative footing with Mr. Boyle. Instead, Mr. Colson says, her "strange but deserved" title of co-director (India) was invented over "a Coca Cola and a cup of tea" to recognize her as "one of our key cultural bridges."

Ms. Tandan's link to Hollywood has been as a casting director. Director Mira Nair hired the New Delhi native to fill the sprawling cast of her 2000 film "Monsoon Wedding" and recommended her to Mr. Boyle. "She is hugely responsible for the foundation of 'Slumdog,'" says Ms. Nair. "Once you trust that it is authentic, you can go with the pop quality of it. She had the nose for it."

Almost as soon as she signed on, Ms. Tandan's duties on "Slumdog" began to expand beyond mere casting. She holed up for four days in a beachfront Mumbai hotel with the project's principals, Messrs. Boyle and Colson and screenwriter Simon Beaufoy, drinking tea, analyzing the script and trading lines in character. "It was the most fantastic time of the film," says Ms. Tandan, who helped the team identify potential cultural gaffes.

In the film, three core characters are depicted at three times in their lives, starting as impoverished children. As the team traveled to Calcutta and elsewhere to cast its "slumdogs," a problem emerged: The middle-class youths who auditioned and spoke English didn't have the uninhibited spark of the real street kids the team met, none of whom spoke English.

The casting excursions continued for eight months. On one of them, Ms. Tandan pressed the idea of rewriting the children's dialogue in Hindi. Mr. Boyle, who had promised studio executives an English language film, was cautious. Ms. Tandan created an audition tape on her own, running street kids through a key scene where a character locks his brother into an outhouse. Persuaded, Mr. Boyle informed his bosses subtitles would appear in much of the movie's first third.

Realizing Ms. Tandan's coaching of the kids would have to continue through shooting, Messrs. Boyle and Colson offered her the co-director credit. Later, when Mr. Boyle wasn't satisfied with some of the footage coming back from a camera team shooting on its own, the director put Ms. Tandan in charge of it. Some of her second unit shots appear in the climax where crowds huddle outside around televisions.

Mr. Boyle says he expects "Slumdog" to help nudge Ms. Tandan toward a directing career of her own. Ms. Tandan says she has already received some preliminary offers. "Slumdog," she says, "gave me the platform to become a director."



# 'Hotel for Dogs' is puppy chow

**H**OTEL FOR DOGS" can be seen as a cute little family comedy that ups its cuteness quotient by multiplying its canine count. (Scores of stray dogs, from purebred to pure digital, inhabit a shelter secretly established in an abandoned hotel by a sister and brother who are themselves orphans yearning for rescue and a good home.) Cute is how kids will likely see it, but

## Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

here's another way—as a mixed breed of sweet fantasy and rabid commerce, a film that grabs its audience like a chew toy and doesn't know when to let go.

It's a first feature for Thor Freudenthal, a young German-born director with American experience in visual arts as well as commercial production. His gifts are obvious in the charming title sequence, which follows the siblings' Jack Russell terrier down city streets and sees the world from the pooch's point of view. Like all good things, though, title sequences must come to an end. This one gives way to uncertain comedy, belabored drama and a suffocation of special effects that must have been laid on at the behest of anxious producers or studio executives; debut directors don't get to make such expensive—or bad—choices on their own.

The heroine and hero, 16-year-old Andi and her 11-year-old brother, Bruce, are played by Emma Roberts and Jake T. Austin. She's uncomfortable on camera, and probably needed an experienced director. He does well within the confines of a script adapted lumpily from a novel by Lois Duncan. Don Cheadle, as a child welfare officer, falls victim to thin writing—he's hardly visible for most of the film—and then to



Two of the canine stars of 'Hotel for Dogs'; above right, Akshay Kumar and Deepika Padukone in 'Chandni Chowk to China.'

© 2008 DreamWorks LLC and Cold Spring Pictures

overwriting in a bogus climax. Lisa Kudrow and Kevin Dillon play the kids' foster parents, aging rockers who are supposed to be talent-free, which they are, and funny, which they aren't.

The first guest the siblings bring into the old hotel is their own dog, Friday; their foster home has a no-pets rule and they've been hiding him with in-

creasing difficulty. Soon they're running a guerilla animal-rescue operation that frees prisoners of the city pound and plays host to every stray in town. This part is darned near irresistible; how could anyone but W.C. Fields knock a movie that gives generous face time to a giant Bull Mastiff who watches over a Boston terrier with a spoon fetish, to a glamor-



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## WSJ.com

### Opening this week in Europe

- **Bride Wars** Hungary
- **Defiance** Croatia
- **Doubt** Croatia, Finland, Iceland, Spain
- **Frost/Nixon** Hungary
- **Hotel for Dogs** Denmark
- **Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist** U.K.
- **Slumdog Millionaire** Czech Republic, Poland
- **The Curious Case of Benjamin Button** Austria, Germany, Latvia, Netherlands, Switzerland
- **The Rocker** Germany
- **Valkyrie** Belgium, Finland, France, Iceland, Norway, Spain, Sweden, Turkey

Source: IMDb

WSJ.com subscribers can read reviews of these films and others at [WSJ.com/FilmReview](http://WSJ.com/FilmReview)

What's easy to resist, although hard to hide from, is the f/x bombardment, much of which grows out of the character of the kid brother, Bruce. He's been identified early on as a genius gadgeteer, so he builds elaborate machines to automate the services of a dog hotel with an ever-expanding guest register. Yet they aren't machines a kid could create. They're the sort of machines a special-effects house creates when it gets orders to emulate the outlandish mechanics of "Inspector Gadget," or, at one point, imitate the assembly-line feeding technology of Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times."

The film will surely do well—new family entertainments are few and far between—and would seem to be harmless at worst, so why beat up on its obvious flaws? Because it's sad to see a promising fantasy turn into yet another industrial-scale fantasy-delivery system that beats up on its audience with mindless intensity and undercuts its own humanity—and caninity—in the process. Fantasy needs quiet moments, time to breathe and reflect. Young audiences can be trusted to savor those moments on their own.

### 'Chandni Chowk To China'

By the time "Chandni Chowk to China" has run—and occasionally sung or danced—its laggardly course, you will be able, if you haven't nodded off, to pronounce the title as if Hindi were your native tongue. That's not a lot to show for two-and-a-half hours of your own running time, but this fitfully amusing Bollywood extravaganza does constitute an unintentional tribute to Danny Boyle and his colleagues, who turned Bollywood's conventions to their own brilliant purposes in "Slumdog Millionaire."

The title describes the journey of a buffoon named Sidhu—a humble vegetable cutter in the Chandni Chowk markets of Delhi who's mistaken for the reincarnation of a legendary Chinese warrior. Sidhu is, as played by the Bollywood action star Akshay Kumar, part Adam Sandler and part Roberto Benigni. Thanks to plotting that might have been borrowed from old Danny Kaye comedies, the buffoon becomes the formidable fighter he's supposed to be. The movie's ostensible distinction is its coupling of Bollywood and kung fu, but it's really a self-realization course dressed up as kinetic comedy.

Photos: Corbis

## Forecasting the Oscars

Do the Golden Globes predict the Oscars? Sometimes—but there are better measures. Accepted wisdom suggests that the big winners of the Globes are favored to win at the Academy Awards ceremony on Feb. 22. But better Oscar predictors are the trophies bestowed later this month by Hollywood's union organizations, including the Producers Guild of America and the Screen Actors Guild. We compared the results in four categories from the past 10 years, and found that the winners of major industry awards matched the Academy's winners more often. (We used the more closely-watched Golden Globe categories of best picture, actor and actress in a drama.) The connection makes sense: Many members of the guilds are also members of the Academy who cast Oscar ballots, while film journalists vote for the Golden Globes.

—John Jurgensen



### Success as an Oscar predictor over the past 10 years

#### BEST PICTURE

Golden Globes: 40%

Producers Guild: 50%



#### BEST DIRECTOR

Golden Globes: 60%

Directors Guild: 80%



#### BEST ACTOR

Golden Globes: 30%

Screen Actors Guild: 60%



#### BEST ACTRESS

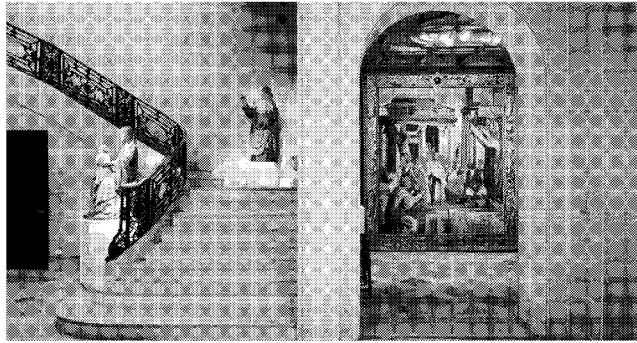
Golden Globes: 60%

Screen Actors Guild: 70%



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## ❖ Top Picks

# Steinberg's witty lines

### London ■ art

Romanian-born Saul Steinberg (1914-1999) was an artist who lived by his wits rather than his feelings, so it's only natural that he would become a cartoonist—one of the greatest ever. "Illuminations," now at the Dulwich Picture Gallery (and headed for Hamburg's Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe in March) shows just how brilliant he was at tweaking the sophisticated funnybone.

That Steinberg was a great draftsman hardly needs arguing, but at Dulwich it is possible for the first time to show the staggering, extended proof: the 10-meter-long, 1954 drawing "The Line," which has always before been exhibited with some of its 29 folds. At the far left the artist's hand poised above it draws the continuous line, which begins as a canal in Venice, becomes a washing line, then the top of a railway viaduct. Without much attention to scale, it crosses continents, depicting artifacts, people and landscapes; and ends on the far right as an airport runway, the architrave of a Beaux Arts building, the frozen surface of a lake and, finally, the line drawn by the same right hand, but from below.

The lumber-room of Steinberg's mind was filled with the objects of the 20th century. His sculptural "Library" with its books made of wood, included authors called "Kipling" and "Isaiah Berlin"; he adapted Picasso's line to draw society women that were mostly noses; he subverted cartography in a way that anticipated Sarah Palin, so that mapmaking became entirely subjective in his famous cartoon for the New Yorker magazine, in which Russia could be seen across the Pacific Ocean from 9th Avenue.

There is no menace even in his villains: the crocodiles that represent the bad guys (us) in the Vietnam War; his not-quite-right Mickey Mouses; the skeleton with the black flag bearing a cornucopia in "Allegory" or (in the same picture) the equestrian statue with its failed revolutionary rider toppling off a column dated 1871, which in turn stands on a plinth dated 1848 at the top and 1789 and the bottom. In Steinberg's art, wit almost always trumps emotion. He's too observant of our foibles, and of history itself, to feel angry.

—Paul Levy

Until Feb. 15  
☎ 44-20-8693-5254  
www.dulwichpicturegallery.org.uk

### Berlin ■ art

In transit between several venues since 1989, the collections of Berlin's Egyptian Museum will finally be re-installed later this year in their restored pre-war home, the Neues Museum on Berlin's Museum Island. Highlights from the collections have been on display for a few years in the nearby Altes Museum, and the Egyptian Museum's curators have decided to close out their subplot with a modern art installation.

"Giacometti, the Egyptian" places 10 sculptures and two drawings by the great Swiss artist Alberto Giacometti (1901-1966) alongside ancient Egyptian works that either directly inspired, or indirectly influenced, his own works. The installation itself is nothing if not discreet, and many visitors, in search of the museum's star attraction, the bust of Nefertiti, might not even realize it's there.

But in a quiet, dramatic way, the show is a sensation. We may never look at Giacometti—or, for that matter, at Egyptian art—quite the same way again.

Born in a remote Italian-speaking Swiss valley, Giacometti made his way to Paris, where he became the artistic pet of the Surrealist movement. By the mid-1930s, he had broken with Surrealism, and over the next decade he devel-



'Woman in Tub' (1949), by Saul Steinberg, on show in London.

oped a new style, which is among the most distinctive in modern art. A mature Giacometti sculpture—like "Man Who Walks" (1947), included in the Berlin show—is unmistakable: a distorted stick figure with a frozen gait and a stubborn trace of an identity. To a world that had barely survived World War II, Giacometti's solitary figures were like mid-century Everymen, somehow suggesting both the recent history's victims and its survivors.

The Berlin show manages to transform our impressions of "Man Who Walks," which is paired with the clenched, dancer-like "Standing-Striding Figure" (circa 1900 B.C.). Suddenly the static Giacometti work, whose title seemed ironic, suggests real motion; no longer interpretable as a meditation on the past, it seems like a timeless study of the moving human form. Other pairings include an austere sculpture of the artist's wife, called "Annette VIII" (1962), with the iconic bust of Nefertiti (around 1350 B.C.), whose gaiety and glamour make her seem like a handmaiden to the more regal Annette.

Critics have long known about Giacometti's interest in ancient Egypt. But only now, with the formal pairings of similar-looking works, can we see to what extent the Giacometti "look" is inspired by the curious mixture of stasis and dynamism that characterizes ancient Egyptian art. Just as the Egyptian figures lend movement to Giacometti's sculpture, those sculptures, with their stripped-down but vivid sense of self, bring out a quality of individual personality, and even intimacy, in the often mysterious, monumental Egyptian works.

—J.S. Marcus

Until Feb. 15  
☎ 49-30-2090-5577  
www.smb.spk-berlin.de

### London ■ art

Reason says it is impossible to see how war can be reconciled with healing, and that is indeed the conclusion I reached from seeing the new exhibition "War and Medicine" at the Wellcome Collection. This is a disturbing show, which is entirely to the credit of the several co-curators in London and Dresden (at the Deut-

sches Hygiene-Museum); despite the many horrible illustrations of the maimed and close-ups of wounds, the spectator never gets jaded or overcome by gore. The displays remain as horrible and moving at the end of this large show as at the beginning, which is a strikingly beautifully filmed three-screen installation commissioned by Wellcome from British painter and war artist, David Cotterell. He travelled to Afghanistan, supported also by the Ministry of Defence, and filmed frontline soldiers, in particular the daily activities of the armed forces' medical staff.

If there is a single, overarching concept that rules the behavior of medical people in wartime, it is triage, the principle of separating battlefield casualties into the dead or certain to die, the seriously wounded, and those not so seriously wounded and prioritizing their need for treatment.

The first area of the exhibition deals with the inherent tension of this for Florence Nightingale during the war in the Crimea. But it also features Nikolai Pirogov, the opposing Russian army surgeon responsible for implementing their system of triage. The need for triage remains and so does the chilling truth: that the military imperative is often to treat the least damaged first, so as to return them to the fighting as quickly as possible. While this goes against the instincts of most medical doctors, it very often is their plain duty to neglect the worse suffering of the more badly injured. It is the trade-off for the experience they get themselves—as Hippocrates said, "he who desires to practice surgery must go to war."

This splendid, provocative exhibition covers the last 150 years, with generous sections on both World Wars, right through the conflicts in Vietnam, the Falklands, Afghanistan and Iraq, dealing with poison gas and prosthetics, artists and facial reconstructions, civil defense and public policy; and, in its most troubling single exhibit, a last letter home from a mentally distressed World War I "deserter," one of those barbarously shot by the British military.

—Paul Levy

Until Feb. 15  
☎ 44-20-7611-2222  
www.wellcomecollection.org



## Yes, Chef!

By Judy Joo

“What are you thinking? I will tell you what you are thinking! You’re not %\*#@#%\* thinking!”

I look up from my work to see who’s the latest victim. It’s Simon, the new guy, fresh out of school. Beads of sweat skulk down his furrowed brow. His shoulders slump in defeat.

I rubberneck to determine what Simon has done so immensely wrong. I’m sure he didn’t miss a big trade, and wasn’t late pricing a deal. It’s worse, in fact: Simon botched the soufflé.

I have always thrived in high-stress and fast-paced environments—places where there is no time for “thank you” or “please” but always time for a commanding profanity. So, after ending a five-year career on a fixed-income trading floor, I found myself yearning again for incessant noise, yelling, demanding deadlines and spontaneity. I chased another trade—cooking, a longtime passion of mine—and wound up in the kitchen of a Michelin-starred restaurant in London. It was déjà vu. I was again in a white-male-dominated, hierarchical environment, in a testosterone arena, where tempers boil like pots of water and egos are as inflated as the bills.

As on Wall Street, titles matter. At the bottom of the totem pole stand the humble commis chefs. The “analysts” of the kitchen, if you will, they work the longest hours and do tedious grunt work that no one else wants to do. They

are young, durable, numerous and disposable. The “associate” of the kitchen is the chef de partie, who also does a lot of work but has the commis chefs to boss around. In place of a vice president, there is the junior sous chef. Senior VP parallels the sous chef, and the executive director is known as the head chef. At the top of the food chain stands the managing director—the much-feared yet highly revered executive chef.

### Professional kitchens are a lot like trading floors—a testosterone arena.

As a new hire, I am thrown in with the rest of the bottom feeders as a commis chef—a painful reminder of my two-year analyst program, 10 years too old. The day starts at 7 a.m. and does not end until the last customer is served, usually around 1 a.m. There is only one 30-minute break, at 5 p.m., for a staff meal. It’s exhausting and extremely competitive. I cook. I clean. I do menial tasks. More than once, I have been handed a feeble fork to juice an entire crate of lemons. “Yes, chef!”

Orders are urgently hollered across the kitchen, the way trades echo over an exchange floor. “Two covers, one turbot, one beef, medium rare!” You must pay attention. You must remember. The orders must be executed immediately and flawlessly. Mistakes are not tolerated. Laggards are promptly punished. Tempers flare and erupt in angry beratings, delivered military-style. Underlings take their lashings *sans retors*. When Chef screams at you to get out of his kitchen, you leave—or you’ll be physically thrown out.

Physical confrontations are the norm. Aprons are torn off in furious rages; plates and trays hurled and shattered in violent tantrums. Swearing, by both men and women, is an integral part of the culture. Yes, there are women in professional kitchens; although, as on the trading floor, they are scarce, and those in managerial positions are even more rare. They are the tough ones

sales force. They begin the day with a meeting highlighting what’s new on the menu, which VIPs are coming in, and any other special situations. They are selling more than just market specials; they are selling a brand.

Diners are demanding and fickle. The sales team must woo the customer while strategically selling whatever the kitchen has on offer. Eight tarte tatins left?



who can survive and thrive in a demanding, sexist industry. Even so, we will soon see more women running the show. They are slowly collecting those coveted Michelin stars and proving that they, too, can stand the heat in the professional kitchen. It’s about time, after all—most things are better with a woman’s touch.

The analogies between the financial world and the world of restaurants don’t stop in the kitchen. In the front of the house, a fleet of waiters, a receptionist and a maitre d’ constitute the

Push! Push! With their silver trays and winning smiles, these pretty girls and boys pitch with aplomb, describing sourcing, ingredients, technique and structure. Clad neatly in pressed suits and armed with coaxing French accents, they steer and stuff the clients.

And what sales force is complete without an economist? I present the esteemed sommelier. Equipped with ecumenical knowledge and a polysyllabic vocabulary, he represents the omnipotent to whom clients look for

guidance. Want something complex with structure? Something big? Domestic or foreign? Just flip through his portfolio—he has many ideas to meet your needs.

There are differences, of course, in the two professions. Trading floors can be heartless places, where money is often the sole motivating factor. Very few people there actually love what they do; rather, they love the lifestyle it makes possible. On the other hand, people who work in kitchens are driven purely by passion—the pure love of cooking and the satisfaction of creating something memorable.

It’s a good thing, as there is a large premium paid for knowing how to model in Excel versus pushing paper on Wall Street tends to be pretty profitable versus pushing menus du jours. Right out of university, a business analyst can demand at least a six-digit salary. A commis chef will earn a fraction of that, and it will be years before—if ever—he earns as much as the banker. But it’s an honest living, even if it means swallowing the irony of working in an establishment in which one cannot afford to dine.

So, with thousands of bankers now out of money and out on the streets, and with the era of the investment bank coming to a close, might we see more of the best and the brightest chasing their passion rather than a paycheck? Anything is possible. But junior Madoffs need not apply: Cooking the books isn’t pertinent experience for cooking coq au vin.

*Ms. Joo is a native New Yorker, chef and food writer living in London.*

## ‘Slumdog’ Riles Bollywood

By Salil Tripathi

“Slumdog Millionaire” is coming home, in a manner of speaking. The film, about a poor teenager from the Mumbai slums who dreams big, has enjoyed significant critical acclaim in the West—four Golden Globes in hand, 11 nominations at the British Academy of Film and Television Arts, and several Oscar nominations expected after this article has gone to press. But it is only now opening in India, where it’s being greeted with more controversy than praise.

Western audiences and reviewers have warmed to the improbable rags-to-riches story. Jamal Malik (played by Dev Patel), a poor teenager from the slums, takes part in the Indian version of the quiz show “Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?” and gets all the answers right, earning 20 million rupees (\$415,000). Following suspicion that Jamal may have cheated, he is arrested and tortured. But the police discover he is telling the truth: He knows the answers because of the extraordinary turns his life has taken. Jamal returns to the quiz where the whole nation roots for him. He even gets the

girl of his dreams in the end—Latika (played by Freida Pinto).

The Indian reaction is proving more complex. The depiction of India’s urban poverty is a source of embarrassment for some. Meanwhile, within the film world, some Indian moviemakers are jealous at the fact that a foreigner, British director Danny Boyle, has made a film on their home turf so much better than any of the enormous number of movies Bollywood has churned out.

### The British-directed film comes home to a cold shoulder.

Whether he realizes it or not, Mr. Boyle has made a film tapping into Mumbai’s, and India’s, split personality. The rich in Mumbai love to think of their city as on par with London and New York; its slums drag it back to Lagos and Soweto. While India’s economy has continued to grow, the absolute number of poor people has also been rising due to population increase. This is a source of great unease. “Slumdog Millionaire,” like Aravind Adiga’s novel “The White Tiger” (winner of the 2008 Man Booker Prize in October) reminds us that everyone hasn’t benefited from the boom.

India doesn’t necessarily like such reminders. Bollywood’s biggest superstar of all time, Amitabh Bachchan, chided the film on his

blog for showing India as “a third world dirty under belly developing nation (sic)” when poverty can be found in rich countries as well. (Later he tried to distance himself from those remarks.) Documentary maker Bishakha Dutta chimed in, telling the magazine *India Today*, “The film takes each and every cliché there is about India and Mumbai and puts it in its plot. The result is a film that takes you from one horror of Mumbai to another, in a plot that is incredibly unbelievable.”

Other films have raised similar hackles in the past. In the early 1980s, Bollywood actress Nargis Dutt admonished India’s greatest director, the late Satyajit Ray, for selling poverty abroad to win awards. His debut film “*Pather Panchali*” (The Song of the Road, 1955) set in a dirt-poor Bengali village, won an award at the Cannes Film Festival in 1956. Days before his death in 1992, he received the Academy Award for Lifetime Achievement. Sudheer Mishra’s “*Dharavi*” (1992) told the story of a taxi driver living in India’s largest slum—which is also where “*Slumdog*” takes place. Rabindra

Dharmaraj’s “*Chakra*” (The Wheel, 1981) featured a poignant love triangle in the slums. Mira Nair’s 1988 film, “*Salaam Bombay!*” (Salaam Bombay) was set in Mumbai’s seedy red-light district.



Not the prettiest part of Mumbai.

But all of those depictions have been art-house, not mass market. “*Slumdog Millionaire*” is by far the highest-profile film to explore such issues. This raises the stakes in terms of India’s self-image problem. Compounding matters, Indian filmmakers have so far been unable to make a mass-market movie of their own that would offer an indigenous treatment of the subject, and appeal to global audiences.

Bollywood’s homegrown rags-to-riches stories are a dime a dozen, but they tend to come

larded with a dozen songs, cheesy melodrama and interminable length. They don’t travel easily. None has won awards that matter. That a foreigner has made a smarter, sharper and slicker film, with Anthony Dod Mantle’s energetic camerawork and A.R. Rahman’s pulsating beat, upsets Bollywood.

It would be a shame, however, for such concerns to cloud India’s reception of what is truly a remarkable film. “*Slumdog Millionaire*,” shot in 2007 and 2008, has turned into an affectionate tribute to a city wounded by the terror attacks of last November. It extols the city’s spunk and salutes the never-say-die optimism of India’s poor. That’s healing for Mumbai, and makes the film all the more worthy of celebration.

*Mr. Tripathi is a writer based in London.*

**Comments?** The Journal welcomes readers’ responses to all articles and editorials. It is important to include your full name, address and telephone number. Please send letters to the editor to: [Letters@WSJ.com](mailto:Letters@WSJ.com)



# time off



## Berlin

**film**  
"Casting a Shadow: Creating the Alfred Hitchcock Film" shows drawings, paintings, storyboards and documents illustrating the collaborative efforts needed to create the signature look for the films of British filmmaker Alfred Hitchcock (1899-1980).  
Museum für Film und Fernsehen  
Jan. 29-May 5  
☎ 49-30-3009-030  
www.filmmuseum-berlin.de

## Birmingham

**tapestries**  
"The Holy Grail Tapestries" presents a set of three tapestries designed by the British artists Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1898) and William Morris (1834-1896) depicting the Arthurian legend of the Quest for the Holy Grail.  
Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery  
Until Feb. 22  
☎ 44-1213-0328-34  
www.bmag.org.uk

## Brussels

**art**  
"Keyhole Project—Guy Maddin" showcases black-and-white collages exploring surreal scenarios and female beauty, created by Canadian filmmaker Guy Maddin with six of his friends.  
Beursschouwburg  
Until Feb. 27  
☎ 32-2550-0350  
www.beursschouwburg.be

## Cologne

**art**  
"Rocks of Concrete and Glass: The Architecture of Gottfried Böhm" shows early sculptures alongside architectural models and designs by German architect and sculptor Gottfried Böhm (born 1920).  
Museum für Angewandte Kunst  
Until April 26  
☎ 49-221-221-26735  
www.museenkoeln.de

## Copenhagen

**art**  
"Monet, Renoir, Van Gogh, Gauguin—Impressionists and Post-Impressionists in the Israel Museum, Jerusalem" exhibits 53 paintings and bronze sculptures by French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists.  
Arken Museum  
Jan. 31-June 7  
☎ 45-4354-0222  
www.arken.dk

## Dublin

**art**  
"A Dubliner's Collection of Asian Art: The Albert Bender Exhibition" includes rare Tibetan paintings on cotton, sculptures, Japanese woodblock prints, textiles of the Qing Dynasty and several decorative objects.  
National Museum of Ireland Decorative Arts  
Until June 30  
☎ 353-1677-7444  
www.museum.ie

## Edinburgh

**art**  
"Bob Dylan, The Drawn Blank Series" shows paintings based on a series of black-and-white drawings by American singer-songwriter Bob Dylan (born 1941).



'Apples in a Plastic Container' (1981), by Hermann Waldenburg, in Helsinki; top right, 'Palm Trees' (circa 1969), by Friedrich Kuhn, in Zurich; below, dolls by Hatsuko Ohno, on show in Vienna.

City Art Centre  
Jan. 31-March 15  
☎ 44-1315-2939-93  
www.cac.org.uk

## Glasgow

**art**  
"Glasgow Boys" showcases paintings and watercolors by a group of young Scottish artists who rebelled against the formulaic subjects of late Victorian Scottish art.  
Hunterian Museum  
Until May 16  
☎ 44-1413-3054-31  
www.hunterian.gla.ac.uk

## Göteborg

**film**  
"Göteborg Film Festival 2009" screens about 450 films from 70 countries with a special focus on Turkey.  
Göteborg Film Festival  
Jan. 23-Feb. 2  
☎ 46-31-3393-000  
www.filmfestival.org

## Helsinki

**art**  
"Mirrors of Emotion" includes contemporary paintings, sculptures and works on paper by Markus Lüpertz, A.R. Penck, Sigmar Polke, David Hockney, Per Kirkeby, Frank Stella and others.  
Amos Anderson Art Museum  
Until Feb. 9  
☎ 358-9684-4460  
www.amosanderson.fi

## design

"Light Battle: Contemporary Light Design from Denmark and Finland" explores innovative lamp designs and light fittings created by Halskov & Dalsgaard, Knud Holscher, Eero Aarnio, Kirsi Gullichsen and others.

Design Forum Finland  
Until Feb. 15  
☎ 358-9-6220-810  
www.designforum.fi

## London

**art**  
"Treasures from Shanghai" shows jades carved into human-like figures, birds and monsters alongside bronze models of religious vessels on loan from the Shanghai Museum together with bronze artifacts from the Zhou dynasty.  
The British Museum  
Jan. 30-March 27  
☎ 44-2073-2382-99  
www.britishmuseum.org

## architecture

"Andrea Palladio: His Life and Legacy" shows large-scale models, computer animations, original drawings, books

and paintings illustrating the work of Italian architect Andrea Palladio (1508-1580).  
The Royal Academy  
Jan. 31-April 13  
☎ 44-20-7300-8000  
www.royalacademy.org.uk

## Milan

**design**  
"100 Objects from the Permanent Collection of Italian Design" presents examples of Italian design from World War II until the present.  
Triennale Design Museum  
Until Feb. 28  
☎ 39-02-7243-4231  
www.triennale.designmuseum.it

## art

"Ethnopath—The Ethnic Art Collection of Peggy Guggenheim" exhibits 36 ethnographic objects from Africa, Central America and Oceania.  
Fondazione Antonio Mazzotta  
Until Feb. 22  
☎ 39-02-8781-97  
www.mazzotta.it

## Oslo

**art**  
"Munch Alfa-Omega" shows art relating to Sten Kaalø's play "Edvard Munch—Alfa and Omega," centered on a hospital stay of the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch (1863-1944).  
Munch Museum  
Jan. 27-April 13  
☎ 47-2349-3500  
www.munch.museum.no

## Paris

**art**  
"Women in the Arts of Africa" showcases 150 works of African art repre-

senting women. Produced chiefly by male sculptors and ironworkers, the art sheds light on the multiple roles assigned to women in African societies.  
Musée Dapper  
Until July 12  
☎ 33-1-4500-0150  
www.dapper.com.fr

## literature

"Babar, Harry Potter and Company—Children's Books Past and Present" explores the history of children's books over four centuries.  
Bibliothèque Nationale—Site François-Mitterrand  
Until April 11  
☎ 33-1-5379-5959  
www.bnf.fr

## Prague

**sport**  
"One Century of Czech Ice Hockey" celebrates 100 years of the Czech Ice Hockey Federation.  
National Museum  
Until March 3  
☎ 420-2244-9711-1  
www.nm.cz

## Rotterdam

**film**  
"International Film Festival Rotterdam 2009" presents 43 world premières and 35 international premières as well as a series of film-related visual art exhibitions.  
International Film Festival Rotterdam  
Until Feb. 2  
☎ 31-1089-0909-0  
www.filmfestivalrotterdam.com

## Strasbourg

**biology**  
"Chromamix I" celebrates colors and patterns in the animal kingdom through an interactive tour using photography, video and installations.  
Musée Zoologique  
Until Aug. 27  
☎ 33-3-9024-0485  
www.musees-strasbourg.org

## Vienna

**art**  
"The Myth of Antiquity" presents works of art depicting mythological scenes by Correggio, Parmigianino, Titian and Spranger alongside objects such as Cellini's "Saliera."  
Kunsthistorisches Museum  
Until March 1  
☎ 43-1-5252-4402-5  
www.khm.at

## art

"Under the Cherry Tree: Japanese Dolls from the Hatsuko Ohno Collection" shows dolls created by Hatsuko Ohno (1915-1982).  
Hofburg  
Until Feb. 22  
☎ 43-1-5337-570  
www.hofburg-wien.at

## Zurich

**art**  
"Friedrich Kuhn (1926-1972): The Painter as Outlaw" presents 150 paintings by the Swiss artist, a leading figure in the Zurich art movement of the 1960s.  
Kunsthaus  
Until March 3  
☎ 41-44-2538-484  
www.kunsthaus.ch

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.

