FRIDAY - SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2-4, 2009

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

Winning reds

Austrian vintners seek success beyond white wines

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Winning reds

Austrian vintners seek success beyond white wine

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WEEKEND JOURNAL.
EUROPE

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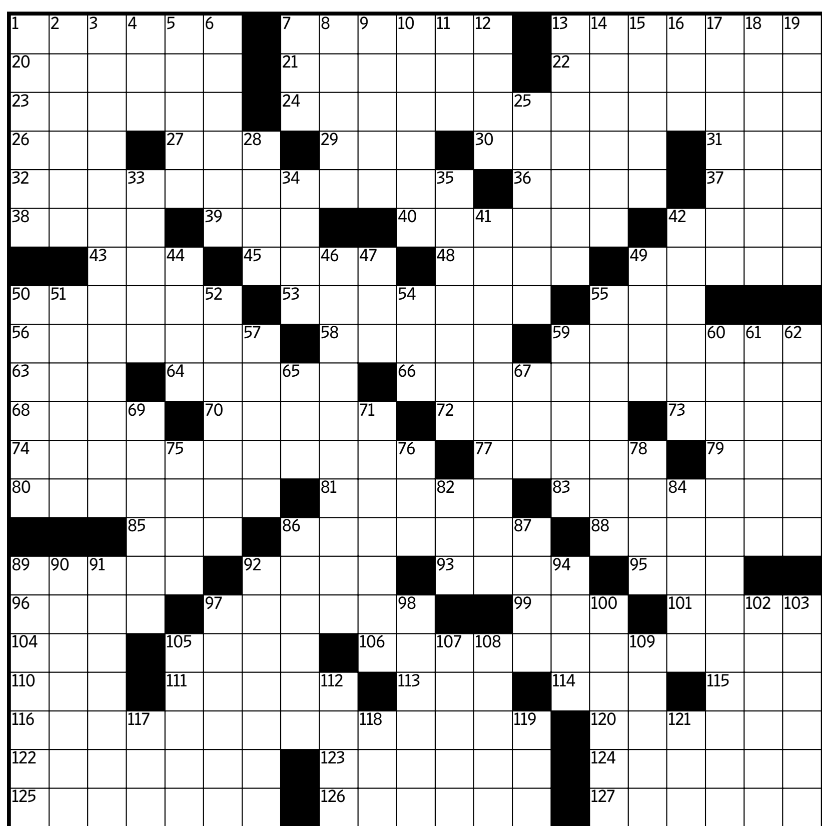

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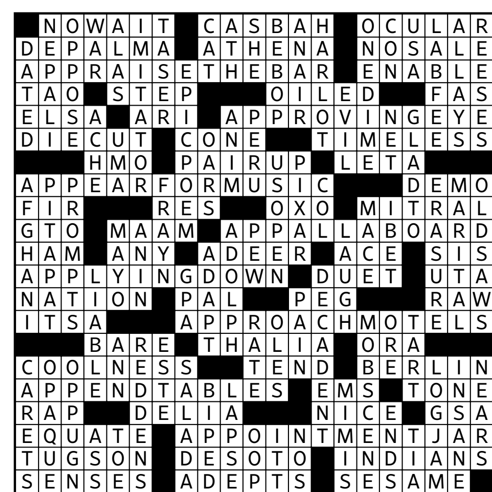

Catwalks go digital; bloggers in the front row

AT THE D&G RUNWAY show in Milan last week, the chief executives of Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus and Bergdorf Goodman were relegated to second-row and third-row seats. In front of them, sitting primly in the first row, was Federico Marchetti, chief executive of online retailer Yoox.com.

The moment—coming as the super-sexy women's styles for next spring pranced down Milan's runways—marked a shake-up in an ultra-hierarchical world. The privileged treatment of a digital-media figure showed that luxury fashion is ready to introduce styles to the public in new ways—new, at least, to this old-fashioned industry.

On Style

Christina Binkley

Front rows are reserved for those most important to a brand's success—celebrities, important retailers and magazine editors. In past years, Mr. Marchetti sometimes borrowed tickets to shows from other guests. But in the past year, Yoox has expanded its business of creating online stores for luxury brands such as D&G, the casual ready-to-wear line from Dolce & Gabbana, and for Jil Sander—whose site launched just today. This season, Mr. Marchetti has been invited to too many shows. "I don't have time anymore," he said at a party thrown by Versace in Milan.

The warm welcome extends to bloggers. While the New York shows have been inviting some bloggers for a few seasons now, many of Europe's luxury houses have been slower to allow bloggers into the shows. But two days after the D&G event, at a show for the high-end Dolce & Gabbana line, four surprised bloggers found themselves seated in coveted spots near the queen of fashion, Vogue editor Anna Wintour. One of them, Tommy Ton of JakandJil.com, could hardly believe he'd made it into one of Milan's hottest shows. "A season ago I had to wait patiently outside for arrivals and exits, and now I'm sitting here," he blogged from his seat, on a laptop provided by Dolce & Gabbana.

Luxury brands have long been leery of the pedestrian Internet, a place where consumers coldly compare prices while forgoing attentive service. This was OK for Lands' End, maybe, but not for Lanvin. After all, what woman would buy a $2,600 dress without first trying it on?

But online luxury sites like Net-a-Porter.com proved many women would do just that. Now, Yoox—which says it plans to take itself public on Italy's stock exchange in coming months—is running online stores for brands including Bally, Valentino, Pucci and Marni.

This season, Twitter and Facebook are littered with fashion brands—including Louis Vuitton and Burberry—testing how social-media sites might benefit them. At the shows in Europe, audience members can be seen typing the digital messages known as tweets into their iPhones and BlackBerries as the models sashay down the runway. A number of brands—including Dolce & Gabbana and Burberry—have tried streaming their shows live on the Internet. Alexander McQueen will live-stream his show from Paris next week.

With 30 employees working on new media, Dolce & Gabbana is wholehearted. Stefano Gabbana—the tall, dark, 46-year-old half of the design duo—believes the Internet is the only way to reach people in their 20s. "It's the future. How many young customers don't read newspapers—they read blogs!" he says in his Milan office, whose walls are lined with leopard wallpaper.

Mr. Gabbana concedes he and his partner, Domenico Dolce, are feeling their way along. "Domenico doesn't have a computer—just his mobile phone," he says. "But Domenico has—how you call them?" He wiggles his index fingers above his head like antennae, indicating Mr. Dolce's sensitivity to new ideas. It was Mr. Dolce who told his partner about Yoox.

Mr. Gabbana feels the Net offers the possibility of talking directly to customers. "You are a filter," Mr. Gabbana tells me sternly. His experience with several recent scandals—such as an ad campaign banned in several countries—has increased his appreciation of this opportunity.

In December, he asked Kerry Olsen to edit a new online magazine for the company. The magazine, called "Swide"—a made-up word meaning, sort of, wider than wide—is mostly self-promotional now, but Mr. Gabbana has a short list of rival designers he wants to write about, including Peter Som, Graeme Black and Rodarte.

Mr. Gabbana says he would "love" to tweet himself. But an adviser has said it's "too dangerous. He never knows what I might say."

Dolce&Gabbana

The bloggers who write Bryanboy.com, JakandJil.com, GaranceDore.fr and The Sartorialist had coveted front-row seats in Milan last week at the D&G show.

She's a fan.

To find out why Helen Mirren is a fan visit www.mandarinoriental.com BANGKOK • BOSTON • CHIANG MAI • GENEVA • HONG KONG • JAKARTA • KUALA LUMPUR • LONDON • MACAU • MANILA • MIAMI • MUNICH • NEW YORK PRAGUE • RIVIERA MAYA • SAN FRANCISCO • SANYA • SINGAPORE • TOKYO • WASHINGTON D.C. • OPENING 2009: BARCELONA • LAS VEGAS • MARRAKECH

Booker nominees novelize history

By Paul Levy

THE £50,000 MAN Booker prize, now in its 40th year, will be won next Tuesday by a work of historical fiction.

That's certain, because this year's five judges chose a shortlist of six novels all set in the past. With two exceptions—Simon Mawer's "The Glass Room," set in Central Europe, and "Summertime," by the South African Nobel Prize winner and two-time Booker laureate, J. M. Coetzee, all are set principally in Britain. Exceptionally, save for Mr. Coetzee, all are British authors. At least half the past winners were writers from the Commonwealth and the setting, too, is seldom domestic. Moreover, despite the alarming length of some, all are readable and accessible—unlike the gibberish by past winners James Kelman and Keri Hulme.

On the other hand, this is a premier prize for literary fiction, and having read the shortlist, I query the literary merit of some of this year's crop, and the exclusion of two longlisted novels by distinguished Irish men of letters, Colm Tóibín's "Brooklyn" and William Trevor's "Love and Summer," and—my personal favorite—the hilarious, ingenious, beautifully crafted spoof memoir of Tarzan's chimpanzee, "Me Cheeta" by James Lever.

Mr. Coetzee's conceit: an English biographer is researching the life of the late John Coetzee, especially the years 1972-77, when the writer was sharing a shabby cottage in the suburbs of Cape Town with his widowed father. Touching, funny and not self-important, it completes the author's fictional trilogy of memoirs (the previous two are "Boyhood" and "Youth") and would let Mr. Coetzee pull a worthy hat-trick.

The bookies' favorite is Hilary Mantel's 650-page "Wolf Hall," a challenging rehabilitation of the reputation of the blacksmith's son, Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII's most important minister. With lovingly researched historical detail, the novel makes the reader sympathize, subversively, with Cromwell, and rejoice when he gets the better of Sir Thomas More. It will be no disgrace if it wins.

Adam Fould's "The Quickening Maze" does something similar for the mid-19th century alcoholic peasant poet John Clare. He is confined in an asylum near Epping Forest, to which Alfred Tennyson brings his melancholic brother, Septimus, and becomes involved in the crazy schemes of the institution's owner, Dr. Matthew Allen. A victory by this genuinely poetic book would shed luster on the prize.

Simon Mawer's "The Glass Room," about the obsession of a Czech Jew and his wife with a house they commission in the 1930s, has the verbal trappings of a literary novel—play on words in several languages, pleasing detailing of clothes as well as architecture—but the plotting of a Mills and Boon romance. Coincidences abound, and characters' paths cross, not as in an Anthony Powell novel, but in a Barbara Cartland.

Sarah Waters's hugely enjoyable "The Little Stranger" is, in the end, only an upscale ghost story. A.S. Byatt's fat, pompous "The Children's Book" is an elaborately imagined way of saying that all parents betray their children. She might be a compromise winner.

—Paul Levy is a writer based in Oxfordshire.

Belga

Adam Foulds, 'The Quickening Maze'

Michael Trevillion

A.S. Byatt, 'The Children's Book'

Bert Nienhaus

J.M. Coetzee, 'Summertime'

Charlie Hopkinson

Sarah Waters, 'The Little Stranger'

John Haynes

Hilary Mantel, 'Wolf Hall'

Christopher Warde-Jones

Simon Mawer, 'The Glass Room'

Getty Images

Wilson Webb

Michael Stuhlbarg stars as physics professor Larry Gopnik in 'A Serious Man,' written and directed by Joel and Ethan Coen.

Finding God; learning to lie

Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

"A SERIOUS MAN," written and directed by Joel Coen and Ethan Coen, asks the most serious of questions—what does God want of us? I would add a question that isn't so serious, though it isn't frivolous either. What do the Coen brothers want of us? More specifically, what do they want us to think of the repellent people in this pitilessly bleak movie?

The time is the mid-1960's, the place is an unnamed suburb in the Midwest, where the brothers grew up, and the milieu, like the one that nurtured them, is middle-class Jewish. The hero, a high school physics teacher named Larry Gopnik (Michael Stuhlbarg), fills his blackboard with calculations that could pass for explications of Kabbalah. Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, he declares, "means we can never know what's going on."

Larry has a sinking sense of what's going on. His wife despises him, and plans to leave him for an odious—though supposedly serious—man named Sy; someone has maligned him through his school's tenure committee; the family of a student who tried to bribe him is taking him to court for defamation, and his own kids are driving him crazy. What he doesn't know, and what the film posits as unknowable, is why he, like a latter-day Job, is so sorely tried, and how he might become, in God's eyes, a genuinely serious man. (A riveting preface, set in a Polish shtetl and played in subtitled Yiddish, addresses the difficulty of knowing what to do when a dybbuk crosses your path.)

All of this is mysterious, provocative and, occasionally, very funny—several shaggy-rabbi sequences lead to a memorable scene involving a cryptic sage, played by Alan Mandell, and the wisdom of Jefferson Airplane. But the mystery that prompted my question is posed by the movie's pervasive tone.

As in so many of their earlier films, the Coen brothers create comic caricatures with broad performances, grotesque traits—a brother with a sebaceous cyst that never stops draining—and leering, wide-angle shots that invade their characters' personal space. This time, though, there are differences. Their movie is strongly, if not literally, autobiographical, and their caricatures range from dislikable through despicable, with not a smidgeon of humanity to redeem them. Are we meant to loathe these people too, or did the filmmakers fall victim to their customary technique? If the latter, what a miscalculation. If the former—if "A Serious Man" reflects the brothers' feelings about their roots as well as their god—then some of those earlier films may have been more misanthropic than we knew.

'The Invention Of Lying'

Nobody doesn't like Ricky Gervais, and his new comedy, set in a world where everyone tells the truth, soars for a while on the wings of a sprightly premise. In the spirit of that world, I can't tell a lie: "The Invention Of Lying," which the comedian directed and wrote with Matthew Robinson, gradually loses altitude and eventually falls flat.

Mr. Gervais is Mark Bellison, a staff writer at the aptly-titled Lecture Films. Since there's no such thing as deceit in this world, there's no such thing as fiction: Mark has been plugging away at a didactic documentary about the Black Plague in the 13th century. There's also no such thing as untruth in advertising (a roadside sign proclaims "A cheap motel for intercourse with a near stranger") or in everyday, and everynight, social intercourse. (A date, played deftly by Jennifer Garner, doesn't hesitate to tell Mark that she's out of his league.)

So far so funny, though also remarkably condescending toward its hapless characters. Then Mark, as you may know from the movie's strenuous marketing campaign, invents something so revolutionary that there's no word to describe it—a way to not tell the truth. The Eureka moment, at a bank, is marginally funny, and so is some of what follows. But the movie morphs, without conviction, into a fatuous satire of religion—Mark's newly minted gift for mendacity turns him into a blanded-out Elmer Gantry—and Mr. Gervais's long-established gift for small-screen comedy goes terribly slack, leaving him likable, as always, but, on the big screen, looking lost.

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Opening this week in Europe

- **District 9** Romania, Switzerland, Turkey
- **Inglourious Basterds** Italy
- **Julie & Julia** Finland, Norway
- **Land of the Lost** Finland, Germany
- **The Informant!** Greece
- **The Invention of Lying** U.K.
- **The Limits of Control** Spain
- **The Ugly Truth** Austria, Germany, Netherlands
- **Up** Denmark

Source: IMDB

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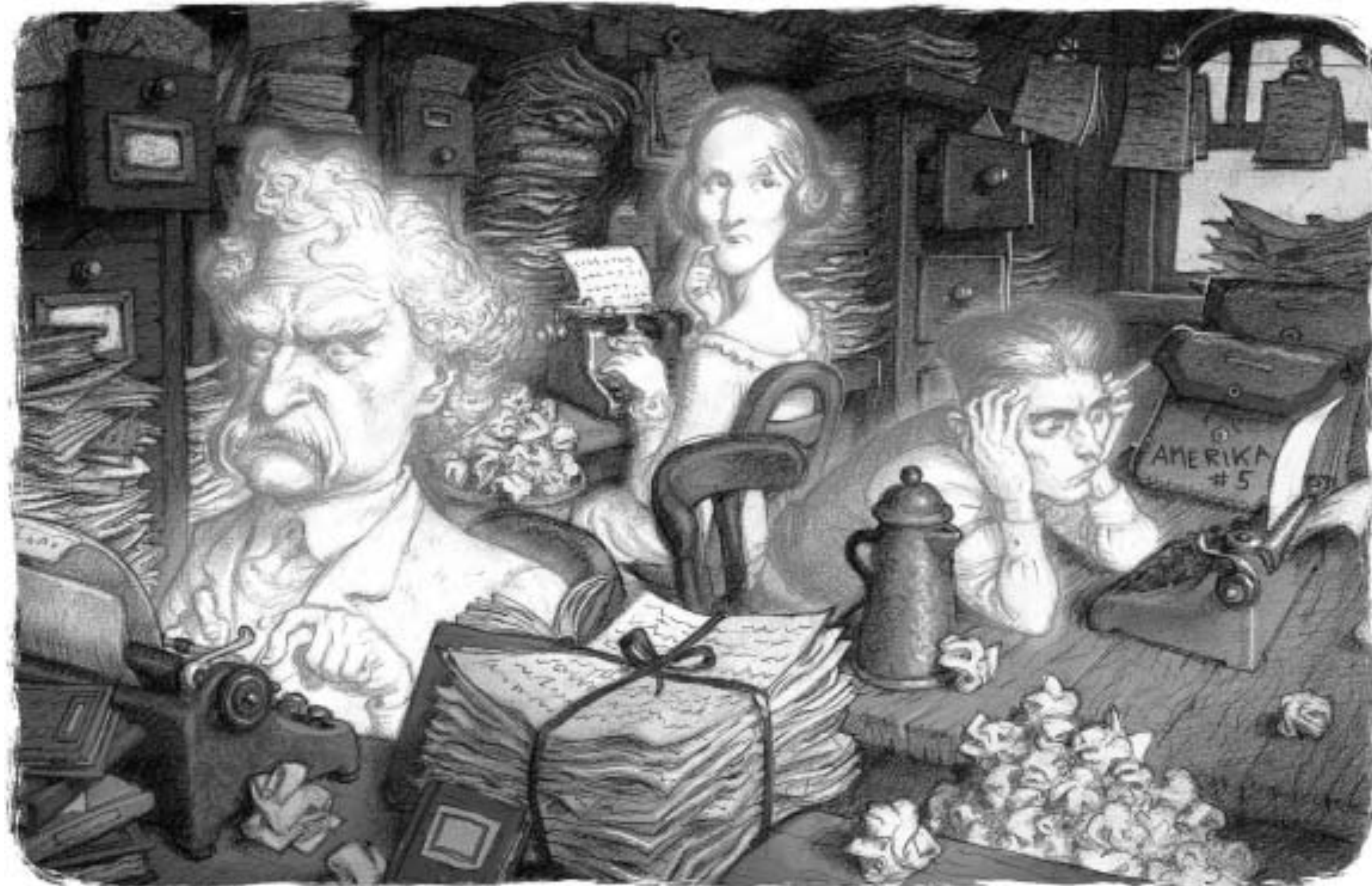
Navigating the authorial afterlife

A new wave of posthumous books has raised questions about what to do with writers' literary remains

By Alexandra Alter

AFTER AUTHOR DAVID Foster Wallace committed suicide last September, his longtime agent, Bonnie Nadell, found herself lost in a maze of words. Scattered on two different computers and in hard copies stashed around the cluttered garage where Mr. Foster Wallace had worked in Claremont, Calif. were multiple versions of his final, unfinished novel. Ms. Nadell had no idea which draft he preferred. Mr. Wallace's novel about I.R.S. agents, due out in the U.S. next fall, is being assembled based on the author's notes. "A great deal of it is a puzzle," she said of the novel, titled "Pale King."



Peter Ferguson

A new wave of posthumous books by iconic authors is stirring debate over how publishers should handle fragmentary literary remains. Works by Vladimir Nabokov, William Styron, Graham Greene, Carl Jung and Kurt Vonnegut will hit bookstores in the U.S. this fall. Ralph Ellison and the late thriller writer Donald E. Westlake have posthumous novels due out in 2010.

The posthumous works may generate as much controversy as enthusiasm. Many are incomplete or appear in multiple drafts, raising thorny questions about author intent. Others, dug up from the archives of authors' early and less accomplished work, could be branded disappointing footnotes to otherwise lustrous literary legacies. An unfinished murder mystery by Graham Greene, which is being serialized in the literary magazine, "The Strand," was slammed on the Los Angeles Times's literary blog as "a far cry" from Greene's later works, such as "The Power and the Glory."

While some attribute the surge in posthumous publications to macabre coincidence, others say publishers are more aggressively seeking works by famous dead authors because they have established audiences—an irresistible prospect for a struggling industry. New works by literary giants are "about as much of a sure thing as you could have in a business with few sure things," said Robert Miller, publisher of HarperStudio, a HarperCollins imprint that released a collection of previously unpublished Mark Twain essays and short stories this past spring.

Mark Twain's first executor released only a fraction of his unpublished work—a trove of papers that included some 700 manuscripts—for fear that less polished pieces would damage the author's reputation. Today, nearly 100 years after Twain's death, all but 50 or 60 of those manuscripts have been published, says Robert Hirst, editor of the recent Harper collection "Who Is Mark Twain?" Mr. Hirst argues that even the flawed works have value.

"You can learn a lot about how he thought and wrote that you can't learn from reading an edition of 'Huckleberry Finn,'" Mr. Hirst said. "I don't think anything we publish can damage his reputation."

Vladimir Nabokov told his family to burn his final novel, "The Original of Laura," after his death. He had sketched out the novel on 138 index cards, a process he used to write "Lolita" and other works. Nobody, not even Mr. Nabokov's son and literary executor, Dmitri Nabokov, knows the exact order the author intended for the cards.

For decades, Dmitri Nabokov kept the manuscript locked in a Swiss bank vault, allowing only a select group of Nabokov scholars to read it, and occasionally suggesting in interviews that he would destroy the novel. In 2008, more than 30 years after his father's death, he announced to a German magazine his decision to publish the work, saying that his father had appeared to him in a vision and told him to "go ahead and publish."

> **"When I was asked to be Ralph's literary executor, I hoped to find a big stack of typed script with a ribbon around it.... I was not prepared for what I did find, which was a thoroughly unfinished novel."**
>
> John Callahan, literary executor for Ralph Ellison

Brian Boyd, a Nabokov scholar and biographer at the University of Auckland in New Zealand, said he initially felt the novel was too "raw" and that Mr. Nabokov's directive to destroy it should be heeded. He first saw a draft in 1985, when Vera Nabokov, the author's wife, allowed him to read it. After she died in 1991, he reread the draft and changed his mind.

"The opening few words just blew me away," said Mr. Boyd, who is also editing three other collections of Mr. Nabokov's work, including unpublished letters to his wife. "There's a kind of narrative device that he's never used before and that I don't think anybody else has ever used before."

Alfred A. Knopf, which will publish the book this November, asked Mr. Boyd and others to study the draft, but no one could decipher the order of the scenes. The publisher faced a new dilemma: "How do you take 138 note cards and turn them into a book?" said Chip Kidd, Knopf's associate art director, who added that the cards "go in consecutive order for a good bit, until all of a sudden they don't anymore."

To highlight the fragmentary nature of the book, Mr. Kidd came up with an unusual design. "The Original of Laura" will contain photographic reproductions of the index cards, along with typed transcriptions. The cards will be perforated around the edges so that readers can tear them out and shuffle them, mimicking Mr. Nabokov's composition process.

Dmitri Nabokov's decision to publish the book unleashed a torrent of criticism from scholars and writers who argued that the author's wish to suppress his work outweighs the public's desire to read it. British playwright Tom Stoppard called for it to be destroyed, but others clamored to have it published, arguing that if Franz Kafka's literary executor had carried out his order to burn his work, we would not have "The Trial," "The Castle," or "Amerika."

In an email interview, the younger Mr. Nabokov predicted a mixed reaction. "Judging by prepublication input, one third of the critics will express their gratitude that I preserved this novel, one third will condemn me for defaming the author, and the remainder will attempt comparisons with my father's other works—an impossible task," he wrote.

Some of the posthumous releases claim to offer truer versions of the authors' original intent. This month, Vintage published a new edition of Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein"—158 years after her death—that for the first time presents the original text without the editing of her husband, Percy Shelley. This version aims to resolve a long festering debate over whether Mary Shelley or her husband actually wrote the book. Publicity materials for what Vintage has titled "The Original Frankenstein" claim that Percy Shelley wrote just 5,000 words out of 72,000. The more familiar, edited version will appear alongside the original.

Editors who exhume the work of iconic authors can face charges that their tinkering fundamentally alters literary artifacts. John Callahan, a humanities professor at Lewis & Clark College who edited Ralph Ellison's posthumous novel "Juneteenth," battled rumors that he had extensively revised Mr. Ellison's final manuscript. The book was published in 1999, five years after Mr. Ellison's death. Mr. Callahan calls "Juneteenth," which is about a racist New England senator who is shot on the Senate floor, "a collaborative work."

The manuscript Mr. Ellison left behind was more than 2,000 pages, with perplexing notes and revisions. When Mr. Ellison began the novel in the 1960s, it opened with the phrase, "Three days before the shooting." More than a decade later, he revised it to read, "Two days before the shooting."

"When I was asked to be Ralph's literary executor, I hoped to find a big stack of typed script with a ribbon around it," Mr. Callahan said. "I was not prepared for what I did find, which was a thoroughly unfinished novel."

In January, the Random House imprint Modern Library in the U.S. will release "Three Days Before the Shooting," a new version of the novel that's closer to what Ellison left behind. At roughly 1,200 pages, the new version is more than triple the length of "Juneteenth." Mr. Callahan said he decided to re-edit and re-release the book in part to show critics what he was up against, but also to offer fresh insight into Mr. Ellison's creative process.

When William Styron, author of "The Confessions of Nat Turner" and "Sophie's Choice," died in 2006, he hadn't published anything in 13 years. For much of his career, Mr. Styron chipped away at a novel titled "The Way of the Warrior," based partly on his experience as a marine in World War II and Korea, Mr. West said. He struggled to finish it in his final years.

Mr. Styron's longtime editor at Random House, Bob Loomis, said Random House had a contract for the novel, but gave up hope of publishing it. But later Mr. Loomis, Mr. Styron's biographer and Rose Styron, the author's wife and literary executor, pored through a box of 300 pages to find self-contained, publishable pieces, Mr. Loomis said. They decided to publish an excerpt, along with several of Mr. Styron's other writings about the Marine Corps, in part to restore the author's image.

Why golf courses insist on a 'don't walk' policy

Wheeling clubs by hand hurts motorized-cart revenue

TROLLEYS—WHAT WE call pull carts or push carts in the U.S.—are de rigueur in the British Isles, where golf as we know it began. Even at the poshest U.K. private clubs, members happily use the contraptions to trundle their bags down the fairways, thus playing the game as it was originally intended, on foot.

In the U.S., by contrast, walking carts historically have been relegated mostly to lower-end public and municipal courses. The vast majority of upscale clubs, resorts and daily-fee courses ban them entirely, thus denying many who might enjoy walking the course from time to time the opportunity to do so. On many of these courses, only motorized carts are allowed. On others, only golfers who are fit enough to carry their own bags—a full set of clubs with bag weighs 8 kilograms or more—can walk, and even then usually only during stipulated hours. Fewer than 1% of the nearly 500 million rounds played annually in the U.S. involve caddies, according to the National Golf Foundation.

GOLF JOURNAL
JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

This, to me, is a lamentable state of affairs, and not because I dislike motorized carts. Carts are great at the right time and place. Who doesn't love tooling around in a golf cart? And on many courses in the U.S., as opposed to in the British Isles, there really is no practical alternative. Courses built as part of real-estate developments in the last 40 years often feature dauntingly long distances between one green and the next tee, as do many courses that traverse terrain, like mountains and wetlands, that God clearly did not create with golf in mind. Vacationing golfers in spa mode at luxury resorts in places like Arizona or Florida usually have no interest in hiking through the heat to play golf. Plus, many golfers of a certain age or physical condition could not enjoy the game at all if it weren't for motorized carts.

Still, when the weather is fine and the course in question is suitable, a lot of golfers would genuinely prefer to stroll instead of ride, and for many of them, next to taking a caddy (which is expensive even when available), using a push cart is the best, most pleasant way to do so. Sadly, in far too many instances, it's simply not allowed.

Part of the problem for would-be walkers is the bad reputation pull carts acquired back in the days when golf at the upper end was a lot more pretentious and exclusive than it is today. In the immediate post-World War II decades, joining the local country club was seen by many first as a means of social ascension and only secondarily as a way to play more golf on a better course. Private clubs had caddies and/or sleek motorized carts. Using a pull cart to drag one's clubs around the course, like hoi polloi did at the muni, was not part of the aspirational package.

And to be fair, those early pull carts were pretty lame. Many had handles one rented at the pro shop and attached to the spindly cart proper with a screw. The model I remember using as a boy had canvas straps with grip-tooth buckles that never did properly hold my bag in place, resulting in calamitous spills whenever the cart rolled over a big bump.

Since 1999, however, when Sun Mountain introduced its three-wheel Speed Cart, pull carts have evolved into push carts, which are a different thing altogether. These high-tech vehicles, some now with four wheels, glide easily over the terrain with the slightest touch and roll down slopes entertainingly all by themselves. Top-of-the-line versions, selling for $200 and more, come in bright colors, fold easily for storage and feature wide tires, hand brakes, telescoping handles, storage consoles, beverage holders and umbrella mounts. Paired with the latest lightweight golf bags, with their tubular frameworks, technical fabrics and pockets galore, they make an attractive, athletic impression. Old-fashioned, less-expensive pull carts still sell, but push carts now sell three times more, and unit sales for all walking carts have roughly doubled since push carts arrived, according to Craig Ramsbottom, president of Bag Boy, another leading manufacturer. The segment is one of the few bright spots in the golf industry.

Another plus for push carts, from the golf-consumer point of view, is the economics. When you bring your own cart to the course, you pay nothing beyond the green fee. Push-cart rentals, at $5 to $10 a round when available, are a bargain compared with the $25 to $30 that courses typically charge to rent a cart. From the point of view of courses, on the other hand, this is not a plus. In fact, it's the main reason so many courses ban push carts.

Ellen Weinstein

"Golf carts are generally considered to be the second-leading source of revenue, behind green fees, and probably the most profitable revenue generator considering the minimal costs to maintain golf cars versus maintaining a golf course," said Bill Bryant, a spokesman for Club Car, one of the top manufacturers of golf carts (along with E-Z-GO and Yamaha).

Golf-cart rentals at U.S. golf courses are a billion-dollar industry, Mr. Bryant estimates, and the economics are impressive. The average cost per cart is about $4,500, but most courses lease them at about $75 per cart per month. At a well-managed course, with some of those carts going out twice a day, profits per cart can easily exceed $500 a month, and the average fleet size is 60. Given the sky-high course-maintenance budgets at most high-end courses, mandated by golfers' expectations, not to mention such amenities as marble bathrooms in the clubhouse and bottled water on the course, even a fractional erosion of that profit stream could put some courses out of business. So in a sense, the banning of push carts at high-end courses is another price Americans pay for a lavish style of golf.

There are signs, however, that the vibe about push carts might be changing. For the first time this year, the American Junior Golf Association allowed all competitors to use pull carts, and they were also permitted in the Junior Solheim Cup last month. Next might be the National Collegiate Athletic Association, where competitors now are normally required to carry. In the mid-1980s, college teams initially resisted the move to the then-new stand bags as ungolferly, but then suddenly, for some indeterminate reason having to do with what was cool and what wasn't, everyone started using them.

Most encouragingly, some of the country's most elite courses and resorts, even those with caddy programs that need protecting, now allow push carts. They include the Country Club in Brookline, Mass., Somerset Hills in New Jersey, Royal Oaks in Dallas, the Austin Country Club in Texas, the Doral Resort and Golf Club in Miami and Bandon Dunes in Oregon. At Oak Hill in Rochester, N.Y., the site of three U.S. Opens and other major tournaments, members take caddies, ride carts, carry their own bags or use one of the fleet of sturdy three-wheeled push carts. "They are free to do whatever they want, whenever they want to, with whomever they want," said Craig Harmon, the longtime head professional at Oak Hill. "How's that for a concept?"

Pretty radical.

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London	£20	€22
Rome	€29	€29
Brussels	€30	€30
Frankfurt	€31	€31
Paris	€31	€31

Note: 250-ml bottle; prices, plus taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

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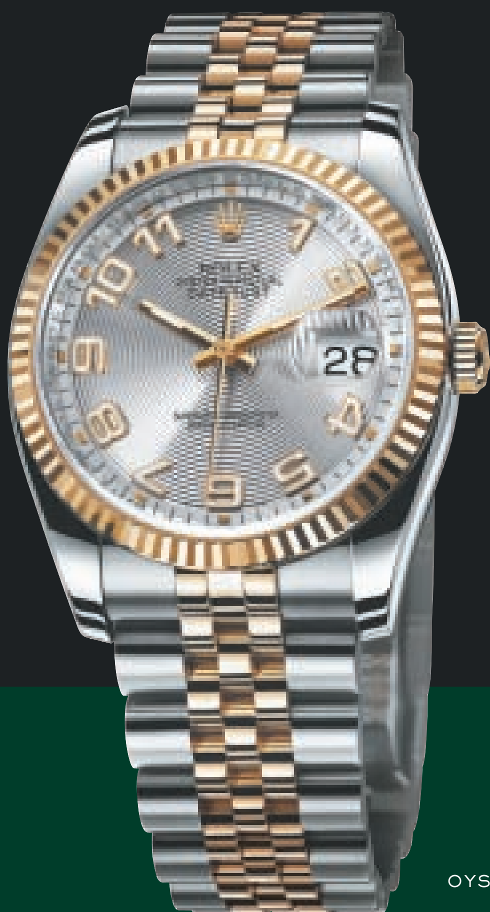

OYSTER PERPETUAL DATEJUST

ON RED ALERT

Famous for whites, Austria is producing an exciting new breed of wines

By Spencer Swartz

Großhoflein, Austria

WINEMAKER ROLAND VELICH etched some history into Austria's winemaking world this year: The Wine Advocate, an industry bible, awarded him its highest rating ever for an Austrian red.

Mr. Velich's Moric estate 2006 Neckenmarkt Alte Reben, a red Burgundy-esque wine with subtlety and depth made from 100% Blaufränkisch grape, had garnered top reviews before. But the Wine Advocate's high score, a rare 95 out of 100 points, was something of a watershed. Austria's push toward quality red wine—which began in earnest after a scandal nearly 25 years ago devastated the country's wine industry—had borne some serious fruit.

For Mr. Velich and other winemakers in this region, the score by the Wine Advocate, which is spearheaded by famed wine critic Robert Parker, reinforced what they already knew: Austria, although a tiny producer and exporter in the global wine market, can go beyond its sweet wines and popular Grüner Veltliner white-wine grape to make quality reds.

The Burgenland region near the Hungarian border—with its varied soils, warm summers and regular breezes off the area's Neusiedl Lake that help retain grape freshness—is Austria's version of Napa Valley or Bordeaux as a premium red producer. Though Burgenland still pales in reputation and overall quality to those esteemed wine regions, a small but growing number of the region's reds are quietly appearing in fine restaurants and wine stores in Europe, Asia and the U.S.

The Neckenmarkt Alte Reben has scented floral, red-cherry and a hint of pencil-shaving notes, and vibrant minerality. Produced in small batches, it sells at about €65 per bottle; the 2007 vintage goes for around €58.

"We have been making expressive red wine in this area for a number of years, and that is being acknowledged," the 46-year-old Mr. Velich said, as he walked through one of his hillside vineyards overlooking Burgenland on a mild, early-autumn day.

Such recognition has come only after the Austrian wine industry's darkest period. In 1985, some Austrian producers were found to have added trace amounts of diethylene glycol—a compound usually found in antifreeze that can be poisonous if consumed in large amounts—to sweet and dry white wines to give them more desirable body and texture. No one died from consuming the wine, but the matter did trigger lawsuits. The discovery hurt Austrian wine sales and brought exports to a near halt.

The scandal also prompted the Austrian government to pass some of the world's most stringent wine-industry regulations, including tight limits on volumes of grapes produced. That forced the industry to focus on quality and led to root-and-branch changes at a number of estates in Burgenland and elsewhere in Austria, literally.

"The white-wine industry here was damaged," said winemaker Rene Pöckl of Weingut Pöckl in Mönchhof at the northern end of Burgenland. "We had to move to Blaufränkisch and other varietals to make red wine, otherwise we could not have continued to exist." Changes in consumer palates were another factor behind the region's shift to red-wine production, he added.

With flavors that can embody red-cherry and currants, dried herbs and sometimes tar, Burgenland Blaufränkisch can deliver quality wine in a range of styles depending on the soil or micro-climate in which the black grape is planted. Northern Rhone Syrah and Burgundy Pinot Noir from France are among the comparisons that higher-quality Blaufränkisch sometimes elicits.

> *"We had to move to Blaufränkisch and other varietals to make red wine, otherwise we could not have continued to exist"*

Blaufränkisch and Zweigelt, Austria's most planted red-wine grape, with its taste of cherry, blackberry and black pepper, historically played a tiny role in Austria's vineyards and produced wines that were never particularly noteworthy. But that has changed. Today, red-wine vine plantings account for roughly 35% of Austria's 50,000-plus winemaking hectares, up from just 10% around 1990.

The Pöckl estate, which established a solid reputation under Rene's father, Josef, produces almost exculsively red wine and just a small amount of white; 30 years ago it was the reverse. The estate's 2006 Admiral, which sells at €33 a bottle, showcases Austria's rise in quality red-wine production. A blend of mostly Zweigelt filled in with Cabernet Sauvignon and Merlot, Admiral is a more "modern" style wine with a fairly deep color and flavors of vibrant redberry fruit and spice. It has undergone a noticeable new French oak-barrel treatment, and at 13.5% alcohol, the wine retains enough acidity for relative balance.

Mr. Pöckl, 29, is part of a younger generation of vintners who went abroad to experience winemaking and returned home to put a more modern touch on their vineyards. He worked at estates in Australia's Barossa Valley and St. Emilion in Bordeaux nine years ago and says the knowledge he collected was crucial to how he operates today. "They were very important experiences for me. Many things I picked up we have been doing here since," Mr. Pöckl says.

One common thread found among quality Austrian estates that wasn't the norm several years ago: a laser focus on cultivating and selecting only the best grapes. This has led to costly changes in equipment and process, such as the move to replant vines closer together. That encourages the plants to compete for resources and forces them to furrow deep into the earth to absorb the soil's varied minerals. The goal is to produce smaller, more-concentrated berries.

Many are also doing what was once seen as unthinkable: cutting off small quantities of grapes from the vine two to three times in the growing season so the vine channels its energy into the remaining grapes and boosts their flavor. "Green harvesting," as the practice is called, was once seen as a waste of nature's fruits, but today it is viewed as key for producing top wine.

"It was something you did not do. The older generations did not appreciate it ... but it is one of many links we must do to accomplish the best quality wine," says Count Markus zu Königsegg, owner of Schloss Halbturn, a sprawling estate that has been under the ownership of descendants of Austria's once-ruling Hapsburg family for a few hundred years.

Count Königsegg spearheaded a €4 million to €5 million overhaul of the estate's wine operations back in 2001. The Burgenland estate's 2006 Imperial is a juicy, modern-style Bordeaux blend of Cabernet Sauvignon, Blaufränkisch, Merlot and Cabernet Franc. It is flecked with notes of tobacco and chocolate, and retails for about €32.

Other methods now common in Burgenland include harvesting grapes by hand, rather than using unselective machines, and depositing berries in dozens of small crates instead of in traditional big crates that lead to grapes being damaged under their own weight. Inspecting grapes on sorting tables after the harvest is another quality check.

In the past decade, Gernot Heinrich, who makes an array of elegant red wines mostly from Blaufränkish and other Austrian varietals, has sunk around €11 million into building new temperature-controlled storage facilities and buying other equipment at his estate in Gols in northern Burgenland. "It is a very big cost but there is a good payoff in quality," he says.

The influx of new techniques and technology has triggered rich debate among producers over the balance between maintaining local traditions and producing wine that consumers want to buy. The debate in Burgenland—just as in the world's other wine regions—entails questions like how much new-oak-barrel treatment to use for aging wine and to what extent fashionable varietals such as Cabernet Sauvignon should be planted in Austria.

In recent years, Mr. Heinrich, Moric's Mr. Velich and others have moved to using bigger and already-used barrels for aging red wine, a practice that minimizes the influence of oak on the wine (popular new-oak treatment from small barrels usually imparts pungent flavors of vanilla and spice). "I want the oak in the far background and the grape flavors and soil influences to come through," Mr. Heinrich says.

That is the same general logic Fritz Wieninger, of the eponymous estate north of Burgenland, applies to his Pinot Noir Grand Select. This fragrant wine with focused cherry fruit and floral notes and a long minerally finish, is reminiscent of something one can find in a quality Pinot Noir from California's Russian River Valley and sells for about €35.

To be sure, there are still nettling issues to be worked out. The region has a fairly secure market at home because Austrians down nearly three-quarters of their country's total wine production. But whether Austrian estates can produce more red wine and spread their exports without compromising on quality is unclear. Concerns also have grown that too much Blaufränkisch and other varietals may be planted in the wrong places, yielding sub-quality grapes and wines, as producers try to get a piece of the region's growing popularity.

Then there's the marketing challenge. "A lot of wine drinkers are not familiar with Austrian red varietals," said Nick Dobson, a U.K. wine importer. "The marketing job has to improve." Mr. Dobson, who sold no Austrian reds up until about six years ago, now carries about 10 different producers.

Mr. Velich said Austria succeeded in selling its popular white-grape Grüner Veltliner around the world. "There is no reason reds can't follow in the same footsteps."

PHOTOGRAPHS: ASTRID BARTL FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

TASTING NOTES

The quality of Burgenland red wine spans a wide arc, so asking a trusted wine merchant about the style of wine you're seeking and the names of the better producers is recommended. Below is a taste snapshot of some quality producers mainly from Burgenland and approximate prices.

Paul Achs, Zweigelt, 2007, €10
Violet and floral aromas, light in color, cherry-fruit driven, hints of black pepper, balanced acidity, light tannins make it good drinking with white meats.

Weinhof Bauer-Pöltl, Blaufränkisch Reserve, 2006, €13
Boysenberry and red-currants on nose and palate, pleasant minerality, gently oaked, balanced, a little short on the finish.

Gernot Heinrich, St. Laurent, 2007, €14
Made from Austria's well-known black grape, Pinot Noir-like St. Laurent, this wine has primary red-cherry fruit, notes of white pepper and herbs, balanced acidity, nice finish. A wine that doesn't try to be anything else.

Weninger, Veratina, 2006, €18
Blaufränkisch, Zweigelt and Merlot blend with red-currants and rhubarb on the nose, nicely balanced with vibrant acidity and good finish.

Pöckl, Pinot Noir, 2005, €22
Scented cherry-focused fruit and herbaceous aromas, fruit is ripe on the palate and countered by nice acidity, long finish. An example of Austrian Pinot that stands up to other regions of the world.

Schloss Halbturn, Imperial, 2006, €25
A blend of Bordeaux varietals like Cabernet Sauvignon with a dash of Blaufränkisch, this wine has ripe red-berry fruit, notes of tobacco and leather, round tannins, noticeable French-oak treatment, and smooth finish.

Rosi Schuster, 2006, €26
Smokey, black-licorice aromas, almost opaque in color, a blend of ripe dark-fruit with a tinge of sweetness, velvety tannins and decent finish.

Fritz Wieninger, Pinot Noir Grand Select, 2005, €35
One of Austria's top Pinot producers, this wine from the outer reaches of Austria's capital city, Vienna, bears resemblance to a New Zealand or cool-climate California Pinot. Cherry-minerality, slight chalkiness and nice weight and acidity on the palate, long finish.

Uwe Schiefer, Blaufränkisch, Reihburg, 2007, €42
Black-cherry, herbaceous and elegantly scented, oak knitted into the ripe but not over-extracted fruit, long finish. A wine with parallels to a cool-climate Syrah from the Northern Rhone's St. Joseph.

Moric, Neckenmarkt Alte Reben, 2007, €58
Perfumed violets and slight hints of cocoa and tar aromas, layered and nuanced red berry-fruit on the palate, fine-grained tannins; a wine with ageability and a long finish.

Above, wine cellar of Count Markus zu Königsegg, owner of Schloss Halbturn.
Left, Roland Velich is inspecting the harvest on his Moric estate; above left, Schloss Halbturn corks.

Despite recession, deluxe dining in Dublin

The Irish capital's luxury restaurants continue to produce exquisite cuisine; no waiting for tables

BY RAYMOND SOKOLOV

Dublin

THE PRICE WAS not right. Yes, Restaurant Patrick Guilbaud is the hands-down top place to eat in Dublin. It is also the leading table and only two-star establishment in Ireland. But after the bursting of Ireland's real-estate bubble, you'd expect that even Mr. Guilbaud would have started charging less than €40 for six Galway oysters on the half shell with shallots, ginger, "Oriental style" dressing and coriander-and-lime salad.

Maybe price isn't the point at a grande luxe temple of cuisine like Guilbaud, but I'd been expecting a recession reduction in Ireland, because I'd blundered into a big bargain with my reservation at Dublin's chic Hotel Dylan, a reduction of $170 a night from the price in the current Michelin guide. I thought Dublin restaurants also would have bowed to post-crash reality. The Dylan's restaurant, called Still, had indeed reduced its prix-fixe menu from Michelin levels, but its main courses nevertheless ran around $45.

And it turned out that stiff-seeming price was well below that of Guilbaud and of Dublin's other top eatery, Thornton's, where $60 to $80 for a main course was the rough average. The difference is that these places really are worth traveling to. On the week nights I ate there, the majority of tables were empty, so maybe holding the line on world-class prices doesn't make economic sense. But Guilbaud, Thornton's and other high-end Dublin restaurants also are holding the line on extraordinarily delicious and intricate food preparation, with an admirable emphasis on local specialty foods and traditional Irish dishes exalted by chefly intervention.

Restaurant Patrick Guilbaud occupies a former Georgian mansion adjoining one of Dublin's central squares. Service is unfaultable—well, almost unfaultable. The main dining room is spacious, modern and focused on a large, colorful abstract painting surmounted by a plaster head of Anna Livia, the goddess of the local river, the Liffey. In addition to the precious oysters, we tried "traditional crubeen"; crubeen is Gaelic for pig's foot. Guilbaud's crubeen is a trotter sublimated into very thin circular slices of gutsy-tasting cold cut.

Wicklow lamb and Irish farm rabbit are justly celebrated and appear routinely on menus hereabouts. The Guilbaud preparations bore only tangential connections with the way these meats normally look on a plate. The lamb was a black rectangle, evenly scarlet within and delicious; the rabbit was a yummy boneless cylinder. Here again, the chef offered us the quintessence of the basic meat source, explored its fullest potential and took it as far as possible in a pure visual direction. Was $80 a fair price for such sensually exhilarating if ephemeral artistry? Consider that a single ticket to a Dallas Cowboys football home game can easily run $400 online.

To me, that comparison makes dinner at Thornton's seem like an arm-waving bargain. Thornton's once had two stars, like Patrick Guilbaud, but it lost one for reasons undisclosed. Perhaps it was the glacial pace of service. We waited an average of 50 minutes between courses. A man at the next table got up and left in exasperation, abandoning his companion to deal with the dessert order and the bill.

We sat the waitstaff out and were rewarded with some memorable food. At Thornton's, the Wicklow lamb comes out as an ennobled mixed grill—pieces of tenderloin, kidney and sweetbread, each prepared in a different manner, accompanied by a zucchini clafoutis, garlic confit and garlic sauce, for $68. The Armagnac-and-prune souffle would have been outstanding even if the waiter hadn't gently dropped a scoop of pear sorbet into it at the final moment.

If I am making Dublin sound like some unaffordable Gomorrah, this misrepresents the city's many ambitious midrange places, such as The Tea Room in rock star-activist Bono's Liffeyside Hotel Clarence where the chef has elevated homely ham hock into a terrine. And it leaves out many well-run traditional pubs, such as The Old Stand in the City Center where the peppery Irish stew will quash your foodie reflex to sneer at old-fashioned Irish cooking.

Perhaps the miracle of Dublin dining is that only one major restaurant succumbed to the recession, the inventive Mint on Ranelagh Road. Otherwise, a band of fine places to eat are still bravely carrying on. Astute local epicures, such as my friend the Dublin restaurant historian Máirtín Mac Con Iomaire, have learned to cope with still-daunting prices by eating out at lunch time. At Patrick Guilbaud, we decided a two-course package at $57 was a good deal—not as good as winning the Irish Sweepstakes, but a smashing gastronomic bargain. It included tricky preparations of wild pigeon, appellation-controlled black pudding, croquette of suckling pig and chicken-crayfish quenelles with a light curry sauce, stellar dumplings right up there with the best produced in Lyon, the native terroir of quenelles.

In Ireland, they already had a word for terroir, long before the French discovered the flavor of their land: Sod. The old sod. The flavor is still there, and the world-class skill to bring it out, even if some of the green has faded for a time.

Kevin Thornton

Lilian Forberg

Clockwise from top: Thorton's; Wicklow lamb with courgette clafoultis at Thorton's, the restaurant's prune and Armanic souffle; The Tea Room; a la Carte Sirloin of Irish beef with carrot muslim and a red wine reduction at The Tea Room.

Getting there

Restaurant Patrick Guilbau
21 Upper Merrion St.
www.restaurantpatrickguilbaud.ie
☎ 353.1.676.4192

Thornton's
128 St. Stephen's Green in the Fitzwilliam Hotel
www.thorntonsrestaurant.com
☎ 353.1.478-7008

The Tea Room
6-8 Wellington Quay in the Clarence Hotel
tearoom@theclarence.ie
☎ 353.1.4070813

Kevin Thornton

Glamorous remnants of a historic political alliance

Dresden: Every European capital has its treasure chest, but only Dresden, the historic capital of the Kingdom of Saxony, can claim something on the order of the Green Vault. Known for its piles of priceless oddities, like a bejeweled miniature servant bearing a slab of raw emerald ore, the Green Vault is the last word in Baroque bling.

In spite of war, revolution and Soviet occupation, the Green Vault—founded in 1723 by Saxony's spendthrift ruler Augustus the Strong—has managed to survive in recognizable form. After decades in temporary exhibition spaces, it finally returned to its pre-war home in Dresden's restored palace, the Residenzschloss, in 2006. Visitors to the core collection, limited to 960 per day, have been lining up ever since.

The Green Vault, which predates the existence of modern museums, was always meant to impress rather than educate. The objects have no context other than each other, and, in spite of our audio guides, we're meant to join in a chorus of ooh-ing and ahh-ing rather than inquire about the world that created the objects. A major exhibition in the palace galleries above the Green Vault fixes that situation for a few months. "Crossing the Sea with Fortuna"—which bears the helpful if ungainly subtitle, "Saxony and Denmark: Marriages and Alliances Mirrored in Art (1548-1709)"—lends the Green Vault a political, historical and even personal context, allowing a truly priceless opportunity to get past all the glitter.

Saxony, which gave shelter to Martin Luther, firmly allied itself after Luther's death in 1546 with Lutheran Denmark to form one of modern Europe's great Protestant pacts. The alliance was sealed with several dynastic marriages, and the exhibition, made up of some 250 works from both the Dresden State Art Collections and the Royal Danish Collections, re-assembles a range of gifts and objects associated with those marriages and subsequent state visits. Starting with the formal Reformation portrait of Anna, Princess of Denmark (1532-85), who married a Saxon elector, and ending with party favors from a lavish Dresden visit paid by Anna's descendant, Danish King Fredrick IV, in 1709, the show includes everything from decorative guns to gilded masks.

©Staatliche Kunstsammlungen Dresden. Foto:Estel/Klut

Above, Electress Hedwig of Saxony's medal (1614); right, Danish Crown Prince Christian's rapier (circa 1634).

©Schloss Rosenborg

Augustus the Strong turned Dresden into Baroque Europe's leading party town, and that 1709 visit, which led to a solid month of pomp, was the highpoint of both the alliance and the age. The show includes several surviving costumes from the visit's countless processions—like Augustus's eerie gold sun-god costume—along with typical Green Vault marvels, like a jeweled goblet made of carved rhino horn. The party favors, and the Green Vault treasures downstairs, are given new meaning when seen in conjunction with the stiff Protestant faces of two centuries earlier, which seem to be staring down on the profligacy with rebuking wonder.

"Crossing the Sea with Fortuna" doesn't tell us exactly why Saxony went from being Martin Luther's protector to Augustus the Strong's bachelor pad, or why Denmark went along for the ride, but it does document how. Early next year, a version of the show will travel to Copenhagen's Rosenborg Palace.

—J. S. Marcus

Until Jan. 4, 2010
www.skd-dresden.de

Stephen Cummiskey

Frances Bourne, left, and Rebecca Bottone, right, in 'Le Grand Macabre' in London.

La Fura dels Baus stages inventive 'Macabre' at London opera

London: The aura in the London Coliseum was electric. Heads of opera companies and critics from all over the world arrived at the opening of the English National Opera's new season, which began with Gyorgi Ligeti's 1996 revision of his only opera, "Le Grand Macabre."

Loosely based on a play by Belgian dramatist Michel de Ghelderode, the strange "anti-opera" is set in Brueghelland, as depicted in "The Triumph of Death" by Brueghel the Elder (circa 1525-69). The opera, which was written in the late 1970s by the Hungarian composer who died in 2006, premièred in the U.K. at the ENO in 1982.

The staging by the Catalan theater collective La Fura dels Baus opens with Franc Aleu's lurid video of a woman picking listlessly at an array of junk food around her. The image is superimposed upon Alfons Flores's sensational set, a giant, nude stooping fiberglass woman named "Claudia." During the four scenes, Claudia the crouching colossus rotates, and opens up to reveal intestines and vital organs. When her buttocks are removed they reveal a well-stocked bar that is used for a riotous on-stage party.

Each orifice plays a part in the proceedings: beginning when Claudia's massive mouth vomits Le Grand Macabre himself, Nekrotzar, the emperor of death, bass-baritone Pavlo Hunka. Death has entered the world, and come to destroy it at midnight by means of a comet. By the end of the opera, Nekrotzar has announced the end of the world, and the comet is alarmingly near; but the drunkard Piet the Pot and the court astrologer Astromador make him totally drunk, and in the final scene, Nekrotzar awakens from his stupor, a fraudulent failure.

With a uniformly stong cast, the most impressive vocal performance of the evening comes from Susanna Andersson, who doubles as the goddess Venus and Gepopo, the head of the secret police. Though the new ENO staging makes the best possible case for Ligeti's opera, it can't disguise a few failures of musical and poetic imagination in an otherwise vivid piece—such as the inanity of Gepopo's lines.

In a 1996 interview, Ligeti mentioned numerous visual and literary influences on his opera, but slyly, perhaps pointedly, made no explicit reference to Samuel Beckett. Surely, however, the most profitable way to see "Le Grand Macabre" is as the sequel to Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." Godot, absent from Beckett's play, finally turns up—as Nekrotzar. But the grim reaper reveals himself to be an incompetent joker; the apocalypse has to be postponed yet again.

–Paul Levy

Performances Oct. 3 and 9.
www.eno.org

Newfound golden treasure hoard draws crowds in Birmingham

Birmingham: A spectacular haul of Anglo-Saxon gold discovered by an amateur treasure hunter in Britain is shaking up the field of archaeology.

The "Staffordshire Hoard," a trove of 4 kilograms of gold and 1 kilogram of silver, is the largest-ever discovery of metalwork from England's Anglo-Saxon era. "It's the kind of thing you dream about as an archaeologist," said Dr. David Symons, a curator at the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, where a selection of the loot is now on display.

Treasure hunter Terry Herbert found the hoard in July using a metal detector in a field in Staffordshire. The trove dates back to about 700 A.D. and comes from the powerful Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Mercia, which was located in central England when the country was split into warring realms.

It is not only scholars who are interested in the find. Visitors waited in line for several hours to see the treasures on Sept. 24, the exhibit's opening day. The museum has received inquires about the hoard from as far as Canada and the Orkney Islands.

Highlights among the 1,500 pieces include a decorative gold plaque showing two eagles grasping a fish and a strip of gold (possibly a shield fitting), which is inscribed with biblical Latin verse: "Rise up, Lord, and may thy enemies be dispersed and those that hate thee be driven from thy face."

The collection retains a distinct raw quality. The gold, still flecked with dirt, is set out in glass cases where about 10 visitors can view the items at a time. Inside the cases are two tiny gold snakes, whose purpose remains unknown.

Almost everything about the find intrigues scholars, who are still baffled by the hoard's size and content, and do not know who it belonged to or why it was buried. Masculine, martial items such as sword fittings and helmet pieces differ from previous finds, which feature more feminine items like brooches and pendants.

The treasure will be assessed by independent experts, who will likely peg its value at over £1 million. Once the haul is sold, Mr. Herbert and the landowner will split the proceeds.

—Lananh Nguyen

Until Oct. 13
www.bmag.org.uk

Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery

An array of items from the Staffordshire Hoard, on show in Birmingham, England.

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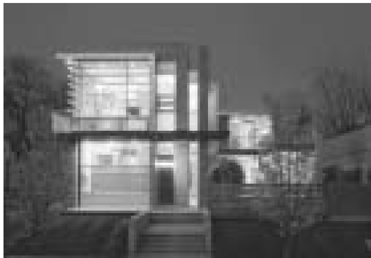

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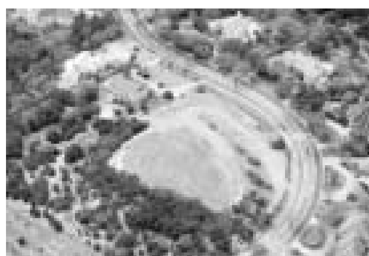

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Art fairs arrive in London, Paris

A NUMBER OF ART fairs scheduled to arrive in London and Paris this month give collectors the chance to peruse a plethora of artwork all under one roof.

The Frieze Art Fair, London's chic annual event in Regent's Park, will host 164 galleries from around the globe from Oct. 15 to 18. FIAC, the French art fair held in the imposing Grand Palais and Cour Carrée of the Louvre Museum, goes up in Paris from Oct. 22 to 25, showcasing about 200 international galleries.

There are a number of smaller art fairs on schedule as well. Art London (Oct. 8-12), a relaxed modern

Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

fair for somewhat conservative tastes, is held in a tent on the grounds of Chelsea's Royal Hospital. Zoo Art Fair (Oct. 16-19) takes place in London's East End and emphasizes emerging art. The Affordable Art Fair (Oct. 22-25) in London's Battersea Park concentrates on works priced from £50 to £3,000.

The October fairs follow Art Forum Berlin, a major contemporary art event that ended recently in the German capital. The fair attracted 40,000 collectors, museum directors, curators and enthusiasts—2,000 more people than last year.

It was a pleasure to walk through the well-organized event, with its abundance of space and light and its leisurely pace. Dealers seemed happy with their sales. "We came here with low expectations," said Brussels dealer Xavier Hufkens. "What surprised us most is that we did well in every price level."

Judging by Berlin, coming fairs in London and Paris will witness slower sales than previous years but nonetheless see business picking up. "Back in February, the mood was very negative," said Art London director Ralph Ward Jackson. "Now it has turned around and there is much more confidence."

This year, Frieze will introduce a new section called Frame, an area dedicated to solo-artist presentations from 29 galleries. For acceptance in Frame, galleries must be less than six years old.

Collaborating with the world's top modern art galleries, FIAC's new Modern Project will present about 20 pieces of "undisputed museum quality and historic significance," including works by Piet Mondrian, Constantin Brancusi, Pablo Picasso and Francis Bacon.

Courtesy of Gallery Beaux Arts, Bath

The Art London fair will offer Anthony Scott's 'Luchar and Lurcharba' (2009). Each dog is priced at £22,000.

Photo: Cécile Clos, Nantes Installation: Musée des Beaux-Arts de Nantes

Kapoor vivifies Academy

By Kelly Crow

THE ROYAL ACADEMY of Arts in London is giving itself an artistic makeover. The neoclassical institution known for exhibiting Queen Victoria's paintbrushes and J.M.W. Turner's seascapes is devoting all its galleries for the first time to a contemporary artist, Anish Kapoor.

The major survey, "Anish Kapoor," up through Dec. 11, aims to shake up the academy's top-hat reputation by giving free rein to a popular sculptor who makes space-age art from mirrored spheres and globby wax, according to Adrian Locke, exhibitions co-curator. The academy will likely spotlight more contemporary artists in the future. "We don't want to be pigeon-holed into the past," he says.

Mr. Kapoor, a London-based sculptor who has represented England in the Venice Biennial and won the Tate's Turner Prize, seized the opportunity to get messy. For the show's main piece, "Svayambh," he has set a 30-ton block of red wax atop a motorized platform so that it shuttles along a 65-meter-long railway track spanning the width of the museum. The work oozes like lava as it traverses the wooden floor and squeezes through several marble doorways.

Another highlight is "Shooting Into the Corner," a cannon created to fire 30 tons of red wax "bullets" through a gallery doorway and then splatter them onto the wall beyond. By the show's end, the wax is expected to cover the wall and floor like gnarled tree bark.

The academy said it has embraced the explosive work and plans to peel off any waxy residue from its historic architecture afterward.

The exhibit also represents an artistic stretch for Mr. Kapoor, a Mumbai native who rose to fame in London during the early 1980s with a series of minimalist sculptures. Those sculptures include carefully arranged piles of brightly colored pigments and steel wall pieces shaped like concave mirrors. New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art owns one of his concave works. Collectors have paid as much as $3.8 million at auction for his other pieces.

Nearly all of Mr. Kapoor's works attempt to convey a meditative grandeur, particularly his monumental public artworks like "Cloud Gate," a silvery bean-shaped sculpture set amid Chicago's Millennium Park. Another egg-like orb, "Memory," will go up Oct. 21 at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. The show at the academy features at least one work in this tradition, "Tall Tree and the Eye," a 23-meter-tall tower of mirrored spheres stacked like bubbles in a champagne glass.

By contrast, Mr. Kapoor's blood-red wax works inside the academy seem slightly sinister. The artist declined to comment, but Mr. Locke called the new direction "deliberate," adding, "Blood, fire, and destruction are all important elements of creation to him."

www.royalacademy.org.uk

Johnny Shand-Kydd

Clockwise from top: Anish Kapoor's 'Svayambh' (2007); a portrait of Mr. Kapoor; and Mr. Kapoor's 'White Sand, Red Millet, Many Flowers' (1982).

Arts Council, South Bank Centre, London

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Terrorism as an Aesthetic Choice

By Brian M. Carney

About halfway through "The Baader Meinhof Complex," the eponymous German terrorists are found sunbathing on the roof of a building in a PLO training camp in Jordan. Their Palestinian hosts, nonplussed by their mostly nude Western guests, demand that they cover up, whereupon Andreas Baader, the group's charismatic leader, shouts a reply in German. -Gudrun Ensslin, a founding member of the gang, translates Baader's words into English. Standing in the sun topless, blond and statuesque, she -repeats, in a somewhat coarser alliteration than this newspaper will print, that sex and shooting go together.

> A new film based on Stefan Aust's "Baader-Meinhof" explores the motivations behind Germany's notorious terrorists.

This declaration is as good a mission statement as any for West Germany's most notorious terrorist group as depicted in "The Baader Meinhof -Complex," a German-made film currently in limited release in the U.S. The film's promotional materials, echoing a statement in the book on which it is based, claim that the movie does not make the case either "for the prosecution or the -defense" of the Baader-Meinhof Gang. But, then, it doesn't have to—the Red Army Faction, as the group was formally styled, indicts -itself.

The "Complex" is not a documentary. One might call it historical fiction, and certain liberties are taken to streamline the tale told in Stefan Aust's 456-page book, titled simply -"Baader-Meinhof." But a comparison with the book, which 24 years after its publication -remains the definitive account of the terrorist group, reveals the movie to be remarkably faithful to its source.

The "Complex" is being -released in the U.S. at an interesting moment in the history of the Baader-Meinhof story. Earlier this summer, German -researchers discovered that -Karl-Heinz Kurras, a West German policeman who shot and killed the student protester Benno Ohnesorg on June 2, 1967, was an East German double agent. This killing, for which Mr. Kurras was later -acquitted, is seen in Germany as a turning point, one that led eventually to the campaign of shootings, bombings and kidnappings with which the Red Army Faction terrorized West Germany for the better part of a decade.

That Mr. Kurras was in the secret employ of the East German secret police, the Stasi, caused a political earthquake in Germany. But it fits nicely into the dramatic arc of the unraveling of the Baader-Meinhof Gang. Overtly, the Red Army Faction and its fellow travelers were leftists who opposed the Vietnam War and what they saw as the creeping fascism of the West German state. It was of no account to them that across the border in East Germany was a true totalitarian -police state, or that Soviet-backed North Vietnam would enslave its people in the name of communism for a generation. Indeed, at every turn—from Baader-Meinhof's association with the Soviet-backed PLO to the aid, comfort and protection offered by the East Germans to various members of the gang—the Soviet Union lurked in the background of the Red Army Faction's tale and supported its efforts against Western imperialism. So it is fitting that the iconic act of West German police fascism back in 1967 was committed by a Stasi spy, whether he acted as an agent provocateur or not.

Constantin Film Verleih GmbH

Johanna Wokalek (as Gudrun Ensslin) and Simon Licht (as Horst Mahler) in 'The Baader Meinhof Complex.'

But "The Baader Meinhof Complex" makes the case, compellingly, that these minor complications would have mattered little to the founders of the Red Army Faction. The picture that the movie paints is of a group that has chosen terrorism as a kind of aesthetic, a lifestyle in which sex and shooting are an expression of antibourgeois -authenticity.

A few years before the Red Army Faction began its campaign, an aging Martin Heidegger said that the West was waiting for the emergence of new gods. It was in this environment that Baader, Ensslin and Ulrike Meinhof emerged, recruiting to their cause runaways and troubled youths. In a perverse twist of fate, the three had been sentenced to oversee the youngsters as community service after an early arson conviction for firebombing a -department store.

Even Ensslin's father, a Protestant minister, -described his daughter's defense of her actions in that arson case as "really holy self-realization such as we find mentioned in connection with saints." It was not just West Germany's youth that was casting about for religious -apotheosis.

But of course theirs was not the path to the cloister. Baader is depicted, both in Mr. Aust's book and in the "Complex," as a rebel first and revolutionary second. He has no time for the PLO's discipline, whether military or moral. He steals cars because he can and for the thrill of it.

And one of the more intriguing figures in the Red Army Faction is Horst Mahler, a radical lawyer who defended Baader and Ensslin in the -department-store arson. He was later sprung from jail by the efforts of another young lawyer, one Gerhard Schroeder, the future chancellor of Germany. Today, Mr. Mahler labors as a far-right-wing Holocaust denier. A dedicated revolutionary must be flexible about the means he chooses.

One of the liberties that "The Baader Meinhof Complex" takes with Mr. Aust's book is the title, which is double-edged. The movie's name -suggests a kind of psychological disorder at the root of the impulse to terror, and its -depiction of the Red Army -Faction does nothing to dispel that suggestion. In the end, who killed Benno Ohnesorg would have mattered little to Baader, Ensslin and Meinhof. They were in it for the shooting and the other thing. That will do nothing to comfort their innocent victims, but the "Complex" paints a fascinating picture of the minds of these German terrorists at a time when it is more important than ever to understand the motivations of those like them.

Mr. Carney, editorial page editor of The Wall Street Journal Europe, is the author of "Freedom, Inc.," out this month.

Bookshelf / *By Jeffrey Collins*

A Continent in Carnage

At seven in the morning on May 20, 1631, 18,000 soldiers loyal to the Holy Roman Emperor Ferdinand II stormed the ancient German city of Magdeburg. The Protestant city was in rebellion against its Catholic overlord but had only 7,000 -defenders, almost half of whom were armed children. Plague had weakened the populace, and ammunition was low. By mid-morning, Magdeburg was overrun. By noon, it was ablaze. The thousand citizens who huddled in the cathedral were saved; but outside the flames lit hellish scenes of murder and rapine. Twenty-thousand corpses were eventually heaved into the Elbe River. Of 2,000 city buildings, only 200 survived. A year later, the ruins of Magdeburg sheltered less than 500 souls. The city's destruction would go down as the most notorious atrocity of the Thirty Years War.

> **The Thirty Years War: Europe's Tragedy**
> *By Peter H. Wilson*
> (Belknap/Harvard, 997 pages)

The war fought between 1618 and 1648 remains, by many measures, the most destructive in Europe's -history. During those years the Holy Roman -Empire—which governed most of the European continent east of the Rhine—lost as many as eight million subjects, or a staggering 20% of its population. This amount to three times Europe's death rate during World War II. Whole swaths of central -Europe were depopulated, abandoned to wild pigs and wolves.

Among continental Europeans, the Thirty Years War is etched in memory, immortalized by the stormy prose of Friedrich Schiller, who in the late 18th century published a -multi-volume Sturm und Drang history of the war. In the English-speaking world, the closest we have to a classic narrative is Veronica Wedgewood's stylish, if outmoded, -history of 1938. A definitive account has been needed, and now Peter Wilson, one of Britain's leading -historians of Germany, has provided it.

"The Thirty Years War: Europe's Tragedy" is a -history of prodigious erudition that manages to corral the byzantine complexity of the Thirty Years War into a coherent narrative. It also offers a bracingly novel -interpretation. Historians typically portray the Thirty Years War as the last and goriest of Europe's religious wars—a final bonfire of the zealots before the cooler age of enlightened statecraft. Mr. Wilson severely qualifies this conventional wisdom. It turns out that the quintessential war of religion was scarcely one at all.

The Thirty Years War began, to be sure, as a -religious civil war within the Holy Roman Empire—a ramshackle collection of dukedoms and bishoprics ruled by the Catholic Hapsburgs, who sought, -nostalgically, to govern all of Christendom as universal monarchs. Since the -Reformation, their Protestant -subjects had proved -unenthused about this project. In 1617, Bohemian -Protestants revolted against the empire, announcing their rebellion with the notorious -"defenestration of Prague," in which three imperial officials were flung out of a palace window. Crying out to the Virgin Mary as they fell, they were saved by landing in a dung heap.

The empire struck back, crushing the Bohemians at the Battle of White Mountain in 1620. It required four axes for the executioner to behead the 28 condemned "defenestrators." But the war did not end. A glutted market of mercenaries conspired to prolong it. -Eventually foreign powers intervened, eager to profit from the empire's mayhem. The most important of these was Sweden, which became, under Gustavus Adolphus, the empire's unlikely scourge. Gustavus fell in battle in 1632 but not before he had scythed his way across central Europe. France, although Catholic, was eager to sabotage its Hapsburg rivals and fought -alongside the Swedes.

An epic stalemate developed. At the war's peak, a quarter-million men were under arms. Although they fought with everything from medieval pikes to crude poison-gas shells, their most lethal weapons were the plague, typhus and dysentery that marched with them. For every combat death, three soldiers died of disease. Rural areas were particularly ravaged. In 1636, English travelers along the river Main encountered "a wretched little village" inhabited only by corpses. "We spent that night walking up and down with carbines in our hands," one traveler wrote, "listening fearfully to the sound of shots in the woods around us."

For Mr. Wilson, he cause of the war's prolonged -ferocity was not religious fanaticism but dynastic -ambition and political fissure. The empire's hundreds of small territories were cash poor. To fight, they -assumed impossible debts, adulterated their coinages and triggered a ruinous inflation. Unpaid armies could be neither supplied nor disbanded. They thus remained in the field, nourished on plunder. Starving imperial troops fighting along the Rhine in 1633 devoured their own pack animals. The defenders of Mainz were -reduced to eating their boots. More than military -tactics, material need drove campaigns as generals sought "fresh" territory to bleed dry. Exhaustion, not victory, ended the war. The Peace of Westphalia (1648) stabilized the borders of Europe. The Holy Roman -Empire was preserved but weakened, a relic of -Christendom in the dawning age of nation-states.

If there are implied villains in Mr. Wilson's grand tragedy, they are the foreign powers—Sweden and France above all—whose meddling prolonged the war for a generation. But again, their bellicosity was not driven by religious fervor. Gustavus Adolphus is -remembered today as the valiant protector of -Protestants, but he fought chiefly to seize Baltic lands. He once scoffed that if religion had been his cause, he would have attacked the pope. France's vulpine -statesman Cardinal Richelieu, who also did much to perpetuate the cataclysm, is often commended as a -political realist amid the unhinged fanatics of the time. But his war for "reasons of state" was no less pitiless for that. Indeed, Mr. Wilson's masterful account of the Thirty Years War is a reminder that war, and peace, are almost never the offspring of conviction alone.

Mr. Collins, a professor of history at Queen's -University in Kingston, Ontario, is the author of "The Allegiance of Thomas Hobbes."

time off

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Jean Tinguely's 'Wundermaschine, Meta-Kandinsky I' (1956) at the Tate Liverpool.

Amsterdam
art
"Van Gogh's Letters: The Artist Speaks" presents excerpts from letters by the Dutch artist (1853-90) on his paintings and those of his contemporaries.
Van Gogh Museum
Oct. 9-Jan. 3
☎31-20-5705-200
www3.vangoghmuseum.nl

Antwerp
art
"Textiles Art and the Social Fabric" is a large-scale group exhibition of artists who use textile materials in their work. It includes sculpture, installation, tapestry, photography and film.
Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst Antwerpen (Muhka)
Until Jan. 3
☎32-3260-9990
www.muhka.be

Barcelona
ceramics
"Elegance and Minimalism: Imperial Chinese Porcelain from the Baur Collections in Geneva" presents ceramics from the collection of Swiss businessman Alfred Baur (1865-1951).
Museu de Ceramica
Until Jan. 30
☎34-93-2805-024
www.museuceramica.bcn.cat

Berlin
art
"Carl Gustav Carus: Nature and Idea" exhibits 250 paintings and drawings by German universal scholar, doctor, scientist, artist and philosopher Carus (1789-1869).
Alte Nationalgalerie
Oct. 9-Jan. 10
☎49-30-2090-5577
www.smb.museum

culture
"Asia-Pacific Weeks 2009" offers more than 250 events on Asian business, science, culture and society examining Asian influence on Europe and North America.
Asien-Pazifik-Wochen 2009
Oct. 7-18
☎49-30-9026-2239
www.berlin.de/apforum/apw/apw2009

Bonn
art
"Raoul De Keyser" displays works by the Belgian painter De Keyser (born 1930), covering 40 years of work with loans from Europe and America.
Kunstmuseum
Until Oct. 18
☎49-228-7762-60
kunstmuseum.bonn.de

Brussels
art festival
"Europalia China" is an annual arts festival showcasing music, opera, film, dance and theater from China alongside conferences and events examining Chinese art and culture.
Europalia
Oct. 8-Feb. 14
☎32-2504-9120
www.europalia.be

Copenhagen
photography
"Faith, Hope and Love—Jacob Holdt's America" exhibits 200 works by Danish photographer and writer Holdt (born 1947) presenting a pictorial narrative of the U.S. through the decades.
Louisiana Museum of Modern Art
Until Feb. 7
☎45-4919-0719
www.louisiana.dk

Cologne
art
"Surimono: The Art of Allusion in Japanese Prints" presents 120 Japanese color woodblock prints, or surimono, from a collection of the artist Marino Lusy (1880-1954)
Museum für Ostasiatische Kunst
Oct. 10-Jan. 10
☎49-221-2212-8617
www.museenkoeln.de

Florence
art
"Manipulating Reality" explores the history of "trompe-l'oeil" or the art of deceiving the eye, confronting fiction and reality in painting, sculpture, furniture and porcelain.
Palazzo Strozzi
Until Jan. 17
☎39-055-2776-461
www.palazzostrozzi.org

Frankfurt
photography
"Fashion Room" displays fashion photography and images featuring fashion themes by George Hoyningen-Huene (1900-68), David LaChapelle (born 1963) and others.
Museum für Angewandte Kunst Frankfurt
Until Nov. 8
☎49-69-2123-4037
www.angewandtekunst-frankfurt.de

art
"László Moholy-Nagy" presents 170 paintings, photographs and photograms, sculptures and films as well as stage set design and typography by the Hungarian artist (1895-1946).
Schirn Kunsthalle
Oct. 8-Feb. 7
☎49-69-2998-820
www.schirn-kunsthalle.de

Geneva
ceramics
"World Scenes—Ten Years of Travels in China" displays the ceramic works of the French artist Jacques Kaufmann (born 1954) and the Swiss artist Philippe Barde (1955).
Fondation Baur
Until Oct. 18
☎41-227-0432-82
fondation-baur.ch

London
dance
"Dance Umbrella 2009" is a festival for contemporary dance that includes the U.K. premiere of work by the Michael Clark Company.
Dance Umbrella
Oct. 6-Nov. 7
☎44-20-8741-4040
www.danceumbrella.co.uk

photography
"Twiggy: A Life in Photographs" shows about 20 photographs of the British top model on the occasion of her 60th birthday.
National Portrait Gallery
Until March 21
☎44-20-7306-0055
www.npg.org.uk

Liverpool
art
"Joyous Machines: Michael Landy and Jean Tinguely" presents connections between the work of Swiss Kinetic artist Tinguely (1925-91) and renowned British sculptor Landy (born 1963).
Tate Liverpool
Until Jan. 10
☎44-151-7027-400
www.tate.org.uk/liverpool

Munich
art
"Alfons Mucha: Master of Art Nouveau, a Retrospective" shows 200 items, including paintings, drawings, posters and books by Czech Art Nouveau artist Mucha (1860-1939).
Kunsthalle der Hypo-Kulturstiftung
Oct. 9-Jan. 24
☎49-89-2244-12
www.hypo-kunsthalle.de

Paris
art
"The Arts of Islam: Masterpieces from the Khalili Collection" presents 500 pieces selected from the Nasser D. Khalili Collection of Islamic Art, including illuminated copies of the Quran.
Institut du Monde Arabe
Oct. 6-March 14
☎33-1-4051-3838
www.imarabe.org

culture
"In the Land of the Dragon" shows 100 pieces of Buddhist art from seventh-to-12th-century Buthan, mostly collected from temples.
Musee Guimet
☎33-1-5652-5300
Oct. 7-Jan. 25
www.guimet.fr

Portsmouth
comedy
"Ricky Gervais—Science" is a new stand-up-comedy show by the creator of the TV shows, "The Office."
Oct.6-8 Portsmouth
Oct. 12-14 Oxford
Oct. 19-21 Newcastle
☎44-0844-5765-483
www.livenation.co.uk/artist/ricky-gervais-tickets

Venice
art
"Prendergast in Italy" presents Italian watercolors, oils and monotypes alongside photographs and films by American Post-Impressionist painter Maurice Brazil Prendergast (1858-1924).
Peggy Guggenheim Collection
Oct. 10-Jan. 3
☎39-041-2405-411
www.guggenheim-venice.it

Vienna
art
"Rainer Ganahl—Dadalenin" displays photographs, videos and performance documentation by Austrian born, New York-based conceptual artist Ganahl (born 1961).
MAK
Oct. 7-Mar. 7
☎43-1-7113-60
www.mak.at

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.

Rainer Ganahl

'Dadalenin. Moderna Fahlström Lenin's Last Kiss in Zurich' (2008) by Rainer Ganahl on display at MAK in Vienna.