

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, APRIL 23-25, 2010

# WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

## One of a kind

A Russian billionaire's  
superyacht makes waves

Wine: Italy's hidden charms | Travel: Enjoying spas with snow monkeys



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A Russian billionaire's superyacht



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COVER photograph by Guillaume Plisson.

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Diane Steverlyncs

'Cardboard covering' (2001-07) by Diane Steverlyncs, shown in Zurich.

## WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

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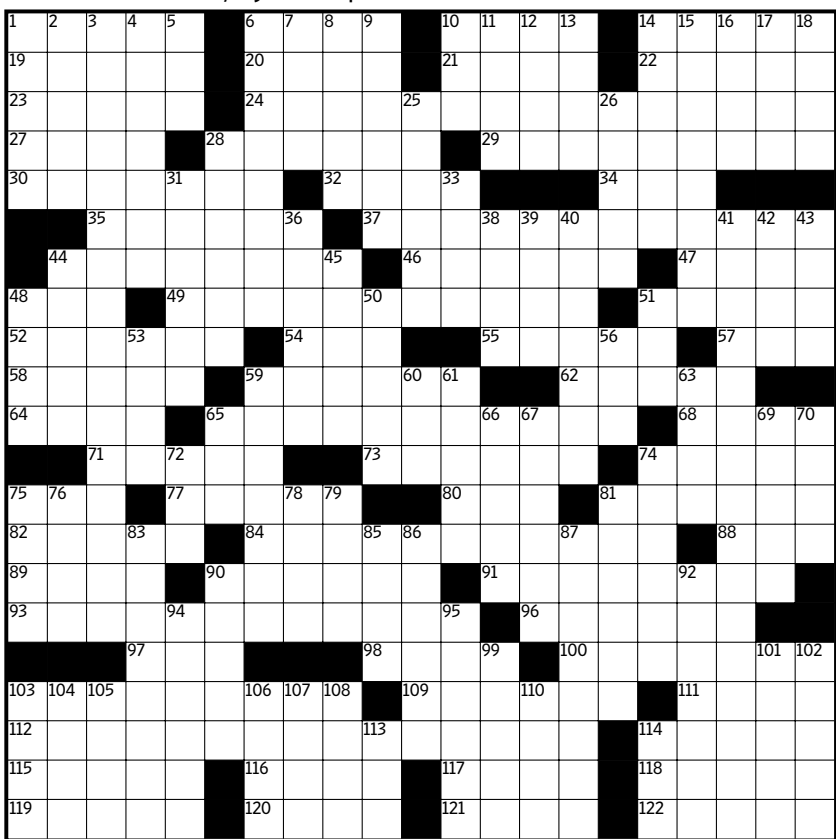
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# A change of expression

Artist Georg Baselitz, with a new style at 72, can still deliver a shock

By J. S. MARCUS

“AT THE BEGINNING of an artist’s career, there is always scandal,” says celebrated German artist Georg Baselitz. “It was true of Monet, Picasso, and Rembrandt. And it was the same with me.”

The scandal surrounding Mr. Baselitz, who turned 72 this year, began in 1963, when he was barely out of art school. At his first solo exhibition, held in West Berlin, two of his paintings—including “The Big Night Down the Drain,” which seemed to show a young, grotesque boy with an enormous, half-erect penis—were deemed obscene and seized by the authorities. It is hard to imagine the police showing up at his new show, which opens April 24 at Paris’s Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, but the work itself is still full of surprises, and even a shock or two.

Known for several solid decades of fiercely expressionist paintings, which use wildly colored upside-down figures to illustrate the traumas of postwar German life, Mr. Baselitz has found a new style in his old age. Marked by great graphic detail, and a change in palette (pink seems to be his favorite color these days), Mr. Baselitz’s recent paintings have a newfound delicacy. His headless nudes are still upside-down, and still frankly sexual, but they have a lightness, even a felicity, that suggests peace of mind. “I paint more white than black” is how Mr. Baselitz, speaking by telephone, refers to his latest work.

And what about his signature expressionism? “It’s gone,” he says.

Born Hans-Georg Kern in Deutscherbaselitz, a Saxon town northeast of Dresden, Mr. Baselitz often credits the 19th-century Saxon portraitist Ferdinand von Rayski for awakening the artist in him, thanks to a reproduction of a von Rayski landscape hanging in his East German schoolroom. However, he didn’t have a sense of what kind of artist he would be, he says, until 1958, the year he fled to the West and encountered American abstract painters like Philip Guston and Clyfford Still.

He was impressed, he says, “but I had to say to myself ‘Boy, this isn’t your thing. You have your own material, and a different story.’” For Mr. Baselitz, the material would always stay figurative—the dominance of American-style abstraction, he says, turned him into “a great admirer but also a great enemy” of American artists, whose originality defied imitation. “They took the butter from my bread, if you know what I mean,” he says.

And the story would always return to the Third Reich, which he had experienced as a child. “Everything in Germany reflects back in that one direction—to the 12 years of the Nazi era,” he says. “There is no German culture without this.”

In the early 1960s, Hans-Georg Kern started calling himself Georg Baselitz, and had a breakthrough with a series of paintings directly inspired by, and named for, von



German artist Georg Baselitz; right, his ‘Folk Thing Zero’ (2009).



Getty Images, Littlemann

Rayski’s staid, melancholy portraits. In 1969, he began to paint his figures upside-down, creating one of contemporary art’s most recognizable motifs.

Mr. Baselitz’s paintings bear traces of great avant-garde artists before him—especially August Strindberg, the writer and self-taught painter, who abandoned a paintbrush for a palette knife and foreshadowed Mr. Baselitz’s own quest to bring a range of textures to canvas. However, Mr. Baselitz’s sculpture, which has become an increasingly important part of his oeuvre, isn’t derived from what he calls “art art” but folk art, like popular depictions of the Christ figure found in German roadside crèches. Mr. Baselitz’s first sculptures, from the early 1980s, often conflate puppet-like depictions of Adolf Hitler with tribal-looking totemic busts.

If you only know Mr. Baselitz’s paintings, then it is the two giant new sculptures that will shock you at his Paris show. Over three meters tall, and made of rough-hewn, coarsely colored cedar blocks, the two figures, each wearing a hat with the word “zero” scrawled across, have a savagery that seems at odds with the apparent serenity of his paintings.

What both have in common is a reliance on the fixed ingredients of paint, canvas and wood. “I have complete trust in traditional materials,” says Mr. Baselitz, whose work is resolutely analog. “I have known artists who are skeptical and used new media,” he says, looking back to his 1950s art-school days. “One can do it, but for me it was unnecessary.”

While his materials have stayed the same for half a century, the art world has become unrecognizable. “There are many more collectors now,” he says, which means “a lot more anonymity.” His early collectors—including Frieder Burda, heir to one of Germany’s great publishing fortunes, who mounted a mammoth retrospective of Mr. Baselitz’s work earlier this year at his private Baden-Baden museum—often became friends, he recalls,

“but it hasn’t been that way for a long time.” Now, he says, “I don’t know my collectors at all.”

Success has given him financial independence, he says, allowing him to divide his time between Ammersee, south of Munich, and Italy’s Ligurian coast, but that success has also meant that people

expect his work to be socially engaged. He describes an artist’s relationship to the world around him as “asocial,” with no “responsibility” to society at large. “I have always felt this, and that feeling has always been affirmed.”

*J.S. Marcus is a writer based in Berlin.*

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# Marchesi, on food and life

The father of *nuova cucina* shares the recipe for his risotto, and other insights

BY EDWARD REEVES

**W**ATCHING AN ARTIST at work is always a humbling experience. When it comes to working a room, Gualtiero Marchesi is a master. He flits from table to table in his Lombardy restaurant, kissing cheeks, patting shoulders and swapping banter with Italy's foremost—and currently overworked—satirist, Enrico Bertolino.

Mr. Marchesi is spry, sprightly and in his element. Italy's greatest living chef, who turned a mere 80 last month, is an example of not only how to grow old gracefully, but also of how to appear not to grow old at all. He has no intention of hanging up his pans anytime soon.

In his pomp, Mr. Marchesi, the father of *nuova cucina*, single-handedly dragged Italian cooking out of the humble trattoria and into a high-end restaurant near you. In 1985, he became the first Italian to win three Michelin stars. And most recently, he's come to the limelight for his unorthodox and bold decision to opt out of the Michelin judging process altogether.

"Gualtiero Marchesi has been a leading light for all the chefs of my generation," says renowned London-based Italian chef Giorgio Locatelli. "Italian cuisine wouldn't be the same without him."

Such is his fame in his homeland that until June 20 an exhibition celebrating Mr. Marchesi's life and work, titled "Gualtiero Marchesi e la Grande Cucina Italiana," is being shown at Castello Sforzesco in Milan ([www.marchesi.it](http://www.marchesi.it); [www.milano-castello.it](http://www.milano-castello.it)).

Today, Mr. Marchesi has two restaurants: the first, Ristorante Gualtiero Marchesi at the L'Albereta Relais & Châteaux hotel ([www.albereta.it](http://www.albereta.it)) in Erbusco, Lombardy, which garnered two Michelin stars soon after opening in 1993; the second, Il Marchesino, at Milan's La Scala theater ([www.il-marchesino.it](http://www.il-marchesino.it)).

Most of his time is spent in Lombardy, where he lives with his wife of 48 years, Antonietta, in a suite at L'Albereta, which is owned by his friend, the industrialist Vittorio Moretti. Here, alongside newer dishes, he offers a "greatest hits" menu, including *Riso, oro e Zafferano* (saffron risotto with gold leaf), *Ravioli Aperto* ("open" ravioli), *Sepia al Nero* (cuttlefish in ink), and the wonderfully interactive *Dripping di Pesce* (a dish of baby squid inspired by Jackson Pollock's "dripping" technique).

Art is very much on Mr. Marchesi's mind as he sits in the bar of L'Albereta on a recent rainy Friday morning. Pictures of incongruous New York City street scenes have been put up and they clearly don't meet with his approval. That's the trouble with living in a hotel, he explains, through an interpreter. "I



Fondazione Gualtiero Marchesi (above); Corbis (below)

Above, chef Gualtiero Marchesi; below, 'Dripping di pesce', fish garnished using the Jackson Pollock-inspired dripping technique at L'Albereta restaurant.



€28) features words such as "agroalimentary" and "oenogastromic" (in a single line) and carries quotes from Picasso, Proust, Mahler and Goethe in the first chapter. Sample sentence: "Maybe I am being immodest, but on reading my writings on Total Cuisine and on the Marchesi Code I find an inkling of genius..."

But back to the Marchesi life story. In 1966, following his parents' sale of the Mercato, Mr. Marchesi traveled to France on a gastronomic odyssey, working at Ledoyen in Paris, Hostellerie du Chapeau Rouge in Dijon and finally Les Frères Troisgros in Roanne. "In that period I learned in depth," he writes in "The Marchesi Code." "When I felt I was ready, I said, 'I can see that now is the moment to leave.' [Pierre] Troisgros asked me what it was that I had understood, and I replied, 'You'll see.'"

You'll see, indeed. In 1977, following his return to Milan, Mr. Marchesi opened his first restaurant on Via Bonvesin de la Riva. Within six months it had won a Michelin star, after a year he won a second, and in 1985, following several eye-opening trips to Japan, came the third. Mr. Marchesi's cuisine was uncompromisingly high end. "Italian cuisine was essentially domestic cooking... too vulgar, too common," he says. "I decided it needed a more refined execution."

For a time he even refused to bismirch his menu with pasta. "Why should I make pasta like the others?" he told Time magazine in 1983. "People expect research from me, discoveries."

The anti-pasta policy soon had to be relaxed, and his iconic *Ravioli Aperto* made its appearance, hot on the heels of the gold leaf risotto and cuttlefish in ink. "The French journalist Claude 'Joly' Lebet asked to translate one of my recipe books. He said, 'How am I supposed to sell an Italian recipe book if there's no pasta?' So I had to rush up with more recipes. That's why it was such a prolific period. It was an opportunity to invent new things and introduce elements unknown to Italy back then, but are now widely used, like ginger and soya."

Such exotic ingredients didn't make it onto the plate for another of his iconic pasta dishes. The Andy Warhol-inspired *Quattro Paste* consisted simply of four different shapes of pasta, served on a mirror.

Mr. Marchesi was in his 50s by the time the world noticed him, but doesn't regret that his greatest success came relatively late in life. The only real setback Mr. Marchesi has experienced came in 2008, when the Michelin Red Guide reduced the restaurant at L'Albereta from two stars to one. Rather than endure this humiliation, Mr. Marchesi declared he would be "giving it back." Michelin responded by removing

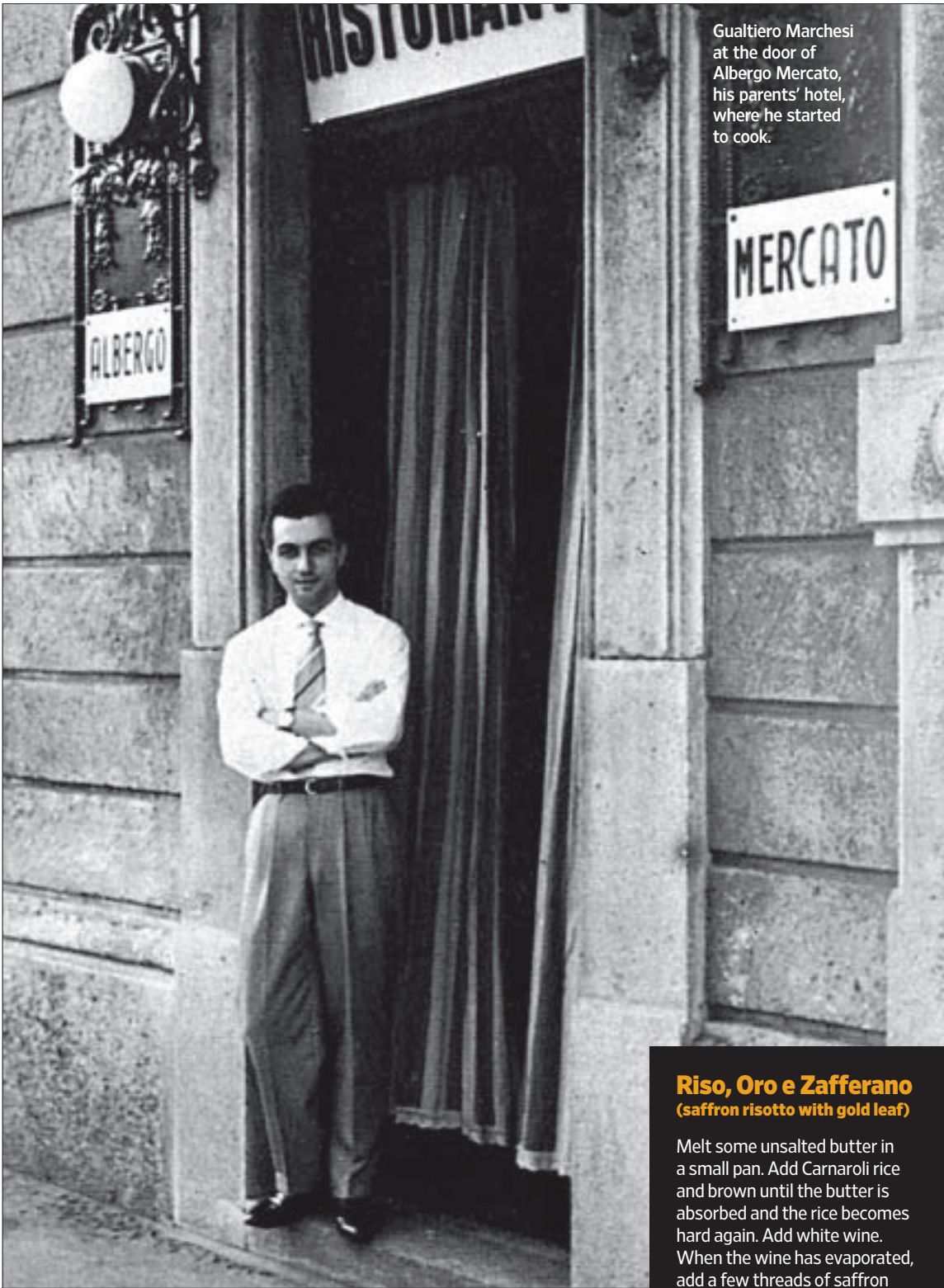
like everything very simple. I keep taking my curtains down and they keep putting them back up again."

Mr. Marchesi should be used to hotel life, though: he was born in one. His parents owned Milan's 40-room Albergo Mercato. His mother, Christina, was a commanding figure (a photo of her has pride of place in Mr. Marchesi's La Scala restaurant). "She was ambitious and keen to see her children grow up comfortably," he remembers. "A real *signorina*—very elegant."

Food wasn't always an overwhelming passion for Mr. Marchesi. After World War II, he studied to be an industrial technician before dropping out and taking a job at the Kulm Hotel in St. Moritz, and then moving onto Lucerne's hotel management school. He returned to the Mercato in 1957, dallied with the idea of becoming a musician and ran the hotel restaurant, where he discovered his true calling. "The whole world came to Mercato—Fellini, Agnelli... It was a particular success as Italians were used to small, simple kitchens whereas I was extremely expensive—correctly expensive," he notes.

Enjoyable as it is, interviewing Mr. Marchesi is like nailing a risotto to a wall. Ideas interest him, not his past, and mundane questions along the lines of "What are your earliest memories of food?" set off philosophical discourses on art, music, culture and the Marchesi theory of "Total Cuisine." I should have been forewarned. His 2006 book "The Marchesi Code" (La Marchesiana,



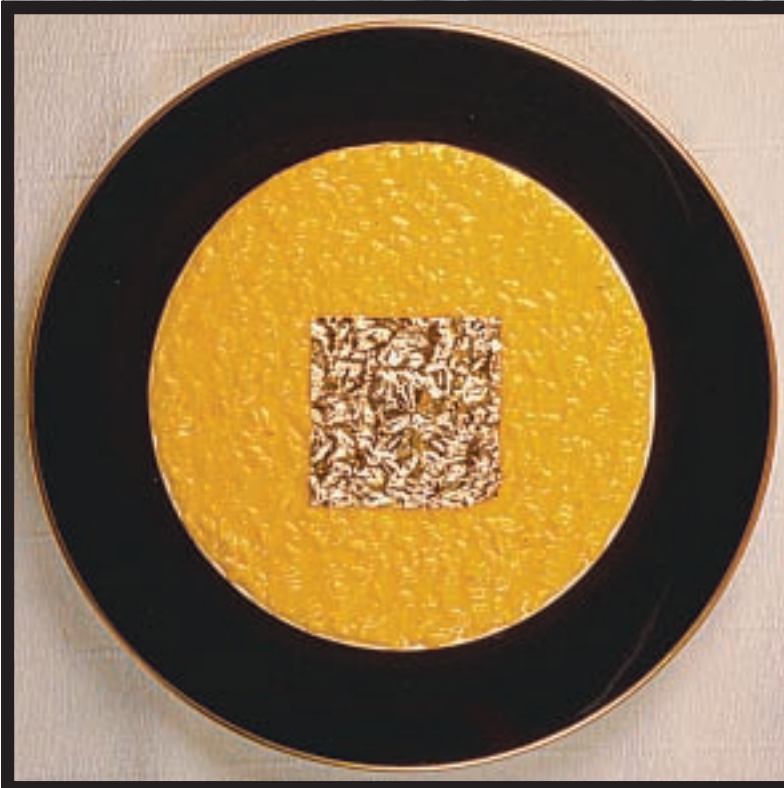


Gualtiero Marchesi at the door of Albergo Mercato, his parents' hotel, where he started to cook.

**Riso, Oro e Zafferano**  
(saffron risotto with gold leaf)

Melt some unsalted butter in a small pan. Add Carnaroli rice and brown until the butter is absorbed and the rice becomes hard again. Add white wine. When the wine has evaporated, add a few threads of saffron and lightly salted chicken stock one ladle at a time, until each is completely absorbed by the rice. Cook over a moderate heat for around 15 minutes, adding stock as needed and stirring occasionally to stop the rice sticking to the pan. When cooked, but while the individual grains of rice are still firm to the bite, remove from heat, add a tablespoon of "acid butter" (see below) and cover the pan. After five minutes, stir in the acid butter and add salt to taste. Spread the risotto thinly over a warm black plate and finish by placing a gold leaf in the center.

**For the "acid butter"**  
Cook some finely chopped onion with a little white wine. When the wine has evaporated, only the "acid" part will remain. Cool, and add creamed butter, mixing well. Finally, filter through a fine strainer to eliminate the fragments of onion.



him from the Guide altogether. "Faced with a case of lèse-majesté, the Red Guide has responded with a beheading," an outraged Mr. Marchesi told the Italian newspaper Corriere Della Sera at the time. "I regard it as an out-and-out attack on Italian cuisine and its symbols." I read some of the criticism he received, gingerly, to Mr. Marchesi. Has he thought of retiring? His face darkens, just a shade. "What's the

use of everything I've learned if I don't have the opportunity to put it into practice?" he says. "Cooking isn't just a question of eating—it's more of an art form and the maximum expression is when the product goes from being provincial to being universal. Composers and artists need to touch the sublime, and when I compare my Gold Leaf Risotto with other recipes, I realize that a masterpiece is a masterpiece."

Mr. Marchesi has nothing left to prove. Beyond the taste, the texture, the aroma, the presentation and the creativity of his cooking, there's something else. Something intangible. The sense that what you are eating is a little piece of European culinary history. Perhaps even, if Mr. Marchesi is to be indulged, a little piece of artistic history, too.

—Edward Reeves is a writer based in London.

# Italy's hidden charms

AS A WINE lover, I came late to the Italian party. Schooled in the precepts of the noble grape varieties and the predominance of France, it wasn't until the late 90s that I was introduced to the startling array of styles and flavors found in this ancient, bucolic country. I was a young wine merchant at the time, plying my trade in Lon-

Some critics dismiss Pinot Grigio as a characterless, flavorless grape variety—not surprising, given the amount of below-par Pinot Grigio on sale. But a glass of Michele Specogna's Pinot Grigio, with its perfumed, clean, zippy edge, proves what the varietal can achieve.

I had a similar epiphany with the Sangiovese grape variety a few years ago, when I interviewed Tuscan producer Paolo De Marchi, who introduced me to the delights of Chianti Classico. As you will no doubt be aware, Chianti is made from Sangiovese grapes and has a rich, plummy character. The De Marchi family has been making wine on his Tuscan estate for more than 40 years. His wines are sophisticated, balanced and generously fruity, but offer a complexity of flavors.

**Wine**  
WILL LYONS

don. Having just left an establishment on St. James's Street that imported a great deal of Bordeaux for another in Belsize Park that had a preference for Italy, I was swiftly taught to direct our customers toward Chianti rather than Claret. More than a decade of tastings and numerous visits to Italy later, the country's wines still excite me, perhaps more than any other. Why so?

The answer is twofold. Many Italian grape varieties are still relatively obscure. Names such as Fiano, Piediroso and Aglianico don't roll off the tongue as easily as, say, Chardonnay, Merlot or Shiraz. Second, the sheer diversity of styles and flavors continues to inspire me. From the gently rolling hills north of Venice, where sparkling Prosecco is produced, to the slopes of Friuli-Venezia Giulia, particularly those that border the former Yugoslavia and produce perfumed Pinot Grigio, from the intense beauty of the Tuscan landscape to the vineyards of Barolo in the north west, there are delights at every turn. In Piedmont, a handful of producers in the wine-making regions of Barbaresco, Nebbiolo and Barolo mirror the style of red Burgundy with the Nebbiolo grape.

In recent years there has been a concerted effort by the authorities to categorize Italian wines in a workable structure. In this, the tried and tested French Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée system, which is a marker of quality, was emulated in the Denominazione di Origine Controllata (DOC) and the Denominazione di Origine Controllata et Garantita (DOCG), which is a more stringent mark of quality. Below these two denominations lies Vino da Tavola, or table wine, the lowest class, which adheres to few rules of wine-making. It has been known for some of the top producers to label their wines Vino da Tavola simply to avoid the complication involved in qualifying for DOC or DOCG status.

The Chianti region itself can trace its winemaking lineage back to the Middle Ages, when wine-growing took place against a backdrop of military activity between the families of Florence and Siena. Today, the countryside no longer rings with the sound of swordfighting, but there are still more than 600 wine-growers.

At its best, old Chianti, particularly Riserva, is reminiscent of the traditional style of Claret. With a lightness of texture and a distinctive, earthy, cherry aroma, De Marchi's wines are characterized by violets and cedar. But at its worst, Chianti can taste a little rough, chewy with a lack of fruit and a slightly acidic undertone.

Even good Chianti when first sipped, without food, can taste astringent or bitter. But it is almost always improved with food. This is largely because Italian wine is designed to be served with a meal and drunk in small quantities, rather than knocked back on an empty stomach.

Among my favorite Chianti are Isole E Olena, Carpineto, Fattoria di Felsina and Frescobaldi. And it's worth noting that makers of nearby Brunello di Montalcino use a clone of Sangiovese that performs better in the hotter, drier local conditions. As a rule of thumb, Brunello benefits from cellaring for at least 10 years, evolving supple, smoky notes.

There isn't a white Chianti, but those who know Tuscany well will have tracked down what is said to have been Michelangelo's favorite white wine, Vernaccia di San Gimignano. At its best and served with food, it is salty, citrus and dry, but uncannily refreshing.

**DRINKING NOW**

**Familae Piccini**  
**Chianti Riserva DOCG**

Vintage: **2007**

Price: **about £10.50 or €12**

Alcohol content: **13%**

This wine often runs at a discount, making it a very interesting purchase indeed. Aged in oak and packed full of forward fruit, it makes for an appealing, spicy Chianti.





# Beyond Bavaria

Designers relaunch Lederhosen; leather shorts, a hit for spring?

BY RACHEL DODES

IF ONE OF FASHION designers' key goals is to dream up items that women don't have in their closets, they have certainly succeeded.

Their invention: leather shorts. The new look made its runway debut last season in the shows of Chloé and Emilio Pucci and then turned up in dozens of collections for spring 2010. Now, a barrage of leather shorts are hitting stores. Contemporary label Alice + Olivia is selling a pair with an exposed zipper for €247, while Yves Saint Laurent is offering a more voluminous style for €1,462. Zara, a chain that sells affordable runway-inspired styles, has leather shorts with a paper-bag waist priced at €75.

Not since the Von Trapp children donned their lederhosen (German for "leather trousers") in "The Sound of Music" has the fashion world seen so many variations on the traditional attire of Bavarian boys. Naturally, the look has been transformed for contemporary women. Gone are the front flaps and suspenders. Many of the new leather shorts look like regular pleated and cuffed shorts—with a certain swagger.

For most shoppers, leather shorts are the very essence of novelty. But the idea of creating new items that women will find sufficiently compelling to buy is a perennial challenge for designers. Some recent successes include the introduction of circular scarves—also known as infinity scarves or "snoods"—around the holidays, as well as jumpsuits and "jeggings," or jean leggings. The mission of inspiring shoppers took on fresh urgency last year as the recession wreaked havoc on the fashion industry.

Leather shorts lie at the intersection of two separate trends: shorts and leather. A few years ago, women started experimenting with winter shorts, known as "city shorts," as an alternative to skirts. Last year, several designers, led by Phoebe Philo at Céline, introduced the idea of light leather clothing for spring. "We've been primed for this," says Valerie Steele, director of the Museum at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology.

Indeed, Saks's women's fashion director, Colleen Sherin, says she was convinced to invest heavily in leather shorts for spring after leather leggings priced between €375 and €750 had a surprisingly strong run in stores. Shorts "are a natural extension," she says.

Despite high price tags, retailers say the shorts are selling because consumers see them as an investment piece. "It's like a leather jacket," says Ikram Goldman, owner of the influential Chicago boutique that bears her name.

Yet it's hard to see leather shorts as an enduring classic. "It doesn't seem to me, pardon the pun, to be a look that has legs," says Ms. Steele. She expects to see more shorts in general, as well as pieces with leather trim, "but not the full-on leather that we're seeing right now."

Designers say leather shorts have an effortless sensuality. "It's got that rocker feel, but it's also casual," says Alice + Olivia founder and designer Stacey Bendet.

It was a perceived versatility that attracted Jacqueline Line, who spent €262 to get the last pair of Alice + Olivia shorts available on the designer's Web site in January. "I was thinking of all the layering possibilities," says Ms. Line, a 27-year-old from Denver who is studying for medical-school entrance exams. In the winter, she wore her cuffed leather shorts with thick tights and blouses. Lately, she has been wearing them bare-legged, something that she admits may become "too sweaty" during the summer.

Celebrities were significant in driving the leather-shorts trend. Teen idol Miley Cyrus recently wore black leather shorts while performing, and singer Rihanna appeared on the cover of GQ magazine's January 2010 issue in a tiny brown pair of Balmain leather shorts—and nothing else.

Claus Blume, a 52-year-old Munich artist who is the proprietor of an online museum of lederhosen, was thrilled to see Australian singer Kylie Minogue embrace the look during Paris Fashion Week in March. He also said, "I think it looks sexy for very tall and a little androgynous women."



Leather shorts on parade: clockwise from far left, Salvatore Ferragamo for fall-winter 2010-11; Chloé, designed by Britain's Hannah MacGibbon; and The Row for spring (€820).



## Pulling off the look

Fashion experts offer tips on wearing leather shorts:

- Keep it simple. "It's easy to become a bad cliché," says Aimee Cho, creative director for the label Gryphon. She recommends pairing the shorts with classic pieces like a white long-sleeved T-shirt and flats.

- Do wear the shorts both daytime and nighttime. Designers pitch them as chic yet casual, right for out on the town (with a slouchy boot), or during the day (with an Oxford-style shoe).

- Be conscious of what looks good on you. Leather shorts—often short, sometimes tight—look best on people with toned legs. Also, the look is "young in attitude," says Colleen Sherin, women's fashion director at Saks Fifth Avenue.

- Don't wear the shorts in more-formal offices. But consider it for sartorially permissive workplaces, such as magazines and art galleries. Try them with "a great boyfriend blazer," says Ms. Sherin. "If you wear them with tights, it's almost like wearing a skirt."

- Don't wear leather shorts with high heels or anything too revealing. Leather shorts can look "a little cheesy" with platforms, says Stacy Bendet, founder of Alice + Olivia. She likes them with low boots and tank tops.

- Don't be shy; leather shorts have attitude. Chrome Hearts designer Louie Lynn Stark advises wearing leather shorts "with a low boot, a bikini top and a scarf around your head."

## Arbitrage



### Bally Melmi briefcase

City	Local currency	€
Paris	€895	€895
Frankfurt	€995	€995
Rome	€995	€995
Brussels	€995	€995
London	£895	€1,020
New York	\$1,756	€1,304

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

After seeing leather shorts on the runways last fall, Ms. Wodehouse couldn't wait the six months that it usually takes for the clothes to hit stores. Instead, she took an old pair of leather pants and had the legs cut off.

"I was so desperate for a pair of leather shorts; my tailor thought I was a lunatic," says Ms. Wodehouse, who has since purchased a €262 pair of leather shorts by the brand Mike & Chris and is eyeing a third pair by Alexander Wang. The €540 Wang shorts have a "more culotte-style leg" than the others she owns, Ms. Wodehouse says, a feature that "injects that tough Kate Moss 'my boyfriend is in a rock band' kind of thing."

Aimee Cho, creative director for the fashion label Gryphon, loved the leather shorts she designed so much that she paraded around in her own samples last season, even though the style never went into produc-

tion; at the time, retailers didn't buy them. "I really believed in their viability, so I wanted to try again for fall 2010," Ms. Cho says. This time, she got orders for Gryphon's studded black leather shorts from many retailers, including Saks.

Leather shorts are generally considered a no-go for guys. But the look was briefly popular among trend-setting men in the 1980s. Sen. Scott Brown of Massachusetts raised some eyebrows a few months ago when it was revealed in an interview that he wore pink leather shorts on his first date with the woman who would become his wife, newscaster Gail Huff. Sen. Brown's spokesman didn't return requests for comment.

Ms. Huff confirmed that the story was true but declined to comment further, other than to clarify that the shorts weren't exactly pink. "They were salmon," she said.



Tom Watson talks about hitting a long iron with John Paul Newport at the Westin Savannah Harbor Resort and Spa practice range.



Preston C. Mack

# A special lesson

Tom Watson passes along golf knowledge and lore

**O**NE WOULD THINK that Tom Watson, winner of five British Opens on windy links courses between 1975 and 1983, would be a master at hitting the golf ball low. And he is—now. But he wasn't then. "Honestly, I could not hit the ball

with an exaggerated outside-to-inside move. When he tried it, he recognized a different feel to his finish, and adopted that feeling into a slightly different alignment at setup and a modified swing that kept his shoulders more level at impact. Instead of finishing with his back arched in the so-called reverse "C," which he had modeled as a boy after Jack Nicklaus's swing, he finished with a straight back standing on his left leg.

"That was the secret to my swing. That was what I was looking for. And since finding it, I've played better golf than I ever have from tee to green—ever," he said. The game almost overnight became much more satisfying to him, and that's a big reason why, at 60, he's still so juiced up about competing. That, and the fact that he hasn't had to deal with any major injuries. He had his hip replaced in 2008, but the hip problem never affected his golf game. "It was a lifestyle decision. The discomfort kept me from getting a good night's sleep," he said.

The swing change also made it possible for Mr. Watson to follow the advice Mr. Trevino had given him years earlier on hitting low shots, essentially to move the ball back in his stance and strike down on it more sharply.

"Ball position and body position are what make this shot work," he told me on the range. "You have to lower the left shoulder compared to your normal set-up position, and raise the right shoulder. It feels awful at first, but when the ball is back to the right center of your stance [for right-handed players], you can extend the arms again and it feels better."

Effectively, with the ball back, the first few inches of the takeaway is eliminated. That promotes picking the club up sooner than on normal shots, and dropping it back down onto the ball at a steeper angle.

Naturally, when Mr. Watson hit a few sample shots with a four iron, he made it look easy. For 10 minutes or so, as we talked, he played at hitting the skinny 100-yard pole on the fly—and after many close misses he succeeded. "How about that!" he cried, as happy as any gap-toothed kid in America. These shots never climbed more than 20 feet in the air. Under normal conditions they carry

10 to 15 yards shorter than his regular, 195-yard four-iron shot, he said, but roll out net longer.

Swinging easy is key. "The first mistake people make on these shots is not taking enough club. You may need one, two, three or even four extra clubs, depending on the wind. The second mistake is swinging too hard. People think, 'It's into the wind, I've got to swing hard,' but they shouldn't," he said. The harder

the swing, the more the ball spins, and spin causes balls to climb. The steeper angle of clubhead descent also adds a bit of spin.

In a new, two-disc instructional DVD called "Lessons of a Lifetime," on sale next week, Mr. Watson goes into more detail about his mid-life swing change, and much else. But the DVD is most remarkable for crediting the original sources for all the tips, technique and wisdom therein:

Byron Nelson, Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, his father, his club pro friend Stan Thirsk. "There's nothing new in it, really. I'm just passing along the things I've been fortunate enough to learn over the years from others," he said.

My session with Mr. Watson was much like that. In his direct, precise, simple manner, he was eager to teach, eager to share not just his golf knowledge but golf lore. Seldom did more than a few sentences go by without reference to something Mr. Nelson or his dad had told him. He did a loving imitation of the pre-shot routine of "old Sam" Snead. He told the story of how, after blowing a chance to win the 1994 British Open at Turnberry—the most disappointing loss of his career, he said, because with his new swing he was hitting the ball beautifully—he and Mr. Nicklaus played a midnight par-three round together. "That got me off my pity pot," Mr. Watson said.

At another point he described how thrilled he was to meet Bobby Locke, the great South African champion, at Mr. Watson's second British Open in 1976. "There he was, wearing plus-twos and a tie and tweeds and a cap they called a bonnet in those days. It was very special," he said. Mr. Locke at the time would have been 58, about the same age Mr. Watson was at last year's Open when he played the first two rounds with Matteo Manassero, the promising 16-year-old from Italy, who also made the cut as an amateur at this year's Masters. If Mr. Manassero, when he is 59, passes along what he learned from Mr. Watson last year, that takes us to the year 2052. And so golf moves on.

## Golf

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

low during the meat of my career. I hit it high. I couldn't run the ball along the ground the way Lee Trevino and others could," he said this week.

So how did he win so many Opens? "I hit the ball solidly. I was good at judging how far the ball would go in the air, even in the wind. And I was good at getting the ball up and down, because in hard conditions people miss a lot of greens," he said.

It wasn't until 1994 that he properly learned to hit low shots, he said, and that's because it wasn't until 1994, in his mid-40s, that he finally discovered the swing he had been looking for his entire life. On Wednesday, preparing to compete in the Liberty Mutual Legends of Golf Champions Tour event here, Mr. Watson graciously spent 90 minutes on the practice range teaching me some of the things he has learned over the years, especially about low-hitting long irons.

That expertise has come in handy recently, as Mr. Watson, at 60, continues his improbable challenge to pro golf's long-driving young bucks, who routinely leave themselves mere wedges into greens. Last summer, he nearly won a record sixth British Open (he lost in a playoff to Stewart Cink) and two weeks ago shot an opening round 67 to contend at the Masters, before finishing in a tie for 18th place.

Despite his early career success (36 of his 39 PGA Tour wins and all eight majors came before he turned 35), Mr. Watson never felt he owned his swing. "When the swing was off, I didn't have anything to revert to. I was one of those golfers who was always searching, willing to try anything," he said.

For some reason, in 1994, seven years removed from his last win, he flashed on an image of how Corey Pavin made his practice swings,

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# Making big waves

Baccarat meets bomb-proof glass on the high seas

By Robert Frank

**A**T THE TOP of a spiral staircase lined with scalloped, silver-leaf walls (the banister cost \$60,000) is a door accessible by a fingerprint security system. It opens to an all-white, 240-square-meter master suite wrapped in bomb-proof, 44-millimeter glass. There, a king-sized bed sits on a giant platter that rotates with the press of a silver button. Another set of buttons rotates the bed itself. The combination of the rotating bed and the rotating platter allows limitless angles for watching the sunset, sunrise or the 60-inch plasma TV, which retracts from the ceiling. And of course, everything's afloat.

In the battle among Russia's billionaires for yacht supremacy, Roman Abramovich's upcoming 165-meter Eclipse may soon become the biggest, but Andrey Melnichenko's 120-meter "A" has become the most talked-about yacht on the seas.

With its radical shape—more sleek submarine than boxy pleasure boat—and reams of custom parts and finishes (including bath knobs costing \$40,000 apiece), "A" is a conspicuous marker of an ocean-going plutocracy that's largely been untouched by the recession. The boat, designed by Philippe Starck and completed in mid-2008 for more than \$300 million, has spawned a flotilla of copycats emulating its low-slung hull and design scheme. Numerous companies involved in its construction went bankrupt, done in by the novelty of the project and the level of customization required.

For all its fame, "A" remains a bit mysterious. Its owner, a 38-year-old banking, steel and fertilizer czar, is intensely private and requires all his construction crew and staff to sign strict confidentiality agreements (he declined to comment for this article). He and his wife only rarely entertain on board, and few public images of the boat's interior exist.

Dirk Kloosterman, "A"'s project manager and a veteran of the world's largest yachts, recently provided an exclusive tour of the boat's 2,192 square meters of living space.

The boat's interior departs dramatically from most conventions of yacht design. Instead of the usual overstuffed couches and mahogany walls, there are Baccarat-crystal tables, shiny white finishes and polished silver, a kind of Manhattan-loft-meets-Vegas aesthetic. Many of the rooms have floor-to-ceiling mirrors, which, Mr. Starck says, have a built-in "mathematical beauty" that also refer to the "mathematical genius" of Mr. Melnichenko.

The walls of one room are covered in white sting-ray hides, while another is covered in hand-stitched calf's leather. The main deck features two Michel Haillard chairs made from alligator hides and Kudo horns. Known for his mischievous streak, Mr. Starck outfitted "A" with risqué touches like the suite dubbed the "nookie room" by the crew, with its white circular bed with padded walls and a ceiling-mounted TV.

Mr. Starck says that while most megayachts are "vulgar" statements of wealth and power, "A" was designed to be in harmony with the sea and nature. "This boat has elegance and intelligence, it is not trying to show the money," he adds.

As with many Russian-owned yachts, "A" is highly secure. Its rounded exterior and knife-like hull make it difficult for intruders to board. It has 44 security cameras and more than a dozen exterior cameras fitted with motion-detection systems and a night-vision infrared system.

It is also designed to outrun threats: Twin, high-speed diesel engines deliver 24,000 horsepower and push the 5,959-gross-ton ship to 24 knots, roughly a third faster than most boats its size. The boat, which is stabilized by fiber-optic gyroscopes and four giant motorized flaps, is rumored to also be



*Philippe Starck says that while most megayachts are "vulgar" statements of wealth and power, "A" was designed to be in harmony with the sea and nature.*

equipped with a pod-like escape system, but the staff declined to comment.

A transom door in the rear of the boat, which swings open to become a swim deck, is fitted with so many hydraulics, locking pins, rotating stairs and electronics that it cost around \$25 million to build. The company that made it eventually went bankrupt, along with the company that made the bomb-proof wrap-around glass encasing the master suite and the company that built the hydraulic gangways. The ship's two main landing boats are mini-yachts themselves, stretching to 11 meters, boasting plush interiors and costing more than \$1 million each.

There's little sign that the billionaire boat boom is ending. The recession has certainly hit the "middle-class" yacht market, as banks cut back on boat loans and mere millionaires struggle to rebuild their fortunes. Orders for boats of more than 80 feet, or 24 meters, fell to 753 last year from 992 in 2008, according to Showboats International magazine. Yet orders for superyachts, or those of more than 250 feet, or 76 meters, were actually up more than 20% in 2009, according to Showboats.

"A" has a crew of around 35 people, including stewards and stewardesses, mechanical engineers, security staff, housekeepers, deck hands, galley crew and chefs. The crew also includes specialists for surfing, jet skiing, water skiing and cycling. All of the crew wear Starck-designed uniforms—crisp white dress shirts and white pants for daytime, and tight, black T-shirts and slacks for evening. The boat costs over \$20 million a year to maintain; filling the gas tank costs more than \$500,000.

There are many discussion groups and forums about "A" online, with titles like "The Ugliest Yacht in the World" and "Should Philippe Starck Design Boats?" Debates can get heated: On the "Insider's Guide to St. Bart's"—a Web site frequented by vacationers on the upscale Caribbean island—dozens of "A" spotters tracked the boat's daily movements.

"That's pretty Cool!," wrote one St. Bart's vacationer. "Finally a real designer yacht!" Added another: "Who would call their Yacht 'The A'? Seems like you're setting yourself up big time." ("A" stands for both Andrey and Aleksandra, Mr. Melnichenko's Serbian-born supermodel wife).

Some yacht designers and brokers describe "A" as too futuristic and aggressive for the leisurely world of yachting. "Initially, I was very skeptical," says Jonathan Beckett, chief executive of London-based Burgess, a yacht broker. "When you just see photos, it's a very strange-looking boat. But when I saw it cruising in the Caribbean this year, I have to say I was impressed. It's a very exciting boat to watch. It's simply unlike anything that's ever been done before."

Crew members often joke about the Melnichenkos' penchant for the spontaneous, with frequent changes in itinerary or travel. The boat doesn't spend much time in any one port, since Mr. Melnichenko prefers to roam the seas for weeks at a time. Last year he spent several months in the Mediterranean; this year he's mainly in the Caribbean.

"The fun thing about working on 'A' is you never know what the next hour will bring," says Mr. Kloosterman, the project manager. "This boat is all about the unexpected."



The yacht's control room.

Alina Wippich





Clockwise from top: 'A' has an unusual, swooping design; the bridge; the hallway to the guest rooms; aerial view of yacht; designer Philippe Starck said the interior of the boat was designed to be 'in harmony with humans,' 'A' has a crew of between 35-37 people who wear Starck-designed uniforms.



Guillaume Plisson (2); Anja Wippich (4)





Getty Images (2)

# Monkey see, monkey soak

The hot springs of Yamanouchi draw tourists—and macaques

BY LANANH NGUYEN

*Yamanouchi, Japan*

**A**S YOU SLIP into the outdoor hot-spring baths at the traditional Korakukan inn, which overlooks a snow-covered alpine forest in Japan's Nagano region, beware. Sharing the warm bath with you may be a sanguine snow monkey, a frequent local visitor, who enjoys a good soak as much as the next Homo sapiens.

Japanese macaques, or snow monkeys, are the only monkeys in the world who are known to bathe in natural hot springs. The primates have been enjoying baths at Jigokudani

Monkey Park since the 1960s, after learning from humans that the 40-degree *onsen*, or spas, offered respite from the bitter cold of Nagano prefecture, where snow blankets the ground for a third of the year.

While the monkey park is their prime bathing spot, the animals sometimes stray into the nearby outdoor *onsen* at the family-owned Korakukan inn, which is located in Yamanouchi town, most notable for hosting skiing events during the 1998 Nagano Winter Olympics. Beyond the ski slopes, however, the town of nearly 15,000 residents is known for its spa resorts and na-

tional park.

Translated as Hell's Valley, Jigokudani is named for its jagged cliffs and sulfurous steam rising from the mountain springs. To get to the remote monkey park, visitors must drive to the base of a 1.6 kilometer trail and then hike the rest of the way up through a serene forest covered with snow, which damps all noise except for the gush of a mountain stream. The scene is spectacular.

Upon entering the park, visitors descend into a valley where monkeys abound—eating grain, stretching and huddling together for warmth. Every morning, around 200

monkeys trek to the park to bathe after a night of nesting in the trees. The monkeys are so captivating it is easy to forget the freezing temperature and heavy snowfall that lasts for most of the day.

A cultural symbol in Japan, the country's estimated 100,000 macaques are considered to be an inspiration for the folklore carvings and drawings of three wise monkeys professing to "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." Weighing between eight and 11 kilograms, and growing to nearly 60 centimeters in height, snow monkeys have a layer of thick, yellowish-brown fur that protects them from the elements, according to the Wisconsin National Primate Research Center at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

Their expressive pink faces—along with their unique swimming habits—attract a regular stream of tourists to Jigokudani. But the troupe of Jigokudani snow monkeys take little notice of observers while they luxuriate. While the wild creatures are fairly relaxed, viewers are warned not to make direct eye contact with the monkeys, who view it as a sign of hostility. The park also asks visitors not to touch or feed the monkeys, which can live as long as 30 years and are well fed on a diet of barley, soybeans and apples.

These snow monkeys spend their entire lives roaming freely within the several square kilometers that encompass the monkey-park grounds, which are naturally bounded on one side by a mountain and on the other by the river.

"Monkeys do some funny things...[but] they are similar to humans," said Park Manager Takefushi Haruo, who has worked at the park for 35 years. Mr. Haruo said the park attracts 100,000 tourists a year, and is most frequented during the win-

ter. But despite this popularity, the viewing area is usually only occupied by a handful of observers, allowing everyone to see the monkeys up close. In fact, the animals take little notice of humans and fortunately ignore cameras, even at close range.

"It's pretty incredible that we can interact with wild animals so freely," said Kristy Goodchild, a tourist from Western Australia who was passing through the park with her husband and two sons, aged 7 and 9, after skiing on nearby slopes. "It's really good for the kids to get an idea of animals in the wild."

Most of the action centers around a nine-meter-long pool, in which monkeys groom each other, swim, paddle their toes, or squabble over territory. But, judging from the larger monkeys' dazed expressions, the effect of the *onsen* is relaxing. Much like humans in a hot tub, the monkeys appear blissed out, spreading out their toes and fingers and inspecting them from time to time.

"The monkeys are interesting because of the beauty of the scene," said Frans de Waal, a primatologist at Emory University in Atlanta, during a visit to the park in late March with colleagues. Macaques tend to develop traditions, but the Jigokudani monkeys are the only ones in the world who have developed a spa culture, he said.

The origin of the bathing ritual is unclear. Local lore says that the monkeys first dove into the pool when the owner of the Korakukan inn tempted them in with food. Others claim that in the 1960s a researcher threw apples into the water and the monkeys jumped in after them. The rest is history.

As for the Korakukan inn, its proximity to the park lends it superb access to monkey viewing. Korakukan resembles a log cabin with



Top, Japanese macaque monkeys relax in the hot spring at the Jigokudani Monkey Park; above, snow monkeys sit on a rock ledge at the hot springs; right, visitors to the Korakukan inn have good access to snow monkeys.



heating, and the accommodation is basic; its 12 rooms have futon bedding and flooring made of tatami straw mats. There are no showers. Instead there are communal indoor and outdoor baths, which can be used privately upon request.

Breakfast and dinner are included in the price of the stay (see sidebar). Guests are served a *kaiseki*, or a multicourse traditional Japanese dinner, which recently included a hot pot of duck, wild mushrooms and cabbage, as well as local river fish and an aperitif of bamboo shoots in miso dressing. Guests are welcomed in their room with a tray of green tea and a snack of *chimaki*, sweet rice dumplings wrapped in bamboo leaves.

Back in the lower town of Yamanouchi, a 10-minute drive from the park, tourists can seek out their own spa refuge in the Shibu Onsen district, which has 10 public hot-spring-fed baths. Guests staying at hotels here are given a key for free access to each of the district's public baths. As well, many of the hotels offer their own private baths for guests. The baths contain calcium, sodium and magnesium—minerals believed to hold medicinal properties to aid digestion, and heal skin ailments and other injuries.

The lifeline for non-Japanese visitors in Shibu Onsen is Zeno Kubicek, an English-speaking Slovakian expatriate who works at the 400-year-old Kokuya hotel and has his own Web site on the town. "The people are very nice here and they

keep the real, old Japanese customs," says Mr. Kubicek, a professional massage therapist who connects travelers—from backpackers to diplomats—with local hotels. Mr. Kubicek's Web site ([www.yudanaka-shibuonsen.com](http://www.yudanaka-shibuonsen.com)) is one of the few English-language references for travelers, providing a comprehensive guide and maps for Yamanouchi. "I want to bring this area to more foreigners," said Mr. Kubicek, who moved to Yamanouchi, his wife's hometown, after they met studying English in London. "Everybody loves this place—the combination of the snow monkeys, the nature and the traditions of Japan."

During weekends, the traditional wooden-fronted inns at Shibu Onsen are filled with spa seekers—mostly Japanese—who hop between the public baths wearing *yukata* robes.

Like most *ryokan*, or inns, in Shibu Onsen, the 19-room Kokuya *ryokan*, where Mr. Kubicek works, has been family-owned for many generations. While Kokuya is steeped in tradition, its facilities are luxurious: 10 of its rooms have their own outdoor hot-spring baths, some of which overlook the snow-capped mountains. The hotel also boasts eight communal baths set within beautiful landscaped gardens and rock pools.

Kokuya's top-class *kaiseki* one recent day included 13 delicate courses, including roasted local shishu beef with miso gratin, seasoned salmon, steamed turnips with eel

and quail eggs, crab salad dressed with radish vinaigrette, followed by strawberry mousse with black soybeans. Diners can eat in private booths with wooden floors warmed by the hot springs underfoot.

Budget travelers can also enjoy Yamanouchi. At Ryokan Shimaya, English-speaking owner Ichirou Yumoto provides dated but spacious accommodation, an *onsen* that can be used privately upon request, and a daily shuttle to and from the monkey park. Mr. Yumoto even lends snow boots to guests who don't have adequate gear. He tops off his service with a photo op at the gate of the park, and instead of the typical "cheese," he invites guests to smile and say "monkey" as the shutter closes.

#### MONKEY PARK INFORMATION

**Jigokudani Monkey Park**  
Admission: Adults ¥500,  
Children ¥250; ☎81-269-33-4379  
[www.jigokudani-yaenkoen.co.jp](http://www.jigokudani-yaenkoen.co.jp)

**Zeno's Guide To Snow Monkeys**  
[www.yudanaka-shibuonsen.com](http://www.yudanaka-shibuonsen.com)

#### HOW TO GET THERE

From Tokyo station, take the shinkansen bullet train to Nagano (around 1.1/2 hours), then switch to the local Dentetsu train line to Yudanaka station in Yamanouchi (around 45 minutes).

#### WHERE TO STAY

**Kokuya Hotel**  
¥24,300 to ¥36,900  
(€195 to €296) per person,  
breakfast and *kaiseki* included.  
☎81-269-33-2511  
[www.ichizaemon.com](http://www.ichizaemon.com)

**Korakukan Jigokudani**  
¥13,750 per person,  
breakfast and *kaiseki* included.  
☎81-269-33-4376  
[www.japaneseguesthouses.com](http://www.japaneseguesthouses.com)  
(search for "korakukan")

**Ryokan Shimaya**  
¥5,800 per night on average.  
☎81-269-33-2151  
[www.2s.biglobe.ne.jp/~simaya/engdoc/index-3.html](http://www.2s.biglobe.ne.jp/~simaya/engdoc/index-3.html)

# From beach to jungle

## Reporter Ian Brat on what to do, where to eat and where to stay in Quepos, Costa Rica

#### What to do:

Most visitors to this compact city on southwestern Costa Rica's coast set off to explore nearby tropical jungle, beaches, inland waterways and other natural beauty. The biggest draw is Manuel Antonio National Park (€7 entrance; 7 a.m. to 4 p.m.; closed Mondays), just a short bus ride south (about €70; departs every half hour). Watch for white-faced monkeys springing from tree to tree, toucans, sloths and lizards as you stroll well-marked trails. The park's third beach, named Manuel Antonio, is the prettiest, its fine, tan sand lined with a half-moon of coconut trees and other lush greenery. Kayaking and rafting tours offer another way to explore the region. H2O Adventures' sea-kayaking tour navigates mangrove rivers and eventually ends up at the coastal Damas Island, where a wild mass of birds congregates (€45; ☎506-2777-4092).

Back in the city, much of the action on most nights surrounds the soccer field at the east end of town, where local teams compete. On the west end, near the boardwalk, step into a 1980s casino attached to the Best Western Kamuk hotel. Music that's heavy on synthesizers and carpets heavy on smoky aroma abound in several rooms where people mill around slot machines, poker and blackjack tables and roulette wheels (free admission; open until 5 a.m.).

Since most international flights leave from the airport near San Jose, finish your trip with a coffee tour at Café Britt, located about 13 kilometers north of the capital (€15 per person; ☎506 2277-1600; [www.coffeetour.com](http://www.coffeetour.com)). Actors guide visitors through the establishment's farm and roasting operations, and end the tour with a lively stage play, and coffee-brewing and tasting tips.

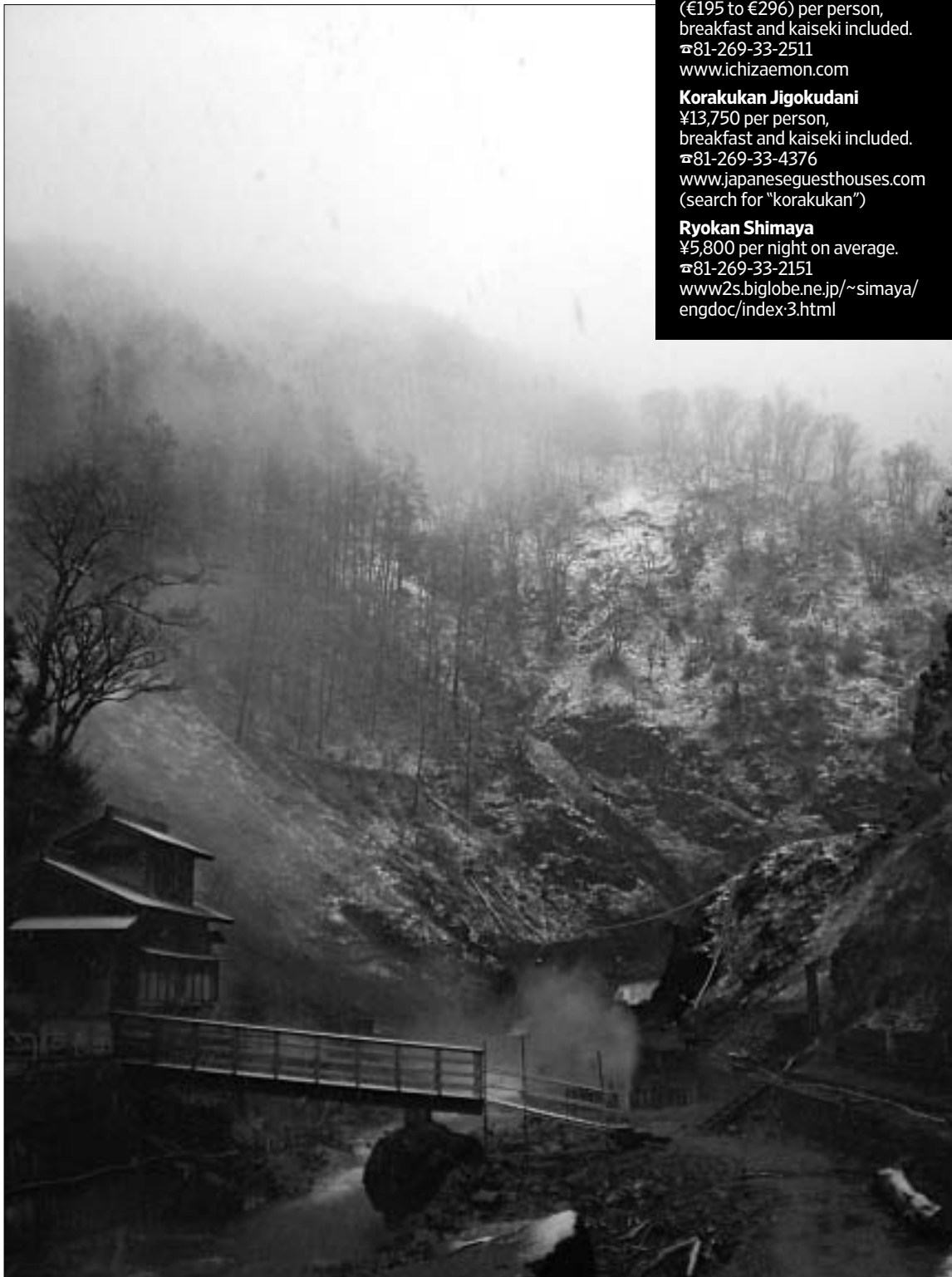
#### What to eat:

Typical Costa Rican breakfasts involve some combination of rice and black beans, eggs and, often, fried plantains. Soda Sanchez offers some of the best as well as a wide array of papaya and other smoothies (€2 to €4) one block west of the soccer field. El Patio Bistro Latino has excellent lunch and dinner plates (starts at about €8 on the ocean-front road, next to Café Milagro; ☎506-2777-4892). Order the beef tenderloin with a tamarind sauce, yucca purée and sautéed purple cabbage. The restaurant also provides excellent coffee drinks, including the Crazy Monkey, a whirl of banana, chocolate and espresso frappé.

Hot, humid nights drive many people to Los Altos ice cream shop (southeast of the soccer field; ☎506-2777-1745). Cups or cones of rum-and-raisin ice cream, guava and other flavors start at about €1. On Saturdays, vendors sell fresh papayas and other fruits and vegetables in the boardwalk market at the west end of town.

#### Where to stay:

Budget travelers should choose Hotel Ceciliano (☎506-2777-0192; southwest of the soccer field). Its clean, simply adorned rooms have powerful fans and cost about €11 each. Those looking for more amenities should consider the Best Western Kamuk (starting about €54; [www.kamuk.co.cr](http://www.kamuk.co.cr); ☎506-2777-0811). Although the rooms are small, the pool is large and the hotel is next to the casino and across the street from the ocean. Another option is Sirena Hotel (starting about €56; ☎506-2777-0572; two blocks east of the ocean-front road). Its pool is smaller than the Best Western's, but the bathrooms are large. Air conditioners propel a frigid draft.



Edward Price



Above, beach south of Quepos at entrance to Manuel Antonio park. Costa Rica; below, a young woman browses the stalls in Manuel Antonio.



Alamy (2)



## ❖ Top Picks

# Making quick work of an epic

**BERLIN:** German theater directors tend to err on the side of excess. In trying to modernize classic plays, they often fill up the stage, and even the text itself, with extraneous references and symbols. Michael Thalheimer, the lead director at Berlin's Deutsches Theater, takes the opposite approach. By using minimalist effects, like a stripped-down text and bare-bones staging, he gets a maximum effect.

Mr. Thalheimer's breakthrough came in 2000 at Hamburg's Thalia Theater, where he took Ferenc Molnár's 1909 tragic love story "Liliom" and remade it into a harsh 90-minute disquisition on violence. Now he has turned his thoughts to Germany's great 19th-century dramatic trilogy, "Die Nibelungen," by Friedrich Hebbel. Like Wagner's Ring cycle, "Die Nibelungen" is inspired by the medieval "Nibelungenlied," or "Song of the Nibelungs," an epic poem about the murder of dragon-slaying hero Siegfried.

"Die Nibelungen," first staged in 1861, was intended to be performed over two separate evenings. In Berlin, Mr. Thalheimer, 44 years old, has condensed it into two acts and three

hours, and kept those acts moving at a brisk pace, thanks in part to his frequent collaborator, composer Bert Wrede, whose ingenious incidental music suggests something like Jimi Hendrix at a joust.

Hebbel transformed the medieval epic by reaching back into Greek tragedy and sideways into the philosophy of G. W. F. Hegel, creating characters who are active archetypes of human nature but helpless against the forces of history. Mr. Thalheimer hasn't reduced the scale of Hebbel's ambitions. These kings and queens are not your next-door neighbors. Rather, they are menacingly heroic, glowering from the sloping, blood-drenched stage.

Hebbel's play and Thalheimer's interpretation are both about greed, murder and revenge, and—especially in Mr. Thalheimer's version—waste. By the end of the evening, Kriemhild, superbly played by Maren Eggert, surveys the ruins of her life and her kingdom with dispassion, like a camera recording the flatness of no-man's land in World War I.

—J. S. Marcus

Until May 31

[www.deutschestheater.de](http://www.deutschestheater.de)



Peter Moltzen as Siegfried and Maren Eggert as Kriemhild in Michael Thalheimer's "Die Nibelungen".

Arno Declair



'Two cheetahs' (1400-10) by an anonymous artist.

## Drawing on a Renaissance treasure trove

**LONDON:** An artist friend recently said to me that anyone can draw, "it's just a matter of paying attention." The techniques with which the hand reproduces what the eye sees are old ones, and explained with wonderful perspicuity in the British Museum's big new show "Fra Angelico to Leonardo—Italian Renaissance Drawings." About 100 works on paper are included, with pieces from the British Museum shown alongside those from the Uffizi gallery in Florence (where the show goes next February).

There will of course be crowds for this rich clutch of drawings by

Fra Filippo Lippi, the Bellini father and sons, Mantegna, the Pollaiuolo brothers, Botticelli, Verrocchio, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael and Titian. But co-curators Hugo Chapman and Marzia Faietti have done something more interesting than providing a feast for the eyes (and, as the images have often faded over the ages, some of the work can be seen to better advantage in the reproductions in their catalog).

They have mounted an exhibition that actually explains a good deal about the very nature of drawing. What were drawings for in the period from 1400-1510? They divide

into works meant to be seen only in the artist's studio, and those intended to circulate more widely. In the first category are studies for paintings and albums of drawings that served as stock images (horses, dogs, drapery, human figures in different postures) for incorporation into later paintings, plus designs for anything from jewelry to cathedrals. In the second are finished "presentation" drawings, along with those that formed part of contracts (e.g., for buildings or compositional memoranda for painting commissions).

The installation of this magnificent exhibition in the Round Read-

ing Room includes some abundantly rewarding audio-visual displays, especially one explaining the techniques and materials of drawing, from cross-hatching to paper-making to metalpoint and chalk. For scholars, this exhibition is the first chance to compare several versions of some of the images. The pleasure of the show for the non-art-historian is in the details—you have to concentrate on them to see what my friend means by paying attention.

—Paul Levy

Until July 25

[www.britishmuseum.org](http://www.britishmuseum.org)

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## Italy's next generation of talent

**TURIN:** This northern Italian city, known for its business dynasties, is proving there is more than just an entrepreneurial vein to its creative spirit. To celebrate its 100th anniversary, Confindustria, Italy's employers' federation, is investing in the country's budding artistic talent with an exhibition at the Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, titled "21 x 21: 21 Artists for the 21st Century."

Bringing together 21 of Italy's most promising young artists, curator Francesco Bonami placed a bet on innovation—and seems to have won the gamble. Legacies of the past are all but absent in the work on show. In his multimedia installation "R.M.H.C. 1987-1997" (2010), Giulio Squillacciotti takes an anthropological approach as he reconstructs memories of Rome's 1980s hardcore punk scene through a video documentary and material that includes amateur snapshots and a selection of album covers. Rossella Biscotti's "The Sun Shines in Kiev" (2006) also looks at the 1980s—but does so by reassembling video footage filmed hours after the Chernobyl explosion by a journalist who was eventually killed by the radiation.

Visitors shouldn't miss a separate exhibition at the Fondazione: Alberto Garutti's "Temporali" (2010), a towering chandelier-like structure that

lights up every time lightning strikes Italian soil. —Margherita Stancati

Until Aug. 31

[fsrr.org/eng/home](http://fsrr.org/eng/home)



Video still from 'All my friends are dead' (2010) by Alterazioni Video.

Alterazioni Video



# In London, dinner and a show

**LONDON:** At the Royal Court Theatre, playwright Laura Wade has intervened in the coming U.K. general election by declaring class war on the Conservative Party. Her new play "Posh" shows the Riot Club, an Oxford University dining, drinking-and-destruction group of 10 preposterously costumed (gold waistcoat and tails) upper-class boys, based on the real-life Bullingdon Club (old boys: David Cameron, George Osborne, Boris Johnson).

The toffs gather for their thrice-yearly dinner at a gastropub near Oxford, with the intention of getting demoniacally drunk and then trashing the place. Of course, being very rich, they also intend to recompense the innocent landlord and his (non-Oxford, but university educated) daughter for the damage.

Lyndsey Turner's snappy direction brings out the best (i.e., worst behavior) in a remarkably good cast, balancing realism with fantasy—the boys periodically burst into a *capella* close harmony versions of recent pop songs—as the plot evolves from "Brideshead Revisited" to "Lord of the Flies."

Solecisms abound, but don't matter. Though I don't know whether well-bred young men nowadays address each other as "mate," I do know that they don't appear tie-



Henry Lloyd-Hughes (far right) as Dimitri Mitropoulos.

less in the sort of London gentlemen's club that frames the beginning and end of the play.

This structure is the otherwise gripping drama's fatal weakness, for the last scene carries the moral of the play. In it, a Tory peer conspires with

the nastiest boy to get him off the criminal charges he faces (for beating the landlord half to death), so that he can re-emerge (from a career in journalism) 15 years later as a leader of the Party. The British political elite is no longer confined to posh males, and

the offensive, exaggerated sense of entitlement and privilege is no longer the exclusive preserve of one party. Ms. Wade hits a bulls-eye, but possibly the wrong target. —Paul Levy  
Until May 22  
www.royalcourttheatre.com



Nelly Sachs's typewriter shown at Berlin's Jewish Museum.

## No escape from the past

**BERLIN:** On May 16, 1940, one of the last civilian flights to leave wartime Berlin took off for Stockholm. Aboard was a 49-year-old sometime-author named Nelly Sachs and her widowed mother, Margarete. In another place, another time, the sheltered daughter and overprotective mother might have been the stuff of comedy. But they were Jews, and Nazi Germany transformed their story into the stuff of catastrophe. They escaped with their lives, their memories and a single suitcase. Two decades, many books and several breakdowns later, Nelly Sachs received the Nobel Prize for literature, and now she is the subject of a brilliantly realized exhibition, "Flight and Metamorphosis," at Berlin's Jewish Museum.

The organizers have found just the right way to animate Sachs's story. Born in Berlin into cosseted privilege, Sachs spent half her life apparently trying to recover from a teenage flirtation, which led to an early breakdown; the second half was

overshadowed by her mother's death in 1950, and by her determined, but often psychotic, attempt to come to terms with the moral legacy of the Holocaust. The exhibit offers the relics of that life—including her parents' wedding rings and that one suitcase—in a series of sinuous, secretive kiosks that lend each a toy-like quality. Her later years were largely lived out in a minuscule Stockholm room, reconstructed here with transparent walls, like a very cerebral dollhouse.

Sachs's postwar poetry and plays won her an important place in the cultural and spiritual life of West Germany, but somehow those years of triumph seem unreal to us, as they must have seemed to her. The exhibition ends with extremely moving footage of Sachs, then 75, receiving her prize.

The exhibition, which will travel to Stockholm, Zurich and Dortmund, coincides with the publication by Suhrkamp Verlag of the critical edition of Sachs's works. —J. S. Marcus  
Until June 27  
www.jmberlin.de

## The look of music, on show in Dublin

**DUBLIN:** As a composer, Morton Feldman was part of an avant-garde movement called the New York school—the abstract expressionists of music. In fact, he said his music was abstract painting, and demonstrated his devotion to the idea by dedicating pieces to friends whose art inspired him; artist friends, in turn, dedicated works to him. In 1967 Feldman even curated a show in Houston, Texas, called "Six Painters" (the six being Philip Guston, Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning, Piet Mondrian, Jackson Pollock and Mark Rothko). It's a connection the Irish Museum of Modern Art celebrates with its exhibit "Vertical Thoughts."

One of Feldman's most ambitious compositions was "For Philip Guston"—for an ensemble including pic-

colo, marimba and chimes, it lasts over four hours—and among the first works to greet the visitor is Guston's "Painting" (1954), a gigantic canvas of glowing red with patches of green that's on loan from the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The exhibit also includes a work Guston dedicated to Feldman, "Untitled ('For Morty')" (1952), an ink drawing whose energetic black vertical lines on brown paper evoke the musical notations on the composer's scores. (There's a Jasper Johns homage to the composer as well: "Drawing Number 2 For Morty" (1968).)

"Vertical Thoughts" offers a number of works from the historic "Six Artists" show, including two milestone Rothkos that alone are worth the trip to Dublin: the breathtaking

"The Green Stripe" (1955), in luminous yellow and orange with a stripe through the center; and the enormously powerful "Number 8 Multi-form" (1949). Feldman in 1971 composed the memorial work "Rothko Chapel," to be performed in a Texas chapel for which Rothko created 14 paintings, among the last of his life.

One of the show's most potent works is Kline's "Black Iris" (1961), which dominates with its size (275 x 206 centimeters) and the graphic force of its black strokes on a white background. (Feldman's "For Franz Kline," by the way, is for soprano and French horn.) There's power, too, in Pollock's "Number 23" (1948), which practically vibrates with energy—fittingly, given how Feldman described the score he wrote for a Pollock docu-

mentary: It's "music for choreography," he said, because of the way the painter moved while working.

Robert Rauchenberg's "Untitled Black Painting" (1952-3) has perhaps the strongest Feldman connection, having once hung in the composer's New York apartment. But the only artist in this exhibit Feldman didn't personally know was Mondrian, and he loved the painter's right angles, primary colors and assymetric rhythm.

Also in this very personal and idiosyncratic show: photographs, musical scores and the Oriental carpets that Feldman passionately collected (they too inspired him, with what he called their "crippled symmetry").

—Mariana Schroeder  
Until June 27  
www.imma.ie

## The ancient still retains its old shine

**ANTIQUITIES' AUCTIONS** in London next week offer plenty of ancient glamour.

Bonhams on April 28 and Christie's South Kensington on April 29 will offer an exotic range of sculpture, vessels and jewelry that recapture ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome.

### Collecting MARGARET STUDER

A beautiful Roman marble semi-draped torso of Aphrodite, goddess of love, from around the 1st century A.D. at Christie's is estimated at £180,000-£220,000. This is one example of how reasonably priced fine ancient art can be compared to prices of contemporary sculpture, says Christie's antiquities specialist Georgiana Aitken.

Since the financial crisis, Ms. Aitken has seen an increase in private buyers as more people recognize the value in antiquities, she says. "An ancient marble torso looks fantastic beside a contemporary painting."

Also at Christie's will be a Roman marble statue of a nonchalantly arrogant young satyr with a panther at his feet from the late first to mid-second century A.D. This mischievous piece is estimated at £400,000-£600,000.

A glamorous highlight at Bonhams will be a gold Hellenistic wreath, composed of sprays of oak leaves with miniature acorns nestling among them, from around the fourth or third century B.C. Such wreaths graced the heads of rulers and dignitaries. The delicate wreath's survival is "almost miraculous," says Bonhams antiquities specialist Madeleine Perridge (estimate: £100,000-£120,000).

Animals play a major role in ancient art. At London's Sladmore Gallery from May 12 to 28, antiquities dealer Rupert Wace will show "A Collector's Menagerie." Around 70 pieces will span 2,400 years of ancient animal sculpture—cats, bulls, baboons, crocodiles, falcons, vultures and more. An Egyptian bronze head of a cat from 715-332 B.C. will be priced at £85,000.



A Roman marble torso of Aphrodite, circa 1st century A.D. Estimate: £180,000-£220,000



## The Revolution That Wasn't

"In late summer 1983, the eighth year of Lebanon's civil war, Beirut's airport happened to be closed because of fighting. Many of us wanting to reach the city had to take an overnight ferry from Larnaca, Cyprus. As a matte sun rose over the Mediterranean and our ship drifted into Lebanese waters, I saw what it was about the country I later hoped to describe."

### The Ghosts of Martyrs Square

By Michael Young  
(Simon & Schuster, 295 pages, £17.99)

Thus begins "The Ghosts of Martyrs Square," Michael Young's luminous account of the past five tumultuous years of Lebanon's history. What was it that Mr. Young, then 20 years old, saw that morning? There were Muslim worshippers on deck "bent in prayer." There was a tall woman, an East European croupier from the ship's casino, walking past the faithful "in an afterthought of a miniskirt." There were "dozens of Lebanese still electrified by the night of gambling, their safari suits sodden with perspiration and scotch." Taken together, Mr. Young writes, it was a picture of "Lebanon's peculiar liberalism, a liberalism infused with the ideal of the many instead of the one."

Today Mr. Young, the son of an American father and a Lebanese mother, edits the opinion

pages of the Daily Star, Beirut's English-language daily. It is a background—and a perch—that allows him to write with authority on a subject typified by antithesis, paradox, surprise and incapability.

As for the "Martyrs Square" of Mr. Young's title, it refers to a huge plaza in downtown Beirut that was mainly a no-man's-land between Lebanon's warring factions in its 15-year civil war, between 1975 and 1990. The square was later restored by Rafiq Hariri, a self-made Sunni Lebanese billionaire who served as the country's on-again, off-again prime minister until his assassination, almost certainly at Syrian hands, on Valentine's Day in 2005.

A month later, a million or more Lebanese gathered in the square to demand the withdrawal of Syrian troops, who by then had occupied the country for 29 years. This "March 14" movement, led by Hariri's son Saad and joined by most of Lebanon's Christian and Druze populations, succeeded in forcing Syria's withdrawal and, for a brief moment, offered hope of a decisive break with the country's fractured and tormented past.

But it was not to be. Leading members of the March 14 movement began meeting untimely ends within weeks of Syria's withdrawal. Hezbollah, the Syrian- and Iranian-backed terrorist organization-cum-political movement, opposed March 14 every step of the way and provoked a ruinous war with Israel in the summer of

2006. A United Nations investigation of Hariri's murder dragged on inconclusively for years, stymied by Syrian intransigence, incompetent investigators and dwindling international (and, indeed, Lebanese) interest in demanding that justice be served.

Now Damascus seeks to regain effective control of Lebanon and may yet use Hezbollah to provoke a war with Israel to do so. Beirut, as ever, remains the plaything of foreign powers it cannot control and sectarian passions it cannot contain.

Mr. Young brings a cool and dispassionate eye to these events, but his account is also intimate and often moving. In June 2005, coming upon the scene where the anti-Syrian journalist Samir Kassir had been car-bombed just minutes earlier, Mr. Young encounters Gebran Tueni, a distant cousin and professional rival of Kassir's. "I remember the look on Gebran's face as he stared down at Samir in his car shortly after the assassination—Samir broken in half, left as an exhibit for more than an hour," Mr. Young writes. "It was a look of utter dread, perhaps a realiza-

tion that their destinies were more linked than either of them would have liked." Tueni would be murdered in similar fashion just six months later.

Elsewhere, Mr. Young's book is peopled by characters who are blind to the ways in which their own sectarian identities limit their ability to effect political change. Of the liberal idealists of the March 14 movement, Mr. Young writes that they had "misdiagnosed the nature of their protests, seeing them as a lever for change when they ended up being mainly a mechanism for balance" within the country's sectarian system.

By the same token—if on the opposite end of the political spectrum—Hezbollah's Hassan Nasrallah is also prone to political miscalculations, as when he demanded that the Lebanese prime minister resign in the wake of the war with Israel, claiming that his government was insufficiently representative. As Mr. Young says, either Nasrallah "was bluffing or he was greatly overestimating his capacities—strange for a man who had to broadcast the threat via television from the

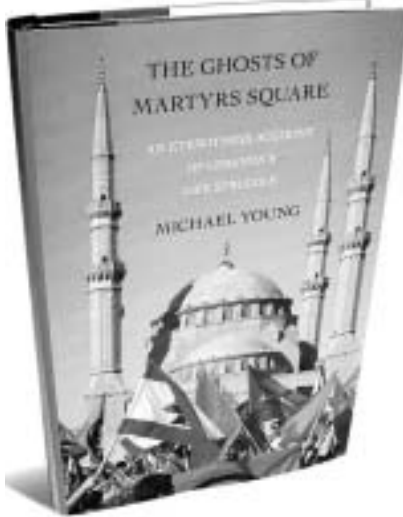
depths of a catacomb where he was hiding to avoid an Israeli assassination attempt."

The upshot is that while Lebanon's inherent pluralism can impose a political equilibrium that resists tyranny and creates spaces for personal freedom, it is also incapable of establishing conditions for a genuinely democratic political order. Lebanon, Mr. Young observes, allows its people to be who they are but not what they want to be. Those who seek to impose their will on the country by force of personality or by dint of political vision invariably come to ruin.

This is not, however, a counsel to leave well enough alone, much less (as some Western analysts would prefer) to deliver Lebanon into the hands of whoever can provide a semblance of stability. "If Lebanon can find a more durable social contract in the years to come," Mr. Young writes, "it will do so thanks to the efforts of modest men and women, those who have a realistic understanding of the recompenses and constraints of their system, not the visionaries who will burden the system with their egoism."

It is a gentle suggestion for which there is much to be said. So too for this book, which transcends the usual limitations of the current-events genre to offer a masterly portrait of the human condition in circumstances of unique stress.

*Mr. Stephens is the Journal's foreign affairs columnist and a deputy editorial-page editor.*



## Denying Shakespeare

Who wrote the music of Johann Sebastian Bach? Not the Man from Leipzig. It's self-evidently absurd to suppose that an overworked church organist with 20 children could possibly have had enough brainpower (or spare time) to will into existence such supreme utterances of Western art as the B Minor Mass, the St. Matthew Passion and the Brandenburg Concertos. Besides, if Bach wrote his own music, where are the letters in which he describes the creative agonies that he suffered while writing it? All he ever talked about was money. . .

OK, you get the idea. I am, as should be apparent, poking fun at those benighted souls who believe that someone other than William Shakespeare—the most prominent candidates being Francis Bacon and the Earl of Oxford—wrote "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet." In a saner world, nobody would need to poke fun at them, for nobody would give them the time of day, there being no credible evidence whatsoever to support their claims. Alas, such is not even close to the case, for the ranks of Shakespeare deniers have included, incredibly enough, such noted figures as Mark Twain, Henry James and Sigmund Freud, not to mention

a fair number of theater folk.

James Shapiro has thus done yeoman service by writing "Contested Will: Who Wrote Shakespeare?" In this no-nonsense study of the zanies whose theory-mongering has blighted the world of legitimate Shakespeare studies, Mr. Shapiro not only probes the peculiar mentalities of the most prominent deniers, but provides a brilliantly pithy, devastatingly final summing-up of the mountains of incontrovertible evidence proving that the not-so-mysterious "man from Stratford" did in fact write the greatest plays ever written. Read the last chapter of "Contested Will" and you'll never need to read anything else about what is known in polite circles as "the authorship question."

It doesn't surprise me that such lunacy has grown so popular in recent years. To deny that Shakespeare's plays could have been written by a man of relatively humble background is, after all, to deny the very possibility of genius itself—a sentiment increasingly attractive in a democratic culture where few harsh

realities are so unpalatable as that of human inequality. The mere existence of a Shakespeare is a mortal blow to the pride of those who prefer to suppose that everybody is just as good as everybody else. But just as some people are prettier than others, so are some people smarter than others, and no matter who you are or how hard you try, I can absolutely guarantee that you're not as smart as Shakespeare.

If anything, Shakespeare's story reminds us of the existence of a different kind of democracy, the democracy of genius. Time and again, the world of art has been staggered by yet another "Mr. Nobody from Nowhere" (to borrow a phrase from "The Great Gatsby") who, like Michelangelo or Turner or Verdi, strides onto the stage of history, devoid of pedigree and seemingly lacking in culture, and proceeds to start churning out masterpieces. For mere mortals, especially those hard-working artistic craftsmen who long in vain to be touched by fire, few things are so depressing as to be reminded by

such creatures of the limits of mere diligence. On the other hand, my little prefatory fantasia has a somewhat different point. For not only is Shakespeare the only major writer since ancient times whose authorial status has been seriously questioned by large numbers of people, but he's the only major artist of any kind who has attracted such attention. This fact, of which Mr. Shapiro somewhat surprisingly makes no mention in "Contested Will," is for me the most puzzling aspect of the authorship question. Any scholar who dared to suggest that Bach's work wasn't by Bach or Rembrandt's by Rembrandt would, I trust, be handled thereafter with the academic equivalent of padded tongs. Yet outside of the ambiguous evidence of their work, we know scarcely more about the inner lives of either man than we do about that of Shakespeare. Why, then, is he the only creative giant around whom an ever-growing edifice of pseudo-scholarly fantasy has been erected?

The answer may be as simple as this: Most of us are far more at home with words than with sounds or images. Not being able to do much more than sketch a crude stick figure, I can't even be-

gin to imagine what it would have felt like to paint "The Night Watch." But I, like you, express myself with words each day of my life, and though I know I'll never write a play like "Cymbeline" or "The Winter's Tale," I also know how it feels to sit down at the keyboard and set down my thoughts about the world.

This is undoubtedly the reason why the world is full of innocents who sincerely believe in their secret hearts that they could write a best-selling novel if only they tried hard enough. I further suspect that it also explains why so many laymen are interested enough in Shakespeare to have an opinion, however uninformed it may be, about the authorship question. The phrase "I'm entitled to my opinion," after all, is so ingrained in the modern vocabulary that it even has its own Wikipedia page. And it's true: You are entitled to believe that the Earl of Oxford wrote "King Lear." So, too, am I equally entitled to assume that you're...well, let's just say wrong, and let it go at that.

*Mr. Teachout, the Journal's drama critic, is the author of "Pops: A Life of Louis Armstrong." Write to him at tteachout@wsj.com.*



## Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Hacker

Worrying about threats to the electric grid is all the rage these days, with anxious planners troubled by electromagnetic pulse attacks or even solar superflares that could melt down the power net for months or even years, bringing civilization to a halt. But Richard Clarke and Robert Knake warn in "Cyber War" that if such a calamity occurs, the culprit behind it might not be a high-altitude nuclear burst or strange solar weather but a computer hacker in Beijing or Tehran.

Over the past few decades, society has become steadily more wired. Devices talk to one another over the Internet, with tremendous increases in efficiency: Copy machines call their own repairmen when they break down, stores automatically replenish inventory as needed and military units stay in perpetual contact over logistical matters—often without humans in the loop at all. The benefits of this nonstop communication are obvious, but the vulnerabilities are underappreciated. The Internet was designed for ease of communication; security was (and is) largely an afterthought. We have created a hacker's playground.

Worse yet, computer hardware, usually made in China, is sometimes laced with "logic bombs" that will allow anyone who has the correct codes—the Chinese government comes to mind—to turn our own devices

against us. Messrs. Clarke and Knake are particularly concerned with risks to the electric grid. Hackers might be able not only to trick generators into turning themselves off but also to command expensive custom equipment to tear itself apart—damage that could take months or longer to fix. The result wouldn't be a short-term blackout of the sort we're familiar with but something more like Baghdad after the Iraq invasion. And that's probably a best-case scenario.

### Cyber War

By Richard A. Clarke  
and Robert K. Knake  
(Ecco, 290 pages, £16.99)

Nor are electric-generating facilities, already the target of thousands of known hack attacks, the only vulnerability. Military secrets and valuable intellectual property are also at risk, Messrs. Clarke and Knake note. Yet efforts to protect against hacker attacks have lagged behind increasingly sophisticated threats as the Pentagon concentrates on offensive, not defensive, cyberwar techniques. The emphasis may reflect the unhappy truth that, in a cyberwar, first-strike capability is an enormous advantage. The instigator can launch an attack before the targeted country has raised its defenses or disconnected vital services from the Internet alto-

gether. The targeted country may be damaged so badly that it cannot respond in kind, and a weaker response would probably meet a well-prepared defense. The incentive to strike first, Messrs. Clarke and Knake argue, is destabilizing and dangerous—and all the more reason to bolster our preparedness.

Not that every first strike is malign; sometimes it produces a happy result. Messrs. Clarke and Knake are convinced that an Israeli air strike in 2007 against a secret North Korean-designed nuclear facility being constructed in the Syrian desert was a textbook case of cyber-aided warfare. Israeli computers "owned" Syria's elaborate air defenses, the authors say, "ensuring that the enemy could not even raise its defenses." How the Israelis accomplished the task isn't known, but Messrs. Clarke and Knake speculate that a drone aircraft may have been used to commandeer Syrian radar signals, or Israeli agents may have inserted a "trapdoor" access point in the computer code of the Russian-designed defense system, or an intrepid Israeli agent deep in Syria may have spliced into a fiber-optic cable linked to the defense system and then sent commands clearing the way for the bombing run.

Stealthy online intrusion and malicious hacking have evolved from low-level intelligence-gathering tools to weapons that are, po-

tentially, as destructive as bombs and missiles. (How many people would die if the electricity went out across a nation for a week? A month? Six months?) Yet many policy makers still seem to regard the threat as a sideshow.

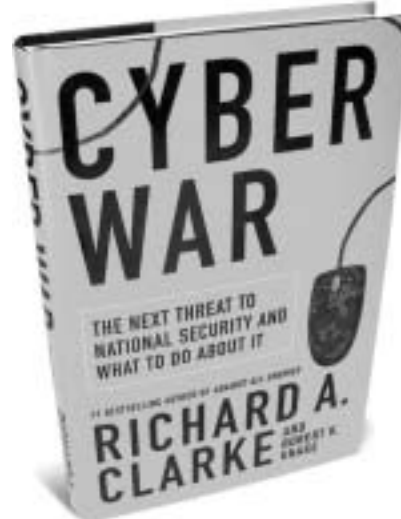
In some intelligence circles the threat of cyber attacks is scoffed at, but I think that Messrs. Clarke and Knake are right to sound the alarm. (Mr. Clarke, we should recall, was the head of counterterrorism security in the Clinton and George W. Bush administrations.) As Henry Fielding remarked long ago, those who lay the foundation of their own ruin find that others are apt to build upon it. By constructing, and then relying on, vulnerable systems that are now entwined with almost every aspect of modern life, we have laid just such a foundation. The time has come to fix it or at least to refine the systems to avoid catastrophic failure.

"Just-in-time" inventory systems are highly vulnerable to transportation problems; "net-

work computing" fails when the network does; and smart grids are open invitations to smart hackers. Too much of our critical infrastructure operates with increased vulnerabilities and reduced margins for error. "The same way that a hand can reach out from cyberspace and destroy an electric transmission line or generator," the authors note, "computer commands can derail a train or send freight cars to the wrong place, or cause a gas pipeline to burst."

Promoters of something called "resilience engineering" suggest that planners should put more effort into designing systems that resist disruption and that degrade gracefully when stressed. Such an approach would reduce our vulnerability to cyberwar—and to many other kinds of trouble as well.

Mr. Reynolds, who teaches Internet law at the University of Tennessee, hosts "Instavision" at PJTV.com.



## Belief in Action

In April 1933, during the early months of Nazi rule in Germany, the "Aryan Paragraph," as it came to be called, went into effect. A new law banned anyone of Jewish descent from government employment. Hitler's assault on the Jews—already so evidently under way in his toxic rhetoric and in the ideological imperatives of his party—was moving into a crushing legal phase. German

### Bonhoeffer: Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy

By Eric Metaxas  
(Thomas Nelson, 591 pages, £12.99)

churches, which relied on state support, now faced a choice: preserve their subsidies by dismissing their pastors and employees with Jewish blood—or resist. Most Protestant and Catholic leaders fell into line, visibly currying favor with the regime or quietly complying with its edict.

Such ready capitulation makes the views of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a young Lutheran theologian in Hitler's Germany, all the more remarkable. Within days of the new law's promulgation, the 27-year-old pastor published an essay titled "The Church and the Jewish Question," in which he challenged the legitimacy of a regime that contravened the tenets of Christianity. The churches of Germany,

he wrote, shared "an unconditional obligation" to help the victims of an unjust state "even if they do not belong to the Christian community." He went further: Christians might be called upon not only to "bandage the victims under the wheel" of oppression but "to put a spoke in the wheel itself." Before the decade was out, Bonhoeffer would join a conspiracy to assassinate Hitler and pay for such action with his life.

In "Bonhoeffer: Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy," Eric Metaxas tells Bonhoeffer's story with passion and theological sophistication, often challenging revisionist accounts that make Bonhoeffer out to be a "humanist" or ethicist for whom religious doctrine was easily disposable. In "Bonhoeffer" we meet a complex, provocative figure: an orthodox Christian who, at a grave historical moment, rejected what he called "cheap grace"—belief without bold and sacrificial action.

Since the 1960s, some of Bonhoeffer's admirers have seized upon a phrase from one of his letters—"religionless Christianity"—to argue that he favored social action over theology. In fact, Bonhoeffer used the phrase to suggest the kind of ritualistic and over-intellectualized faith that had failed to prevent the rise of Hitler. It was precisely religionless Christianity that he worried about. After a 1939 visit to New York's Riverside Church, a citadel

of social-gospel liberalism, he wrote that he was stunned by the "self-indulgent" and "idolatrous religion" that he saw there. "I have no doubt at all that one day the storm will blow with full force on this religious hand-out," he wrote, "if God himself is still anywhere on the scene."

As the storms of hatred raged in Germany, Bonhoeffer moved beyond "confession"—that is, preaching and writing—and into rebellion. By the summer of 1940, he was recruited by Adm. Wilhelm Canaris and others as a double agent for their conspiracy against Hitler, an effort that operated out of the Abwehr (Nazi military intelligence). Henceforth he would pretend allegiance to the regime and pass along to the conspirators—whose goal was Hitler's assassination—whatever intelligence he could gather. He depended on deception for his survival.

It was a bizarre role for a religious man, and a hitherto loyal German citizen, to play. As Mr. Metaxas notes: "For a pastor to be

involved in a plot whose linchpin was the assassination of the head of state during a time of war, when brothers and sons and fathers were giving their lives for their country, was unthinkable." And yet it became thinkable for Bonhoeffer precisely because his understanding of faith required more than adhering to tidy legalisms about truth-telling and nonviolence.

In his book "Ethics" (1946), he chastised those who imagined they could confine their faith to the sanctuary and still live responsibly in an unjust world. In "The Cost of Discipleship" (1937), he made unreserved obedience to Jesus—in every realm of life—the mark of authentic belief. "If we worry about the dangers that beset us, if we gaze at the road instead of at him who goes before, we are already straying from the path."

It is here that many who invoke Bonhoeffer for their own causes stumble grievously. Atheists such as Christopher Hitchens praise his "admirable but nebu-

lous humanism." Liberals exalt his social conscience while setting aside his belief in sin and judgment. The theologian Stanley Hauerwas has even tried to recruit Bonhoeffer for the pacifist cause. But Bonhoeffer argued pointedly in the opposite direction. "Only at the cost of self-deception," he wrote, can observant Christians preserve a facade of "private blamelessness clean from the stains of responsible action in the world."

After a failed assassination attempt on Hitler in 1943, Bonhoeffer was arrested on charges of assisting Jews and subverting Nazi policies. Two years later, in early April 1945—after his full involvement in the conspiracy became known—he was executed at the Flossenbürg concentration camp in Bavaria. By all accounts he faced with courage and serenity the ultimate consequence of his choices. His was a radical obedience to God, a frame of mind widely viewed today with fear and loathing, even among the faithful. In "Bonhoeffer," Mr. Metaxas reminds us that there are forms of religion—respectable, domesticated, timid—that may end up doing the devil's work for him.

Mr. Loconte is a senior lecturer in politics at the King's College in New York City and the editor of "The End of Illusions: Religious Leaders Confront Hitler's Gathering Storm."





# time off



John Medina/WireImage

## Amsterdam

### art

"Radiant Madonnas" shows restored "tondi," or round paintings, from the Italian Renaissance depicting Madonna and Child, from the Rijksmuseum's collection.  
Rijksmuseum  
Until June 21  
☎ 31-2067-4700-0  
www.rijksmuseum.nl

### photography

"In Atmospheric Light: Pictorialism in Dutch Photography 1890-1925" displays over 100 images by Dutch photographers of the Pictorialism movement, known for their compositions based on traditional 17th- and 19th-century paintings.  
Museum Het Rembrandthuis  
Until June 20  
☎ 31-20-5200-400  
www.rembrandthuis.nl

## Antwerp

### art

"Closing Time" presents over 150 works from the museum's Old and Modern Masters collection, paired and juxtaposed in arrangements designed by contemporary local artist Jan Vanriet.  
Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten  
April 24-Oct. 3  
☎ 32-3238-7809  
www.kmska.be

## Berlin

### fashion

"Sport and Fashion in Italy's 1930s" displays 42 drawings, prints and designs by the Italian artist Ottorino Manciola, illustrating dynamics and color schemes prevalent in 1930s fashion.  
Bröhan-Museum  
Until June 15  
☎ 49-30-3269-0600  
www.broehan-museum.de

### art

"Wangechi Mutu: My Dirty Little Heaven" showcases collages, ink drawings, site-specific wall pieces and installations by the "Deutsche Bank Artist of the Year 2010."  
Deutsche Guggenheim  
April 30-June 13  
☎ 49-30-2020-930  
www.deutsche-guggenheim-berlin.de

## Cologne

### art

"Wade Guyton" exhibits large-format inkjet-printed canvases of the contemporary American artist, depicting scanned images as well as numerous artifacts of the printing process.  
Museum Ludwig  
Until Aug. 22  
☎ 49-221-2212-6165  
www.museum-ludwig.de

## Dublin

### music

"The Black Eyed Peas" will perform hits from the six-time Grammy Award-winning hip hop and dance music ensemble's latest release, "The E.N.D."  
May 1, 2, The O2, Dublin  
May 5, 6 O2 Arena, London  
May 8, LG Arena, Birmingham  
May 11, Hallenstadion, Zurich  
May 12, Forum, Milan  
May 15, O2 World, Berlin  
More European dates at  
www.blackeyedpeas.com

## Hamburg

### photography

"A Question of Time: Four Women Photographers in 1920s Hamburg" presents photographs by Minya Diez-Dührkoop, Natascha A. Brunswick, Lotte Genzsch and Hildi Schmidt Heins.  
Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe  
Until June 27  
☎ 49-40-4281-3427-32  
www.mkg-hamburg.de

## Hannover

### art

"Love Stories" presents pictures exploring the themes of love, yearning, devotion and fulfillment, including work by Emil Nolde, Pablo Picasso, Edvard Munch, Paul Klee and Max Ernst.  
Sprengel Museum  
April 25-Aug. 15  
☎ 49-5111-6843-875  
www.sprengel-museum.de

## London

### film

"Fanfest" presents artifacts from iconic spy and sci-fi films, alongside interview and autograph sessions featuring George Lazenby, animator Ray Harryhausen, Bond actress Honor Blackman and many others.  
London Film Museum  
April 24-25  
☎ 44-20-7202-7040  
www.fanfestival.co.uk

### circus

"Psy—The Seven Fingers" presents 11 acrobatic performers each illustrating a particular mental malady, using aerial ropes, knife juggling and trapeze acts to a soundtrack featuring Ethiopian jazz, swing, The Avalanches, Third Eye Foundation and Miles Davis.  
Sadler's Wells

April 28 - May 15

☎ 44-0844-4124-300

www.sadlerswells.co.uk



Top, Will.I.Am (r) and Taboo (l), of the Black Eyed Peas, on tour in Dublin; above, 'The Souper Dress' (1968) by Campbell Soup Company, after Warhol, in Zurich; bottom, 'Untitled' by Claes Hake (2004), on show in Stockholm.

## Paris

### photography

"Tournages: Paris-Berlin-Hollywood, 1910-1939" shows the masters of early cinema at work in their respective cities, including Abel Gance, Jean Renoir, René Clair, Erich von Stroheim, D.W. Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille.  
Cinémathèque Française  
Until Aug. 1  
☎ 33-1-7119-3333  
www.cinematheque.fr

### art

"Treasures of the Spanish Crown: A Golden Age of Flemish Tapestries" offers a glimpse of some 20 Flemish Renaissance tapestries from the old Hapsburg collections, today belonging to Spain's Patrimonio Nacional.  
Galerie des Gobelins  
Until July 4  
☎ 33-1-4408-5349  
www.mobilinternational.culture.gouv.fr

## Stockholm

### sculpture

"Claes Hake, Sculpture & Paintings" showcases a selection of work from four decades by the Swedish artist.  
Millesgården  
Until Aug. 29  
☎ 46-8446-7580  
www.millesgarden.se

## Turin

### art

"The Museum of Everything" showcases 300 artworks by non-traditional artists, including self-taught, art brut and folk artists, as well as creators with physical or developmental disabilities.  
Pinacoteca Giovanni e Marella Agnelli  
Until Aug. 29  
☎ 39-11-0062-713  
www.pinacoteca-agnelli.it

## Zurich

### fashion

"Paper Fashion" depicts the design history of paper materials and clothes popular in the 1960s as "disposable fashion," and also presents more recent paper works by Paco Rabanne and Issey Miyake.  
Museum Bellerive  
April 30-Aug. 1  
☎ 41-43-4464-469  
www.museum-bellerive.ch

Source: WSJE Research



ATOPOS collection, Athens; Urban Höglund, (dress above)