


FRIDAY - SUNDAY, JULY 17 - 19, 2009

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE



Harry Potter Meets the Vampires

The young wizard faces a new nemesis: a rival teen franchise

Jack White's latest act | A Loire Valley classic

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Harry Potter Meets the Vampires

The young wizard faces a new nemesis:
a rival teen franchise



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'Endlich komm ich in den Zwitscherraum' (2003), by Peter Radelfinger, in Bern.

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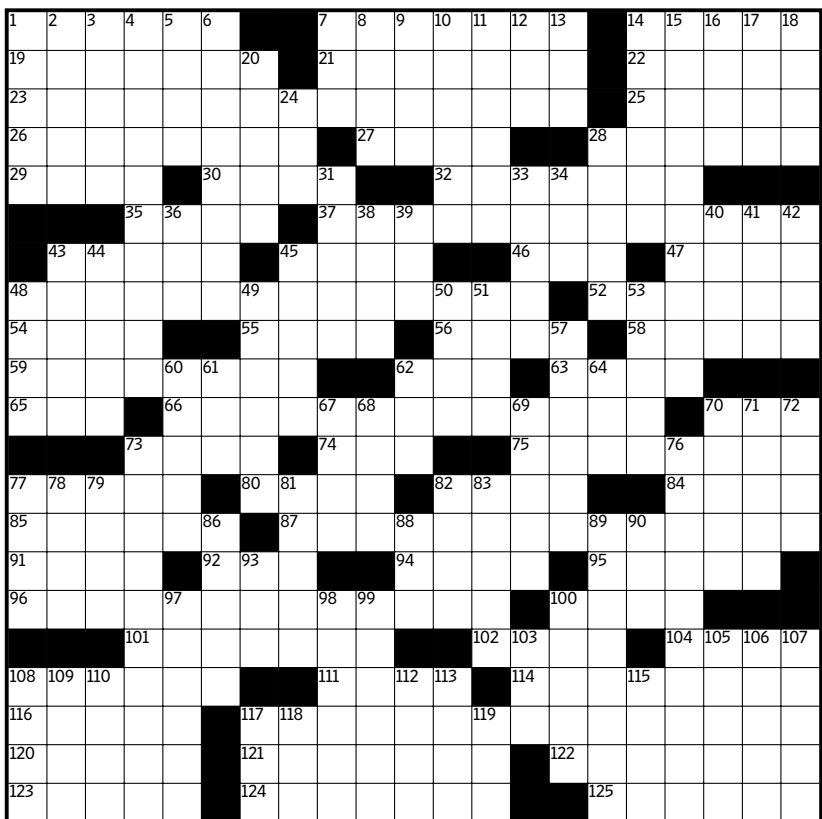
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Last Week's Solution



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Crossword online
For an interactive version of The Wall Street Journal Crossword, WSJ.com subscribers can go to
WSJ.com/WeekendJournal

- Down**
- 1 Posse members, slangily
 - 2 ___ water (facing trouble)
 - 3 "And there you are!"
 - 4 Warning track treader
 - 5 Shade

❖ Dance

Europe's ballet turning point

BY SARAH FRATER

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

WHEN SERGE Diaghilev brought a group of moonlighting dancers from the Czar's Imperial Russian Ballet to Paris in 1909, few predicted the furor that ensued. The City of Light may have considered itself a sophisticated town, but little prepared it for the creative daring and conspicuous sensuality of the Ballets Russes.

The virtuosity of its dancers, like Anna Pavlova, Tamara Karsavina and Vaslav Nijinsky, was the least of its innovations (standards had slipped in the West). There were also new styles of choreography and new types of music, décor from serious artists (Bakst, Picasso, Matisse), and subjects unknown in ballet—from pagan Russian rites during his first visits before World War I to Jazz Age parties among his last in the late 1920s.

It was Europe's first look at artistically unified, creatively ambitious ballet, and a major development in dance. One hundred years on, it continues to resonate, with the centenary of the Ballets Russes' visit inspiring a series of events lasting until next year, from exhibitions in Stockholm and London to performances around the world.

All shed light on Diaghilev's achievement and legacy, although the man himself remains an enigma. Diaghilev left no autobiography, and never filmed his ballets. He was not an artist, composer nor dancer, but a theatrical producer who trained as a lawyer. He became a key figure in St. Petersburg art circles (he worked at the Imperial Theatre, organized exhibitions and published a magazine), but he was an outsider in Paris which was then the center of the art world. He was also a contradiction. Diaghilev was born into affluence, yet was permanently penniless; he was both revered and reviled by his dancers; and while he

had good taste, he was also a terrible snob.

What we do know is that he could pick talent and spot trends and, as curator Jane Pritchard puts it, persuade a huge range of personalities and artists to work with him. "There were musicians, composers, the greatest artists," says Ms. Pritchard, who is the co-curator of next year's Ballets Russes exhibition at London's Victoria & Albert Museum. "He had an international glamour at a time when international companies were unusual. And he had a genius flair for publicity."

Ms. Pritchard is referring to Diaghilev's ability to mix glamour and scandal, both onstage and off, with the infamous "The Rite of Spring" premiere vying with the demimonde Diaghilev invited to the after party. It is even said that he engineered Nijinsky's departure from the Czar's imperial troupe by persuading him to "forget" the modesty shorts worn by male dancers at the time. Nijinsky was promptly dismissed, freeing him to dance full-time with Diaghilev.

You sensed footsteps being followed at English National Ballet's celebratory Diaghilev program in early June at Sadler's Wells in London. The company performed two programs of his ballets, including "Apollo," "Scheherazade" and "The Rite of Spring," and invited the great and the glamorous to the opening night.

It hardly compared to Diaghilev's publicity frenzy, but it shows how indebted ballet companies are to his legacy, both what they dance and how they promote themselves. Indeed, many of today's top ballet companies were formed by his dancers after his death, with the so-called Diaghilev diaspora creating New York City Ballet (George Balanchine), The Royal Ballet (Ninette de Valois), Ballet Rambert (Marie Rambert) and English National Bal-

let (Alicia Markova). Between them, they staged his ballets, choreographed their own and commissioned a younger generation to create new work.

It's still being done. At Sadler's Wells, artistic director Alistair Spalding has commissioned four new works in the spirit of Diaghilev by contemporary choreographers Wayne McGregor, Sidi Larbi Cherkaoui, Russell Maliphant and Javier De Frutos.

"Many dance companies are paying tribute to him by reconstructing past work," says Mr. Spalding. "I felt it was more appropriate to create new work inspired by Diaghilev's spirit of collaboration and in response to the famous challenge that Diaghilev issued to Jean Cocteau: 'Surprise Me!'"

The Sadler's Wells event is one of many to mark the Diaghilev centenary.

The Paris Opera Ballet has a program of his work (Dec. 12-28, 2009; www.operadeparis.fr), and Stockholm's Dansmuseet has an exhibition covering his visits to Paris (until Jan. 31, 2010; www.dansmuseet.nu). And then there's the V&A's major Ballets Russes exhibition next year (September 2010-January 2011; www.vam.ac.uk).

There is, of course, irony in our looking back at Diaghilev when he so implacably looked forward. There is also a reproach, in that for all today's public arts funding, for all the generosity of patrons and foundations, little comes close to his achievement. And while Diaghilev plundered his own artistic legacy—the classically schooled dancers and composers so vital to his enterprise—he left one of unrivaled importance. "He'll be emulated for ever after," says Ms. Pritchard.



Serge Diaghilev, the theatrical producer who in 1909 brought the Ballets Russes to Paris.

RIA Novosti



Dmitri Gruzdyev and Elena Glurdjizze in 'Scheherazade' at Sadler's Wells last month.

Anabel Moeller



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Jack White's retro business model

BY JOHN JURGENSEN

JACK WHITE, LEADER of the raw rock duo the White Stripes, has established a beachhead in the city best known for country music. His Third Man Records, which is headquartered in Nashville, encompasses the output of his own bands—all three of them—plus other acts he's producing.

Inside a black brick building, he oversees an operation that includes a recording studio, a rehearsal space, a photo studio and a boutique record shop. From the floors to the furniture, every piece matches Mr. White's trademark palette of red, white, yellow and black. A mounted bison head overlooks a wall collaged with rare White Stripes posters.

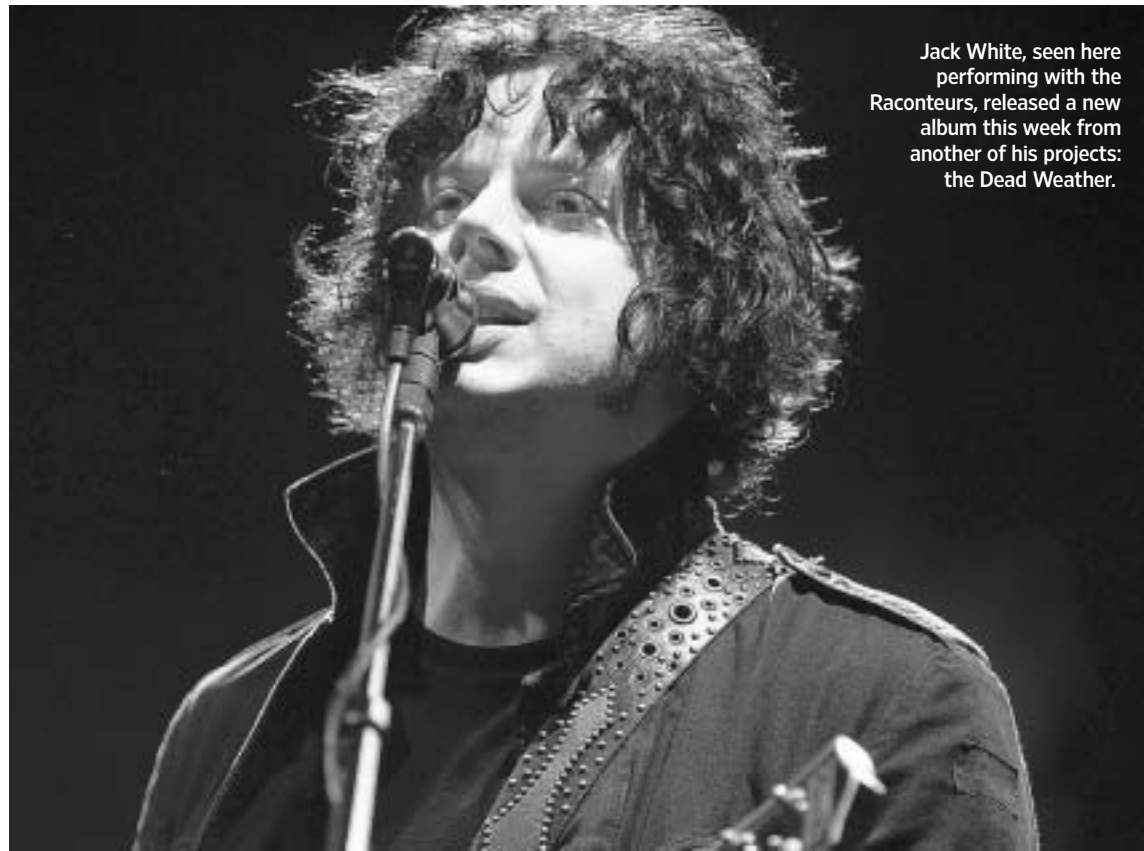
Early career moves gave Mr. White ownership of his valuable music catalog—an atypical advantage for a young artist. He's gone on to sell millions of records, perform the theme song for a James Bond film with Alicia Keys, and act alongside Nicole Kidman in the film "Cold Mountain." Now, the 34-year-old is trying to build a brand on his retro aesthetic. Mr. White's devotion to vinyl records is at the core of Third Man's business, but the company is also experimenting digitally. Two weeks ago it launched an online subscription service called the Vault, where members pay for access to exclusive items from Mr. White's various projects, from new music and videos to early concert tickets.

For Mr. White, Third Man's headquarters are "where everything starts to make sense. Where modern meets old and tangible meets invisible."

This week he released the debut album by his new band, the Dead Weather, a gritty quartet whose members moonlight from other rock bands. Instead of fronting the group with an electric guitar—as in the White Stripes and his other current act, the Raconteurs—he primarily plays drums and shares vocals. As he pursues other projects, he's testing how far fans will follow him beyond the act at the core of his reputation.

Mr. White formed the White Stripes in 1997 with his ex-wife, Meg White, on drums. (He's now married to model Karen Elson, with whom he has two young children.) Part of a garage-rock scene simmering in their native Detroit, the band doubled as an art project for Mr. White, who shaped its look (the members only wore black, white and red) and minimalist aesthetic. The duo hit a sweet spot for many critics and fans, with Mr. White freshening the sound of his influences, from Leadbelly to Led Zeppelin, with stripped-down songs like "Fell in Love with a Girl" that fused punk energy with blues roots. So far he has been able to walk a line between credibility and commercial viability. That means keeping one foot in the do-it-yourself rock scene even as he joins the Rolling Stones on stage, or releases music with Loretta Lynn.

In today's slumping music world, where rock stars are fewer and smaller, Mr. White occupies a unique place. For instance, he represents a generation of guitar players in the coming documentary film about the instrument, "It Might Get Loud," which features Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin and U2's the Edge. And yet, by Mr. White's own admission, the appeal of his often aggres-



Jack White, seen here performing with the Raconteurs, released a new album this week from another of his projects: the Dead Weather.

graduated from. As the White Stripes broke, the Sympathy label was cagey about how many records were selling, Mr. White claims. The band couldn't get an independent count because many sales occurred in small record stores that didn't report figures to the industry. Sympathy's proprietor, known as Long Gone John, says, "It's easy for him to play some sort of artistic martyr role but the truth is he was given recording budgets and an unending supply of merchandise."

When V2 restructured in 2005, Mr. White's team applied his ownership blueprint to a partnership with Warner Bros. That model largely relies on Warner Bros. for distribution of CDs and digital products, such as ringtones.

Mr. White began to develop his business sense when he apprenticed in an upholstery shop at age 15, then opened his own business a few years later. He called it Third Man Upholstery, because it was the third furniture shop on the block. (He was—and is—also obsessed with the number 3: "There's some beauty there. Some secret. It's like perfection," he says.) His business cards read "Your furniture's not dead." The slogan has been adapted to Third Man Records: "Your turntable's not dead."

According to Third Man, revenues from the record shop helped the facility break even after opening three months ago. "This is not a vanity label. The goal is to offer fans something unique and run a profitable company," says Ian Montone, who since 2001 has managed the White Stripes, as well as Mr. White's other acts. (A new White Stripes album is in the works but no release date is set.)

In 2005, the Raconteurs formed around a group of Mr. White's friends, including the singer-songwriter Brendan Benson, whose power-pop style helped give the band a sound reminiscent of 1970s FM rock radio. The group has been successful, selling 765,000 copies of its two albums combined.

The Dead Weather has a darker sound and image, thanks in part to the contributions of lead vocalist Alison Mosshart. Waifish with black bangs that hang over her eyes, she sings with directness of a spoken-word performer, an approach honed in her other band, the rough-edged rock duo The Kills.

The new group took shape last winter during what was intended as a one-off recording session. Next came the group's single, "Hang You From the Heavens," built around a grizzled riff by guitarist Dean Fertita, and featuring churning drums from Mr. White.

Mr. White has positioned Third Man as a defender of archaic music traditions and formats—which also happen to drive demand from fans. His team worked with a local pressing plant to create vinyl singles divided into three colors. Small batches of these records were only sold in Third Man's store; one copy by the Dead Weather recently went on eBay for \$455.

"You can't help but have a punk aesthetic, to rebel against technology and the way music is presented to people these days," says Mr. White. "Real rock and roll isn't about MySpace pages and digital music. Those are accessories. That's the scarf on the jacket of real rock and roll."

sive sound is limited. He says, "the music that I make has a sort of sphere around it."

That sphere is expanding. There's a coming film about a White Stripes tour, and Mr. White says his Third Man catalog could number 100 releases within two years. His ability to pursue pet projects on an elaborate scale hinges on the strategy Mr. White and his team adopted eight years ago: They played hard to get when industry hunger for the White Stripes was peaking.

The group released their first three albums through a scrappy independent label, Sympathy for the Record Industry. A flood of offers

from competing labels soon rolled in. Mr. White was wary of the attention. "We were already a band that people could look at and say, 'Oh, that's all gimmicks and novelty. We'll be through with them in a week,'" says the musician, who initially presented the White Stripes as a sibling act, referring to Meg White as his "big sister." As labels of all sizes made bids, "we kept saying no. And when you tell someone no, they want you even more. We got exactly what we wanted out of it," he says.

Record labels typically own the music an artist creates under contract. After recouping its expenses,

the label pays the artist royalties on sales, but keeps about 80% of the profits. By essentially licensing his music to the V2 record label in 2001, he retained ownership over the recordings. Mr. White's team had to share the upfront costs of marketing and distributing the White Stripes' music, but they also kept a majority of the profits it generated. "That set the precedent for all his future business dealings," says Andy Gershon, the former head of V2.

Mr. White describes the stand he took over ownership as "an insurance policy to not get screwed over by big labels." However, he doesn't romanticize the indie system he

The axemen cometh: a guitar summit

BY JAMIN BROPHY-WARREN

THOMAS TULL, HEAD of Legendary Pictures, wanted to write a cinematic love letter to the electric guitar. So he called Davis Guggenheim, who had just won an Oscar for his global-warming documentary "An Inconvenient Truth." The two crafted the outline for the movie "It Might Get Loud," due out this August.

The goal of the film is to explain the cultural importance of the electric guitar through the eyes of those who have appreciated it the most—musicians. "I rail against documentaries that are stories you can basically download on Wikipedia," says Mr. Guggenheim.

For "It Might Get Loud," Mr. Guggenheim and Mr. Tull made a list of guitarists as potential subjects before settling on Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin, The Edge of U2, and Jack White of the White Stripes. Part of the appeal was the multiple generations represented by the three men—a point that's amplified in the film's various clips of musicians who have shaped how the guitar has been used. The hardest part of making the film for Mr. Guggenheim was convincing the three principals to take part.

"There was a good six months of just talking to these guys and talking through the process," he says. "And, of course, a little bit of begging."

The film was originally composed as three separate pieces and only late in the process were the parts weaved together. The film looks at each guitarist's relationship to his instrument. Mr. Guggenheim arranged for all three to meet on the biggest



From left, Jack White, Jimmy Page and The Edge in the documentary 'It Might Get Loud.'

studio on the Warner Bros. lot, even charting out different entrances so they wouldn't accidentally encounter each other along the way. Mr. White's sometimes anachronistic approach to the guitar is shown at the beginning of the film, with the White Stripes singer creating an impromptu guitar from scratch. That approach is contrasted with The Edge's affinity for electronic sounds and Mr. Page's classic rock style. Mr. Guggenheim says he only has one regret about shooting the film. "I really wanted Jimi Hendrix, but he wasn't available," he says.

Fashionista 'Bruno' has no clothes

Baron Cohen tries for a Borat, but his offense game falters; 'Soul Power' blasts from past

HERE'S THE BAD news: "Bruno" is no "Borat." Here's the worse news: "Bruno" crosses the line, like a besotted sprinter, from hilariously to genuinely awful.

Sacha Baron Cohen's follow-up to his 2006 hit stars the English comic actor as a blond, flamboyantly gay fashion journalist from Austria who looks lithe in lederhosen, but suffers from career-wreck-

Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

ing adhesions in an outfit made of Velcro. The movie means to cross many lines by confronting straights with aggressive gay behavior and revealing—or so the theory goes—their homophobia. It's an exercise in offensiveness, an exploration of over-the-topness and a gleeful working of both sides of the street, with sporadic frolics in the gutter.

What brings "Bruno" down, though, is sinful behavior. Mr. Baron Cohen commits the cardinal sin of unfunniness.

Both Borat and Bruno began life as characters on "Da Ali G Show." Borat sustained a feature film, albeit erratically, as a charmingly cockeyed Candide who stumbled from one deadpan misapprehension to another during a cross-country American road trip. There's a bit of that in "Bruno," and many bright lines in the early stretches. ("For the second time in a century Austria had turned on its most famous man," the embittered, unlabeled fashionista says after his Velcro disgrace.) But Bruno, bent on nothing more or less than becoming famous, is only a provocateur, and so relentless in his provocations—you really don't want to know the extent of his anality or frontal nudity—that his scandalous conduct grows tedious and unpleasant. The film, which was directed by Larry Charles—he also directed "Borat"—wears out its welcome long before the end of its 83-minute running time, even though a coda featuring famous musicians brings it belatedly back to life.

"Bruno" is Mr. Baron Cohen's "Transformers," a terrible movie that will make tons of money. It's a disappointment, but also a puzzle, because its hugely talented star seems to have mislaid the essential ingredients of his trusty formula. "Bruno," like "Borat," is a mockumentary, a series of encounters with people who may or may not be in on the basic joke that the whole thing is a put-on. In the first film, most of those encounters were deliciously ambiguous. In the new film, though, many if not most seem to be put-up jobs involving faux victims on the production's payroll, so what's the point, apart from mechanical shock and manufactured controversy? One ambush was clearly the real thing, a mirthless encounter with Ron Paul, the Libertarian Texas congressman and former presidential candidate, during which Bruno strips seductively to his skivvies. But the result is only embarrassment. Mr. Paul, disgusted, wants nothing more than



Sacha Baron Cohen plays the outrageous title character in 'Bruno'; below, B.B. King in the documentary 'Soul Power.'

to be out of there, and you can't blame him.

'Soul Power'

Period pieces can be marvelous or musty, depending on the period, as well as the piece. "Soul Power" is marvelous, and no wonder—among the performers in this concert film are James Brown, B.B. King, Bill Withers, Miriam Makeba and Celia Cruz, all at the peak of their powers. The concert, which has come to be called "Zaire '74," was supposed to run in conjunction with "The Rumble in the Jungle." That's the legendary fight between Muhammad Ali and George Foreman, and the subject of Leon Gast's superb 1996 documentary "When We Were Kings." When Mr. Foreman cut his eye during training the fight was delayed six weeks, but the concert went on as scheduled—12 hours of music and dance over three nights. The new documentary, di-

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Opening this week in Europe

- Bruno France, Switzerland
- Drag Me to Hell Iceland
- Ghosts of Girlfriends Past Finland, Netherlands
- Imagine That! Italy
- Public Enemies Belgium, Norway, Sweden
- The Proposal U.K.

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

rected by Jeffrey Levy-Hinte, was created with outtakes from the earlier one, which focused on the fight rather than the concert. These outtakes—including fascinating footage of Mr. Ali himself—outshine most conventional movies' takes.

"I want to do my thing!" James Brown howls gleefully as the

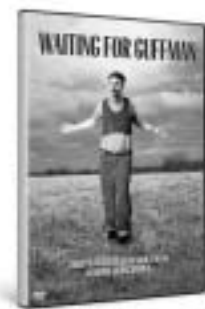
movie begins. It's a while before he and his colleagues get to do it. The film sets the stage with footage of the performers en route from New York—an airplane full of elated artists, most of them African-American, about to reconnect with their musical and cultural heritage. On the ground in Kinshasa, concert promoters and financiers try to roll with the brutal punch of the fight delay (the loudest instrument at that point is Don King blowing his own horn), local musicians fire up their own amps for the tourists, and local residents go gravely about the business of their daily lives. (A slightly lame mother straps two babies to her body for a long trek to market, then balances a huge metal pan full of produce on her head.)

Once the concert starts, the musicians and their audience exchange megadoses of joy. (If the visual and audio aspects don't match the spectacular sparkle of "Woodstock," they're fine in their own right. Al Maysles, Paul Goldsmith, Kevin Keating and Roderick Young did most of the cinematography.) Miriam Makeba looks like an extragalactic goddess; singing her exuberant Click Song, she sounds like one. James Brown launches into his trademark bedazzlements, including splits. Celia Cruz and the Fania All-Stars shake the rafters, even though the stage wasn't built with any rafters. And Bill Withers, doing "Hope She'll Be Happier," stops time when he sings "I never thought she'd leave me," then holds for a small eternity on the phrase "but she's gonnnnnne." It's the essence of the blues in a movie about the transformative power of music.



Courtesy of Antidote Films, Sony Pictures Classics

DVD Focus



'Waiting for Guffman' (1996)

This send-up of amateur theatrics was directed by the master of the mockumentary, Christopher Guest. (He and Eugene Levy wrote the script.) The setting is small-town Blaine, Mo., where a flamboyantly gay and endearingly fatuous former chorus boy named Corky St. Claire (Mr. Guest) has been commissioned to stage a pageant commemorating the town's sesquicentennial. The show is doomed to be awful, but the people of Blaine don't know it, since they're the talent pool. The best—i.e. the worst—of the bunch includes Mr. Levy's lazy-eyed dentist and Catherine O'Hara's bibulous travel agent.



'Buena Vista Social Club' (1999)

The German director Wim Wenders crossed a concert film with a documentary about a group of venerable Cuban musicians who made the 1998 Grammy-winning album of the same name, which was produced by Ry Cooder. Toward the end we see one of them, an 81-year-old singer named Ibrahim Ferrer, walking through midtown Manhattan for the first time in his life. "Linda, linda, linda!" he exclaims rapturously: "I never could have imagined. . . ." Watching the movie can induce rapture too. It's a labor of love prompted by Mr. Cooder's labor of love, and the most intensely emotional work of the director's career.



'The Collector' (1965)

Not a collector of art, but of butterflies, and then of a beautiful specimen of the human species. William Wyler directed this eerily understated thriller, based on the novel by John Fowles. The hero, a sociopath in sheep's clothing, is Freddie Clegg, an unprepossessing, love-starved London bank clerk played by Terence Stamp. Samantha Eggar is Miranda Grey, the London art student who becomes Freddie's captive in the pleasantly furnished cellar of his newly acquired, and fatefully remote, Tudor farmhouse.

—Joe Morgenstern

HARRY POTTER AND THE RIVAL TEEN FRANCHISES

BY LAUREN A. E. SCHUKER

ALICIA PENNER, A 13-year-old from Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, read the "Harry Potter" books 57 times. She watched the "Harry Potter" movies. Then last fall, a friend lent her the teen vampire book series "Twilight"—and she was hooked. The "Harry Potter" poster that used to hang on her bedroom wall has been replaced by the "Twilight" poster she got for her 13th birthday.

As a new "Harry Potter" movie is opening, the bespectacled wizard faces a new challenge: how to compete for the attention of a young audience that has been growing up—and is starting to prefer the angsty teen romances and cooler, edgier characters of the "Twilight" books and movies.

The film moves directly into the territory where "Twilight" now rules. The sixth "Potter" movie, "Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince," has a distinctly more grown-up tone than its predecessors and features a strong romantic plotline.

The movie's timing may have helped its vampire rival. Last year Warner Bros. delayed the release of "Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince" to fill a hole in its summer-2009 schedule. Hollywood studio Summit Entertainment wasted no time pushing its teen vampire picture "Twilight" into the vacant November slot. The film, adapted from the best-selling book series about an epic love story between a vampire who looks 17 years old and a normal teenage girl, became an overnight success, grossing more than \$382 million worldwide on a shoestring budget of \$37 million.

Hollywood marketing executives say that these days the "Twilight" franchise has influenced almost every studio marketing campaign that targets teenage girls. Some posters for the new "Potter" film echo "Twilight"'s emphasis on romance. One features Harry and his crush, Ginny, gazing longingly into each others' eyes, in a pose reminiscent of "Twilight"'s now-iconic image of its star-crossed lovers, Bella and Edward. Another shows Harry's friend Ron with his girlfriend Lavender, while a jealous Hermione scowls in the background.

Warner Bros. and the team behind "Potter" say they didn't take the "Twilight" franchise into account when designing their marketing materials for "The Half-Blood Prince." Instead, they crafted a campaign aimed to resonate with previous "Potter" films, the executives and filmmakers say, dismissing the notion that there is a rivalry between the franchises among fans.

"With all due respect to 'Twilight,' the longevity and world-wide success of the Harry Potter franchise speaks for itself," a studio representative said.

The previous five "Potter" films have grossed almost \$4.5 billion in world-wide box-office revenue, making the franchise one of the biggest in history. J.K. Rowling's "Harry Pot-



Robert Pattinson and Kristen Stewart in 'Twilight'; right, Daniel Radcliffe in 'Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince.'

THE YOUNG WIZARD FACES SOME NEW NEMESSES:

ter" books have sold more than 400 million copies world-wide, compared with 53 million for Stephenie Meyer's "Twilight" series. But after 10 years on the New York Times best-seller list, the "Potter" books fell off the children's-series list last May, and since then have returned only intermittently. Meanwhile, the "Twilight" books have spent 100 weeks on the chart.

Both David Yates, who directed "The Half-Blood Prince," and David Heyman, the franchise's longtime producer, say they've never seen "Twilight," and say they deliberately avoided thinking about other franchises when making the "Potter" series. "We live in a bit of a bubble," said Mr. Heyman, who read the first "Potter" book before it was published in 1997 and immediately had Warner Bros. option the rights. Mr. Yates, who will also direct the final two installments, adds: "J.K. Rowling has given us such a rich and dynamic world that I can't really look over my shoulder and worry about other teen stories."

Warner Bros. says the "Potter" movies have become more grown-up in order to follow the narrative of the books and to appeal to an audience that's getting older. Nearly a decade has elapsed since the "Potter" producers cast an 11-year-old Daniel Radcliffe in the pivotal role of Harry. "As the characters and storylines of the Harry Potter films have matured, our marketing materials have followed

suit," says a studio representative. (A 2006 survey found that the average age kids started reading the series was 9 and that nearly 60% of kids aged 9 to 11 had read it.)

The new "Harry Potter" film focuses heavily on the romantic entanglements that mark the entry into adulthood, and features some dark moments—including the death of a major character—that make it more sophisticated than some of the previous movies. The film begins with Harry's sixth year at Hogwarts, when he discovers an old book of potions marked as property of a mysterious "Half-Blood Prince." Harry delves into that book and, through a series of flashbacks, learns more about the past of his nemesis Lord Voldemort.

Meanwhile, he and his classmates are also caught up in matters of the heart. There's frequent talk of "snogging," as Lavender celebrates Ron's victory in a quidditch game with a kiss that sends a jealous Hermione into a rage, and Harry sees Ginny kissing another boy.

"There is a much stronger romantic strand in this film than in earlier movies," says Mr. Yates. "The characters have reached that point in their lives where their hormones are starting to fly and they are exploring sexuality and discovering the opposite sex."

For its part, Summit Entertainment, the

studio behind "Twilight," says it has been careful to steer clear of the commercial juggernaut that "Potter" has become, especially because its "Twilight" fan base overlaps with the "Potter" audience. The studio says that its strategy has been to avoid releasing any "Twilight" material too close to big release dates for "Harry Potter."

"It's the only franchise that we ever pay attention to," says Rob Friedman, chief executive and co-chairman of Summit Entertainment. "We are very cognizant of where they are, and we've always been wary of being in too close proximity to 'Harry Potter' because we know our fans cross over so much, and we definitely don't want to compete with 'Harry' for attention."

Haami Nyangibo, a 13-year-old girl from London, says that after years of reading "Harry Potter" she has come to find the "Twilight" books "far more relatable. They just engage in a more realistic way. A lot of my friends have gone off 'Harry Potter' and are onto 'Twilight,'" she says.

For many girls, the appeal of "Twilight" lies in Edward Cullen, the gorgeous vampire who fights his own biological destiny to fall in love with Bella Swan, a human girl.

Robert Pattinson, the 23-year-old British heartthrob with unkempt hair and bedroom eyes who plays Cullen in the "Twilight" movies, has added to Edward's mystique. Mr. Pat-

CHISE



COOL VAMPIRE KIDS

tinson also has a history with the “Harry Potter” franchise: He played Harry’s onetime rival, Cedric Diggory, in the past two “Potter” movies.

Summit will release the “Twilight” sequel, “The Twilight Saga: New Moon,” on Nov. 20, the same time of year it released the first “Twilight” in 2008. The first trailer for the \$50 million film prominently features action-packed werewolf sequences, which could appeal to male fans. While teen girls seemed to be the target audience of the first “Twilight” film, Summit says 40% of its audience was male, with most of those viewers under 25.

Tabloids have continued to stoke interest in the series, with weekly photos and stories chronicling a possible real-life romance between Ms. Stewart and Mr. Pattinson, as they shoot romantic scenes for upcoming sequels in locales like the small Tuscan city of Volterra, Italy. (A representative for Ms. Stewart declined to comment; a representative for Mr. Pattinson couldn’t be reached.)

Jeff Gomez, president of Starlight Runner Entertainment and a producer who has consulted on some top franchises, such as the “Pirates of the Caribbean” films, says “Twilight’s” focus on romance means it could overtake “Potter” as the wand-wielding “Potterheads” grow up and into more sophisticated films. “I have a lot of confidence in ‘Harry Pot-

ter,” he says, “and it has a narrative momentum that carries its core audience along.” But he says even a series as established as “Harry Potter” can be threatened by a franchise like “Twilight,” which has exploded so quickly and attracted such ravenous fans.

“Twilight” isn’t toppling “Harry Potter” quite yet. The franchise remains a global phenomenon, and advance online ticket sales suggest the film could top previous installments. The new “Harry Potter” took in \$22.2 million in midnight screenings in the U.S. on Wednesday, according to studio estimates. That figure broke the \$18.5 million midnight-screening record set last summer by “The Dark Knight.”

Ms. Penner says she has moved on from Harry, however. Recently, she came across her old “Harry Potter” poster while cleaning her room. “I saw it in the closet but by then ‘Twilight’ had come along, and I thought, ‘Who cares?’” she says. “Nobody really believes you can have magic, but some people believe you can find the perfect guy.”

WSJ.com

Fantastic franchise

See an interactive graphic on the Harry Potter franchise and a clip from the new movie at

WSJ.com/Lifestyle



Daniel Radcliffe and Emma Watson in the new ‘Harry Potter’ film.

Trouble with ‘Harry’

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

POTIONS PLAY A pivotal part in “Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince,” and I wish I’d been able to find one for patience.

The filmmakers have certainly honored the book, which is famously dark, though with bright spots provided by the stirrings of teenage romance. And that chiaroscuro is enhanced by some very funny moments in the movie; the director, David Yates, has lightened his touch since the previous installment. But the book’s dramatic challenge is its overall sense of incipency, rather than immediacy—great events aren’t happening quite yet, they’re soon to happen. (While the death of a major character is momentous, it’s mainly symbolic as a passing of the torch.) In a mythical analog to “The Gathering Storm,” the stage is being set for the final, epic battle between Harry and Lord Voldemort. For those who’ve lived with the series for more than a decade, this fateful pause may heighten the suspense. For a Muggle like me, the storm does gather slowly.

You wouldn’t guess it from the excitement of the first action sequence. With Voldemort returned, as if from the dead, an unholy trio of Death Eaters terrorize London by reaching down with invisible black fingers—they’re scarily visible to us—that wreak chaos in the streets and turn the Millennium Bridge into a metallic pretzel. Soon afterward, however, the pace slows to a saunter as Hogwarts’ headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, enlists Harry in a mission to seek out the school’s former Potions professor, Horace Slughorn.

Dumbledore is played, as before, by Michael Gambon, a great actor who has finally settled fully into the role. Slughorn is played by Jim Broadbent, another great actor—the adjective isn’t used loosely in either case—who gets to do a wonderful drunk scene that turns into something more serious and poignant. (The screenplay was adapted by Steve Kloves.)

The whole antic mission to find Slughorn turns into something serious and genuinely intriguing. It’s always tempting to lapse into plot summaries when dealing with a Harry Potter movie, since the plots are so elaborate and the details are so much

a part of the story’s spirit as well as its substance. Instead of jumping into that rabbit hole, I’ll simply say that Slughorn’s role involves recovered memory, that the recovery process involves advanced potions, that the memories are meant for exploring Voldemort’s vulnerabilities, and that some of them, just like those of eyewitnesses in courts of law, turn out to be entirely unreliable.

“Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince” may suffer by comparison to visual memories of the first film, which wasn’t all that wonderful but teemed with wondrous images—a first look at the Great Hall, a first trip on the Hogwarts Express, a first game of Quidditch. That was all about the thrill of discovery, of course, about first steps on a long and winding road. Now that the series is near the end of that road—two more films will be adapted from the final book—the original fun-house tone has given way to complexity and maturity. Daniel Radcliffe, a sweet-faced preteen when the first movie was released, has become such an engaging young man that Harry’s attraction to Ron’s sister, Ginny (Bonnie Wright), seems less a matter of heedless infatuation—Slughorn’s most dangerous home brew is an infatuation potion—than the early onset of love.

At its worst, the movie feels less like a labor of love than a labor of labor—industrialized enchantment with an elegant veneer that’s compounded of, among other elements, Stuart Craig’s production design, Jany Temime’s costumes, Bruno Delbonnel’s brooding cinematography and a seductive array of special effects supervised by Tim Burke. But the pace quickens and the intensity grows toward the end. (In the film’s most impressive sequence, strongly reminiscent of “The Lord of the Rings,” Gollum-esque monstrosities rise up from the sea to pull Harry under and down.) And the enterprise continues to be blessed by veteran English actors who lend authority to their every scene: Mr. Gambon, of course, whose Dumbledore is a mere century and a half old; Mr. Broadbent, to be sure, and the supremely acerbic Alan Rickman, whose Snape figures intricately in the proceedings. They’re the authentic wizards of the piece.

Photos from left: Summit Entertainment; Newscom; Warner Bros.



Rob Shepperson

Seeing who's at home on the range

ANYONE WHO DOUBTS that golf is a big tent should go to a public driving range. That is where I do most of my practicing since, as a newspaper reporter, I can't afford the costs of joining a private club—certainly not in the expensive New York City area—without some kind of government grant.

Golf Journal

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

In this respect I'm like a lot of people who sometimes play golf. To hit balls, we have to pay by the bucket.

I love ranges. The one nearest my house has 62 covered stalls, is heated in winter and cooled by fans in summer, provides reasonably new balls and has a well-stocked pro-shop. It's a much better place to hit balls than the puny range at hallowed Winged Foot Golf Club across the river in Westchester County, which is strictly mats only and so short big hitters aren't permitted to use a driver. My range technically allows you to hit off the grass, although the grass in question is a weedy, indifferently mowed expanse off to one side and you have to bring your own garden clippers to create a half-decent lie.

I'm not as much of a range rat as I used to be. Long sessions on the mats disagree with my back, and I've finally figured out that pounding bucket after bucket doesn't really do much for my scores. But

shorter sessions give me more time to observe the passing parade of public range golfers, which I always enjoy. You get all types, to say the least. On weekday mornings when the two-for-one special is in effect (\$14 buys a double-jumbo, or 306 balls), you get a lot of retirees, drawn by the opportunity to discuss at length subjects forbidden at home, like the virtues of a strong grip and how they finished par-birdie-par in their last round. You also see a lot of women, mostly Korean at my range, who as a group have the sweetest, best-tutored swings at the range. Plus kids, now that it's summer. Kids are remarkably single-minded at the range; they want to hit as many balls as possible as fast as possible. But when they connect with a good one, their enthusiasm is infectious. "That one went almost 100 yards!" What else can a kid project that far?

The crowd in the evening has a different tenor. You get refugees from the private clubs squeezing in a little extra practice under the lights; dating couples (you can bet that sooner or later the guy will attempt to guide his lass through the proper swing sequence from behind); and always a few beefy guys letting off steam after work by smashing drives.

Weightlifter types are among my favorites to monitor. Usually they buy super-jumbo buckets, wear tank tops to show off their tattoos and seem convinced (presumably despite years of experience to the con-

trary) that raw strength is more effective than technique. Typically Mr. Macho starts with a few easy swings and gets good results, then amps up the effort and produces a series of tops and skulls. This is followed by an extended paroxysm of rage. A cartoonist at this point would depict him using a blur of lines and a thought balloon filled with typographical symbols. His mood will be immeasurably more sour if in the next stall a no-count little squirt is hammering 250-yard drives, or if he brought his girlfriend to watch.

Mr. Professional is another of my favorites. He arrives wearing two-toned golf shoes, trousers made from costly fabric that drapes just so, a logoed shirt from the latest U.S. Open and a chunky watch he removes and stows in his golf bag before beginning. In some cases Mr. Professional is actually a good player. He feigns indifference to the possibility (the probability, in his mind) that others are watching. With studied aplomb, he drags each ball over, sets up smartly, makes his swing and holds his finish until the ball has landed, spun back and begun to grow moss. In other cases, and much more amusingly, Mr. Professional is a lousy golfer.

Then there's The Guy at the End of the Range. Typically he wears sneakers and a T-shirt and sets up in the far left stall, so that the majority of right-handed golfers will have their backs to him as they hit and he can practice in obscurity. Occasion-

ally The Guy at the End of the Range is shamefully bad (he'd prefer to be hitting from a deep hole in the ground, if that were possible) but more often he's the best golfer at the range and positions himself there so that people won't gawk. The one time I saw a Tour player at a public range (years ago, in Florida, a journeyman whose name I can't recall), this is the stall he chose.

As someone who has watched the pros practice at innumerable PGA Tour events, I'd say the biggest difference between their swings and those on display at public driving ranges is that the movement you are most aware of with the pros occurs after impact, whereas with amateurs, it's mostly about the windup. Those windups are amazing: up, back and around any which way, at erratic speeds, with kooky corkscrew flourishes and aberrant pauses.

They are unified, however, in almost always being big compared with the pared-down backswings of the pros. Similarly, their downswings are unified in almost always petering out shortly before impact. This results in finishes that most closely resemble fade-away jump shots in basketball, with all the weight on the back foot and the club flying who knows where. The pros, by contrast, finish in balance, chest to the target, with most of their weight on the forward leg.

"The horror of unskilled labor," joked Jim McMahon, who teaches six days a week at the range and

thus has ample opportunity to observe the madness. "Most people don't know how to get through the ball. They swing at it with their arms, sideways, instead of using the power of their bodies, and think they've hit the ball when actually all they've done is make contact. To me, the intriguing thing is that they keep coming out here, doing everything the wrong way, and expect that someday suddenly everything will get better."

One does frequently see technicians, assiduously monitoring the position of their club shafts in the backswing, or performing odd drills on one leg or with head covers tucked under their arm. That's in keeping with one of the most common pieces of practice advice instructors give: focus on just one or two tasks per session, and when you're done, quit. Doing more is asking for trouble.

But my impression is that most people hitting balls at the range, even if they tell themselves they are there to practice, are mostly there just to hit balls at the range. The range business is holding up better in the current bad economy than rounds played generally, according to Steve di Costanzo, president of Golf Range Magazine. Probably that's because for many people the driving range, rather than the course, is the easiest, cheapest and most satisfying way to scratch the golf itch.

Email me at golfjournal@wsj.com.

Vintage deals on wheels: Classic vehicles at auction

THE OLD WORLD ROLLS up to the Royal Regatta boat tent at Henley-on-Thames tomorrow when Bonhams auctions antique cars and classic motorcycles. "We couldn't have found a lovelier spot for the sale," says Bonhams' specialist Stewart Skilbeck. "These are the vehicles people drove here for picnics down by the riverside around a hundred years ago."

The cars and motorcycles on offer come from a collection amassed

in the first run; today around 500 entrants drive vehicles built prior to 1905.

An elegant French car that looks like a four-wheel Hansom Cab was built by Panhard-Levassor in 1901. It is described in the Bonhams catalog as "eminently suitable for parading" yet "capable of exciting performance on the open road." It came second recently in the London-to-Brighton run (estimate: £200,000-£250,000).

Another charming highlight is an open six-horsepower two-seater in blue made by British manufacturer Wolseley in 1904 (estimate: £45,000-£50,000). The vehicle was once owned by Sir John Stuttard, a former Lord Mayor of London and avid veteran rally participant.

Motorcycle aficionados will have a hard time resisting a 1909 Minerva with a wicker-basket sidecar for the driver's riding companion. The Belgian-made bike is described by Bonhams in the catalog as having a "wonderful patina that comes with long and enthusiastic ownership and woe betide the restorer who steps within a 50-yard radius!" (estimate: £18,000-£22,000). Another motorcycle in the sale, a 1912 Indian 990cc Big Twin, has what Bonhams calls "a mighty engine."

The sale also includes boats. A highlight is the 40-foot (or 12-meter) Dorothea, described as a fine gentleman's motor yacht built by Lavers of Dartmouth in 1932. The vessel is on the U.K.'s National Register of Historic Ships (estimate: £120,000-£125,000).

Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

over the last 30 years by Toby and Daniel Ward, two brothers who are making room at their Yorkshire home for another of their passions: historic tractors.

Auction highlights include Victoria, a handsome open five-horsepower vehicle that looks like a horseless carriage. Manufactured in 1896 by German maker Benz, the car has wooden wheels, black leather upholstery and a bell to warn of its approach (estimate: £140,000-£180,000). Victoria is a frequent entrant in the London-to-Brighton Veteran Car Run, an annual event which takes place on the first Sunday in November. The run was first held in 1896 to commemorate an English law raising the speed limit from 4 mph to 14 mph and abolishing the requirement that locomotives be preceded by a man on foot. Some 30 pioneers took part



A 1901 Panhard-Levassor, one of the classic cars at the July 18 Bonhams auction in the Royal Regatta boat tent; estimate: £200,000-£250,000.

Arbitrage

The price of a filet mignon dinner

City	Local currency	€
Paris	€19	€19
Rome	€23	€23
Hong Kong	HK\$253	€23
Brussels	€25	€25
Frankfurt	€25	€25
London	£22	€26
New York	\$42	€30

Note: At a steakhouse, 200 grams; prices, including taxes, as provided by restaurants in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

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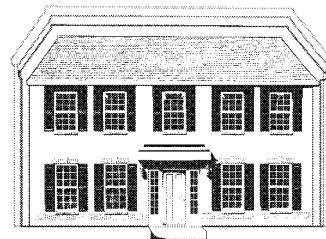
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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
EUROPE

From France, a refreshing steal

“THESE ARE ADULT wines,” Dottie said at one point during our most recent tasting. “They’re not sweet, they’re not woody. People who like sugar in their wine—some Chardonnay drinkers, I guess—might not like them. But they’re grown-up, sophisticated.”

“Sophisticated.” Uh-oh. To us, “sophisticated” usually equals “pricey.” But, fortunately, not in this case.

We were tasting Muscadet, the seafood-friendly white wine from the Loire Valley that generally costs

Tastings

DOROTHY J. GAITER
AND JOHN BRECHER

less than \$15 and sometimes less than \$10. In wine jargon, this is what we call “a steal.”

We’ve loved Muscadet for many years, but even though wine stores now are filled with all sorts of relative newcomers, from Australian Chardonnay to Argentine Malbec, the old classic Muscadet continues to occupy very little shelf space. Some stores offer none at all and most just have one or two labels.

Given the slow turnover of the wines and the fact that there are quite a few producers out there all fighting over a tiny bit of shelf space, we wondered about the quality of the wines now in stores. So we shopped around to get a broad sampling and tasted them in blind flights over several nights.

We only bought wines from the 2007 and 2008 vintages because we think Muscadet in general should be bought and drunk young. However, as we’ve written in the past, well-cared-for Muscadet can age beautifully for a decade or more, gaining richness and some weight.

Muscadet is made from a grape called Muscadet or Melon de Bourgogne. A few American wineries make wine from this grape, but you can imagine the marketing problems with a wine called Melon. But as always, whenever you see an unusual varietal in the store, grab it because it likely reflects the winemaker’s personality and passion in a very special way.

Anyway, back to the Loire. We tasted our Muscadets in blind flights over several nights. We found the better ones continue to be among the best buys around. When just right, Muscadet, which is dry, has a hint of seashells on the nose that immediately makes us think of seafood, especially oysters.

While the taste can be fairly neutral, the good ones have clarity of fruit—sometimes apple, pear, kiwis, lychees, lemons and limes—a kind of relaxed richness and a minerality from ancient seabeds and chalky earth that are soulful and special. And, at best, they have a zingy finish like a very ripe, very fleshy lime.

There are few wines on shelves anywhere near the price that are as complete as a good Muscadet. To us, Muscadet simply tastes like wine, the way Riesling and good Pinot Noir taste like wine—like good grapes grown on real vines in real soil, with minimal intervention between the earth and the bottle.

Even the Muscadets that were not among our favorites were still pleasant, but we found that some of



Dylan Cross for The Wall Street Journal

these—and there were more of them than we would have expected—were simply too fruity. We know that “too fruity” hardly seems like a crime when it comes to wine, but too many of these had very fruity tastes without the kind of acidity and earthy minerality needed to balance it.

We compared them to perfectly good Pinot Grigio, which is fine with its vibrant citrus tastes but not what Muscadet with its soulful earthiness should be.

By the way, during our tasting we included a couple of older bottles—one from 1997 and one from 1999—in a blind flight to see if they would immediately stand out. They did.

They were different—slightly darker, with rounder tastes in the middle of the palate and a bit of nuttiness at the end—but they had much in common and remained lively. We could taste the connection, the attributes they shared. Fascinating.

The attached index will give you some idea what these taste like at their best and roughly what they cost. But there is no one big name in Muscadet, so it’s impossible to know what name you might see. If you get a wine from 2007 or 2008 and it’s from the Sèvre et Maine region, it’s highly likely you will get a summertime winner.

But there is a danger. As we were tasting one flight on the deck of our country cabin, our wine-loving neighbor Roland dropped by and we poured him a glass. He took one sip and said, “Where are the oysters?” So don’t open a Muscadet without seafood at the ready.

The Dow Jones Muscadet index

In a broad, blind tasting of Muscadet from France, these were our favorites. These are classic accompaniments to seafood. All of the following are from the Sèvre et Maine area, which is always good to look for on labels; all are sur lie, which means they sat on their sediment for a while for extra taste and complexity; and all are from the 2007 vintage except Domaine de la Pépière, which is 2008. Château de la Chesnaie is a perennial favorite. These whites tend to be relatively low in alcohol—all listed here are 12%—which is another reason we like them in summer.

VINEYARD	PRICE	RATING	COMMENTS
Pierre Luneau-Papin 'Les Pierres Blanches Vieilles Vignes, 'Hermine d'Or'	\$13.99	Very Good/Delicious	Best of tasting. The nose is so full of seashell-like minerals that it's like a day at the beach. The taste is focused, juicy, easy and yet earthy, with purity of fruit. And then there is a lime-like kick at the end. Marvelous. While this specific bottling is rare, Luneau-Papin is a reliable name to keep in mind and its other bottlings are more widely available.
Domaine de la Batardière	\$9.99	Very Good	Best value (tie). Charming and easy, with plenty of fruit—in fact, John thought it was a little too fruity, but Dottie thought it tasted real and true.
Château de la Chesnaie (Chéreau Carré)	\$10.99	Very Good	Best value (tie). Ripe, fresh and clean, with a very tasty roundness. Mouth-popping, with fresh, ripe citrus and tart and fleshy kiwis and lychees. Balanced and very easy to pair with food.
Domaine de la Louvetrie (Jo Landron) 'Hermine d'Or'	\$14.99	Very Good	Very Good. Clean, crisp and soul-satisfying, with nice earthiness and a very special zing and brightness. Lively.
Domaine de la Pépière (Marc Ollivier)	\$12.99	Good/Very Good	Fresh, with plenty of minerals and a little bit of richness about it. Mouth-watering and crisp. Repeat favorite.
Domaine des Trois Toits (Hubert Rousseau)	\$13.99	Good/Very Good	Good focus, with some spritz and a little bit of weight, like fleshy kiwi. Soulful. No-nonsense wine, just plain good.

Note: Wines are rated on a scale that ranges: Yech, OK, Good, Very Good, Delicious, and Delicious! These are the prices we paid at wine stores in California and New York. Prices vary widely.

WSJ.com

A taste treat
Watch John and Dottie taste and
talk about Muscadet at
WSJ.com/Lifestyle

Stay cool, shopkeeper

BY DOROTHY J. GAITER
AND JOHN BRECHER

WHILE WE HAVE our small wine cooler set at 14 degrees Celsius, I've always noticed that wine stores have their inventories displayed at room temperature. In our area, it is not uncommon for stores to be 25-27 degrees inside. Why is it OK for stores to keep wine at room temperature for months yet we're told that 13-16 degrees is optimal?

—Karl Munniger, Laughlin, Nev.

Great question. Some merchants do keep the temperature of their stores at cellar temperature. And some merchants store most of their inventory in cellar-like conditions, so they get your bottle from the cellar when you order. But, indeed, most stores keep their wines at “room temperature,” which can be bad for the wines, especially long-term. Yes, it’s crazy, but that’s one reason we constantly urge readers to buy younger wines—because older wines might have been cooked as well as that chicken in the rotisserie (and kept under bright lights for months or years as well). If you are going to buy fine older wines at a store, make sure the merchant has stored them properly or you could be purchasing a wine that is prematurely past its peak, or worse. Whenever we go into a store and it’s truly hot inside—not just room temperature, but really warm—we immediately walk out. We’d urge you to do the same thing.

I am new to wine and have recently started tasting and enjoying the fruits of the wine world. I realized quickly the importance of recording my tastings and what bottles I try. The problem I have is remembering the wines I try when I'm out. So many times now I have been at a restaurant with my fiancée and we order a bottle of wine (or two) and when we get home, neither of us can remember the wines we had (especially if it was two). Instead of pulling out our notebooks and recording it right there, what is the best way?

—Derek Mrozik, Houston

We are old-fashioned, so we still think a few notes jotted on paper is the way to go. There really is nothing like contemporaneous notes to bring back tastes. In addition, don’t be shy about taking the bottle or bottles with you. We almost always ask to take the empty bottle and explain that we save labels. Restaurants are usually delighted that we want to do this and pack ‘em up for us, or even remove the labels themselves. Be sure to write on the label where you had the bottle; we know you think you will remember, but, trust us, you might not. Now, we’re sure our tech-savvy daughters would say it’s much easier to take a few notes on a BlackBerry than writing with pen and paper (“You two are soooo old”) and that it’s much easier to take a digital picture of a label than lug home a bottle, and we’re sure they’re right. What’s important is somehow to catalogue those wines. The bottles we have at restaurants are often very special—because they are otherwise hard to find, because they remind us of a wonderful night, or because they’re especially good—and you don’t want to take a chance on losing those memories.

From Despair to Delight

Some musical masterpieces transcend mere euphony to become a matter of life and death. Composed in 1950-51 by Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975), the 24 Preludes and Fugues, Opus 87 for piano represented a relief from the Russian composer's life under the Stalinist yoke.

Conforming to political pressures, Shostakovich produced such officially approved works as the oratorio "Song of the Forests"

(1949), which notoriously lauded Stalin as a "great gardener." Fleeing from such Socialist Realism to his inner life, which was entirely devoted to music, Shostakovich traveled to Leipzig, East

Germany, in 1950 for the bicentennial commemorations of the death of Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), who had lived and worked in that city. There Shostakovich heard the young virtuoso Tatiana Nikolayeva (1924-1993), a pianist of uncommon elegance and intimacy, play a selection from both books of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," each of which contain preludes and fugues in all 24 major and minor keys.

Returning to Moscow, Shostakovich soon began to sketch out his own 24 Preludes and Fugues, which, apart from some baroque allusions, sound as if they were as much influenced by Mussorgsky, Borodin and Russian folk music as by Bach. This wildly diverse and imaginative work ranges in emotional expression from endless grief to the exuberant jollity

of a village carnival. Known to embed numbers, codes and ciphers in his music, Shostakovich was clearly lured more by the number 24 than by the idea of imitating any 18th-century precedent.

Twenty years before, he had also retreated into "abstract" music with his set of 24 Preludes for solo piano, Opus 34, distantly modeled after Frédéric Chopin.

During Stalin's reign of terror, many of Shostakovich's Russian colleagues rejected his 24 Preludes and Fugues as not Socialist enough. Yet the work had its persistent champions—notably Nikolayeva, who premiered the work in Leningrad in Decem-

ber 1952, recorded it repeatedly, and was stricken by a cerebral hemorrhage while playing it in San Francisco in November 1993, dying nine days later. Available recordings of Nikolayeva playing the 24 Preludes and Fugues mostly date from the latter days of her career. Sadly, none represent Nikolayeva at her best.

More revealing are records made by Shostakovich himself in the 1950s, two of which are available on CD from EMI's "Great Recordings of the Century" series. Some excerpts express mortal grief and despair. Others present Shostakovich playing with giddy abandon, missing notes in the service of wild tempos that surpass his own not-negligible keyboard abilities. This range of moods, from exaltation to the slough of despond, is entirely appropriate

for the 24 Preludes and Fugues—a kind of expressivity rarely matched by the Russian pianists who recorded excerpts from the work, from the overimposing monumentality of Sviatoslav Richter to the dignified, restrained lyricism of Emil Gilels.

Lost to posterity is a recording of an arrangement played by Shostakovich and a gifted composer friend, Mieczyslaw Weinberg (1919-1996). This four-handed version was intended by Shostakovich to facilitate the performance of the work for those who found the two-handed version unwieldy.

The 24 Preludes and Fugues had to wait a few decades for recordings by Western pianists who plumbed the depths of its essence. This delay might have been avoided had the American pianist William Kapell (1922-1953), who left some memorable excerpts from Shostakovich's Preludes Opus 34 (available from Sony/BMG) not died prematurely in an airplane crash. It wasn't until 1990 that the Cypriot pianist-conductor Marios Papadopoulos recorded a lucidly affectionate version, still well worth hearing, available on CD from Oxford Philomusica, an ensemble of which Mr. Papadopoulos is music director. And a year later,

the American Keith Jarrett's recording for ECM smoothed out the cycle with a highly palatable cool jazz sensibility.

Setting aside the German pianist Caroline Weichert's capable, if slightly pinched 1991-92 recording for the French label Accord, and the dishearteningly eccentric Olli Mustonen excerpts for RCA (1997) and Ondine (2002), we have had to wait until today for a wholly exuberant, indisputably triumphant interpretation that fully realizes Shostakovich's intentions.

his genius. Moreover, Ms. Lin's virtuosity is fully up to the fearsome challenges set by Shostakovich.

There have been other outstanding recent CDs of the 24 Preludes and Fugues, such as those by the nimble-fingered Canadian pianist David Jalbert on Atma Classique, and the lusciously expressive Lithuanian Mūza Rubackytė, albeit less than ideally recorded by Brilliant CD engineers. Yet none captures the dizzying diversity, the range of experience from the moribund to the ec-

static, as does the remarkably fluid and theatrically imaginative Ms. Lin. Even though Shostakovich did not intend his 24 Preludes and Fugues to be heard complete, they are such a delight as presented by Ms. Lin that the listener would be at a loss to do without

any one of these miniature masterpieces. Listening to her stunning renditions, a line by Tennyson, one of the few writers to outgloom Shostakovich at his most moribund, comes to mind to describe this work that finds rebirth in bereavement: "O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

Mr. Ivry is author of biographies of Maurice Ravel and Francis Poulenc.



Shostakovich's 24 Preludes and Fugues plumb a dizzyingly diverse range of emotions.

The Myths of the Third Reich

By Julia Klein

Washington

After the fatal shooting last month of a security guard by a white supremacist, the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum's entrance was garlanded by a makeshift memorial of flowers, candles and condolence notes. The memorial has since been cleared away, but a visit to "State of Deception: The Power of Nazi Propaganda," on the reverberations of hate speech, still packs an extra charge.

"State of Deception"—a special exhibition rich in content but somewhat cramped in design—follows the Nazi propaganda effort from its inception through its dismantling after World War II. With photo murals crowded with labels, vintage newsreels captioned with American newspaper headlines and oral-history interviews, the show raises questions about the links between propaganda and action. It offers insight into Nazi planning and aims. And it explores, in a fragmentary way, the German public's response to Nazi efforts at manipulation.

Vicious caricatures of Jews, both foreshadowing and facilitating the Holocaust, are the most familiar detritus of Hitler's propaganda machine. But "State of Deception" reminds us that the Nazis also employed a variety of positive

appeals to rally support for dictatorship and European conquest.

One of the show's first images is a 1932 campaign poster with Hitler's face floating eerily against a black background, a design that evokes celebrity portraiture. The poster is book-ended later in the show by a postwar, red-on-black, anti-Nazi poster depicting Nazism as a skeletal death's head—an apparent reference to both mass murder and the insignia of SS concentration-camp guards.

Hitler drew inspiration from effective World War I propaganda denouncing the Germans as barbaric "Huns." One World War I poster—featuring an apelike figure, representing Germany, carrying a lovely maiden—was appropriated by a September 1939 Nazi poster to remind Germans of "the old hatred."

The Nazi message first resonated in the 1920s and early 1930s against a backdrop of the Weimar Republic's economic and social disarray. Even then, the Nazis, while preaching national unity, targeted appeals to different constituencies. Posters urged women to "save the German family" from unemployment and asked students to become "the Führer's propagandists." Anti-Semitic screeds were

ratcheted up or down, depending on the audience.

"State of Deception" offers enticing glimpses of the regime's myth-making apparatus. A painting by Hermann Otto Hoyer is suggestively titled "In the Beginning Was the Word" and shows Hitler enthralled a group of converts during the 1920s. Another, by Hubert Lanzinger, depicts Hitler as a medieval knight on horseback and carrying a swastika flag.

A series of black-and-white photographs by official photographer Heinrich Hoffman captures Hitler rehearsing the dramatic poses and gestures that would become his oratorical trademark. Later, we can watch a clip of Hitler rousing a crowd with an emotional fervor that no longer seems spontaneous.

Once Hitler attained the chancellorship in 1933, he made the party's propaganda chief, Joseph Goebbels, minister of the Orwellian-sounding Reich Ministry of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda. Goebbels, we learn, sought to supplement ideological appeals with mass entertainment designed to cement the new German community. The seductions of Nazi ritual

A closer look at Nazi propaganda.

had a certain allure even for Jewish children. Peter Feigl, who greeted Hitler jubilantly with the rest of the Austrian population during the 1938 Anschluss, was dismayed that he couldn't participate in Hitler Youth groups, with their compelling martial music and uniforms. "All this is fascinating and hypnotizing for a young kid," he explains in a video clip from a 1995 interview.

The exhibition doesn't chart German reaction to Nazi propaganda in any detail, but it does argue that not every initiative was equally successful. The nasty anti-Semitic stereotypes of the 1940 pseudodocumentary "The Eternal Jew"—likening Jews to vermin—attracted few viewers. By contrast, Veit Harlan's 1940 feature film, "The Jew Süss," a portrait of a corrupt 18th-century Jewish court financier, was a huge hit—thanks, we're told, to its strong storytelling and production values.

The Nazi propaganda machine even extended into the Jewish ghettos and concentration camps. Scenes from "The Führer Gives the Jews a Town," shot at the Theresienstadt ghetto and transit camp near Prague, feature seemingly happy, well-fed Jewish children—shortly before their transport to Auschwitz.

The now-infamous 1944 documentary, never distributed, capi-

talized on the ghetto's beautification for an earlier visit by the International and Danish Red Cross. Their reports demonstrated that the Nazis could bamboozle even a foreign audience. The exhibition offers excerpts of an astonishing 1979 interview, conducted by the French filmmaker Claude Lanzmann, in which International Red Cross representative Maurice Rossel appears to blame Theresienstadt's "prominent" Jewish residents for helping to foster the delusion of normality.

"State of Deception" adopts the view that, on the whole, the German populace was more indifferent to the fate of European Jews than rabidly interested in their destruction. It also stresses the limitations of Nazi propaganda, which could neither win the Nazis a majority in free elections nor prevent their eventual defeat.

In Germany today, advocating Nazi ideology is illegal. But in the U.S. and elsewhere, balancing free speech with the desire to silence partisans of hate crimes and genocide remains a vital and troubling concern. The exhibition ends, appropriately, with this dilemma clarified but not entirely resolved.

Ms. Klein is a cultural reporter and critic in Philadelphia and a contributing editor at Columbia Journalism Review.

time off

Amsterdam

art
"Greetings from..." exhibits medical picture postcards of illnesses and treatments collected between 1890 and 1930 by pharmacist Peter de Smet.
Tropenmuseum
Until Nov. 29
☎ 31-20-5688-200
www.tropenmuseum.nl

Barcelona

art
"Civil War Cut-Out Figures (1936-1939)" shows soldier figures made during the Spanish Civil War for children to restage battles.
Museu d'Història de Catalunya
Until Sept. 24
☎ 34-932-2547-00
www.en.mhcat.net

Bayreuth

opera
"Bayreuther Festspiele 2009" includes "Tristan and Isolde," "Götterdämmerung," "Die Meistersinger" and "Das Rheingold."
Bayreuther Festspiele
July 27-Aug. 28
☎ 49-9217-8780
www.bayreuther-festspiele.de

Berlin

archaeology
"Childhood at the River Nile" displays children's clothes, pictures and toys from ancient Egypt, from 800 B.C. until 300 B.C.
Bode Museum
July 10-June 6, 2010
☎ 49-30-2090-5577
www.smb.museum

art
"Pierre et Gilles—Retrospective" showcases about 80 large-format painted photographic artworks, celebrating 30 years of French artist duo Pierre et Gilles (born 1950 and 1953, respectively).
C/O Berlin
July 25-Oct. 4
☎ 49-30-2809-1925
www.co-berlin.info

Bern

art
"Peter Radelfinger—Everybody has Got a Blue Finger: Drawings and Animations" shows works by Swiss artist Peter Radelfinger (born 1953).
Kunstmuseum Bern
Until Sept. 27
☎ 41-3132-8094-4
www.kunstmuseumbern.ch

Bonn

photography
"Mara Eggert—Theatre of Images" displays a selection of 70 photographs by the German theater photographer Mara Eggert (born 1938).
Kunst-und Ausstellungshalle der Bundesrepublik Deutschland
Until Oct. 4
☎ 49-228-9171-0
www.kah-bonn.de

Budapest

ethnology
"How We See the Finns? Finland: A Hungarian Perspective" explores stereotypes ascribed to Finns by Hungarians through artifacts and images.
Museum of Ethnography
Until Nov. 28
☎ 36-1-4732-440
www.neprajz.hu



Above, a 1977 portrait of Iggy Pop by Pierre et Gilles, in Berlin; below, a costume designed by Natalia Goncharova in 1914 for the ballet 'Le Coq D'Or' (1914), in Stockholm.

Cologne

archaeology
"150th Anniversary of the Birth of Johannes Freiherr von Diergardt: Europe Ablaze" presents gold jewelry from the Migration Period between classical antiquity and the early Middle Ages.
Römisch-Germanisches Museum
Until Nov. 15
☎ 49-221-2443-8



www.museenkoeln.de

Düsseldorf

art
"Changes of Sites" presents art from the permanent collections of the Museum Kunst Palast, including works by Max Beckmann (1884-1950), Martin Klimas (born 1971) and Carl Friedrich Lessing (1808-80).
Museum Kunst Palast
Until Aug. 23
☎ 49-211-8990-200
www.museum-kunst-palast.de

Edinburgh

art
"The Discovery of Spain—British Artists and Collectors: Goya to Picasso" exhibits the works of British artists who were inspired by Spain.
National Gallery Complex
July 18-Oct. 11
☎ 44-1316-2462-00
www.nationalgalleries.org

Florence

photography
"Robert Mapplethorpe: Perfection in Form" presents images from the career of the American photographer

(1946-89), including nudes, portraits and still-lives.
Galleria dell Accademia
Until Sept. 27
☎ 39-055-2388-5
www.polomuseale.firenze.it

London

art
"Walking in my Mind: Adventure into the artist's imagination" displays interactive, large-scale installations by 10 artists, including "Dots Obsession," a new work by the Japanese conceptual artist Yayoi Kusama (born 1929).
Hayward Gallery
Until Sept. 6
☎ 44-8716-6325-00
www.haywardgallery.org.uk

art

"Gay Icons" shows over 60 photographic portraits, including works by Andy Warhol (1928-87), Lord Snowdon (born 1930) and Cecil Beaton (1904-80) presenting historical and modern gay icons.
National Portrait Gallery
Until Oct. 18
☎ 44-20-7306-0055
www.npg.org.uk

Madrid

art
"Darwin's work in Spain" examines the influence of Darwin's "Origin of Species" upon its release in Spain 28 years after its first publication in England through historical objects and illustrations.
Museo Nacional de Ciencias Naturales
Until Jan. 1
☎ 34-91-4111-328
www.mncn.csic.es

Paris

photography
"Parrworld" shows works from the collection of British photographer Martin Parr (born 1952).
Jeu de Paume—Concorde
Until Sept. 27
☎ 33-1-4703-1250
www.jeudepaume.org

Prague

art
"Czech Cubism—Architecture and Applied Art" explores the roots of the Cubist art movement through art by Pavel Janák (1881-1956), Josef Gocár (1880-1945) and others.
Museum of Decorative Arts
Postsparkasse building
Until Aug. 28
☎ 420-2510-9311-1
www.upm.cz

Stockholm

costumes
"Dansmuseet: Ballets Russes in Paris 1909-2009" shows costumes from the Ballets Russes created by well-known artists.
Dansmuseet
Until Jan. 31
☎ 46-8441-7650
www.dansmuseet.nu

Venice

art
"Mapping the Studio—Artists from the François Pinault Collection" includes works by Jeff Koons (born 1955), Sigmar Polke (born 1941), Cindy Sherman (born 1954), Cy Twombly (born 1928) and Takashi Murakami (born 1944).
Punta della Dogana & Palazzo Grassi
Until June 6
☎ 39-0445-2303-13
www.palazzograssi.it

Vienna

art
"Eros & Thanatos—Drives, Images, Interpretations" presents paintings, drawings, prints, enamels and sculptures categorized by Freud's "Theory of Drives," including work by Dürer (1471-1528), Rubens (1577-1640) and Klimt (1862-1918).
Sigmund Freud Museum/
Liechtenstein Museum
Until Oct. 13
☎ 43-1-3191-596
www.freud-museum.at

Zurich

ceramics
"Porcelain: White Gold" celebrates the 300 Year Jubilee of the Meissen Porcelain Factories in 2010, with new interpretations of old porcelain products.
Museum Bellerive
Until Oct. 25
☎ 41-43-4464-469
www.museum-bellerive.ch

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.