

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, MARCH 13 - 15, 2009

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE



Crystal visions

In Sweden, a new way to look at glass design

Elegance at Paris fashion week | How to succeed on Twitter

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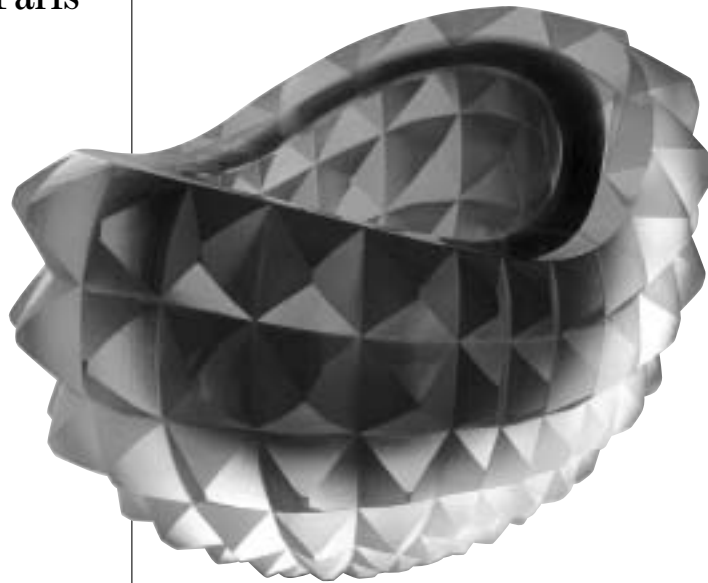
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WSJ.com/Lifestyle

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WSJ.com/Asia

WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

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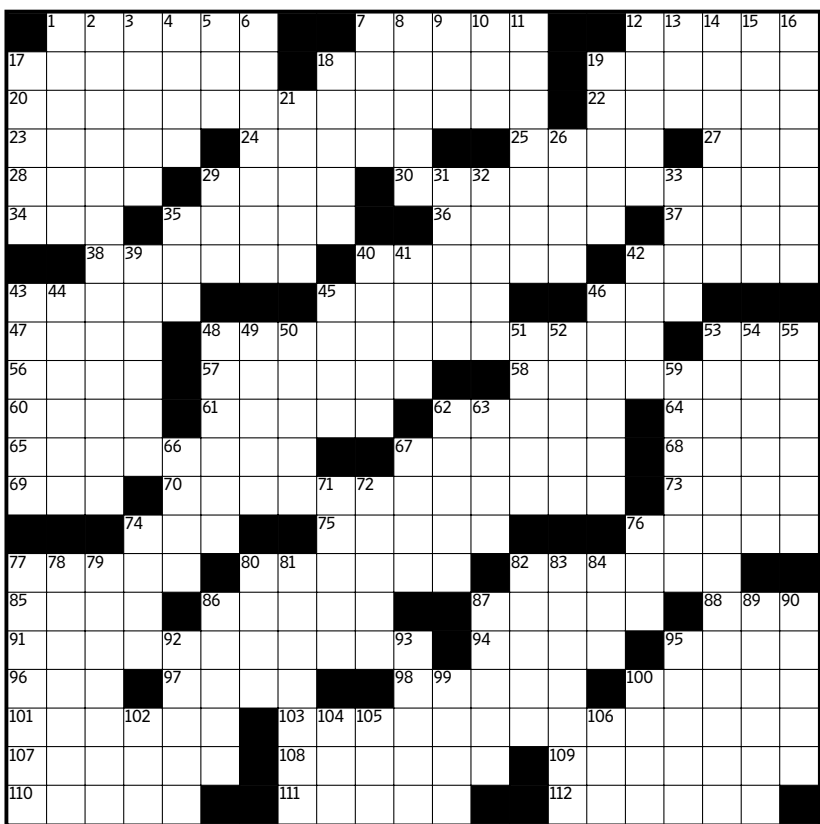
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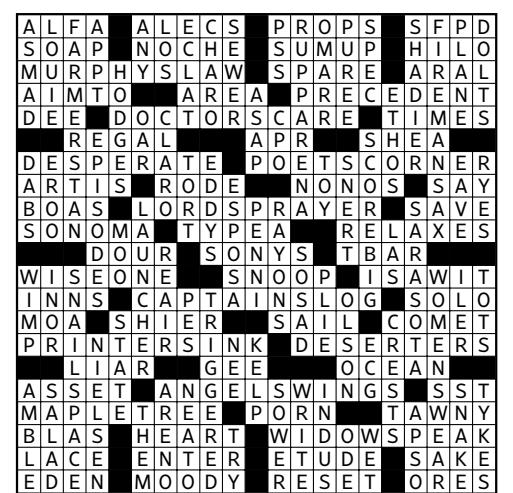
The Ogden Nash Employment Agency / by Dan Fisher



Down

- 1 Like some old lamps
- 2 Wanted: Clothing store worker who's not so robust

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

❖ Fashion

Sober elegance in Paris

THE DESIGNER FASHION business lately has been faced with a fearsome question: How does one sell expensive clothes to women these days? Paris's designers have settled on an obvious answer: Sell wearable clothes to people who can really afford them.

As designers have knuckled down to this new reality, there's been less grandstanding—the cre-

On Style

CHRISTINA BINKLEY

ation of over-the-top clothes aimed at grabbing mass attention for the brand. And there's been more hard work on creating extraordinary clothes—for slightly lower prices, no less.

Thursday marked the end of a monthlong series of ready-to-wear fashion shows in which designers present and sell their clothes to retailers in New York, London, Milan and Paris. Each city has showed a distinct temperament: New York designers were influenced by Michelle Obama's interest in appropriate style, for instance, and Milan designers, normally more staid, went all out for the 1980s power-shoulder look.

With a focus on true luxury consumers here in Paris, fashion-watchers saw fur-trimmed coats and elegant capes, prim suits and feminine silk dresses—much of it elegant enough to appear in a 1950s Hollywood film. Famous brands drilled down to their cores. John Galliano took Dior back to its elegant roots, Stefano Pilati's Yves Saint Laurent was wearable and deeply chic, and Lanvin's Alber Elbaz—who summed up his inspirations after the show with a shout of "Women! Recession!"—offered a classic, feminine silhouette.

Valentino returned to its own classic looks—fur-trimmed capes, sweet sheaths, and loose-legged evening pants whose decade would be impossible to identify. That's the essence of timeless: You can wear the clothes for years.

These more sober styles are being driven by the poor sales of fashion last fall, when Saks, Neiman Marcus and other American retailers wound up slashing prices by as much as 80% in a desperate attempt to attract customers.

The economic boom years had led skilled designers to create experimental, over-the-top fashions that were more art than clothes, leaving retailers and consumers to interpret them. Viktor & Rolf in previous years have shown clothes with words like "Wow" poofing out of chests and backs, and have hung lights and speakers blasting music on their models.

This season, by contrast, the Dutch design duo showed their draping skills with suits and dresses that were extraordinary yet wearable.

It looked as if the poor sales of last fall had scared designers, who realized they needed to connect with their clients by offering them something they could relate to. When someone is spending thousands of dollars on a suit or dress, risk should not be part of the equation.

Designers are beginning to focus on wooing the few consumers who are still shopping. Yuta Powell, owner of the eponymous boutique on New York's Madison Avenue, says sales have been slow and notes that her customers—several of

whom lost money to financier Bernard Madoff—are looking for value. Yet they still have money to spend. Her surprise best-seller in recent months has been a \$5,300 jacket with feathers in the sleeves and at the collar.

"For my customers, it has to be special," Ms. Powell said last weekend while hunting for new looks in Paris. She bought mink-trimmed silk blouses from Alexis Mabile that will retail for less than \$1,000.

Myrthe Mabile, the fashion house's manager and Mr. Mabile's sister-in-law, said the line has focused on exceptional detail while eliminating extraordinary expenses like the embroidered tulle last season that cost more than \$1,200 per yard.

Robert Burke, a New York-based fashion and luxury-goods consultant and former Bergdorf executive, says wholesale fashion prices were down about 20% in Paris. "People are working really hard," he said over coffee at the Paris Ritz hotel. "They're not being way too experimental."

Two designers clung to the boomtime model of displaying artistic experiments on the runway. Inspired by recycling, Alexander McQueen sent models out in fashions made from materials that looked like plastic Hefty bags and old hound's-tooth suits turned upside down; he wrapped the models' heads in plastic and aluminum cans. Olivier Theyskens showed a dark collection for Nina Ricci with mile-wide shoulders and mile-high platform shoes.

Mr. McQueen may get away with such hijinks because his pre-collections—more toned-down collections that sell weeks before the runway shows—are known to be wearable and bankable.

But while Mr. Theyskens may have bolstered his substantial reputation as an artist, his collection left some retailers unimpressed. Saks Fifth Avenue President Ron Frasch predicted that the brand would have to tone down the looks when they produce the clothes "if they want to sell anything." Mr. Frasch said the exaggerated power-shoulder looks seen in Milan and from Nina Ricci aren't likely to make it to many store racks this fall. "We won't be buying much of it," he said.

That's the problem with buzz-generating marketing strategies. These days, you can't take buzz to the bank. Chanel's Elizabethan and Victorian collars and Lucite-type handbags drew Kate Moss and other celebrities on Tuesday and included a near-violent paparazzi scum. But Zeta Interactive, a New York digital-marketing agency, uncovered a less-positive reaction when it monitored talk about the six top Paris designers' shows on more than 100 million blogs, message boards and other Internet outlets. While Chanel's show generated the highest volume of chatter, Yves Saint Laurent and Lanvin's more staid shows were more positively received, receiving 98% positive responses, compared with Chanel's 79%.

Akris had some of the lowest brand chatter that Zeta measured, but its runway show was full of paying customers, including Andrea Robinson, a San Diego, Calif., tax



Associated Press

and business consultant. She said she discovered Akris in a local resale shop, then spent \$12,000 at an Akris boutique last fall. Since then, she has bought several more pieces. "You're never wrong and they're feminine," she said. "I'm a cheap-skate, but this stuff fits me."

Getty Images

John Galliano took the Christian Dior label back to its roots; left, Olivier Theyskens platform shoes for Nina Ricci.



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Paris fashion week, at
WSJ.com/OnStyle

❖ Top Picks

A thrilling look back at Futurism

LONDON: The Estorick Collection, North London's small gem of a museum specializing in Modern Italian art, is marking the centenary of the Futurist movement in part with "Unique Forms: The Drawing and Sculpture of Umberto Boccioni," an exhibition devoted to one of the signatories to the 1910 Futurist manifesto and the movement's foremost theorist. Is Boccioni (1882-1916) one of the missing links between the modernist movement and cubism and 20th-century sculpture? Looking at the two spectacular bronze casts on display here, it seems entirely possible.

The 1912 "Development of a Bottle in Space" is a paradoxically dynamic version of a still life, a study of the possibilities of the solid geometry of a simple bottle. What if you could melt a glass bottle, stretch the resulting curved planes every which way, and retain the traces of your actions in the cooled glass? This table-top sculpture is what would result.

The 1913 "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space" (loaned by Tate Modern, where it is usually—and aptly—displayed next to Roy Lichtenstein's "Wham!") does the same thing

for a striding human being, with thickly curving bits of metal tracing the arcs formed by the figure's movements.

The visual effect is analogous in some ways to the flickering frames of an early animated film. Boccioni captures the spatial aspects of movement and energy, with special attention to volume and light, in a way that is almost always beautiful.

However, we'll never be able to answer the question of the importance of Boccioni as a sculptor, because the artist-vandal who took over his Rome studio after his premature death destroyed all the other plaster sculptures. Judging from the tremendously exciting sketches, drawings and studio photographs in the present show, the loss is incalculable.

While this exhibition is tiny, it is totally compelling. As a bonus, a good chunk of the Estorick's permanent collection is also on display, and this includes some stunning pieces by Giacomo Balla, Gino Severini, Carlo Carli, Ardego Sofici, Giorgio di Chirico, and some truly thrilling pictures by Giorgio Morandi. —Paul Levy

Until Apr. 19
www.estorickcollection.com



'Study for Empty and Full Abstracts of a Head,' 1912, by Umberto Boccioni.

© Estorick Collection



A diver with a Sphinx representing Cleopatra's father, Ptolemy XII.

Jerome Delafosse

Egyptian treasures: Between the deity and deep blue sea

TURIN: About 1,300 years ago, a string of natural disasters rocked the coast off the modern-day port city of Alexandria, sending chunks of three Egyptian cities into the sea. Up from the depths after 15 years of underwater excavation by French archaeologist Franck Goddio, "Egypt's Sunken Treasures" takes visitors on a voyage back to the Ptolemaic, Byzantine, Coptic and early Islamic eras.

The 500-piece exhibit has toured several European cities, but for its Italian stop, at Turin's Reggia di Venaria Reale, scenographer Robert Wilson designed backdrops for statues, jewelry, gold coins, ceramics and sphinxes. His theatrical settings, including a prologue with video installations of underwater excavations surrounded by graffiti-sprayed walls, are accompanied by a soundtrack put together by performance artist Laurie Anderson.

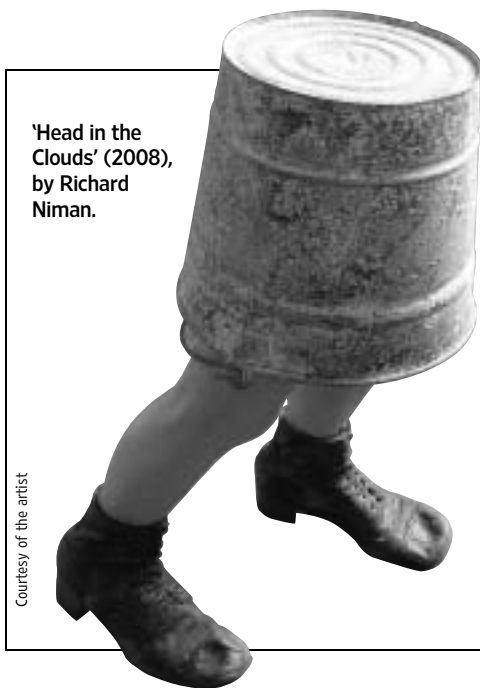
In 1996, Mr. Goddio and his team began to search for the lost cities of Herakleion and Canopus using nuclear resonance equipment. Under centuries of algae, sand and clay sediment, they made some exceptional finds. One of the show's highlights is a pink granite statue of Nile deity Hapi; at 5.4 meters high, the round-faced god with a tray of offerings is the largest freestanding statue of an Egyptian divinity ever found. Hapi and other towering statues, including a Ptolemaic king and queen in pink granite, loom over visitors who wander through a room conceived to look like a sunken forest.

"Sunken Treasures" is the first exhibit in the newly restored stables and greenhouse of the Reggia, designed by Baroque architect Filippo Juvarra. These high-ceilinged, cavernous rooms cover nearly 5,000 square meters, but Mr. Wilson's low, almost nocturnal lighting and the sound, which ranges from metal clinks meant to mimic the workshops where trinkets were made to swishing waves, produce an effect on the viewer similar to a post-prandial grappa, even at 11 a.m.

A welcome respite from under-sea atmosphere comes in the "Sphinx Box," a well-lit, airy room where the heads of sphinx statues are viewed through white netting. The show's masterpiece, however, appears in the last room, aptly called Queen's Dream. The harmonious figure of a woman draped in clinging robes is believed to be Queen Arsinoe II, sister and wife of Ptolemy II. Carved in gray-blue granite, her pose is typical of Egyptian statues, but the style of her dress is decidedly Greek.

—Nicole Martinelli

Until May 31
www.lavenariareale.it



'Head in the Clouds' (2008), by Richard Nimman.

Courtesy of the artist

Altered states: Artists under the voodoo influence

LONDON: You have to ring the bell at 79 Beak Street in Soho to gain admission to Riflemaker, the former gunsmith's premises in a Georgian house that became London's funkier gallery space when it opened in 2004.

Don't be put off—the current show has found its ideal setting, as "Voo-Doo: Hoochie Coochie and the Creative Spirit" wends its merry way up and down the rickety stairs, with TV and film screens in places

as unexpected as what's showing on them.

The show's mission statement tells all: "The exhibition features the work of those artists, writers and musicians who acknowledge the need to reach a heightened or 'altered state' in order to create their work."

On the ground floor are objects that help you grasp the essence of voodoo as a religion and as a means of inducing a creative state of ecstasy. The top floor is devoted to dolls, and the base-

ment (paradoxically the best lit and airiest) room deals with the sinister aspect: spells.

The show highlights the relationship between the voodoo trance and the alcoholic stupors that fueled Francis Bacon and F. Scott Fitzgerald, and takes you from Messiaen's profound "Transfiguration" to Muddy Waters' equally profound "Hoochie Coochie Man."

—Paul Levy

Until April 4
www.riflemaker.org

Picasso can hang with the old masters

LONDON: The crowds queuing around the block for "Picasso: Challenging the Past" are in Trafalgar Square, at the National Gallery, and not, as they were for the big 1960 Picasso show, at the Tate. The change of institution after nearly half a century shows that the art world now accepts that Picasso is fit to be measured against the old masters.

As Elizabeth Cowling writes in the show's catalog, Picasso himself was nervous about passing the "Louvre test" in 1947, when the director had some of the Picasso paintings then stored there taken into the main galleries, so that the artist could see his own work in the company of "the great Spanish and French masters he thought of as his ancestors." At first silent, the "tense and apprehensive" Picasso "gradually gained in confidence, finally exclaiming excitedly, 'You see

it's the same thing!'"

Even though it is hung in the dungeon of the Sainsbury Galleries, this National Gallery show is marvelous—chiefly because the work includes paintings from distant museums and private collections that few non-specialists will have seen before. In Paris some of the pictures were displayed alongside the old masters whose images Picasso was confronting and reworking. But in this show the Picassos are instead grouped thematically and in chronological order—the focus is on the evolution of the painter's interests.

We see much of Picasso's vast range, and his genius as draftsman and colorist, in a single room devoted to self-portraits: from the astonishing 18th-century-style portrait of himself in a wig painted when he was only 16 (in 1897), to



Pablo Picasso's 'Skull, Sea Urchins and Lamp on a Table,' from 1946 (top) and 'Reclining Nude,' from 1969 (above), on show in London.

Photos: © RMN/Jean-Gilles Benizzi; Private Collection © Orlando Faria

the post-cubist charcoal drawing "The Artist in Front of his Canvas" (1938), with its bowling-pin-shaped figure, and the blue-faced "Man with a Straw Hat and an Ice Cream Cone" of the same year, which repeats the drawing's nostrils and echoes the eyes.

Other rooms concentrate on portraits of others, the nude, still life, models and muses, and Picasso's later "Variations"—his increasing obsession with art history. The 60 works shown represent every major period of Picasso's oeuvre.

Having made the decision to separate off the Picassos, the exhibition leaflet points you in the direction of the works in the permanent collection that Picasso is "challenging," and which you can see on your way to a splendid free ancillary show in Room 1 of "Picasso's Prints."

—Paul Levy

Until June 7
www.nationalgallery.org.uk

Making the most of a tiny Twitter

BY JULIA ANGWIN

WHEN I FIRST JOINED Twitter, I felt like I was in a noisy bar where everyone was shouting and nobody was listening.

Soon, I began to decode its many mysteries: how to find a flock of followers, how to talk to them in a medium that blasts to lots of people at once and how to be witty in very tiny doses.

Twitter is a mass text-messaging service that allows you to send short 140-character updates—or “tweets”—to a bunch of people at once. They are your “followers.” It was designed to be read on a cell-phone, though many people read it online, too.

Suddenly a lot of non-tweeters are starting to feel left out. On “The Daily Show” last week, host Jon Stewart reported on Twitter with a wink (or was it a twink?) at the narcissism of the personal broadcasting system. It has a world-wide audience of six million unique visitors a month, up from 1.2 million a year ago, according to ComScore Media Metrix.

But I have to admit I didn’t understand the appeal of Twitter when I joined, at the prodding of friends, in November. One answer that explains its popularity: It’s not about chatting with your friends—it’s about promoting yourself.

My name was available, so I set up a profile at twitter.com/JuliaAngwin. On Twitter, however, you do not exist without followers, who subscribe to receive your messages. So I set out to follow some people in the hope that they would follow me.

I had to learn the crucial distinction between a “follower” and a “friend.” On Facebook, if I’m your friend, you’re my friend, and we can read all about each other. Relationships on Twitter are not reciprocal: People you follow do not have to follow you or give you permission to follow them. You just sign up and start following them. It’s a bit like stalking. Heather Gold, a comedian and Twitter devotee, points out that



Stuart Bradford

for all its flaws, the term follower “is more honest than friend.”

At first, I was the loneliest of social creatures—a leader without followers. I tried searching for my actual real-world friends using Twitter’s “Find People” function, but it was down the day I joined. (Twitter is growing so fast that short outages are not unusual.)

So I asked a few colleagues for their Twitter addresses and began following them. I also searched their public lists of followers and who they followed.

Eventually, I cobbled together a mix of people I could follow: media colleagues, friends, bloggers and various people who are known as great “tweeters,” such as the chief executive of online retailer Zappos.com, Tony Hsieh, who has written quite movingly on his blog about how Twitter has changed his life. He says that being forced to bear witness to his life in 140-character bursts of prose has made him more grateful for the good moments and more amused by the bad moments.

I discovered that a better way to get followers was to tweet. Every time I tweeted, I got a surge of followers.

Where were they coming from? The likely answer illuminates Twitter’s greatest strength: It’s easily searchable.

During the terrorist attacks in Mumbai in November, people scoured Twitter for postings from eyewitnesses. When US Airways Flight 1549 landed in the Hudson River, one of the first pictures was posted as a link on Twitter.

Similar news items may have appeared on other social networks,

but they were not as easy to discover. On Facebook, most people’s information is viewable only by their approved friends. MySpace profile pages are searchable, but not its blogs or status updates, and it is hard to find anyone you know because most people obscure their real names.

Now, a gaggle of unknown followers were finding something in my tweets—and following me!

I quickly found that my general musings about life such as—“thank god they have wifi on jury duty”—fell like a dead weight, eliciting no response. A larger problem was that it was hard to tweet when I didn’t know whom I was tweeting to. Unlike Facebook, where I know each and every one of my 287 friends, I have never met or heard of the majority of the 221 people following me on Twitter.

To understand the medium, I studied others’ tweets. Former Time magazine writer Ana Marie Cox’s tweets are a poetic mix of moments like this: “Afternoon walk. Beautiful day, I now see.”

And she included wry political commentary. Forwarding a tweet from Sen. John McCain during the presidential election, she wrote: “See, if only he had sent this a year earlier... RT@senjohnmccain ‘YES! I am twittering on my blackberry but not without a little help!’”

I spent a surprising amount of time trying out tweets in my head before tweeting. I aimed to tweet once a day, but often came up short. I found it difficult to fit in both news and opinion. Without a point of view, though, my updates were pretty boring. So, for instance, I

changed “eating strawberries during a snowstorm.” Into “eating strawberries during a snowstorm. not carbon efficient but lovely.”

Another trick: including a short link to a Web site, or my own stories (using link-shrinking services like TinyURL), let me use most of the rest of the 140 characters to compose a thought.

I found a good way to get followers was to get “retweeted”—meaning that someone would pick up my tweet and send it to their followers preceded by the code “RT @juliaangwin.” When I tweeted about being interviewed by Wired magazine recently, two colleagues retweeted my tweet. Seven of their followers then retweeted it. As a result, I gained 22 new followers.

People also seem eager to answer questions on Twitter. I came across 25-year-old Justin Rockwell, who was spending so much time answering people’s tweets about how to build better Web pages that he says he decided to try it as a business. He now makes about \$350 a week scouring Twitter for people tweeting about their problems building Web pages. Using the Twitter ID ThatCSSGuy (which refers to a Web program called CSS), he offers to help solve their problems and asks for a tip in return.

But I found it difficult to acknowledge answers I received on Twitter. Twitter’s reply features felt clumsy. The easiest way to reply to a tweet is to hit the @reply icon which broadcasts your answer to all your followers, essentially Twitter’s equivalent of the “reply all” email function. As a result, I often didn’t reply because I didn’t want to spam

Twitter glossary

@
At reply. A public tweet directed at a fellow Twitterer, such as @Barack Obama, that shows up in their Twitter stream.

DM
Direct Message. A private message that appears in a Twitter inbox. You can only direct message people who follow you.

RT
Retweet. A tweet that you like so much that you are resending it to your followers. Usually includes credit to original tweeter, such as RT @BarackObama, followed by the tweet.

Whale icon
The blue whale drawing pops up when Twitter is down. It appeared frequently in Twitter’s first year and a half.

#
Hashtag. Used to designate a topic such as #SanDiegoFire so that people can easily search for tweets on a topic. (It is unnecessary, though, because a search on a keyword without the # returns the same results.)

Nudge
A feature that lets you send a note to a Twitterer encouraging them to tweet more frequently. You can only nudge people who are tweeting from a mobile phone.

Arbitrage

The price of a Burberry umbrella



| City | Local currency | € |
|-----------|----------------|------|
| London | £135 | €150 |
| Rome | €195 | €195 |
| Brussels | €220 | €220 |
| Frankfurt | €220 | €220 |
| New York | \$280 | €221 |
| Paris | €240 | €240 |
| Tokyo | ¥40,950 | €329 |

Note: Giant Check Walker, in camel; prices, including taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

everyone with a bunch of “thanks for your feedback” messages. So I was silent—which made me feel even more antisocial.

Twitter wasn’t designed for these kinds of social interaction or conversations. As Twitter co-founder Biz Stone told me, “Twitter is fundamentally a broadcast system.” The messaging features were add-ons.

Twitter is useful precisely because so many people are talking about different things at once. When he was president of Sling Media, for instance, Jason Hirschhorn constantly monitored the keyword “sling” on Twitter. “It’s an up-to-the minute temperature of what people are saying about your brand,” he said. He left the consumer electronics company last month.

There are more than 2,000 Twitter applications made by other people to help you sort through all the tweets. One of my favorites is Twiturl.com, which tracks the most popular URLs (or Web links) being shared across Twitter. Others such as Tweetdeck and Twhirl, help you manage and organize your tweets.

Still, the beauty of Twitter is that you don’t have to commit to it; no one expects you to read all the tweets rolling in. As a result, Twitter makes for very good people watching—even if you don’t go home with anyone you meet there.

WSJ.com

How tweet it is
See a list of popular Twitter applications, plus an essay by actress Fran Drescher, at WSJ.com/Lifestyle

A late bloomer hits her stride

BY JOHN JURGENSEN

IN THE FILM "Sunshine Cleaning," a single mother swamped with bills resorts to a morbid entrepreneurial scheme. She goes into business cleaning up scenes of bloody crimes and other unnatural deaths. Equal parts comedy and drama, the movie was made more than a year ago, before the economy cratered. But one of its themes—how noble work can erode financial and personal burdens—resonated with its star, Amy Adams.

Now one of Hollywood's most in-demand actresses, her success came relatively late after a decade of odd jobs, Midwestern dinner theater and dead-end roles.

"I had no way of knowing how many people it would be true for now," she says of the film's premise. Instead, the actress identified the role with "a period of my life where I had to work several jobs to pay my bills. Something would go wrong and you'd have to take another job to get your car running. That was very real for me."

Though it's a small indie film, "Sunshine Cleaning" should help Ms. Adams, 34 years old, keep up the momentum of a big year. In her previous movie, "Doubt," an adaptation of the play by John Patrick Shanley, she played a young nun and acted opposite Meryl Streep and Philip Seymour Hoffman.

Ms. Adams was nominated for an Academy Award for best supporting actress. Though Penélope Cruz took home the trophy last month, Ms. Adams also seemed to be inducted into an elite club during a round of testimonials from the stage by past winners. Whoopi Goldberg, also known for playing a nun, said to her, "Bless you, Amy."

Producers say Ms. Adams has vaulted into a top tier of female stars that includes Anne Hathaway and Reese Witherspoon in part because of her sunny on-screen charisma and her strong record of balancing art house fare with glossier commercial projects. Ms. Adams's salary currently approaches \$5 million per picture, according to people familiar with her asking price.

This year's Oscar nod was the second one for Ms. Adams. In 2005, she was nominated in the same category for "Junebug," in which she played another innocent, a pregnant Southerner.

After several false starts, including a supporting part in the Leonardo DiCaprio feature "Catch Me If You Can," the role in "Junebug" would prove to be her breakthrough. But on the movie's North Carolina set, Ms. Adams went through a crisis of professional faith.

Sensing futility in the film and television jobs she'd been chasing, "I just felt trapped by my own decisions," she says. She fretted over possible alternatives, such as pursuing theater in New York, or taking a break from the industry to attend college.

The fourth of seven children, Ms. Adams was born in Italy to an itinerant military family that settled in Castle Rock, Colo. Singing and staging skits at home, the family had a theatrical bent, and her father sang and played guitar in



Corbis Outline

local restaurants and clubs. Ms. Adams focused on ballet but gravitated to acting. A part in a community production of "Annie" led to dinner theater gigs in Colorado and Minnesota.

Several years in the trenches doing "Brigadoon" and other musicals taught Ms. Adams some core lessons. "I think it teaches you a discipline and a work ethic that cannot be learned on any set. You have a real ownership and responsibility for your own performance and your props and your relationship with your fellow cast members," she says.

Her song-and-dance skills

served her well on the big casting call she attended after "Junebug" had wrapped. Auditioning with several hundred other hopefuls, Ms. Adams scored the lead role in the Walt Disney film "Enchanted." The musical, about a fairy tale princess thrust into the gritty reality of New York City, became a critical and commercial hit. It also established the (died) redhead's professional profile: the bubbly girl next door.

That image is at once reinforced and subverted by Rose Lorkowski, the character Ms. Adams portrays in "Sunshine Cleaning." (First introduced at the Sun-



Overture Films

Left, actress Amy Adams; above, Ms. Adams (left) and co-star Emily Blunt operate a business cleaning up bloody crime scenes in 'Sunshine Cleaning.'

dance Film Festival in 2008, the movie will be released in U.S. theaters next week, and across Europe starting next month.) Rose, once the popular cheerleader, leaves a numbing job and recruits her sister (played by Emily Blunt) for a new business: cleaning up after the dead.

"She's a little bit different in my mind than some of my other characters. Her optimism is a little harder to come by. She has to work a little harder to believe in something bigger than herself," Ms. Adams says.

Movies coming later this year that feature Ms. Adams include "Julie & Julia," in which she plays an everyday foodie who cooks her way through every recipe in "Mastering the Art of French Cooking," the classic book by Julia Child (Meryl Streep). She's about to begin shooting on "Leap Year," a romantic comedy set in Ireland. Ms.

Adams also portrays Amelia Earhart in "Night at the Museum: Battle of the Smithsonian," starring Ben Stiller.

"People often look at Amy and they don't understand how much craft she has," says Nora Ephron, who wrote and directed "Julie & Julia" and made Ms. Adams her first choice for a leading role. "Her technique is invisible," Ms. Ephron says, adding, "You find out about [her] not just on the day you're shooting but the next day when you're looking at the footage."

Though Ms. Adams says she doesn't have any musical projects on her plate, she tries to stay practiced. She credits Mr. Stiller, an avid guitar player, for getting her "addicted" to learning the instrument.

And she's embraced an off-screen outlet for her singing: "Rock Band," the popular karaoke-style videogame. "It's actually hard for me because I don't have a rock voice or a pop voice," she says, adding, "It doesn't always go well but I'm not afraid of humiliating myself."

A rocker gets a new groove

The ex-Soundgarden singer Chris Cornell works with hip-hopper Timbaland

As the frontman for the band Soundgarden, Chris Cornell was at the vanguard of the 1990s alternative-rock boom that launched such seminal groups as Nirvana and Pearl Jam. Now, with "Scream," his third album as a solo artist, Mr. Cornell is taking a break from pure rock and embracing R&B and hip-hop. His album, out this week, was executive produced by hip-hopper Timbaland. Mr. Cornell says he originally contacted Timbaland to do a few remixes, but the two quickly hit it off and decided to record original material. Mr. Cornell is known for his raw rock vocals, but on much of this album his singing is more soulful, and his voice is accompanied by beats that are more common to dance floors than mosh pits. Mr. Cornell talked about three tracks from "Scream."

—Christopher John Farley



Retna Ltd.

'Ground Zero'

Over a restless groove punctuated by yelps and turntable scratches, Mr. Cornell sings, "When all the world keeps holding on to ground zero/ we'll end it all with war." He says that he wrote this song in response to the reaction that many other people had to the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11. "There's another tragedy to what happened on 9/11 which is that it's sort of been used as a way to intimidate Americans into supporting American policies that were really bad," says Mr. Cornell.

'Scream'

This cathartic midtempo track, which features a spoken interlude by Timbaland, is about "communication breakdown" in relationships. "That's one of the most universal songs I've ever been able to do," says Mr. Cornell.

'Take Me Alive'

When pop singer Justin Timberlake, a frequent Timbaland collaborator, popped by a recording session, Mr. Cornell was quick to incorporate his background vocals into this Indian-flavored song. "[Justin] immediately kind of went into the vocal booth and said, 'Oh, I've got an idea,' and started singing this melody that ended up being the chorus of the song," says Mr. Cornell. "It was really amazing to watch. This guy works really fast and is an incredible singer."

"I've been performing it over the last couple months and seen the reaction of people who have never heard the song before, and halfway through the first chorus they're singing it back to me."

Listen to clips from Chris Cornell's 'Scream,' at WSJ.com/Lifestyle.



Maria Heiskanen (above) and Mikael Persbrandt (below) in 'Everlasting Moments.'

The camera captures life in 'Everlasting Moments'

NOT EVERYONE is endowed with the gift of seeing," a camera store owner tells a winsome customer in "Everlasting Moments." He's flirting with her—this is Sweden at the turn of the 20th century, when feelings can barely be expressed—but he's also telling the truth. The shy



Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

young wife and mother, Maria Larsson, has discovered her gift through a little folding camera—a Contessa—that she won in a lottery. This exquisite film by the Swedish master Jan Troell is about seeing clearly, and fearlessly. It's also about subdued passion, the birth of an artist and a woman's struggle to live her own life.

Maria, a country girl from Finland and an unlikely vessel for feminist stirrings, is played by the Finnish actress Maria Heiskanen, who is self-effacing, precise to the point of austerity and quietly astonishing; she doesn't seem to be acting at all. Mikael Persbrandt is Maria's volcanic husband, Sigfrid, a dock worker, boozier, womanizer, and occasional wife-beater who is jealous of his wife's camera, as well he might be, and whose head swirls with vague ambitions. Jesper Christensen, as the amorous

camera store proprietor, Sebastian Pedersen, makes longing palpable; it's Pedersen's fate to send Maria down a new life path but not to accompany her.

As you might expect of a movie that's entranced with photography, Mr. Troell's camera, like Maria's, captures memorable images: a streetcar looming out of the fog on a snowy night, a violinist serenading a dog, a child venturing onto an icy lake, then disappearing in a mist; a moth's wing projected by a hand-held lens onto Maria's palm.

The story covers a lot of ground gracefully: self-discovery, domestic violence, labor strife, the slow climb up from poverty—in a rare moment of simple fun Maria watches Charlie Chaplin in "Easy Street"—and, against heavy odds, the emergence of love. The mood is often ruminative and the rhythms sometimes slow—I've heard detractors joke that the film's title should have been shortened to "Everlasting."

Watch closely, though, and you see that the filmmaker takes life in just as Maria does, with darting, piercing glances. While his narrative structure seems stately in comparison to commercial productions that clamor for attention at every moment, his work within individual scenes is as lively as it is laconic—time sliced thin into kinetic snapshots. And why shouldn't "Everlasting Moments" take as much time as it needs? It isn't set in the digital age, but in the bygone days of photographs on film, when things developed slowly.

Jobless in Tokyo

A Japanese director turns from horror to a tale of economic woe

BY DAISUKE WAKABAYASHI

AS ONE OF JAPAN'S most famous horror movie directors, Kiyoshi Kurosawa knows how to scare an audience. In his latest film, Mr. Kurosawa, 53, tackles a subject that's perhaps more frightening than any of his previous movies: joblessness.

"Tokyo Sonata" isn't a horror film—it's a measured, emotional family drama with a plot that seems torn from the headlines. It starts with salaryman Ryuhei Sasaki (Teruyuki Kagawa) losing his middle-management job. Unable to tell his wife or children, Mr. Sasaki puts on a suit and pretends to go to the job that has defined who he is to his family and the outside world. As his frustration builds, he slowly alienates his wife (Kyoko Koizumi) and two sons.

Mr. Kurosawa, who isn't related to legendary Japanese filmmaker and "Rashomon" director Akira Kurosawa, became interested in movies in college when he made short films with friends using an 8mm camera. He first gained acclaim with "Cure," a psychological thriller about a serial killer who brainwashes his victims into murder. Since then, movies like "Charisma" and "Pulse" established Mr. Kurosawa as one of the best-known directors of Japanese horror, or "J-Horror," films.

"Tokyo Sonata" won a jury award at the Cannes Film Festival. It opens in New York this weekend and in some European markets this spring.

Q: "Tokyo Sonata" is quite different from the horror genre that you are known for. Was it challenging for you to make this type of movie?

I wanted to portray a normal life in Tokyo and pack into one film many of the problems—both big and small—that I see every day. In horror movies or genre-defined movies, I can't include too many things into one film. Even though this is a movie about just one family, each character is a different age, has different interests, different goals, and different societal expectations. Putting all that into one film was hard.

Q: The movie addresses some timely issues, like how a family copes with job loss. Is there any insight the audience can draw from the film?

We made this movie before the economic downturn became extreme at the end of last year. We weren't striving to address the unemployment problem or the deceleration of the economy. That said, and perhaps this might be too hopeful, I think a crisis like this is a good chance to appreciate the things we have close to us like family and friends.

Q: What role do you think companies and jobs play in defining people within Japanese society?

WSJ.com

Family drama

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



Director Kiyoshi Kurosawa; below, a scene from his film 'Tokyo Sonata.'

For many Japanese people, "working" means that they are part of a company. My father was like this, too. He worked at a big company. He seemed to be working very hard, but no one in our family really knew what he did. Was he ingratiating himself with his boss? Was he lowering his head, being subservient and feeling miserable at work? Our family couldn't see what he was doing and he wouldn't talk about it. So we had no other option but to believe that he was working nobly at this big company. This is a common issue for many Japanese men. They don't open up about work to their family.

Q: One of the issues you address in the film is the traditional Japanese family. Do you think the traditional Japanese family is functioning well?

It has been crumbling little by little for many years now. The problem is that people don't have a better alternative. There is very little communication between the father and the children. No one states what they are thinking and they assume the others know what they are feeling. If you don't say anything to each other, it just leads to more alienation.

Q: What has influenced you as a director?

When I was in high school, the movies I liked were American ac-

tion movies of the early 1970s like "Dirty Harry," "The Getaway," and "The French Connection." During that time, predictable narratives were disappearing. Prior to that era, if there was a criminal and a police detective, the criminal was bad and the policeman was good. But it wasn't that simple in the early 1970s. The policeman could be an awful person and sometimes the criminal would avoid capture. It was all very chaotic. I am deeply influenced by those films. Even now in genre films, I like to defy the traditional rules and expectations of the audience.

Q: A Japanese movie, "Departures," won the Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film. Do you feel that the rest of the world is starting to appreciate aspects of Japanese arts and culture?

I am very happy that people from outside of Japan appreciate aspects of our culture, but there's a limit if it's just that. It would be good to show the types of problems the Japanese are facing as well. The thing that I appreciate about America is not all the great things it has, but its willingness to expose its own problems to the world. France does this too. I wish Japan would too. It's all well and good for people to appreciate our culture, but at some point, we need to ask the world: "What do you think about these problems?"



AFP (2)

WSJ.com

Opening this week in Europe

- Confessions of a Shopaholic Belgium, Spain
- Defiance Netherlands
- Gran Torino Norway, Sweden
- He's Just Not That Into You Czech Republic, Italy
- Marley and Me Finland, Romania, Spain
- Slumdog Millionaire Germany
- The International Greece, Italy
- The Reader Turkey
- Watchmen Croatia, Denmark, Slovenia

Source: IMDb

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CRYSTAL VISIONS

By J.S. Marcus

Special to *The Wall Street Journal*

SWEDEN HAS BEEN famous for its unique approach to high-quality glassmaking since the 1920s, when an inspired group of Swedish artists, using glass as their medium, brought attention to a part of the world whose previous example of signature design had been the safety match. Styles and techniques have changed throughout the decades, but one thing has not: Swedes continue to look at the country's latest crop of vases, art glass and stemware as a measure of their design health.

Now is an especially good time to buy Swedish glass, as a new generation of artists begin to take art glass into uncharted territory and the country's two world-renowned glass producers, Kosta Boda and Orrefors, are reinventing everything from the glass lamp to the champagne flute. Meanwhile, determined shoppers can still find a wide range of pieces from the glory years of Swedish glassmaking, but the clock is ticking. Sweden's strict heritage laws stipulate that works of valuable art and design more than a century old can only be taken out of the country after the buyer applies for permission to a panel of experts. In a decade's time, those laws will affect the early masterpieces of Swedish glass.

Starting last year with their debut collections, two young artists working at Kosta Boda have become the country's newest design stars. Asa Jungnelius, a Stockholm native who combines pop-art playfulness with gender-identity politics, creates everything from sculptural lipsticks to garish hand-painted stemware. Ludvig Löfgren, who is both her colleague and her companion, is known for his crystal skulls and ee-



Micke Persson (2)

From classic stemware to avant-garde art, Sweden offers a new way to look at glass design

rie, web-patterned vases.

At first glance, Ms. Jungnelius, 33 years old, and Mr. Löfgren, 37, seem worlds away from the pioneering figures of the 1910s and 1920s, Simon Gate (1883-1945) and Edward Hald (1883-1980), trained painters who created neoclassical variations on art deco for the Orrefors glassworks. However, what all four have in common is the broad appeal and wide availability of their work in Sweden. Pieces by Ms. Jungnelius can be found in offbeat Stockholm galleries and in the country's tradi-

tional department stores. The same piece of Simon Gate stemware can be admired in a museum in the morning and bought in an antique shop in the afternoon.

The best place to start a Swedish glass shopping trip is in Södermalm, an island south of Stockholm's medieval Old Town, on a dramatic hilltop overlooking the steeply-filled cityscape. There, on a narrow street called Hornsgatan, you will find The Glassery, a new gallery specializing in contemporary artists who work with glass ([\[glassery.com\]\(http://www.glassery.com\)\). Owned by a former glassblower named Patrick Hallbom, The Glassery also has a small shop selling unique and limited-edition works by Ms. Jungnelius and Marten Medbo, a celebrated ceramicist and glass artist based on the island of Gotland.](http://www.the-</p>
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"I want to change the idea of what art glass is in Sweden," says Mr. Hallbom, 35. On view at his gallery through March 18 is a show by the artist and independent Swedish glassblower Jonas Rooth. Known for his colorful custom-made chandeliers, often inspired by Sweden's baroque heritage, Mr. Rooth, 47, has created a menagerie-like installation of handblown glass creatures. Pieces currently on view sell for around 4,000 kronor-70,000 kronor (around €350-€6,000).

If Mr. Rooth's installation at The Glassery appeals to you and you're curious about his chandeliers, head for Stockholm's Nationalmuseum located on the other side of the city's Old Town, which has one on permanent display (www.nationalmuseum.se).

The Nationalmuseum is also the best place to learn about the history of Swedish glass, particularly the careers of Simon Gate and Edward Hald. The designers had their first breakthrough in the 1910s with a technique known as "graal," allowing for ghostly variations in color by cutting through layers of tinted glass, which are then covered in clear crystal. The graal pieces are a stark contrast to Gate's and Hald's later engraved, clear crystal vases and urns, which created an international market for Swedish glass.

"The design of glass has changed," says Micael Erntstell, the Nationalmuseum curator responsible for the 20th Century design wing's installation, which starts with Gate and Hald and ends with the ceramic-like effects of glass pieces by Mr. Medbo. Mr. Erntstell notes that the carved transparent crystal of the 1920s and the clean lines of mid-century Swedish modernism have given way to bold experimentation. Until recently, he says, Swedish glass designers "thought that shapes should be very strict

and that glass should be very 'beautiful,'" but "nowadays anything is possible."

Next stop on the glass tour is Apollo, Stockholm's legendary antique shop, founded in 1968 and specializing in vintage stemware. Per Särnqvist, son of the store's founder and current co-owner, leads the way through a labyrinth of cluttered, low-ceilinged rooms, before reaching a cabinet containing some of Swedish glass's most unusual stemware. Created in the 1920s and 30s, the glasses combine a range of techniques and styles, including blowing, cutting, engraving and gilding. Some of the stemware "families"—as Mr. Särnqvist calls related designs for different kinds of wines and assorted beverages—have unusual, square-shaped bases.

"These are glasses you won't see anywhere else," says Mr. Särnqvist. He takes out a cocktail glass from the 1920s made by Kosta and hands it over. "You must feel it," he insists. "Take it in your hand." The glass, made of old-fashioned lead crystal, is both heavier and more delicate than it looks. The hand-blown mouth is as thin as paper, and the square base turns the glass into a kind of miniature trophy (www.apollo-antik.se).

Mr. Särnqvist moves on to another room and bends down to open a hidden cabinet. "This is one of the most famous and earliest glasses from Orrefors," he says, and reaches for a so-called "Cloud" glass, first designed in 1918 by Simon Gate. The engraved clouds have all the subtlety of a Matisse drawing.

For a wider selection of the "Cloud" glasses, check out Stockholm auction house Bukowski's, which in April will offer a complete set of "Cloud" stemware, made up of 85 pieces, including decanters, at an estimated price of 8,000 Swedish kronor-10,000 kronor. Bukowski's is also the place to look for pieces by Per B Sundberg, a Stockholm artist who applies principles of ceramics to glassmaking. After a decade as an in-house designer, Mr. Sundberg, now 44, left Orrefors in 2005, but his limited-edition Orrefors vases and bowls remain much sought after by curators and collectors. Mr. Sundberg is "one of the most interesting of the moment," says Helena Smedberg, the contemporary glass



Orrefors



Bo Knutsson

From far left, Ludvig Löfgren's 'Vivienne' bowl; the designer's 'Vivienne' vase; Simon Gate's 'Triton' vases from 1916; the designer's engraved Bacchus bowl from 1926, for sale at Bo Knutsson Art & Antiques for €40,000.

specialist at Bukowski's (www.bukowskis.se).

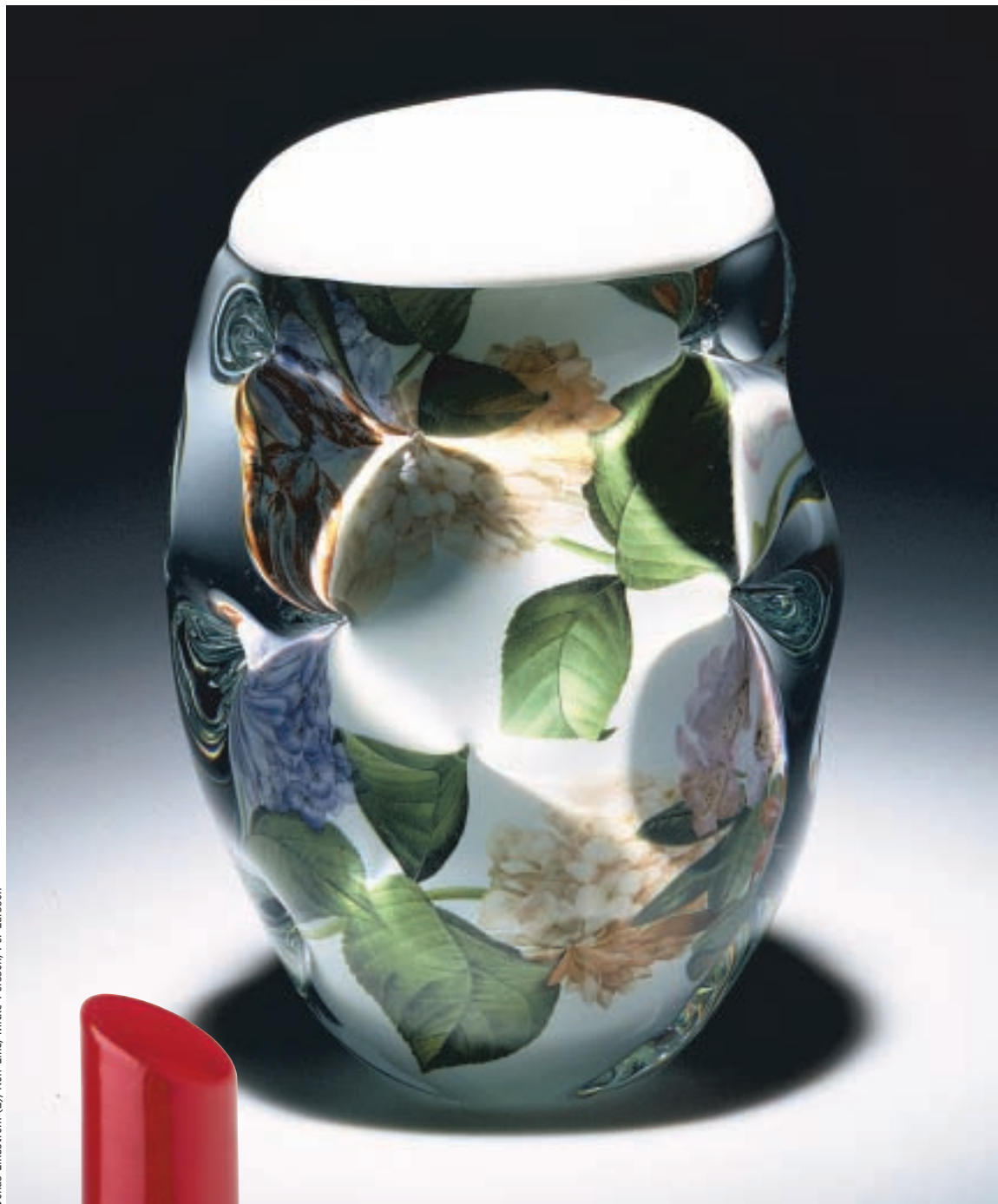
A few of Mr. Sundberg's pieces are still on sale at Stockholm's Orrefors Kosta Boda flagship store in Östermalm, a short and picturesque walk from Bukowski's. Once rivals, Kosta Boda and Orrefors merged in 1990. In 2005, holding company New Wave Group, based outside Göteborg, bought Orrefors Kosta Boda from its previous owners and has tried to breathe new life into the brands, which both have their headquarters in the traditional glassmaking region Smaland and share some production facilities but maintain different styles. This winter, the stand-out items at the flagship store are recently launched lamps. Ms. Jungnelius's moody "Nightlife" (3,500 kronor) uses an oversized diamond-shaped light source and darkened glass to create a hallucinatory effect. The "Prismi" lamp (19,000 kronor) by Orrefors designer Lena Bergström, who has a background in textile design, features a row of fringe-like crystal shards (www.kostaboda.com; www.orrefors.se).

"The success of Swedish crystal has always been linked to strong designers and artists," says New Wave Group Chairman Torsten Jansson. Currently, Kosta Boda is best known for its art glass, especially the works of Bertil Vallien, the éminence grise of Swedish glass, who uses various techniques to create richly textured figurative glass sculptures. In recent years, Kosta's "Mine" glasses—distinguished by their primitive, uneven shapes and user-friendliness (unlike other crystal stemware, you can put it in the dishwasher)—has become a big hit in Sweden. Orrefors, on the other hand, continues the tradition of clear crystal stemware.

The flagship store is also the place to find a wide selection of pieces by Ms. Jungnelius and Mr. Löfgren, who, says Mr. Jansson, "are getting more attention than I could have dreamed about." A limited edition crystal skull in pink, blue or lime by Mr. Löfgren sells for 7,375 kronor.

The most important outlet for both Orrefors and Kosta Boda is the revamped glass shop in the basement of the Nordiska Kompaniet department store, or NK, the Harrods of Scandinavia. "I wanted to raise the knowledge about glass," says Jörgen Eriksson, CEO of NK Glas, Porslin & Kök, the company that manages NK's glass shops in Stockholm and Göteborg. Starting a few years ago, Mr. Eriksson reinstalled most of the shop's displays on open shelves, encouraging customers to pick up and feel glass objects. And he implemented a warranty for Orrefors and Kosta Boda stemware, allowing customers to replace broken glasses free of charge up to three years after purchase. Orrefors and Kosta Boda have expanded the warranty to sales outlets throughout Sweden.

NK is also the place to find more exotic Swedish stemware, like the high-modernist "August" series, de-



Jonas Lindström (2); Rolf Lind; Mikke Persson; Per Larsson

For profiles of some of Sweden's top glass designers, turn the page. Plus, see a slideshow of their work, at WSJ.com/Europe.



Left, a lipstick from the 'Make Up' series by Asa Jungnelius; above (clockwise) Per B Sundberg's unique 'Fabula' vase; 'Schaman' by Bertil Vallien; 'Jackie' tumbler by Asa Jungnelius; 'The Apple' vase by Ingeborg Lundin.

signed by Ingegerd Raman for Skruf, a boutique glassworks in the Smaland region. An "August" wine glass costs about 329 kronor.

If you are interested in a unique selection of vintage Swedish glass, go to Bo Knutsson's treasure-filled gallery in Stockholm's Östermalm neighborhood. Mr. Knutsson sells Gate and Hald masterpieces in perfect condition; prices go as high as 650,000 kronor. He also hosts exhibitions of contemporary Swedish glass artists, like Claes Uvesten, whose humanoid glass sculptures recall both the Renaissance and 1950s science fiction films (www.boknutsson.com).

For a wide assortment of vintage Swedish art glass from the decades after Gate and Hald, visit another Östermalm antique shop, Modernity, where Scottish owner Andrew Duncanson regularly reinstalls his museum-quality stock of vintage Scan-

dinavian furniture, glass and ceramics. Modernity usually has a clear Orrefors "Apple" on sale for around 35,000 kronor. First designed in the 1950s by Ingeborg Lundin, the enormous, truly apple-like vase is one of Scandinavian modernism's best-known pieces. Mr. Duncanson says that the green version is especially valued by collectors (www.modernity.se).

Östermalm is also the place to find the very best in contemporary furniture. Asplund, right across from Modernity, has the latest from Swedish and Italian furniture designers, and a wall of Ingegerd Raman glass designs, which complement the store's minimalist tastes (www.asplund.org).

Orrefors and Kosta Boda are appealing villages as well as competing brands, and no shopping trip for Swedish glass is complete without a visit to the country's remote glass-

producing centers, about three to four hours by train from Stockholm, in the densely-wooded Smaland region.

Kosta Boda is better set up for tourism. The factory is open to the public, who come and go at will, mingling among the glassblowers and their furnaces. This summer, Kosta Boda will open a design hotel, with glass-themed public rooms and suites created by Ms. Jungnelius, and Messrs. Löfgren and Vallien, among others. If you don't mind slight flaws, look at the Kosta Boda "seconds" shop for stemware and vases sold at dramatic discounts.

Mr. Löfgren says he enjoys meeting the public on Kosta Boda's factory floor in the busy summer months. "Customers have questions" about certain pieces or "are just curious about the material," he says. "It's nice to have such an open atmosphere."

Sweden's glass menagerie



Jonas Lindström

Above, Lena Bergström's 'Hotto' mug; below, the designer working on the production of 'Planets.'



Reif Lind

Lena Bergström

Lena Bergström's designs for Orrefors are marked by a combination of practicality and hilarity.

"I missed having transparent cups," she says, explaining the inspiration behind "Hotto," her recent line of clear-glass tea and coffee cups, featuring solid slab handles. At first glance, the handle looks like a joke, defying you to get an actual grip. But its concave shape is perfectly suited to the cup's purpose and clean-lined look. "You can see the color of the liquid," she points out. "You can't do that with porcelain or ceramics."

Born and raised in Umea, in the north of Sweden, Ms. Bergström, 47, is known for bringing a keen design sense to Swedish glass. Trained as a textile designer, Ms. Bergström approaches glass as a material rather than as an artistic medium.

"Glass is very sensual," she says. "It's very clear and sharp. And it's quick. You need to make quick decisions." Ms. Bergström, who divides her time between Stockholm and Orrefors, works closely with glassblowers and cutters when developing her designs. "The blowers and cutters are my extended arms," she says.

Ms. Bergström's masterpiece is the Orrefors Crystal Bar adjacent to the company museum, which is open to the public during the summer months. The bar has proven to be a laboratory for her later designs, including the recently launched "Bracelet" lamp, a minimalist updating of a crystal chandelier.

www.lenabergstrom.com

J.S. Marcus meets the country's new generation of designers of glassware and art glass



Jonas Lindström

Ludvig Löfgren

The Swedish glassworks of Smaland have a tradition of looking for new designers outside the glass factory; artists, usually from Stockholm, bring their talent down south, and the glassblowers and cutters provide the know-how. Ludvig Löfgren, a rising star at Kosta Boda, breaks that mold. Mr. Löfgren grew up in Smaland and after attending the National School of Glass in Orrefors, he worked in the 1990s at Kosta Boda as a glassblower. "I knew what I was getting into," says Mr. Löfgren of his return to Kosta Boda in 2007 as a full-fledged designer.

"I am quite relaxed in the factory," says Mr. Löfgren, speaking by phone from a quiet spot on the factory floor. Unlike other Swedish glass designers, he can blow his own prototypes and try out random ideas "on the pipe," as glassblowers say, instead of relying on a sketchpad or a computer screen.

In the spring of 2008, Kosta Boda launched Mr. Löfgren's "Still Life" line of crystal skulls, and his "Vivienne" series of vases and bowls with wild web patterns based on Scottish tartan fabric. Mr. Löfgren continues to make art glass. "Both parts need each other," he says, of his twin activities as product designer and glass artist. "When you make an art project, you also can get an idea for a production piece."

Mr. Löfgren attended glass school at the same time as Asa Jungnelius, but they didn't meet until years later at an art opening. Now the two are a couple, and they and their young son divide their time between Smaland and Stockholm.

www.kostaboda.com



Micke Persson

Right, Ludvig Löfgren's 'Skull' from the Still Life series; top right, Claes Uvesten's glass head 'Punk.'



Stefan Johansson



Claes Uvesten

"Glass tends to be a production thing," says Stockholm sculptor and glass designer Claes Uvesten, referring to the quick and collaborative methods needed to transform molten glass into usable objects. "But it's not that way for me. I want to work slowly with the pieces."

Until recently, Mr. Uvesten, 44, was known for creating blown glass seashells, which are part of the permanent collection of Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Starting about four years ago, he began to create heads, made out of separate glass parts, cast in sculpted molds, and then mounted on iron stands. "He's going to be very big," says Stockholm art dealer Patrick Hallbom, whose gallery, The Glassery, had a show of Mr. Uvesten's busts in 2007.

Mr. Uvesten, who also works as a designer for the Reijmyre glassworks, trained at the National School of Glass in Orrefors. His busts incorporate a range of colors and textures, due to the sheet metal, netting and dyes he places inside the molds. The life-size pieces, which take up to a month to complete and may weigh as much as 50 kilos, are refinished after assembly, with further colors and textures applied to the final surface. The result is at once archaic and futuristic, suggesting something like ancient marble androids.

Mr. Uvesten grew up in a village called Tibro, two hours drive from Göteborg, and first discovered glass at country auctions he attended with his grandmother. "I still have my collection of hand-blown glasses that she bought for me," he says.

Mr. Uvesten recently had a show at the Traver Gallery in Seattle, and he expects to have a show later this year in Stockholm. His pieces usually sell for \$8,000-\$24,000.

www.claesuvesten.nu



Per B Sundberg

Known for his innovative techniques and provocative themes, the Stockholm artist Per B Sundberg is a legend among Swedish glass designers. Starting in the 1990s, Mr. Sundberg brought a whole new aesthetic to Swedish glass, using vases and bowls as sculptural screens on which to project images of great beauty and strangeness.

Born and raised in a suburb of Stockholm, Mr. Sundberg studied glass and ceramics at Konstfack, Stockholm's university of art and design. He was hired in 1994 by Orrefors, where he developed new glassmaking techniques that incorporated elements of ceramics design. One technique, called "fabula," or "fable," allowed Mr. Sundberg to apply commercially sold decals to a sub-layer of glass, which he then covered with irregular layers of transparent glass; the result was an accretion of odd, watery images that referenced everything from flowers to sexuality.

In a move that shocked the glass world, Orrefors dismissed Mr. Sundberg, who was better known for his innovations than his stemware, after the company was sold in 2005.

"I worked a lot with textiles until I was 10 or 12," says Mr. Sundberg, who freely admits to being a "sewing nerd" when growing up. After school, he says, "I was totally sure that I should be a ceramicist and have my own studio." He credits fellow students, including Marten Medbo, with getting him involved in a local glass hotshop, where he first experimented with the medium. Since leaving Orrefors, he has returned to making ceramics and is also a professor at Konstfack, where his former students include Asa Jungnelius and Ludvig Löfgren.

A few of Mr. Sundberg's glass pieces are still available from Orrefors, including his limited-edition "wallpaper" decorative vases. Otherwise, his work can be found at Stockholm's auction houses.

Rolf Lind



Jonas Lindström

Asa Jungnelius

"I love fake gold," says Asa Jungnelius, sitting in her studio at the Kosta Boda glassworks, surrounded by the lurid and lovable glass objects that have made her a design sensation in Sweden.

The objects themselves—like her recently launched stemware, featuring gold-colored paint dripping off the rims—belong in a Las Vegas lounge, or at least in a Stockholm art gallery. But they were created here, deep in the woods of southern Sweden.

"It was a dramatic change to move here from Stockholm," says Ms. Jungnelius, whose work as an installation artist caused Kosta Boda to invite her last year to work as an in-house glass designer. "It was more of a change," she says, "to move to a Swedish village than to move to another big city" in a different country. "But I like dramatic change," she adds. "It's good to shock yourself."

Ms. Jungnelius's designs are indeed often shocking, but also playful. Elle Decoration named her Swedish designer of the year in January, and her work is now on sale internationally, including at America's Neiman Marcus department stores.

"I have always seen myself as an artist," says Ms. Jungnelius, who divides her time between Kosta Boda and Stockholm, together with her partner and fellow designer Ludvig Löfgren. "I will never make the perfect drinking glass. But maybe it will be a glass with style."

www.asajungnelius.se

Marten Medbo

"I don't pay any attention to function," says Marten Medbo, the adventurous glass and ceramic artist. Celebrated for breaking down barriers between art, design and handicrafts, Mr. Medbo, 44, transforms familiar objects, like a cut-glass bowl or a champagne glass, into an otherwise unusable alien presence. Inspired by science fiction films and contemporary installation art, his objects are like minimalist sculpture gone awry.

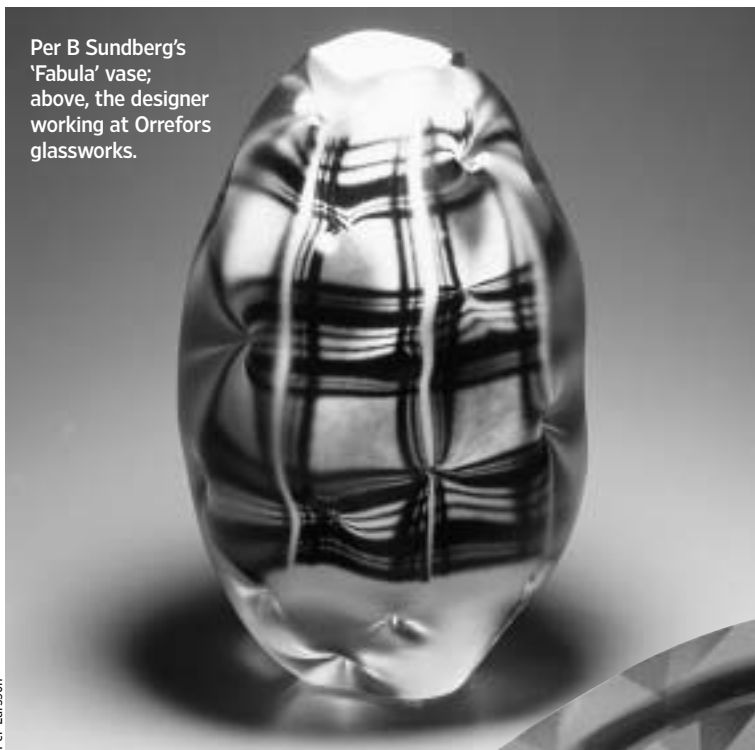
After graduating from Stockholm's Konstfack, Mr. Medbo failed to get a job at one of Sweden's major glassworks. The failure was a blessing in disguise. "When I was in school, my aim was to be a designer for industry," he says. When that didn't work out, he says, "I had to rely on myself. And when you're by yourself, you're more free to go in the direction of art."

That freedom allowed Mr. Medbo to explore glass traditions outside of Sweden, and some of his most interesting work has been created in the Czech Republic. "In school, we learned that Swedish glass was number one in the world," he says. "Then I went to the Czech Republic—it was just after the wall had fallen—and I saw this fantastic skill, and a different way of looking at things."

Mr. Medbo continues to produce pieces in the Czech Republic. In his recent series, "Cut Glass," made in the Bohemian town of Novy Bor, Mr. Medbo is able to achieve a hallucinatory, marble-like effect by cutting geometric shapes out of dense layers of differently colored glass. In addition to his own pieces, Mr. Medbo also works on interiors and public commissions, occasionally collaborating with his wife, the sculptor Hanna Stahle.

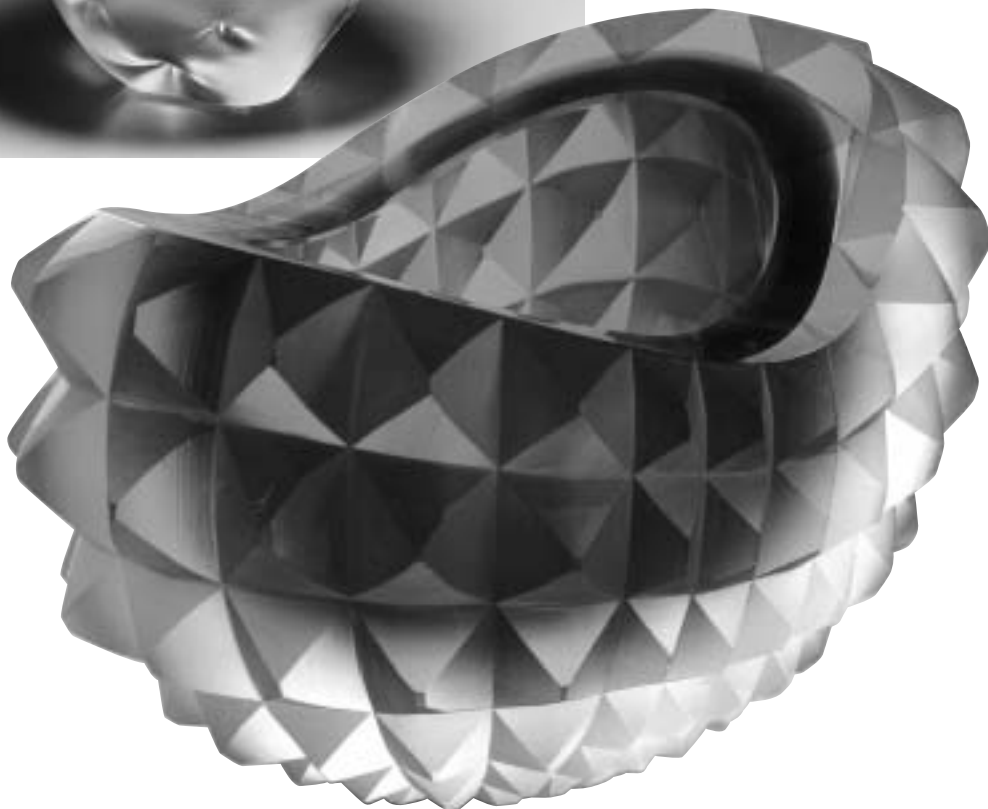
His pieces usually sell for 12,000 kronor-24,000 kronor at Stockholm gallery The Glassery. www.medbo.com

Left, Marten Medbo's 'Deep Cut'; right, Asa Jungnelius's nail polish bottle from the 'Make Up' series.



Per B Sundberg's 'Fabula' vase; above, the designer working at Orrefors glassworks.

Per Larsson



Jonas Lindström

Guys and dolls and sweet Cuban treats

RIGHT ABOUT NOW, the cast of the new Broadway production of "Guys and Dolls" could use a drink. With a roster of bankable stars—and the shocking fact that it has been over a decade since the indispensable 1950 musical last bowed on Broadway—the revival should have been a sure-fire smash. Instead, it's looking more like a crash scene. In the *Journal*, Terry Teachout laments how the new pro-

How's Your Drink?

ERIC FELTEN

duction has loused up a "a pop-culture masterwork so bulletproof that it's never failed to make its effect, even when performed by amateurs—until now." The show gives "the impression of an entire cast of understudies," digs the *New York Times*. The Runyonesque gamblers "seem more like suburban dads than lovable street types," according to *USA Today*. So if the actors (and the production's backers) want to drown the memories of the reviews, they could do worse than to toss back a Dulce de Leche (or two or three), the rum milkshake that figures so large in the musical's action.

Then again, maybe they're sick of the drink by now—it was served at the opening night after-party. There had been high hopes by the Bacardi company that "the classic cocktail," featured so prominently in what was sure to be a hit show, would become the next Mojito. Alas, two problems cropped up. The first is the critical reaction to the production. The second is that the Dulce de Leche never was a Cuban cocktail of any sort, let alone a classic.

The drink made its first appearance in the original production of "Guys and Dolls," when alpha-gambler Sky Masterson whisks missionary-dame Sarah Brown off to dinner in Havana. They land at El Café Cubana, where Sarah insists, with a great show of propriety, on drinking a milkshake. Sky holds up two fingers and orders "Dulce de Leche."

"These are delicious," Sarah says well into draining her second. "What's in it—besides milk?"

Sky allows that there is sugar and a "sort of native flavoring"—Bacardi.

"Doesn't Bacardi have alcohol in it?" Sarah asks with what's left of her wariness.

"Only enough to act as a preservative."

Soon Sarah is well-enough preserved to tussle with a nightclub dancer who makes eyes at Sky.

The drink is the turning point in the show's action, a midwife of romance. It also sets up a tipsy anthem to lost inhibitions, "If I Were a Bell." (Composer Frank Loesser was so obsessed with that song, and its pivotal role in the show, that he flew into a rage when the actress Isabel Bigley couldn't seem to get it right in the 1950 rehearsals—and slapped her across the face.)

Given the extraordinary success of the musical at its debut and the prominence the Dulce de Leche has in it, one would think the drink would have caught on. And it might have, had it been a real drink—or if Bacardi hadn't waited nearly 60 years to come up with an approximation. The company is now promoting the Dulce de Leche as a mix of rum, chocolate liqueur and sweet-



Rebecca McAlpin for The Wall Street Journal

ened condensed milk.

Of course, there is something known as dulce de leche common in much of Latin America—but it isn't a cocktail. Had you gone to a café in Havana in 1950 and asked for it, you would have been given a thick, milk-caramel sauce served over ice cream or some other dessert, or a candy not unlike a caramel cube. Some Cuban recipes for making dulce de leche call for adding a splash of anisette liqueur to the milk, sugar and eggs, but only to give the candy a hint of licorice flavor.

But there is, it turns out, a traditional Cuban cocktail that was served in swanky Havana hotspots

in the 1950s, one that would have been just the thing to unlace Sarah Brown—the Doncellita. Roughly translated as "little lady" or "maiden," the Doncellita is made of cold, chocolaty crème de cacao topped with a layer of heavy cream and a cocktail cherry. "This sweet, innocent-tasting drink was supposed to incline us toward our downfall," writes Viviana Carballo in her poignant memoir of food and family in pre-Castro Cuba, "Havana Salsa."

Ms. Carballo describes her grand night out on New Year's Eve at the end of 1956. Her society beau took her to the most flamboyant of the grand Havana casinos, the Tropicana, where she was too excited to

Doncellita

60 ml dark crème de cacao
15 ml heavy cream

Pour the chocolate liqueur in a small, delicate, stemmed glass. On top, float a layer of heavy cream (first, you might whip the cream ever so slightly to make it float easier). To layer the cream, pour it across the back of a spoon, the tip of which is pressed against the inside of the glass, right at the surface of the liqueur—just as you would with an Irish Coffee. Garnish, dead center in the cream, with a cherry.

eat: She settled for drinking Doncellitas. "Not too many, that would have been indecorous," she writes, "one, two at the most, throughout the night." She wasn't about to end up in a drunken catfight like Sarah Brown.

Which isn't to say that the night went well. It was in that year that Fidel Castro had launched his fight in the mountains, and by the waning days of 1956, the Fidelistas had started bringing the revolution into Havana. Somewhere in the middle of the evening, Ms. Carballo and her boyfriend slipped away from their table to find a dark spot for some stolen kisses. That indiscretion was their good fortune, as they were in a sheltered corner of the garden when the bombs started going off in the Tropicana.

Mr. Castro's Cuba would prove to be no place for the faux-innocence of the Doncellita.

But one does wonder why the drink didn't get the nod years before in "Guys and Dolls." Did the au-



Jean Simmons and Marlon Brando in the 1955 film 'Guys and Dolls.'

thor of the show's book, Abe Burrows, confuse "Dulce de Leche" for "Doncellita," or did he just invent the drink? But why invent a drink when Cuba was famous for so many real ones, including the Doncellita? I suspect it is because the plot has Sky ordering the same drink for himself, by way of putting Sarah at her ease. And it just wouldn't do to have had Sky Masterson drinking anything so precious and dainty as a Doncellita.

In the movie version, the Dulce de Leche drinks are served to Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons in hollowed-out coconuts—an acceptably unisex tropical goblet. But the Doncellita is properly constructed in a delicate stemmed glass. With that in his hand Brando might have been reduced to mumbling.

The most reliable laugh-line in the "Guys and Dolls" Havana scene is Sarah's assertion that Dulce de Leche "would be a wonderful way to get children to drink milk." The irony is that the Doncellita survives today primarily as a children's drink, a treat for Cuban-American kids made of chocolate milk topped with whipped cream and a cherry. No preservatives necessary.

Another designer sale: Versace's Lake Como collection

GIANNI VERSACE'S weekend retreat on the shores of Italy's Lake Como, Villa Fontanelle, was an opulent, romantic world that the late fashion designer once described as "reflecting a mirror image of all that I am, for better or worse."

Now, collectors can have a piece of that image. On Wednesday, Sotheby's will offer in London the contents of the villa in a 535-lot sale

Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

that includes 18th- and 19th-century paintings, sculptures, ceramics, furniture and furnishings.

Versace's sister Donatella writes in Sotheby's publications describing the sale that her brother meticulously picked each item to create a sensual and glamorous environment: a fantasy 19th-century villa built on the water's edge by the eccentric English lover of all things Italian, Lord Charles Currie. It became, says Ms. Versace, "Gianni's favorite house."

Since Versace, at the age of 50, was gunned down outside his Miami home in 1997, there have been a number of Versace auctions including his collection of works by Pablo Picasso and sales devoted to the contents of his Miami and New York residences. Million-dollar works owned by Versace have also been sold in bench-

mark contemporary art sales. Next week's sale is the last in the Versace series. Sotheby's single-owner collections specialist Mario Tavella expects it to match previous Versace auction successes (well over 90% of lots sold).

An exhibition of works in the sale opened at Sotheby's London on March 12 and will continue until Tuesday. The auction house has recreated highlights of certain rooms in the villa. The catalog also presents the villa's rooms so that each piece is seen as part of the dramatic whole that Versace created.

This is not a sale with big-ticket masterpieces, but rather of pieces that Versace collected and thought good enough to own. Mr. Tavella says he was stunned when he first viewed Versace's bedroom, with its giant pair of 19th-century plaster casts of two wrestlers by Antonio Canova (estimate: £20,000-£40,000) dominating the room: "Any one else would have put such powerful figures in the entrance."

In Versace's bedroom, "Hercules at the Crossroads between Vice and Virtue," a 19th-century painting attributed to Pelagio Palagi, showing the ancient world's muscular hero at work on his mythical 12 labors, is estimated at £25,000-£40,000.

Versace was fond of Roman emperors, and there are a number of busts in the coming sale with estimates ranging from £500 for a group.

The painting "Portrait of Major George Maule" (1783), by German-born, British artist



The bedroom in Villa Fontanelle, the late Gianni Versace's Lake Como retreat.

Johann Zoffany (estimate: £40,000-£60,000), was initially labeled simply "English School 18th Century." But Sotheby's suspected it was more than that. They called in a panel of experts, who declared it one of only four paintings made by Zoffany, a famed royal portraitist, during a brief stay in Madras, India. The whereabouts of the others are unknown.

"Such a dashing man, and such a swagger. Versace must have been drawn to him," says Emmeline Hallmark, Sotheby's head of early British paintings. "It was a jewel just sitting there to be discovered. We don't know where Versace found it."

Tiger's search for golf stamina

TIGER WOODS'S performance two weeks ago at the Accenture Match Play Championship was a bit of a muff. In his much-ballyhooed return to golf after eight months of knee rehab, he played decently and won his first match against an obscure Australian, Brendan Jones, but played erratically in his second match and was convincingly thumped by Tim Clark of South Africa.

Mr. Woods normally excels in his first starts of the season. Be-



Tiger Woods during a Feb. 24 practice round before the Accenture tournament.

Golf Journal

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

fore this year he had won four out of his last six season openers, and since 1997 (his second year as a pro) had never finished out of the top 10. Even after longer layoffs he has done well. Following each of his two previous knee surgeries as a pro, which forced layoffs of seven and 10 weeks, he won his first time back. Only after he took six weeks off following his father's death in 2006 did he perform poorly, missing the cut at the U.S. Open at Winged Foot. That event, Mr. Woods has said on several occasions, was the only one he ever entered without truly believing he could win.

So why the poor showing in a tournament he said he thought he could win? And what does that suggest about this weekend, when Mr. Woods is competing at the World Golf Championships-CA Championship at the Doral Golf Resort in Miami?

One can only speculate, of course, but I'm drawn to a comment he made on his Web site the week before the Accenture. He said he was "full-bore" with his practice sessions and faced no restrictions, but didn't yet have his "golf stamina" back.

He wasn't talking here about ordinary stamina, the type that can be measured by heart-rate monitors and blood-sugar levels. Given Mr. Woods's celebrated discipline in the gym, that no doubt is off the charts. Asked at a pretournament press conference how he managed to suppress his competitive juices for eight months, he said he didn't. He channeled them into his workouts. One shudders to imagine.

Rather, golf stamina for a fit player at the highest competitive level has to do with focus, the ability to sustain concentration, attitude and confidence. And it's worth asking whether eight months, as opposed to Mr. Woods's previous, much shorter breaks from action, cuts into this kind of stamina in a qualitatively different way.

Tom Lehman, the 1996 British Open champion and former U.S. Ryder Cup captain, spoke articulately some years ago about the challenges of returning after time off, so I called him up the other day.

"Golf stamina is all about being battle-tested and tournament-tough," he said. "I liken it in some ways to taking your licks at the start of football season. Until you start getting hit a few times and remember what it feels like and dust yourself off and then get hit again, you can't really get into

game mode."

Another distraction after layoffs is being anxious about results. "For the first few rounds it's hard not to worry about your score, about making this putt or missing that putt, or whatever, because you just don't know where your game is going to be. It takes time to settle in. The best results always come when you're focusing on nothing but execution and letting the results just happen as they will."

And you also have to feel 100% prepared to play. "You can't just decide on Friday you want to play the following week. You have to start aiming at a tournament weeks in advance, and leave no stone unturned in the work you do on your game," he said. "If there's any doubt or uncertainty about whether you're ready, it will show up."

Before his first match at the Accenture, Mr. Woods appeared ready. His swing was powerful and hitch-free, and his putting and short game, he said, were particularly sharp, since he'd been able to practice those shots for months before he could swing all-out. But in his second match, against an opponent who made no bogies, he unraveled. Down two with six holes to play, he pushed his simple, eight-iron approach horribly wide of the 13th green and lost the hole. On the 14th, he holed out from the bunker to move back to just two down. That was the kind of clutch shot that veteran Tiger Watchers knew would be the start of another miracle rally, especially with the drivable par-four 15th hole coming up. But there was no passionate fist pump after the shot, no intimidating fire in his eyes. And he hit his drive on 15 out of bounds.

Part of Mr. Woods's difficulties at the Accenture no doubt stemmed from getting accustomed, under pressure, to his slightly altered stance and swing. With his surgically repaired left knee stronger than ever, he now keeps it bent a bit through impact and opens his left foot slightly more at address. If these changes caused a kernel of doubt to float

free in his mind two weeks ago, it's hard to imagine it will stay there for long. To use Mr. Lehman's metaphor, Mr. Woods has taken a few hits now and dusted himself off. As for his fabled intensity, that, too, will sharpen as next month's Masters tournament approaches.

The more intriguing question is whether Mr. Woods will once again dominate golf the way he has. When I ask Tour pros and top Tour instructors about Mr. Woods, one of their most common responses is that his accomplishments thus far are underappreciated, usually followed by some

variation of "I don't know how he keeps pulling those victories out of his hat" and "You can't teach what he has."

Skill by skill, his talent is unmatched. Mr. Woods hits certain types of shots, such as feather-light 260-yard approaches, that other players simply cannot. Even so, the cloak of invincibility he wears has been woven over the years out of many shots with the slimmest, most-fragile-possible margins of error: the long birdie putt from the fringe on the 17th green at TPC-Sawgrass at the 1994 U.S. Amateur that had to go in, and did; the squiggly 25-footer against Bob May in the 2000 PGA Championship playoff that had to go in, and did; the bouncy 12-footer last summer on the final hole of regulation at the U.S. Open that had to go in to force a playoff, and did.

In retrospect, all of these shots (and others like them) seem ordained, but in reality none were. To the extent he somehow wills such shots into the hole, as has often been said, how long can he sustain the magic? The layoff just ending represents a clean break in Mr. Woods's career. At 33, he now enters phase two. And past results, as readers of this newspaper know all too well these days, are no guarantee of future performance.

Email me at golfjournal@wsj.com.

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How much is not enough? Setting a high bar for charity

BY ALEXANDRA ALTER

PETER SINGER, animal-rights activist, philosopher and Princeton University bioethics professor, has advocated letting parents euthanize babies born with severe disabilities, and compared killing and eating animals to slavery. Critics have likened Mr. Singer to fascists who targeted the disabled. Supporters credit him with helping change perceptions about our moral obligations to animals and people in need. In his latest book, "The Life You Can Save," Mr. Singer argues that failing to donate money to help the roughly one billion people suffering from extreme poverty is a moral offense equivalent to standing by as a child drowns because you don't want to ruin a nice pair of shoes. He spoke about his own ethical shortcomings and how genetic screening could allow wealthy parents to breed super children.



Stephen Schuster

Animal-rights activist and bioethicist Peter Singer.

cused on global poverty and reducing the global burden of disease sends a message to philanthropists everywhere. I don't want to put down museums and opera houses, but we should be asking what the priorities are when 27,000 children are dying each day from preventable diseases.

Q: What's the biggest question in bioethics?

One of the issues we will be facing in the next few decades is genetic selection of offspring. I don't know that we're quite ready for what will happen once science tells us what we can and can't select for. I'm concerned that we might get a situation where the rich can afford to select their children and the poor can't.

Q: What genetic traits should parents be able to select for?

I would not oppose selecting for intelligence. We could assume that people of higher intelligence would have good consequences for society. The worry is that people might want to select for something peculiar that they consider positive that other people don't. The classic case is that a couple that is deaf would select for a child that is deaf.

it's hard to justify.

Q: You compare Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen, who has given away roughly 5% of his net worth of \$16 billion, unfavorably to Bill Gates, who has given away nearly \$30 billion and still has more than \$50 billion.

It's not only the percentage [Mr. Allen has] given. It's not going to the causes that are helping the most needy. A lot of his philanthropy is focused on the local institutions around the Pacific Northwest. He spends a lot of money on expensive toys, \$200 million for a yacht.

Q: How are donors like Gates and Warren Buffett changing philanthropy?

The fact that they're fo-

Q: What's your biggest moral shortcoming?

I don't go as far as I think I might in what I'm able to give.

Q: How much do you give?

I give a third of my income to Oxfam and other organizations working in the field. ...I'm still prepared to have a bottle of wine or go to the theater or to some kind of concert. If you think about what that money can do for people in extreme poverty,

Waiting for Beckett

Letters reveal the writer's pre-fame professional meanderings

BY ROBIN MORONEY

IN 1938, LE FIGARO reported that "M. Samuel Peckett" had been stabbed in Paris. It seems Samuel Beckett had made enough of a name for himself with a book on Proust, a collection of short stories and a book of poems that the French press could at least identify the crime victim as an Irish writer. But he wasn't yet so well known that the paper had the correct spelling of his name.

Despite his obvious talents, this latest of late bloomers was still a decade away from writing "Waiting for Godot" and the novels that would make him an adjective for the intersection of despair and laughter—or, to some, for pretentious modern rubbish with not only no point, but the lazy shamelessness to pretend that not having a point can be a point in and of itself.

For Beckett, all years were wilderness years, but the ones from 1929-40 lacked the later solaces of a steady income and eager publishers. He had an admiring audience of about 10 people, who make up the bulk of his correspondents in "The Letters of Samuel Beckett: Volume 1, 1929-1940" (Cambridge University Press, £30).

Among this select few was James Joyce, who gave Beckett the glorious suicide mission of translating an early version of "Finnegans Wake" into French. But in most other people, and especially in publishers, Beckett aroused the suspicion that his work was a deliberate con. "Full of disgustingly affected passages," said one publisher. "Slick enough verse but not a poem at all," said another. "Why can't you write the way people want?" Beckett's brother Frank asked him.

Amid all this skepticism, Beckett stood not very defiant: "The more I think about it, the more I think it is very poor stuff," he wrote to Joyce.

The reader today is flattered to know better, finding it impossible to mistake these letters for anyone else's work. Parts of them read like a nonfictionalized version of a Beckett novel. "All going well," he reassured his agent from his hospital bed as he recovered from the stabbing, "though I don't know exactly where." The whole affair became absurd: "I am still without my clothes taken away from me at the time as [exhibits in evidence] & never produced," he wrote after his assailant—a suave pimp called Robert-Jules Prudent—had been sentenced to two months. "I have now to prove that they ever belonged to me. But mentally I am speechless."

Who else could write those last five words—fully exploiting the hollowness of two clichés at once? Or who else about his relationship with his impossible mother: "Which I suppose all boils down to saying what a bad son I am. Then Amen. It is a title of as little honour as infamy. Like describing a tree as a bad shadow."

On a 1937 trip to Germany, he was disgusted by what the Nazis were doing to modern artists, and deeply impressed by a doctoral student who had the courage to continue her thesis on the gay, non-Aryan Proust. But he nevertheless collected the Beckettian touches of that horror for friends. Attendants gave the Heil Hitler salute in public toilets, he wrote, and "I have just had a small fine imposed on me for walking in a dangerous fashion."

This spare language was, of course, hard-won. He famously achieved his characteristic style only by escaping the influence of Joyce and seeking shelter in French. But the letters also show that even without the influence of Joyce, Beckett would have had a taste for multilingual puns. It was more than a literary stance; it was also a neurotic's need to prove himself. The better he knows someone, the more Beckett writes like Beckett. But when writing to a stranger or, in an even more egregious example, to the alluring intellectual Nuala Costello, he flexes his brain as if he were the "After" photo of a Charles Atlas course for intellect: "My obeisances where obeisances are due, and thee I embrace, as Sordello Virgil, la 've il minor s'appigliata, and if you write me a very nice letter I'll give you the reference." The note to that line goes on for 100 words.

As enjoyable as it is to have such additions to the Beckett canon, it is disconcerting how haunted these letters are by the Beckett who might have been: the one who listened to his instincts and his relatives and tried another line of work. He applies to teach in Cape Town, to work at the National Gallery, and to study film with Sergei Eisenstein in Moscow, with (luckily for us) no luck. He considers joining his brother in the family quantity-surveying business. Perhaps the most terrifying sentence in the book is, "I thought of apprenticing myself to some advertising firm in London."

Beckett the ad man is a thought to behold. The 20th century would have felt quite different if the narrator of "The Unnameable" hadn't been able to utter "I can't go on, I'll go on," but the Energizer Bunny had.

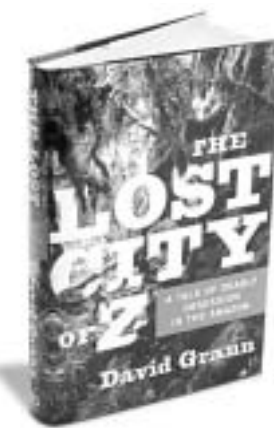
A 'real-life Indiana Jones'

BY JEFFREY A. TRACHTENBERG

DAVID GRANN'S REAL-LIFE adventure story "The Lost City of Z" is rekindling interest in Percy Harrison Fawcett, an early-20th-century British explorer who set off a manhunt after he vanished into the Amazon jungle during a search for an ancient civilization.

Although Mr. Fawcett's name has largely been forgotten, in the 1920s he was as much a celebrity to the man in the street as mountaineer Edmund Hillary would be to later generations. Mr. Fawcett's fame helped inspire Arthur Conan Doyle's 1912 novel "The Lost World," which was set in South America. "He's often referred to as the real-life Indiana Jones," says Mr. Grann.

Mr. Grann, a staff writer at the New Yorker, says he first came across Mr. Fawcett's name while researching the mysterious death of an expert on Mr. Doyle. When Mr. Grann later hunted through various databanks, he found headlines ranging from "Three Men Face Cannibals in Relic Quest" to tribesmen "Seize Movie Actor Seek-



ing to Rescue Fawcett." "It sounded like pulp fiction, but it was all true," says Mr. Grann.

But what finally hooked him was the realization that as late as 1996 people were still so obsessed with Mr. Fawcett's disappearance that they were willing to risk their lives to discover what had happened. There was also an intriguing scientific angle as well. Mr. Fawcett believed that an ancient civilization in the southern basin of the Amazon had accomplished extraordinary works during its era, such as creating cities with roadways,

bridges, and refined pottery.

"He was largely dismissed as a mad crank who had sacrificed his life and the life of his son in pursuit of a fantasy," says Mr. Grann, who spent more than three years on his book. "But today archaeologists are finding ancient ruins where he believed they would be."

That Mr. Grann trekked through the jungle in Brazil and found tribal members who shared their oral histories of Mr. Fawcett speaks to his doggedness—the author describes himself as out of shape and possessing a phobia of snakes. Readers will have to decide for themselves if they accept his explanation—or if the truth is still out there. The book has been optioned by Brad Pitt's Plan B Entertainment production house in partnership with Paramount Pictures.

WSJ.com

Ethical questions

Read an excerpt from "The Life You Can Save," at WSJ.com/Lifestyle

WSJ.com

Pre-Internet explorer

Read an excerpt from "The Lost City of Z" and see a slideshow about Col. Fawcett's travels, at WSJ.com/Books

The Happiness of the Long-Distance Runner

By Nidra Poller

At the half-marathon in The Hague on Saturday morning, all eyes will be on an Ethiopian businessman, a one-man model of African economic development. Our entrepreneur, whose flourishing enterprise includes banking, car dealerships and real estate, is not lost in the crowd of amateur runners. He is right up front with the stars. His name is Haile Gebreselassie, and he is the greatest long-distance runner of all time.

This is not hyperbole; it's a mere statement of fact. Consider Haile's awesome collection of 26 world records

garnered in an exceptionally long career—17 years and still running for the man who's a month shy of his 36th birthday. He is the first man to run a marathon in less than two hours and four minutes (record 2:3'59"). He has won two Olympic gold medals, multiple indoor and outdoor victories (in the 1,500-, 3,000-, 5,000- and 10,000-meter races) and countless other titles and honors.

That would be enough fame and fortune to satisfy most men. But Haile, who earns more in appearance fees, prize bonuses and sponsorship than any other long distance runner, also has the golden touch in business.

So why did this athlete also become a businessman? "When I trav-

eled here and there for races," he told me, "I discovered the beauty and comfort of developed countries, and I asked myself, 'Why can't we do that in Ethiopia?'"

Born in a dirt-poor village near Asela, 110 miles south of Addis Abeba, Haile led a typical rural African life of drudgery and dim prospects. Like so many children then and even today, he ran back and forth to school—10 kilometers

each way. But Haile also ran for pleasure, and his feet carried him from the thankless condition of his birth to a palatial home on the hill. Once his sports career gave him financial indepen-

dence, he looked beyond just running. Motivated by national pride and a strong desire to help others escape from the hardships he knew as a boy, Haile gradually shaped his vision of modernization. One of his business goals was to provide employment and career opportunities for his countrymen.

"I started out in real estate, after the [1996] Atlanta Olympics. Of course I made mistakes at first," he laughs. "It took about three or four years before I got the hang of things. But I used the same approach as for running: You have to have a sense of timing, strategy, an overall vision and determination." With "more than 50% of help" from his wife, Alem, and a conscientious hands-on approach, Haile

learned fast. "I discovered I have a flair for this. I build in an area that looks 'empty' and it turns into a dynamic neighborhood."

Haile constructed three up-scale, 10-story office buildings in Addis, the first modern cinema in Ethiopia, and hotels and supermarkets in his hometown of Asela. He is currently building a resort hotel on Lake Assawa in the coffee-growing region where, incidentally, Starbucks buys its coffee beans. Haile is a member of the board of the Lion Security Bank, and recently became the exclusive importer of Hyundai vehicles. This year, for the first time, Haile hired a manager to help him and his wife run their Haile-Alem International Trading Company, which now employs 500 people. "Of course it helps to be a star, I wouldn't deny that," he says. "But you know, especially in Africa, a lot of people try to get close to you, pushing crazy schemes, they can rip you off. I try to keep a level head. I make all the big decisions myself."

Haile created the biggest road race in Africa, the Great Ethiopian Run, and his philanthropic activities would fill another whole chapter. He has built elementary schools and cooperates with Unicef and Unesco in campaigns against AIDS, domestic violence, illiteracy and whatever else ails his country.

"Foreign aid can be helpful, of course," he says. "But it's no good if we get used to looking for

handouts. I could give some coins to every poor person who crosses my path, but that's not the way to do it. I want to give people jobs, teach them how to work."

Though dire poverty still exists and political freedom remains fragile, Ethiopia has experienced an authentic boom since the communist dictator Mengistu Haile Mar- iam was overthrown in 1991. The



Jiro Mochizuki

specter of starving Ethiopian children with bloated bellies has not been effaced, but the hopeful new reality of Ethiopian cities bustling with modern activity and rapid growth should not be ignored.

I checked in with Haile the other day, just before he left for The Hague. Financial news from

Europe, the U.S. and Asia is glum. How's business? "Great!" No problems? "No problems. The cars are selling. The hotel construction is on schedule. Things are bad over there? Why don't you come to Ethiopia?"

That's the enthusiasm of a man who, at an age when most runners retire from international competition, strives to break another world record in The Hague and go on to run the full marathon at the Berlin World Championship in August and—why not?—the London Olympics in 2012. He is not jealous of the impressive pack of young Ethiopian runners coming up behind and sometimes passing ahead of him. In fact he is instrumental in creating opportunities for them as they often turn to him for business advice.

Haile Gebreselassie knows that his four children, raised in a palatial home, will not be driven to the heights as he was, by hardship. But he also knows that most young people are crushed by the burdens that made him a world-class athlete and successful businessman. He keeps his eye on the goal. And when he makes his victory run, with the Ethiopian flag draped around his shoulders, he remembers that first contact with the glittering world of modernity.

Ms. Poller is an American writer living in France since 1972.

The Tale of the Animal Heads

By Peter Neville-Hadley

For the fourth time this decade—at Christie's Yves St. Laurent auction in Paris late last month—bronze animal heads looted from Beijing's Summer Palace by European invaders in 1860 have come up for sale and stimulated the same absurd responses from the Chinese authorities.

These include claims that the sale hurts the feelings of all Chinese people, though until now the sellers have also been Chinese. There have again been assertions that the heads rightly belong to China, even though they were commissioned in the 1750s by the Manchu overlords of the Great Qing Empire and wrested from them. Self-righteous appeals to international law have again appeared simultaneously with demands for the uncompensated surrender of the heads, though the same law has repeatedly said the owners have every right to sell them.

What has China gained from these campaigns? On three previous occasions, Chinese parties supposedly acting independently of the government have purchased tiger, monkey, cow, pig and horse heads created for the Manchus by European Jesuits. The buyers have been lauded as patriots by the Chinese press. The most recent time, however—after Pierre Bergé, partner of the late Saint Laurent, put the heads up for bid—the objects did not end up in Chinese hands.

Repeated Chinese campaigns have driven prices ever higher. The state-owned arms maker China

Poly Group acquired three heads for about \$4 million in 2000, and Stanley Ho, the Macau gambling magnate, paid less than \$1 million for one head in 2003. But in 2007 he had to part with \$8.9 million for another, and the two heads auctioned this year each went for twice as much again.

The Chinese authorities have only themselves to blame for this inflation, not least since the heads have very little aesthetic merit. It's the history of their theft and China's determination to acquire them that add value. China also refused, last year, to buy the heads in a private sale for only \$10 million each—a move that now looks foolish.

No fewer than 85 Chinese lawyers brought suit to block the auction—a move whose failure was a foregone conclusion. It is strange, given the supposedly nationwide sleeplessness over the auction, that there was difficulty finding a plaintiff. The lawyers settled on a surviving descendant of the Manchu imperial Aisin Gioro family, thereby tacitly admitting the Manchu rather than Chinese claim to the items.

Once that case was lost, a further demand was made for the return of the heads and threats were issued against the Chinese operations of the auctioneer, Christie's. This cast further doubt on the effectiveness of the rule of law in

China and the wisdom of doing business there, but also indicated Beijing's interest in nothing except getting its own way, legally or not.

For a few days after the auction, the winning bidder's identity remained obscure. The winning bidder finally revealed himself to be

on its own carefully Bowdlerized account of the Anglo-French invasion of 1860.

In 2006, Chinese history professor Yuan Weishi published an article suggesting that the destruction of the Summer Palace was a consequence of Qing stupidity. He asked why a more balanced account was available to Hong Kong schoolchildren, but not on the mainland. As a result, the newspaper supplement that published the article was shut down.

The official Chinese view loves to quote the French literary giant Victor Hugo, as if a foreign voice carries more weight than a Chinese one. In a letter to a military man, Hugo rightly condemns the destruction of the palaces. But his turgid description of the Chinese as supermen and the palace as like something from the moon reveals that he was suffering from a bad case of Orientalism. He had never visited China.

If today's Chinese authorities were interested in serious discussion, they would quote foreigners who were actually present in 19th-century Beijing, but that would mean revealing that the palace was destroyed as a punishment for the murder of British and French envoys. Eighteen of them had been imprisoned in the palace, then tortured to death by the Qing.

It would also involve disclosing that both southern Chinese coo-



Getty Images

Despite lacking aesthetic merit, the busts, like this tiger, have continually risen in price because of China's meddling.

Cai Mingchao, an agent of the National Treasures Fund—the quasi-governmental organization that had earlier rejected the \$10 million-per-head offer. He said he had intended to sabotage the auction and would not pay the \$18 million per head he had bid by telephone.

It is likely that even if Mr. Cai escapes legal action, he will be banned from bidding at auctions and the bona fides of future mainland Chinese buyers will be more carefully scrutinized—a loss of face all around.

The origins of all this embarrassing behavior lie mainly in the Chinese government's insistence

lies assisting the foreign armies and local Chinese joined in the looting of their alien rulers' property. The French wanted to fight their way into Beijing and torch the Forbidden City, but the British preferred the destruction of Manchu property rather than further loss of Chinese human life.

None of this may excuse the foreign actions, though it does introduce shades of gray into an account the Chinese present as black and white.

But the sabotage of the auction revives foreign observers' concerns not so much about the events of 150 years ago—as the Chinese intended—as about more recent deceits the Chinese would prefer were overlooked: tainted milk and pet food, lead paint on toys, and unfulfilled pre-Olympic promises on human rights.

In retaliation for the auction shenanigans, it seems that Mr. Bergé will now retain the heads. But at age 78, the partner of the late French designer is himself no spring collection, and the question of the heads' ownership will no doubt arise again.

Meanwhile, Beijing plans to spend 45 billion yuan (\$6.5 billion) on Chinese media overseas, including a 24-hour Chinese "news" channel. Will the propaganda chiefs become more sophisticated at overseas public relations? Or when the heads next come up for sale will they simply have a larger stage on which to blunder?

Mr. Neville-Hadley is the author of a forthcoming volume on Beijing.

time off

Amsterdam

art
"Martin Monnickendam's Jewish Amsterdam" shows works by Dutch painter Martin Monnickendam (1874-1943).
Joods Historisch Museum
Until April 19
☎ 31-20-5310-310
www.jhm.nl

Antwerp

art
"Rubens: Drawings of Old Masters" exhibits four drawings by the Flemish painter Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), inspired by old master paintings.
Rubenshuis
Until April 19
☎ 32-3-2011-555
museum.antwerpen.be

Barcelona

art
"Thomas Bayrle—I've a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore" presents works by German artist Thomas Bayrle (born 1937) from the end of the 1960s until now.
MACBA
Until April 19
☎ 34-93-4120-810
www.macba.cat

Berlin

art
"The Master of Flémalle and Rogier van der Weyden" showcases major works by the founding fathers of Netherlandish painting: the Master of Flémalle (also known as Robert Campin 1375-1444) and Rogier van der Weyden (1399/1400-1464).
Kulturforum Potsdamer Platz/
Gemäldegalerie
March 20-June 21
☎ 49-30-2662-951
www.smb.museum

Bologna

art
"Giorgio Morandi 1890-1964" shows oil paintings, watercolors, drawings, and etchings by Italian artist Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964).
MAMbo
Until April 13
☎ 39-051-6496-611
www.mambo-bologna.org

Brussels

art
"Mae Newid yn change" showcases sculpture, installations, photography and paintings by Welsh artists Shani Rhys-James (born 1974) and Bedwyr Williams (born 1953).
Good Friday Gallery
Until April 25
☎ 32-4-7553-4399
www.goodfriday.be

Copenhagen

art
"Wilhelm Freddie—Stick the fork in your eye" shows more than 150 works, including paintings, collages and sculptures by the Danish surrealist artist Wilhelm Freddie (1909-1995).
Statens Museum for Kunst
Until June 1
☎ 45-33-7484-94
www.smk.dk

Dublin

art
"Thomas Roberts (1748-1777)" exhib-



Above, Andy Warhol's 1980 portrait of Debbie Harry, in Paris; below, 'Object' (1936), by Wilhelm Freddie, in Copenhagen.

its over 50 works by the Irish landscape painter Thomas Roberts.
National Gallery of Ireland
March 28-June 28
☎ 353-1-6615-133
www.nationalgallery.ie

Geneva

art
"Alexandre Perrier (1862-1936)" presents illustrations by Swiss landscape painter Alexandre Perrier.
Musée d'Art et d'Histoire
March 19-Aug. 23
☎ 41-22-4182-600
www.ville-ge.ch

London

art
"Constable Portraits—The Painter and his Circle" features over 50 works by British landscape artist John Constable (1776-1837) with a focus on his portraits.
National Portrait Gallery
Until June 14
☎ 44-20-7306-0055
www.npg.org.uk

art

"Roni Horn aka Roni Horn" showcases the art of American artist Roni Horn (born 1955), exploring her ideas about mutability, memory, identity and place.
Tate Modern
Until May 25
☎ 44-20-7887-8888
www.tate.org.uk

Linz

art
"Toulouse-Lautrec: the Intimate Gaze"

exhibits paintings of the French Post-Impressionist artist Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901).
Landesgalerie
Until June 7
☎ 43-0732-7744-820
www.landessgalerie.at

Parma

art
"Encounter with Rembrandt" shows 55 etchings by the Dutch artist (1606-1669) from the Paris Petit Palais collection, alongside etchings by Schongauer, Dürer, Piranesi, Goya and Morandi.



Kunsten Museum of Modern Art, Aalborg

Fondazione Magnani Rocca
March 15-June 28
☎ 39-0521-8483-27
www.magnanirocca.it

Paris

art
"Alexander Calder: The Paris Years, 1926-1933" presents large mobiles and sculptures of painted metal by the American artist (1898-1976), alongside films and photography by Jean Painlevé and Brassai.
Centre Pompidou
March 18-July 20
☎ 33-1-4478-1233
www.cnac-gp.fr

art

"The Great World of Andy Warhol" showcases a selection of 150 works by the American pop artist (1928-1987) from private collections, including dozens of commissioned portraits produced from 1967 to 1987.
Grand Palais
March 18-July 13
☎ 33-1-4413-1717
www.grandpalais.fr

fashion

"The Navy creates Fashion" seeks connections between navy costumes and French fashion with 35 haute-couture outfits designed by French designers Jeanne Lanvin, Jean Paul Gaultier, Chanel, Dior, Givenchy, Yves Saint Laurent and others.
Musée National de la Marine/
Palais de Chaillot
Until July 26
☎ 33-1-5365-6969

www.musee-marine.fr

Rome

art
"Hiroshige—Master of Nature" shows over 200 paintings by 19th-century Japanese artist Utagawa Hiroshige (1797-1858).
Museo del Corso
March 17-June 7
☎ 39-06-6786-2098
www.museodelcorso.it

Tallinn

art
"Treasures of Lost Times" presents antiquities from Egyptian, Greek, Near-Eastern and Pre-Columbian American cultures, including 5,000-year-old Egyptian stoneware and ancient Greek vases.
Art Museum of Estonia
Until Dec. 31
☎ 372-6026-001
www.ekm.ee

Utrecht

art
"Score's Glory: How an Utrecht-based painter brought the Renaissance to the North" offers an overview of paintings from 1350 to 1600, highlighting the works of Jan van Scorel (1495-1562).
Centraal Museum
March 20-June 28
☎ 31-30-2362-362
www.centraalmuseum.nl

Vienna

art
"The Power of Ornament" showcases ornamental works by Gustav Klimt, Josef Hoffmann, and Carl Otto Czeschka juxtaposed with works by contemporary artists.
Belvedere
Until May 17
☎ 43-1-7955-70
www.belvedere.at

Vilnius

art
"Longing for Nature: European Landscape" exhibits 250 painted landscapes from the 16th to the 20th century.
Lithuanian Art Museum
Until May 17
☎ 370-5-2628-030
www.ldm.lt

Warsaw

theater
"Performer" pays tribute to Polish stage director Jerzy Grotowski (1933-1999) with films of rehearsals, performances, actors' exercises and interviews with the director alongside works by artists linked to him.
Zacheta National Gallery of Art
Until March 24
☎ 48-22-8275-854
www.zacheta.art.pl

Zurich

art
"Hermann Obrist: Sculpture I Space I Abstraction around 1900" presents the complete work of Swiss art nouveau sculptor Hermann Obrist (1862-1927).
Museum Bellerive
Until June 7
☎ 41-43-4464-469
www.museum-bellerive.ch

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.