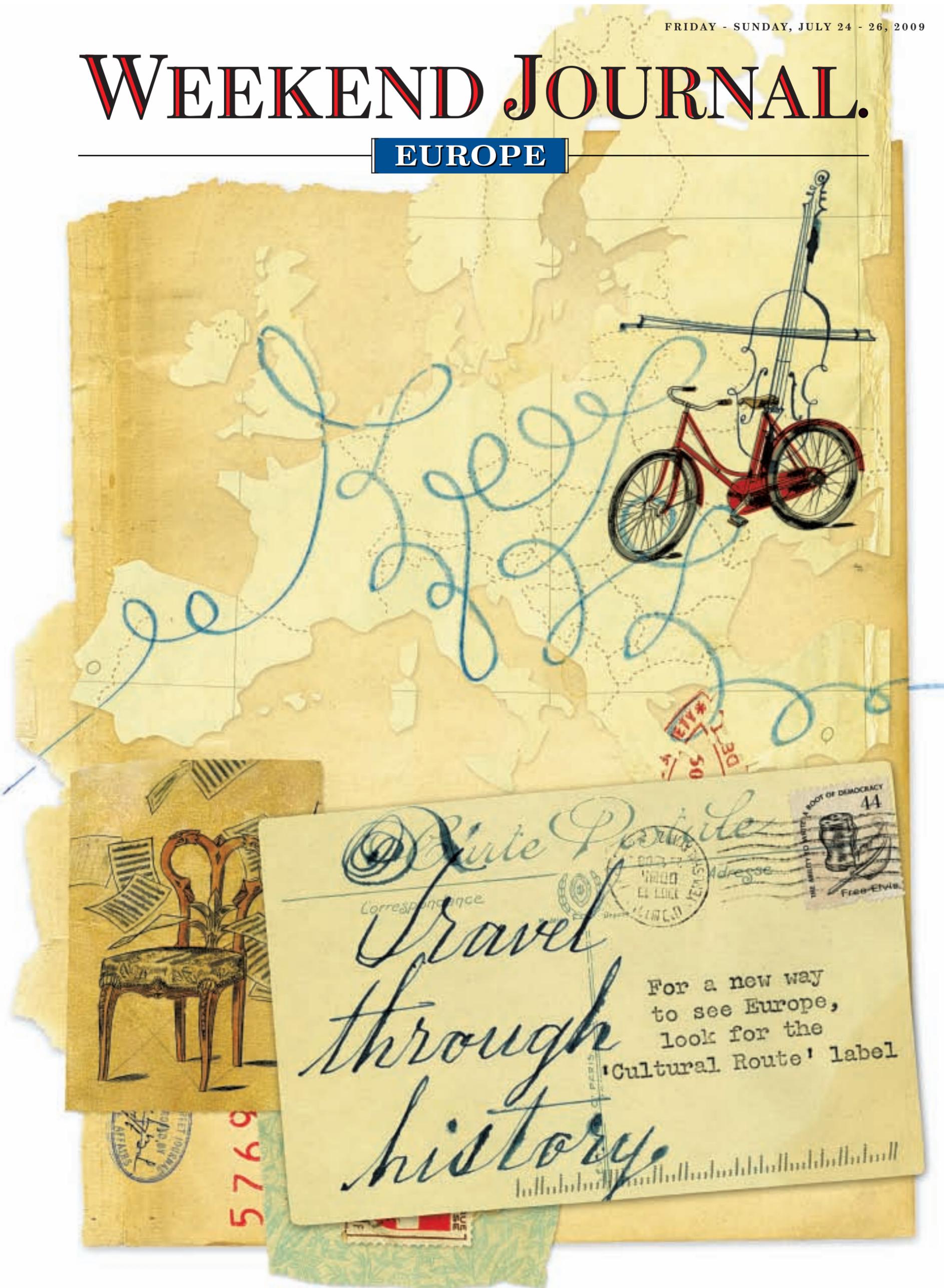


WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE



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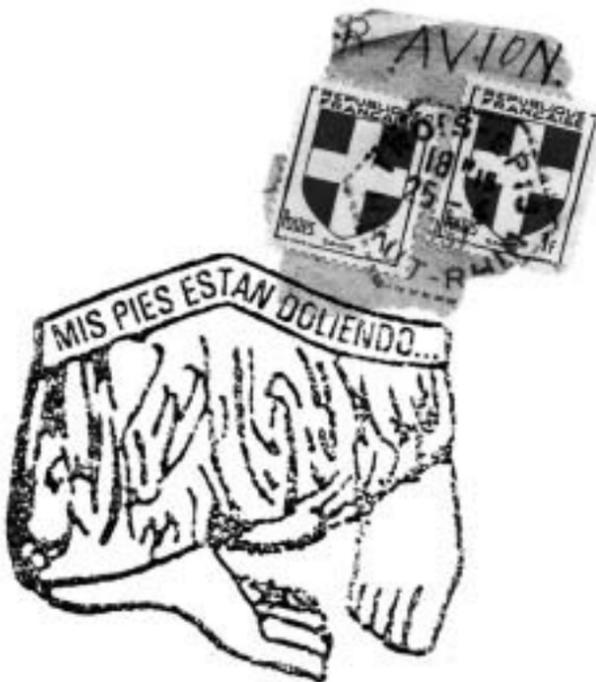
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EUROPE

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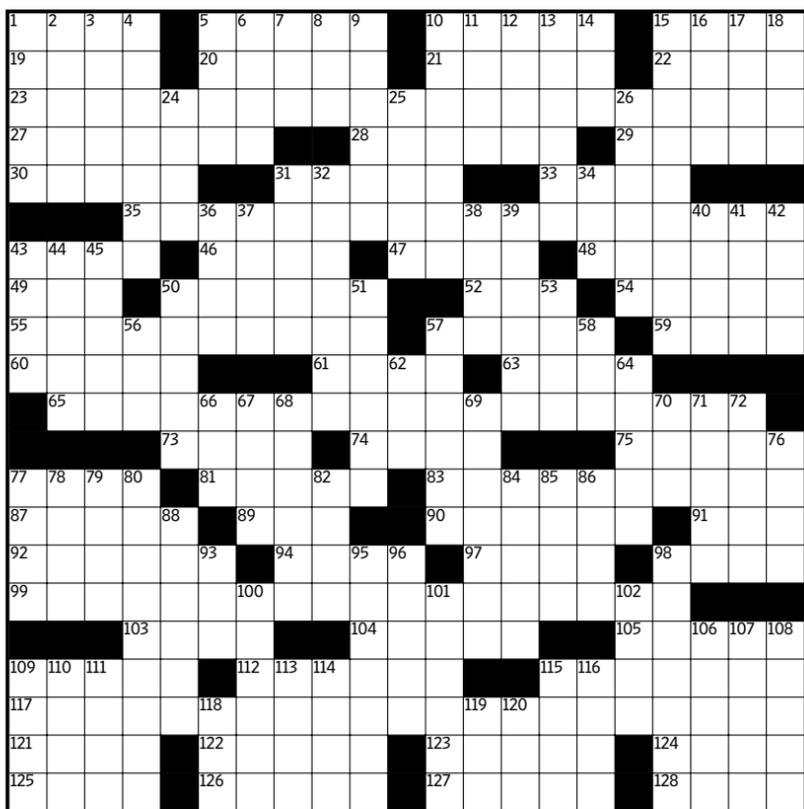
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Last Week's Solution



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How to sell a luxury watch in a recession

WHEN A MAN in a Cartier watch stepped into the IWC Schaffhausen boutique in Beverly Hills recently, salesman Hua Huynh sprang into action. He led the customer to a case of Aquatimers, the Swiss brand's line of self-winding dive watches. "What's the damage?" asked the customer, pointing at one model. "The value is \$5,800," replied Mr. Huynh. "Would you like to try it?"

Hovering nearby, Jean-Marie Brücker winced.

After the gentleman replied, "Nahh," and left, Mr. Brücker closed

On Style

CHRISTINA BINKLEY

in on the salesman. Instead of asking a yes-or-no question, he chided, "next time, you say, 'I invite you to try the watch. Please take a seat.'" He pantomimed swiftly laying the watch on a suede-lined tray, leaving the customer no easy out.

Mr. Brücker, a former Xerox salesman, is training IWC Schaffhausen's sales force to sell expensive watches in a recession. After years of double-digit sales growth, sales of Swiss watches have fallen off drastically. Watchmakers like IWC—a 140-year-old company whose watches are considered collectors' items and generally cost between \$3,000 and \$300,000—are having to re-learn the old-fashioned art of salesmanship.

The worst declines for Swiss watches have been in the U.S., with exports falling 49% in June from a year earlier, but watchmakers also face difficulties in Europe, where exports to Germany and France declined 24% and 17%, respectively, over the same period. The slowdown is visible at watch-collecting events. A lavishly catered party in Los Angeles for Breitling, another watch maker, recently drew fans who dined and sipped champagne, but the table displaying Breitling's latest models was the loneliest in the place. Breitling, too, is getting creative, experimenting with holding sales events to which wives aren't invited. "We're finding they buy more when their wives aren't there," says Marie Bodman, chief executive of Breitling USA.

Mr. Brücker has come far from his Xerox roots. As chief executive of Pôle Luxe, a Paris-based luxury-sales consulting group, he lists numerous high-end brands, including Cie. Financière Richemont, which owns IWC as well as Cartier and Van Cleef & Arpels, among his clients. His business is booming in the recession. He is opening new offices in New York, Hong Kong and Shanghai. He drives a Ferrari and has 61 luxury watches of his own, including four IWCs.

Observed his training of IWC associates for two days, watching as Mr. Brücker urged his students to say "value" rather than "price" and to sell "romance" rather than "products." Benoit de Clerck, president of IWC North America, and Frederic Martel, the company's marketing director, scribbled notes and peppered him with questions alongside their salespeople.

Mr. Brücker looked the part of a luxury customer, wearing Car Shoe moccasins and an IWC Big Pilot watch, which has shock absorbers to help it keep time under rough fly-



Above, Arnaud Gouel, an IWC Schaffhausen salesman trained by consultant Jean-Marie Brücker, shows off a watch; below left, IWC Portuguese Perpetual Calendar watches; below right, the boutique keeps its doors open to seem more inviting.

Michal Czerwonka for The Wall Street Journal

ing conditions. He used PowerPoint to impart what he calls the "macaron technique," referring to the sandwich-like French macaron pastry. This can be applied to most any product (including, presumably, a Xerox machine) and goes something like this: "Madam, this timepiece (or diamond or handbag) comes from our finest workshop

and it has a value of \$10,000. If you buy it, your children are sure to enjoy it for generations to come."

That pesky number is sandwiched between the product's more romantic benefits. "We sell luxury—it's an emotion," Mr. Brücker instructed.

Flattery sells, so to further those positive emotions, he insists that

sales associates compliment the customer's own watch, even if it's from a competitor.

But don't expect to bargain with his clients. He coaches them to offer a gift if a discount is requested. "The minute you leave the boutique, you forget" the discount, he said. A closet in IWC's boutique is filled with coffee mugs, umbrellas, watch-

winding devices and the like.

His methods dictate that salespeople lay the client's well-worn watch on a tray between two shiny new ones, creating a contrast that subtly suggests it's time to upgrade.

Because guilt over spending is playing a big role in the sales downturn, he teaches salespeople to suggest a "sorry gift"—of another timepiece—for a wife who might be disappointed that her husband just dropped a sizable sum on his own wrist.

On the second day of training, shop manager Arnaud Gouel moved in to welcome a couple. He amiably toured them through the boutique and offered them a coffee from the store's Nespresso machine. Then he donned black gloves and placed the gentleman's watch on a tray between two IWC timepieces. He strapped a rugged but elegant Big Pilot on the man's wrist.

Mr. Brücker, hovering nearby, sent Mr. Huynh over to offer the wife a watch. "It's not to sell her a watch. It's to occupy her," he whispered. "She's bored and she will say, 'OK, let's go.'"

These happen to be key tenets of casino marketing, which revolves around flattering men, distracting their wives, and keeping them around as long as possible; the longer they stay, the more likely they are to spend money. But Mr. Brücker was never disdainful of customers—in fact, he championed the need for better, more thoughtful service that makes the customer sense caring and quality—the stuff of luxury.

"You're selling pure emotion," he said. "That's why I love this job."



What a designer wears to the beach

BY CHERYL LU-LIEN TAN

A MIR SLAMA IS KNOWN for the flashy, fashion-forward bikinis and swim trunks that he created for the high-end Rosa Cha swimwear label, which he founded.

But when the Brazil-based designer picks swimsuits for his own beach outings—for instance, to Punta del Este in Uruguay or Brazil's Florianopolis—comfort is the "most important" thing. Mr. Slama, who recently stepped down as creative director for the label, likes to swim in a pair of fitted trunks with a "boy short" cut: These are form-fitting, like a brief, but longer, usually ending high on the thigh. He likes the

way this style is streamlined for swimming, but he seeks out light fabrics that don't feel constricting.

When he's out of the water and lounging around the beach or pool, he often adds another layer over the fitted trunks: a pair of swimming shorts. These days, sleek, somewhat narrow shorts are replacing the super-long, baggy look. He generally picks shorts that end around mid-thigh and are a little tapered toward the hem—a cut he feels is more comfortable and flattering, showing off the body instead of shrouding it.

"Short shorts that are a little tighter near the knees make

your body look longer and elegant," he says. "Big and long shorts make you look like a potato bag."

As for colors, he says black and navy blue are always in style, but other colors that are popping up in men's swimwear this season are earthy shades of green and light brown.

To keep his swimwear looking sharp, he hand-washes it right after he returns from the pool or beach and lays it out in the shade in order to limit fading. "I never wash in the washer and never even think about putting them in the dryer," he says.

When it comes to working his swimwear into a casual ensemble,

Mr. Slama says he loves dress shirts and often wears them with his swim shorts, even on the beach.

He keeps accessories to a bare minimum, doffing even his watch when he's at the beach and wearing only "a thin, simple necklace at the most."

Mr. Slama always wears flip-flops, favoring Havaianas for their comfort, and he often packs a pair of premium-denim jeans in his beach bag in case he ends up going to cocktails or dinner from the beach.

At the end of the day, to add some dressiness to his look, he'll pull on the jeans over his swimming trunks and throw on his dress shirt and flip-flops.

In 'Funny People,' Apatow gets serious

BY LAUREN A. E. SCHUKER

JUDD APATOW'S NEW movie, "Funny People," is a two-hour-and-20-minute film about a comedian with a deadly illness. It was shot by the cinematographer who did "Schindler's List." And it begins with a personal home video made by Mr. Apatow some 20 years ago.

"Funny People," which hits U.S. theaters at the end of July and opens in Europe in August, is a risky departure from the comedic formula that Mr. Apatow first employed in 2005 with "The 40-Year-Old Virgin" and refined with 2007's summer hit "Knocked Up." Those movies used raunchy language and sexually charged comedy to explore male insecurities. They featured little-known actors and cost less than \$30 million to make, but both grossed over \$100 million domestically. Many in Hollywood have tried to follow the Apatow hit-making recipe, in films such as this summer's "The Hangover" and 2007's "Superbad," which Mr. Apatow produced.

Now the 41-year-old director is moving on to more serious subjects with higher-profile actors. "Funny People," distributed by Universal Pictures, focuses on the challenges of aging and death. It cost around \$70 million, more than twice the price of the other movies Mr. Apatow has directed. Janusz Kaminski, the cinematographer who has made many of Steven Spielberg's films like "Schindler's List" and "Saving Private Ryan," shot the comedy. "Funny People" also stars one of Hollywood's most bankable comic actors: Adam Sandler.

The new movie tells the story of a comedy star (played by Mr. Sandler) who learns that he may be dying and hires a younger, struggling comedian (played by Seth Rogen) to write jokes for him. The film co-stars Jonah Hill, Jason Schwartzman and Eric Bana.

"I don't see 'Funny People' as going in a different direction, but rather as going further in the same direction," says Mr. Apatow. "The first movie I directed was about sex



and love, the second one was about marriage and babies, and the third is about illness and love and mortality. I'm basically out of topics."

The film will need to gross at least as much as Mr. Apatow's previous films if financial backers Universal and Sony Pictures Entertainment want to recoup the \$70 million it cost to produce the movie and the additional \$30 million to \$40 million it generally costs to market a big summer comedy.

"We couldn't be more nervous right now," says Barry Mendel, who produced "Funny People," and previously worked on the critically-ac-

claimed comedies "Rushmore" and "The Royal Tenenbaums."

Advance research on the film shows that while advertising for "Funny People" appeals to Mr. Apatow's biggest audience—young men—it is having trouble attracting a strong response from older crowds and some young women.

Marketing executives from rival studios say they are concerned that some of the film's themes—such as illness—won't resonate with the younger audiences who compose the core audiences for raunchy summer comedies.

Adam Fogelson, who heads mar-

keting for Universal, says that his research suggests that the challenging subject matter is not a problem for the young men that go to Apatow movies. He points out that a trailer for the film reveals to audiences that Mr. Sandler's character is cured of his life-threatening ailment. "One could imagine a scenario where young people weren't jumping on the concept, but with these stars and this filmmaker, young men are not seeing a somber death drama in the movie we are presenting," he says.

In addition to its serious themes, the film also focuses on the comedy

industry, with several scenes in comedy clubs featuring Messrs. Rogen, Sandler, Hill and Aziz Ansari all performing stand-up acts. Striving for authenticity, Mr. Apatow spent many months writing and rehearsing those acts, forcing his cast to perform stand-up in real-life settings before actually shooting the scenes.

"Most people have seen stand-up, but they never see it from the perspective of the people who are doing the stand-up," says Mr. Ansari, who plays Randy, an ambitious comic who performs at the club where Mr. Rogen's character, Ira Wright, works as a struggling comedian, and where Mr. Sandler's character, George Simmons, returns to the stage. "People think that comedians just go on stage and make stuff up, but the film really tries to explore the process we go through of finding and writing jokes and then trying to create an act from them."

Mr. Hill, who co-starred in the Apatow-produced comedy "Superbad," says playing a part so close to his own experience and in a more serious context made "Funny People" a markedly different acting experience than he had previous Apatow films.

"My instinct is always to try and be funny, but I had to learn in this movie to not always go for the joke if it wasn't appropriate, to just go with the serious moment," says Mr. Hill, who plays an aspiring comic in "Funny People." "Judd made a great effort to make the scenes as authentic as possible—especially since we all recognize them from our own situations."

But rival filmmakers and studio heads will have a tough time boiling "Funny People" down to a simple formula. That's in part because so much of the film's material comes straight from Mr. Apatow's own life. The bond between the characters played by Mr. Sandler and Mr. Rogen seems at least loosely modeled on Mr. Apatow's own real-life friendship with Mr. Sandler.

The movie opens with roughly 20-year-old home-video footage of two roommates making prank telephone calls. Those roomies turn out to be Messrs. Apatow and Sandler, who shared a small Hollywood apartment decades ago when they were aspiring comedians. Mr. Apatow says that he and Mr. Sandler started recording their telephone pranks on their answering machine. Then Mr. Apatow started videotaping the gags.

"I always wanted to do a personal, intimate movie with Adam," says Mr. Apatow, whose initial version of the film was three hours and 15 minutes. "It's just taken me forever to become successful enough to get the support to do something this ambitious."

Romance fails to sizzle in 'Summer'

'YOU SHOULD KNOW right up front this is not a love story,' a narrator says in the preface of "(500) Days of Summer." What is it, then? Marc Webb's bright bauble of a boy-meets-girl comedy is a rueful tribute to the wisdom of



Joseph Gordon-Levitt has his heart broken by Zoey Deschanel.

Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

hindsight (if you want to be philosophical); an elaborate exercise in deconstruction (if you want to be trendy), a postmodern mishmash (if you want to be uncharitable), a cautionary tale about the perils of projection (if you want to be psychological) or, if you want to be as clinical as the film finally decides to be, an exhaustive and exhausting dissection of a relationship that was never all that promising in the first place.

The boy and girl are Tom (Mr. Gordon-Levitt), a graduate architect working way below his grade

as a greeting-card writer, and his boss's new secretary, Summer (Ms. Deschanel). He's ardent and immature while she's a withholding loner, though she can be briefly giving when she lowers her guard long enough to appreciate him. The story is told from Tom's point of view—he's the one who's coming of age—and the film jumps back and forth through the days of the title,

which are numbered in keeping with the length of the love affair. Instead of describing a dramatic arc, the structure amounts to a fever chart.

Since dissecting relationships has become a ritual indoor sport—not just after the fact, but during the living-and-loving phase—there's no question that the film will find an appreciative audience. The script, which was written by Scott Neustadter and Michael H. Weber, covers a lot of ground with steady-state verve and intermittent wit. (Kidding pointedly on the square, Tom and Summer compare themselves to Sid and Nancy, though with a crucial difference.) And it's hard, though not impossible, to avoid being charmed by the co-stars: Ms. Deschanel does droll and adorable without lapsing into cute, Mr. Gordon-Levitt makes you wish, with his troubled innocence, that Tom could gain clarity without suffering any pain. (Tom's kid sister, Rachel, is played by Chloe

Moretz, who manages to be dazzling in a tiny role.)

For all its ambitiousness, though, "(500) Days of Summer" feels synthetic and derivative, a movie that's popping with perceptions while searching for a style. (The search results include split screens, straight-to-the-camera interviews in black and white and a brief dance number, part "Enchanted" and part "Slumdog Millionaire," that's actually endearing in its unchained exuberance.) A feature debut for the director, Mr. Webb, the film is an odd combination of self-referential, in the spirit of its lovers, and insistently referential in its wink-and-nod homages to such classics as "The Graduate" and "The Seventh Seal." And for all of Ms. Deschanel's heroic efforts, Summer is an off-putting heroine. She does only what she wants, like Catherine in "Jules and Jim" or Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew." But she does it with a detachment that's ultimately catching. It's hard to connect with selfishness.

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Opening this week in Europe

- Adventureland Germany
- Crossing Over U.K.
- Drag Me to Hell Bulgaria, Spain
- Ghosts of Girlfriends Past Czech Republic
- Public Enemies Netherlands
- The Proposal Germany, Iceland
- The Uninvited Portugal
- Up France, Spain

Source: IMDb
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Broadway's new British invasion

BY ELLEN GAMERMAN

THIS YEAR'S TONY Award winners for best play, best musical and best play revival on Broadway have one thing in common: They all came from London. Now British theater is readying a new attempt to conquer Broadway—with an arsenal that includes Jude Law, Stephen Sondheim and a crew of animal puppets.

A production of "Hamlet" starring Mr. Law, a hit in London's West End this summer, opens at the Broadhurst Theater in New York in October. Mr. Sondheim's "A Little Night Music," directed by Trevor Nunn, will likely open on Broadway this fall, says David Babani, artistic director of London's Menier Chocolate Factory, which originated the production. The theater's revival of "La Cage aux Folles" is also expected to hit Broadway in the spring.

Other likely imports include "The Pitmen Painters," a work from Lee Hall, who wrote the book and lyrics for "Billy Elliot: The Musical." In the show—which, like "Billy," centers on British miners—working men discover their hidden genius for art. American producer Bob Boyett says he expects to bring the play to New York for a 20-week engagement starting in April, assuming he secures union permission to transfer the entire British cast. He's already planning for the 2011 U.S. debut of "War Horse," a World War I coming-of-age story featuring startlingly lifelike animal puppets. And producers Sonia Friedman and Jean Doumanian are working to bring "The Mountaintop" from London to Broadway this coming season; it's a fictional account of the last night of Martin Luther King Jr.'s life by American Katori Hall.

The Brits are still enjoying a victory lap after last season. London imports nabbed several major Tony Awards—best play for "God of Carnage," best musical for "Billy Elliot" and best play revival for "The Norman Conquests"—a feat widely attributed to strong scripts, powerful performances and smart casting. "Billy" and "Carnage" were big moneymakers as well, so far grossing more than \$46.3 million and \$14.8 million respectively.

Conditions are ripe for British shows in New York. Producers say it's often easier to persuade investors to sink money into a successful British play than a relatively untested American work. What's more, a change in U.K. immigration law last year set off moves to ease restrictions on overseas transfers of casts. At the same time, some ambitious British directors are pushing harder to reach a global audience.

British theaters can be more artistically nimble than their American counterparts, some industry executives say, taking more risks and churning out a greater volume of work because the theaters often receive government subsidies and their production costs are much lower than in New York. (It can cost five times more to put on a show on Broadway than in the West End.)

Harvey Weinstein, a co-founder of Weinstein Co., has backed British and American shows on Broadway since 2000 and has a London staff scouting new plays. Work



coming from London now is better than it was even a few years ago, he says. Small and large theaters "are turning out consistently excellent fare," Mr. Weinstein, a producer of "God of Carnage," wrote in an email. "Not to mention the fact that some of the best producers in theater today are U.K.-based."

British theater often features subject matter relevant to Americans. "The Power of Yes," about the financial crisis, opens at the National Theatre in October; British playwright David Hare got the commission to crank the play out only in April. The Donmar is working on a new play, "Red," about the American artist Mark Rothko. "Too Close to the Sun," a musical about the last days of Ernest Hemingway, started previews last week at London's Comedy Theatre.

A handful of British theaters are turning themselves into powerhouses for international hits. At the Donmar, artistic director Michael Grandage is building a brand around his contemporary take on classic European work. His Broadway-bound "Hamlet" with Jude Law is a stylized vision of the Shakespeare play, with actors cloaked in black on a hulking set that's at turns covered in snow, smoke or, in the case of the drama's play-within-in-a-play, a blinding white light.

The success of the Donmar Warehouse is due partly to the "first look" deal forged about five years ago with Broadway producer Arielle Tepper Madover. She invests in the theater and in return gets first crack at transferring its work. Ms. Madover helped the theater build relationships with the Shubert Organization; its theaters have housed recent Donmar plays.

Mr. Grandage, on the job for more than six years, is looking well beyond the borders of his cozy theater, the West End and Britain in general. Since the spring, the Donmar has had work playing on four continents: "It's a lovely thing to say we aren't just



playing to 250 people, but actually thousands world-wide," says Mr. Grandage, the 47-year-old director of "Hamlet."

British shows will face competition on Broadway this season from big American brand names, including the musical "Spider-Man Turn Off the Dark," a musical version of "The Addams Family," a new work by David Mamet and two Neil Simon revivals. Also up: "A Steady Rain," a play from Chicago that will star Daniel Craig and Hugh Jackman.

Of course, there's some exporting in the other direction. America's "Wicked" and "Jersey Boys" have enjoyed long runs in London, "August: Osage County" sold out



In some ways, British and American theater audiences couldn't be more different. Americans like shorter plays, some U.S. producers say. Many Britons sit for hours in theaters without air conditioning. Britain's Amanda Root, who played her "Norman Conquests" role both in London and New York, said of her first experience with a Broadway audience this spring: "They are so enthusiastic." She added, "I don't feel that reserve of going, 'OK, you think it's a comedy. Let's see if it's funny.'"

Mr. Boyett's challenge with "War Horse" is to familiarize Americans with a children's story by Michael Morpurgo that's far better known in Britain. That hasn't stopped Mr. Boyett from staking an early claim to "War Horse," a play acclaimed for its unusual puppetry that has routinely sold out since its 2007 opening in London. He hopes to use the next two years to build interest in the U.S.

The Chocolate Factory, a 160-seat theater in a trendy southeast London neighborhood, often focuses on venerable American musicals. Mr. Babani, the artistic director, is building a reputation for pared-down revivals that favor soulful storytelling over extravagant songs and dances.

On a recent afternoon, as he shook off jet lag from a casting session for "A Little Night Music" in New York, the producer sounded fluent in American show-biz-speak, dropping references to a Woody Allen movie and New York's suburban "bridge-and-tunnel crowd." (His one slip: citing "aubergine parmesan" as New York deli fare.)

Last year, the theater sent its first show to Broadway, "Sunday in the Park with George," making the first major Broadway revival of the Sondheim musical a British production featuring two British leads. "It's a very sort of ballsy thing to do," he said.

British critics praised the Chocolate Factory "La Cage," which focuses more on the tenderness of the love story than the over-the-top, drag-queen pageantry. Compared with the 2004 Broadway revival, the cast and set have been downsized. The planned Broadway production should cost about \$5 million, Mr. Babani says, while current Broadway musicals can cost upward of \$10 million.

Mr. Babani sees greater risk of failure in New York, but also the potential for greater rewards. Paraphrasing playwright Robert Anderson, he says: "You can't make a living working on Broadway, but you can make a killing."



London theatrical productions looking westward include (clockwise from left) "Hamlet," "War Horse," "A Little Night Music" and "La Cage Aux Folles."

there last year and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" will open this fall.

Theater isn't a predictable industry even when the economy is strong, and there are no guarantees that a show will make it to New York until the curtain goes up. Some U.K. producers, such as Ms. Friedman, said they wouldn't be shocked by an anti-British backlash in New York unless more American work starts coming to London. "Arguably, if you are an American producer or an American audience-goer, you're going to want to see a bit more American work," she said recently in her London office.

Shows that do well in New York can bomb in London, and vice versa. "I Am My Own Wife," a play revolving around a German transvestite, ran on Broadway nearly a year, won the 2004 Pulitzer Prize and best play Tony, then lasted a month in London; "Coram Boy," about two orphans in 18th-century England, sold well at the National Theatre but closed within a month of its New York opening in 2007.



Travel through Europe

For a new way to see Europe, look for the 'Cultural Route' label

By Brigid Grauman • Special to The Wall Street Journal

FOR 14 YEARS of his 36, Mozart traveled the length and breadth of Europe, performing for kings and queens, popes and cardinals, meeting poets and other great musicians, frittering away his money, not finding work, making enemies and writing wonderful music.

Now, some 230 years later, you can follow in his footsteps: Salzburg province has drawn up itineraries of his 18 journeys to 200 towns in 10 countries. The Web site www.mozartways.com has a calendar of concerts and a guided tour of sites that offers visitors a tailor-made Mozart musical break.

The Mozart Route is one of several similar itineraries that have been awarded the Council of Europe's "Major Cultural Route" label, which rewards initiatives that promote Europe's cultural heritage. There's no money in it and it's difficult to obtain, but cities, municipalities and regions are seeking out the distinction because it's a trademark that both stimulates tourism and opens doors to extra funding from regional and national governments and private sources.

The idea is to look at Europe's map with a fresh eye by focusing on themes. The current list of 24 networks includes such varied ones as olive trees, Vikings, Vauban, the legacy of Arab-dominated Spain, rural habitats and the Romanesque. A cultural route based on French romantic novelist Alexandre Dumas's voyages in Armenia, Azerbaijan and Russia is in the works, as is a route of wine landscapes. This is tourism that is thoughtful, interactive and even a little idealistic.

The Strasbourg-based Council of Europe sets the standards and does the vetting, but doesn't actually plot the courses, except in the recent instance of a Roma route. The hands-on work is done by the Cultural Routes Institute in Luxembourg, which gives applicants practical advice that includes how to get subsidies. All these routes are

cross-border associations of local groups and actors, regions and universities.

"We've just met some Germans who want to set up a megaliths route," says the Luxembourg's institute's Michel Thomas-Penette, who sees plenty to commend the idea. "These painted grottoes and rock formations dating back 4,000-5,000 years constitute a shared West European civilization." The institute will help them contact Stonehenge in Britain and similar sites in France, and will give them pointers about how to obtain the label.

The first route recognized by the Council of Europe is the well-trodden Santiago de Compostela pilgrimage route through France to Spain's northwest coast. Naturally, many still undertake the walk for religious reasons, but most of today's pilgrims travel only a short stretch of the journey, hiking through picturesque villages and undamaged countryside, sleeping in gîtes and generally having an invigorating time.

Like the Franciscan (from London to Brindisi in Italy) and the Via Regia (Spain to Poland) routes, the Santiago itinerary has a purpose, an ultimate destination; the other routes are best approached in a piecemeal fashion, by biking or hiking through a particular region. Some have specific trails, others involve site-hopping. All the routes have Internet sites, but much of the detail, including maps, has to be obtained on the spot. (Information on the routes can be found at www.culture-routes.lu and www.coe.int.)

In France, a well-organized network of Cluniac sites recalls the early medieval monastic order founded in Cluny in Burgundy that set out to reform the church. Its heyday was between 950 and 1130, with dependent monasteries spreading across France, Germany, Spain and Italy.

The order owned vast tracts of land and administered the villages that developed around them. Some Cluniac buildings and churches are well preserved, but the French Revolution exacted a brutal toll on many others. The

network—which now has some 90 member towns and sites—was started in 1994 on the millennium of the death of the inspirational Abbot Mayeul, who converted countless monasteries to the Cluniac way of life.

"There is no particular itinerary," Christian Voros, who runs the Federation of Cluniac Sites, says of the route network. "You choose a region and make up your own journey." Visitors to Cluny are sometimes disappointed, he says, to see how little remains of the abbey's church—once the largest in Christendom. But he says the interest of the Cluniac route resides elsewhere, in the medieval market towns and the landscapes shaped by these once powerful landlords.

Another popular tourist trail is that of the Phoenicians. It follows the indefatigable first-millennium B.C. traders and colonizers from their starting point in Lebanon to Greece, Israel and the North African coast, linking settlements and trading posts in 15 countries across three continents. The Phoenicians' highly developed civilization remains mysterious to this day, its physical traces few—sometimes little more than a lone column standing on a hill. But director Antonio Barone says the route is about more than sightseeing. The establishment of the Phoenician route was an occasion for local communities to transform their cultural heritage into touristic tools, including the revival of ancient handicrafts.

"We have a network of innovative tour operators," explains Mr. Barone, who works within an association of small towns and territories around the Mediterranean. "Instead of visiting archaeological sites by bus, we go 'archaeo-sailing,' approaching sites by sea on small sailboats, taking in the whole landscape. It's a very sensory kind of tourism. We experience the sea breeze, eat certain types of food, talk to people. Many north European tourists tell us it's the first time they've really understood the Mediterranean."

Because so many of its medieval buildings are still standing,

the Hansa route—which links cities around the Baltic and the North Sea—offers a more tangible European experience. According to Inger Harlevi, vice president of the network, the medieval Hansa League was "a forerunner of the European Union" whose values were ones of international cooperation and mutual prosperity. Once immensely powerful, the league ceased activities in 1668, but was nominally revived in the 20th century with the same members as in the Middle Ages.

Hamburg is on the route, its town hall a reminder of those days, and Gdansk's old town is laid out according to the grid that was a Hansa hallmark. But the Hanseatic flavor lingers most powerfully in the cobbled streets and stone houses of the region's smaller and poorer towns, where time seems to have stood still, says Ms. Harlevi. The best way to explore this route is to visit a region like Westphalia and rent bikes. The network connects 60 cities, including the particularly well preserved small town of Wesel. "Visitors are amazed by the charm of these medieval cities," she says.

The Jewish Cultural Route started off in the form of Jewish cultural days when countries opened up sites of interest. Although the route does not yet constitute a coherent whole, it is made up of well-organized segments with a good holiday focus. Highlights include a splendid synagogue trail in Italy's Piedmont region, Strasbourg's bicycle tour of synagogues, museums, ritual baths and cemeteries, and important sights in Krakow and Amsterdam.

In the more contentious and unusual case of the Roma route, the Council of Europe hopes "to open up this very closed culture, surrounded by so much prejudice," says Irena Guidikova, who works on cultural policy for the institution. She says it's the Council's job

to encourage the recognition of minority cultures, and that so far the Roma have been the object of many academic studies but no grassroots initiatives.

Robert Palmer, the Council's director of culture, says that unlike other more obviously historical routes, the Roma route hopes to encourage Roma communities to work with one another. "It's about looking at something quite intangible and making it more tangible," he says. "It's about legitimizing the Roma."

Jake Bowers, a Roma journalist from the U.K., is involved in this attempt to reaffirm his culture through tourism. "The Roma are a stateless nation of 8 million people within the EU, and are deeply misunderstood," he says. "How many people know that Mother Teresa and Yul Brynner were Roma? We want to integrate but not assimilate."

The British participants are busy mapping Romany history and culture, and will soon launch an online portal that will use Google mapping to show the sites of horse fairs and caravans. In Germany, Spain, Romania and Slovenia, organizers are planning to open up communities to visitors, with introductions to cooking, dancing, music, the telling of legends. The route should be up and going within a year.



History.

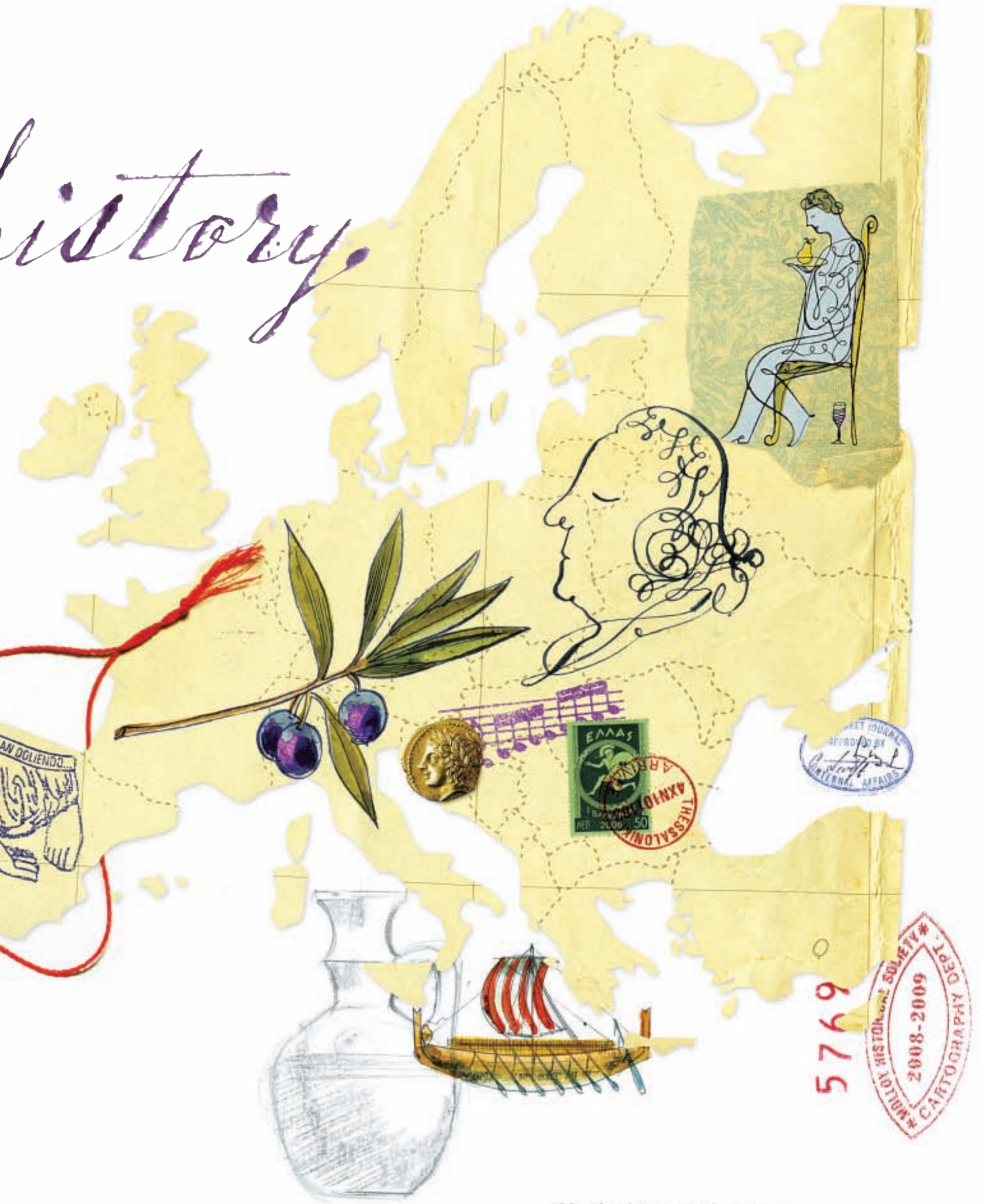


Illustration: Jack Molloy

At 68, Pelé awaits his payday

Brazilian football superstar attained fame, but fortune eludes him

BY MATTHEW FUTTERMAN

PELÉ, PERHAPS the greatest player ever in the world's most popular sport, is still trying to scratch out a living at the age of 68.

He's just signed a merchandising deal with Nomis, a little-known Swiss cleat manufacturer, in a move that could become a runaway success—or yet another example in a lengthy list of business deals whose history is as spotty as his goals were sublime.

On the football pitch, Pelé's legacy is virtually unrivaled in the modern history of international sports. A member of three World Cup champions, he scored nearly 1,300 goals in a career that spanned three decades and two continents. But during the 32 years since his retirement, Pelé, once one of the most recognizable athletes in the world, has failed to leverage his fame into the vast fortune that other sports superstars like Michael Jordan enjoy today.

In some ways Pelé himself is accountable for not capitalizing on his superstar status. Despite several overtures, he has never served as coach or a top team executive, or as a major television commentator.

But Pelé's circumstances can also be blamed on the year of his birth, since his career ended just before the emergence of the modern sports-marketing behemoths that, over time, have spawned a race between basketball's LeBron James and golf's Tiger Woods to become the first billionaire athlete. David Beckham, currently the world's top-earning soccer player, collected about \$45 million last year in salary and endorsements. Pelé's big payday, by contrast, came in 1975, when the New York Cosmos signed him for \$4.5 million—the top salary for a professional-team athlete in the U.S. at the time but about a third as much as baseball's Kansas City Royals pay mediocre outfielder José Guillén.

Pelé's attempts to score in the business world have at times fallen short. He owned a construction company that went bust and a sports-marketing firm that collapsed amid a financial scandal. His product endorsements included a successful relationship with MasterCard but also a line of retro sportswear from Puma in 2005 that failed to take off. And when he became a pitchman for erectile-dysfunction drug Viagra, Pelé stated he did not personally need the drug but would use it if he did.

The football great says he's not bitter about his timing or his business choices, even if it has left him still hustling at an age when current superstars may have little else to do but count their money.

"Their careers are short, so they need to make a lot of money," he said, lamenting that the promise of money motivates the world's top players today rather than the love of the game that drove him. "A kid who plays for money moves all around and is not concerned with his sport or the team."

Now comes the Nomis deal—the latest effort by Pelé to transform himself into a branded empire rather than simply to associate him with established companies and products. There are a half-dozen Pelé-brand coffee shops in Brazil, a potential bio-pic, and plans for a video game and an animation feature in India. All of this raises the question of whether a near-septuagenarian still has enough marketing juice to compete with superstars one-third his age in a youth-dominated industry. In short: Will a 9-year-old in Spain want to buy Pelé's cleats or Lionel Messi's?

Pelé has no doubt he can still hold his own. "My career gives my brand positive values and attributes and a message that goes from generation to generation," Pelé said through a translator. "It's not like athletes now that are at the top of the game and then start playing badly. In my career, I have done it all. My message is clear from generation to generation. Pelé is a guarantee."

If the cleats and the other potential licensing ventures become a hit, Pelé could finally



have the chance to carve out the sort of fortune he never has attained. Born Edison Arantes do Nascimento, Pelé first became a world-wide star in 1958 as a 17-year-old sensation for Brazil in the World Cup, where he danced through defenders to score six goals, including a semifinal hat trick. In retirement, though, Pelé has worked largely as world-wide ambassador for football.

Three years ago, Paulo Ferreira, chief executive of Rio de Janeiro-based Prime Licensing, the company originally charged with creating the Pelé brand, predicted Pelé would quickly become a \$100-million a year business. That hasn't happened.

Mr. Ferreira contends Pelé's new partnership with IMG Worldwide will finally help him reach his full marketing potential. "Pelé is very strong for consumer goods, entertainment and also real-estate venues," Mr. Ferreira said.

Simon Skirrow, Nomis's founder, said that with Pelé, the company saw a chance to build its product around someone they believe represents the performance-first qualities they embrace. (Sources say Pelé will receive a royalty on sales rather than a flat licensing fee.) Mr. Skirrow added that he never thought Pelé would be available to work closely with them to design and market a cleat. But, as he noted, "He doesn't have a huge amount of projects on his plate right now."

IMG is trying to change that. Bruno Magliano, an executive vice president for IMG, said Pelé's potential for marketing remains high despite his age.

But image isn't everything. "He is a living legend, but that only gets you in the door with consumers," said Ryan Schinman of New York-based Platinum Rye Entertainment, which advises companies on celebrity marketing. "You have to back it up with a superior product."

Arbitrage

The price of one pair of Calvin Klein hip briefs for men



City	Local currency	€
Hong Kong	HK\$130	€12
New York	\$20	€14
London	£15	€17
Tokyo	¥2,443	€18
Frankfurt	€22	€22
Brussels	€23	€23
Paris	€23	€23
Rome	€24	€24

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

London auctions feature classic golf memorabilia

BONHAMS TEES OFF a golf memorabilia sale in Chester tomorrow with a wealth of clubs, balls, medals, programs, ceramics, autographs and books.

The auction house has traditionally held two golfing sales in the U.K. annually, but this year the number has been increased to three. "We have client demand," says Bonhams golfing specialist Kevin McGimpsey.

London sporting memorabilia auctioneer Graham Budd—who holds sales in association with Sotheby's—says, "It is getting

Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

more difficult to source major items; but, when good things are offered, they face concentrated bidding and sell well."

An example from his last auction on May 12 was a sand iron once used by the great American golfer Bobby Jones



Silver King Man figure (circa 1920s); estimate: £4,000-£6,000.

(1902-71). The club soared above its estimate of £800-£1,200 to sell for £5,640.

Golf memorabilia sales have a wide price range—a few pounds to ten-thousands of pounds. A surprise at Budd in May came when a badly damaged Doulton Lambeth mug from the early 1900s decorated with golfers went for £646 (estimate: £120-£150). "We warned about the damage but it would seem if something is rare enough, it can

sell in any state," notes Mr. Budd.

Golf balls will be a strong feature at Bonhams sale. A feather ball from around the 1850s in near perfect condition and shape is estimated at £1,800-£2,500. "Featheries"—balls made from stitched leather stuffed with feathers—were replaced by a smoother play with gutta-percha balls.

In the sale is a gutta-percha ball made by famed Scottish golfer Willie Park Jr. around 1896. This very rare golf ball is estimated at £5,000-£8,000.

Bonhams will also be selling the smiling figurine of a man with the head of a golf ball and holding a club which was used to advertise the U.K.'s Silver King golf balls in the late 1920s (estimate: £4,000-£6,000). Less than 10 of these figurines are thought to have survived.

There will be clubs of all shapes. One of Mr. McGimpsey's favorites is an iron from circa 1900 with an unusual kidney shape (estimate: £1,800-£2,500). Says Mr. McGimpsey, "It looks like a dental tool. I don't know how anyone played golf with it." A more aesthetically pleasing club is a delicately shaped long nose driver from around the 1840s (estimate: £2,500-£4,000).

Memorabilia from the Ryder Cup is central to golf sales. A moving lot is a Ryder Cup program from 1985 signed by both teams (estimate: £600-£900). Scottish player Sam Torrance, who had just holed the winning putt, smudged the text with tears of joy as he signed it for a security guard who managed to get all players to sign as they completed their matches.

The menu of a victory dinner after the Americans won the Ryder Cup in 1975, signed by most of the two teams' players and featuring a rich choice including Beef Wellington with truffles and a Raspberry Bomb dessert, is estimated at £800-£1,200.

❖ Wine



Al Jabbaro

When a double magnum is just the right bottle

BY JENNIE D'AMATO

Special to The Wall Street Journal
FRANK DESALVO'S dinner guests have come to expect a bit of spectacle when their host serves wine. The process sometimes involves a wooden cradle, holding an exquisitely blown glass vessel containing the equivalent of 24 bottles of wine, being lifted by several men onto the table.

"When I roll out the melchior, everybody just goes 'Oh, my!,'" says Mr. DeSalvo, a retired attorney in New York who collects wine in large-format bottles. The melchior, which holds 18 liters, or the equivalent of 24 regular bottles of wine, was on one recent occasion a Monbousquet St. Emilion 2004. Each time a glass needed replenishing, Mr. DeSalvo turned the cradle's crank, tilting the angle of the bottle with enough precision so that the wine flowed smoothly into the waiting glass beneath its lip.

Is all this effort worth the trouble? To Mr. DeSalvo, the appeal is one of communal enjoyment. "Drinking wine is an experience to be shared," he says, "and that's the beauty of large formats."

"Large-format bottles certainly make an impression, but most people shy away from them," says Brussels-based wine merchant Miguel Saelens. People assume they belong to the rarified worlds of Bordeaux, Burgundy and Champagne—whether it's magnums of premier cru classé fought over at auction by wealthy collectors or rock stars popping their galleon-sized bottles of Dom Pérignon in clubs along the Côte d'Azur. Another, less charming image associated with the big bottle is the jug of cheap plonk usually found at university parties.

Between these two extremes is a growing variety of delicious wines sold in large-format bottles by wineries world-wide, and available at a range of affordable price levels, from a €35 magnum of Jordan Cabernet Sauvignon 2001 from Stellenbosch, South Africa, to a €190 jero-boam (or three-liter) bottle of Domaine Pegau Châteauneuf du Pape 2004. Bottles like these add a unique touch to a dinner-party wine service.

But wine experts say the big bottles are more than just an image statement. The format is superior to regular sized bottles for maturing wine, because the ratio of air to liquid is lower in larger formats, allowing the wine to age more slowly. "The evolution of wine is essentially the interreaction between the oxygen in the bottle and the liquid, the way it evolves in flavor and in

aroma," explains Richard Brierley, who heads the fine wine division at Vanquish Wine in London.

Bordeaux négociant Dominique Renard compares the life of a wine with that of a human being. "It has a birth, it has a life; one day it dies," he says. "And, like a human being, if you put that liquid into a smaller space, it is trapped. The smaller the space, the more the wine has difficulty expanding to its perfect self."

Mr. Brierley says the current economic climate is the perfect time to buy these larger bottles, even if they cost a bit more. "The pricing of large format is actually quite attractive now," he says, "especially at the drinking level, the less expensive end of the market."

Mr. Brierley recommends a few Bordeaux magnums in the £50 price range: a Bourgneuf Pomerol 1999; La Parde de Haut Bailly, 2004; Conétable Talbot, 2004; and a Mouton d'Armailhac 2003.

Pouring from large bottles requires some effort, and often the purchase of a pouring device. Mr. Brierley says opening some bottles requires two corkscrews pulled at angles across from each other at the same time.

But this is all part of the show. "I buy nearly all my Bordeaux in large format because it's fun," says Joss Fowler, fine wine specialist at London's Berry Bros & Rudd. "It's a talking point in itself. A little bit of flash." Mr. Fowler suggests a double magnum of Chateau Batailley, Pauillac, 2001, for £160.

Not all large format wine comes from France. Delicious, affordable fine wines are poured into large bottles from South Africa, Spain, Australia, Lebanon, Italy, Portugal and California.

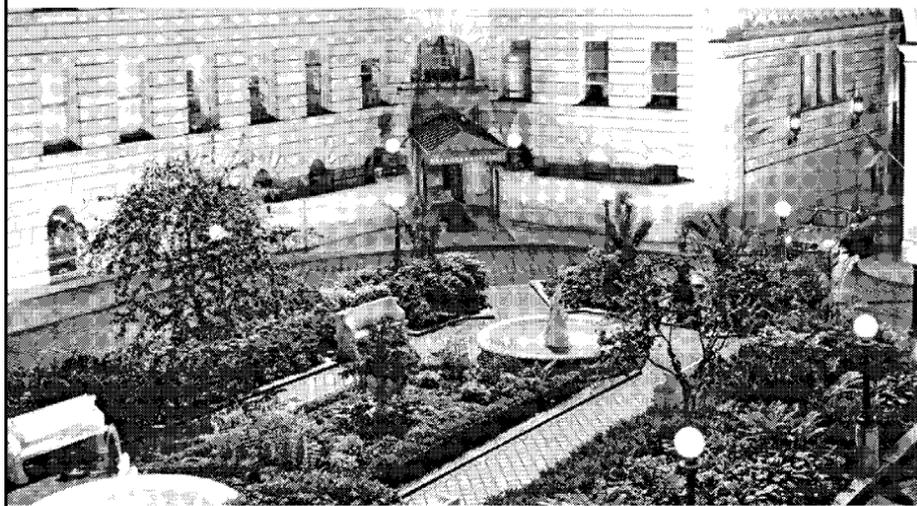
"There is a bit of snobbism in Europe that magnums are for European wines alone," says Mr. Saelens, an expat Australian who has been running his wine shop, Mig's World Wines, in Brussels for 15 years. "But anybody in the New World will do it for the quality, not to make big volumes for fun and games."

Mr. Saelens recommends a magnum of Australia's d'Arenberg, The Laughing Magpie, 2006, "a lovely wine of Shiraz and Viognier," at €40.

"It's a real high to share your wine with people who love it," says Mr. DeSalvo. His daughter's birth in 1991 coincided with one of California's great vintage years, so Mr. DeSalvo bought and laid down several magnums, double magnums and imperials from Napa Valley's Dominus Estate. "On her 16th birthday party," he recalls, "we began to celebrate."

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❖ Top Picks



'Malus Sieversii' (2008) by Matt Johnson.

Matt Johnson, Courtesy of the Saatchi Gallery

'Abstract America': Never mind the title

LONDON: If you haven't yet seen the new Saatchi Gallery in its Duke of York's HQ building on the King's Road in Chelsea, "Abstract America: New Painting and Sculpture" provides a good excuse to look in.

The space is electrifying, by far the most exciting new art space in London.

It's somewhere between difficult and impossible to justify the title of this big, generously installed show, as a great deal of the work is figurative—like Matt Johnson's emblematic Yves Klein-blue "The Pianist, 2005." The player at a grand piano is actually a giant origami object folded from a 15-meter tarpaulin. True, this is a big joke, but it's a seriously good one, as is Mr. Johnson's life-size carved maple apple core, "Malus Sieversii, 2008," in the next gallery. Close-up you see that the marks on the core aren't those of teeth, but intricately crafted endless staircases à la Escher.

Many of the paintings are equally figurative—the most obvi-

ous example being Kristin Baker's superb "The Raft of Perseus, 2006."

Just ignore the show's title, and instead look carefully at Ms. Baker's five large pictures; at Dan Walsh's rethinking of kinetic minimalism; at Elizabeth Neel's hybrid abstract/naturalist pair of paintings; at Jedediah Caesar's impressively textured sculptures made from resins and rubbish; and at Paul Lee's strong series using soda cans and old socks to make small wall sculptures in the Dadaist tradition.

And do not miss Gallery 13's "Old Persons Home, 2007" by Sun Yuan and Peng Yu. Held over from an earlier show of Chinese artists, this is an installation of individually well-characterized, gaga old men, looking like a grotesque collection of senile world leaders, colliding at random in their wheelchairs, in a riotously funny display of photo-electric cell-activated dodgems.

—Paul Levy

Until Jan. 17
www.saatchi-gallery.co.uk

Tillim captures less glamorous side of Rome

ROME: Rome is used to being flattered. But South African war photographer Guy Tillim is interested in showing another side of the city. "Roma, middle city," a photography exhibit at the Palazzo delle Esposizioni, casts an unforgiving eye on Rome's urban landscape—the one that Romans, desensitized to the city's glamour, witness every day. Mr. Tillim's 20 photographs, all 90 centimeters by 120 centimeters, depict a dirty, decaying city, where an advertising billboard can make more of a statement than a majestic monument.

City streets and landmarks give names to each picture, but Mr. Tillim's attention lingers on the prosaic and unpolished objects strewn about: an Alfa Romeo parked next to a recycling bin, a web of streetcar wires hanging over a busy city street, or a small white trailer in a corner of a construction site.

Mr. Tillim's Rome is almost devoid of people. In just one picture ("Piazza dei Cinquecento") does a person steal the scene: a young man who looks up while walking in front of Termini train station.

Through Mr. Tillim's lens, even Rome's awe-inspiring sights take on a desolate air. The view from Pincio, a tourist favorite that shows the Cupola of St. Peter, looks gloomy. Mr. Tillim's representation of Villa Medici, one of Rome's most celebrated buildings, is a shot of a concrete ledge in some hidden corner of the Villa's garden.

Only where one least expects it, in a dark corner of the city far from Rome's most celebrated sights, does Mr. Tillim's camera catch a vivid glimmer of light. In "Via del Porto Fluviale," amid the grays and browns of a street framed by barbed wire, stands a slender tree bearing brightly-colored orange fruit.

—Davide Berretta

Until Aug. 2
www.palazzo-esposizioni.it

Disposable fashion as permanent art

ANTWERP: In the spring of 1966, the Scott Paper Company, inventors of the paper towel, launched the paper dress. Made from rayon-reinforced paper-napkin stock, the simple A-line dress came in four sizes and two very distinct patterns: red paisley and black-and-white "Op-art." The dresses, first distributed as an advertising gimmick to promote Scott's new line of paper products, were a smash, and within months other American manufacturers were selling disposable paper dresses by the thousands.

The paper dress was the perfect vehicle for the Pop-art imagination—a combination billboard and museum wall. In "Paper Fashion!" at MoMu, Antwerp's new museum of fashion, the curators look in all directions to find the oldest and latest in paper clothes. But the centerpiece of the show is the vintage '60s paper dress, which now, as then,

blurred the lines between fashion, art, commerce and trash. Allen Ginsberg used a paper dress to publish poetry. Robert Kennedy's 1968 presidential campaign used it as an oversize political button. Even Bob Dylan at his mid-'60s coolest found his way onto the handy A-line.

In the hands of contemporary designers, paper breaks down the current line between art and fashion. British conceptual designer Hussein Chalayan created the "Airmail Dress" in 1999, which collapses or expands, depending on your point of view, into or out of a standard blue aerogram; the resulting breakdown between a human being and an envelope is funny, and disturbing, and rather touching.

The star of the show is Japanese designer Issey Miyake, who in the late 1990s developed a way to create intricate pleats in clothing by using rice paper, which is thrown out after the process is complete. Later, Miyake recycled several sheets of the paper and used them to make sculptural dresses, whose transformative beauty leave fashion as we know it far behind.

—J.S. Marcus

Until Aug. 16
www.momu.be



Panos Davrios (3)



Clockwise from top left: 'Apollo 10' newspaper dress (1969); Bob Dylan poster dress (1967); Robert Kennedy election campaign dress (1968).



Jean Marcus

Ethan Hawke in 'The Cherry Orchard.'

The Bridge Project connects Shakespeare and Chekhov

LONDON: The first season of the Bridge Project—a six-year transatlantic theater repertory company conceived by Kevin Spacey and Sam Mendes, and featuring an impressive list of British and American actors—pairs "The Winter's Tale" with a new Tom Stoppard adaptation of "The Cherry Orchard." The plays are completely cross-cast (and on some Wednesdays and Saturdays you can see both plays in a single day, as I did). Each drama is partly in Catherine Zuber's Victorian costumes appropriate to the Chekhov and, in the rural scenes of the second half of the Shakespeare, what looks like the contents of a 1960s hippie's dressing-up box. Anthony Ward's effective sets start, in each case, in a simply furnished nursery.

As Shakespeare's Leontes, king

of Sicilia, Simon Russell Beale is an absolute monarch as easily unsettled by argument as by passion, moving in a flash from being a loving and affectionate to a coldly murderous husband. His treatment of his queen, Hermione (played with both a touch of wantonness and beyond-reproach dignity by a willowy, thoughtful Rebecca Hall) makes you think of Anne Boleyn's problems with Henry VIII (as the playwright may well have intended). As her champion, Paulina, Sinéad Cusack is fiery and passionate: She knows she has all the good arguments on her side.

Mr. Mendes told his actors he didn't care about their accents, and each plays his character using his own regional English. At first the American accents seem sore-thumbish for Shakespeare on the stage of

the Old Vic. But then you realize there is consistency: The Sicilians are English, the Bohemians American—so naturally they speak in different tones. This means that when Ethan Hawke enters as Autolycus, the guitar-playing, hippy-dippy snake-oil-merchant, snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, we are prepared for any incongruity the tuneful Mr. Hawke can throw at us (though the wonderfully weird accent of Tobias Segal as the young shepherd seems to relocate Bohemia to somewhere near "Oklahoma!").

Though Ms. Hall's statue is convincingly unmoving, this is a marvelously moving account of a problem play.

I can't say the same for "The Cherry Orchard." Mr. Mendes's direction brings out the comedy, bit-

tersweet though it is, at the expense of denying Ms. Cusack's loveably ditsy Ranevskaya the opportunity to feel much pain at having to sell the titular parcel of land. We shed no tears as the trees fall; instead we see the sad, but also the funny side of a big family and its dependants having to join the modern world. Mr. Russell Beale's Lopakhin has no cruel side, almost nothing rebarbative in his nature. He neither conceals his origins nor swanks about rising above them.

Mr. Hawkes is a particularly unspiteful Trofimov, who simply observes that progress is inevitable, rather than glorying in what it will do to the family, and Ms. Hall is a businesslike Varya-without-tears.

—Paul Levy

Until Aug. 15
www.oldvictheatre.com

‘Walking on Air’

Frank McCourt, who died on Sunday at age 78, was the most Catholic of authors.

The rites and rituals of Ireland’s Catholic Church of the 1930s and ’40s exist at the core of “Angela’s Ashes” (1996), his great Bildungsroman. That book’s hilarious and irreverent chapter on Mr. McCourt’s preparation for, and eventual ill-fated reception of, First Communion set down for all history what it was like to sit before an old Irish “master,” named Mr. Benson in this case, and have very pre-Vatican II lessons pummeled (literally) into your pre-teen-age brain.

“He tells us we have to know the catechism backwards, forwards and sideways,” Mr. McCourt writes. “We have to know the Ten Commandments, the Seven Deadly Virtues, Divine and Moral, the Seven Sacraments, the Seven Deadly Sins. We have to know by heart all the prayers, the Hail Mary, the Our Father, the Confiteor, the Apostles’ Creed, the Act of Contrition, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary. . . . He tells us we’re hopeless, the worst class he ever had for First Communion but as sure as God made little apples he’ll make Catholics of us, he’ll beat the idler out of us and Sanctifying Grace into us.”

Mr. Benson, who inhabits the

same spiritual rectory as the fiery Father Arnall in James Joyce’s “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,” didn’t quite succeed in making an orthodox Catholic out of Frank McCourt. In fact, Mr. McCourt was one of the church’s principal public antagonists. He delighted in delivering bawdy riffs against what he saw as the church’s hypocrisy, cruelty and joylessness. “I was so angry for so long, I could hardly have a conversation without getting in an argument,” he once said.

“We’ve been tracking him for a number of years,” Bill Donahue of the Catholic League for

Religious and Civil Rights told me this week.

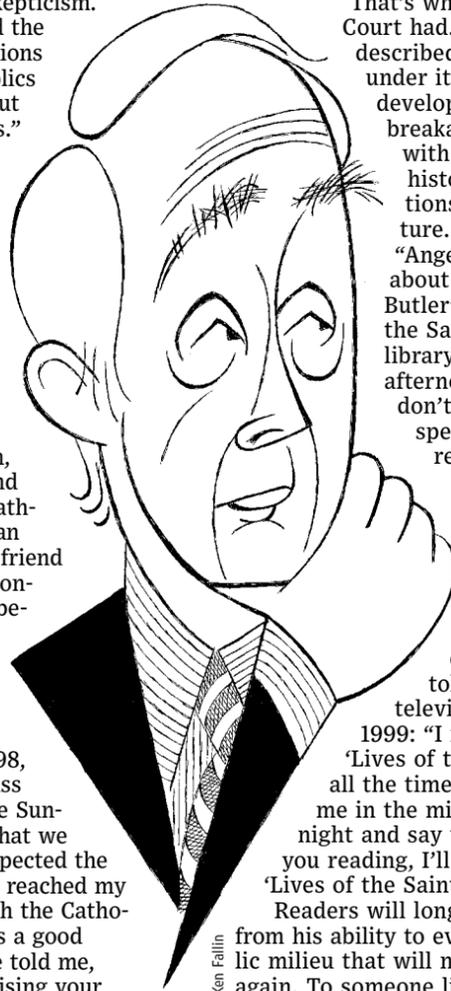
After the New York Times published an excerpt from the First Communion chapter of “Angela’s Ashes” this week—in it Mr. McCourt describes how “God,” i.e. the sacred host, became glued to the roof of his mouth—Mr. Donahue issued a statement denouncing the newspaper. “During his lifetime, Frank McCourt made any number of insulting remarks about Catholicism, all to the applause of his sophomoric fans,” it read.

Somewhere Mr. McCourt, who loved to spar with his critics, is smiling. “Anti-clericalism, they said about me,” he told a newspaper reporter in 2002, who noted that Mr. McCourt’s eyebrows

arched with skepticism.

“No. I just told the story that millions of other Catholics would tell about their own lives.” Referring to the clergy sexual-abuse scandal, he said: “Maybe now people are beginning to realize that I was just a bit too early with the truth.”

Peter Quinn, the novelist and a practicing Catholic, wrote in an email that his friend was neither “contemptuous of believers in general nor Catholics in particular. On a trip we took together in 1998, he went to Mass with me on the Sunday morning that we landed. He respected the fact that I had reached my own peace with the Catholic Church. ‘It’s a good thing,’ he once told me, ‘that you’re raising your kids in the Catholic faith. At least they’ll have a map to follow or throw away. In either case, they’ll know where they are.’”



That’s what Mr. McCourt had. Even as he described suffering under its thumb, he developed an unbreakable affinity with the church’s history, traditions and literature. He writes in “Angela’s Ashes” about discovering Butler’s “Lives of the Saints” in the library on a rainy afternoon—“I don’t want to spend my life reading about saints but when I start I wish the rain would last forever.” He told an Irish television host in 1999: “I read the ‘Lives of the Saints’ all the time. If you poke me in the middle of the night and say what are you reading, I’ll say, the ‘Lives of the Saints.’”

Readers will long benefit from his ability to evoke a Catholic milieu that will never exist again. To someone like me who grew up in the post-Vatican II church, it’s a fascinating glimpse of a lost world. “The rain dampened the city from the Feast of

the Circumcision to New York’s Eve,” he wrote of his childhood home of Limerick, Ireland. In just a few words, we are transported to a time when every schoolchild knew that said feast was celebrated on Jan. 1. The only picture that hung in the McCourt household, he writes, was of Pope Leo XIII in “a yellow skullcap and a black robe with cross on his chest.” How many families have framed portraits of Pope Benedict on the wall?

Mr. McCourt felt it was impossible to fully divorce himself from the church. So when he stood before Pope John Paul II in 2002, accompanying a delegation of 40 mayors from around the world, the little Irish-Catholic boy in him took over. He knelt, took the pontiff’s hand and kissed his ring.

“I got up and he’s looking at me with his dazzling blue Polish eyes and extraordinary complexion,” Mr. McCourt told the Commonwealth Club of California. “I had a feeling he knew. He knew what a fraud and a phony I was. Then I walked away. And I have to admit, as turbulent as my relationship with the church has been (although they don’t know it and they don’t care), I was walking on water practically. I was walking on air.”

Mr. Duffy is the author, most recently, of “The Killing of Major Denis Mahon: A Mystery of Old Ireland,” available in paperback from Harper Perennial.

Ghosts of Broadcast Journalism Past

By Dorothy Rabinowitz

It was fitting that the death of Walter Cronkite should have occasioned tributes more straightforward, more connected to a recognizable reality—more reportorial (there was everything to tell)—and more uplifting in tone than that of any celebrity in decades. They were, these evocations of the man, that life’s work and the times that bred them, something of a last gift to his fellow citizens. Those stories about his career as a reporter and then a network anchor that came flooding forth unstoppably from former colleagues and friends in the news business on Friday night were more than just reminders of what broadcast journalism once was and is no more in the age of news as entertainment. The band of network news people who paid homage to him last weekend—who cited his passion for getting the facts, and who described him as “the gold standard”—understood that between the values of his world and theirs lay a great, gaping chasm.

It is what perhaps accounts for the note of enchantment in some of the comments of network news staffers—as though they had found in Cronkite’s history some glimpse of a wondrous and unfathomable other world. And strange it must seem to them, too—another journey to the moon, this place in which television journalists covered events of conse-

quence, and delivered the findings on nightly programs devoted to hard news and analysis. Programs free, moreover (there were occasional exceptions), of inspirational material, stories to gladden viewers’ hearts or to tear them up.

The difference between these worlds shows up nowhere more starkly than in the unyielding reverential view, held mainly by themselves, of the sacrosanct status and mission of journalists—whose role, believers maintain, should be that of a neutral, high above the battle and concerned only with gathering facts. On assignment in 1943, journalist Walter Cronkite did indeed fly high—high above Nazi Germany. This journalist was not, however, above the battle but in the thick of it: He was in uniform, in a B-17 Flying Fortress, and wielding a machine gun at the enemy. Action, as he recalled in his memoir, that left him hip-deep in spent bullets.

Fast-forward now to 1987 and a forum for a PBS program called “Ethics in America.” The panel—composed of members of the military and two conspicuously famous network news stars, CBS’s Mike Wallace and ABC’s Peter Jennings—had gathered to puzzle out answers to ethical choices in war, under the expert prodding of the modera-

tor, Harvard law professor Charles Ogletree, a relentless examiner. The resulting exchanges—perhaps the word is revelations—managed to turn that most reliably solemn of events, a PBS panel on ethics, into high drama amply seasoned with ghastliness.

The trouble began when the moderator asked Jennings what he would do if, during a war between the U.S. and another country, he’d been given the chance to travel with the enemy and report from behind his lines—only to discover, from this vantage point, that the enemy was about to spring a trap and mow the Americans down. He would have to warn the Americans, Jennings promptly replied. Mr. Wallace declared himself astonished at the answer—a reporter was supposed to cover the story. What did being an American have to do with anything? Under this fire, Jennings would soon agree with Mr. Wallace, evidently made wretched at having given a wrong answer. Moderator Ogletree pursued, turning his attention to Mr. Wallace: Did not Jennings have some higher duty, not to journalism but to his fellow Americans—a duty to try to keep them from being killed? “No, no,” came the answer—“there’s no higher duty,” not, he explained, for a journalist.

Walter Cronkite seemed to speak for the best in the American character.

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For all of its cringe-worthy aspects, it was an instructive forum, not least for the opinions expressed by Mr. Wallace—no small indicator of the times. It would have been hard, of course, to find anyone holding such views among Murrow’s boys, the fabled CBS team of World War II reporters (Cronkite covered the war for UP). In an extraordinary memoir published just after the war (“Not So Wild a Dream,” 1946) Eric Sevareid, one of those boys, reflected on the long journey that had changed him, a militant pacifist lad from South Dakota, into an ardent advocate for America’s entry into the war. It had not taken much—just one trip through Europe in the late ’30s. In a Bavarian restaurant, he had encountered one of the Nazis’ leading stars, Rudolf Hess. His professional conscience nagged him to try to get an interview with Hess, Sevareid writes, but if Hess agreed, it would only be to repeat pronouncements “with which readers of the world were only too familiar.” It was, he concluded, “not a service to present the Nazi argument again.”

It was impossible, rereading this last week, to think of more than a very few journalists today who would make a choice like this, and on such a basis—the well-justified certainty, namely, that the famous subject would only make the same familiar pronouncements. This, it hardly needs saying, is a prospect that poses no problems for journalism

today, especially the kind on display in Sundays’ TV talk-show feasts: interviews that require nothing by way of producing news, and from which nobody expects any news—the mere presence of a guest wearing the mantle of newsmaker being quite enough to satisfy all requirements. No newsmaker, of course, has proved more enticing a catch, or provided less news, while making the round of talk shows than the 21st century’s foremost apostle of Nazi-like doctrine, Iran’s own Mahmoud Ahmadinejad.

The age of broadcast journalists like Edward R. Murrow and company is long gone. Still, it’s sometimes possible amid the flow of those communities-in-crisis stories, disaster chases, pleas to viewers to “email us and tell us what you think about this issue” to imagine the howling of their ghosts. Walter Cronkite, who has joined them now, wasn’t, of course, much of a howler—one of the things everyone appreciated about him—but he knew what there was to howl about. He may not have been, in fact, the most trusted man in America, but he was something more important—a representative. In his bearing, as well as the proofs of a long life, he seemed to speak for the best in the American character. America always sensed that about him and was, rightly, grateful.

Ms. Rabinowitz is a member of the Journal’s editorial board.

time off



Amsterdam

art
 "The Complete Rembrandt" presents the complete body of works by Dutch painter Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-69).
 Beurs van Berlage
 Until Sept. 7
 ☎ 31-20-6625-300
 www.thecompleterembrandt.nl

art
 "17th-century Lacquerware of Japan and the Netherlands" shows imitation lacquer boxes made in the Netherlands in the 17th century.
 Rijksmuseum
 Until Aug. 17
 ☎ 31-20-6747-000
 www.rijksmuseum.nl

Barcelona

photography
 "Gerda Taro" showcases photographs, books and magazines featuring the work of photojournalist Gerda Taro (1910-1937).
 Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya
 Until Sept. 27
 ☎ 34-93-6220-360
 www.mnac.cat

Berlin

history
 "Ars Juventuti: Pupils' Medals from Berlin" exhibits medals designed at the faculty of the Museum of Decorative Arts between 1910 and 1942.
 Bode Museum/
 Kunstgewerbemuseum
 Until Jan. 3
 ☎ 49-30-2090-5577
 www.smb.museum

history
 "1989-2009: The Berlin Wall Artists for Freedom" displays parts of the Berlin Wall painted by artists.
 Deutsches Historisches Museum (Schlüterhof)
 Until Aug. 8
 ☎ 49-30-2030-40
 www.berlin1989.com

Bristol

art
 "Banksy vs Bristol Museum" presents over 100 conceptual art pieces by Bristol-born graffiti artist Banksy.
 Bristol City Museum & Gallery
 Until Aug. 31
 ☎ 44-1179-2235-71
 www.banksy.co.uk

Cologne

literature
 "Marcel Proust and His Letters" shows 82 recently discovered letters written by the French novelist (1871-1922).
 Museum für Angewandte Kunst
 Until Sept. 6
 ☎ 49-221-221-2386-0
 www.museenkoeln.de

art
 "Sigmar Polke: The Editions" displays the graphic work of German artist Sigmar Polke (born 1941).
 Museum Ludwig
 Until Sept. 27
 ☎ 49-221-221-2616-5
 www.museenkoeln.de

Düsseldorf

art
 "Gold Ruby Glass" shows a selection of 17th and 18th century glass objects tinted bright red with the addition of a gold solution.



Untitled (1999), by Hellen van Meene, in Vienna; top right, plastic models from 1988 of Disney's 1933 short film 'Three Little Pigs,' in Paris; below, a 1925 vase by Raoul Dufy and Llorens Artigas, in Ghent.

Glasmuseum Hentrich
 Until Aug. 23
 ☎ 49-211-8992-461
 www.glasmuseum-hentrich.de

Edinburgh

music
 "Edinburgh Jazz & Blues Festival 2009" features more than 100 shows and events across the city.
 Edinburgh Jazz & Blues Festival
 July 31-Aug. 9
 ☎ 44-131-4675-200
 www.edinburghjazzfestival.co.uk

Ghent

art
 "Ceramics by Raoul Dufy" displays work by the French Fauvist painter (1877-1953).
 Design Museum Gent
 Until Oct. 11
 ☎ 32-9-2679-999
 www.designmuseumgent.be

Gstaad

music
 "Menuhin Festival Gstaad 2009" features Cecilia Bartolo, Jeremy Menuhin and others.
 Menuhin Festival Gstaad
 Until Sept. 5
 ☎ 41-33-7488-338
 www.menuhinfestivalgstaad.ch

Graz

art
 "Robert Wilson's Voom Portraits" displays video portraits by Robert Wilson

(born 1941) featuring celebrities such as Johnny Depp, Marianne Faithfull and Isabella Rossellini.
 Neue Galerie Graz
 Until Sept. 6
 ☎ 43-316-8291-55
 www.neuegalerie.at

The Hague

art
 "Sleeping Beauty, Victorian Paintings from the Museo de Arte de Ponce" showcases British Pre-Raphaelites.
 Haags Gemeentemuseum
 Until Sept. 20
 ☎ 31-70-3381-111
 www.gemeentemuseum.nl

Hamburg

art
 "The Arena of Ridicule: English Carica-



© Adagp, Paris, Private collection

tures 1780-1830" explores the "golden era" of English caricature with works by eight artists, including James Gillray (1757-1815) and Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827).
 Hamburger Kunsthalle
 Until Sept. 27
 ☎ 40-428-1312-00
 www.hamburger-kunsthalle.de

London

music
 "BBC Proms 2009" features concerts ranging from classical to jazz with performers such as the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim, Joshua Bell, Riccardo Chailly, Michael Nyman, Julian Rachlin and others.
 Royal Albert Hall
 Until Sept. 12
 ☎ 44-845-401-5040
 www.bbc.co.uk/proms/2009/

architecture

"Serpentine Gallery Pavilion 2009—Kazuyo Sejima and Ryue Nishizawa" displays an aluminum pavilion in the shape of a cloud by Japanese architects Kazuyo Sejima and Ryue Nishizawa.
 Serpentine Gallery
 Until Oct. 18
 ☎ 44-20-7402-6075
 www.serpentinegallery.org

Lucerne

food
 "100% Chocolate" explores the history, science, marketing and art of chocolate, including historic vending ma-

chines, advertising campaigns, chocolate sculptures and paintings.
 Historisches Museum
 Until Aug. 30
 ☎ 41-228-5424
 www.hmluzern.ch

Madrid

festival
 "Veranos de la Villa 2009" stages opera, pop concerts, dance, puppetry, plays, exhibitions and films at major cultural venues, featuring Seal, James Taylor and Burt Bacharach.
 Veranos de la Villa
 Until Aug. 23
 ☎ 34-902-8768-70
 www.esmadrid.com/veranosdelavilla

Paris

art
 "Born in the Streets—Graffiti" examines the graffiti movement with work by pioneers such as P.H.A.S.E.2, Part 1 and Seen, as well as Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88) and Keith Haring (1958-90).
 Fondation Cartier
 Until Nov. 29
 ☎ 33-1-4218-5650
 fondation.cartier.com

toys

"Musique en Jouets" showcases musical toys and toy instruments, played in a program of concerts during the exhibition.
 Les Arts Décoratifs
 Until Nov. 8
 ☎ 33-1-4455-5750
 www.lesartsdecoratifs.fr

art

"Spy Numbers" presents contemporary art inspired by mysterious short-wave radio signals known as "spy numbers."
 Palais de Tokyo
 Until Aug. 30
 ☎ 33-1-4723-5401
 www.palaisdetokyo.com

Prague

art
 "Zdenek Virt: Op-Art" shows the distorted nude photography of Czech Op Art photographer Zdenek Virt (1925-2008).
 Museum of Decorative Arts—Galerie Josefa Sudka
 Until Sept. 6
 ☎ 420-2510-9311-1
 www.upm.cz

Stuttgart

royalty
 "How does the Queen live? The Olga-Album" presents watercolors and gouaches illustrating private and state rooms of the daughter of the Russian Czar Nicholas I.
 Staatsgalerie Stuttgart
 Until Oct. 25
 ☎ 49-711-470 400
 www.staatsgalerie.de

Vienna

photography
 "The Portrait: Photography as a Stage: From Robert Mapplethorpe to Nan Goldin" explores changes in portrait photography since 1980.
 Kunsthalle Wien, Halle 2
 Until Oct. 18
 ☎ 43-1-5218-90
 www.kunsthallewien.at

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.