

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, JUNE 26 - 28, 2009

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

Over the edge

Kayakers seek out
steeper, wilder waters



The new Acropolis Museum | Milan's best-kept dining secrets

Contents

3 | Fashion

On Style: Looking good in a bad economy

Dining out for less

4 | Film

Morgenstern on movies

Larry David works with Woody

5 | Art

The new Acropolis Museum

Collecting: Photo stars

8 | Sports

A soccer savior

Buying tennis time

6-7 | Cover story Sports

Over the edge

Kayakers seek out steeper, wilder waters



On cover and above: Ben Stookesberry kayaks Idaho's Lower Mesa Falls. Photo: Chris Figenshaw

9 | Food

Milan's restaurant secrets

10 | Top Picks

German 'artist-princes'

Jude Law's Hamlet

11 | Taste

Comedian on the roof

12 | Time Off

Our arts and culture calendar



WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

Craig Winnaker EDITOR
 Barbara Tina Fuhr DEPUTY EDITOR
 Fahire Kurt ART DIRECTOR
 Kathleen Van Den Broeck ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR
 Matthew Kaminski TASTE PAGE EDITOR

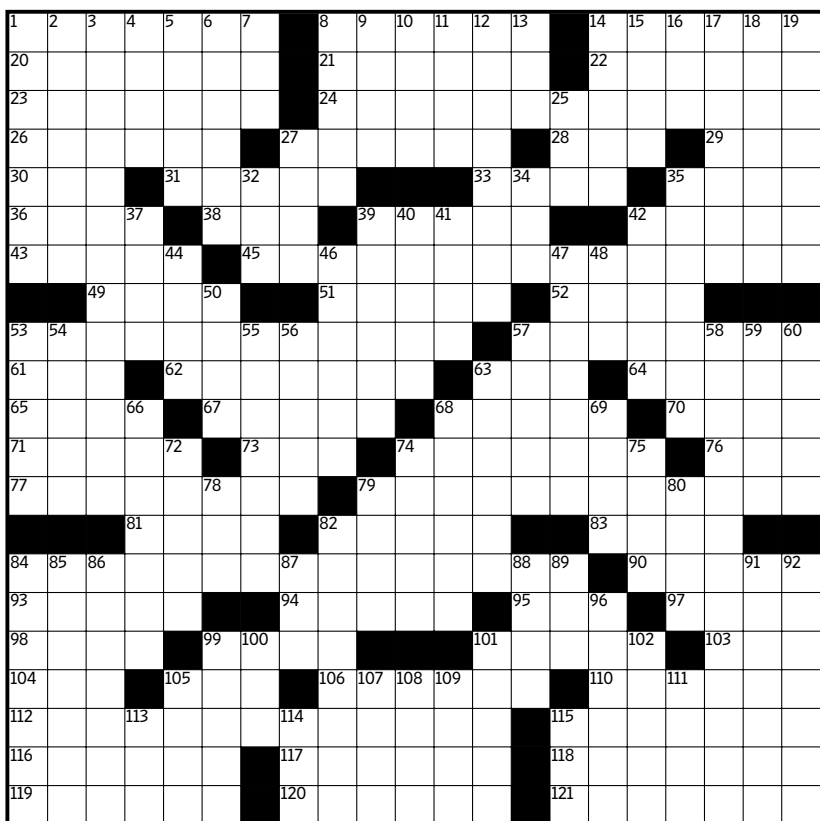
Questions or comments? Write to wsje.weekend@wsj.com. Please include your full name and address.

THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

Across

- 1 You can make a lot out of it
- 8 Find food
- 14 Start of a Beatles refrain
- 20 Garden rocket
- 21 One with pressing business
- 22 Polo player?
- 23 Gland atop the kidney
- 24 Seller's scam
- 26 Thinks about often, as a grudge
- 27 Sot's spree
- 28 Sushi selection
- 29 Org. that kidnapped Patty Hearst
- 30 One might go for a buck
- 31 Vail visitor
- 33 Piccolo player?
- 35 Dr. of daytime television
- 36 Homophonic high jinks
- 38 Drs.' org. since 1847
- 39 Faith with Five Pillars
- 42 Stood out
- 43 Famed fur trader
- 45 Money value
- 49 "No ___!" ("Certainly!")
- 51 Hawk home
- 52 Charlie's brother on "Two and a Half Men"
- 53 Movement of funds
- 57 Expiate
- 61 Singer-songwriter DiFranco
- 62 Where to find Dennis
- 63 Sched. placeholder
- 64 Potter's potions teacher
- 65 It may need a lift
- 67 Hip-hop head covering
- 68 Oil source
- 70 Twice tetra-
- 71 The other guys
- 73 Cardinal cap letters
- 74 Off-menu item
- 76 Last word of "Angela's Ashes"
- 77 Looks up to
- 79 Showroom surprise
- 81 Julia of films
- 82 St. Peter's sculpture
- 83 Carson predecessor
- 84 Buyer's balkiness
- 90 First name in modern dance
- 93 "With ___ of thousands"
- 94 Mill meal
- 95 Fallopian tube travelers
- 97 Hard-boiled crime genre
- 98 Gym equipment
- 99 Gyro holder
- 101 Sails' supports
- 103 Ethan's "Gattaca" co-star
- 104 Marvell work
- 105 Exacta, e.g.
- 106 "Sorry, I'm busy"
- 110 Economic bloc
- 112 Ticketmaster add-on
- 115 Telly on the telly
- 116 Life Science specimen
- 117 Ernest's granddaughter
- 118 Pave the way for
- 119 Submitted
- 120 Place in a group
- 121 Aromatic brew

Electronic Commerce / by Randolph Ross



Down

- 1 The Kents, to Clark
- 2 Demanding
- 3 Latest list for shoppers
- 4 Carders' concerns
- 5 Desert drifts
- 6 State with the most coastline
- 7 Bad beginning
- 8 Cable contents
- 9 Port east of Gibraltar
- 10 ___ rage (bodybuilder's aggression)
- 11 Pay for play
- 12 Transmission part
- 13 West ender
- 14 Jimmy of the Daily Planet
- 15 Cry like a baby
- 16 Molière's "Le Médecin Malgré ___"
- 17 Good place for hangings
- 18 Turn down
- 19 Help for asthmatics
- 25 Traffic cops?
- 27 Lady's man
- 32 Little devil
- 34 French friend
- 35 Bus. card info
- 37 Ticked off
- 39 Winter mist
- 40 Minimal evidence
- 41 Underworld meeting place
- 42 Goes over
- 44 Campus marching gp.
- 46 Little devil
- 47 Merchant of music
- 48 Day-___ paint
- 50 Slender fastener
- 53 Crisp cookie
- 54 Seriously silly
- 55 John or Paul, but not George or Ringo
- 56 "Oh, bother!"
- 57 How the surprised may be taken
- 58 Bargain hunter's destination
- 59 Eye-related
- 60 Repeat the question
- 63 Lockup, slangily
- 66 Tarot card
- 68 Show disdain for
- 69 Tombstone name
- 72 Brewer's need
- 74 Reversals of Fortune?
- 75 Exam for a future DA
- 78 Junkyard dog
- 79 Emphatic agreement, in Acapulco
- 80 "Laugh-In" alum who won an Oscar
- 82 Toothy swimmers
- 84 Delhi dishes
- 85 The scholarly world
- 86 Down the road
- 87 LAPD rank
- 88 Manage
- 89 Mendes of "The Spirit"
- 91 Citrus cooler
- 92 Amu Darya's outflow
- 96 Winner on Whirlaway
- 99 Praline ingredient
- 100 Follower's suffix
- 101 Get the lead out
- 102 Reliever's record
- 105 Netanyahu's nickname
- 107 Sticks in the water
- 108 The Dixie Chicks, e.g.
- 109 Eisner's successor at Disney
- 111 Meet heat
- 113 Chicken tender
- 114 Org. whose first Entertainer of the Year was Eddy Arnold
- 115 Easter time: Abbr.

Last Week's Solution



WSJ.com

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

Downwardly mobile: big-city living on less

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, Rochelle Rachelson walked into a salon near her Upper East Side apartment in New York City and inquired about their cheapest cut.

"\$63," came the reply.

"Too much," said Ms. Rachelson. The receptionist came back with a \$48 cut from a junior stylist.

On Style

CHRISTINA BINKLEY

"That's still too much," Ms. Rachelson replied, "I'm not working."

"How about a student for \$10?"

"I'm in," Ms. Rachelson said.

It was a typically hard-won triumph for Ms. Rachelson, who has had to struggle for things she once took for granted ever since she went from living on a \$57,000-a-year salary to living on \$16,000 a year in unemployment checks.

One remarkable thing about this recession is the speed of many people's transition from shopping at Saks to cutting out coupons. People with lucrative professions and vacation homes are learning that they have been living closer to the edge than they thought. As a result, many of them are reassessing which expenditures are necessities and which amount to luxuries—and they are learning new consumer skills, such as bargaining, to help them afford what they can.

The transition has been harsh for Ms. Rachelson, a 58-year-old woman who once enjoyed daily restaurant meals, weekly manicures, regular shopping trips to Bergdorf's, and summers in the Hamptons. Ms. Rachelson was never wealthy, but for many years she worked as a project manager with an office-furniture company, living in a rent-stabilized apartment at 80th Street on Manhattan's upscale Upper East Side. She had a closet full of well-made clothes and more than 100 pairs of shoes. "Everything had to be from Italy," she says. "I have a good eye."

But then, two years ago, the economy began to falter, and Ms. Rachelson was restructured out of her job with the office-furniture company. She had never been out of work for more than a few weeks, so she was surprised when it took several months to find another job. She landed her next position, albeit a temporary one, as a result of her luxury shopping habits: She was hired as a sales specialist at Fortunoff, the jewelry and home retailer. "I'd been shopping there for years—I knew the products," she says.

When that holiday-season job ended, she wound up back on unemployment. Since then, she has been living on her unemployment payments, grateful for several extensions of the program's time limits. She has had regular job interviews but no offers.

"Apparently, I'm unemployed," she said recently with a wry humor that often belies how concerned she is. "I say to my friends, 'Hey, you still got that basement?'" she said another day. "I



Hanna Meiri

make jokes."

So far, seven million jobs have been lost in the U.S. during this recession, according to the Department of Labor. The national unemployment rate climbed to 9.4% in May, and jobless rates are already in the double digits in Michigan, Ohio, California and other states.

The number of the long-term unemployed—people who, like Ms. Rachelson, have been jobless for 27 weeks or more—has tripled

since the beginning of the recession to 3.9 million. Despite a few signs of economic improvement—such as rising home prices in parts of the country—most forecasts suggest the recession is far from over. By the time it does end, many of us are likely to have permanently altered the way we make daily consumer choices.

For Ms. Rachelson, there are no more weekly manicures. The annual vacations to Acapulco and

summers in the Hamptons with a rented car are a thing of her past. "I took a house in the Hamptons for 33 years," she says. "For me, it symbolized a season. People don't say, 'How's your winter?' They ask, 'What are you doing for the season?'"

In those days, she used to call weeks in advance to secure reservations at the hottest restaurants, she recalls with relish. She ate in "anything that was new, all the

Eating out without spending a lot

BY JENNIFER SARANOW SCHULTZ

WHEN EATING OUT, Donatella Arpaia never used to complain if her food wasn't cooked to her liking. She just paid the bill—and a 25% tip—without saying anything.

"I didn't want to be my annoying customer," says the 34-year-old restaurateur, who co-owns New York City restaurants Anthos, Kefi and Mia Dona.

But since the economy went sour, Ms. Arpaia has begun watching what she's spending, and as a result she has revamped her restaurant habits. For one thing, she is a more demanding customer, speaking up if something is wrong with her food or her check and leaving only a 15% to 20% tip, depending on the level of service.

Ms. Arpaia is not ready to

give up eating out. In fact, she dines out at least five times a week to keep tabs on the competition. But she has changed the way she picks restaurants and orders food. She now goes to high-end restaurants only for lunch. At that meal, "you are going to spend half of what you'd spend at dinner time, and you are getting the same food," she says. Plus, service at lunchtime isn't as rushed, she says. For dinner, she goes to more-casual restaurants. And she never eats breakfast—or even her morning coffee—outside her home.

Before going to a restaurant for dinner, Ms. Arpaia plans out what she's going to eat so that she doesn't order too much. She looks at sites like Eater.com and MenuPages.com to find out what a restaurant is known for.

Often, Ms. Arpaia orders

two appetizers, instead of the appetizer, main course and dessert she used to feel an obligation to get. "Appetizers are always much better than [main courses] and are always the most interesting dishes," she says. "I believe they are the best way to taste a restaurant's food."

She also looks for prix fixe menus, which tend to be good deals, and avoids specials, which often cost more than other items. And, of course, she has stopped ordering bottled water and cocktails.

To make sure she sticks with her plan and doesn't over-order, Ms. Arpaia snacks on a little piece of fruit or cheese before going out. The adage "Never go to the grocery store hungry" also applies to eating out, she says. "I never go to a restaurant hungry."

new places," she says.

Now, she spends summer weekends in Manhattan. For fun, she sees her friends and goes to movie matinees, buying tickets with a senior-citizen discount.

Ms. Rachelson has changed the way she thinks about shopping. Though she always liked a bargain, she used to shop without qualms. One time, a woman friend didn't see a need for new shoes while the two were out shopping. "I said, 'What are you talking about? Aren't you a woman? Who needs anything?'" Ms. Rachelson says.

Now, she has replaced shopping at Bergdorf's and Bloomingdale's with trips to Bed, Bath & Beyond. She asks friends to collect that store's \$5-off coupons, which she stores in a zippered pencil case full of coupons for makeup, toiletries and food. "I work the system," she says.

Indeed, she has become canny about maintaining her small luxuries. She cooks a lot now, but to replace her dinners out, she takes advantage of the \$5.95 lunch specials at restaurants in her neighborhood, which are served until 5 p.m. Ms. Rachelson shows up at 4:50. "I get the lunch price for dinner," she says.

Maintaining her looks—finding ways to get her hair cut and colored, her makeup done—is a necessity when she's job-hunting. But it's also a point of pride: She's been blond, pretty and vivacious all her life. Still, she has had to compromise. She recently replaced her professional highlights with \$5.79 hair color she applies herself and buys her makeup at drugstores.

A morning coffee at Starbucks, once a daily ritual, is now a carefully managed luxury. Each morning, Ms. Rachelson heads down to Starbucks carrying a cup of yogurt or a bowl of oatmeal. She buys the cheapest coffee for \$2 and reads the paper for several hours (the shop's personnel have never objected, she says).

When she discovered a cracked tooth last month, Ms. Rachelson asked around until she discovered it's possible to have the expensive repair work done at a discount at New York University's dental school. She sold the 14-carat-gold jewelry she received for her "Sweet 16" birthday to raise money for the down payment on the \$2,800 repair job and is currently trying to figure out how she'll raise the remaining \$1,400. It would be cheaper to simply have the tooth pulled, but she fears that having a missing tooth would make it even harder for her to land a job.

Ms. Rachelson recently applied for a sales position at Bed, Bath & Beyond.

"If I get through this," she says, "I won't return to that lifestyle. I don't need 140 pairs of shoes. I need health care."

—Contact me at Christina.Binkley@wsj.com; [Twitter.com/BinkleyOnStyle](https://twitter.com/BinkleyOnStyle); or WSJ.com/Community.

WSJ.com

Not-so-high maintenance

Listen to Christina Binkley talk about beauty on a budget, and discuss how your lifestyle spending has changed at WSJ.com/OnStyle

Just say no to this 'Proposal'

AT ONE POINT in "The Proposal" Sandra Bullock shakes the handlebars of her runaway bicycle and says frantically, "Why are you not stopping? Stop! Stop!" At many points in this wheeze of a romantic comedy I wanted to shake her and say the same thing. Why is she de-

Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

meaning herself with such shoddy goods? She's a talented woman with a faithful following. She has made formula films of varying quality before, and her fans may well swallow this one, but it's a formula for disappointment laced with dismay.

The movie, directed by Anne Fletcher from a script by Peter Chiarelli, begins as a gender-adjusted version of "The Devil Wears Prada." Rather than a tyrannical New York fashion editor, Ms. Bullock is a tyrannical New York book editor, Margaret, whose downtrodden assistant is male. His name is Andrew, and he's played very pleasantly by Ryan Reynolds. The precipitating plot device is simple, arbitrary and dumb. Margaret, a Canadian citizen, is about to be deported for a visa violation. (Who knew the beleaguered Migra was cracking down on illegal Canucks?) To solve her immigration problem, the editor orders her assistant to marry her. He agrees, grudgingly, but only if she'll fly off with him on a weekend visit to meet his family—his wealthy family, as it turns out—in Sitka, Alaska.

The Sitka setting, a smart device, provides gorgeous backgrounds to distract from foreground foolishness that involves Andrew turning the tables—now he's in command—and Margaret



Ryan Reynolds and Sandra Bullock in 'The Proposal.'

finding herself a flounder out of water. Both of those story elements are venerable, and might have been serviceable but for several problems. Andrew's dislike for Margaret is far more plausible, and justified, than the love that soon supplants it. The disparity in their ages—she's at least a decade older than he—is interesting, maybe even admirable, but the script doesn't bother to notice, let alone explore it. Mr. Reynolds is engaging beyond the call of duty

and Betty White has a few charming moments as Andrew's nonagenarian Grandma Annie. Yet Ms. Bullock stoops to be conquered by such dismal comic interludes as a dance-cum-ritual chant with Grandma Annie in the woods, a slapstick nude(ish) scene with Andrew and a lap dance with a smarmy male exhibitionist. Stop! Stop!

'Whatever Works'

Boris Yellnikoff, the prolix gee-

zer played by Larry David in Woody Allen's "Whatever Works," was once a world-class physicist teaching string theory at Columbia. The only string he strums now is misanthropy. "Let me tell you right off, I'm not a likable guy," Boris says straight to the camera. (That's the first thing he says in the trailer, which should get an award for truth in advertising.) He's a nihilist, a fatalist—"on the whole we're a failed species"—and, deep in the Woody

WSJ.com

Opening this week in Europe

- Adventureland Estonia
- Crossing Over Bulgaria, Finland
- Departures Spain
- Drag Me to Hell Netherlands, Turkey
- Everlasting Moments Netherlands
- Ghosts of Girlfriends Past Belgium, Italy
- Hannah Montana: The Movie Romania
- Sunshine Cleaning Denmark
- Whatever Works France

Source: IMDB

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

grain, an anhedonist who can't enjoy the extended pleasure of a young woman's company. (She's Melody, a sweetly innocent runaway played by Evan Rachel Wood.) Larry David's role was originally written for the late Zero Mostel, and the clear calculation was that the right actor would make Boris borderline-lovable in spite of himself. Mr. David isn't the right actor.

He can be an amusing scold, and he's certainly a master of the world-class narcissism that makes "Curb Your Enthusiasm" a singular pleasure on TV. But he seems to be an actor playing an actor. He shows none of the performance skills, or the emotional variety, to sustain a feature film, so this new act wears thin—and turns creepy—as Boris constantly berates his beautiful waif after taking her in, and she, poor baby, buys into his love affair with doom. The story finally comes around to a wry celebration of life that includes Melody's eccentric parents—they're played by Patricia Clarkson and Ed Begley Jr.—and a romantic young actor, Randy (Henry Cavill), who adores her. Still, the movie on the whole is joyless. "Whatever Works" doesn't.

'Not BFFs yet': Larry David on working with Woody Allen

BY JOHN JURGENSEN

IN WOODY ALLEN'S new film "Whatever Works," actor Larry David plays Boris Yellnikoff, a misanthrope who wryly harangues friends, lovers and strangers about his fatalistic worldview. (See Joe Morgenstern's review) Boris has a few things in common with Larry David, the bristly lead character of "Curb Your Enthusiasm," an HBO comedy that mines much of its humor from awkward social situations and the improvisation of its cast. Mr. David launched "Curb" in 1999 after leaving "Seinfeld," the hit sitcom he created with Jerry Seinfeld. Playing themselves, the stars of "Seinfeld" will appear in the coming season of "Curb." Mr. David was mum about the details of that on-screen reunion in a recent interview, where he sported an outfit that would be familiar to any "Curb" viewer, including baggy khakis, sneakers and a navy sport coat over a V-neck sweater. Guffawing often and wearing a crooked grin, he talked about psychoanalysis, the human condition



Larry David

and his budding relationship with Mr. Allen.

Q: People are talking about this as Woody Allen's return to New York. But it's a return to your hometown, too. Do you get

sentimental about the city?

No. But ask me what else I get sentimental about.

Q: What else do you get sentimental about?

Can't come up with anything. No, I am a crier and if people ever saw me privately they would be shocked at what a bowl of mush I am underneath it all. I refuse to give you any examples. But I could listen to a great piece of music and just start weeping.

Q: You've appeared in a couple other Woody Allen films.

Appear is an overstatement. I did those two very tiny parts [in "Radio Days" and "New York Stories"] in the '80s. In "Radio Days," the shot was from a roof. All you saw was my bald head, really.

Q: Has your relationship with Woody continued since you finished "Whatever Works"?

Are we best buds? Are we BFFs? No, we're not BFFs yet. There's still hope.

Q: In "Whatever Works," Boris goes into long tirades about the pointlessness of life. Did you like the character?

Yes, it was fun to play, and to insult people and not worry about being nice. Pretty much what I do on "Curb Your Enthusiasm." There was lot of material to memorize. And just the fact that "Curb" is improvised and I'm making it up as I go along in many cases.

Here, I was doing someone else's words, which was really a pleasure, because you can get pretty sick of being yourself every minute of every day. To actually have a chance to say someone else's words, no less Woody Allen's, was fun.

Q: Woody has talked about the dividing line between exploring the human condition and just giving audiences some entertainment. Where does your work fall in that equation?

I am not nearly as ambitious or as smart as he is. I'm dealing pretty much with what people

have to deal with in their everyday lives. I don't take on big things. What I do, pretty much, is make the big things small and the small things big. It's a comedic device. That works for me.

Q: What is it about your work that makes people want to psychoanalyze it so much? This armchair analysis often extends to you, Larry David.

I don't mind that. I've been in therapy. I know enough about myself now to know that I really don't need to know anymore. I get sick of it.

Q: But you're not in therapy any longer?

No, I don't need to do that. It's such a self-indulgent activity that when I was doing it made me kind of sick. It turned me off to myself. It's so self-indulgent to talk about yourself for 45 minutes to an hour. C'mon. On the other hand you don't want to burden your friends with that if there is stuff you want to discuss.

A new way to see ancient Athens

Among the treasures at the Acropolis Museum: discoveries made during the building's construction

BY CHRISTINE PIROVOLAKIS
Special to *The Wall Street Journal*
Athens

AS BUILDING LOCATIONS go, it is unmatched. What could present more of a challenge than to design a major new structure to stand at the foot of the Acropolis, revered as one of the great architectural achievements of western civilization.

That new structure is the Acropolis Museum, which after more than 25 years in the making finally opened to the public last weekend. Braving the blazing sun and heat, thousands thronged immediately to its gates, eager to be among the first to explore the museum's vast collection of sculptures and artifacts from ancient Greece.

Confronting his own set of natural forces, Swiss-born architect Bernard Tschumi has been on a Greek odyssey for the past six years to finally get the €130 million structure off the ground after several setbacks. Efforts to create the museum began as far back as the 1970s. The last attempt, which was launched in 2003 under Mr. Tschumi's leadership, was dogged by delays due to archaeologists and local residents.

At first there was public resistance to the design of the museum—whose glass and steel structure was deemed far too modern to compliment the classical style of the ancient temple. More delays were caused by the complicated transport of the delicate exhibits from the old museum located atop the Acropolis to the new one down below.

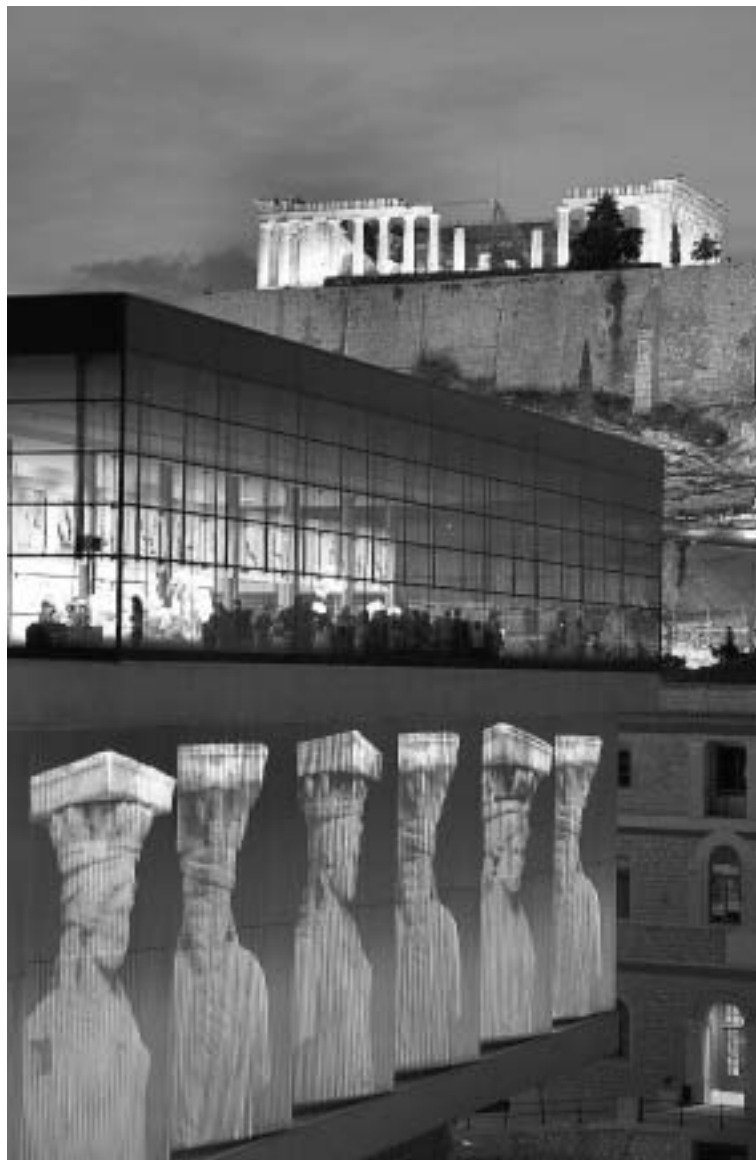
Spreading across three-levels, the new 14,000-square-meter museum displays more than 4,000 artifacts dating from the fifth century B.C. The items, including sculptures that had been in storage and never seen due to a lack of display space, are now shown together for the first time.

Visitors enter the museum by climbing a ramp that faintly echoes the slope up to the Acropolis. On the first floor there is an exhibition of statues from the pre-Parthenon period that date from the sixth century B.C.

"Unlike other big European museums such as the Louvre and the British Museum in London, this museum is the only one of its kind which includes finds and artifacts from one archaeological site—the Acropolis," says Acropolis curator Alexandros Mantis.

One of the highlights of the museum is the Parthenon Gallery. Located on the top floor, it's a glass chamber angled to face the Parthenon itself, 244 meters away. Here, all of the sculptures of the Parthenon have been placed together for the first time, and the 160-meter frieze depicting a religious procession has been mounted in an unbroken sequence as it would have been on the temple. Plaster reproductions fill in the blank spots left by original sections of the frieze that were removed from the temple in the early 19th century and have been on display since 1816 in the British Museum.

With the opening of the new museum, Greece now says it has adequate display space for the



Top, caryatids projected outside the new Acropolis Museum; above and below, visitors tour the museum last weekend.



the fifth century B.C. to the mid-Byzantine period in the 12th century A.D.

The uncovered ruins include the remains of private villas, bathhouses, workshops and cisterns. Archaeologists say these new findings shed more light on the evolution on the birthplace of democracy than any other discovery to date.

"Thankfully, due to the construction of the new museum we were able to conduct the biggest ever dig near the Acropolis and were given insight into people's daily habits and the way they worshipped," says archaeologist Stamatia Eleftheratou, who headed the excavation. "We knew that we would find antiquities when construction began but what we did not expect was to find so many and in such a well-preserved state."

The dig revealed thousands of pieces, ranging from children's toys and cooking utensils to a near-perfectly preserved fourth century B.C. marble bust of the Greek philosopher Aristotle as well as a two-sided Roman coin featuring the head of Brutus, one of Julius Caesar's assassins, on the one side and a pair of daggers on the other.

"Almost all of the ancient homes that we found in this area contained specially designed rooms where lectures or symposiums took place—this is an important indication that the inhabitants were quite wealthy," says Ms. Eleftheratou, pointing to the open floor plan of the museum's lobby where the excavations of the ancient city can be viewed beneath.

Mr. Tschumi, known for his radical theories on post-structuralist architecture in the 1960s and 70s, added wide expanses of glass that are cut into the floor throughout the three-level museum to allow visitors to look down into the ancient city. His minimalist style is incorporated throughout the building with vast open spaces, natural light and unobtrusive columns.

For Ms. Eleftheratou, an archaeologist from the Greek Culture Ministry, the findings have been a dream discovery. For the architects building the museum, they were a major challenge.

Under the suspicious and watchful eye of hundreds of archaeologists, many of whom did not want the museum built above an ancient city, Mr. Tschumi decided to raise the entire building on huge concrete columns, enabling the museum's entry plaza and first floor to hover over the site.

He spent months negotiating with academics on how to preserve the artifacts as much as possible while at the same time planting concrete pillars into the ground to stabilize the museum against earthquakes. In many cases the supports are erected only a few centimeters away from the millennia-old walls.

In an effort to avert destruction, archaeologists filled the site with truckloads of sand for protection during construction and are currently in the process of uncovering the ancient neighborhood, which will open to visitors next year.



'Real World I #01' (2004), by Back Seung-Woo; estimate: £10,000-£15,000.

Sales focus on fresh stars

CHRISTIE'S WILL spotlight emerging photo artists at its London salesrooms on July 1 in the second installment of its "Distinctively" series.

This new approach to photography, which Christie's began last year, presents emerging and established contemporary photographers of a particular region side by side. On Wednesday, the focus is on three countries in "Distinctively British," "Distinctively Korean" and "Distinctively Japanese."

Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

To qualify for "Distinctively," works must be sold out in the galleries and no longer available on the primary market. Although I was aware of many of these emerging artists through the galleries, it is exciting to see them at an international auction.

A new auction face in the British section is Neeta Madahar with "Falling I" (2005), a lyrical piece re-enacting a childhood memory of sycamore seeds falling from the trees (estimate: £3,000-£4,000). Another is Glen Luchford with an image from 1993 of a lonely, young Kate Moss in a cowboy hat being photographed for Harper's Bazaar on 42nd Street in New York (estimate: £8,000-£12,000).

Korean newcomers include Back Seung-Woo, whose "Real World I #01" (2004) was taken in a South Korean theme park and confuses reality in presenting little Korean turtle ships floating on the waters around a fake Manhattan with real Korean apartment blocks in the background (estimate: £10,000-£15,000). Bae Chan-Hyo's "Existing in Costume I" (2006) shows the artist dressed up as a 16th-century British queen, dealing with the problem of identity (estimate: £2,000-£3,000). Lee Jung takes an aesthetically beautiful landscape image of North Korea from across the border in "Bordering North Korea" (2006) and slashes across it the words "Another Country" (estimate: £2,000-£3,000).

Japan's auction debutantes include Jumonji Bishin with "Headless" (1971), an unusual portrait where the head of a person is cut off, inviting the viewer to identify the sitter (estimate: £3,000-£5,000). Yamaguchi Noriko's "Cell Phone Girl" (2004) features a girl in a bodysuit crafted from mobile-phone keypads and large headphones with streaming wires (estimate: £2,000-£3,000). A moving contribution comes from Otsuka Chino, whose "Imagine Finding Me" (2005) is a photo of the grown artist and an inserted image of the artist as a child walking on a beach with the printed words, "If again I have a chance to meet, there is so much I want to ask and so much I want to tell" (estimate: £2,500-£3,500).

OVER THE

BY ALEXANDRA ALTER

Caribou-Targhee National Forest, Idaho

AN AVALANCHE of raging white water explodes into a deep pool below, sending up three-story plumes of mist. A professional kayaker nearly broke his back on this waterfall in southeastern Idaho last fall, when he slammed into a boulder and was flung from his boat.

For Ben Stookesberry, a 30-year-old white-water kayaker from Shasta, Calif., running the 20-meter waterfall on a cloudy, buggy June morning is just practice.

Mr. Stookesberry is one of about half a dozen professional kayakers who tackle waterfalls above 30 meters. He views the fast-charging Lower Mesa Falls as preparation for even more ambitious drops on kayaking expeditions down uncharted rivers in Brazil, Chile and Pakistan.

A little over a decade ago, a 15- or 18-meter waterfall was thought to be the biggest drop a kayaker could survive. But sturdier boats and new techniques have allowed daredevils and explorers like Mr. Stookesberry to push the outer limits of the sport. By mastering big waterfalls, the most extreme kayakers are venturing into unexplored river gorges and uncharted rapids that were previously deemed out of reach, sealed off by fortress-like waterfalls where portaging is impossible. Like 19th-century explorers and alpine climbers seeking to conquer untamed peaks, these adventurers risk their lives to claim a "first descent" of a waterfall or a long, treacherous stretch of river.

In March, a Brazilian kayaker plummeted off a 39-meter waterfall in the Amazon, shattering the previous world record, set just four months earlier, of 33 meters. A month later, Tyler Bradt, a 23-year-old extreme kayaker from Montana, ran a 60-meter tall waterfall outside of Spokane, Wash. An accelerometer in the hull of his kayak measured his g-force, or rate of acceleration relative to free fall, at 9 gs—the force of a maneuvering fighter jet. Mr. Bradt, who is currently searching out waterfalls in Norway and Iceland, walked away with a sprained wrist. So far, no one has died on a massive waterfall, though there have been numerous deaths and near-drownings on smaller falls.

Such exploits have brought visibility to the sport and helped to attract a new generation of recreational paddlers. Amateur kayakers, like professionals, are taking advantage of newer, more stable kayaks to conquer more daunting



Ben Stookesberry at Idaho's Lower Mesa Falls and kayaking on the North Fork of the San Joaquin River in California (opposite page).

waves and rapids. More than a dozen cities across the U.S., including Casper, Wyo., Missoula, Mont., Rochester, N.Y., and Vail, Colo., have created artificial waves and white-water "play parks" that allow kayakers to practice rolling their boats and surfing big waves in a less risky environment. Kayakers say these spots—the white-water equivalent of a skate board park—have radically altered the learning curve.

"The stuff that people are doing in their second and third year now would have beat me in the world championships in 1993," says Eric Jackson, a four-time freestyle kayaking champion.

Mr. Stookesberry ekes out a living on some \$22,000 a year, working commercial construction in Shasta for three months each year and selling DVDs of the kayaking films he shoots during expeditions. He gets gear and some sponsorship money from Werner Paddles, Jackson Kayak and Kokatat, a dry-suit manufacturer. He self-finances most of his expeditions.

Since taking up kayaking a decade ago, he has bagged 51 first descents in 11 countries, he says. Mr. Stookesberry, who majored in math and geology at Southern Oregon University, uses Google Earth satellite images and draws on his geology background to search out some of the world's wildest rivers and waterfall formations.

He was the first to paddle what kayakers believe to be the steepest runnable section of river on the planet: the Rio Santo Domingo in Chiapas, Mexico, which drops 146 vertical meters in about 200 meters, and includes two 27-meter waterfalls. He hopes to be the first to complete the lower section of China's Tsangpo River, which crashes through a lush, snaking gorge that's more than three times as deep as the Grand Canyon.

Sturdier equipment has spurred advances in the sport. Brittle fiberglass kayaks have been replaced by tougher, molded plastic boats that can absorb big impacts. Unlike their cigar-shaped predecessors, newer kayaks have flat bottoms like surfboards, allowing boaters to skip off crests of waves and bounce off rocks in a move kayakers call a "boof."

The most extreme kayakers have also developed new techniques to control their descents over massive falls. Boaters tuck forward like high divers, laying flat across the bow and angling their boats nose first, which reduces the surface area hitting the water and softens the impact. Some even attach fins to the back of the boats so that they drop straight down, like a dart. The most common injury, kayakers say, is a broken nose.

"Approaching the lip, there's this feeling of being completely out of control, completely in the hands of

Getting out on the water

Otter Bar Lodge Kayak School Salmon River, Calif. ▶

Located in Forks of Salmon, Calif., this school offers week-long kayaking courses for beginners and intermediate paddlers throughout the summer. The school also leads kayaking trips to the Grand Canyon and New Zealand.

☎ 1-530-462-4772
otterbar.com

Nantahala Outdoor Center Nantahala River, N.C.

One of the top U.S. paddling schools, the center offers weekend and week-long kayaking and canoeing courses for all skill levels, as well as guided white-water rafting and kayaking trips to Mexico, the Galapagos, Belize and the Dominican Republic.

☎ 1-888-905-7238, noc.com

Ottawa Kayak School Ottawa River, Ontario, Canada

This riverside resort, where visitors can camp or stay in wood cabins or fancier off-site lodges, offers immersion classes for beginning kayakers, as well as advanced instruction and specialty paddling clinics.

☎ 1-613-646-2291
ottawakayak.com



Jeffrey Lamont Brown



FluidSkills Wimborne, U.K.

This kayak school and tour operator based in Southwest England offers courses at all levels, from beginner classes in open water or swimming pools to advanced white-water safety and rescue training. It also organizes guided trips to rivers in the U.K. (mostly in Dartmoor National Park) and the French Alps, for individuals or families.

☎ 44-7946-763-667
www.fluidskills.com

Expediciones Chile Rio Futaleufu, Patagonia

Founded by an American Olympic kayaker, this adventure outfit operates a rustic camp in a remote spot about 1,500 kilometers south of Santiago, where Chile's Rio Azul and Rio Futaleufu meet (visitors reach the camp by boat, horseback, bike or on foot and sleep in tents or cabins, but don't have to forego all comforts: The camp has a dining hall, hot showers, a sauna and massages). The company offers guided trips and classes in white-water and sea kayaking, along with other sports.

☎ 44-20-7193-3214
exchile.com

EDGE



Kayakers seek out steeper, wilder waters



Chris Figenshau for The Wall Street Journal (3)

the river," Mr. Stookesberry says. "You lose all that fear and all that anticipation, because there's no turning back."

On an overcast, windless morning, Mr. Stookesberry returned to Idaho's Lower Mesa Falls, where he claimed the first descent of the 20-meter drop in 2001—a stunt designed, he sheepishly admits, to impress his girlfriend at the time. The fact that he had done it before, and that a few other kayakers had followed, didn't trigger overconfidence. The ever-changing rapids mask constantly shifting currents

and new, unseen hazards.

Mr. Stookesberry and two friends parked their cars by the roadside, hoisted their kayaks onto their shoulders and hiked for one and a half kilometers through pine forests and fields of wild flowers. White-water kayakers often tackle tough rivers in small groups, armed with throw bags and ropes in case one of them needs a rescue. The path opened onto a grassy bluff overlooking the falls, a churning wall of water flanked by huge cliffs of porous volcanic rock.

Wearing mismatched flip-flops

and a green T-shirt that says "Just Boof It," Mr. Stookesberry, who has sandy blond hair and grayish blue eyes, swatted at clouds of mosquitoes and began thinking about what might go wrong. Based on the river's speed and the height of the falls, he estimated that he would hit the pool at 64 kilometers per hour. There's an ideal line where the water falls cleanly and then shoots out in a "flake" spraying off a big rock, away from the churning water at the base. The path is just a few feet wide. The rest is frothy chaos.

Edging too far to the right could

send him hurtling into a steep cliff where the water churns violently at the bottom. He could get caught in the eddy. Worse, he could be sucked into a cave behind the falls, out of rescuers' reach. Too far left, and he would likely be pulled into the middle of the falls, where the water collapses inward into a deep rock fissure.

On the river bank, Mr. Stookesberry mapped out his course with his college buddy and kayaking partner, Eric Seymour. He tossed big sticks into the river to identify small waves and other features that would help him navigate a precise path. As the men discussed a worst-case scenario rescue plan, the roar was so thunderous that they had to stand next to each other and yell to communicate.

Finally, Mr. Stookesberry climbed into his bright orange kayak and pushed off the bank, gliding out into the rapids. Without hesitating, he paddled toward the edge. After five strokes, a powerful current swept him over. He shot over the lip into a vertical plunge, a streak of orange against an avalanche of white water. Halfway down, he hit the spout of water he was aiming for and skipped off a protruding boulder. He was propelled forward, then swallowed by the torrent. He popped up in the frothy pool, miraculously upright, and raised his left fist. Mr. Seymour let out a whoop.

Some experienced paddlers view the push toward bigger falls as reckless, and pointless.

"You get these people who just want to get their names out there, and jumping off a big waterfall is a good way to do that," says Mr. Jackson, who owns Jackson Kayak, the world's largest white-water kayak manufacturer. "A first-year paddler can do that."

Waterfalls rank among white water's most treacherous features. A nine-meter fall can be lethal. In 2003, Mr. Stookesberry witnessed the death of his friend Jeff Ellis, who drowned on a routine five-meter drop on Shackleford Creek in northern California. Mr. Ellis was trapped in an eddy at the base of the falls when his boat filled with water. He was sucked back into the falls, where he apparently was pulled from his kayak by the river's force. When he surfaced, about 30 seconds later, he was unconscious. Mr. Stookesberry and three others formed a human chain and grabbed

him by the life vest, but the vest ripped off when they tugged on it, and Mr. Ellis was pulled under by a current. His body floated to the surface down the river.

Mr. Stookesberry has narrowly escaped death. In 2004, he nearly drowned at Silver Falls, a 12-meter waterfall near Mount Rainier in Washington, when the cascading water pinned his boat to the cliff wall. He decided to abandon his boat and swim, hoping the force of the falls would flush him out. Instead, the current pulled him under, holding him down for more than a minute.

He could see light and air bubbles at the surface, but couldn't reach it. He was sure he would die. More than fear, he felt sadness. His father had died in a car accident four years earlier, and his mother would have to endure another loss. The water turned black as an undercut pulled him below the turbulent surface and flushed him out of the swirling eddy. He emerged downstream and grabbed a log, where his friends were able to pull him out.

Though the adrenaline rush is part of what drew him to the sport, Mr. Stookesberry says it's the urge to seek out unexplored parts of the planet that drives him. Drawing on his geology background, Mr. Stookesberry searches satellite images and topographical maps for geological features that tend to form big waves and runnable falls, including glacially eroded granite and travertine—a rare rock formation of calcium carbonate that builds up on the river bed, forming humps and slides in the water. The approach helps him find unexplored big rivers and waterfalls in places such as Brazil, Papua New Guinea and Guyana, areas not known as extreme kayaking hot spots.

His longest-running ambition is to complete the first descent of the lower section of the Tsangpo River Gorge, one of the wildest and most sought after river runs on the planet. Western explorers have been captivated by the gorge, thought to be the world's deepest, for more than 100 years. Kayakers call it the Everest of rivers. The lower section of river cuts through a deep chasm, flanked by cliffs that make it impossible to portage around some of the waterfalls and steep drops.

Once you start down the river, there's no turning back. It has never been run. Mr. Stookesberry aims to be the first.

Football coach favors the underdogs

In India, Nepal and now Sudan, Englishman turns woe to wins; soccer's patron saint of lost causes

BY JEFF D. OPDYKE

AT 46 YEARS old, Stephen Constantine, a balding Englishman who grew up playing football for school and club teams in London, has been cast—unintentionally, he says—as soccer's St. Jude, the patron saint of lost causes.

In the past decade he has helmed a string of national teams rarely known for their achievements on the pitch: India, Nepal and Malawi. Yet instead of accumulating losses, Mr. Constantine has surprised fans with success. A Nepal team that hadn't won consecutive games in five years earned a silver medal in a South Asian tournament. India captured an Asian cup despite expectations the team would play two games, lose both and go home. And Malawi made the final round of World Cup qualifying by, in part, besting Egypt, a continental giant.

Now Mr. Constantine has taken on his most challenging posting yet: Sudan. The Desert Hawks, as Sudan's team is known, have never played a World Cup game and have qualified for the African Cup of Nations just once in three decades (and promptly lost all three games by a combined 9-0).

Moreover, the country is riven by a civil war the United Nations estimates has claimed 300,000 lives in Darfur.

"I seem to get the really tough jobs others don't want," Mr. Constantine said while his team trained on a Tunisian beach. "People back in England say I'm dedicated and brave to take these coaching jobs, but I don't see that. It sounds corny, but I feel privileged making my living doing what I love—building football teams."

A key test for Sudan came in a World Cup qualifier last Saturday, when the team lost to African powerhouse Ghana in Khartoum. Few expected Sudan to slay a four-time African cup winner that qualified for the last World Cup and multiple Olympics and is stacked with athletes playing throughout Europe's top leagues. But in the last home qualifier in March, the Desert Hawks, with five players who had never played internationally, tied significantly higher-ranked Mali.

Mr. Constantine says he aims for Sudan to qualify for next year's African tournament in Angola and, though it's certainly a long shot, for the 2010 World Cup in South Africa.

Even for Mr. Constantine, his new assignment is like no other. Sudan is blanketed by dire travel warnings that include threats of land mines and terrorist attacks. Just days after his arrival, the International Criminal Court indicted Sudanese President Omar al-Bashir for alleged war crimes and crimes against humanity. British Embassy personnel urged Mr. Constantine to skip his first match for safety concerns. He ignored the warning.

"I don't give political issues a second thought because politics is a dirty business everywhere," he says. "I'm only interested in getting Sudan to the next level."

Mr. Constantine's pursuit of that goal has caused no shortage



Above, Stephen Constantine with a Sudanese player; below, the Sudan team plays Tunisia in Rades Stadium.



Arbitrage

The price of a public tennis court

City	Local currency	€
Hong Kong	HK\$45	€4
London	£7	€8
Tokyo	¥1,133	€9
Brussels	€12	€12
Rome	€12	€12
Paris	€13	€13
Franfurt	€22	€22
New York	\$89	€64

Note: For a one-hour session; prices, including taxes, as provided by facilities in each city, averaged and converted into euros.



of tumult. Fans and the numerous local sports newspapers that shadow soccer in Sudan all complain about the Englishman's strict rules and gripe that he has replaced popular stars with young upstarts with little or no international experience.

In World Cup qualifying at Benin earlier this month, Sudan lost 1-0 after fielding a team comprised largely of newcomers. Fans on one Sudanese Web site complained that Mr. Constantine's "stubbornness" left many tested players off the roster.

After Sudan lost a pair of meaningless games to Tunisia and Libya, a Sudanese newspaper described criticism of the coach as "widespread."

In rebuilding Sudanese football, Mr. Constantine invited to training camp earlier this year prospects from nearly every club in Sudan's Premier League and from nearly every region of the country, regardless of tribal, ethnic or religious affiliation. This was rare for a national team that has historically been built almost singularly from players from Al-Hilal Omdurman and Al-Merreikh, the largest, richest clubs that have dominated the sport for half a century.

Though many are angry about Mr. Constantine's changes, Kamal Shaddad, president of Sudan's Football Association, isn't. He says 34 applications for Sudan's coaching job came from as far away as Mexico and Brazil. They settled on Mr. Constantine, who's young and disciplined.

"Young coaches don't venture to this part of the world; they want Europe," Dr. Shaddad says. "But Stephen was willing to come and sacrifice of himself to achieve

a goal here that will help him earn his millions in the future. Sudan is a very difficult place; it's hard to get consensus in this country. So I'm not worried some people aren't happy their stars are not on the national team. Stephen can be a little exaggerating on discipline, but we wanted a coach that really enforces discipline."

Under Mr. Constantine, players are fined if they're late to practice, leave camp without permission, or if mobile phones ring during team meetings. The accumulated assessments—approaching 1,000 Sudanese pounds (\$422)—will go to charity. He has successfully imposed such strictures because younger players see national-team success as a stepping-stone to clubs that pay higher wages, providing a better life in a poor nation.

Mr. Constantine also looks out for his players. He has been known to provide them with a bag of personal-care items like soaps, shampoos and toiletries when training camps begin. He negotiated a deal in which the U.K. division of U.S. sports-apparel maker Mazamba will supply Sudan with a new uniform and will provide financial support to Sudan's Football Association.

He's currently working on hiring tutors to teach English and computer skills so players are more marketable overseas. He says it's his "personal mission" to see Sudanese players selected to European or American clubs.

"When you look at these boys, you just have no idea what they've been through and where they come from," Mr. Constantine says.

The players recognize that despite the fans and media, their coach's efforts are designed "to make us a better squad," says Nasr Eldin Omer, a 24-year-old midfielder who has played under two national-team coaches. Players joke and dance with their coach during practice, and sing on the team bus. "We have much more discipline now, and our training is harder and more difficult," Mr. Omer says. "But this is making us better."

Sudan, currently last in its qualifying group, needs at least a third-place finish to reach Angola—and a first-place finish to make it to South Africa. "The betting money is on us finishing bottom of our group," says Mr. Constantine.

Off the pitch, Mr. Constantine's life in Sudan can be lonely. His wife and three daughters (ages 3 to 11) live in Cyprus, where Mr. Constantine once coached. He visits a few times a year and is eager to reunite the family once his two-year contract expires.

Alone in Khartoum he spends his time away from coaching by coaching virtual players in an online soccer game. "It's sad, I know, but it passes the time," he says. "I need help."

Ultimately, he sees East Africa as another step to a career coaching in England or the U.S., where he played and coached in the late-'80s and '90s. "A friend once called me a 'soccer whore,'" Mr. Constantine says, "because I will go to the ends of the Earth to coach the game I love. And, well, I guess I have."

Michael Zumstein/Oeii Public for The Wall Street Journal (2)

Where food trumps fashion glitz in Milan

BY CHRISTINA BINKLEY

MILAN'S BUSINESS capital is more prone to transacting than digesting, so it's not surprising that travelers here often end up at one of the high-gloss restaurants frequented by the fashion elite, whose presence helps promote them. These places—including 10 Corso Como and Dolce & Gabbana Gold—should come with a warning label: Fashion people aren't all that into food.

But if you know where to go, Milan is one of Italy's gastronomic gems. Restaurants there often get first pick, ahead of buyers from other cities, of produce, meat and even fish because they are willing to pay top dollar for their privileged clientele. What's more, the cuisine may surprise people who come expecting pasta. Butter is as common a lubricant as olive oil, and a plump yellow risotto is the city's signature dish.

Food in the Lombardy region is heavily influenced by its cousins to the north of the Alps, making Milan a food cosmos where the adventurous are rewarded for stepping off the beaten path. Many restaurants offer a version of the city's primary risotto and breaded beef cutlets and a juicy hunk of buffalo mozzarella, but to experience the region's delicate peasant dishes or its surprisingly sumptuous seafood, you have to ask a local.

I recently visited three restaurants that locals know and love—places where the proprietors themselves are likely to place your food on the table. At Hostaria Borromei, not far from the Duomo cathedral in Milan's ancient center, owner Alberto Besutti escorted my group past a bubbling courtyard fountain to our table and offered a glass of sparkling Prosecco, on the house. "I love it already," my friend exclaimed happily. (Hostaria Borromei; via Borromei, 4; ☎ 39-02-86-453-760.)

Hostaria Borromei, open on the Via Borromei for 45 years, once served only lunch to the neighborhood's bankers and businessmen. The Besuttis bought it in 1994 and turned it into a full-service restaurant serving dinner late into the night, in keeping with locals' custom of rarely heading out to dine before 9 p.m. Borromei received the ultimate recommendation when an acquaintance who knows me as a fashion writer, Marco Franchini, then chief executive of the luxury-goods maker Bally Group, exclaimed upon seeing me there in March, "What are you doing here? I come here because it's safe—no fashion people!"

"If you want to have a nice place, you must be here from the morning until the night," says Mr. Besutti, who runs the restaurant with his wife, Rosa. And perhaps because they practically live there, the hospitality is homey and seductive. At dinner, the tables are set with bowls of crisp semolina crackers in the shape of loose pretzels. A question about olive oil results in the appearance of Mr. Besutti's personal bottle.

Italian menus, if you took them literally, would have you eating four courses or more. Typically, I order an antipasta followed by a main course from sections of the menu called *primi piatti* or *sec-*



Clockwise from left: Chef Cosimo Santobuono of Al Grissino spoons Barolo wine onto a hunk of braised tuna; exterior of Al Grissino; guests at Trattoria Milanese have fun with a two-man band that tours the local restaurants playing traditional hits.



ondi, "firsts" or "seconds," the secondi being the heavier and more elaborate. For the truly overwhelmed it's often possible to find a *turistico* menu combining a first and second with dessert for a fixed price.

Italian restaurateurs often covet their own food, offering suggestions and impulsive gifts. But at the Borromei, don't expect Mr. Besutti to choose one of his creations over another. Rather than make a recommendation from his extensive menu, he'd rather explain each dish, and he's perfectly happy to translate the Italian

menu into English—as he did with the entire list of "secondi piatti" meats and fish. (I chose the osso buco and had to restrain myself from licking the bowl.) When our table requested a side dish of spinach, the restaurant was out; Mr. Besutti suggested broccoli, which arrived succulent in garlic and olive oil. And he recommended a wine: Our 2006 Barbera was a bargain at \$25—and delicious. For dessert, vanilla ice cream arrived unrequested and drowned in rum at the table.

Another gem is Trattoria Milanese, which sits on a narrow,

stone-cobbled street near the Duomo called via Santa Marta. Don't confuse this cozy, crowded restaurant with others using the same name elsewhere in the city; they are unrelated. Trattoria specialties are the region's famous risotto and a meaty osso buco that will grow hair on your chest; for those who just can't decide, the restaurant serves a dish with a half-serving of each. The delicious tripe dish here is *fofio*—a word from a local dialect that refers to "the best part of the tripe," says Guiseppe Villa, who owns Trattoria Milanese with his wife, Antonella, and whose family has run it since 1933. Many of the recipes come from Mr. Villa's grandfather, also named Guiseppe Villa. (Trattoria Milanese; via Santa Marta, 11; ☎ 39-02-86-451-991.)

Given the charms of the neighborhood, one of Milan's oldest, it's worth strolling to the Trattoria Milanese after dark; the street in either direction is dark and quiet, and when you reach the Trattoria, the interior lights shine out on the narrow street in welcome. A word to the wise: Make dinner reservations and show up on time—a courtesy that's expected at most of the city's restaurants. An acquaintance of mine was asked to leave Trattoria Milanese when her dinner partners arrived seriously

late.

You would be forgiven for neglecting fish in land-locked Milan, but a walk past the antipasti table at Ristorante Al Grissino will convince you that what locals say is true—Milan has fabulous fresh seafood. Warm octopus with asparagus and squid with *fagioli* (beans) aren't Milanese specialties—proprietor-brothers Mauro and Pasquale Caggianelli have created a menu that covers the Mediterranean—but the dishes have helped cement the restaurant's reputation among Milan's cognoscenti. It came recommended to me by Federico Marchetti, chief executive of Yoox.com, who lives in Milan. (Ristorante Al Grissino; via GB Tiepolo, 54; ☎ 39-02-86-730-392.)

A note on antipasti tables, at Al Grissino and elsewhere. They are always placed tantalizingly by the door, requiring patrons to walk the plank past a mouth-watering assortment of specialties, laid out home-style on plates and bowls. It's the most effective ploy to whet the appetite that I have ever encountered.

The first surprise at Al Grissino came with the hook provided to hang my purse from the table edge. Then, as at the Hostaria Borromei, our meal began with a gift—delicious grilled baby shrimp, lightly salted. The fresh tuna braised in Barolo wine sounded so off-kilter that I ordered it just to see. It arrived deep red, from the red wine, and blessedly juicy, served over braised potatoes.

The waiters at Al Grissino are happy to advise. In fact, ours declined to take my order for *insalata ricola* (arugula salad). "No! Potato!" he said, wagging his finger, offering what I took as a warning that the potatoes and salad didn't mix. Later, I consulted Italian food specialist Guiliano Hazan, who said there's no such proscription. "Waiters in Italy do get very protective of their restaurants and their cuisine," he said. "It sounds like a miscommunication." No matter. Instead, I chose a "prima" of bronzino carpaccio, thin slices of raw fish served with sliced artichoke hearts. He seemed pleased and so was I.



Above left, Hostaria Borromei owner Alberto Besutti speaks with guests; above right, a dish of panna cotta as served at Hostaria Borromei.



Dave Yoder for The Wall Street Journal (5)

DISTINCTIVE PROPERTIES & ESTATES

URUGUAY – SOUTH AMERICA

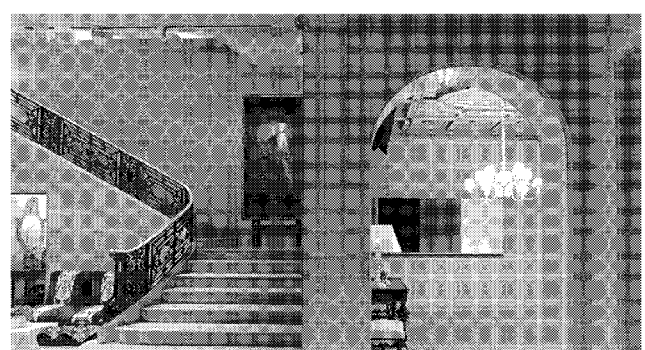


Luxury Residence overlooking Atlantic Ocean from a hill 100 mts above the sea. Ocean and Panoramic 270° view. Built: 1050 sq. metre Land: 20 hectares Main house 4 Bedrooms 4 baths 1 Jacuzzi, Huge kitchen, fire place, library, Home Theater, resting and dining areas, wine cellar, large terraces, overflow swimming pool, CCTV/infrared security, Own water supply, Satellite Internet and TV, top quality insulation.

Euros 1,500,000

Visit www.gallack.com for more details
or e-mail j.patrik@gallack.com or call +41 79 539 74 61

SPECTACULAR LIMESTONE MANSION



NEW YORK, NY: East 70s. 45' wide, 21,000± sq. ft. Grand marble staircase and superb architectural details. Luxurious residential or trophy commercial use. \$75,000,000. WEB: WJ0015884. Serena Boardman, 212.606.7611, Meredith Hull Smith, 212.606.7683

EAST SIDE MANHATTAN BROKERAGE
sothebys.com/nyc
38 EAST 61ST STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10065 212.606.7660

Sotheby's International Realty, Inc. is owned and operated by NRT LLC.
Sotheby's International Realty® is a registered trademark.

Sotheby's
INTERNATIONAL REALTY

CHEAP AMERICAN LAND

Call 912-729-5544

or visit

www.VacantLandAmerica.com

SUMMER RENTAL NEW YORK CITY

One Bedroom, Furnished Apartment for Rent July, August & September, Upper Eastside. Utilities Included, A/C. \$2,700. per/mo.
212-288-3549 after 10:30 a.m.

Princess Hill, fit for a Queen

Ultimate privacy and tranquility in Vermont. Charming 1915 cottage on 5.05 acres, with your own forest pond. Arctic vegetation. Mushrooms. Near ski resorts and golf. Formerly owned by Russian nobility. Private, discreet sale. \$595,000
woodstockhouse@aol.com

Prime Properties:

Lakes Region, New Hampshire

Many unique homes & lots in unspoiled village of Sandwich, NH. Squam Lake boat slips
Lots ½ mile from lake.

www.emerson-estate.com

Distinctive Properties & Estates

Available Every Friday in

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

EUROPE

for more information call,

Tel: 44-20-7842-9600 or

49-69-971-4280

WATERFRONT PROPERTIES

A SPECIAL
ADVERTISING SECTION

Waterfront Properties

Publication Date: July 24

To learn more, call
44-20-7842-9600 or 49-69-971-4280

NEWPORT BEACH OCEANFRONT



Once in a lifetime 1927 beachfront home is now for sale. This impeccably maintained vintage beach house features 6 beds/3 baths, six car parking and huge side yard on rare double corner lot. Truly a landmark property to own as a vacation home or year round!

Coldwell Banker International
(949) 394-7640 * (949) 233-0799
www.1200WESTOCEANFRONT.COM

❖ Top Picks

Jude Law's Dane: melancholy, mad, but not insane

LONDON: Jude Law is 36 years old—more of a post-doc Hamlet than the usual undergrad. But Michael Grandage's production, ending the Donmar West End's wonderful season at Wyndham's Theatre, makes this Hamlet's relative maturity appropriate to the text.

Indeed, this is the most lucid exposition of the matter of the play I can remember. All the plot lines are crystal clear, from Denmark's rotten political mess, the Ghost's demand for revenge and Gertrude's incest with Claudius, to the nasty treachery of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Mr. Law's Hamlet is marked by his depression-related anger; he is at his most believable when he says "Now I could drink hot blood." Although he's depressed, madness is not an issue: This is a very sane Prince of Denmark. Though genuinely regal, this Hamlet moves with sexy, cat-like grace. However, he has the depressive's lack of libido—his response to sexuality, Ophelia's as well as Gertrude's, being sheer disgust.

I was, though, not convinced either that Mr. Law's prince was genuinely suicidal, or that he was bothered by the religious prohibition of self-slaughter. Why he hesitates to take his revenge remains inexplicable. Mr. Grandage's cuts are tactful and speed the second half along beautifully, but the heart of Hamlet's mystery remains unplucked, as it ought.

—Paul Levy

Until Aug. 22

www.donmarwestend.com

Time with family in Rupert Goold's clever 'Conways'

LONDON: There are two reasons to buy tickets for J.B. Priestley's "Time and the Conways," now at the National Theatre. One is the huge success the National made in 1992 of another of the Yorkshire playwright's dramas, "An Inspector Calls"; the other is that the director of this play, about a bourgeois family's decline, is the terrific Rupert Goold.

The first act shows a World War I post-Armistice party at the Conways' grand house for the 21st birthday of one of the daughters, Kay (an excellent, crisp Hattie Morahan). The big event is the return of the demobbed only son Robin, played nicely by Mark Dexter, full of hope but not quite enough ambition. At the conclusion of this act Mr. Goold gives us a whole row of Kays, doing coordinated movements like one of those books where the image flickers as you riffle the pages; we see these six "Kays" as different states of a single body over time.

In the second act we are in the same house, at another birthday party, but after the conclusion of World War II. Mrs. Conway is broke, the consequence of secretly supporting the failed Robin, who has left his wife and family. Kay is a hardened, successful London journalist. Mr. Goold ends this act with an interlude of film, and the third act takes up exactly where the first ended, at Kate's 21st. The loose ends are a little too neatly tied, as we see why each of the children married his or her spouse—all enriched by our knowledge of how it is going to go wrong.

—Paul Levy

Until July 27

www.nationaltheatre.org.uk



Lenbach-Museums-Stiftung, Schrobhausen

'Klara Baronin von Leipzig' (1898), by Franz von Lenbach, in Berlin.

'Artist princes' painted Germany's rise and fall

BERLIN: Europe's future looked German at the end of the 19th century, as the new German Reich became the continent's economic, military and scientific powerhouse. The country's pre-World War I avant-garde—most notably the "Brücke" painters of Dresden and Berlin—were the first to perceive cracks in the foundations of Imperial German life. Now a compelling show at Berlin's Max Liebermann Haus, which documents the lives of Imperial Germany's two great establishment artists and of their successor in the Weimar Republic, reveals cracks in the edifice, too.

"Princes Among Artists" tells the story of Munich portraitists Franz von Lenbach (1836-1904) and Franz von Stuck (1863-1928), and of the Berlin painter Max Liebermann (1847-1935). Starting with Lenbach, who became known for his Renaissance-style portraits of Otto von Bismarck, and ending with Liebermann, who painted the luminaries of Germany's pre-Nazi years, the exhibition conveys an intimate sense of tragedy, as picture after picture bears testimony to Germany's vertiginous rise and precipitous fall.

"Künstlerfürst," or "artist-prince," was a sobriquet applied to both Lenbach and Stuck, who dominated Munich's cultural life at a time when Munich itself was considered German-speaking Europe's cultural capital. Lenbach's work is supremely confident, but resoundingly backward-looking. His major portraits—like those of Pope Leo

XIII (around 1885) and of Kaiser Wilhelm I (1887)—conspicuously recall the tones and techniques of Titian. At the time, that derivative grandeur turned him into the perfect image-maker for a society in the throes of self-invention. Today, the paintings retain an air of excellence, but they cannot conjure up the deeper stirrings we find in an actual Titian.

Stuck, closely associated with Germany's Art Nouveau movement, is better remembered for his opulent Munich home, now a museum, than for his paintings, many of which have been assembled here from private collections. His portraits can be hopelessly stiff, like his 1897 portrait of Germany's leading Wagnerian conductor Hermann Levi. His heavy, decorative approach, which is meant to be mythmaking, now seems merely falsifying.

Although their work rarely rises to great art by today's standards, Lenbach and Stuck are fascinating as tastemakers—their shortcomings are reflected in the eras they helped to shape. Liebermann, however, fascinates because, by any standard, he is truly a great painter.

The highlight of the show are his many self-portraits, which display a deepening sense of despair, culminating in "Self Portrait with Brush and Palette" (1933), in which the artist is shown frozen with his brush—paralyzed, it seems, with foreknowledge.

—J.S. Marcus

Until July 5

stiftung.brandenburgtor.de

A Mensch for All Seasons

By Ruth R. Wisse

“Now let’s talk about something more cheerful. What’s up with the cholera epidemic in Odessa?”

This season marks 150 years since the birth of Sholem Aleichem, whose appeal to “something more cheerful” made him the most popular Yiddish writer at a time when more Jews spoke Yiddish than any other language.

Known to modern audiences mostly through “Fiddler on the Roof”—the Americanized musical adaptation of his stories of Tevye the Dairyman—Sholem Aleichem cast the

Jews as a people who would live through laughter—or die trying.

He was born Sholem Rabinovitch in 1859 in the Ukrainian Jewish town of Pereyaslav, a middle child of a large family that doubled in size after his mother died and his father married the proverbial wicked stepmother. His first stab at turning hurt into humor was an alphabetized collection of her curses. His father tried to give him a good general as well as a Jewish education. But he was forced to send his son out into the world at age 16 to seek his fortune. With penmanship as his only marketable skill, the young man got a lucky break when he was hired by a Jewish landowner look-

ing for both a personal secretary and a tutor for his only daughter.

Sholem’s storybook romance with his student, Olga, in defiance of her father’s wishes, became the plot of his first attempt at romantic fiction. The fictionalized pair committed suicide, but the real-life couple married, had children, were soon reconciled with Olga’s family and inherited part of her father’s wealth. His new economic

status allowed Sholem to live in Kiev, outside the Pale of Settlement to which most Jews in czarist Russia were confined, and to pursue the career of a writer. He speculated in the market and used his earn-

ings to subsidize a Jewish literary renaissance in which he intended to play a leading role. But it is his subsequent failure in the financial arena that may have spurred his success in the world of letters.

By the time the byline “Sholem Aleichem” appeared in 1883, Fyodor Dostoevsky had published “The Brothers Karamazov,” Leo Tolstoy had serialized “Anna Karenina” and Ivan Turgenev had died. Although the Jewish society of Eastern Europe was more literate than its Gentile counterparts, it valued the written word as the mainstay of a religious, not a literary, civilization. Jewish writers had to overcome that society’s resistance to secular writing and to

encourage a taste for fiction.

Experimentation was the norm, including in language, since most Jewish writers of that generation could and did compose in Hebrew, Yiddish and sometimes Russian. Sholem corresponded with his father in Hebrew and spoke Russian to his children.

In this polyglot, unstable and government-censored literature, pseudonyms were also the norm.



Sholem Aleichem.

Once Sholem moved decisively from Hebrew to Yiddish and began to develop his brand of literary humor, he morphed his proper name into a common term of greeting, the equivalent of “Hello there” or “How do you do?”

“Sholem Aleichem,” the phrase that welcomes angels into the home on Sabbath eve or salutes an old friend on the street, suggested that this was a writer for all occasions: one who drew so

freely on Yiddish folk expressions that his writing would be called “the living essence of the folk itself.” In imitation of his art, many Jews began sounding like the monologists of his fiction.

Sholem Aleichem proved best at creating characters who spoke in their own voices—an anxious mother, a harried marketwoman, grown-ups revisiting their childhood, a bereaved parent, a pimp returning from Buenos Aires to find himself a home-town wife. His fiction seemed to hold together a people that was undergoing unnerving change, forever on the road, or moving to America. One of them, Menahem-Mendl, gone to the big city to seek his fortune, trades letters with Sheyne-Sheyndl, his homebound wife who refers to his failed get-rich schemes as “tales of the deaf man hearing the dumb man tell of the blind man seeing the cripple run.” Their epistolary exchanges encapsulate the tensions between small town and big city, tradition and modernity. Some critics saw Menahem-Mendl as a parody of capitalism, others found in him the irrepressible messianic hope of the Jewish people.

Other variations of resiliency abound in Sholem Aleichem’s work. Tevye the Dairyman was the first Jewish stand-up comic, entertaining the narrator with episodes from his life: The tag-line about cholera is his, as is a running commentary on the daily prayers, “Heal our wounds and make us

whole—please concentrate on the healing because the wounds we already have. . . .” Though Tevye is an isolated villager, the challenges he faces were so typical of those confronting the rest of Russian Jewry that he was taken for a Jewish Everyman. Tevye is powerless to stop his daughters from making their own decisions independently of his wishes, or the czar from driving him off his property, yet his humor persuades us that he can outlaugh his crises and outlast his critics.

Sholem Aleichem discovered in Yiddish and its speakers habits of faith that were transferable from religious into national identity. True, Tevye does not realize his dream of returning to the ancestral Land of Israel, but he and Sholem Aleichem form a place of milk (his dairy business) and honey (his humor).

Several commemorative projects now in the works—a documentary by the filmmaker Joseph Dorman and a literary biography by Jeremy Dauber—will reintroduce Sholem Aleichem to contemporary readers. Once classified as a humorist, he may have done more than any other modern thinker to shape the image of Jews. Thanks to him, there are those who think Yiddish is a comic language and expect Jews to die laughing.

Ms. Wisse is a professor of Yiddish and comparative literature at Harvard.

A Gangster With Star Appeal

By Allen Barra

John Dillinger was far from the most successful bank robber in American history, but he is probably the most popular. According to Paul Maccabee, author of “John Dillinger Slept Here,” “The Gentleman Bandit” Frank Nash was a much better thief, hauling in nearly \$3 million, a staggering sum for a Depression era outlaw.” But Dillinger, says Mr. Maccabee, “had style. He liked to amuse bank customers with quips and wise cracks during holdups. He would leap over the counters to show off his athletic ability and sometimes fired his Thompson submachine gun into the ceiling just to get people’s attention. Witnesses may have been robbed, but they got their money’s worth.”

Dillinger was gunned down by FBI agents led by Melvin Purvis in front of the Biograph Theater in Chicago 75 years ago this July 22 at the height of his fame. He was fingered by a woman named Anna Sage, the infamous “Lady in Red,” though she was actually wearing orange at the time. He lives again in Michael Mann’s “Public Enemies,” adapted from the book by Bryan Burrough, which opens in America July 1 with Johnny Depp as Dillinger and Christian Bale as Purvis.

Mr. Depp is the latest of numerous screen Dillingers, beginning with Lawrence Tierney in

“Dillinger” (1945) and including Robert Conrad in “Lady in Red” (1979) and Mark Harmon in a 1991 TV film, “Dillinger.” An avid moviegoer particularly fond of gangster and outlaw films—though, amazingly, his favorites were Disney cartoons such as “Three Little Pigs”—Dillinger would probably have approved of Mr. Depp, the most charismatic actor to portray him. But most Dillinger aficionados, including Bill Helmer, co-author of “Dillinger: The Untold Story,” prefer the grittier Warren Oates in John Milius’s fanciful but rousing 1973 potboiler, also titled “Dillinger,” with Harry Dean Stanton as Homer Van Meter and Richard Dreyfuss as Baby Face Nelson. “Depp’s a fine actor,” says Mr. Helmer. “All Warren Oates had to do to be convincing was show up.”

Dillinger’s impact on Hollywood went beyond the movie characters who bore his name. Just about every film Hollywood made about 1930s outlaws drew from his legend. Humphrey Bogart rose to prominence in two films playing characters that were clearly modeled on popular perceptions of Dillinger: Duke Mantee in “The Petrified Forest” (1936) and especially the brooding bank robber Roy “Mad Dog” Earle in “High Sierra” (1941), who resents the press’s portrayal of him as a crazed killer.

There is something to that, says Mr. Helmer. “Dillinger went

to jail in 1924 for 8½ years on a felony conspiracy and assault and battery with intent to rob charge. That was a pretty stiff sentence considering that cops and DAs back then were often as corrupt as the men they were pursuing. Dillinger definitely wasn’t sadistic compared to, say, Baby Face Nelson. You might say he was crooked but not twisted.”

John Dillinger’s favorite celluloid Dillinger was probably himself. He loved watching himself in popular newsreels of the day. “Look at him in pictures taken in 1934,” says Mr. Maccabee, “when he was on trial for the suspected killing of a deputy during a bank shootout [the only known homicide Dillinger was charged with]. He has his arm around the prosecutor, Robert Estill. He knew where the camera was.”

It seems that Dillinger, along with other Depression-era bandits such as Machine Gun Kelly, Pretty Boy Floyd, Baby Face Nelson, members of the Barker Gang, and Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, hold an endless fascination for the American public. “They thought of themselves as the inheritors of the Old West outlaw tradition,” says Jeff Guinn, author of “Go Down Together: The True, Untold Story of Bonnie and Clyde.” “Clyde even had a biography of Billy the Kid in the back seat of his car when he died.”

Much of Dillinger’s myth was



“You might say he was crooked but not twisted,” one biographer says.

built around his many Billy the Kid-like escapes, especially his 1934 breakout from an Indiana jail brandishing a gun carved out of wood or soap—depending on which story you give credence to—and blackened with shoe polish. “Combine that with the period resentment toward banks, and you can see why so many people were rooting for him,” says Mr. Guinn. And not just Americans—Dillinger was a favorite in newspapers all over the world, particularly in England and Germany. In the spring of 1934, looking toward the midterm elections, Will Rogers quipped: “If the Democrats

don’t get Dillinger [on their side], they may lose the fall election.”

In truth, there is no secret to Dillinger’s appeal. “He was what he seemed to be,” says researcher and historian Sandy Jones, who once owned Dillinger’s death mask and his 1933 Hudson Essex-Terraplane 8, now on display at the National Museum of Crime & Punishment in Washington. “He was an Indiana farm boy who loved baseball.” (He was also a Chicago Cubs fan, so you knew that he would some day come to a bad end.) “He wasn’t a Robin Hood, but he was living a revenge fantasy that millions of Americans dreamed about during the Depression. If he was alive today, he’d probably be going after Wall Street brokers.”

It’s fitting that John Dillinger was killed after an outing to one of his beloved movie houses. The last film he took in was “Manhattan Melodrama” with Clark Gable and William Powell. But his favorite movie gangster was James Cagney, who, according to legend, he actually met in a Chicago tavern. Lucky for Dillinger, he didn’t live to see the star of “The Public Enemy” (1931) become—literally—a poster boy for J. Edgar Hoover’s FBI in the movie “G Men,” released a year after his death.

Mr. Barra writes about arts and sports for the Journal.

time off



The Trustees of the National Museums of Scotland

Amsterdam

art
"Masterpieces on Paper: The Light and the Dark" exhibits 17th-century prints exploring contrasts, such as "The Three Crosses" by Rembrandt (1606-69).
Rijksmuseum
Until Aug. 31
☎ 31-20-6747-000
www.rijksmuseum.nl

Antwerp

art
"Reunion: From Quinten Metsijs to Peter Paul Rubens" presents eight altarpieces from the Royal Museum of Fine Arts Antwerp collection, alongside eight triptychs from the cathedral's permanent collection.
Cathedral of Our Lady
Until Nov. 15
☎ 32-3-213-9951
www.dekathedraal.be

Berlin

art
"Picture Dreams: Ulla and Heiner Pletzsch Collection" showcases Surrealist art alongside works by Abstract Expressionists.
Neue Nationalgalerie
Until Nov. 22
☎ 49-30-266-4232-60
www.smb.museum

Bern

art
"Art of the Celts" presents Celtic art treasures from all over Europe, including jewelry, decorated tools, precious grave goods and cult objects.
Historisches Museum Bern
Until Oct. 18
☎ 41-31-3507-711
www.bhm.ch

Bilbao

art
"The Splendor of the Renaissance in Aragon" explores the art of Aragon in the 15th and 16th century.
Museo de Bellas Artes de Bilbao
Until Sept. 20
☎ 34-9443-9606-0
www.museobilbao.com

Colmar

music
"Colmar International Festival" is an international music festival dedicated to pianist Sviatoslav Richter (1915-97).
Colmar International Festival
July 2-14
☎ 33-3-8920-6897
www.festival-colmar.com

Cologne

art
"Lucy McKenzie" presents large-scale paintings by Scottish artist Lucy McKenzie (born 1977), depicting interiors with 19th-century décor designs.
Museum Ludwig
Until July 26
☎ 49-221-2212-6165
www.museum-ludwig.de

Copenhagen

art
"Imagination & Individuality—The design of Lorenz Frølich" exhibits objects by Danish painter, illustrator and designer Lorenz Frølich (1820-1908).
The Danish Museum of Decorative Art
Until Aug. 30
☎ 45-33-1856-56
www.kunstindustrimuseet.dk



© Ulla West

Ghent

art
"Beyond the Picturesque" explores the 18th-century concept of "the picturesque" in contemporary art.
S.M.A.K.
Until Aug. 23
☎ 32-9-2407-601
www.smak.be

Hamburg

photography
"Herbert Tobias" showcases cityscapes and celebrity portraits by German photographer Herbert Tobias (1924-1982).
Deichtorhallen Hamburg
Until Aug. 16
☎ 49-40-3210-30
www.deichtorhallen.de

London

fashion
"Workshop Missoni: Daring to be Different" explores the creations and techniques of iconic Italian fashion house Missoni.
Estorick Collection
July 1-Sept. 20
☎ 44-20-7704-9522
www.estorickcollection.com

art

"J.W. Waterhouse: The Modern Pre-

Raphaelite" is a retrospective of the English Pre-Raphaelite artist John William Waterhouse (1849-1917).
Royal Academy of Arts
June 27-Sept. 13
☎ 44-20-7300-8000
www.royalacademy.org.uk

art

"Jeff Koons: Popeye Series" presents paintings and sculptures by American artist Jeff Koons (born 1955), featuring the comic strip characters Popeye and Olive Oyl.
Serpentine Gallery
July 2-Sept. 13
☎ 44-20-7402-6075
www.serpentinegallery.org

Madrid

art
"The Worlds of Islam in the Aga Khan Museum Collection" exhibits objects spanning 1,400 years of Islamic history and traditions from the Far East to the Iberian Peninsula.
CaixaForum Madrid
Until Sept. 6
☎ 34-913-3073-00
obrasocial.lacaixa.es

photography

"PhotoEspaña2009" shows works by

248 photographers at almost 60 art centers, revolving around the theme of "Everyday Life."
PhotoEspaña
Until July 26
☎ 34-9136-0132-6
www.phe.es

Oslo

art
"Summer Exhibition" showcases a selection of popular works by Norwegian artist Edvard Munch (1863-1944).
Munch Museum
Until Sept. 27
☎ 47-23-4935-00
www.munch.museum.no

Paris

art
"Philippe Parreno" is a retrospective of French artist and filmmaker Philippe Parreno (born 1964), including early 1990s work and new pieces.
Centre Pompidou
Until Sept. 7
☎ 33-1-4478-1233
www.centrepompidou.fr

fashion

"Madeleine Vionnet, Puriste de la Mode" showcases dresses, dress patterns and photo albums by French

Left, "Checker Hoods" (2005-07), by Ulla West, in Stockholm; top, a Celtic pony cap (circa 200 B.C.), in Bern.

fashion designer Madeleine Vionnet (1876-1975).
Les Arts Decoratifs
Until Jan. 31, 2010
☎ 33-1-4455-5750
www.lesartsdecoratifs.fr

Rome

jewelry
"Bulgari: From History to Eternity—125 Years of Italian Jewelry" presents about 500 objects created by Bulgari between 1884 and 2009, including jewels worn by Ingrid Bergman, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren and Anna Magnani.
Palazzo delle Esposizioni
Until Sept. 13
☎ 39-06-3996-7500
www.palazzo.esposizioni.it

Stockholm

art
"Cut my legs off and call me shorty!" explores elements of humor and surprise in the work of 13 Swedish-based artists.
Tensta Konsthall
Until Sept. 19
☎ 46-8-3607-63
www.tenstakonsthall.se

Stuttgart

art
"Film and Photo: An Homage" celebrates the 80th anniversary of the iconic 1929 exhibition "Film und Foto" with works by the 191 artists who participated in the show, such as Berenice Abbott (1898-1991), Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968) and others.
Staatsgalerie Stuttgart
July 4-Nov. 2
☎ 49-711-4704-00
www.staatsgalerie.de

Tallinn

art
"Ülo Õun: Artist Interrupted" explores the entire oeuvre of Estonian modernist sculptor Ülo Õun (1940-88), known for his use of colored gypsum and unique conceptual approach.
Kumu Art Museum
Until Nov. 1
☎ 372-6026-001
www.ekm.ee

Vienna

art
"Duncan Campbell—Bernadette and Sigmar" exhibits "Bernadette," the winner of the "Balaise Art Prize" at Art Basel 2008, by Duncan Campbell (born 1972).
MUMOK
Until Sept. 6
☎ 43-1-5250-0
www.mumok.at

Zurich

art
"Karla Black" showcases works by the Scottish artist Karla Black (born 1972) that use plaster, chalk dust and Vaseline as raw material.
migros museum für gegenwartskunst
Until Aug. 16
☎ 41-44-2772-050
www.migrosmuseum.ch

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.