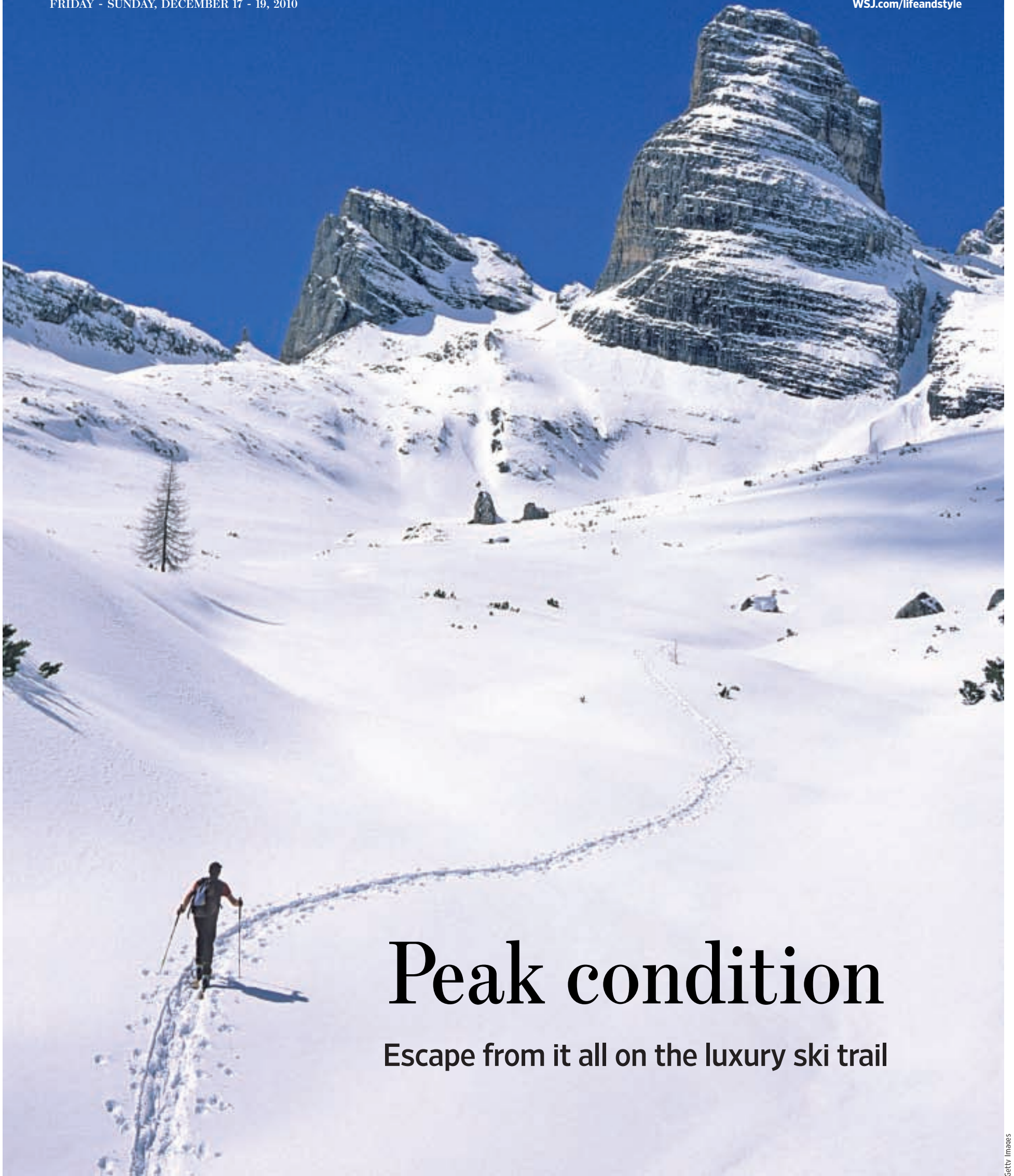


WEEKEND JOURNAL.

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17 - 19, 2010

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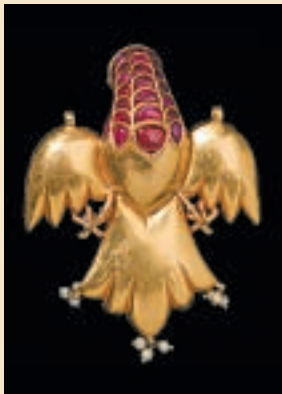


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Illustration by Jean-Manuel Duvivier

The charms and trials of Italian shopping

[European Life]

By FRANCIS X. ROCCA IN ROME



Amid the excitement preceding Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi's showdown with Parliament earlier this week, most

Italians probably missed another recent event that could ultimately have an even greater impact on their way of life.

A dozen years after entering the British and German markets, and a decade after opening its virtual doors in France, Amazon.com has launched its Italian site. With online shopping accounting for only 0.8% of retail sales here last year, compared with 9.5% in Britain, 6.9% in Germany and 4.9% in France, Italy has lagged behind the other major European economies in its embrace of e-commerce.

That fact may surprise at first glance, since Italians, among the earliest and most avid adopters of mobile phones, are the farthest thing from technophobes. Until now, however, the typical Italian e-commerce experience has been as efficient and pleasant as rush-hour driving in Rome. It's not unusual to reach the penultimate step of the ordering and payment process only to be asked to verify one's credit-card information—via fax, with a reply promised within 48 hours. More often, the process simply breaks down, and a screen advises the would-be customer to try again later.

Another big impediment to the growth of online shopping has been the notorious unreliability of the Italian postal service, which Amazon is not using for its deliveries here. (For what it's worth, my two orders so far have both arrived as promised in three days.)

With a user interface, prices, selection and service more in tune with the rest of the online shop-

ping world, Amazon.it could mark a turning point in Italy's relationship with e-commerce, with potential benefits for the nation's commercial culture as whole. Driven by market pressure, brick-and-mortar retailers might start improving the way they treat customers, which is all too often perfunctory or worse. Italian merchants might conceivably discover heretofore alien concepts such as up-to-date inventories and refunds.

A move toward e-commerce would thus seem an unqualified gain for the Italian consumer. Yet as even the most impatient of us must acknowledge, in-person shopping here can offer certain charms that aren't available via laptop or smartphone. Such advantages are easiest to discover in small establishments like antique shops, clothing boutiques or workshops where artisans sell their own handmade crafts. Even in a store peddling as unromantic a product as laser-printer cartridges, you can find a proprietor whose pride in his wares will transform a business transaction into a beautiful ritual.

First comes the long, learned (or at least verisimilar) discourse on the virtue of one item versus another, followed by effusive congratulations on the discernment and taste evident in the customer's choice. Then the meticulous wrapping, in which deft use of paper and twine can lend dignity to the most mundane purchase, while satin, tissue and foil can produce an effect more exquisite than that of the present inside.

At some point during this ceremony—its exact timing as delicate and personal a matter as a first kiss—will arise the question of a discount. Usually a token amount, just a few euro on all but the largest purchases, it can be requested in a friendly way, less as a condition of sale than as a reminder that one's custom isn't to be taken for granted. Sometimes a merchant bestows it

spontaneously, most often to regulars, as a kind of reverse tip in thanks for loyal patronage.

In any case, this little vestige of bazaar haggling is a helpful reminder of the fact, easy to forget for those who don't live here, that Italy belongs as much to the Mediterranean world as it does to the rest of Europe.

On the scene

Online shopping may be the latest step in the Americanization of Christmas, but Italy has hardly abandoned its own holiday traditions. Even nonreligious households here, especially those with children, still set up nativity scenes, often sprawling homemade projects that rival the tree for dominance of the living room. This tradition reached its artistic peak in 18th-century Naples, which produced the emblematic type of Italian crèche, featuring dozens of colorful figures and elaborate architecture in a naturalistic setting. This year the annual show of 100 manger scenes on Rome's Piazza del Popolo, which runs through Jan. 6, includes a spectacular example of the Neapolitan genre, along with more exotic versions from as far away as Taiwan, made of such unusual materials as toothpicks, vinyl records and Swarovski crystal.

Artful diplomacy

As WikiLeaks continues to expose the not-always-pretty inner workings of diplomacy, Rome offers a rare look inside one of its loveliest diplomatic settings. A century after acquiring Palazzo Farnese for use as its embassy here, the French Republic is opening the High Renaissance masterpiece to the public for four months, from today through April 27. Reservations are required, but this being the age of e-commerce, you can make them online at www.mostrapalazzofarnese.it.

Next week,
Lennox Morrison in Paris.

PROFILE

The future of German theater

Celebrated playwright Roland Schimmelpfennig mixes the abstract with the naturalistic in his work

By J. S. MARCUS

The names of the most popular playwrights on German-language stages haven't changed much in decades, even centuries. Recently, however, marquee names from Hamburg to Vienna have to add a new name alongside Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller and Ibsen—Roland Schimmelpfennig, a 43-year-old Berlin-based author and director, who in the course of a few seasons has become German-speaking Europe's most celebrated younger playwright.

This has been Mr. Schimmelpfennig's year. In the summer, he was awarded the Mülheimer Dramatikerpreis, regarded as the highest honor for a playwright in the German language. (Previous winners include Nobel laureate Elfriede Jelinek and East German playwright Heiner Müller.) Last month, his latest play, "Peggy Pickit Sees the Face of God," premiered nearly simultaneously at Germany's two most prestigious theater companies, Hamburg's Thalia Theater and Berlin's Deutsches Theater. And this Sunday, Mr. Schimmelpfennig will cap the year at the Akademietheater, the second stage of Vienna's legendary Burgtheater, with a version of the play that he has directed himself.

Mr. Schimmelpfennig lives in the Prenzlauer Berg section of eastern Berlin, with his wife, the playwright Justine del Corte, and his two children. He spoke with The Wall Street Journal from Vienna this week.

Born in the German university town of Göttingen, where his father was a professor of veterinary medicine, Mr. Schimmelpfennig was first bitten by the theater bug in his own backyard. "In Germany we have this beautiful tradition of city theater," he says, invoking a system that allows even small provincial cities to maintain a high-quality repertory theater company. "The theater in Göttingen was good enough to give me some input." After working as a journalist in Istanbul in the late 1980s, he began to study directing at Munich's Otto-Falckenberg-Schule, the academy attached to the city's Kammerspiele theater. For many years, directing and writing were separate activities for Mr. Schimmelpfennig, who regards his play "Arabian Night," which premiered in 2001, as his playwrighting breakthrough. His current success as a director occurred years later. "I come from a directing perspective," says Mr. Schimmelpfennig, who worked in Munich as an assistant director after finishing his studies. "For a certain period of my life, I couldn't concentrate on working with actors when I was writing. Now I am cooler about it and enjoy it very much. It gives me the chance to be precise with my own work."

"Arabian Night," a kaleidoscopic piece set in a German high-rise apartment block, has a surreal quality, which often presides over Mr. Schimmelpfennig's plays. "It's easier to describe reality by marking the edges of what's real," he says. "Peggy Pickit"—which uses two couples, two dolls, two off-stage children and one drunken night to reflect on the West's relationship with Africa—foregoes the more surreal but preserves the author's telltale use of both the hilarious and the horrible. It has been left to directors and critics to discern whether the play is tragic or comic. "I don't start

with an idea of genre," he says. "A play finds its own genre."

In the Berlin production of "Peggy Pickit," he says, the actors and director "take it like tragedy," and he compares the production's tone to the darkly realistic plays of Ödön von Horváth, the Austro-Hungarian playwright (1901-38) who liked to "look into the abyss of loneliness." The Hamburg production takes the play at a faster, more comic clip. Mr. Schimmelpfennig says that his own interpretation is somewhere in between. In Vienna, he says, "we are showing very depressed people, but then we jump back into" a more lighthearted style. "I'm doing a slalom," he says.

These days, Mr. Schimmelpfennig isn't only among the most artistically admired German playwrights—he is also arguably the most prolific. The author of around 30 plays, he says that he himself doesn't know the exact number: "I've stopped counting."

His productivity reveals something about his working methods, which involve thinking through a play in his head before he starts writing. A play, he says, "is very condensed"—unlike a novel, he points out, a play "is not millions of words." Once "you know what you want," he says, the writing itself "can go very fast." He usually completes around two or three plays a year.

German director Matthias Hartmann, who took over the artistic direction of the Burgtheater in 2009, began his tenure with "The Golden Dragon," another kaleidoscopic Schimmelpfennig play, set in an Asian restaurant in Central Europe, and also directed by the playwright. Mr. Hartmann admires Mr. Schimmelpfennig's ability to move between the dreamlike atmosphere of "The Golden Dragon," for which the playwright received the Mülheim honor, and the more conventional approach of "Peggy Pickit," which has reminded some critics of Edward Albee's 1960s landmark play "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

He compares Mr. Schimmelpfennig to Pablo Picasso, who also could combine "the abstract" with "the naturalistic." He sees Vienna's Burgtheater, which is the best-funded theater in German-speaking Europe, as Mr. Schimmelpfennig's logical home base. "Roland is moving closer to Vienna because there is no more nourishing ground" for a playwright, he says. Mr. Schimmelpfennig himself has a soft spot for Viennese audiences. "People love theater here," he says. "More than in Berlin," where "the atmosphere is a little cold, a little harsh." In Vienna, theater is "part of daily life."

The early-20th-century Akademietheater is a smaller house, and regarded as better suited to new plays, while the Burgtheater's main 19th-century theater has a cavernous quality that seems to require epic texts and epic staging. Up until now, all of Mr. Schimmelpfennig's plays have been mounted in the smaller house. Does he ever dream of directing one of his plays in the bigger theater? "Sometimes," he says. "When I get over-ambitious." Mr. Hartmann sees just that kind of production in Mr. Schimmelpfennig's future. "We are talking about him being a director there," says Mr. Hartmann. The Burgtheater, he says, is a place that is asking "how theater will exist in the future," and "Roland is one of the people who can answer that."



From top, Roland Schimmelpfennig at Vienna's Akademietheater; Caroline Peters and Peter Knaack in 'Peggy Pickit'; Christiane von Poelnitz, Barbara Petritsch, Johann Adam Oest, Philipp Hauss and Falk Rockstroh in 'The Golden Dragon.'

FOOD & WINE

The Lafite phenomenon

[Wine]

BY WILL LYONS



Charles Chevallier looks genuinely confused. As director of Domaines Barons de Rothschild, he is the man responsible for wine production at Château Lafite Rothschild, the centuries-old estate whose wine in the past few months has become the most expensive and sought-after in the world.

Lafite has always been expensive. The property was the star wine in the Bordeaux classification of 1855 and, despite a disappointing patch in the late 1960s, has emerged in recent vintages as one of the region's top-performing clarets. In October, a case from last year's vintage sold at auction in Hong Kong for £43,000, smashing all records and redefining the price of yet-to-mature fine wine. Even so, few really understand the fervor and rocketing prices that this wine has experienced in Asia, not least Mr. Chevallier, who when asked for his reaction, struggles to find an answer. "This is very difficult for me," he says. "I am not a commercial director. I am in charge of the technical management of the estate, in charge of the quality and production of the wine. My objective is to produce something of top quality. In China, the very rich want to find the top of the quality in each product they want to buy and in Bordeaux, they found Lafite." And with that he smiles; a broad, slightly unsure grin. For despite its success, the estate has remained almost silent, refusing to court publicity. It may not be the most sophisticated analogy, but if Bordeaux is Formula One, then Lafite is its Ferrari and Mr. Chevallier, its slightly reticent, publicity-shy driver.

Lafite is more elegance than power. Texturally lighter than other First Growths, it isn't an opulent wine; rather a sinuous, silky expression of Bordeaux, replete with those notes traditionally found in the Médoc such as cedar and blackcurrant. Production is limited to around 480,000 bottles every year from 107 hectares that sit on an elevated plateau of deep gravel on the northern stretch of

Pauillac on the left bank of Bordeaux. The gravel lays on a bed of marl, which in turn lays on a layer of limestone. Mr. Chevallier believes the secret to the wine's quality is the concentration of flavor produced in the Cabernet Sauvignon, which is achieved by the depths the vines' roots reach into the ground, where the soil is at its most impoverished.

The blend on an average year is 85% Cabernet Sauvignon, 10% Merlot, 3% Cabernet Franc and 2% Petit Verdot. Most of the wine, about a third of the crop, goes into the grand vin, with the remainder of the production going into the second wine: Carruades de Lafite, named after a parcel of land on a plateau to the west of the property. There is no third wine and, unlike their neighbors at Château Margaux, there are no plans to produce one, as Mr. Chevallier believes it is too difficult to produce a consistent quality third wine.

In recent years, through improvements in viticulture such as green harvesting in July or August—a process by which some bunches are removed from the vine to allow the others to ripen fully—Mr. Chevallier has managed to keep disease to a minimum, which has improved the concentration of the grapes. "In the past we had to pick the grapes, not because of their maturity but because of the sanitary problem in the vineyards," he says. "Now [that] we have reduced problems like botrytis, we are actually able to cultivate the grapes till their complete maturity." He says conditions were perfect this year, but while 2009 was undoubtedly a fine vintage, he is reluctant to draw early conclusions on the quality of the 2010. Not least, he argues, because the harvest is only one element. "In 2010, all the conditions were very good. We know this. But to talk about the 2010 now is too early. It is not only the harvest, of course, that is very important and the maturity of the grapes is of great importance, but after that the blending and aging of the wine is also important." No doubt the vintage will be highly rated when it is released for tasting during the *en primeur* campaign in April and that interest from Asia will be high. While we're on it, has he ever visited China? "Never," he says. Any plans? "I hope so." One suspects he will receive a warm reception.

Drinking Now

Château Lafite Rothschild

Pauillac, Bordeaux

Vintage: 1979

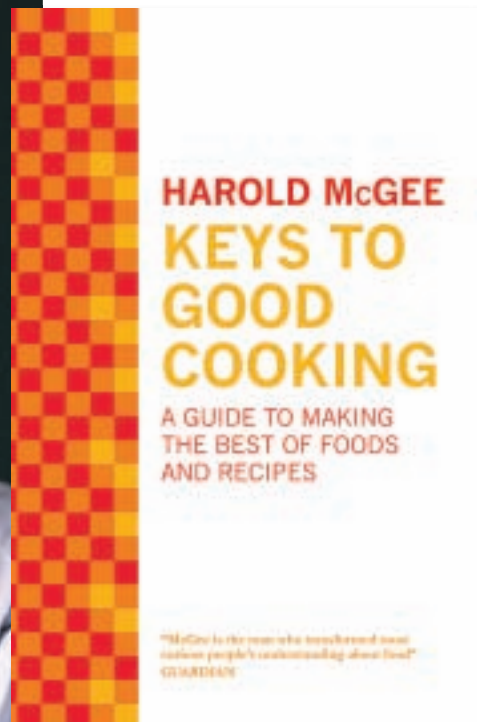
Price: Upon request

Alcohol content: 12.5%

Overall, the style of Lafite is one of sensuous power as opposed to rich opulence, with a somewhat lighter texture than other wines from the Medoc. The 1979 is a vintage that is often overlooked, particularly in this region, where some of the reds performed very well. Some have said this isn't a classic; but this was the first vintage of Lafite I ever tasted, produced three years after I was born, and what struck me was the nose, which reminded me of pencil shavings and leather with a hint of cedar, and that it was still so young and fresh. Lafite is never cheap, but if you are buying for drinking, as opposed to price speculation, then this is a realistic option.



Author Harold McGee and his book.



Karl Pezke (portrait); Hodder & Stoughton

A cookbook without recipes

Culinary expert Harold McGee talks about his latest oeuvre

[Food]

BY BRUCE PALLING



Our son, who since he began to speak has wanted to be a chef, recently finished secondary school and left home to spend a year cooking at interesting restaurants around the globe. As he was packing his bags, I was intrigued by his choice of reading matter: Julia Child's "Mastering the Art of French Cooking," the paperback "Larousse Gastronomique" and Harold McGee's just-published "Keys to Good Cooking." I could see the reasoning behind the first two, but Mr. McGee's latest book doesn't have a single recipe. For our teenage son, that is the beauty of it—instead, it has practical advice on everything from the optimum temperature for different cuts of meat to why you don't need to cook pasta in vast amounts of water. Every section is jam-packed with simple, spelled-out rules based on observation, backed up with science.

In the English-speaking world, when it comes to culinary science, Mr. McGee is regarded as the ultimate authority by virtually every person involved in cooking or writing about food. His annual lectures at the Oxford Symposium on Food are hugely popular. Mr. McGee's reputation is based on the encyclopedic "On Food and Cooking," which was first published 26 years ago and then significantly revised 20 years later. This is no dry textbook, but a fascinating collection of information, ranging from the history of sauces in Europe to extracts from India's sacred Rig Veda to the main components of seaweed flavors. Mr. McGee's most famous observation was that searing meat to keep the juices in was completely erroneous, though he freely admits that the surface tastes better as a result.

I chatted with him while he was on his European tour for the publication of "Keys to Good Cooking," starting with how he first became involved in food science.

A native of Cambridge, Mass., he studied astronomy and physics at Caltech, but due to the lack of employment opportunities, ended up getting a doctorate in literature and a teaching job at Yale. While still a student, he decided to make good use of his scientific bent by applying it to cookery. "Cooking is the one arena in everyday life that everyone does and transforms natural materials into other things every day, and that very much appealed to me," he says. From this simple beginning, Mr. McGee has described in layman's language the science behind major cooking techniques, plus the reasons why certain foodstuffs blend or react the

'It strikes me that we now have more recipes than we need.'

—Harold McGee

way they do. Because he has been praised so highly by molecular chefs such as Heston Blumenthal and Ferran Adrià, some commentators consider him to be the godfather of molecular cuisine—an accolade that Mr. McGee doesn't accept, for a variety of reasons. "So-called molecular cooking is better described as experimental cooking, because the real impetus behind it is innovation and creativity," he says. "The science of cooking is just one tool in the arsenal of people trying to do this, but it is not the driving force. The use of science is opportunistic—it really has to do with those particular personalities and their desire to make something very different."

Given the vast amount of information he has already published on science and the kitchen, why did he think it was necessary to

publish his latest book, which one critic called "On Food and Cooking Lite"? "It's meant to be a far more practical book," Mr. McGee says. "It was instigated by hearing from home cooks and professionals alike that while they enjoyed 'On Food and Cooking,' when it came to dealing with specific issues in the kitchen, it either took them forever to dig up the relevant paragraph or when they did, it didn't have the detail that they needed. Where my first book is an armchair read, this is meant to be read standing up, a paragraph at a time and then closed."

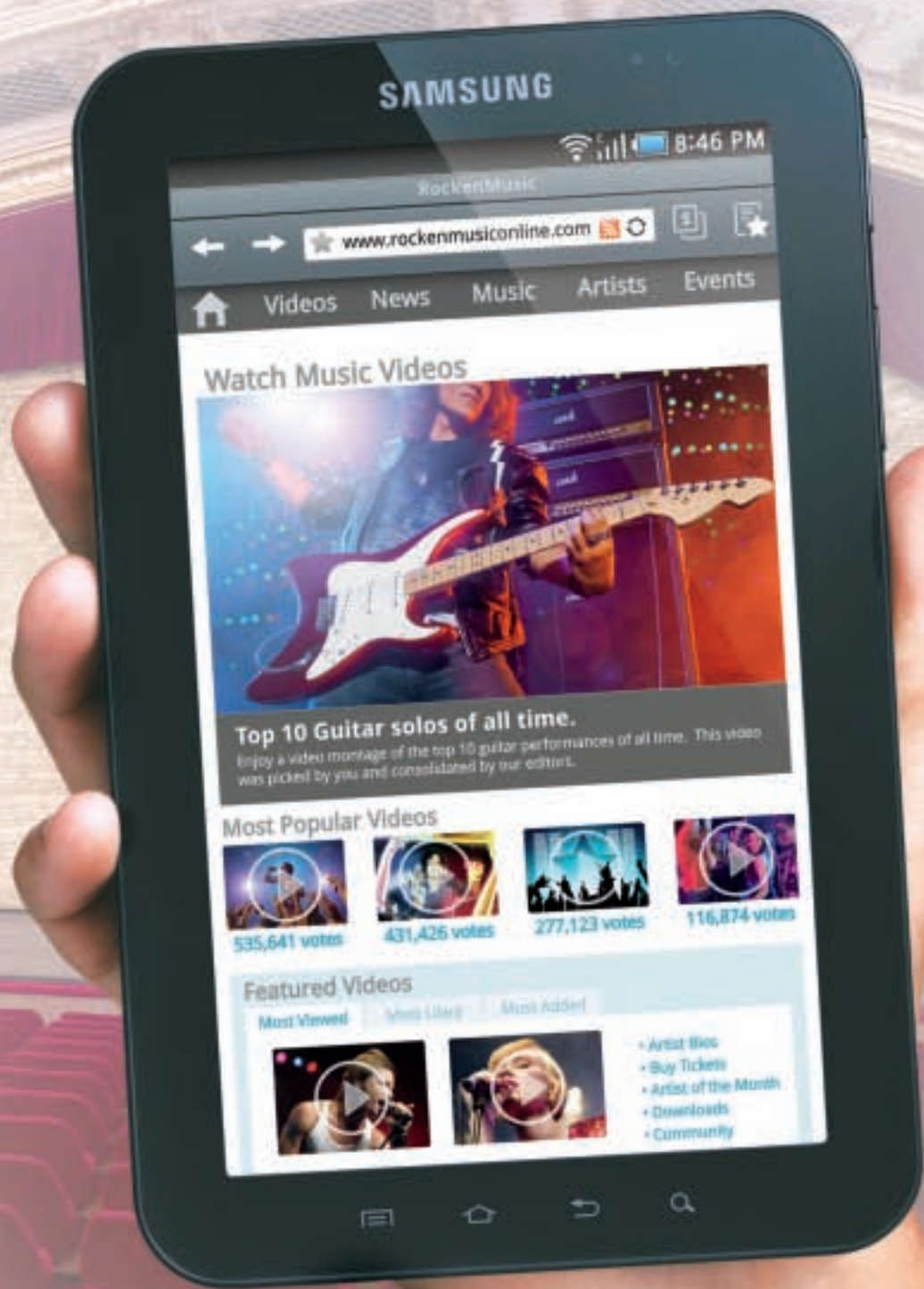
Reacting to criticism that it doesn't have any recipes, he says: "It strikes me that we now have more recipes than we need, so I hope people can use it in part to help them choose the right recipes." Interestingly, he doesn't consider the new Scandinavian trend toward "forage cuisine," as practiced by Noma in Denmark and Oaxen Krog in Sweden, a backlash against molecular cuisine, but more of an offshoot. "A number of the people who are behind these restaurants actually trained at places such as El Bulli. I think it is part of this wonderful moment when cooks are not working inside a narrow tradition—they are looking around the world with fresh eyes. What can we do with food that hasn't been done before? What's worth exploring? What suits our time, our temperament? It's a very exciting time."

Mr. McGee says his next major book will be on flavor, which has always intrigued him. "Our sensory equipment is perfectly capable of comprehending flavors we have never encountered in nature—there is nothing that would lead you to think we have the capacity to distinguish between rubbing alcohol and gasoline," he says. "This is testimony to the adaptability and the foresight of that particular sense. Perhaps it explains why it is the subject I have been most fascinated with ever since I began writing about food."

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More to applaud on the go.



7" Tablet Samsung GALAXY Tab



Web Browsing
with Flash

eReader

Google Maps™
Navigation (Beta)

Augmented
Reality

Video
Conferencing

Multimedia

FASHION

The whole ski kit and kaboodle

[Style]

BY TINA GAUDOIN



You may well be of the view that it doesn't matter what you look like when you are on the slopes. If you are, then I congratulate you and I'm envious, because the only people truly qualified to say that are those amongst us who really can ski. And that's not those who state "I'm actually pretty damn good" (for which read "I can go straight down anything but I can't carve a turn to save my life") or "I'm a strong intermediate" ("I can get down a mogul field if I scoot up to the top of the bumps, pause and scrape my way back down the other side"). Those who really don't have to care what they look like don't ski on regular slopes in any case. These are the folks who can happily ski away into waist-deep powder as their means of transport (a helicopter) powers away into the distance.

The rest of us jolly well should give a thought to our appearance on the slopes, where crimes of fashion are writ large. Perhaps you remember Mrs. Beckham's risible appearance in a bright-yellow Moncler jacket and low-slung, thong- and tattoo-exposing ski pants a few years ago? Was there ever better proof that the wrong kit can mark you out as a complete berk at worst and a ski ingenue at best?

For the last few years at least, skiers have fallen into three camps where ski kit is concerned. There are those who favor the tight and stretchy bottom half topped by a waist-hugging, if somewhat bulky, ski jacket; let's call this lot "the wigglers." They tend to be men over 30 who have something to prove, women under 30 who have nothing to lose or women over 50 with newly re-sculpted glutes (see personal trainer). If Madonna skied, she would probably be a wiggler. Female wigglers almost always have something furry attached at the neck or the hood. Male wigglers carry chocolate. They despise the idea of stopping for lunch.

The second camp, "the baggies," are the cool, understated bunch who board and/or ski. One-piece is anathema to the baggies, as is anything brightly colored or fitted. They despise body con, with all its implications. Baggie trousers are invariably black, gray, khaki or brown, with Skidoo-style tops. Baggies aren't necessarily young; they just want people to think they are. If you are over 35 and you do "baggy," please stop now. Unless of course you want to create the same vibe as that of Nicolas Sarkozy trailing Carla Bruni in his running kit or William Hague in a baseball cap.

The third camp is the most worrying of all and, readers, I'll confess I'm a member of this tribe—the "already have's." That's in "I already have a ski suit that works. Never mind that I bought it in Aspen in 1992—doesn't everyone on the slopes look a bit dated anyway?" In my case, I happen to like my black Killy one-piece. It's



Clockwise from the top left: Men's Gore-Tex® Helshell overall (€1,200); women's Aluminium light jacket (€300); women's Merino Softshell® trousers (€420); men's Merino long sleeves (€110); unisex Merino beanie (€35), all by Mover. Opposite page, clockwise from the top right, women's mid-length jacket by Napapijri, (€479); Chanel goggles (€250); Chanel skis (€2,100).

the only thing that's ever kept me warm and I only ski once a year, so why bother with anything else? That's my logic (sound familiar?) and I was sticking to it. I say was because a friend recently introduced me to Mover.

Ironically, those of you with nothing to prove (the heli set) will already know about Mover because it's an insider's ski brand with credibility. There are, as far as I can see, three vital unique selling points to Mover. The first being that, thanks to its technology, it is slimline—imagine, being on the slopes in something that is toasty warm but isn't so padded that it adds two dress sizes. The second is, again, a technical issue: Using a combination of Gore-Tex and wool, Mover has been able to create ski kit that, whilst not quite weightless, is as near as dammit; the third, and vital on the style front, is that as well as being slimline and warm, Mover actually looks cool. So, now that I have your attention, how do you get hold of it?

Here's the deal: First take a look at the Mover website, www.mover.se, and identify what you like the look of. There's an incredible range here from all-in-ones to jackets, light shells, sweaters and simple ski pants. A note of caution: If you want a padded, white and Lurex onesy with a fox-fur collar, you should go elsewhere. Mover doesn't do flashy or ritzy.

Here comes the fun part: You call 41-21-6480-808 and speak to a nice Mover ski adviser who will ask you (as they did me) your skiing level (be honest), where and when you will be skiing and exactly what you will be looking for. In my case I wanted to be as warm as possible at Beaver Creek, Colo., and to have as many options as possible. I love spring skiing in the Alps, but the temperature variations drive me and my skiing companions nuts, as I am forever stopping to strip down or load on more layers. An eczema sufferer and Mover fan reassures me that the prescribed merino-

wool layers (which wick away the moisture and keep you dry and warm) will be soft enough to wear next to my skin; another tells me that she wears her lightweight Aluminium jacket, which weighs only 300 grams, for biking, running and skiing, such is its versatility. The entire haul will cost me upward of £850. Not cheap. But then if you are a skier, you already know about the prodigious spend the sport requires. Mover has another big innovation to announce at ispo, the sportswear show in Munich on Feb. 6, which will make the ski-wear experience even better. Stay tuned.

I'm not inured, however, to the appeal of a chic brand on the slopes and whilst I might become an instant Mover convert, I can see how some of you may not. For those of you who tend toward moderate but pragmatic name flashing, then I recommend Napapijri—see their mid-length women's jackets (€479) or even better if you are small, the kid's

Skidoo (€319). The slopes are undoubtedly the best opportunity for showing off brand names. As any magazine art director will tell you, the more white space there is to contrast a product or a person, the better. In which case, let's not pretend that there are any swankier brands than Chanel and Prada (though as I mentioned in a previous column, I'm a big fan of Ralph Lauren where ski kit is concerned—see their ski range post-Christmas, which is when they, quite sensibly, put it out onto the shop floor). So, for Prada show offs, the jacket to be seen in is the cream puffer (€990) and for Chanel, it's the black ski goggles (€192) and the skis themselves (€2,250). Serious skiers are a little sniffy about the performance of Chanel's skis (see the aforementioned heli set), but for those among us for whom the hot chocolate and lunch at the Eagle Club is all, parking your blue, wood skis with that logo on the bottom is a pretty big statement.

FASHION



Galliano: Dior's homme

By JOSH PATNER

have a cigarette break.

Designer John Galliano has been a fashion star since 1984, the year he presented his thesis collection at London's Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design. He called it "Les Incroyables," and transformed the school's galleries into a street scene from the French Revolution.

In his 14 years as artistic director of Christian Dior, he has shown flowering haute couture against a backdrop of goliath-sized faux tulips at the Musée Rodin in Paris, and presented ready-to-wear on a fin-de-siècle set worthy of Paul Poiret. Known for interpreting great moments in stylish history—including his revival of the 1930s-style bias cut—into sensual feminine clothes for today, the Gibraltar-born designer is perhaps fashion's greatest romantic.

Last weekend, Christian Dior unveils its refurbished, 5,000-square-foot boutique on 57th Street in Manhattan, featuring a wrought-iron staircase inspired by the brand's famed *escalier* at its Paris headquarters, along with lavish salons for the house's pretty confections and fine jewelry.

Here, we asked the designer about his love of history and fashion, and his own outlandish style.

My ideal holiday is sunshine, blue sea, white beach and no phone signal! If I told you where my bolt-holes were it wouldn't be an escape!

I love extravagant eras from Napoleon's to Capote's. And Baroque and Rococo. I would love to see and experience them, but not live them. I think you should always make your own era. We are living in the age where you can change and shape things and make this adventure all it can be.

I design in a spectrum of moods—happiness, love, seduction. Not colors.

Mr. Dior's New Look and Madeleine Vionnet's bias cut changed the way women dressed. I love using the bias cut as much as I do innovating new styles. I think a mix of tradition with the new creates a very unique and exciting DNA to work with.

I try not to snack. We don't really do that in Paris. I would rather

If I weren't a designer I wouldn't be me! Maybe I'd be in the theater, or an illustrator or an artist, but I cannot imagine not being a designer.

People always ask me about the clothes I wear on the runway. The attention should be on the collection—not my finale! I get so immersed in the world that I am creating that—like a method actor—I tune with the muse, the story and the collection so much so that I evolve into an homage to the world I have created.

There are so many women I'd like to dress from history, from Marie Antoinette to Marilyn Monroe. But rather than wish for what can't be, I like to inspire and dress the icons that I can and will.

I think if anyone were to design my bed I would like it to be me (or maybe Salvador Dalí and Charles Dickens could combine). I would have a private sanctuary to sleep, to escape and to turn the light off and the world out.

My favorite lunch in Paris is at L'Avenue with friends, as it's close to Dior.

I am just finishing the Keith Richards autobiography. I love real life and biographies much more than fiction. I create a world of make believe. I want to read about the dreams that really came true.

I like my cocktails shaken, not stirred.

The best piece of advice I've ever had is to be yourself, have conviction in what you do and if you are going to do something, do it 400%.

My favorite breakfast in New York is room service.

The most vivid memories from my childhood are the colors, sights and smells from my mother's kitchen; the sunshine of Gibraltar; and arriving in London for the first time.

I feel most creative with my team when we are researching and building a collection and a story.

If I had one question for Christian Dior it would be: "What next?"

Coolhunter

The Selby

What do you mean, you don't know about The Selby? You aren't alone, unless of course you are an American hipster, in which case The Selby is "so 2008." Here's the overview. Cool photographer Todd Selby, who developed his photographic technique along with his website to the point that today he is a bona fide fashion photographer (also snagging some big commercial-advertising campaigns—Cole Haan, Crate & Barrel, Jack Purcell), began some years ago taking pictures of the interiors of cool people's homes. "I wanted to do something where I could look at the people's houses and their surroundings and possessions and pictures of them, and try to tell more of a story," he told New York magazine in an interview last year. And he does. His is a kind of "home verite," where it seems he just stopped by and snapped people

amongst the everyday chaos of their lives. Alright, so a lot of the chaos is cool, arty or just plain clever, but nonetheless, the pictures and homes on TheSelby.com do seem, more than on any other site or in any other magazine, to reflect people's personalities. From surfers to stylists, designers and urban farmers, The Selby is a catalogue of the coolest people, living in some of the world's coolest cities. Selby, a notorious doodler, asks each subject to fill in a questionnaire, complete with their own drawings and thoughts about the way they live. It makes fascinating, if sometimes cloying, reading. If you remain on the site for too long, you will find yourself longing for the clean, simple approach of, say, "Elle Decor"; but for a glimpse into how the hip-half live, you can't beat it. www.theselby.com

—Tina Gaudioin



Photographer Todd Selby's book 'The Selby is in Your Place' features pictures of the interiors and surroundings of people's homes.



John Galliano at the Christian Dior spring 2011 show in Paris in October.

WireImage

WINTER SPORTS



Mark Knowles/Walks Worldwide

Walking in a winter wonderland

BY JEMIMA SISSONS

There is something magical about the still, quiet air and the feeling of solitude on a wintry morning walk as the day breaks," says Janie Lands, a retired English teacher who likes to walk to the Ridgeway, which traverses 140 kilometers and four southern counties in the U.K. "The countryside becomes skeletal in its beauty, with bare branches, and the contours of the hills are fined down to their basic form."

For Ms. Lands and many like her, the appeals of a winter walk are numerous. You can explore many popular places, but without the crowds, and you get to see the place in a different way. Guy Martin, a banker from Paris who has walked the high paths of the Tyrol in northern Italy, says that "In spring you see the wonderful flowers, but in winter there is that calm and uniformity that comes with being covered in a blanket of snow."

Winter walking can be tailored to suit all abilities, from a gentle stroll around well-kept paths in resorts such as Tschuggen Grand in Switzerland—where the most taxing thing is deciding between a saddle

of veal with braised tomatoes or grilled sole with mushroom lobster ragout for supper—to snowshoeing, where specially adapted shoes are put onto your footwear so you can walk in the snow. In Finland, this means sleeping in log cabins, complete with sauna and roaring fire, along the way—and a rare chance to see the northern lights.

There is an added appeal to winter walks: "Nothing feels as satisfying as the hot soak in a bath after an icy ramble," says Manchester-based artist Jo Foster, a seasoned winter walker, "or tastes quite so good as the first sip of mulled wine following a snowy hike."

From cultural romps to serious treks, here is a selection of some of the best winter walking in Europe.

Relaxing:

Tschuggen Grand, Switzerland

This charming hotel and spa is nestled in the small village of Arosa—it is not a thoroughfare, so is perfect for people who want to base themselves somewhere luxurious for a few days and switch off.

There are 60 kilometers of well-kept walking trails, as well as two kilometers of marked trails for snowshoeing. The hotel also has its

own private cable car, which allows guests to reach the trails in privacy.

After a day taking in the stunning views and breathing in the mountain air, the hotel's spa is the perfect way to unwind. Those nursing aching joints can enjoy the sports massage or hot-stone therapy; for more serious problems, there is an in-house physiotherapist. Undo all the good work with a feast in their traditional Bündnerstube restaurant, where dishes include typical cheese specialties from fondue to raclette. (For more details, see www.tschuggen.ch.)

Intrepid:

Snowshoeing in Finland

In the company of wolves and reindeer, this is about as close to the wilderness as it gets. For this adventure, it is best to participate in an organized tour, available from several operators. Walks Worldwide, for example, offers a seven-day trip starting at £795 per person, walking six to eight kilometers a day, which will take an average of six hours.

After landing in Kuusamo via Helsinki, you are given a quick lesson in the art of snowshoeing by the tour leader. Snowshoes are long, aluminum, oval contraptions that

are strapped to the foot over walking boots to help distribute weight so the wearer doesn't sink into the snow. They are like truncated skis, but allow the feet to be moved up and down.

The walk then takes the group through the frozen taiga toward the Russian border, passing 4,000-year-old rock paintings in the Hossa region. Nights are spent in cozy but simple wood cabins along the way, where the guide prepares hot coffee and sausages, and heats up the wood-fired sauna.

This is a moderate walk, with no previous snowshoe experience necessary, so suits those seeking new challenges and quiet solitude.

"The fact that you can sometimes be far from civilization can be little bit scary and freeing at the same time," says Sami Halen, a wilderness guide from Espoo. "Nature, even in the middle of the winter, always offers something new to experience. Sometimes when temperatures fall in the night, the northern lights dances around you on the clear sky, moving in forms and colors that never stop amazing you." (For more details, see www.walksworldwide.com, www.exodus.co.uk, www.boreal-tours.com.)

Solitary walker:

The Ridgeway, U.K.

Arguably Britain's oldest road, dating from prehistoric times, this 140-kilometer route stretches from the open Wessex Downs to the gentle rolling, wooded Chilterns in southern England.

Broken down into six sections, the walk can be tackled over a number of days, or just enjoyed as day trips. Starting from the west, the walk takes you past historical sights such as the Iron Age Barbury Castle, Neolithic burial chamber Wayland's Smithy and the White Horse at Woolstone. This is horse-racing country, so the chances of seeing a training session on one of the numerous pristine gallops that line the route are high.

There are some charming places to stay along the way, all detailed well on the National Trails website (www.nationaltrail.co.uk/ridgeway).

The fourth section takes you down to the Thames, where you can break your journey with a pint in a picturesque pub such as the Perch and Pike in South Stoke, which also has rooms. This is the ideal walk for the contemplative or solitary walker—there is very little in the way of map reading or having to

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Left page, a snowshoe walk in Finland's Wild Taiga. This page clockwise from top left, sausages prepared during a snowshoe trip in Finland; the Ridgeway walk at Upham, England; Tschuggen Bergoase spa at the Tschuggen Grand Hotel in Switzerland; the Tschuggen express; trekking by a crumbling Kasbah an ancient Saharan trade route.

keep your wits about you, and for large stretches, you can just switch off, only needing to worry about putting one foot in front of the other.

Culturally inclined:

Spoletto to Assisi, Umbria, Italy
For the history lover, this stunning five-day walk takes you through Apennine fields, vineyards and fresco-filled medieval villages.

It begins in Spoleto (a two-hour drive from Rome) and takes you through olive groves, with views across the Tevere valley. The next day offers a chance to enjoy the medieval city of Montefalco and stay in a villa where you can discover more about the local wines made from the regional Sagrantino grape.

The next few days are spent visiting picturesque villages, with their ancient churches and Roman theaters and baths, before climbing to the pasturelands of Monte Subasio. The final day is the descent into Assisi, along a path that was regularly used by St. Francis. After the exercise, there is a feast of delicious Umbrian specialties such as tagliatelle with black truffles, wild boar and porcini.

Oxford-based travel company ATG begins its 2011 schedule in

May and has a Christmas tour there next year from Dec. 19-26, while Ramblers Holidays (www.ramblers-holidays.co.uk) offers tailor-made trips for groups.

**Further afield:
Atlas Mountains, Morocco**

If you are looking for some seasonal exercise but in more clement conditions, a six-day walk between the Sahara and the Atlas mountains can provide a great escape.

Although some of the higher mountains are covered in snow, this walk takes you through cool, crystal-clear valleys and passes in manageable temperatures. Even though you camp wild, tour operators often provide a cook and guide to ensure a high level of comfort.

"The stillness and the mountain air were a needed tonic from busy lives back home," says Sam Nicholson, a Paris-based economic consultant who recently walked the Atlas mountains.

"Although we weren't entirely alone," he adds. "On one occasion, thinking we were miles from civilization, a 10-year-old goat herder drove his flock toward us, from over a nearby ridge. He turned out to be a Manchester United fan." (For more

details, see www.adventurecompany.co.uk; www.exodus.co.uk; www.walksworldwide.com)

Lycian Way, Turkey

This breathtaking, 500-kilometer walk stretches along the Lycian coast in southern Turkey can be done in around a month, although most prefer to explore a few sections at a time. The weather can be punishingly hot during the summer months, but temperatures are far milder and manageable during the winter.

The walk was mapped out by Englishwoman Kate Clow in her book "The Lycian Way," and following her red-and-white trail markers from village to village is a game in itself. "The way that you stumble across the ruins of a classical-era village, the Chimera, Olympia, swallowed by the forest, in the same few days makes this truly magical," says London telecommunications executive James Slater, who walked the Lycian Way last year.

It is possible to do a self-guided tour throughout the year; information can be found on www.lycian-way.com. Trips are also organized by tour companies, such as IAH in the U.K., www.iah-holidays.co.uk.



Clockwise from top left: Mark Knowles/Walks Worldwide; Steve Tabbutt; Tschuggen Grand Hotel (2); Mark Knowles/Walks Worldwide

WINTER SPORTS



Above, a group doing a ski tour in Alta Badia.

Skiing slows down in Italy

In the Dolomites, skiers are following pistes to long lunches and Michelin-starred cuisine

BY MICHAEL DAY

“Come in, just for 10 minutes to have a look around,” said Moritz Craffonara, the owner of the Club Moritzino, perched 2,100 meters above the little Italian village of San Cassiano.

In typical Alta Badia style, 10 minutes morphed easily and pleasantly into two hours. At 3:15 p.m., full of local Gewurztraminer and Moritzino’s trademark lobster spaghetti, we somehow managed to whizz back down the *pistes* without hitting a tree. But we missed our train back to Milan.

The delay began with the newest dish at Club Moritzino (www.moritzino.it)—a disc of fresh tuna on razor-thin, sliced, fresh pineapple, capped with a tomato jelly and served with a little salmon roe. “If it’s not nice, you can say so,” said Mr. Craffonara, a huge, smiling man. Fat chance. I attempted an impartial expression while the raw fish melted in my mouth like sorbet. My companion gave the game away with a noise not unlike the one in that scene from “When Harry Met Sally.” Mr. Craffonara grinned.

How did he get such fresh tuna? And why was there an oyster bar (with a sheepskin-lined ceiling)? Mr. Craffonara explained that fresh deliveries of fish arrived early every morning from the port of Chioggia just two-and-a-half hours away.

He appeared to know everyone, and introduced me to a friend who claimed to be missing a vertebrae but was nonetheless in the mountains for a spot of extreme skiing.

Helicopters take daredevils up to the nearby Sella mountain for a hair-raising descent into the village of Colfosco.

This alpine part of Italy doesn’t feature the famous monuments of Rome or Florence. But food is also a key ingredient of Italian culture—and fine cuisine is what Alta Badia has in spades. In fact, if you love the slopes, but stomach-churning black runs, couloirs and queues for cold pizza don’t appeal, then this lovely part of the Italian Dolomites could be just the thing.

The local tourist board has worked with restaurants in the area to exploit its two strongest selling points: a geography that allows and encourages skiers to roam from one village to another and an exceptional concentration of Michelin-starred chefs.

The *Sciare Con Gusto* (A Taste for Skiing) initiative allows you to ski from one mountain lodge to the next, with each of the 10 participants offering up a special dish.

One of the lodges, the inappropriately named Las Vegas, even allows you to sleep by the slopes, 2,000 meters up, in smart, new rooms. Earmarked *Gusto* dishes are based on the best of locally sourced ingredients and paired with a recommended local wine. The concept borrows from the Slow Food movement, which started 20 years ago in Piemonte, another Alpine region of Italy, in order to protect the country’s culinary traditions from the creep of fast food. Now Slow Ski is the buzz word in this part of the Alps, as resorts flag up more sybaritic approaches to winter holidays.

All the pleasant swooshing on the slopes and fine lunches wouldn’t count for much if

the lodgings weren’t up to par. But the villages of Alta Badia stack up well in this regard, too, with the emphasis on comfort.

The Hotel Rosa Alpina (www.rosalpina.it) in San Cassiano is the only five-star lodging in the area, and lives up to expectations in terms of service and amenities. The rooms are particularly good; big and contemporary but decidedly cozy, with real fires and hip design touches, including open-plan tubs. The Rosa Alpina’s other big draw is its two-star Michelin Restaurant St. Hubertus. Signature dishes include wasabi risotto with

Now Slow Ski is the buzz word in this part of the Alps, as resorts flag up more sybaritic approaches to winter holidays.

smoked eel. Expect the delightfully named maestro, Norbert Niederkofler, to come out of the kitchen and shake your hand. But the hotel’s Wine Bar & Grill feels less stuffy and a bit more apt, given that most of the customers will have packed woolly sweaters rather than designer suits. The quality of the food in the grill, including traditional Italian delicacies such as buffalo mozzarella and prosciutto, is still impressive.

Rosa Alpina’s on-demand shuttle bus takes you on the three-minute ride to the cable car. From there, you ascend to the wide pistes between San Cassiano and the village of Corvara for some great scenic

cruising. This wobbly intermediate was soon having a ball on the long, tree-lined reds above San Cassiano, although the longish piste 12, proved a darker shade of red, and could challenge less-confident skiers with its tricky cambers. We saw a lot of competitive skiers training on it. That said, this certainly isn’t St. Anton, though advanced skiers can try the lovely piste 17. This black, which hosts World Cup downhill competitions, runs into La Villa; for a gentler, but similarly pretty alternative, descend on the adjacent red piste. From there, take lift 56 up the other side of the village for views of the horned Sassongher mountain and forested slopes between San Cassiano and Corvara.

After a light breakfast on our first day’s skiing it seemed like a good idea by noon to ski to the Piz Arlara hut for the first *Gusto* dish. Calling the cream of celery with spec croutons, created by Slovenian chef Tomaz Kavcic, simply “soup” was probably underselling it slightly.

Things were going almost suspiciously well: no falls, not even a serious stumble and not a sniff of polenta, one of the perennial puzzles of Italian cooking. Perhaps this tasteless, yellow sludge had retreated back across the Alps to nations less gifted in a culinary sense than Italy; polenta fans claim that it’s “traditional”—but so were Spam fritters in Britain during the 1970s.

The celery soup was filling, but there was still room for a main course and the I Tabla Hut was easy skiing distance away. The *Gusto* creation here was more of a meal: knuckle of pork in honey and pepper

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Clockwise from above, the 27,000-bottle cellar of La Perla Hotel; the facade of Hotel Rosa Alpina; New Year's Eve fireworks in Alta Badia; restaurant St. Hubertus chef Norbert Niederkofler and below left his smoked eel with wasabi risotto; Club Moritzino's fresh tuna on pineapple; skiing across the Dolomites.



with chanterelles and...thyme polenta.

My companion chose it and enjoyed it, but eyed the polenta doubtfully. Four young men at the next table pointed and tittered among themselves, correctly guessing that she would fail to cope with the industrial quantity. The recommended wine, an elegant, tawny Pinot Nero with a strawberry aroma, was very good. But to eat, I played it safe with some gnocchi.

After lunch we saw the Dolomites in all their glory. Clouds were replaced by a bright blue sky and a winter sun that turned the flat-topped Sella mountain the color of caramel. Early and heavy December snowfalls were stacked on the trees. You will kick yourself if you don't bring a decent camera.

Next came a cable car up from Corvara into the famous Sella Ronda circuit. Energetic skiers can spend an entire day doing this 26-kilometer loop circuit, all on the same Dolomiti Superski pass. You can do this spectacular circular ski route clockwise or counterclockwise around the Sella massif via the villages of Arabba and Corvara. Intermediates will love the challenge, while more advanced skiers will appreciate the more difficult runs around Arabba. Everyone gasps at the scenery. Set off early to ensure there's plenty of time to catch the last lift back.

Unfortunately, we didn't have time for the whole circuit, just the steep, zig-zagging, black piste one that begins under the Sella's highest peak, the 3,150-meter Mount Boè. But we did manage to take the lift along the valley, toward the famous Gardena Pass, which adds to the exhilarating sense that you're covering ground. Another

Gusto lodge, Jimmy's Hut, served as a stop for an afternoon hot chocolate—and some of the most delightful views in the Alps.

Skiing down afterwards to hip, buzzy, Corvara allows you to sample the lively après-ski at L'Murin bar. Even on the first Saturday of the season it was jam-packed with a good-looking and lively crowd enjoying the smart music selection. Twenty meters across the street, La Perla Hotel (www.hotel-laperla.it) attracts wine *cognoscenti* from all around thanks to its 27,000-bottle cellar. The eccentric owner, Michil Costa, hovers around the lobby with several sharpened pencils peeping out of his breast pocket. His claims to fame, at least locally, include his creation of a charity to help educate Tibetan children and the fact that one day a week—on Mondays—he doesn't speak, at all. The sommelier-guide who gives guests and dinners a tour of the famous wine cellar-cum-museum doesn't stop talking today, though. His patter is delivered with the unconvincing alacrity of someone who has done the tour a little too often. Wine lovers, though, will smile at witty homages to famous Bordeaux, a cheeky shrine to Sassicaia and even a little viewing room dedicated to Château d'Yquem, which includes a 1914 magnum of the celebrated white. With that much fine wine, why keep quiet about it?

All things considered, the whole six-village Alta Badia area (www.altabadia.org), with its discreet luxury, fine food and enjoyable skiing, has rather a lot to shout about. Perhaps, subconsciously, we'd meant to miss the train...



Clockwise from bottom left: hotel La Perla; Rosa Alpina; Getty Images; Rosa Alpina (2); Club Moritzino; Getty Images; Left page, Press Office Alta Badia

WINTER SPORTS

From hot tubs to haute cuisine

A new breed of high-end ski chalets offers luxurious amenities that cater to guests' every whim

By JEMIMA SISSONS

For some skiers heading to the slopes, the chance to tackle virgin snow and indulge in excessive *tartiflette* and *vin chaud* is enough of a lure. However, for others, like banker Michael Byron, a winter holiday is also a chance to enjoy some of the most luxurious chalets available.

Last year, Mr. Byron spent a week in Chalet Spa in Verbier with his wife and four boys. Guests staying at Chalet Spa—a chic five-bedroom, slate-roofed timber chalet—can expect to have a chauffeur on call; gadgets such as a home cinema and PlayStation to keep even the most hard-to-please teenagers occupied; a choice of two Jacuzzis, including one handmade from Canadian cedarwood; and an in-house masseuse, who can provide deep Swedish massages as well as a Pilates stretching routine to help restore muscles after a vigorous day on the slopes.

"It was magnificent there, nothing was too much trouble and we had no desire to leave the chalet," says Mr. Byron. The family also had a chef who catered to their every whim: "We are big fans of fusion food and sushi, and our children love California rolls and like their sashimi to be cut in a particular way at home. The chef was able to replicate this for us," he adds. "At the end of the day, we are all there to ski and to relax; it is potentially difficult with four kids, but after the holiday they said there is only one place they want to ever stay."

For well-heeled skiers like the Byrons, luxury chalets are increasingly becoming as much of an attraction as the slopes. In response, many chalets are seeking to offer a far more personal and hands-on experience. For some visitors, that means a chance to escape in comfort with the family. For others, it is an opportunity to be pampered from start to finish, without having to lift a finger. Many of these new-breed chalets are all-inclusive, with 24/7 concierge and butler services, the finest wines on tap, fully stocked humidors and all the latest technology, such as the childproof, coded security system at the 20-meter Chalet Spa pool.

For Tom Illsley, who runs a solar-development company, staying at the 700-square-meter Hidden Dragon chalet in Verbier last year was a chance to let someone else do all the hard work. "We were really well looked after," he says. "We didn't get involved in the partying the town has to offer. Instead, we would have a relaxed dinner, then kick back with a movie in the cinema with some popcorn. The chalet is spectacular and there was amazing attention to detail."

That attention to detail meant that in the mornings all their skis were prepared and loaded up in the Porsche Cayenne, and at the end of the day the chauffeur would meet them on the slopes with steaming hot chocolate, ready to whisk them back to a lavish tea and roaring fire. Guests here also get their clothes unpacked by the in-house butler, enjoy on-site ski fittings and step into pre-warmed boots in the swish, gentlemen's-club-style ski room. There is also a hammam, meditation room and yoga deck, as well as an in-house masseuse who offers Reiki and Qigong. The sound-



Clockwise from top left, the Heinz Julen Loft in Zermatt, Switzerland; the view from a bedroom at Hidden Dragon chalet in Verbier; a chef prepares a meal at Nicky Dobree's Ferme de Moudon; the interior of the Heinz Julen Loft.

proofed cinema provides diversion for slope-weary guests. One visitor skied only in the mornings, settling into a six-film marathon in the afternoons. His guest-book quote was: "Your cinema is bad for one's skiing!"

One of the most impressive chalets in Europe is the Heinz Julen Loft in Zermatt, Switzerland—a Manhattan-style glass-and-wood building that sleeps six and is perfect for smaller, more design-oriented groups. The home, owned and designed by Heinz Julen, was opened to the rental market last year because of the architect's wife. "Heinz was a great one for parties—he would have friends of his such as Robbie Williams over for parties," says Donald Scott, who runs Mountain Exposure, the luxury ski-chalet company that rents out the Loft. "His wife said it reminded her of his wild bachelor days, so he sold it."

The loft's main living area has a

suspended and illuminated table, which can be raised and lowered from coffee table, to dining table, to ceiling height; the latter creating a large party space. In one corner stands a baby grand Steinway piano. On the two sides of the house overlooking the village, the walls consist of floor-to-ceiling glass, with six-meter-high French windows leading to a large terrace. There is a white, electric exterior curtain that can wrap around all that glass if need be, to keep out prying paparazzi. Gourmet catering includes foie gras parfait with black truffle and fig preserve, flash-roasted lamb fillet with nutmeg mashed potatoes and sautéed girolles, and baked pear tartlet with Cabernet Sauvignon sorbet to finish. There is a menu consultation before you arrive, as well as wine-tasting sessions and an open bar. "When we saw the Loft, we were ecstatic," says Kostas Alexiou, who works in the garment industry and

stayed at the Loft with five friends last year. "We were so impressed by the architecture, the level of service, and were made to feel very much at home, enjoying the sauna and playing the grand piano at night."

Fabulous interiors are something that sets these high-end chalets apart. At interior designer Nicky Dobree's Ferme de Moudon in Les Gets in the French Alps, which sleeps 10, every door handle is made from hand-stitched leather; there are Ralph Lauren furnishings and Jo Malone toiletries throughout and Champagne is served every night at an ice bar by the outdoor hot tub. Each morning, guests can expect ski kits of water, lip balm and chocolate bars to be awaiting them, with someone to help them into their boots. Ms. Dobree is also in the process of designing cashmere relaxation suits, so guests don't have to sit around in ski clothes for breakfast or on their return. After a full

day on the slopes—and a scoot back to the chalet in a helicopter if so desired—the in-house chef provides a full tea, including scones and different cakes, such as a raspberry soufflé cake, every day. The four-course dinner, cooked by a Michelin-trained chef, includes amuses-bouches such as foie gras and sauternes jelly on brioche and handmade chocolates.

Yet being so well looked after also has its downsides. Karen Clark, an accountant from Perth, Scotland, enjoyed the comforts of the Chardon chalet in Val d'Isère, France, complete with two hot tubs, L'Occitane products and an in-house masseuse. However, the nightly, five-course gourmet meals and daily Champagne and canapé receptions took their toll: "Every day after a full day on the slopes, we would return to a roaring fire and lovely spread. Yet despite all the skiing," jokes Ms. Clark, "I still managed to come back two stone heavier."

Clockwise from bottom left, Joe Condron of Rockzermatt.com (2); Hidden Dragon; Ferme de Moudon (2)

WINTER SPORTS



Clockwise from above: the charming village of Ftan; the restaurant at the Guarda Val hotel; Scuol hot springs.

Switzerland's rugged Alpine gem

The charming villages of the Lower Engadine provide visitors with a peaceful, old-world respite

By JULIA HANCOCK

There are corners in Ftan, a village in Lower Engadine, Switzerland, that make you feel as if you are in a time warp. The village, nestled on a mountainside plateau, has some of the rough charm of mountain life one century ago. In some cases, animals are still kept on the ground floor of a house with their owners living upstairs, and farmers sell fresh eggs from their front doors.

The visible luxurious glamour of St. Moritz, playground to the rich and famous, seems nearly a world away, rather than only a 50-minute drive up the same valley.

The Engadine valley, in the southeastern part of the country, starts with the Inn river at the Maloja Pass (close to Italy) at the top of Upper Engadine and winds its way down toward the northeast for 100 kilometers until it enters Austria. In the Upper Engadine, the valley is wide and surrounded by the area's highest mountains. As the river continues into the Lower Engadine at Zernez, its route becomes more tortuous and rugged as the valley tightens.

In this part of the river's descent, the small villages move up from the valley floor to small mountain plateaus on the hillsides to receive more sunlight. Ftan is but one of many charming villages in the Lower Engadine, which includes Vna, Sent and Guarda. "We love it here because there is still a feeling of the undiscovered, like feeling as if you entered a different world," said Ruth Graham, a Briton who owns a home in the Lower Engadine.

The area has long been popular with Swiss families who want to opt out of the jet-set worldliness of the higher end of the valley and seek the traditional Alpine charm of old

mountain villages and a more peaceful holiday. Gradually, it has also been gaining favor with international tourists, thanks in part to the opening of the Vereina tunnel a decade ago, which eased access to the otherwise secluded valley. Despite its unchanged old-world charm, visitors don't have to forego the contemporary luxuries of a smart hotel, spa or a modern ski-resort.

In winter months, the Lower Engadine offers an attractive ski resort, Motta Naluns, with lifts reaching 2,783 meters above sea level. The skiing takes place above Scuol, Lower Engadine's capital, with some 80 kilometers of ski runs, 13 of which are challenging black pistes. Ftan and Scuol have direct access to the lifts, but the surrounding villages of Tarasp, Vulpera and Sent are well connected with Swiss-style bus services (clean, timely and efficient). One of the ski runs takes you down to Sent, but there is no ski lift back up unless you take a bus to Scuol. The ski area also offers acrobatic snow board areas as well as air board (inflatable sled) facilities, and for the more traditional, a four kilometer toboggan run.

For those vacationers who don't want to spend their days on the slopes, there are a variety of other possibilities that span from thermal baths to a network of snow-shoeing routes or sleigh riding and winter-walking routes through the countryside. Horse-drawn sleighs are available to take you to the secluded village of S-Charl (in the winter you can only reach it by sleigh or on foot) to have a typically Swiss cheese fondue dinner. Other local specialties available are *capuns* (chard wraps filled with noodle dough, bread cubes, onions and air-dried beef, topped with grated Alpine cheese and then oven baked)

and *pizokels* (wheat and buckwheat flour noodles generally served with vegetables.)

Scuol's Bogn Engiadina baths (www.cseb.ch/Bad-de/AktuellesBad) let visitors relax their limbs in the curative Alpine waters, while looking out over a spectacular landscape. Visitors can also book into a Roman-Irish spa, which joins the Ancient Roman's belief in gentle heating and cooling with water and steam with the Celtic credo in hot, dry air.

Simple exploratory walks can offer some of the greatest joys in the area. Wander down the small roads that wind themselves through the

Despite the original rustic feel to the Lower Engadine, the area boasts a number of interesting hotels and restaurants.

historic villages, like Guarda or Ardez, and around the houses, with their deeply set windows, large arch-shaped carved-wood fishbone doors, and the spectacular design etchings, or Sgraffiti, on the walls. The Sgraffiti, scraped into wet plaster, was an ancient decorative custom imported from neighboring Italy in the 16th century. The etchings in either a gray or terracotta color portray local heroes, farming scenes or simply geometric designs.

"Traditionally, each village had a slightly different color of etchings because it depended on the sand that had been mixed in the stucco and each village used local sand, which depending on where it was in the valley, varied slightly in color and texture," explained 60-year old

Paulin Nuotcla', one of the few surviving Sgraffiti artists.

The walk is further accompanied by the sounds of an ancient language. In the Lower Engadine, more so than in the upper part of the valley; the main language spoken is Romansch. It is derived from a form of Latin spoken by the Romans when they inhabited the area in 15th-century B.C., but due to the area's geographic isolation it developed into a separate dialect. Used by some 0.5% of the population, Romansch gained the status as a national language in 1996. Today, all of the Engadine is primarily bilingual Romansch and German; and all road signs are in German and Romansch.

The Engadine is also renowned for its good weather. The high mountains surrounding the valley often successfully block out some of the bad weather systems and allow for more sunny days than in other areas in German-speaking Switzerland. "The Engadine is certainly one of the sunnier parts of Switzerland because the valley is practically protected by its neighboring peaks," said Stephan Bader, a spokesman for Meteo Suisse, Switzerland's national weather service.

Despite the original rustic feel to the Lower Engadine, the area boasts a number of attractive hotels and interesting restaurants.

The four-star family run Relais & Châteaux Schlosshotel Chastè in Tarasp provides a luxurious home feel and a clear view of the 100-year-old Tarasp Castle, perching on a cliff that emerges out of the valley's floor. The hotel, with its 19 carved pine-wood rooms, also offers regular rides to the ski runs. (www.schlosshotel-tarasp.ch; rooms from €113 per person per night for a double)

The Guarda Val four-star boutique hotel in Scuol, in walking dis-

tance from the ski lifts, provides an interesting mix between the traditional and the ultra-modern. The antique carved pine-wood interior contrasts sharply with the minimalist design furniture and lighting. (www.guardaval-scuol.ch; rooms from €119 per person per night for a double)

In Ftan, which offers a direct access to the slopes, the more modern Hotel Paradies, offers spectacular views of the nearby mountains. It also boasts the La Bellezza restaurant with its award-winning chef, Martin Göschel, with one Michelin star and 18 Gault Millau points. The menu includes the Omble Chevalier (fingerling), deemed to be the most noble fish for everyday consumption hailing from Swiss lakes, and is presented grilled on a wedge of pine wood with an accompanying artichoke ragout. (www.paradieshotel.ch; rooms from €346 per night for a double)

The Lower Engadine is also home to the Swiss National Park (www.nationalpark.ch), which, while relatively small at around 170 square kilometers, is one of the world's most protected. Founded in 1914, it is also the oldest national park in the Alps and central Europe. Open from June 1 to Oct. 31, it is without a doubt well worth a visit to witness firsthand the untouched natural beauty of the park that bans all camping, fishing, bicycling and strictly limits overnight stays only to one hotel and one mountain hut.

"It is our protection level that makes us a unique destination," said Stefan Triebs, a communication assistant at the Swiss National Park. "We are closed in the winter because the paths are not visible and visitors are not allowed to leave the paths. Animals appear to know this and are less afraid of visitors."

GOLF

Mixed feelings in the minor leagues

For golfers who barely missed making the PGA Tour at Q School this month, the Nationwide awaits

[Golf Journal]

BY JOHN PAUL NEWPORT



Orlando, Fla.
The standard consolation if you make it to the final stage of the PGA Tour's qualifying school, but don't

finish in the top 25 (plus ties), and thus don't earn your PGA Tour playing card, is that at least you win a spot on the little-brother Nationwide Tour. But whether, in fact, that Nationwide Tour card is something to be cherished or a booby prize depends on where you're coming from, and what kind of Nationwide Tour card you get.

Take two players—Blake Parks, 25, and Dicky Pride, 41—who both walked away from this year's Q School at Orange County National here with fully exempt status on the Nationwide Tour. That means they will be eligible to play in every Nationwide event for at least the first third of next season, until the Tour reshuffles the pecking order for some players based on their performance to that point. Players who finish lower down at Q School earn only conditional Nationwide status; some may get into only two or three events next year.

"Man, I can't begin to tell you how happy I am!" gushed Mr. Parks moments after signing his final-round scorecard last Monday. Since turning pro in 2007, he has mostly competed on the Gateway and Hooters mini-tours. Q School meant pre-qualifying at a four-round event for players with inadequate professional credentials, then surviving through the three regular stages—18 rounds in all, 324 holes of golf. In the six-round final stage, in howling winds, he finished exactly on the number, 427 strokes (or two under par), required to earn him a full Nationwide card. (It took nine under par to win a PGA Tour card.)

Mr. Pride, a PGA Tour veteran with \$3.8 million in career earnings, was not nearly so pleased. He finished one stroke behind Mr. Parks, but will still have full Nationwide status next year because he played full-time on the tour this year and finished high enough on the money list, 41st, to keep his card. His sole purpose at Q School was to play his way back onto the regular Tour, but he failed to do so.

"Don't get me wrong, the Nationwide Tour is a wonderful thing for people who want to learn the ropes. But it's not what I aspire to," Mr. Pride said.

What's the biggest difference between the tours? "Take a zero off your winnings on the Nationwide, from the left side of the decimal point, not the right. And the same thing goes for endorsements," he replied. "It's a tough pill to swallow when you've done otherwise." The top Nationwide Tour player in 2010, Jamie Love, won \$452,951 versus \$4.9 million for the PGA Tour's top money-winner, Matt Kuchar. Down the list the difference was starker: \$62,049 for 90th place on the Nationwide Tour versus \$1 million on the PGA Tour.



For the PGA Tour, which operates both tours, this is as it should be. The Nationwide Tour's main purpose is to groom up-and-coming stars. "We're not looking to build up purses on the Nationwide Tour such that people can stay out there year after year and make a comfortable living," said Ty Votaw, the Tour's communications chief. "We see value in having it available for players who sometimes slip through the cracks on the regular Tour and need a place to play while they try to make it back. But Crash Davis is not really who we are trying to provide for." (Crash Davis, portrayed by Kevin Costner in "Bull Durham," held the dubious distinction of being minor-league baseball's home run king.)

Even so, there are a handful of Crash Davises on the Nationwide Tour. Chris Tidland, for instance, has earned \$1.3 million in 10 full seasons on the Nationwide Tour and ranks No. 4 on its all-time money list. (Darron Stiles, with \$1.5 million, ranks first.) Mr. Tidland, 38, has also made it to the PGA Tour three times, in 2001, 2007 and 2010.

"Nobody in their right mind would rather play on the Nationwide Tour than on the regular tour," he said Sunday at Q School. "But there is some level of comfort out there. You get to know the courses, you make friends, and if you play well, it's possible to make a living."

Possible but not easy. In Mr. Tidland's first eight seasons on the Nationwide Tour, his average annual winnings were \$97,549. That's barely enough to cover expenses. The typical yearly tab for a Nationwide player—airfare, hotels, rental cars and caddy fees are the big line items—is \$70,000 to \$80,000 a year, he and others I spoke with

estimated. That doesn't take into account the cost of supporting a house or apartment somewhere and, for many, a family.

On the Nationwide Tour, there are precious few ways to supplement that income. Only about half the players, Mr. Tidland estimates, have contracts with equipment makers. Those can bring in \$20,000 to \$40,000. On the PGA Tour, by contrast, equipment contracts typically start in the low six figures and escalate rapidly. Players on the big tour can also count on Monday outings and pro-ams, at \$5,000 and up per pop. They get subsidized health insurance, free luxury rental cars, free dry cleaning and loads of other freebies that Nationwide players do not.

The dream of making it to The Show dies hard. Geoffrey Sisk, 45, has been playing on the Nationwide Tour and its predecessors since 1990. He has qualified for five U.S. Opens and made it to the final stage of Q School six times, including this year, but qualified for the PGA Tour only once, in 1999. His lifetime Nationwide earnings: \$441,376. "The only reason I'm able to be out here, honestly, is because my wife has a good job at State Street Bank in Boston," Mr. Sisk said. "She pays all the bills."

Jason Hill, 39, is less fortunate. "I'm kind of at a crossroads, me personally," he said after finishing last at Q School with only conditional status on the Nationwide Tour. With three kids to support, he and his wife have been talking about other job options for him. The problem is, for the last 17 years, he's done nothing but play professional golf.

"That's the scary part, brother," he said. "I've got no clue what else I could do."

—Email John Paul at golfjournal@wsj.com



Above, Dicky Pride reacts to failed birdie putt during a competition on the 2009 Nationwide Tour; top, Chris Tidland has played 10 seasons on the Nationwide Tour: 'If you play well, it's possible to make a living.'

HOMES



At left, the cantilevered wing of José Andrés's Bethesda, Md., home; above, Mr. Andrés entertains in his kitchen; below, the library overflows with a cookbook collection, including rare first editions, and an armchair and ottoman he chose.



Paul Warchol (left); Darko Zagar for The Wall Street Journal (2)

Cooking at home with José Andrés

The famous Spanish chef finds respite from his restaurant empire in a modern Maryland house

BY JULIET CHUNG

At his restaurants, José Andrés is famous for serving “cotton candy” made with foie gras and “modern olives” that are actually liquid, bound by a thin membrane. The chef’s house in Bethesda, Md., is another modern concoction designed to trick the eye and foil expectations. At first glance, the five-bedroom, 520-square-meter home appears to be a modular, beige, stucco box. But approach from another angle and a copper-clad addition comes into view, seemingly floating in midair. In reality, it’s cantilevered over a long, glass space.

Mr. Andrés, 41 years old and originally from Spain, oversees a sprawling empire of restaurants, cookbooks and cooking shows. He has eight restaurants, including Minibar in Washington, the Bazaar by José Andrés in Los Angeles and two more opening in Las Vegas. He lectured at Harvard College this semester in a course in soft-matter physics (using cooking to demonstrate some concepts) that he helped organize with Harvard faculty and his mentor Ferran Adrià, the chef of Spain’s renowned El Bulli restaurant. Next year, Mr. Andrés is scheduled to open restaurants in Paris and Mexico City, his first outside the U.S.

The house has helped reduce his time on the road: It boasts a photogenic kitchen, which Mr. Andrés used as the set for his PBS cooking

show, “Made in Spain.” The kitchen is sleek and long, made of sapele wood, with a 10-meter-long slice of window overlooking the trees outside. The kitchen island, topped with black granite, holds overflowing bowls of fruit for Mr. Andrés’s three young daughters.

The kitchen is in a loft-like space that also contains a family room and breakfast area, all segmented by custom built-ins. Bedrooms are upstairs, and a huge screened-in patio with 6½-meter-tall ceilings connects to the master-bedroom suite and the space below.

The décor is a canvas of streamlined furniture in neutral hues, punctuated by an occasional burst of bold color. “José, he’s not traditional. If it was for him, everything would have a lot of color,” said Mr. Andrés’s wife, Patricia Fernandez, seated in the living room. She picked the glass coffee table and sleek sofas in beige and black. He picked the colorful paintings, often of food, as well as a lime-green armchair and ottoman he bought in Milan while scouting with Philippe Starck for furniture for the Bazaar. “Now, I love it,” Ms. Fernandez said of the chair.

The home was designed and built in 2004 and 2005 by prior owner David Jameson, a noted Alexandria, Va., architect, who created it from the Colonial-style rambler originally on the property. “We were looking to create a house with a conceptual quality about it that also happens to be a habitable piece

of art,” said Mr. Jameson, who estimates he spent about \$1.75 million on the renovation, before deciding to sell when a nearby property that he and his wife had long wanted went on the market.

Mr. Andrés and Ms. Fernandez had wanted to be closer to their daughters’ school in Bethesda and felt they had outgrown their previous home, in Chevy Chase, Md. They bought the house in 2006 for \$2.7 million after spotting it while out on a drive. An older seven-bedroom, 567-square-meter home a half-mile south sold in November for \$1.6 million.

On a recent Monday afternoon, the house was as busy as a train station. Two employees stood in the breakfast area going over the wording of the menu for one of the Las Vegas restaurants with Mr. Andrés, while a steady stream of friends poured in to cheer on Barcelona against rival football team Real Madrid on a small flat-screen television. Meanwhile groups of little girls—the couple’s young daughters and their friends—burst in after school and basketball practice, helping themselves to pasta and soup set out on the kitchen island.

Mr. Andrés darted from the family room, where he’d just turned on the pregame TV commentary, to the breakfast nook to get glasses. He pointed out some white mushrooms he’d stored under a glass dome; he’d collected them while playing golf (“My ball is always in the

woods,” he said). He bellowed instructions to his friends, transplanted Spaniards, as they tried to help prepare game-time snacks.

“See what I have to put up with?” said Ignasi Alcover, a cellist with the Washington National Opera, when Mr. Andrés berated him in Spanish for turning up an ice-cream

scoop instead of the cheese grater he’d been looking for.

With Mr. Andrés’s ever-changing schedule, says Ms. Fernandez, it’s challenging to predict when her husband will end his day. “I just try to make sense of the family life and keep an anchor,” she says. “Whenever he comes back, here we are.”

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BOOKS

The Syntax Of Style

Farnsworth's Classical English Rhetoric
By Ward Farnsworth
Godine, 256 pages, £22.95

BY HENRY HITCHINGS

"I worry incessantly that I might be too clear," Alan Greenspan once claimed. He intended the remark to be crowd-pleasing, but it served as an acknowledgment of the necessary ambiguity of professional economics. To be clear is to leave oneself open to attack; there is safety in obscurity. In many quarters clarity is interpreted as oversimplification, and the cryptic utterance is regarded as a mark of expertise. Yet the murkiness of public discourse often results not from willful indistinctness but simply from a blithe, untutored lack of rhetorical know-how.

In "Farnsworth's Classical English Rhetoric," Ward Farnsworth sets out to remedy this. A professor at the Boston University School of Law, Mr. Farnsworth has previously published "The Legal Analyst," which he described as "a collection of tools for thinking about legal questions," and a guide to chess tactics. This book manifests his familiar pragmatism and distaste for rarefied theory; billed as "a lively set of lessons," it is in fact more akin to a well-curated exhibition of rhetorical accessories.

"Everyone speaks and writes in patterns," Mr. Farnsworth states. We have absorbed models of

expression, which we reproduce "without thinking much about it." Yet we can study the patterns and learn to make our utterances more effective. To this end he maps the rhetorical figures that are, as he puts it, "practical ways of working with large aesthetic principles." Selecting passages from favorite authors and orators, and providing judicious remarks about them, he offers "help to those who wish to be on better terms with such techniques."

In its popular use, the adjective "rhetorical" has become a slur, conveying images of bombast and

A guide to the literary tropes and rhetorical forms that once made English prose so stylish and compelling.

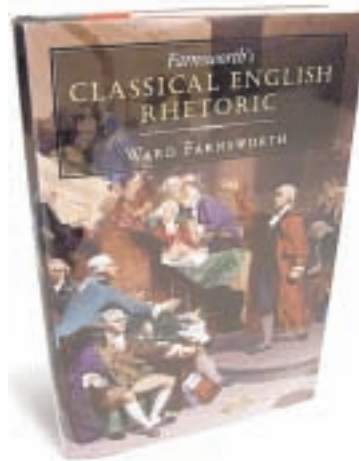
bloatedness. We are apt to associate it with the prolix statements of policy makers and the aureate pomposity of evangelists. Mr. Farnsworth wants to reclaim the word and the principles it truly betokens.

He is the inheritor of a substantial tradition. The ancient literature on rhetoric includes works by Aristotle, Cicero and Quintilian. The subject was treated extensively by Renaissance scholars such as

Erasmus and Juan Luis Vives, George Puttenham and Thomas Wilson. Its modern apostles, on the whole less eminent, are numerous. Mr. Farnsworth, however, is unusual in focusing on techniques rather than articulating a general plea for expressive poise.

Although the bulk of the book consists of examples, Mr. Farnsworth's interleaved commentary is valuable. He explains, for instance, *polysyndeton*: It is the repeated use of a conjunction, as in Mark Twain's "a German daily is the slowest and saddest and dreariest of the inventions of man." In addition, Mr. Farnsworth gives us six reasons to use it, including a certain artless effect, which "may enhance the speaker's credibility." When it comes to *asyndeton*—the omission of conjunctions, as in Twain's "Munich did seem the horriblest place, the most desolate place, the most unendurable place"—he offers seven such reasons. This is done with modest brevity rather than in a labored and didactic fashion.

An incidental effect of Mr. Farnsworth's selection of examples is a kind of covert literary criticism. We are alerted to G.K. Chesterton's love of *chiasmus*—the ABBA pattern in which repetition involves reversal. Chesterton writes that "we do not get good laws to restrain bad people. We get good people to restrain bad laws" and that "an inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered; an



adventure is an inconvenience rightly considered." According to Mr. Farnsworth, the device suited the author because "he believed that modern thought constantly had things backward."

One gets the impression that, a century on from Chesterton, Mr. Farnsworth finds our own modernity topsy-turvy. He notes the decline of rhetoric in our times and his chosen examples come from authors and orators between the age of Shakespeare and the 1950s. The modern politician is for him "a creature of very modest literacy and wit," who strains for grandiloquence and "spoils what he touches." Instead of rhetoric, the politician favors figures of another kind: Today's infatuation with statistics is a bid for scientific exactness but tends to crowd out finesse.

Having taken Latin and Greek at school, I knew a little bit about rhetoric before settling down with Mr. Farnsworth. But while chiasmus and ellipsis were familiar, many of his terms were new to me. Most are not words to slip into casual conversation—"Great *epizeuxis* in your presentation, George!"—but they usefully label forms of ingenuity, and a familiarity with them sharpens our sensitivity to the range of ways in which language can be mobilized to influence and excite us.

The most immediate pleasure of this book is that it heightens one's appreciation of the craft of great writers and speakers. Mr. Farnsworth includes numerous examples from Shakespeare and Dickens, Thoreau and Emerson, Winston Churchill and Abraham Lincoln. He also seems keen to rehabilitate writers and speakers whose rhetorical artistry is undervalued; besides his liking for Chesterton, he shows deep admiration for the Irish statesman Henry Grattan (1746-1820), whose studied repetition of a word ("No lawyer can say so; because no lawyer could say so without forfeiting his character as a lawyer") is an instance, we are told, of *conduplicatio*. But more than anything Mr. Farnsworth wants to restore the reputation of rhetorical artistry per se, and the result is a handsome work of reference.

—Mr. Hitchings is the author of "The Secret Life of Words: How English Became English" (2008).

Seductively Dangerous

The English Opium Eater:
A Biography of Thomas De Quincey
By Robert Morrison
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 488 pages, £25

BY LEE SANDLIN

William Hazlitt (1778-1830) once observed that the arts don't make progress the way that the sciences do. Instead, they tend to deteriorate. So when you're looking for the best of literary journalism, the place to go is Hazlitt himself, and his contemporary and rival Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859), who is the subject of Robert Morrison's superb biography "The English Opium Eater."

Hazlitt and De Quincey wrote for the magazines and literary journals that flourished in England early in the 19th century. They were the archetypal hacks, in that they'd write anything that would pay. But they also managed to invent, inadvertently and through sheer expedience, almost every form of modern magazine feature writing.

De Quincey, seven years younger, seems to have thought of himself as the classier alternative to Hazlitt. Though born into the Manchester merchant class, De Quincey was the haughty aristocrat where Hazlitt was a lifelong radical. In contrast to Hazlitt's championing of the fashionably new, De Quincey—who was reputed to be fluent in Latin and Greek by age 15, and left Oxford without a degree, seemingly out of boredom—was a classical scholar.

But De Quincey's actual journalistic output was, even more than Hazlitt's, a wild gallimaufry. He covered the latest theology and political science; he translated German ghost stories; he wrote hysterically

racist editorials in favor of British imperialism and weirdly comic essays about celebrated murder cases. Once, urgently in need of cash—De Quincey and his wife, Margaret, had eight children—he spent a few weeks churning out a magazine piece about his opium habit, and the result was his classic "Confessions of an English Opium Eater"—the archetype for the heavily romanticized drug-addiction memoir. That's a tough burden for anybody to carry through posterity: Without De Quincey, there would have been no James Frey.

De Quincey's writing isn't offhandedly entertaining, like Hazlitt's: It's massive, rolling and grand. "Impassioned prose," he called it, and at his best—such as his visionary accounts of his opium dreams in the "Confessions"—he produced some of the most bizarrely magnificent passages in the English language. "The sea appeared paved with innumerable faces upturned to the heavens," he writes of one dream, "faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries: my agitation was infinite; my mind tossed and surged with the ocean."

But his non-impassioned mode is a steep fall-off; the complex, involuted sentences spool out endlessly and listlessly, like rivers dying away in the Sahara. Few writers are as tortuously uneven—but then, as Mr. Morrison makes clear in "The English Opium Eater," it was really a freak that De Quincey wrote anything good at all.

Mr. Morrison gives us an admirably lucid tour through the long, chaotic shambles of De Quincey's life. The book is also the bleakest ac-



count of the journalistic profession I've ever read, but that's not Mr. Morrison's fault. De Quincey was a born journalist, but of a peculiar, exasperating (and instantly recognizable) kind: the one who can only turn out publishable copy as a desperate last resort. "The English Opium Eater" is a relentless catalog of the contracts De Quincey ignored, the deadlines he blew off, the loans and advances he cadged and never repaid, the tantrums he threw when

his copy was edited, the masterpieces he promised but never got around to writing, and the torrent of hackwork he churned out as debtor's prison beckoned.

Looming over it all is opium. Mr. Morrison tells the story of De Quincey's lifelong addiction without moralizing, but he makes plain the horrifying cost, not only to De Quincey but also to his family, his friends, his colleagues and his employers. Like any addict, De Quincey

was consumed with self-pity but was only intermittently aware of the trail of ruin he was leaving behind him—"When it came to being difficult," Mr. Morrison observes, "De Quincey did not play favorites." He did make occasional attempts to quit and often proclaimed that he had succeeded, but he always relapsed, and by the end the habit had engulfed him. In one of the last pieces of writing he finished before his death, a revision and expansion of the "Confessions," he cut out all his laments over the destructive effects of opium and replaced them with radiant praise.

It's a sinister farewell, and yet the tantalizing issue remains: What would De Quincey's work have amounted to without opium? Hazlitt once observed, maliciously but not inaccurately, that De Quincey only wrote well "whilst the opium was trickling from his mouth." Everything else of De Quincey's is forgotten, but the opium-driven "impassioned prose" remains.

It inspired Berlioz to compose the *Symphonie Fantastique* and Poe to write "The Masque of the Red Death." Dickens's weird late novels are heavily indebted to De Quincey's opium-fueled writing; William Burroughs's work—and for that matter, the whole of H.P. Lovecraft—is unthinkable without it. Heaven turned up recently as the presiding muse for the dreamlike horror films of Dario Argento. De Quincey wasn't just one of the first and best of the literary journalists but the most corruptingly influential, the most seductively dangerous of them all.

—Mr. Sandlin's most recent book is "Wicked River: The Mississippi When It Last Ran Wild."

ART & AUCTIONS



Wilhelm Ahlborn's 'View of Florence' (1832).

Recovering vanished art

An exhibition in Germany shows works that were lost

By J. S. MARCUS

In 1934, a year after the Nazis came to power, Berlin's National Gallery loaned some 70 works to decorate Adolf Hitler's Reich Chancellery, including an evocative landscape, "View of Florence," by German Romantic painter August Wilhelm Ahlborn. In 1945, the painting disappeared into the postwar chaos, along with many other German artworks and artifacts.

For decades, "View of Florence" was thought to be lost for good. Then, out of nowhere, a Berlin auction house offered it for sale in 2009.

Earlier this year, after reaching an agreement with the seller, the Berlin-based Stiftung Preussischer Kulturbesitz, or Prussian Cultural Heritage Foundation, which runs the city's major museums and state libraries, reacquired "View of Florence." It is now on view, with around two dozen other 19th-century paintings, in a special exhibition called "Loss and Return," which documents Berlin's most recent attempts to recover works lost during World War II. The exhibition opened last Friday at Berlin's Alte Nationalgalerie and runs through March 6.

"We get a lot of information from auction houses," says Hermann Parzinger, president of the Prussian Cultural Heritage Foundation. After a onetime Berlin work is discovered at auction, says Mr. Parzinger, "we try to negotiate" with the seller. In many cases, he says, the foundation offers 10% of the work's market value.

In the initial period after the war, museums in Germany's Soviet-occupied zone often saw the bulk of their collections seized as de facto reparations, or else simply looted by individuals. Many of these works were in turn sent back to East Germany starting in the 1950s, however hundreds of thousands remain unaccounted for, says Gilbert Lupfer, head of provenance research at the Staatliche Kunstsammlungen Dresden, or Dresden State Art Collections. Mr. Lupfer estimates the number of lost works in Dresden's collections at over 100,000. However, he says that Berlin's museums suffered even heavier losses.

Klaas Ruitenbeek, director of

Berlin's Museum of Asian Art, says that 90% of Berlin's prewar East Asian collection is now largely in the Hermitage Museum and Moscow's Pushkin Museum. Speaking for the Russian government, Yevgeniy Khorishko, press attaché at the Russian Embassy in Washington, said that the time before this article's publication was too limited to confirm the whereabouts of these works, but, invoking a 1998 law, said that German "cultural treasures" moved to the Soviet Union and still in Russia are now "national treasures of Russia."

Perhaps the best-known objects still in Russia belong to "Priam's Treasure," a collection of gold and other objects unearthed by German archaeologist and adventurer Heinrich Schliemann, during his 19th-century excavations of a Turkish site he believed to be ancient Troy. Berlin's recently renovated Neues Museum, home to the city's so-called "Early and Prehistory" collections, contains a hall named "Schliemann's Troy."

Presumed lost for decades after the war, Priam's Treasure resurfaced at the Pushkin Museum in the 1990s. Schliemann's Troy now exhibits many of the constituent objects in the form of replicas.

"The German position," says Stephanie Heinlein, spokesperson for the Prussian Cultural Heritage Foundation, is that Priam's Treasure remains "the property of the Stiftung Preussischer Kulturbesitz" and "part of the original collection of the Museum of Early and Prehistory, located in Berlin until 1945 [and] thereafter in the safekeeping of the Pushkin Museum."

Mr. Lupfer attended a special meeting earlier this month between the German and Ukrainian governments and participating art authorities meant in part to clarify the status of outstanding artworks seized by the Soviets and now in Ukrainian museums and collections. He says that these meetings, which may lead to the return of certain disputed objects, have occurred every few years over the past decade, but that they are set to increase in frequency. He says the Dresden museums keep track of auctions, but that they have

also used lawsuits to reclaim works—Mr. Lupfer cites "a long trial in Belgium," decided two years ago, which returned a work by Flemish Old Master Jan Brueghel the Elder.

The reclamation of works lost during the war has sped up in recent years, according to the Berlin State Museums, which says they have recovered more works in the past decade than in the previous several decades.

Lucian Simmons, the New York-based head of restitution issues at Sotheby's, isn't surprised that the Berlin State Museums has seen a rise in the number of reclaimed objects. "The general atmosphere in the art world has changed," he says. Traditionally, he says, the auction house's assessment of an object "was focused more on value." Now, he says, "historical provenance," which would help uncover if an object had once been the part of a German museum collection, is "right up there as one of the first things you look at." He cites the impact of www.lostart.de, a public-access database in Magdeburg, Germany, set up by the government in the mid-1990s, which tries to keep track of artworks displaced as a result of both Nazi expropriation and Soviet seizure. "We check Lost Art for all unique items" which might have changed hands as a result of the war, says Mr. Simmons. He also consults the Art Loss Register, a U.K.-based international database.

The German database now includes detailed information about some 120,000 objects, says Andrea Baresel-Brand, Lost Art's deputy director, and has general information about over three million more objects and manuscripts.

Some Berlin artworks regarded as lost are still a cause for speculation, says Mr. Parzinger, citing "the strange theories" surrounding the Caravaggio painting "The Inspiration of Matthew," which is thought to have been burned in a Berlin bunker near the end of the war.

A few works on display in "Loss and Return" were also thought to have been destroyed in similar fires. Is there a chance the Caravaggio might still turn up? "Anything is possible," says Mr. Parzinger.

For the kid in all of us

[Collecting]

By MARGARET STUDER



Upcoming vintage toy and doll auctions fit a season of Christmas cheer. I don't mean for the kids but for the parents, many

of whom collect toy trains, antique dolls or teddy bears.

"Collecting toys is built on nostalgia. You buy today what you wanted back when your mummy had to say no," says Bonhams toy specialist Kegan Harrison. "Toy collectors relive their childhood."

Bonhams toy and doll department head Leigh Gotch agrees: "Antique toys and dolls attract because they have an innocent feel as they were played with by children. But they are more than that in being valuable antiques that reflect past societies and fashions."

On Tuesday, in a 16th-century converted farmhouse in Knowle, near Birmingham, England, Bonhams will hold its traditional pre-Christmas sale of antique toys, dolls and little soldiers. The sale has no fewer than 1,375 lots, emphasizing the continued demand for a collecting area to which everyone can relate.

A top lot of the sale will be a French porcelain doll from circa 1890 made by the manufacturer Jumeau, famous for dolls with beautiful faces and exquisite clothes. The doll wears an elaborate lilac bonnet, with lace and ostrich plume, reflecting the fashion of the time (estimate: £2,000-£2,500).

Tinplate vehicles from the 1930s have a regular following. Among the tinplate items will be a stately little number in a blue limousine driven by a uniformed chauffeur (estimate: £300-£500).

From the early 1960s come a number of items based on "Supercar" (1961-62), a children's television series created by Gerry Anderson. Supercar is a vertical and landing craft piloted by Mike Mercury that engages in dangerous rescue missions. The series preceded Mr. Anderson's most famous TV invention "Thunderbirds" (1965-66). A package of two supercar vehicles in red and silver is estimated in the sale at £300-£400. Also from the 1960s will be a battery-operated blue-

caped figure of the comic book superhero Batman produced by Nomura of Japan (£500-£800).

Some of the most attractive pieces in the sale are plastic soldiers from the mid-20th century. The little figures march with such determination and precision. Estimated at £200-£300 is a proud band of marching Scots Guards in full regalia manufactured by Britains Toy Co. (1962).

Meanwhile, in New York today, Sotheby's will auction the famed antique toy collection of publisher Malcolm Forbes and his sons. Forbes (1919-90), an avid collector of many things ranging from Fabergé eggs to motorcycles, loved all things nautical. Forbes's passion for toy boats dates back to a childhood when he sailed the Atlantic frequently with his family on voyages between the U.S. and Europe.

Sports, naval, commercial and luxury toy boats make up the major portion of the sale. They were produced from the 1870s through the 1950s, a golden age of toys, by top manufacturers such as Germany's Märklin, Bing, Fleischmann and Carette.

A highlight will be a recreation by Märklin of the Cunard Line's "Lusitania" (circa 1912), the luxury ocean liner sunk by a German submarine in 1915. The event helped precipitate the entry of the U.S. into the World War I. The boat, which is 95 centimeters long and built with meticulous details, was bought by Forbes in 1983 for \$28,600, setting a record at the time for the highest price ever paid at auction for a toy boat. It is now estimated at \$100,000-\$200,000.

The largest boat in the collection, at 120 centimeters long, is a French gas-powered, heavily armored battleship known as "André the Giant" (circa 1905). It bristles with guns below a towering mast with four crow's nests. On the bridge, a captain stands at the wheel. The boat's origins are unclear and it is the only known example (estimate: \$200,000-\$300,000).

Among the most charming objects is an American 28-centimeter red-and-blue, tin rowing boat with a single rower dressed to kill in a smart 19th-century outfit (circa 1870). When a clockwork mechanism is wound, the rower sends the boat racing through the water (estimate: \$3,500-\$5,500).



A tinplate blue limousine driven by a chauffeur (estimate: £300-£500).

REVIEWS

Christmas gifts from Paris

Paris: There's plenty of sparkle on the city's stages this holiday season, with an effervescent "Ariadne auf Naxos" at the Paris Opéra Bastille and a rollicking debut for Lerner and Loewe's "My Fair Lady" at the Théâtre du Châtelet.

Director Laurent Pelly, director of Théâtre National de Toulouse since 2007, has staged some of the most memorable opera productions in Paris over the past decade, among them Offenbach's "La Belle Héléne" at the Châtelet and Jean-Philippe Rameau's "Platée" for the Paris Opera. Richard Strauss's "Ariadne," a slightly delirious mix of high drama and low comedy, is a perfect fit for Mr. Pelly's ingeniously light touch. The story is a play within a play: In the prologue, the young composer is preparing a short opera, based on the Greek myth of Ariadne, commissioned by "the richest man in Vienna" as after-dinner entertainment. At the last minute, the host decides to lighten things up by adding Zerbinetta and her Italian *commedia dell'arte* troupe to the program, and then, to save time, ordains that the opera and the harlequinade be combined. The imperious primadonna and her pompous tenor harrumph to no avail, and the distraught composer alternates between suicidal despair and moments of rapture as new melodies for Ariadne pop into his

head—and he discovers the insouciant charms of Zerbinetta.

When the hybrid performance starts, Ariadne on her beach-resort island pines for Theseus and death in glorious style, while Zerbinetta and her cohorts insist that wanting to die for a lost love is foolish when there will always be another one along in a minute. Enter Bacchus, washing ashore, to prove the point. Mr. Pelly handles the complex comedy (and the costume design) with his own signature mix of reverence for the music and irreverence for staid conventions—witness the trio of fellows following the luscious Zerbinetta around on all fours like a pack of puppies, in lockstep backup-group unison. Mr. Pelly's original Zerbinetta, the exuberant Natalie Dessay, is a hard act to follow, but Canadian soprano Jane Archibald does an admirable job, and looks terrific in Zerbinetta's teeny-weeny orange-and-green bikini. French mezzo-soprano Sophie Koch has made the role of the composer her own, and she is in glorious voice as she sings the exquisite music intended for Ariadne. With sets by Chantal Thomas—a soaring Viennese mansion in a snowstorm, an unfinished beach hotel complete with garish tourists in a VW bus—and Philippe Jordan conducting the Paris Opera Orchestra, it's a joyous holiday treat.

At the Châtelet, the Paris premiere of "My Fair Lady," in English, is smoothly and smartly staged by Canadian director Robert Carsen and co-produced by Saint Petersburg's Mariinsky Theater, where it will appear next summer, the first musical comedy ever performed there. It is likely that no production will ever compare to Broadway's 1956 original, directed by Moss Hart, starring Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews, with costumes by Cecil Beaton. But this one is a fine evening at the theater, and British actor Alex Jennings is absolutely wonderful as the irrepressibly arrogant Henry Higgins. The stylized, all-white neoclassic sets are a bit cold for all the warm and energetic fun being generated on stage, but the rapid-fire succession of Lerner and Loewe hit songs, the zesty dialogue based on George Bernard Shaw's original "Pygmalion" and the excellent cast—Sarah Gabriel as Eliza (alternating with Christine Arand), Donald Maxwell as the rascally Alfred Doolittle, Jenny Galloway as Mrs. Pearce and Ed Lyon as Freddy ("On the Street Where You Live") Eynsford-Hill—outshine any quibbles.

—Judy Fayard

Ariadne auf Naxos until Dec. 30; www.operadeparis.fr

My Fair Lady until Jan. 2; www.chatelet-theatre.com



Sophie Koch as Der Komponist (bottom).



Nasser D. Khalili. Collection of Islamic Art. © Nour Foundation. Courtesy of the Khalili Family Trust

Reflecting on priceless perfection

Amsterdam: The treasures on display at the Nieuwe Kerk this winter are priceless, but the most striking element of the "Passion for Perfection" exhibition is an effective design element: the simple use of mirrors.

The exhibition features 500 pieces from the collection of Nasser D. Khalili, the world's foremost private collector of Islamic art. The repertory features 10th-century Qurans scripted in miniature Kufi calligraphy; 13th-century pottery that blends master craftsmanship with an element of celebration, like a Syrian water jug shaped like an elephant; and a dazzling array of opulent blades whose appearance belies their purpose. Mr. Khalili assembled his collection in decades when Islamic art wasn't as highly sought after as it is

Pendant in the form of an eagle
Mughal India, 18th century.

today; in the '70s, he sometimes purchased 100 items at a time.

The collection shows the versatility of Islamic art. Far from a monolithic entity, the visitor sees a varied expression of cultures from the Middle East to India. Among the most compelling artifacts is a series of illustrations drawn from a number of courts throughout the Islamic world. These are breathtaking amalgams of calligraphy and artistic construction, picturing everything from Noah in his ark to beasts gathering before Solomon and Bilqis to "Judith with the Severed Head of Holofernes," from 1680 Iran. The illustrations' bright colors still jump out, their vividness undiminished by time.

The presence of centuries of Islamic artistic patrimony in a decommissioned Christian church is a curious contrast, one that any visitor would find impossible not to con-

template, and the organizers don't shy away from the juxtaposition. This is where the mirrors come in. Display shelves are made of them, and the play of mirrors extending horizontally and stretching vertically under the church nave creates images that are unique to this exhibit's time and place: the brass-cast oak of the 17th-century choir screen laid over a 15th-century Anatolian carpet; the geometric rhythm of an 18th-century Egyptian or Turkish cenotaph cover surrounded by a reflected stained-glass image depicting some scene from the Dutch Republic; an intricate interplay of curves, lines and movement that brings Islamic art and Christian architecture into an often playful, sometimes contemplative dialogue.

—Joel Weickgenant

Until April 17
www.nieuwekerk.nl

Wolfram is leader of the Royal Opera's pack

London: It's been 23 years since the Royal Opera offered a new production of Wagner's musically prodigious, intellectually puzzling "Tannhäuser." Tim Albery's staging uses the 1860s Paris version that contains some daring, post-"Tristan" musical invention and a radical first act ballet (the dance normally came after the interval, so Paris plutocrats could skip the beginning, but turn up in time to have sex backstage with their mistresses in the corps de ballet).

Choreographer Jasmin Vardimon's long, stylish and chic frenzied orgy is the best thing in the staging of this difficult piece. Even so, this "Tannhäuser" is superior to any Wagner production I've ever seen in long attendance at Bayreuth, except for two "Tristans" and a

"Dutchman." Its distinction lies in conductor Semyon Bychkov's ability to balance the glories of the orchestral score with the brutal demands Wagner makes on the singers, plus some knockout performances.

Mr. Albery and his designer Michael Levine set the first act in Venusberg (Wagner's intentional sexual pun) in a slightly reduced replica of the Covent Garden stage, presumably equating high art with sensuality; and the second, near Tannhäuser's native Wartburg, in the war-ravaged rubble of the replica stage, with the chorus dressed as contemporary Balkan armed fighters. I suppose this implies that politics destroys art. But the problem is that Wagner has made his Wartburgers pious Christians, who nearly lynch Tannhäuser after a

song competition in which he praises sexual love, thus breaking the pure Christian heart of Elisabeth, the woman who had waited for him while he dallied with Venus.

The insoluble muddle is Wagner's, himself torn between sexuality and asceticism. As Tannhäuser, Johan Botha sings all the notes, some beautifully, but his hyper-Pavarotti girth prevents him from even attempting to act. Eva-Maria Westbroek's appealing Elisabeth appears more powerful than virginal. Michaela Schuster is superb as Venus, but the evening's star is Christian Gerhaher as Wolfram, whose refined baritone and nuanced acting stands out even in this fine production.

—Paul Levy

Until Jan. 2
www.roh.org.uk



Johan Botha as Tannhäuser.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY MORNING

Restaurateur Alain Coumont gets his hands dirty

The Belgian entrepreneur talks to The Wall Street Journal Europe about how he starts his weekend.

Alain Coumont lives and breathes organic food. The founder of Le Pain Quotidien, a high-end bakery known for its communal tables and artisanal bread, spends his free time at his farm in France, growing parsley and sipping homemade wine. Mr. Coumont, who has made bio food and traditional farming a trademark of his business, speaks passionately about growing food in a sustainable fashion. "If the whole world was growing organic food, we would have enough food to feed the world. Doing agriculture the old-fashioned way can produce a lot and enough," he says. Those passions also rule Mr. Coumont's weekends, when he shares his love of food with family and friends, farms and bunkers down in the quiet hideaway where he catches his breath between the openings of new restaurants around the globe, the latest of which are taking place in Mumbai and Tokyo this month.

How do you spend your weekends?
My weekend is usually a very busy one. I live on a farm 40 kilometers outside Montpellier. When I am home, I am surrounded by a lot of land, so I take care of the vineyard. I pick my own olives, which I harvest during the summer to make oil. When you live on a farm, going to work means you get to rest from the farm, which is a bit unusual. I also do a lot of cooking, which for me is a hobby and very relaxing. [And] I take care of the garden, the vegetables and the herbs.

What was the last dish you made?
[Montpellier] is warmer than London in the winter, so in the garden we have a fair amount of plants that like the cold, like broccoli, argula and parsley. So I would cook some soup with parsley and some kind of wild mustard. I usually cook on my own for the family.

A family tradition
My daughter loves to cook with me. I am keen to teach her things from the past. She is 7 years old, so I have to start from scratch. She particularly loves sweets—apple pie and chocolate truffles. It's a good way to cook the French classics. I don't know if all kids love cooking, but she loves it. I really see the spark in her eyes—the same spark I had when I was a kid.

With all of this cooking, do you entertain often?
I would invite friends for dinner... An M&A Swedish lawyer friend, who is also a winemaker, is here one weekend out of two. So he usually cooks and I bring some of my wine. We try to use the local stuff. We don't use lobster imported from Canada....This year, we had the 2010 red wine from my vineyard. We had it after its second fermentation stage, which in wine we call the malolactic fermentation...and this year there was no yeasting and no solidified additives. It was pure grape juice that we just let ferment and let nature do everything. We only have 1,200 bottles, so it's only for the family and friends. We just give it away or drink it ourselves. It would be unsellable, because it would be too expensive.

How do you unwind?
I enjoy a good, quiet place with wood that I chop myself....A fireplace with a good book and a glass of old wine: this is the perfect time. I just finished a French book by Michel Houellebecq, who got a literary award in France this year. I enjoy quiet places with not too many people at the same time. Even eight people at once can feel too much like a board meeting.

What would you like to do more of?
I would like to grow more types of vegetables in my own garden. When I travel, I always bring seeds from different countries. I have planted some Japanese [plants] in my garden. I am even trying to grow wasabi in my farm. I have cold, pure water and supposedly this is the perfect environment for wasabi roots. [And] I brought some blue corn seeds from Mexico that I planted in my garden.

What else do you like to do?
Another weekend activity I love is *chiner*, a French verb meaning to go to flea markets and antiques stores to find some curiosities and antiques. I also love going to the Saturday farmers' market in the town of Pezenas or Gignac to buy local produce, and buy live animals for the farm—chicken, duck. We only eat the eggs; we are unable to kill them. After a while, when you feed them every morning and open the gate of the chicken house so they can wander and roam in the wood, we become friendly and you realize they all have their own character.
—Mr. Coumont was speaking with Javier Espinoza.

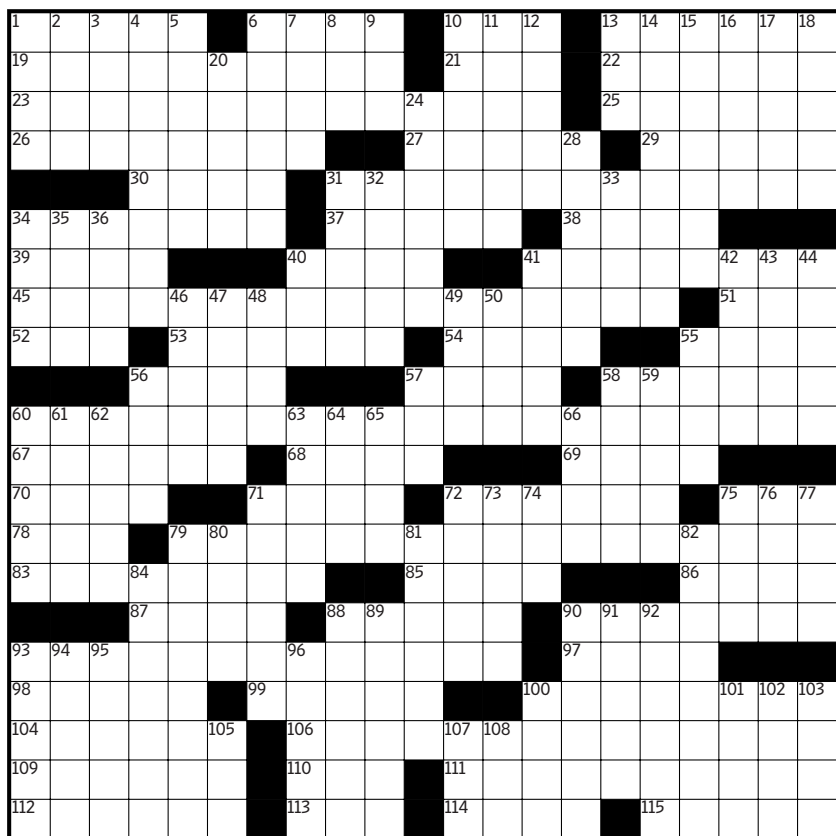


Alain Coumont

THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

- Across**
- 1 "Take responsibility!"
 - 6 Top man, in headlines
 - 10 Flapper wrapper
 - 13 Blanket artisan
 - 19 Cannes site
 - 21 Dray puller
 - 22 Home of Nike
 - 23 Canned, maybe for taking a siesta?
 - 25 Up-to-the-minute
 - 26 "The Shawshank Redemption" setting
 - 27 First saint canonized by a pope
 - 29 100, in Italy
 - 30 It'll grow on you
 - 31 Idiom for a neologist taking a siesta?
 - 34 Ushers in, with fanfare
 - 37 Hampers
 - 38 "99 Luftballons" singer
 - 39 Novelist Turgenev
 - 40 Uffizi works
 - 41 Mound accessory
 - 45 Simile of similarity taking a siesta?
 - 51 "Evil Woman" band
 - 52 With 51-Across, 1976 compilation album
 - 53 One may cover your tab
 - 54 Like a quidnunc

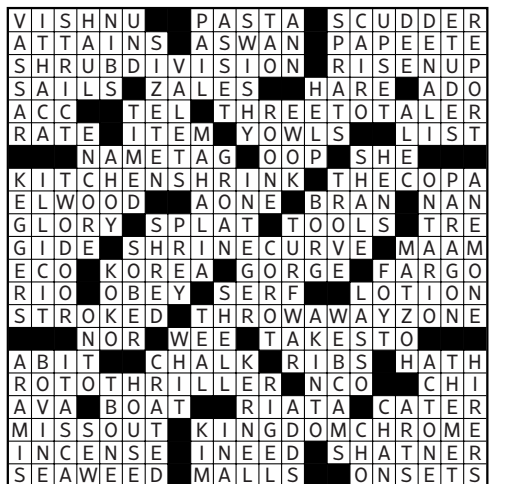
Zzzzz / by Myles Callum



- Down**
- 1 Bus, gatherings
 - 2 Take ___ (lose money)
 - 3 St. Petersburg's river
 - 4 Bowling ball material
 - 5 Gland that produces melatonin
 - 6 "Twelve Days of Christmas" group
 - 7 Clydesdale controller
 - 8 Directional suffix
 - 9 Ringo's drummer son
 - 10 Slate
 - 11 God of the underworld
 - 12 Defense secretary after Cheney
 - 13 Cambodia's Lon ___
 - 14 Scorpion, e.g.
 - 15 Seasoned type
 - 16 Project Gemini rocket stage
 - 17 Legions
 - 18 How ballerinas dance
 - 20 Uninspired
 - 24 Former Ecuadorian money
 - 28 High forest stratum
 - 31 Ruth's retired number
 - 32 Lash ___ (berate)
 - 33 Peon's pay, perhaps
 - 34 City with a view of Mauna Kea
 - 35 Good fighter?
 - 36 Croupier's tool
 - 40 Call from the PD
 - 41 Many a reggae musician
 - 42 Soviet secret police chief
 - 43 Dismay
 - 44 "Something's ___ Give" (Nicholson/Keaton film)
 - 46 Letter-shaped girder
 - 55 Angel's opposite
 - 56 Repeated word in a Doris Day hit
 - 57 Bust ___ (laugh hard)
 - 58 Jet
 - 60 Famously felicitous palindrome taking a siesta?
 - 67 Pithy proverbs
 - 68 Plug-in Chevy
 - 69 Mares eat them
 - 70 Cause of inflation?
 - 71 Made ecstatic
 - 72 Tree-climbing lizard
 - 75 ___ rule
 - 78 Programming language named for the first programmer
 - 79 Punny motto for this puzzle, taking a siesta?
 - 83 Nothing gets by them
 - 85 The Baltics, once: Abbr.
 - 86 Treacherous ensign of drama
 - 87 Oil company with annual toy trucks
 - 88 Indistinct
 - 90 Pontiac muscle car
 - 93 NBA team taking a siesta?
 - 97 50+ group
 - 98 Hop atop
 - 99 Surfboard treatments
 - 100 Serengeti grazer
 - 104 Far from fearless
 - 106 Campaign catchphrase taking a siesta?
 - 109 Mickey's co-star in "The Wrestler"
 - 110 "Methinks," in chat rooms
 - 111 Divisive
 - 112 Goggles
 - 113 Siesta taken by this puzzle's longest answers
 - 114 First name in the "Sanford and Son" cast
 - 115 Handle

- 47 Bends out of shape
- 48 Type of testimony
- 49 Teri Garr's "Young Frankenstein" role
- 50 What every thing is
- 55 Bakery buys
- 56 Salon sound
- 57 Play piece
- 58 Atlanta Symphony leader Robert
- 59 Host of the 2006 Asian Games
- 60 Oscar's org.
- 61 Spinoff sitcom of 1972
- 62 Rock guitarist, in slang
- 63 States
- 64 Fewer than few
- 65 Relief map figs.
- 66 Goldbrick
- 71 It has its ups and downs
- 72 Univ. faculty member
- 73 Cooper and Cole
- 74 Good times
- 75 Cries of clarity
- 76 Heroic narrative
- 77 Elemental bit
- 79 Scholarly paper
- 80 Dogpatch possessive
- 81 Put a value on
- 82 Rust-resistant sheet
- 84 Vanishing point?
- 88 Graph peaks
- 89 Fruity frozen treat
- 90 Failed in a big way
- 91 Finger
- 92 Concert venues
- 93 Mosque VIPs
- 94 Sprat's dictum
- 95 Sorghum variety
- 96 "America by Heart" author
- 100 Battery stuff
- 101 Andy's boy
- 102 Pub purchase
- 103 Frozen waffle brand
- 105 Govt. lawyers
- 107 Old salt
- 108 Terre surrounded by mer

Last Week's Solution



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

CULTURAL CALENDAR

Amsterdam

■ ART

"Gabriel Metsu" presents 35 paintings by the Dutch Golden Age painter, depicting life in the 17th century.

Rijksmuseum
Until March 21
☎ 31-20-6747-000
www.rijksmuseum.nl

■ ART

"Red" exhibits 300 objects related to the color red, including ethnographic artifacts and modern art such as masks from Oceania and a statue of Lenin juxtaposed with a Chinese gown.

Tropenmuseum
Until May 8
☎ 31-20-5688-200
www.tropenmuseum.nl

Berlin

■ ART

"Gold Giants" showcases gold coins and medallions from the Bode collection, including the two largest and heaviest gold coins in the world.

Bode Museum
Until March 13
☎ 49-30-266-42-4242
www.smb.museum

Brussels

■ DANCE

"The Song" presents Anne Teresa de Keersmaecker's contemporary dance piece, exploring the progressively frenetic pace of our world with sound effects culminating in a Beatles song.

La Monnaie—De Munt
Dec. 21-23
☎ 32-7023-3939
www.lamonnaie.be

■ ART

"Paul Delvaux: Starting Points" examines the origins of the Belgian Surrealist and his early influences.

Museum of Ixelles
Until Jan. 16
☎ 32-2515-6421
www.sylviooperlstein.museumofixelles.be

Frankfurt

■ ART

"Barbara Kruger: Circus" presents an installation by the conceptual artist, displaying words and sentences on the walls, floor and ceiling of the Rotunda.

Schirn Kunsthalle
Until Jan. 30
☎ 49-69-2998-820
www.schirn.de

Hamburg

■ ART

"Runge's Cosmos" showcases 36 paintings and over 200 drawings by Philipp Otto Runge, a pioneer of the German Romantic Era.

Hamburger Kunsthalle
Until March 13
☎ 49-40-4281-3120-0
www.hamburger-kunsthalle.de

Liverpool

■ MUSIC

"Paul McCartney Live At The Academy" is the final of two homecoming shows by the musical icon, concluding his 2010 world tour.

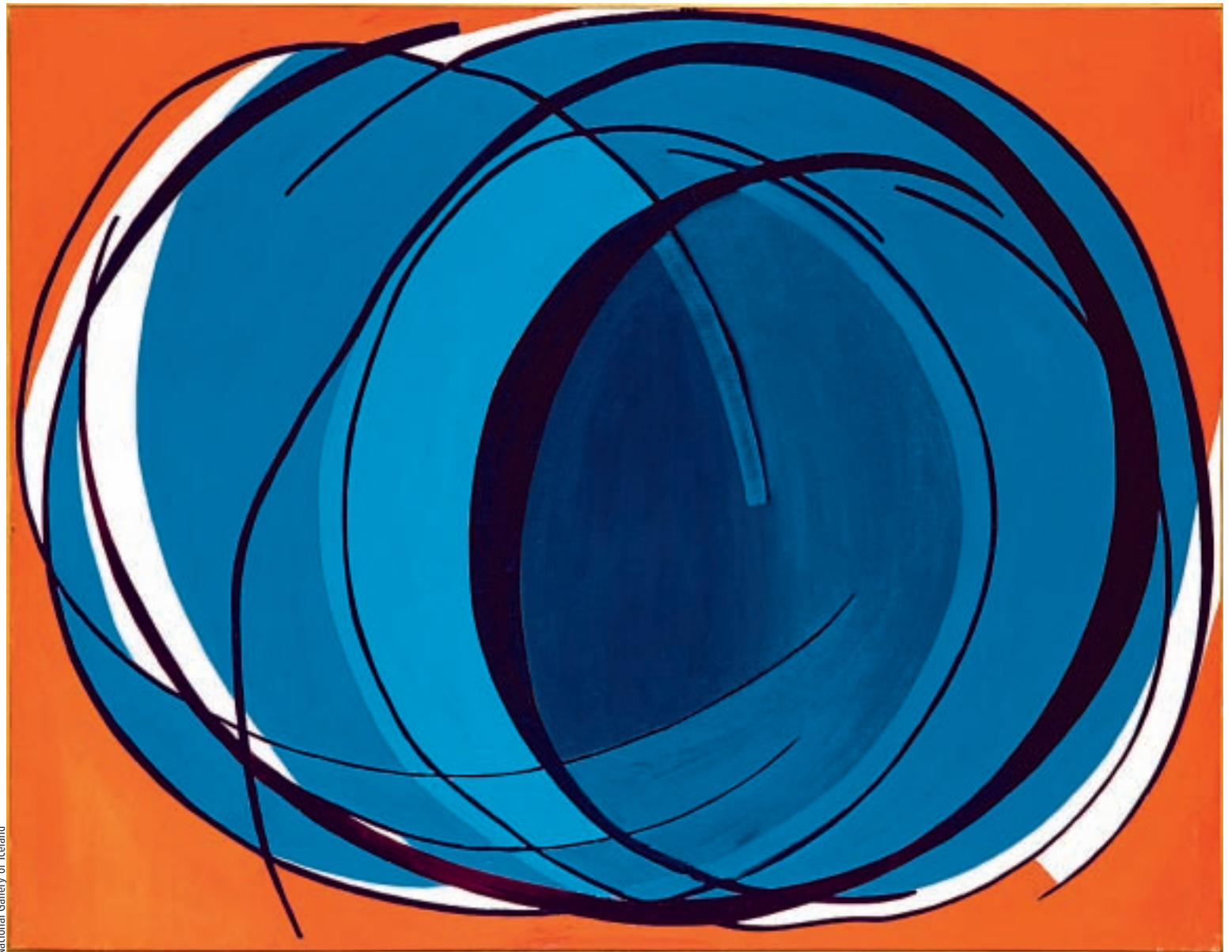
Dec. 18, HMV Apollo Hammersmith, London
Dec. 20, O2 Academy, Liverpool
www.paulmccartney.com

London

■ BALLET

"Les Patineurs/Tales of Beatrix Potter" is a double bill choreographed by Frederick Ashton that features the dancers of the Royal Ballet imitating ice skaters.

Royal Opera House
Dec. 20-Jan. 10
☎ 44-20-7304-4000
www.roh.org.uk



National Gallery of Iceland

"Touch" (1974) by Karl Kvaran, whose pioneering influence on Iceland's modern art scene is being showcased in Reykjavik.

■ HISTORY

"London Under Siege: Churchill and the Anarchists, 1911" commemorates the centenary of the siege of Sidney Street and Houndsditch Murders with photographs and exhibits from the trial of the Houndsditch gang members.

Museum of London Docklands
Dec. 18-April 10
☎ 44-20-7001-9844
www.museumindocklands.org.uk

Reykjavik

■ ART

"Karl Kvaran: A Retrospective" showcases geometric abstractions by the artist who pioneered Iceland's modern art scene in the 1960s.

National Gallery of Iceland
Until Feb. 13
☎ 354-5159-600
www.listasafn.is

Vienna

■ ART

"Kunsthalle Wien Award 2010: Monika Piorkowska—Time Boxes" presents the work of the Polish award winner, a set of glass boxes filled with digital and film media documenting communications of the artist with others around the world.

Kunsthalle Wien
Until Jan. 9
☎ 43-1-5218-933
www.kunsthallewien.at

Zurich

■ ART

"Displaced Fractures" presents contemporary art exploring the fragility of humans and human interactions with work by Phyllida Barlow, Tacita Dean, Emilie Ding, Klara Lidén, Ulrich Rückriem, Kilian Rütthemann and others.

Migros Museum of Modern Art
Until Feb. 20
☎ 41-44-2772-050
www.migrosmuseum.ch

—Source: WSJ research

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