

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

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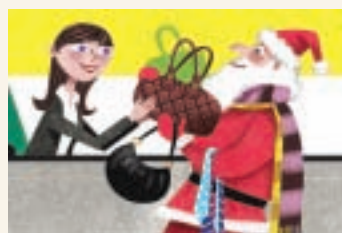


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Illustration by Jean-Manuel Duvivier

In Hamburg, a Romanticism alert

[European Life]

By J. S. MARCUS IN HAMBURG



Germany seems to stop at the gates of the harbor town of Hamburg—technically the country's second-largest city

but in many respects a country unto itself.

With scarcely a trace of aristocratic pretense or ecclesiastical pomp, and with a weather forecast more in keeping with Newcastle than Neuschwanstein, Hamburg cultivates a worldliness that the rest of Germany likes to mock as philistine. "Pfeffersäcke"—a pejorative term for spice trader—is how Germans belittle Hamburg's cool-eyed mercantile passions, but they tend to forget that it took Hamburg's leading art museum, the Kunsthalle, to re-introduce modern Germany to its great Romantic painters. The museum came into prominence at the end of the 19th century, when its legendary director, Alfred Lichtwark, took a passionate interest in the foreboding landscapes of Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840) and the intense portraits of Philipp Otto Runge (1777-1810).

Friedrich is now virtually synonymous with the Romantic period. Runge, the bulk of whose work is part of the museum's permanent collection, has slowly slipped back into obscurity.

Known for his visionary use of color, a mystical turn of mind and an early death from tuberculosis, Runge was at once a pioneer and an apotheosis of the whole Romantic movement. The Kunsthalle is celebrating the 200th anniversary of his death with a comprehensive show—the first of its kind in a generation—called "Runge's Cosmos: the Morning of the Romantic Era." In the days leading up to the opening, I had a chat

with one of the curators, Jenis Howoldt.

Runge, says Mr. Howoldt, "was inspired by literature." He corresponded with Goethe and collaborated with his friend, the poet and translator Ludwig Tieck. Interested in breaking down or fusing artistic categories, he is credited with conceiving of a Wagnerian-style *Gesamtkunstwerk*, or total work of art, decades before Germany's late-Romantic genius, Richard Wagner, had composed his first opera.

Runge's mystical leanings, along with the very fact of his Germanness, gave him some standing during the Nazi years, which Mr. Howoldt describes as the artist's "brown past." Runge's portraits of children can now look uncannily like the official antimodern style of painting promoted by the Nazis, however, cautions Mr. Howoldt, Runge's "hyperrealism," which gives his portraits their characteristic power, were also admired by socially critical left-wing artist Otto Dix.

Like Lichtwark, I am drawn to the self-portraits. In a few unforgettable paintings completed in his 20s, Runge shows himself in a kind of underdeveloped, overripe state, sporting rosy cheeks and a black-eyed stare. With his foppish haircut and lack of bravado, he immediately suggests another set of heroes with a Hamburg connection—the Beatles.

Divisions

Berlin no longer has a wall, but Hamburg still has the Elbe.

The river, which traditionally divided Eastern and Western Europe, still keeps the haves on one side of the city, and the have-nots on the other. You can drive through Hamburg, starting at the Alster lakes, and then along the right bank of the Elbe out to the fashionable suburb of Blankenese, and find a whole cityscape of shimmering white villas and rock-solid prosperity. Or you can take a

10-minute commuter-train ride south from the city's main station and find yourself on the left bank, in the postwar industrial sprawl called Harburg, which is like a science-fiction version of a Fassbinder film.

Tens of thousands of people make these journeys on any given day, and their souls and their routines are no worse for wear. But two bolted. In 1970, Ulrike Meinhof, one of the city's more celebrated journalists, gave up her Blankenese life and helped establish the Red Army Faction. The first generation of the RAF would become modern Europe's most notorious terrorists, until some three decades later, when an Egyptian-born resident of Hamburg named Mohammed Atta began to plot what we now refer to as "September 11" in an apartment block on a Harburg back street.

A coincidence

It's déjà vu time in Germany, where terror alerts last month managed to recall the RAF rampages of the 1970s and the sudden confusion of the fall of 2001.

"The fact that Ulrike Meinhof and Atta both lived in Hamburg is just coincidence," says Stefan Aust, author of "The Baader-Meinhof Complex," a definitive account of the RAF, and editor-in-chief of the Hamburg newsweekly *Der Spiegel* in the period surrounding the Sept. 11 attacks.

Mr. Aust is one of German society's more acute observers, and he has a point, of course—a turn to terrorism is not a logical response to life on either side of the Elbe. But to crisscross Hamburg is to defy its inner logic. I recently made the journey from Meinhof's to Atta's Hamburg. It turns out the streets they abandoned haven't changed all that much, even if the wider world is at times unrecognizable.

Next week,
Sam Leith in London

PROFILE

A gentle screen giant subtly shines

BY LANIE GOODMAN

Michael Lonsdale has made over 140 films with some of the greatest directors of our time, but the British-born, Paris-based actor is hardly what you'd call a high-profile movie star, choosing to take on character-driven roles rather than star parts in popcorn Hollywood hits. His presence on screen may sometimes be brief, yet it is unforgettable. With his 6-foot-1-inch frame, shuffling gait and rich, powerful voice, he exudes an imposing, magisterial aura, shaded with inscrutable mystery and a touch of ironic malice.

At 79 years old, Mr. Lonsdale has played the gamut of religious roles—priests, abbots, cardinals, inquisitors—as well as countless aristocrats ranging from English lords to Louis XVI. Also a man of the theater, his circle of friends has included literary heavyweights like Marguerite Duras, Samuel Beckett and Eugene Ionesco, whose works he performed on stage in Paris in the 1960s. Perfectly bilingual, he moves easily between the bizarre shoe salesman in François Truffaut's "Stolen Kisses" and the campy bearded villain in the James Bond classic, "Moonraker."

"I like to be where no one expects me to be," says Mr. Lonsdale, with a smile. Off screen, the actor has an unassuming and almost avuncular air, much like his portrayal of Brother Luc, the actor's latest star role in Xavier Beauvois's hit film, "Of Gods and Men," which opens in the U.K. on Friday. This sober drama, inspired by real events, takes place in a Cistercian monastery in the rural highlands of Algeria, where eight French monks live harmoniously with the local villagers near Tibhirine. But when the country's rising threat of fundamentalist violence arrives on their doorstep, the monastery's head, Brother Christian (played by Lambert Wilson), holds a soul-searching meeting to decide whether they should stay. The compelling climax of the film ends with the kidnapping and discreetly evoked alleged murder of seven of the monks by a fundamentalist militia.

Mr. Lonsdale plays the caring and asthmatic Brother Luc, who administers free medical treatment to the village community from morning until night. "I'd vowed never to accept another role as a priest," says Mr. Lonsdale, who is a devout Catholic, "but I couldn't resist playing this wonderful, generous character." To prepare for the part, the actor says he purposely avoided seeing video clips of the actual monks, preferring to be guided by his own instinct. In one of the most moving scenes of the film, Michael Lonsdale was given free rein by the director to improvise a scene with a young Muslim woman seeking advice on a family problem. "She's troubled because her father is marrying her off to a man she doesn't know at all," he says. "So I try to explain to her what love is..." The scene is a gentle *tour de force* on the power of faith and universal brotherhood.

Awarded the prestigious Grand Prix prize at the Cannes Film Festival in May, "Of Gods and Men" has unexpectedly created a storm of enthusiasm since it opened in France in early September. To date, it has drawn a record-breaking 3.5 million admissions, a figure usually reserved for American blockbusters and mainstream French comedies. The film's timely themes—the clash of faiths, the possible dialogue between Islam

and Christianity, and the divide between those who are religious and fundamentalist extremists—are undoubtedly hot topics, but the exact reason for its overwhelming success remains a mystery.

"It just kind of snowballed as the weeks went by and suddenly the film was front page news, a 'phenomenon of society,'" says Etienne Comar, who produced and co-scripted "Of Gods and Men" with Mr. Beauvois. "But trends aside, I also think the audience was responding to the outstanding performances," the producer adds. "Michael's role was difficult with so little dialogue. He's a master of restraint, yet extremely expressive and subtle."

The film was shot in a monastery in the Atlas Mountains of Morocco, a familiar territory to Mr. Lonsdale, who spent part of his childhood in wartime Casablanca. Raised by an English father and Irish mother, the actor spent his first nine years on Jersey and in London, but the family relocated in August 1939 to Morocco, where his father planned to set up a new business. "Then the war broke out two weeks later and we were stuck in North Africa," Mr. Lonsdale recalls. It was there, he says, that his love for the cinema was born, thanks to the American soldiers who arrived in 1942. "My parents became friends with the officers and they brought me along to see all the great movies by John Ford, George Cukor, Howard Hawks. I even saw 'Casablanca' in Casablanca," he says. "It was amusing to see Hollywood's idea of Morocco, which was a kind of extravagant Egyptian fantasy. Of course, nobody looked anything like that."

When the actor moved to Paris in 1947, he began to study painting, but soon decided to take classes at Tania Balachova's acting school ("to overcome my shyness," he says). Mr. Lonsdale's first theatrical appearance in Paris was at age 24, and he hasn't stopped performing since. One of his most outstanding memories, he says, was working with Orson Welles in "The Trial" (1962), in which he had a brief role as a pastor. "We only shot for one night, but he must have done 20 takes for my scene. Welles was incredibly nice, and every few minutes, he'd keep asking me: 'Are you happy, Mr. Lonsdale?' Of course, I was thrilled." Another turning point was his role in Duras's experimental film "India Song" in 1974, where he plays the enigmatic tortured vice-consul, whose eerie howling rings out in the night. "It's still my most favorite role," the actor states. "It helped me exorcise the suffering I was going through at the time in my personal life."

Although Hollywood continues to try to entice the actor with various scripts ("Of Gods and Men" has already been nominated for the Academy Awards in the Best Foreign Film category), Mr. Lonsdale is unequivocal. "My life is in Europe," he says. "I try to devote my life to a kind of cinema that is more than entertainment." The actor is currently shooting in Puglia, Italy, with director Ermanno Olmi for his coming role ("another priest!" he sighs) in a poetical saga called "Il villaggio di cartone."

These days, "Of Gods and Men" has boosted the actor's celebrity, but fame is about the last thing on his mind. "Michael is very humble and has a way of making you feel his love for humanity," says Mr. Comar, the producer. "He works with whomever he pleases and doesn't care whether they're well-known or not."



Michael Lonsdale at the Palais des Festivals during the 63rd Annual Cannes Film Festival in May.

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FASHION

What should he be wearing?

[Style]

BY TINA GAUDOIN



There are many reasons for wishing I were a man, but wearing clothes is not one of them. The easy part, of course, is the wearing of a suit. Any monkey with money could go to Savile Row or Mount Street, hand over huge wads of cash and effect an impressive makeover (what the food-flecked tie and crumpled jacket will look like a month later is another matter); but most men really, really cannot do casual. In fact, it seems to me that there are three types of men where “casual” is concerned. The first type couldn’t give a proverbial rats bottom for how they look, continuing to persistently wear the same ragged, stained jeans, tatty T-shirts, worn cashmere sweaters or fleeces and—horror-of-horror—old running shoes for years; the second type try far too hard (think dry-cleaned jeans, tight sweaters, shiny brogues and, worst of all, button-down striped shirts), which leaves them looking as though they were dressed by their mothers that morning; the third type get it just right—casual pants (sometimes jeans), a good T-shirt or brushed-cotton shirt, a decent, slightly worn pair of lace-up boots, shoes or even good sneakers, a shapely sweater or button-through cardigan, all worn under, at this time of year, a great parka, a weatherproof jacket or even a slightly battered Crombie.

If the third variation strikes you as idealistic, it’s not. I genuinely know men who dress like this. But then again, they are all married to incredibly stylish women who I suspect have more than a hand in their husbands’ sartorial sense at the weekends. I don’t blame them for getting involved. It’s galling to have taken the time and care to get dressed yourself only to find that sitting opposite you at the breakfast table on a Saturday morning is a man who vaguely resembles your partner, but could quite easily pass for a student rioter (if you forgave the lack of hair, the paunch and the spectacles he now requires to read the paper).

In any case, having staked my claim as a correspondent who thinks that the idea of “fashion rules” is counterintuitive, I’m going to contradict myself in the interest of fostering better relationships between the sexes and say that where male casual dressing is concerned, there are definitely any number of do’s and don’t’s; so here are my edicts for smart/casual weekend dressing. It’s not marriage guidance counseling, but it comes close.

1. Personal grooming: Ignore at your peril; worthy of more attention than even soccer scores, the Test Match update or a plunging Dow Jones. No amount of Zegna cashmere will overcome the fact that your fingernails are long, that there is hair growing out of your ears or that you didn’t bother to shave because “it’s the weekend.” For those of you still mystified, try this equation: The chance of



Clockwise from top left, fine slim-fit wool jacket by Burberry, £795; Paul Smith mainline, fine stripe shirt, £215; model wearing Jil Sander’s button-fly jeans in a slim cut, £270; Ralph Lauren’s Merino wool crewneck sweater, £99; Tod’s suede boots, £240; Vince pima cotton tee, £35. Opposite page, Margaret Howell chunky rubbed scarf, £65; Penhaligon’s Blenheim Bouquet, £55 (100ml.)

“intimacy” with your partner decreases in inverse proportion to the length and state of your nails. There. You’ve got it now.

2. Aftershave or cologne: If you don’t know, or don’t care, then stick to the tried and tested—Penhaligon’s Blenheim Bouquet, Chanel’s Pour Monsieur, Diptyque’s L’eau de Neroli, Acqua di Parma Colonia, Le Labo’s Vetiver 46, Dior’s Eau Sauvage.

3. Underwear: For which see Calvin Klein, Armani or Dolce & Gabbana. No Marks & Spencer boxers allowed.

4. Color: Are you Italian, a Parisian wanna-be aristocrat aged between 14 and 20, a South American polo player or an Upper East Side private-school boy? If the answer to any or all of the above is no, then that’s a negative on color, especially where Ralph Lauren polo shirts are concerned.

5. T-shirts: Strictly no logos, no

wife-beaters (sleeveless vests), deep V-necks or cap sleeves. Black, white, gray, khaki or navy. Best from Vince in pima cotton (£35) or Banana Republic (long sleeve, £20).

6. Sweatpants: Around the house or in the gym only please. Walking the dog is not an excuse. Steel gray or navy. Also see: Gap’s gray flannel pjs, £22.50

7. Jeans: I’ve already written about Gap being the best place to buy your jeans, from £39.50, but if you want designer, then try DSquared’s distressed jeans in their classic shape, £220, or Dunhill’s selvedge seam raw finish denim, £125. For something more fitted: Jil Sander’s button-fly jeans in a slim cut, £270. No dry cleaning or ironing.

8. Shirts: The softer and more relaxed, the better. One exquisite casual white shirt is a must: see Balenciaga, £295. Armani Collezione has a soft denim shirt, £230,

and Paul Smith is always great for the weekend—try their subtly striped shirt, £215.

9. Sweaters: The most important item in a man’s weekend wardrobe. Your sweater says more than your car or your shoes ever could. No stains, no holes, no man-made fibers. Discard anything that falls above the waistline of your trousers or below the back pocket of your jeans. Go for simple lines like Dries van Noten’s gray wool-and-silk sweater with a shawl collar and toggle close, £425; rugged like Thom Browne’s Irish cable sweater with a red and navy stripe, £475; or classic like Ralph Lauren’s Merino wool crewnecks, £99.

A word about men and cardigans. Personally, I love them, but opinions are strong and divided. The wearing of said item without prior agreement has the potential to be cited in divorce proceedings. You’re on your own here.

10. Blazers: With their echoes of the uptight working week, blazers are generally a lazy excuse for weekend dressing, but if, to coin a tired fashion phrase, you are going from “day to evening,” then you might want to give one of the many velvet blazers around at the moment a try. Lanvin makes an incredible single-breasted velvet blazer in black that would also double as a tux (the only occasion to wear a white shirt with it), £995. If you must have navy, then buy Alexander McQueen, whose legacy and original training as a Savile Row tailor is still very much in evidence, £570.

11. Jackets: If you really want to wear a jacket at the weekends, then well-worn tweed or wool should be a weekend staple. (I don’t agree with those who say tweed is for the country only). Dunhill has a modern, gray Donegal tweed jacket that is lighter.

FASHION

Coolhunter

The Christmas tree project

I really like this idea, not least because the friend who drew it to my attention has spectacularly good taste, which is matched only by her wicked sense of humor. When Fabien Cappello graduated from the Royal College of Art in 2009, his degree show featured stools fashioned from abandoned Christmas trees. Why has no one thought of this before? Probably because collecting the wood and creating a stool—which, let's face it, can't be enormously large given the size of a Christmas tree trunk—was too much hassle. Cappello's seats, though, look rather marvelous and are larger than your average milking stool; I don't own one and it's likely that you don't either, but you get the drift. The process isn't cheap. But then, this sort of ingenuity is worth paying for. From around £400. gallerly@libbysellers.com
—Tina Gaudoin

Fabien Cappello



than traditional tweed, £695. For something more “woody,” try Burberry’s fine-wool, two-button jacket in dark moss, £795, or Comme des Garçons’ khaki corduroy jacket, £605.

12. Trousers: You’ll need some trousers to go with your “smart/casual” blazer. If you want to effect the laid-back look, then nothing too fitted or too narrow here. Marc Jacobs does a stylish heavy, gray flannel pant, £425, or try Dunhill’s dark-navy cotton twill, £115.

13. Boots: Winter weekends demand boots (they also signal that you thought about things and didn’t just try to get away with your old work shoes). Desert boots look cool and relaxed no matter what you are wearing: Try Kurt Geiger Storm desert boots, £95, or the original Clarks desert boots, £79.00. For a finer silhouette, Tod’s does great weekend suede boots, £240 or see Prada’s black lace-up leather boot, £370. For an altogether tougher gentleman’s boot, try the Romsey II from bootmaker John Lobb, £655.

14. Scarves: A man in a roll-neck sweater invites suspicion; you can either put that down to “the James Bond effect” or the tragic Hollywood producer effect (have you scraped your graying hair back into a ponytail yet?). Either way, scarves do the same thing as a roll neck—they flatter and slim the face whilst looking boyishly insouciant at the same time. Margaret Howell’s chunky, ribbed scarves in khaki, navy or gray marl are practically perfect, £65.00.

15. Coat: The ultimate trick to “weekend” is looking pulled together but not as if you tried too hard; the wrong coat can ruin the entire effect. In which case you’ve got three options: a sensible, but rugged and practical, warm jacket: Barbour’s International Original, £229.95, Armani’s black zip-through waterproof jacket with four pockets, £475, or Z Zegna’s down jacket, £345; a trendy but chic parka: Paul Smith, £1,100; or a simple style statement: Thom Browne’s duffle, £1,495, or Burberry’s compact wool jersey pea coat, £1,295. Of course, there will be those of you who, like all good football managers, require the security blanket that is a full-length wool coat. In which case, go for something plain but chic such as D&G’s navy coat with a velvet collar, £605. Promise me, though, that you will let the dog sleep on it before you wear it.

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GIFT SURVEY



All I want for Christmas is...

Clothes, toys, books galore: Our latest survey reveals Europeans' top presents and ways to shop

By JAVIER ESPINOZA

Despite London's first snowstorm of the season, Sigrun Eggert happily ogled a large, yellow luxury handbag in Harrods' Egyptian room, as she searched for the perfect Christmas gift.

"Accessories like handbags or gloves are the kind of gifts you can never have enough of," the retired German teacher said. "Things like shoes or scarves are gifts you are guaranteed people will use."

Ms. Eggert isn't alone in that thinking. A survey conducted on behalf of The Wall Street Journal Europe by GfK CR Academy Brussels, which in September polled 12,750 people in 12 European countries and the U.S. about their gift-giving habits, showed that 50% of Europeans plan to give clothing and accessories such as bags or scarves as a gift this Christmas, making it the No. 1 gift. In Western Europe, Mediterranean countries such as Spain (67%), Portugal (63%) and Italy (57%) led the pack when it came to buying such gifts; while 57% of respondents in Central European countries said they will buy them.

One reason may be financial. "In uncertain economic times, clothing and accessories can be practical fashion purchases that don't break the bank," explained Ed Burstell, the buying director at Liberty, a high-end department store in central London.

Another reason may be practicality. "It

is also so much easier to get accessories for adults, as it isn't as risky as getting them clothes that they might not like or fit," said Jean Collins, a 28-year-old Irish marketing manager in London. "I think of things that are nice to receive that you might not necessarily go out and buy for yourself."

Toys ranked No. 2 in popularity for one in three Europeans. This was particularly true in Portugal (47%), France (44%) and Spain (42%). However, the results were skewed slightly in Central Europe, with beauty products such as perfume or lipstick in second place, and toys ranking as the third most popular gift in that region.

According to Hamleys, the premier toy store in London, the top toys for boys include the Meccano 50 Model Set (£55), an electric Ferrari F1 car (£460) and turbo twister (£30), a remote-controlled car with complete 360-degree flips. For girls, Hamleys says, the hottest toys will be Sprayza (£15), a set to create airbrushed pictures; a Playmobil large school building (£131); and the Play-Doh "mega-fun" factory (£24).

No. 3 in the GfK survey rankings was books. "Buying books is still a ritual for Christmas," said Clara Farmer, a publishing director at Chatto & Windus in London. "The last quarter of the year is always our biggest one [in terms of sales] and this year we also expect the line of people downloading books onto their iPads or iPods to go up sharply."

According to the survey, 24% of Europe-

ans plan to buy a book, with the Czech Republic (43%) and Hungary (36%) at the top of the list, followed by Spain (27%), France (26%) and the U.K. (25%).

In Spain, for instance, it is a well-established tradition to buy books for a loved one during the holiday season, said María Santamaria, a spokeswoman for Madrid-based publishing house Alfaguara. "Books are seen by Spaniards as a gift with an added value: they imply culture, but they are also seen as an object with fancy packaging," she said, adding that 70% of books sales in Spain are made in the 15 days leading up to Christmas.

Beauty products came in at No. 4 on the list, with food and beverages ranking at No. 5. Below that came CDs, DVDs and software for games consoles; jewelry and watches; and items for the home and garden.

Surprisingly, electronics didn't make the top three. "I wonder if electronics [have] now become almost a necessity, not something you buy as a gift, but something you buy almost as you buy food," said Luca Solca, a retail analyst in Zurich for Bernstein. "This is certainly the case for computers, as people use them intensively on a daily basis at home, and are likely to buy new versions as soon as they become available and not wait for Christmas."

Fewer than 3% of respondents said they plan to buy an iPad, iPhone or other smartphone as a gift. "I would have thought the

iPad could have been an interesting gift item, but one problem with it is that it is quite expensive—and I assume it ends up being something you buy for yourself, rather than give to others," Mr. Solca said.

The least popular gift was subscriptions and memberships, the survey found.

As many European countries have struggled this year to avoid financial disaster, so too is the populace feeling the pinch. Nearly half (48%) of Europeans will spend about the same as they did three years ago, whereas 38% will spend less, namely in Romania (67%), Bulgaria (55%), Portugal (54%) and Italy (47%). Interestingly, 54% of Americans also plan to spend less this year.

In general, Western Europeans spend more on gifts than Central Europeans due to stronger purchasing power, said Mark Hoffmann, a managing director at GfK. As for tightened pocketbooks in Italy and Portugal, in particular, "the [economic] crisis is extremely high [there] and that might explain why spending is so low," he added.

Total spending on gifts revealed interesting patterns at either end of the spectrum. Brits and Swedes spend the most on Christmas gifts, with roughly 22% of respondents in each of those countries saying they plan to spend more this year than three years ago and one in two shoppers in each country spending more than €250 on gifts. To put that in perspective, 72% of Europeans spend less than €250 in total on presents.

50%

of Europeans give clothes or accessories, such as bags or scarves; 31% buy toys and 24%, books.

40%

of Central Europeans plan to buy beauty products such as perfume or lipstick, compared with 17% of Western

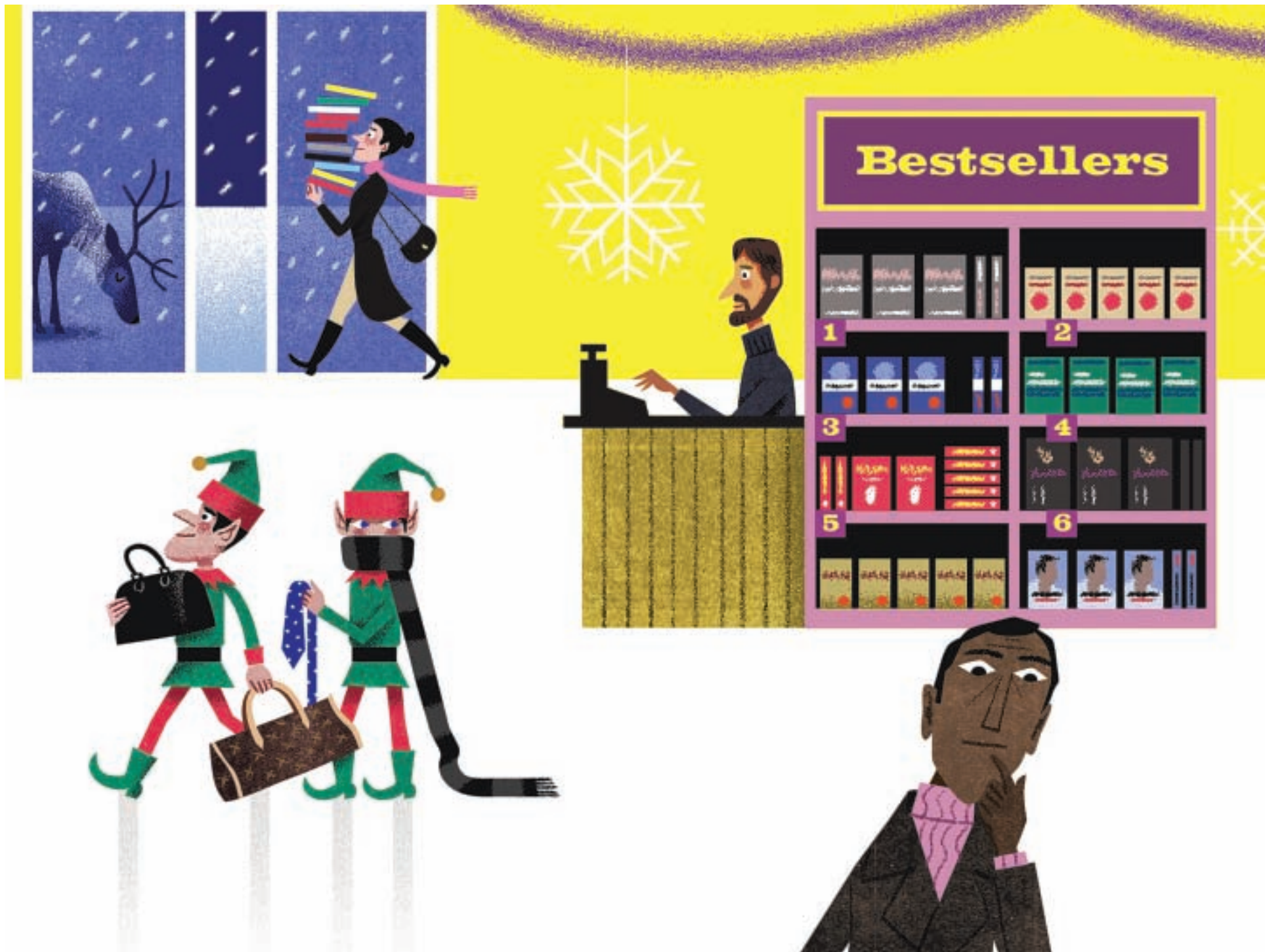
48%

of Europeans plan to spend the same on gifts as they did three years ago, while 38% plan to spend less.

34%

of Dutch, 35% of Romanians and 22% of Italians won't spend any money on presents this Christmas.

GIFT SURVEY



“Christmas is still a very important tradition in the U.K., and even though less so in Sweden, the country has been less affected by the economic crisis, so people have more acquisitive power,” GfK’s Mr. Hoffmans explained.

Meanwhile, at the bottom of the curve is the Netherlands and Romania, where roughly a third of the population spends nothing at all on gifts. For the Dutch, the explanation may be an easy one. They tend to buy their presents for the St. Nicholas holiday this weekend, rather than at Christmas. “Christmas is much more of a family and religious feast over here, since Sinterklaas is the time we exchange gifts,” explains Marijke Koeman, a 57-year-old media trainer in Holland. For Romanians, the lack of gift buying may be tied to economic conditions, according to Mr. Hoffmans.

Plight or no plight, most Europeans are still shopping for the holidays. And despite all the hype about Internet shopping, European consumers remain quite traditional when it comes to picking out their gifts, with 60% of Europeans still preferring to shop at a department store or super- or hypermarket, followed by boutiques (23%).

While Internet shopping has risen to 5.27% from 3.83% in 2007, the channel still remains a mere fraction of how people actually shop. Of those who do use it, online Christmas shopping is most popular in the U.S. (15%), U.K. (11%) and Sweden (10%).

“Traditional retail is always more important,” says Davide Faraldi, a retail analyst with Centro SIM in Milan. “I don’t believe in the success of the Internet, for example, when it comes to selling accessories, because these are things you need to try on, like shoes. These are items consumers want to touch and feel.” For Ms. Koeman, this couldn’t be truer; she says shopping online deprives consumers of the festive spirit and decorations. “Department stores in Holland make a big thing out of that festive Sinterklaas-time. The streets, shopping windows and stores are specially decorated and a joy to look at. When I was still a child, my parents would always take me to Amsterdam one day, just to see the windows of big department store de Bijenkorf.”

Caroline Healey, a 30-year-old public relations executive from England, agrees. “If you go to department stores like Topshop in Oxford Circus [London], you can actually feel the quality and size of the jewelry. But with books or handkerchiefs, you know what you are going to get if you buy them online.”

Meanwhile, only 0.8% of respondents said they shop via catalog or mail order, down from 1.1% three years ago. However, Mr. Solca, says catalogs aren’t a thing of the past. “Catalogs are still relevant when they provide more advantages, such as payments by installments,” he says.

As for Internet shopping, there are some advantages, according to Steve Schaffer,

founder and CEO of Offers.com UK, who said there are signs of a “strong start” in online sales this holiday season. “E-retailers have found online coupons and deals to be an important part of their marketing strategies and consumers have become very savvy at dinging these at online sites,” he said.

Indeed, some consumers find online shopping handier than going to an actual shop. “I do most of my shopping online for the convenience of it,” says Carina Clausén,

a 33-year old Swedish office manager in London. Ms. Collins, the Irish marketing manager, says it helps her stay focused. “This year I don’t have the money to be distracted by what I don’t need in actual shops. I often come out with a lot more than I had gone in intending to buy, so this year I am staying clear as much as possible.”

For the methodology and full results of the survey, broken down by nation and region, go to wsj.com/lifeandstyle.

28%

of Swedes and 26% of Brits plan to drop more than €500 on gifts, making them Europe’s biggest spenders.

60%

of Europeans prefer to shop at a department store or a super- or hypermarket; 23% shop at boutiques.

5%

of Europeans buy Christmas gifts online. Brits (11%) lead the online-shopping pack, while Spaniards lag, at only 0.6%.

0.8%

of Europeans order from catalogs or mail order.

FOOD

Catalonia's humble culinary king

By J. S. MARCUS

For most foodies, nothing conjures up Catalonia's emergence as a culinary hotspot like the ethereal foams of celebrated chef Ferran Adrià. Using outlandish ingredients, inventive technology, and a tasteless stabilizing agent, Mr. Adrià found a way to convert the edible and drinkable into the otherworldly. But for homegrown foodies, the key to Catalan cuisine can be found several steps down the evolutionary ladder—in the form of simple, local, earthy sausage, called *botifarra*.

Often consisting of little more than pure pork, *botifarra* has established itself as a key ingredient in the kitchens of the region's great restaurants, where tradition and innovation go hand in hand. At the same time, the art of making *botifarra* has been reinvigorated by a new wave of local producers.

"*Botifarra* is a whole system of making sausage—a culture," says Oriol Rovira, whose centuries-old family farmstead, Els Casals, located about a two-hour drive from Girona, has become a center of Catalan cuisine. The Rovira property now operates an organic farm, a sausage-making facility, a rustic hotel, and a well-regarded restaur-

For many local chefs, *botifarra* is a symbol of Catalan cuisine's reliance on seasonal recipes and local ingredients.

rant. Mr. Rovira, who runs the farmstead with his four brothers, has supplied *botifarra* to some of the star establishments of the Catalan food world, including Barcelona's Vila Vinitica, a gourmet delicatessen and wine shop, and El Celler de Can Roca, Girona's 3-star Michelin restaurant, as celebrated in Spain as Mr. Adrià's El Bulli.

Mr. Rovira identifies four important variations of *botifarra*.

"Fresh" *botifarra* is made with coarsely ground lean pork and seasoned with salt and black pepper. *Botifarra negra*, Catalonia's variation on *morcilla*, is a rich blood sausage, minus the rice extender included in its Castilian cousin. *Botifarra de perol* is made from offal, including lungs and stomachs, and *botifarra blanca*, or white sausage, includes whole eggs.

For Mr. Rovira, the unifying element is simplicity. Some makers of *botifarra negra*, he explains, follow the Spanish lead and use garlic, cumin and oregano to flavor their sausages—but not Mr. Rovira. "There are no spices in my house," he says.

Fresh *botifarra* is closely associated with one of the region's signature dishes, *botifarra amb mongetes* (or *amb seques*), comprised of grilled or pan-fried sausage, served with white beans and aioli, and suitable for anything from a hearty breakfast to a late-night snack.

The dish, says Barcelona chef Jordi Artal, is "a food memory for everyone" in Catalonia. "It's peasant food," he says—"easy, fast, inexpensive and tasty."

Mr. Artal, whose restaurant Cinc Sentits was awarded its first Michelin star in 2008, believes that

Catalonia's peasant traditions, like its simple approach to sausage-making, are behind Catalan cuisine's recent daring experiments.

"France and Italy feel the weight of culinary tradition on their shoulders. Here we don't feel constrained by tradition," he says, rather, professional chefs and home cooks are inspired by it. "We throw caution to the wind."

Mr. Artal says that *botifarra* is unusual because it's "very, very lean." Most sausages, by contrast, "are high in fat." The flavor, says the self-taught cook, "comes from the quality of meat used. If it's a black sausage, the flavor comes from blood."

Botifarra negra has proven especially popular among Catalonia's cutting-edge chefs. Mr. Artal serves it with anchovy cream, a poached egg and potatoes. He describes this as a variation on the Catalan habit of combining meat with fish or seafood, known as "*Mar i Muntanya*" or "sea and mountain" cooking.

Joan Roca, the chef at El Celler de Can Roca, combines black *botifarra* with sea urchin. And Carme Rusalleda—whose restaurant, Sant Pau, just outside of Barcelona, was awarded its third Michelin star in 2009—uses black *botifarra* in a Japanese-style *dashi* broth, which is also flavored with eggplant. She then adds what she calls a pistachio "bonbon." The diner then breaks it open, and the soup "mutates" from a dark, translucent broth into a rich, nutty cream soup. "The *botifarra*," she says, gives the soup "flavor, color, and complexity."

For many local chefs, *botifarra* is a symbol of Catalan cuisine's reliance on seasonal recipes and local ingredients.

"Right now we have mushrooms," says Barcelona chef Carles Gaig. "And mushrooms go very well with *botifarra de perol*." Mr. Gaig—whose 140-year-old family eatery, Gaig, has a Michelin star—sautés a combination of wild mushrooms from Barcelona's Boqueria market with a little bit of garlic, parsley, and a touch of chicken broth, and serves it with the gamiest version of *botifarra*.

Like Mr. Artal, he also sees Catalan tradition as a stable point of departure for experimentation.

"We have very rich products," he says of Catalonia. "And that's why we can do other things. If you have a basis, you can go to the other side, think in new styles."

Two years ago, Mr. Gaig opened a new restaurant, Fonda Gaig, which specializes in very traditional Catalan cooking. *Botifarra amb seques* is a fixture. Mr. Gaig describes the venture as an attempt to "preserve" Catalan cuisine.

Not all chefs take Mr. Gaig's approach. "We never make *botifarra* with beans," says Xavier Franco, whose Barcelona restaurant Saüc has recently broken into the top echelon of the city's dining establishments. Mr. Franco, who also considers himself a practitioner of Catalan "*Mar i Muntanya*," updates *botifarra negra* by adding duck tongues. He then serves the sausage with grilled salt cod and almonds.

Recently, he has also combined bits of fried *botifarra* in a dish made with grilled cuttlefish and onion chutney.

The best place to find *botifarra* in all its variations is La Botifarrería de Santa Maria, next to Barcelona's best-known gothic church, Santa Maria del Mar. Although the busi-



This page from top, selection of botifarras at La Botifarrería; rice with botifarra and sea urchins at El Celler de Can Roca. Opposite page, duroc cows raised on the farm at Els Casals; Els Casals chef Oriol Rovira; Barcelona's La Boqueria market.

ness dates back a century, the current owners have brought it new attention in recent years by combining old-fashioned methods with new-fangled ingredients. On any given day, they might offer up to 40 different variations of *botifarra*, all made on the premises.

Here you can find "pizza" *botifarra*, flavored with cheese, tomato and basil, and a "tortilla" *botifarra* made with potato and onion, like a traditional Spanish-style omelet. They even sell a *botifarra* flavored with chocolate.

"They have a lot of crazy *botifarras*," says Jordi Artal, of La Botifarrería. "But they make really good traditional ones."

Botifarra reaches a kind of transcendent simplicity at Easter time, when the white version, or *botifarra blanca*, appears on menus throughout the region. The Gaig Restaurant serves it "thinly sliced," says Mr. Gaig, with "tomato, olive oil, and toast."

The flavor is delicate but sturdy, like a very refined version of ham and eggs.

During a recent visit to Vila Vinitica, owner Quim Vila included a few different types of *botifarra* with a number of other Catalan sausages, including a dried "fuet" from the Catalan town of Vic, and some rare olive oil produced by Alvaro Palacios, owner of one of Catalonia's celebrated new Priorat vineyards.

"The pork is different," he says of Catalan pigs, offering samples of old-fashioned *botifarra* by Mr. Rovira, alongside the new buttery olive oil of Mr. Palacios. "It's a question of tradition."

FOOD



Christmas in Catalonia

Botifarra takes center stage on Christmas day, when Catalans traditionally dine on escudella i carn d'olla, a stew featuring an array of meats and vegetables, and up to several types of the local sausage. The first course consists of the rich broth, accompanied by a special kind of pasta called galet, which looks like large macaroni. The second course presents the various meats and vegetables, and may feature a pilota, or meatball, made from

botifarra. "Some grandmothers serve the vegetables as a third course," says Barcelona chef Jordi Artal, "but that isn't how my grandmother does it." On the second day of Christmas, St. Stephen's Day, Catalans traditionally dine on canalones, pasta stuffed with chicken and/or veal. Although freshly prepared now, Mr. Artal explains that the dish was originally a way to use up the leftovers from the previous day's escudella. The best-known sweet at Christmastime is turrón, or torró in

Catalan—a nougat made from sugar, honey and egg whites. "There are a million different kinds," says Mr. Artal, from the very soft to the very hard. He says the town of Agramunt, in the heart of Catalonia, is especially known for its local variation. Throughout December, Mr. Artal's restaurant, Cinc Sentits, serves a dessert made with soft turrón, chocolate, coffee and bergamot.

—J. S. Marcus

A fish's tale: depletion, quotas and discarding

[Food]

By BRUCE PALLING



Commercial fish stocks in the North Sea and Mediterranean have been in a parlous state for some time. One British royal commission headed by Lord Dalhousie concluded that the North Sea had suffered "a falling off of the takes of flat fish, both as regards quantity and quality" and that, due to overfishing and catching of young fish by trawling, the North Sea had become "exhausted." Nothing new here, you might say—except these conclusions were reached not in the 21st century, or even the 20th, but in 1883.

While scientific studies have for decades shown the scale of depletion—a steady decline of catches to less than 10% of their levels in the late 19th century, political will has seemingly dissipated in the face of pressure from the fishing lobby. An example of this impasse was last weekend's failure by the European Commission to pressure the International Commission for the Conservation of Atlantic Tunas (ICCAT) about reductions in the annual bluefin tuna quota. Catches have fallen by more than 60% in the past decade, but ICCAT has only cut quotas from 13,500 tons to 12,900 tons—less than 4.5%, compared with the 50% or more that scientists have called for.

Some restaurateurs have been taking their own initiative to deal with this. Gérald Passédat, the chef at the three-star Michelin Le Petit Nice in Marseille—perhaps the most illustrious fish restaurant in France—hasn't served bluefin tuna for the past three years. "You should know that I serve more than 80 species of fish in order to conserve endangered species and not deplete the natural reserves." Several fishermen stop on the wharf next to his restaurant each morning with their catch. "I only ever take what they offer," he says, "it is never the other way around." Mr. Passédat blames the growing shortage of popular fish species on the European community giving subsidies to trawlers, which he says encourages intensive fishing.

The North Sea is another fishing region facing problems with quotas. Several studies by reputable scientific bodies such as the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea in Denmark and the British Centre for Environment, Fisheries & Aquaculture Science show that up to 50% of fishermen's catches in the North Sea are routinely discarded at sea if they are too small, the wrong species or considered commercially unsuitable. Even countries like Norway, where discarding is illegal, are not immune from the issue. As one scientist remarked: "Off Norway, the nights are very long and dark, and the sea is very deep."

Although discarding has been known to be a problem for some time, it is only now becoming a public issue, thanks in part to a Europe-wide campaign by Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall. The U.K. celebrity chef last month launched a

website (www.fishfight.net) and has received more than 33,000 signatures in his campaign to get the European Union to add a ban on the practice to the Common Fisheries Policy (CFP). At a rally last week in London, Mr. Fearnley-Whittingstall declared the current policy of discards to be "not only bad, but mad." He said the fishermen he had traveled with often had tears in their eyes as they threw back prime fish, which are usually dead, because they already had their maximum allowed quota of certain species. "We don't get to eat hundreds of thousands of fish because they are thrown away and the fishermen don't make a penny out of their efforts either," he said.

Victor Laureaso, a fisherman from the Shetland Islands off the coast of Scotland who attended the rally, agreed that the discard policy is nonsensical. "We throw hundreds of big cod back every year, because in a mixed fishing area, it is impossible to selectively catch individual species. If I already have my cod quota after four days, I can't avoid catching them for the rest of the time I am fishing for other species." He explained the dilemma using the rally as an example. "Just imagine the crowd here today. If I was only allowed to catch three English people, two Scots and a Welshman, how would I know who was who until I had thrown a net over them and caught the lot?"

Richard Benyon, the U.K. minister for fisheries, met with Mr. Fearnley-Whittingstall and later said that throwing dead fish back into the sea is "one of the biggest failures" of the CFP. "Both Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall and I are pushing for the same thing," he said. "I am working to end this disgraceful practice that is forced on the fishing industry through a CFP that is clearly no longer fit for purpose." The Commission itself estimates that nearly 90% of EU fish stocks are overfished and that a third are "outside safe biological limits." "Discards are one of the big problems in fishing policy everywhere," says Oliver Drewes, the spokesman for EU Maritime Affairs and Fisheries Commissioner Maria Damanaki. "I am not going to defend it because discards are not welcome by anyone."

Callum Roberts, professor of marine conservation at the University of York, believes it isn't enough to merely ban fish discarding in the North Sea. "We need root and branch reform of the CFP, which would include a discard ban, a reduction in fishing effort, a network of protected areas and the banning or restriction of the most highly damaging fishing gear. If there is a discard ban, people will have to get used to eating a wider range of fish because a lot more species will be brought into port."

Despite these dire warnings, Mr. Roberts remains an optimist. "Hugh is pushing on an open door: fishermen think that discarding is a horrible thing to have to do and both the public and politicians think it is obscene. Things have gotten even worse since the last time the [Commission] spoke of doing something about it in 2002, so if people don't realize that something must be done now, they haven't been awake."

COVER STORY



A vintage season for giving

In the heart of Burgundy, Will Lyons goes behind the scenes of the world's most celebrated wine auction

In the far corner of the maturation cellars, deep below the sleepy French village of Santenay, a barrel of the 2010 vintage from the commune's most famous vineyard, Les Gravières, quietly fizzes away.

The wine, a Chardonnay from Domaine Jessiaume, is undergoing a process known as malolactic fermentation, whereby the harsh malic acids are converted into milder, creamier lactic acids, adding texture and flavor to the final juice. If you put your ear close to the small round hole at the top of the barrel, you can hear the gentle roar of the wine, a sound not unlike the singing of the sea. After this process, the wine will be filtered or racked before the final *élevage* is completed and it is bottled.

For most oenophiles, their first chance to buy the 2010 vintage will come not in the cellars of one of Burgundy's many domaines but in the spring of 2012, when the final blends go on sale across the world. Except, that is, for one day in November—the third Sunday of the month, when the vintage from the vineyards owned by the Hospices de Beaune has been offered at auction every year since 1859. For those

who make the journey to Beaune, a medieval city in the heart of Burgundy, the sale is the centerpiece of a three-day celebration of Burgundian pageantry that coincides with *Les Trois Glorieuses*, the three great feasts that begin at Château de Clos de Vougeot on Saturday evening and end with the growers gathering for a lunchtime bring-your-own-bottle party in the village of Meursault on Monday.

This year is no different. What Christie's describes as the world's oldest charity auction celebrated its 150th birthday with more than 300 buyers crowding into the Halles de Beaune in the center of the city to spend more than €5 million on 643 barrels of wine.

Outside, the streets are lined with stalls selling everything from *charcuterie* to mulled wine and oysters. The bitterly cold November air is punctured by the sound of trumpets and saxophones, as street bands celebrate the coming of the new vintage with lively renditions of familiar jazz scores. With a festive spirit, Burgundians take to the streets to celebrate their wine, ancestry and culture.

At 3 p.m., it is time for the traditional five-hour auction to begin with the sale of 24 barrels of the Cuvée Dames Hospitalières, a cuvée of Beaune Premier Cru named after the nurses who have tended the sick at the Hospices de Beaune charitable hospital for over five and a half centuries. The atmosphere in the hall is electric as buyers and a mix of private clients, local *negociants* and wine merchants from as far afield as Hong Kong

Les Trois Glorieuses is a time when the Burgundians take to the streets to celebrate their wine, ancestry and culture.

vie for the attention of the auctioneer, François de Ricqlès.

The windows that stretch along the far side of the Halles de Beaune, or covered market, are filled with the faces of the crowd that has gathered to observe what

many regard as the most famous wine auction in the world.

"The whole town is absolutely alive," says Master of Wine Jasper Morris, Burgundy buyer for U.K. wine merchants Berry Brothers & Rudd and author of "Inside Burgundy." "There is a special pageantry about it. It is a good event because you bump into all sorts of people and it is also the start of the new vintage and allows the trade to assess market sentiment and, indeed, have the first attempt to assess widely the quality of the year."

That spectacle is a celebration of the region's resonant history—a history that stretches back centuries to when Burgundy was at the center of the Christian mission in Europe and the Dukes of Burgundy were exercising their power over the Burgundian state, which in the 15th century rivaled that of France. There are few wine regions that can compete with the medieval ancestry of Burgundy, where the land is peppered with spires and vineyards enclosed by dry stone walls and the soil has not only been tended to but prayed for

COVER STORY



Clockwise from left, François de Ricqlès, president of Christie's France, conducts the Hospices de Beaune auction; the medieval exterior of the Hôtel-Dieu; sleeping vines on the Côte d'Or; wine maturing in the cellars of Santenay; Burgundians celebrate on streets of Beaune; and Marc Jessiaume, winemaker at Domaine Jessiaume in Santenay, prepares to taste the 2010 vintage.

by religious orders such as the Benedictine monks at the Abbey of Cluny.

The wine sold at auction in the Halles de Beaune comes from vineyards inherited over the centuries by the Hospices de Beaune. The hospital, also known as Hôtel-Dieu, was founded in 1443 during the latter stages of the Hundred Years War between England and France, when the area was replete with poverty and famine. The hospital, which cared for the sick until 1971, when its medical operations were transferred to a modern hospital, was endowed with its own income and vineyards. According to Christie's, which has run the charity auction since 2005, the first vineyards were donated in 1457 by Guillemette Leverrier; two years later, Jean Plampays and his wife donated more vines and others followed over the centuries. Today, there are 61 hectares of vines located in the Côte de Beaune, Côte de Nuits and Pouilly-Fuissé.

The wine used to be sold privately, but when more than 900 pieces or barrels were left unsold in 1849, the administration commission ordered the Hospice's bursar, Joseph Pétaße, to find buyers outside of

France. Ten years later, the auction was established after Pétaße managed to sell all of the remaining stock and declared: "Messieurs, from this year on you may resume the sale by public auction...The clientele is established, our wines are known and it will now be the wine lovers who come to us."

Today, the auction is dominated by European buyers, who account for almost 86% of the value of the bids, but this year's turnout also marks the arrival of a significant number of Asian bidders, who outspent those from the U.S. for the first time. Douglas Wood, the proprietor of WoodWinters wine merchants who made the journey from Bridge of Allen in Scotland to participate in the sale, says part of the auction's enduring appeal is that the wine is an ideal gift for the corporate buyer. "The amount of wine—26 cases—is perfect for private buyers wanting to give corporate gifts over the course of the year," he says. "Because all the proceeds go to charity, it is a slightly more personal gift than just a normal case of wine."

Their prize this year is a barrel of the 2010 vintage, wines we had tasted a day

earlier at the Hôtel-Dieu under the tutelage of Roland Masse, director of the Hospices de Beaune wines. It is a vintage that Master of Wine Anthony Hanson, a senior consultant at Christie's international wine department, describes as fresh, with good density of fruit, no feeling of dilution or a lack of weight, and a good length of flavor.

Mr. Morris, the author, thought the vintage will be a better red year than a white year. "Better in the Côte de Nuits than the Côte de Beaune," he says. "My impression is that there will be some pretty good wines, but it will probably not catch the imagination as much as 2009 as being an all-round year."

Back at the auction, a frisson of excitement passes through the halls at around 4:30 p.m. as popular French actor Fabrice Luchini makes a guest appearance at the podium to sell the star lot, La Pièce des Présidents, traditionally sold by candle flame (bidding begins when the wick is lit and the final bid is taken when it is extinguished). Mr. Luchini rouses the crowd, even breaking into song at one point, and before long the price of the barrel has risen

from €200,000 to €300,000 to an astonishing €400,000; the noise from the floor feels like it is going to lift the roof of the Halles de Beaune. The price is a record and more than twice as much as the previous highest selling lot has achieved.

The sale manages to raise a total of €5.1 million—almost equal to the record €5.4 million from 2009, despite there being 156 fewer barrels in the 2010 vintage. Everyone seems delighted that the main lot, bought by Jacques Boisseaux, the owner of Château de Meursault, has raised so much money for charity. The proceeds of the sale will go to the Red Cross and a cancer-research charity.

With the auction drawing to a close, the crowd disperses, finding a home in one of the many wine bars that line the center of Beaune. Meanwhile, back in Santenay, as the early evening light fades into dusk, a few specs of rain fall onto the gravelly vineyards. Within minutes, the gray skies open, giving way to a torrential downpour that washes the mud onto the road, drenching the naked vines that stand dormant on the impoverished soil, waiting for another year.

HOMES

A kitchen to comfort your soul

Combining psychology and neuroscience, Johnny Grey is an interior designer with a special recipe

BY TARA LOADER WILKINSON

You can tell a lot about a person from their kitchen," says Johnny Grey, an award-winning interior designer specializing in "happy kitchens," a design philosophy that focuses on bringing emotional, physical and psychological well-being into kitchen planning.

"A kitchen is no longer just for cooking. Often, the only time a couple will spend together awake, is in the kitchen," says the British architect, whose clients include Apple co-founder Steve Jobs, British singer Sting and millionaire publisher Felix Dennis.

Mr. Grey, who started out designing kitchens for his late aunt, the influential British food writer Elizabeth David, takes an unusual approach to interior design. He and his team spend up to 80 hours with clients, understanding what makes them tick, often going round for dinner and even staying over at their home. His aim? To create a domestic utopia tailored to their personality, using the principles of neuroscience, or the scientific study of the nervous system, to answer their emotional needs and subliminal desires, as well as building a seamlessly practical kitchen. It appears to work.

"Johnny's designs are completely unique and incredibly aesthetically pleasing," says Ron Baker, whose kitchen was redesigned by Mr. Grey 10 years ago. "You feel so at ease when you enter the room, it is hard to leave." The director of British venture-capital firm Arkbe was so delighted with the outcome, he commissioned the designer to renovate his office as well. The new space is a nod to Mr. Baker's connections with the metal industry; the table legs in the boardroom are melded from twisted stainless steel.

In today's straitened times, Mr. Grey's techniques may sound like a gimmick. But the well-being of the household depends on surroundings triggering the right cues to help people relax, says the designer.

John Ziesel, a San Diego-based neuroscientist at the Salk Institute, meanwhile, is researching what he refers to as measurement-based design, which shows how spaces can shape our behavior. He uses everything from hormone studies, brain scans and targeted psychological experiments to foster his research. "A kitchen is a space loaded with emotional and behavioral cues," he says. "Neuroscience can help us understand what goes on behind the shiny surfaces and layout of kitchen cabinetry."

He points to the increasing reliance on neuroscience as a happiness index in politics, education and the workplace. "Academics and politicians alike increasingly emphasize the value of the happiness quotient," Mr. Ziesel says. "Our surroundings inevitably impact our well-being, and the kitchen, where most of us spend most of our time, should induce those primitive feelings of sociability and comfort."

Take for example, Mr. Grey's floorplans for the kitchen of Sir Cameron Mackintosh, the British theater doyen. The culinary area is built in a circular shape reminiscent of an open stage, where Sir Cameron can perform for guests while cooking them dinner. The dishwasher is located close to the dining table, so that, *quid pro quo*, guests can clear their own plates.

"We act as a mirror—we hold up ideas that might have been circulating in their heads and bring them to the surface," says Mr. Grey. He believes combining design with psychology and neuroscience produces a more satisfactory result than an off-the-shelf fitted kitchen. As you might expect, a kitchen fine-tuned to your subliminal fancies doesn't come cheap. Prices for a Johnny Grey kitchen vary between £60,000 and £250,000, depending on materials used and time spent.

A good starting point in creating a happy kitchen, according to Mr. Grey, is discovering what he calls the "sweet spot." "You know,



Clockwise from top, the kitchen in an 18th-century house in the Yorkshire Dales, England, was designed around an island in the shape of an iron; a modern take on Aga side cabinets in a Bath kitchen; and the kitchen in an Irish country house, designed using soft geometry that grows out of the floor.

your favorite perching point from where you have views over the table, landscape, entrance or fireplace, while preparing a meal."

Leaning or perching places encourage conversation, says Mr. Grey, making them a crucial place in a thriving kitchen—a perk for both cook and companions. Dedicated work surfaces must be neither too long nor too short, while an enclosed space at the cook's back makes preparing food more relaxing. Mood-enhancing décor—color, textures, shapes and art—are essential finishing touches; luxurious materials like Carrera marble, oiled oak and Ancaster stone are *de rigueur*, adds the designer. Custom-made cabinets are curved at a precise radius—where possible, a table should "follow the sun's arc." Design *faux pas* are anything that induces feelings of stress. Sharp

corners, a hemmed-in work surface, or jutting cupboards can all trigger the release of cortisol, a hormone related to panic.

Other designers are adopting similar ideas and principles. Award-winning Swedish architect Martin Brudnizki, who has designed for luxury restaurants including Scott's, The Club at The Ivy and a number of private residences, reckons one thing connects a person with a room above all else: "It's all about light," he says. "Even the most beautifully designed rooms will leave you empty if badly lit."

On returning to his apartment after early morning workouts, he often felt deflated. "Out of habit I always left the lights blazing, but it made the atmosphere of the rooms flat," he says. "Then I started to dim the lights, which created a better mood. This

made the start of my day much more enjoyable." Splashes of color and a smorgasbord of artwork are also on Mr. Brudnizki's list of "happy kitchen" design must-haves.

But happiness doesn't have to be limited to the kitchen, says Mr. Grey. He recalls showing a prospective client around one of his kitchens in London's Knightsbridge neighborhood. The kitchen has a corner cupboard with large, curvaceous columns running up each side. "She started stroking the columns in an embarrassing way and I couldn't drag her away. I had to apologize to the owner," he says.

A week later, the client came back and asked him to design a four-poster bed, not a kitchen. "She loved the sensuality of the cupboard and felt our designs were more appropriate for the bedroom."

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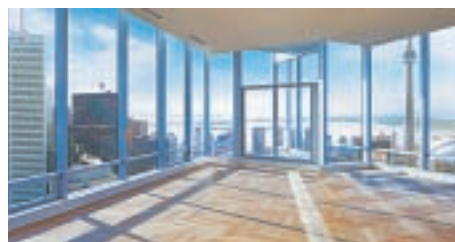
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BOOKS

An Enduring Ideal

Villages of Britain:
The Five Hundred Villages
That Made the Countryside
By Clive Aslet
Bloomsbury, 657 pages, £30

BY FERDINAND MOUNT

In detective stories, villages are always sleepy, just as suburbs are always leafy. The English village is lodged in the public imagination as the great good place where nothing changes, a refuge from the rat race and a retirement dream. You might expect a sumptuous gazetteer on the subject to celebrate just such a vision, particularly when it is compiled by the long-time editor of Britain's *Country Life* magazine, who also happens to be one of the country's foremost architectural historians. But "Villages of Britain" is not like that at all.

It is a wonderful book certainly, with clumps of enticing photographs and atmospheric line drawings by Jerry Hoare dotting its pages. It deserves to go on the shelf alongside the indispensable Pevsner Buildings of Britain series, now so splendidly revived by the Yale University Press. But this is a quite different enterprise, and a far more unsettling one. For Clive Aslet, in his brisk, evocative, occasionally waspish prose, sets out to show us in 500-page-long snapshots how fragile, accidental and often tragic has been the history of the villages he has chosen. What happens to them for good or ill is so often not the result of natural growth or decline but of some economic bonanza or hammerblow or some landlord's benevolence or greed. Even those features of the rural scene that we think of as natural and time-honored may well be the result of human activity and often activity of the sort we now think undesirable, such as the hedges that were grown to enclose land that had formerly been held in common.

So many villages have disappeared, 2,000 or 3,000 of them since the Norman Conquest (Mr. Aslet is uncertain of the figure). Some, like Hallsands, Devon, on the south coast of England, or Covehithe, Suffolk, in the east, have been washed away by the sea. But far the largest number have been simply swept away and sometimes burned to the ground by landowners who preferred sheep to villagers—or who would rather have looked out on a romantic vista designed by Georgian landscape architect "Capability" Brown than on a



STILL FARES THE LAND (clockwise from above) The village of Tobermory on the Scottish Isle of Mull; the ruins of Saint Andrew's church in Covehithe, Suffolk, which has been nearly abandoned following coastal erosion; Port Sunlight, a planned village in Cheshire established by 19th-century soap magnate Lord Leverhulme

huddle of smoky hovels. The Clearances in the Scottish Highlands at the beginning of the 19th century, when militias forcibly depopulated the region, are the most notorious. But the same terrible fate could strike any village deemed unprofitable by its owner in almost any era. The inhabitants of Wharram Percy in North Yorkshire had been evicted by 1403. Only a few humps and hollows in the grass remain.

Many villages that look so picturesque today began as untidy and squalid mining camps. Burwash, set amid the sandstone hills of the Sussex Weald, was a center of the Elizabethan iron-making industry three centuries before Rudyard Kipling came to live there and celebrate its magic in "Puck of Pook's Hill." All over Britain settlements mushroomed to house workers digging out every kind of mineral—tin, lead, copper, manganese, even gold—as well as the coal and iron on which the Industrial Revolution was based. Titanium, first called Manaccanite, was discovered at Manaccan, by the Helford River in Cornwall in southwest England.

But when the seam was worked out, these boom villages lost their reason for existing. Tin and copper had been mined at Cornwall's largest mine, the "Great Work" at Godolphin, since long before the Romans came, and the Godolphin family waxed plutocratic on the proceeds, but when the mine closed in the mid-19th century, so did the village.

Some mine owners were more philanthropists than profiteers and built handsome model villages using the best architects of their day. So did other industrialists, including Cadbury at Bournville near Birmingham. Lord Leverhulme (founder of Lever Brothers, later Unilever) established Port Sunlight and Thornton Hough in Cheshire in the northwest. The store tycoon William Whiteley created Whiteley Village in Surrey (his benevolence did not protect him from being shot dead by the deranged son of one of his shopgirls, who believed he was Whiteley's illegitimate son). These model villages mostly survive, now shorn of their founders' ban on alcohol and fun, and are much prized by their new tenants for their quaint and cozy atmosphere.

Life in the old villages was never a honeysuckle idyll. As the poet George Herbert, rector of the parish of Bemerton, near Salisbury in the Southwest, remarked: "Country people live hardly." The truest accounts of rural life in the old days—such as Flora Thompson's "Lark Rise to Candleford" (1939-43), John Stewart Collis's "The Worm Follows the Plough" (1946-47) and Ronald Blythe's "Akenfield: Portrait of an English Village" (1969)—all remind us mercilessly of the back-breaking toil that had to be endured in all weathers, as well as the perpetual insecurity of being dependent on the harvest and the squire's goodwill.



Although Mr. Aslet covers the whole of Great Britain, he half-admits that it is the English village that provides the heart of his subject: "North of the Border, rural settlements are not always villages, as they would be understood in southern England. Much of the country did not acquire villages before the eighteenth century, when they were built by landowners wanting to improve their estates or to promote fishing." In Wales, too, the countryside was dotted with scattered farmsteads; only in the bits of Wales first settled by the Normans do you find the English-type clustered village, with its church and manor and farmhouses around a village green.

Over the past 50 years, though externally it may look just as lovely and unspoiled, the English village itself has changed dramatically. Chitterne, the remote village on Salisbury Plain where I was brought up, had already declined from 800 souls in the mid-19th century to 250 in my childhood. Yet it still possessed a primary school, a horse-racing stable, two firms of builders, a

blacksmith, a garage, two shops, a Baptist chapel and no fewer than six dairy farms. All gone now. Only the parish church and one of two pubs survive. Like many other such places, Chitterne is now a dormitory for commuters and retired couples, no longer a more or less self-sufficient workplace.

Curiously, the salvation for village life may lie in a partial return to its long-buried medieval past, where the church nave is once more used for partying and marketing (the Puritans had put a stop to all that) and where farmers relearn how to make the soil their ally instead of pumping it full of ruinously expensive chemicals. "Villages of Britain" is a deliciously browsable guidebook as well as a glittering store of anecdote and esoteric information. But Clive Aslet also makes you think about what makes a place worth living in and how to keep it that way.

—Mr. Mount, a former editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*, is the author of "Full Circle: How the Classical World Came Back to Us."



BOOKS

A Vanishing World

Wait for Me!

By Deborah Mitford,
Duchess of Devonshire

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 345 pages, \$28

By GEOFFREY WHEATCROFT

Only live to be 80 in England, said Evelyn Waugh, and you will be "assumed into that odd circle of ancient savants and charlatans whom the Sovereign delights to honour and the popular press treats with some semblance of reverence." More than 50 years ago, as it happens, Waugh stayed at Chatsworth, one of the greatest and most beautiful of country houses, though he was "a difficult guest and when he drank too much he was impossible," recalls his hostess in "Wait for Me!"

While no savant or charlatan, Deborah, Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, now 90 and universally known as Debo, has certainly been honored by the queen and is treated with more than a semblance of reverence on both sides of the Atlantic. Late in life, she began an improbable but successful career as a journalist and author and altogether finds herself something of a national treasure.

In her enjoyable new memoir she describes how this came about. Much of the interest resides in two families, the Mitfords and Cavendishes: She was born into one and married into the other. The book is thus a snapshot of a caste that has been embattled but shown considerable resources of cunning and resilience.

Born the Honorable Deborah Mitford, she was one of the six daughters of Lord Redesdale, who also had one son. Marriage made her Lady Andrew Cavendish, then Marchioness of Hartington, then Duchess of Devonshire (that's all the same husband); since her husband died six years ago, she has been the Dowager Duchess.

Her childhood in Gloucestershire was dominated by "Farve," her highly eccentric father. Farve was a man of drastic dislikes and oddities. When he went shopping, he would walk his dogs across the West End of London without leads, arriving at the store well before the doors opened since, as he explained, "if I am any later I am impeded by inconveniently

shaped women."

A while ago a short-lived musical about the Mitford girls was put on in London, which Duchess Debo referred to as "La Triviata," a good joke she doesn't repeat here. But not all was trivial, and three of the sisters became notorious. Diana left her first husband for Sir Oswald Mosley, the leader of the British Union of Fascists, whose views she warmly shared and with whom she was imprisoned during World War II. Jessica married an American Communist whose views she, in turn, shared. And Unity became a passionate admirer of Hitler (whose views . . .), shot herself in despair when war began and died some years later.

When Debo "came out" for her debutante season in 1938, her contemporaries included Clarissa Churchill, Winston's niece, who married Anthony Eden, and Pamela Digby, who married (among others) Winston Churchill's son, before ending her days as Pamela Harriman. But much the most popular girl was an American, Kathleen Kennedy, known as "Kick," who had arrived in England with her father, the deplorable Joseph P. Kennedy, and her glamorous brothers.

All joined in a giddy round of balls, race meetings and country-house parties and were courted by amiable and eligible young men. Kick fell for William, Lord Hartington, and Debo for his younger brother, Lord Andrew, the sons of the 10th Duke of Devonshire. When war came, both brothers joined the Coldstream Guards. Andrew and Debo were married in 1941; Billy and Kick three years later, though not for long. After their honeymoon, Billy rejoined his battalion and was killed leading his men in action. Kick herself died in an air crash a few years later and was buried at Chatsworth.

Now Andrew was the Devonshire heir—a no less eccentric family than the Mitfords. His grandfather, Duke Victor, was so misanthropic and violent that his valet had to crawl under the breakfast table to tie his bootlaces, since the duke couldn't beat him there with his walking stick. And his father, Duke Eddie, died at 55 thanks to an ill-advisedly strenuous combination of his two favorite pastimes, chopping wood and drinking.

That was in 1950, and the new

duke and duchess inherited an astonishing array of magnificent houses, beginning with Chatsworth; a treasure trove of paintings, books and furniture; and an appalling bill in inheritance tax. They kept the show on the road by disposing of many goodies—a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a Memling triptych and Holbein's life-size cartoon of Henrys VII and VIII all went to the national museums—though even then it was years before the tax gatherers could be paid off.

Among other friends were, of course, the American family who had become in-laws. By 1962, Andrew had been made a minister in the government of Harold Macmillan (an uncle by marriage), and the Devonshires visited Washington, where Kick's brother Jack was now president. One convivial evening at the White House, Jack asked Debo what she knew about Spencer Perceval, the one British prime minister to have been assassinated, a question that only afterward seemed ominous. In Europe the following summer, Kennedy stopped at Chatsworth to visit Kick's grave, before returning home to Washington, and Dallas.

Some of "Wait for Me!" is compelling as a portrait of a vanishing world, some is pleasingly incongruous, and some is a little plodding. Some is perhaps ill-judged. It is one thing to say that you loved your sister with all her faults and all her follies. Better leave it at that rather than write awkwardly that "there was something innocent about Unity" in spite of "her racist views, vehemently expressed" and that she "was not the only English girl to have fallen for National Socialism" (there weren't actually all that many).

But part of the memoir is very touching and a reminder that birth and wealth can offer no security against suffering. The duchess lost three children shortly after they were born, although she mercifully had three more who grew up safe and sound. And there was a different kind of pain with her husband. Although Andrew Devonshire was a charming and amusing man when reasonably sober, he was afflicted, like many of his family, with an ungovernable taste for alcohol. For a woman of the duchess's generation and class, talking or writing about such things isn't easy, but she does so without exaggeration or extenuation and unsparingly describes the way her husband reached the brink and pulled back.

Most moving of all is the duchess's account of the war years. George Orwell wrote at the time that, while the old upper class might not have been too keen on giving away their money for the national good, they were still ready to give their lives (a contrast indeed to our more recent rulers). "My four greatest friends were killed" in the summer of 1944, writes the duchess. Then came two more. First Billy, Andrew's brother, was killed in Belgium, and four months later her brother Tom died of wounds in Burma.

Not long ago a young journalist came to interview her. "I recounted the deaths of my only brother, Andrew's only brother, a brother-in-law and my four best friends. 'So,' the journalist asked, 'did the war affect you in any way?'"

—Mr. Wheatcroft's books include "The Strange Death of Tory England" and "The Controversy of Zion."

The Secrets Of Espionage

In Stalin's Secret Service
By W.G. Krivitsky (1939)

Soviet agent Walter Krivitsky defected to America on the eve of World War II and began publishing insights into Stalin's secret strategies, scams and purges. Krivitsky's appraisal and confession, "In Stalin's Secret Service," is fast-paced and packed with privileged information.

FIVE BEST: When Krivitsky was found shot dead in a Washington hotel room in 1941, the official verdict was

suicide. But Stalin's NKVD agents, Krivitsky's likely assassins, were known to boast that any fool can commit murder—it takes an artist to make it look like suicide. The book begins by describing deadly Soviet political machinations, then turns to the murder of the author's high-ranking colleague, Ignace Reiss, and Krivitsky's own tense and temporary escape from Stalin's revenge.

Anthony Blunt: His Lives
By Miranda Carter (2001)

A heroic attempt to sort the man from myth, misinformation and self-serving memoirs. Miranda Carter ably comprehends the complexity of the person behind Anthony Blunt's masks: scholar, aesthete, Soviet spy. Exploring characteristics that bedevil many high-flying traitors—self-absorption or the bored intellectual's capacity to become intoxicated by the challenge of deception—"Anthony Blunt: His Lives" is a biography in the fullest sense of the word. Spy fans might question the attention Carter devotes to Blunt's work as an art historian, but this is an important element in the exorcism of the lives of a double-dealer who penetrated to the Royal heartlands of the British establishment. The book demonstrates that the warmth of Blunt's aesthetic enthusiasms and sexual excesses proved unable to thaw his glacial, traitorous nature.

The Second Oldest Profession
By Phillip Knightley (1986)

With its impressive scope, "The Second Oldest Profession" elucidates some of the absurdities of the whole spy rigmarole, from the backbiting of competing agencies to the histrionics of mole-hunting. Phillip Knightley writes with gusto about the paradoxes of the "great game," such as the perverse mutual dependence of rival secret services. Focusing on Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the United States, Knightley occasionally damns intelligence agencies for their sheer inconsequence. He also awes the reader with the outrageous illegalities perpetrated in the name of national security. The book's 2003 edition, which reads with the flow and grace of a good story, offers an updated and comprehensive history of 20th-century espionage.

A Perfect Spy
By John le Carré (1986)

Although a novel, "A Perfect Spy" reveals some deep truths about espionage and betrayal. The book has some basis in the author's own experience—indeed, le Carré has described the writing of it as an act of self-psychotherapy. In passages devoted to the childhood of the book's

hero, Magnus Pym, we witness the shaping of a future agent as the boy's loyalties are pulled between a flashy father and a victimized mother. Studying his father's skills as a con man, while eavesdropping on abuse and dereliction, the young Pym becomes the apparently perfect—yet tragically imperfect—spy. In his split narrative, le Carré gives us a gripping manhunt even as he offers a work of penetrating psychology in which the soul of the hero is the contested territory.

The Sword and the Shield
By Christopher Andrew
And Vasili Mitrokhin (1999)

In 1992, a disgruntled Russian archivist named Vasili Mitrokhin entered the British Embassy in Riga, Latvia. The Americans—drowning in defectors—had already refused what he offered. The British were more interested. Resettled in England, Mitrokhin gave the West the benefit of years spent smuggling secrets out of the



BLUNT SPEAKING Miranda Carter

KGB's First Chief Directorate, the agency's foreign-intelligence headquarters in Moscow. In a dangerous, painstaking process, Mitrokhin hand-copied thousands of classified files covering the period from the Bolshevik Revolution to the 1980s. Collectively they chronicle Soviet disinformation and smear campaigns, as well as the Russian penetration of Western intelligence.

In "The Sword and the Shield," written with intelligence expert Christopher Andrew, Mitrokhin demonstrates how Stalin's Terror favored "the survival of the most morally unfit." The book is remarkable in the scope of its revelations, but Mitrokhin's motives and methods have been questioned—was the enterprise an intelligence ploy designed to celebrate Soviet-era triumphs, or an attempt to muddy what Western agencies thought they knew? However, the book's offerings appear more credible than some of the Russian disclosures published since the "secrets of the KGB archives" genre began in the early 1990s, a period during which Russian largess seemed—to say the least—suspiciously generous.

—Dr. Miles is the author, most recently, of "The Dangerous Otto Katz: The Many Lives of a Soviet Spy."



ARISTOCRATIC ANIMALS The Duchess of Devonshire with her foxhounds, c. 1952

ART & AUCTIONS

A celebrated Poussin work

[Collecting]

By MARGARET STUDER



Old Masters will show their muscle at London auctions next week. Highlights will include a major religious work by

Nicolas Poussin, portraits by Anthony van Dyck, Italian views by Canaletto, rustic scenes by Pieter Brueghel II and animal images by George Stubbs.

On Tuesday during an Old Masters and 19th-century auction, Christie's will offer Poussin's "Ordination" (1630s), depicting Jesus giving the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven to St. Peter, estimated at a hefty £15 million to £20 million. One of a celebrated series of paintings devoted to the seven sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church, the picture is to be sold for the first time since the series was acquired by the fourth Duke of Rutland in 1785.

Proceeds will go toward the restoration and long-term preservation of Belvoir Castle, a fairytale palace in Leicestershire, England, which is the ancestral home of the Rutlands.

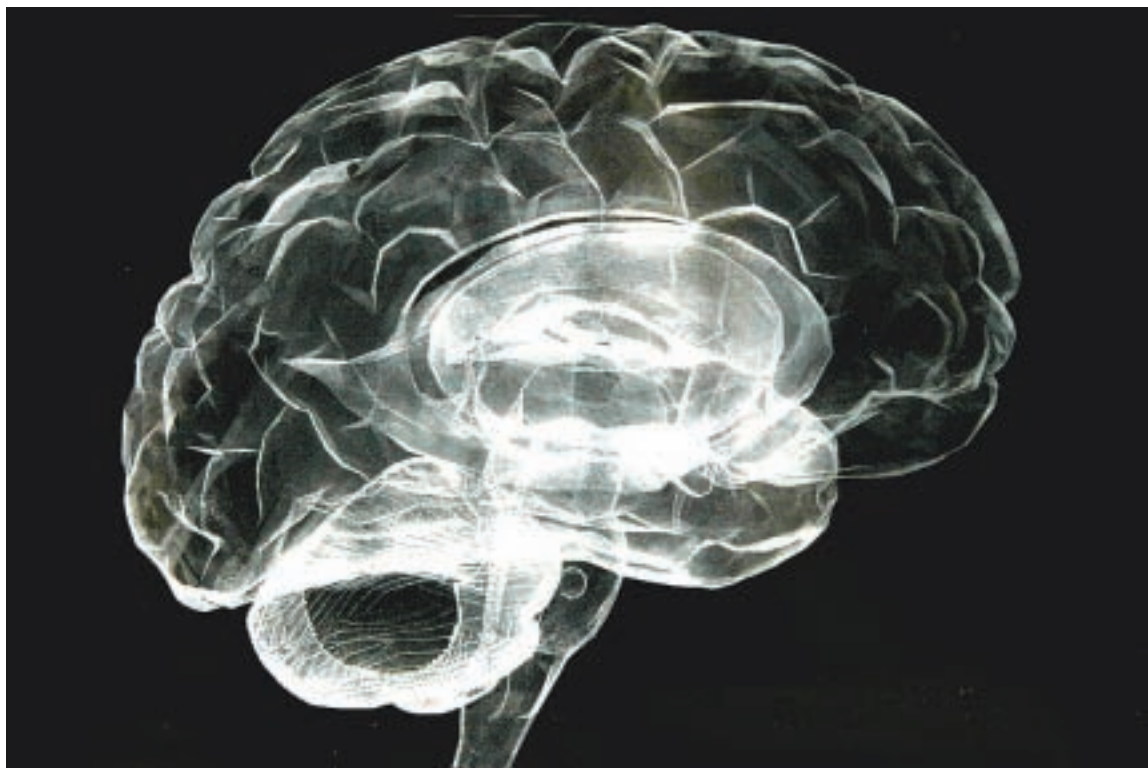
Richard Knight, international co-head of Christie's Old Masters department, says that he expects the painting at auction to attract wide "excitement" from museums, collectors and the art world generally. "The market for the finest Old Masters continues to show great strength," he adds.

A spokesman for the Trustees of the Belvoir Estate says the decision to sell was "extremely difficult." Of the other paintings in the series, "Penance" was lost in a fire at the castle, "Baptism" is in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., and four will remain in the estate for likely display at the National Gallery in London.

The fourth Duke of Rutland was a passionate collector who didn't stop at skulduggery. To dodge a papal export ban, the duke's agent in Rome had copies painted and substituted for the originals. Before the switch was discovered, the paintings had left Rome for England. The duke was encouraged by famed British painter Joshua Reynolds, who wrote in a letter to the duke in 1785 that the set "will really and truly enrich the nation."



Poussin's 'Ordination' (1630s) is estimated at £15 million to £20 million.



'My Soul' (2005) by Katharine Dowson, glass, laser etching of the artist's brain.

Courtesy of GV Art and Katharine Dowson

Exploring science through art

By EMMA CRICHTON-MILLER

In early November, I met two artists in the foyer of Imperial College's campus at Hammersmith Hospital in London. We were there at the invitation of the Parkinson's Disease Society Tissue Bank to observe an ordinary morning in the life of a neuropathologist.

In the calm of the dedicated dissection room, surrounded by giant humming freezers, we don blue plastic gowns, while Dr. Federico Roncaroli begins the delicate task of preparing a brain, donated for research to the institute and already fixed in formaldehyde, for further investigation. From an initial assessment of the brain's condition in its entirety, he begins delicately to take apart the three-dimensional puzzle that constituted this person's identity. With his purple rubber gloves, he points out the layers covering the brain—the dura mater, the web-like arachnoid and the pia mater ("this tender shield" as artist Katharine Dowson comments). Dr. Roncaroli then separates out the cerebellum ("The cerebellum is absolutely lovely," remarks his colleague), the optic nerve and the arteries, before cutting a slice from crown to base through the frontal lobes.

Soon the entire brain is laid out in half-centimeter slices, miniature landscapes in shades of putty, with crevasses, river systems and inland lakes. Beneath the main brain, the indeed exquisite cerebellum is laid out, revealing a series of fine tree-like patterns. Segments are selected from particular slices for staining and further analysis, each one holding a clue as to how this person moved or talked or felt or thought.

All the while, the artists—Ms. Dowson and David Marron—sketch and photograph, look and sketch again. For Mr. Marron, a paramedic as well as an artist, whose encounter with brains is usually in the chaos and trauma of a fatal accident, what is particularly interesting is "this clean setting and calm atmosphere, where you can isolate the matter at hand." But this too is a problem. "You have these dehumanizations to cope with—I am trying to find recognition," he explains, noting that the brain does bear a passing resemblance to a trussed chicken, the cerebellum to a pickled walnut. For Ms. Dowson, a key moment is when Dr.

Roncaroli takes a sheet of blue kitchen towel and carefully pats a damp section of brain, producing an instant ghostly image. She gets him to repeat the action several times, commenting: "This is why you don't have artists in the lab!"

The artworks that result from this morning's experience will form part of a new show at the enterprising commercial gallery, GV Art, opening today (until Jan. 22). Curated by gallery director Robert Devcic, "Brain Storm" will include work by seven artists who have found in the brain and in the science of the brain a potent source of inspiration. Besides the works of Mr. Marron and Ms. Dowson, there will be sculptures by Annie Cattrell; lenticulars by Susan Aldworth; some prints and a part of his renowned slide dissolve piece, "Magic Forest," by Andrew Carnie; mixed-media works on paper from Rachel Gadsden; and work by Australian artist Helen Pynor, currently embarked on a major project about organ transplants. A key feature of the show is that a real brain—no mysterious hypothesized object, but an available subject of both scientific inquiry and aesthetic contemplation—will also be there, on loan from the Tissue Bank.

These artists occupy a distinct niche in the contemporary art scene. For the most part they have been working alongside scientists for many years, understanding their enterprise as a complementary investigation of a shared field of fascination. Ms. Cattrell's beautiful sculptural representation of the neurology of pleasure, for instance, arises directly from her long-established working relationship with Professor Morten Kringsbach of Oxford University, while Mr. Carnie has collaborated extensively with Dr. Richard Wingate of King's College London. Ms. Aldworth was initially inspired 11 years ago by observing her own brain live on a monitor during a diagnostic brain scan. Since then, her art has unceasingly explored the relationship between the physical brain and the sense of self—even to the point of developing radical chemical processes for etching analogous to those in the brain that might be responsible for personality.

In 1993, Nicola Triscott, a physics and political geography graduate turned arts producer, founded the Arts Catalyst in Britain, deliberately

to foster just such collaborations between artists and scientists. Since then, and with the strong support of other U.K. organizations—the Wellcome Trust, the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, the Science Museum, the Arts and Humanities Research Council and so on—there have been growing numbers of artists here—as indeed there are elsewhere in the world—eager to pursue these opportunities. While many scientists were at first skeptical, increasingly, certain among them have recognized the benefits of such collaborations. This type of work offers them ways to communicate the full, rich significance of their discoveries to a public excited about science, but not always conversant with its methods and modes of expression. In addition, many of the scientists report that they gain a fresh perspective through their interactions with artists.

The most difficult task has been persuading the arts establishment that this is work to be taken seriously by art collectors and your regular visitor to Tate Modern, that it somehow transcends what we instinctively fear is an art contaminated by its embroilment with other disciplines. Besides the Wellcome Collection, one force of persuasion has been the organization Artakt, now part of Research and Innovation at Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, University of the Arts, London. They have curated a number of exhibitions showcasing art inspired by medical science, arguing that this subject matter is central to our understanding of what it means to be human.

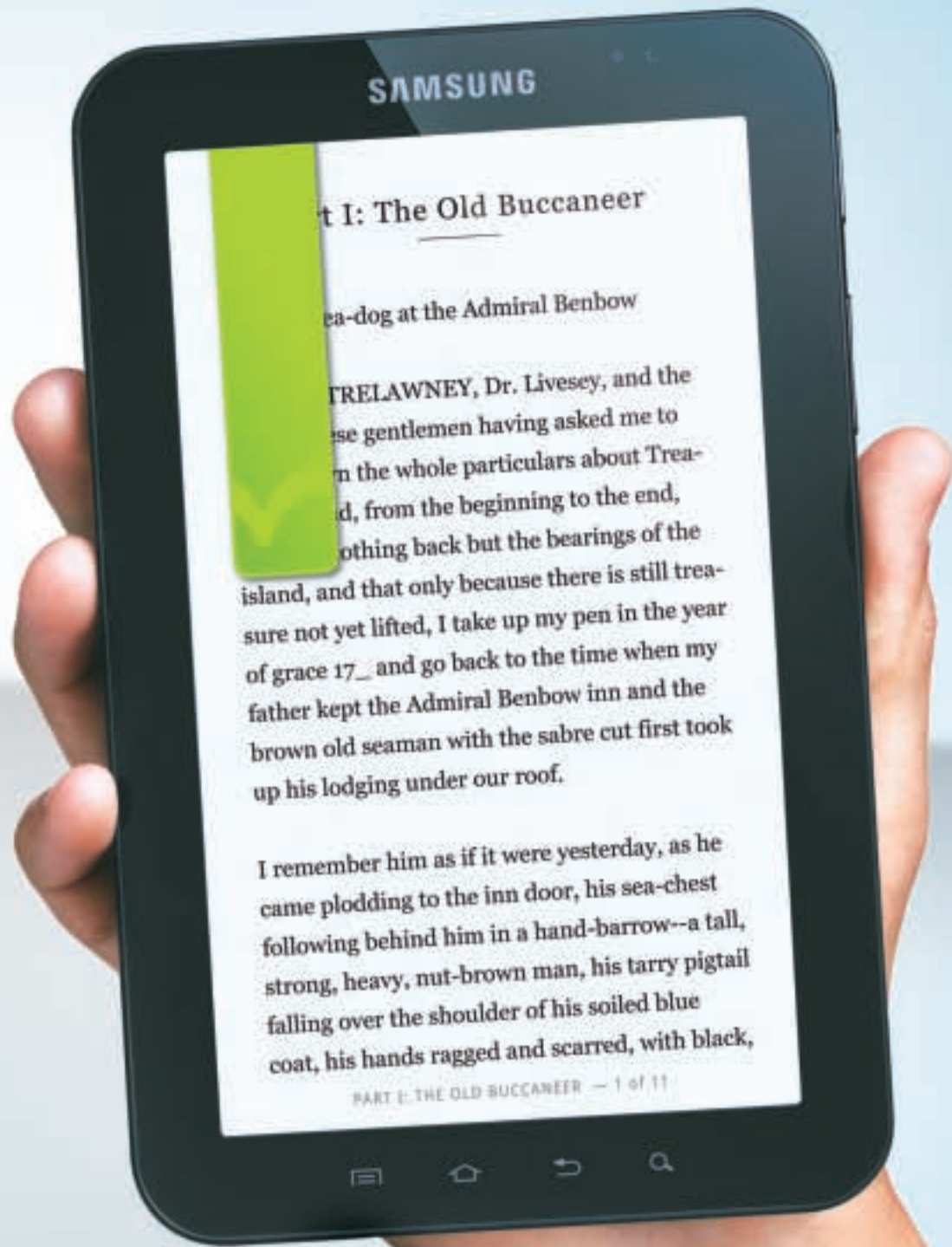
Mr. Devcic too has played a role, bringing the best of those artists inspired by science to a general audience at GV Art and to a growing number of private collectors. Here it has been possible to see work powerful enough in its own right to stand alone, enhanced rather than diminished by its full engagement with contemporary science. As Mr. Carnie puts it, "The work is not apologetic to science or slavish."

What Ms. Dowson will have made of Dr. Roncaroli's blotted paper or Mr. Marron of his vision of the web-bound brain we will discover. What will undoubtedly be the case is that their work will pierce our understanding and beguile our senses in ways that the science itself could never hope to do.

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Web Browsing
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Multimedia

REVIEWS

At right angles to the world

Paris: The De Stijl movement was founded in Holland in 1917 by Piet Mondrian and Theo van Doesburg. Like the Nabis and other forbears, they sought a universal vision that would encompass all the arts—in their case, it was radical geometric abstraction—and they were joined by other artists, including Bart van der Leek and Vilmos Huszár, and also designers, decorators and architects, among them J.J.P. Oud, Gerrit Rietveld and Cornelis van Eesteren.

Most of Mondrian's career was spent in Paris, but the "Mondrian/De Stijl" exhibit that just opened at the Pompidou Centre is the first retrospective of his work here since 1969. The big show—with more than 200 paintings, drawings, photos and architectural plans and scale models—is oddly divided into three sections: first, the early work of De Stijl artists, from 1908-15; then a middle section devoted to Mondrian alone, 1910-42; and a final section returning to DeStijl in the 1920s, mostly architectural drawings and a scattering of furniture. The result is diffuse and disappointing.

The first section offers relatively

unknown young artists on their way to abstraction, influenced by Fauvism, Symbolism, Constructivism, Futurism and Cubism. Figures gradually dissolve into flat planes of color, then blocks and cubes, some literally, like van Doesburg's 1917 "Abstract Sitting Figure," almost a cubic robot in repose. But curving lines and brilliant colors are still around, notably in van Doesburg's 1916 painting "Heroic Movement," a sinuous form in deep blue, emerald green and egg-yolk yellow.

The Mondrian section opens with his first trip to Paris in 1911 and his eye-opening discovery of Cubism in the work of Picasso and Braque. As the wall commentary notes, Mondrian realized that "painting was no longer a medium for individual expression or a way of capturing things he saw, but a way to organize space." Back in Holland during World War I, Mondrian pursued that epiphany into "plus and minus" paintings—maze-like patterns composed of those two mathematical symbols painted in black on mottled backgrounds. By 1917, he had formulated his "neoplasticism," a radical abstraction

that aspired to his puritan and theosophic ideals of universal harmony. The earliest of these grid paintings still use varied colors, but soon he pared down to the essentials that defined his work ever after: straight lines, rectangular shapes and primary colors—red, blue, yellow—and the "no-colors"—black, gray and white. There are more than 40 of them in the show, dated from 1922 to 1942, with no evolution of note. The artist even lived within those narrow parameters: the recreation of his Montparnasse studio here is all right angles and sharp edges in his tricolor palette and white, excepting only a cylindrical coal-stove heater and a globe light.

Beyond Mondrian, the De Stijl aesthetic was most successful in architecture, and the show ends with models and drawings for projects including Gerrit Rietveld's impressive Schröder House in Utrecht and the Café de l'Aubette in Strasbourg by van Doesburg, Hans Arp and Sophie Täuber.

—Judy Fayard

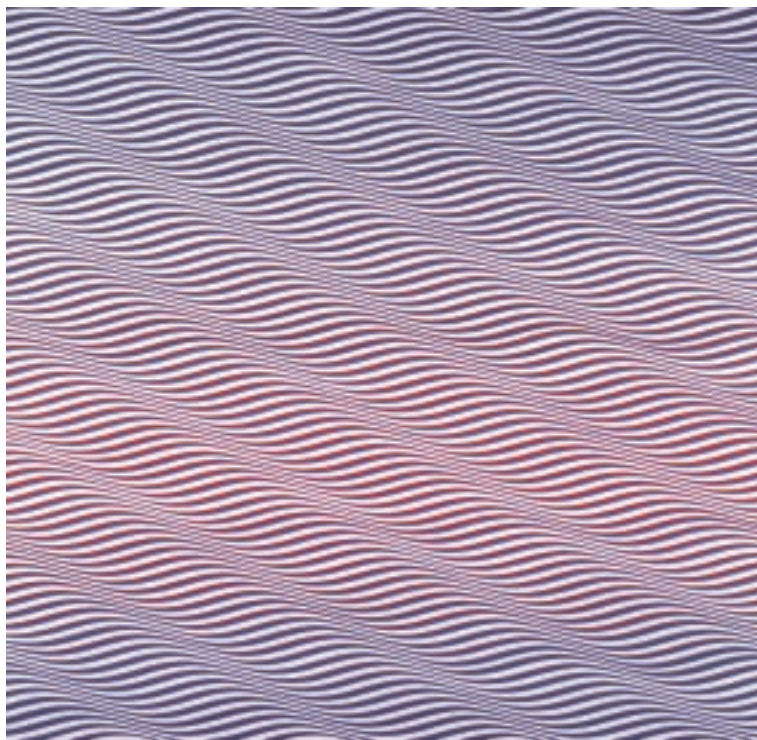
Until March 21

www.centrepompidou.fr



Schröder House (1924) in Utrecht, by Gerrit Rietveld.

The future of modern British history never looked so good



Bridget Riley's 'Cataract 3' (1967).

Barcelona: "Let Us Face The Future," an overview of British art between 1945 and 1968 showing at the Fundació Miró, is a crash course in history—of art and of the U.K. The exhibition not only examines the artistic developments during those years in the context of socio-political change, it also provides an understanding of how that change affected the country's collective psyche. And a look at two of the 88 works on show, Henry Moore's somber 1941 shelter drawing "Two Sleepers" and David Hockney's comic, even absurd, 1962 "Man in a Museum (or You are in the Wrong Movie)," shows that the transformation is remarkable.

The exhibition takes its name from the Labour Party's campaign slogan for the 1945 election. Winston Churchill's electoral defeat inaugurated an era of wealth and welfare that paved the way for the artistic scene of 1960s London, and illustrates just how much people wanted to leave behind the horrors of the World War II. At the start of the exhibition, works like Francis Bacon's

"A Study for a Figure at the Base of a Crucifixion" (1943-46) or Graham Sutherland's "Thorn Trees" (1945-46) are heavy with desolation. But already in the next section, the change in mood is palpable. Frank Auerbach and Leon Kossoff experiment with impasto and in "Reflection with Two Children (Self-Portrait)" (1965), Lucian Freud abandons his painstakingly precise style for something more adventurous.

The exhibition doesn't pretend to trace a linear development. There's a room dedicated to Constructivism, featuring Victor Pasmore, Kenneth Martin and Mary Martin. There's the St. Ives School of abstract landscape painting, with beautiful works by Roger Hilton, William Scott and the lesser-known Peter Lanyon. And there's a brief incursion into the hypnotizing Op Art of Bridget Riley, who won the International Prize for Painting at the 1968 Venice Biennale. Sculpture, from Moore and Dame Barbara Hepworth to Sir Anthony Caro and William Tucker, is also featured.

The show's highlight, however, is

its account of the rise of Pop Art. The artistic evolution of Sir Eduardo Paolozzi and Richard Hamilton is closely chronicled; in Paolozzi's case, from his collages and "Head" paintings (1953) to the striking 1964 series of silkscreen prints "As Is When"; in Mr. Hamilton's, from his first use of advertising images in "She" (1958-61) to the "Guggenheim Reliefs" (1970). From here, we proceed to Patrick Caulfield, Sir Peter Blake and Mr. Hockney (whose "A Rake's Progress" (1961-63) provides a comic treat), to finish with large-scale works by Ronald Brooks Kitaj and London as a center of the international art scene.

Throughout the exhibition, photography by the likes of Nigel Henderson and Tony Ray-Jones, featuring street scenes, balance the impressions left by the paintings. It may be a brief, textbook introduction to a complex subject, but that doesn't make this history lesson any less interesting.

—Kati Krause

Until Feb. 20

www.fundacionmiro-bcn.org

A 'Builder' lacking the master's touch

London: The Almeida Theatre's new production of Henrik Ibsen's late (1892) play "The Master Builder" is oddly unlovable. I don't mean by this that it's not good, but that director Travis Preston's staging (using an excellent, idiomatic, up-to-date translation by Kenneth McLeish), with designer Vicki Mortimer's contemporary dress and fashionably bare-earth set, doesn't attempt to charm the audience or make us warm to the characters.

Yet the actor playing Halvard Solness in the title role is Stephen Dillane, who charmed everyone who ever saw his performance in "Angels in America." I'd never have imagined Mr. Dillane could give a performance in which you did not quiver with sympathy for his character. Or that his co-star, the beautiful and excitingly vulnerable Gemma

Arterton, could make one mind so little about what happens to her character, Hilde Wangel.

Solness spurns a new architectural commission, but won't pass it on to his assistant Ragnar (John Light), as it would launch the young man on an independent career, enabling him to marry Kaja (Emma Hamilton), the master builder's secretary. Is Solness a brute, or just a neurotic mess? He has the nail-bitingly dutiful devotion of his wife (played superbly by Anastasia Hille) and the respect of the partner (Patrick Godfrey) and the goofy family doctor (Jack Shepherd).

Out of the blue comes Hilde, 10 years to the day since she met Solness when she was a little girl, and he told her she would be a princess and he would build her castle and run away with her. In her fantasy

way, she means business: she's come to collect on the promise. She tells Solness's entourage that, 10 years ago, she witnessed the master builder perform the topping out ceremony by placing a wreath on the very tall spire of the church he'd just finished. On hearing this, the incredulous wife gets even worse-than-usual shakes: Solness is phobic about heights.

There's a new building to be dedicated, and you can work out the rest, marvel at the plethora of phallic symbols and even be a little shocked. What you can't do is care very much about it all. I think I blame Ibsen, but Mr. Preston's direction does little to melt the icicle in the heart of the play.

—Paul Levy

Until Jan. 8

www.almeida.co.uk



Gemma Arterton as Hilde Wangel and Stephen Dillane as Halvard Solness.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY MORNING

Oscar Farinetti mixes business with pleasure

The founder of gourmet food and wine hall Eataly talks to The Wall Street Journal Europe about how he starts his weekend.

Oscar Farinetti is the business mind behind Eataly, the emporium dedicated to selling staples of Italian cooking such as durum wheat pasta, extra virgin olive oil, Parma ham, fresh vegetables and a wide variety of cheese. He recently teamed up with celebrity chefs Mario Batali and Joe Bastianich to unveil the latest 4,650-square-meter branch of Eataly in the heart of Manhattan, where visitors can also eat in one of its many restaurants. The Italian businessman and gastronomy guru today divides his time between the northern Italian city of Turin, home to the first Eataly, and New York. On weekends, he takes trips around the peninsula to stay abreast of its culinary roots.

What is your ideal weekend?

Dedicated to wine and food. I love visiting locations around Italy that are famous for their culinary tradition, ideally leaving on Fridays to make the most of it. Because of their historical and geographical traits, every Italian region developed its own gastronomic tradition; you never run out of things to learn. These tours help immensely as market research for Eataly.

Who do you go with?

I like traveling with my wife and friends who share our same enthusiasm for food and wine. My children are grown-up now, so they no longer come with us. The best part of a "foodie" weekend is to

spend time in good company, legs under the table, with great food and lively conversation.

Describe a recent trip.

I went to an area north of Parma where they make a special variety of ham called *Culatello di Zibello*. I went to a farm where they've been making *Culatello* for generations. I learned that you must cure *Culatello* on foggy days to guarantee it will come out well. If it's made on sunny days, it won't be good. I asked the farmers why, and they looked at me as if I were crazy. This is what their fathers did and their grandparents did before them, and that's just the way it is.

A memorable weekend?

I recommend spending a weekend in Gragnano, an extraordinary town south of Naples famous for its pasta. I went there to see how Gragnano durum wheat pasta is produced. I learned what slow-drying and bronze-drawn pasta is all about. The name "Gragnano" itself comes from the Latin for wheat, because there used to be plenty [of] wheat plantations there in ancient times. You can still see the ruins of ancient mills there.

What's your weekend routine?

I work a lot during the week, so I usually stay home. I live in a small village 50 kilometers outside Turin called Novello; it has a population of 841. It's on a hilltop overlooking the Langhe countryside—in my view one of the most beautiful places in the world. When it comes to food, the Langhe is by far the coolest place in Italy. It's the home of Barolo

vineyards and white truffle, one of Italy's most coveted deli products. At home, my favorite pastime is reading. I like to stick with an author at a time. So if I decide it's an Italo Calvino weekend, I'll try to read as many of his works as possible. If I don't leave, I might spend the day in Turin.

What are your favorite pastimes?

Turin is a city where you breathe beauty. I like going to the fabulous cinema museum or to the Egyptian museum. Recently I went to visit the kitchens in the Royal Palace, which were extraordinary! Turin also has a spectacular open-air museum: the Porta Palazzo fruits and vegetables market. I never normally go food shopping myself, except in markets.

Where do you go on Saturdays?

Turin is known for its historical cafes. My favorite is Baratti & Milano, in the Subalpina Arcade. I'd happily spend the whole day there, reading a book or leafing through newspapers. I'd order one of their famous cups of thick hot chocolate, strictly with no whipped cream.

What about for dinner?

My favorite restaurants in Turin are Sotto La Mole and Antiche Sere, both of which serve typical local dishes. If I had to go somewhere fancy for a special occasion, I'd go to the Michelin-starred restaurant Combal.Zero, in the Castle of Rivoli just outside Turin. A place where I regularly go for dinner is, obviously, Eataly.

—Mr. Farinetti was speaking with Margherita Stancati.



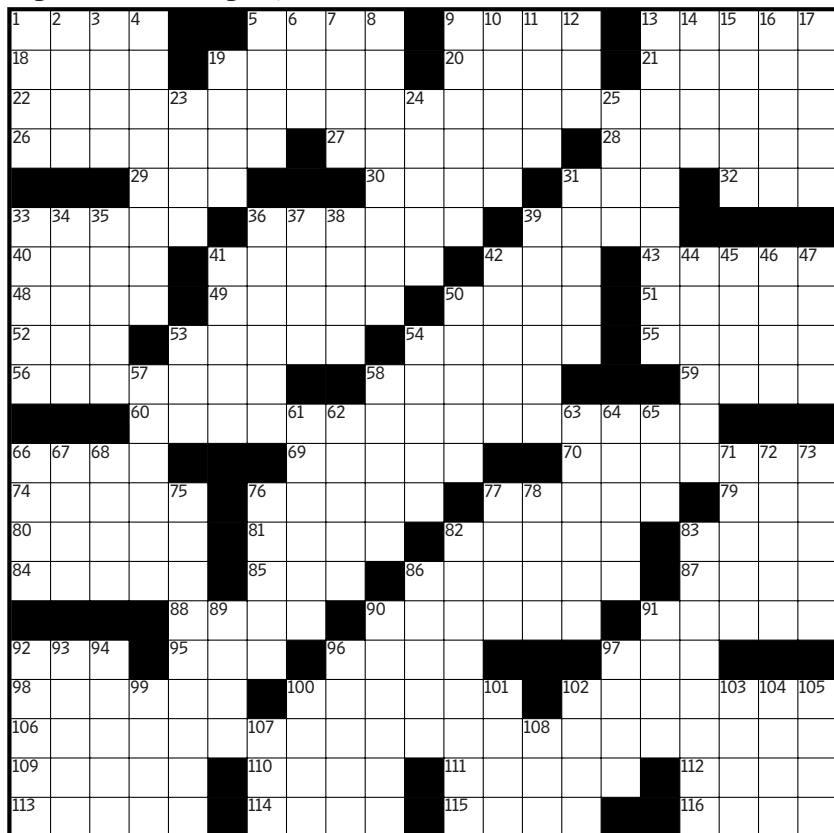
Michele D'Ottavio/Photo-It

THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

Across

- 1 Lord's lackey
- 5 One of Cooperstown's "First Class"
- 9 Neighbor of Libya
- 13 Berth place
- 18 Inventor's springboard
- 19 Essman of "Curb Your Enthusiasm"
- 20 Prince Bail Organa's adopted daughter
- 21 Bull session?
- 22 With 60- and 106-Across, how to complete this puzzle
- 26 Victoria's Secret offerings
- 27 They get the scoop
- 28 Lend a hand
- 29 B & B
- 30 Cyclotron particles
- 31 Boom producer
- 32 Wii forerunner
- 33 Flummoxed
- 36 Argentine first family of the 1940s
- 39 Color akin to verdigris
- 40 It may be just what the doctor ordered
- 41 Firebugs commit them
- 42 Sgt.'s underling
- 43 Atlas expanse
- 48 Fragrant neckwear
- 49 Writers Jessamyn and Rebecca
- 50 Winery buy

Big Game Hunting / by Ken Fisher



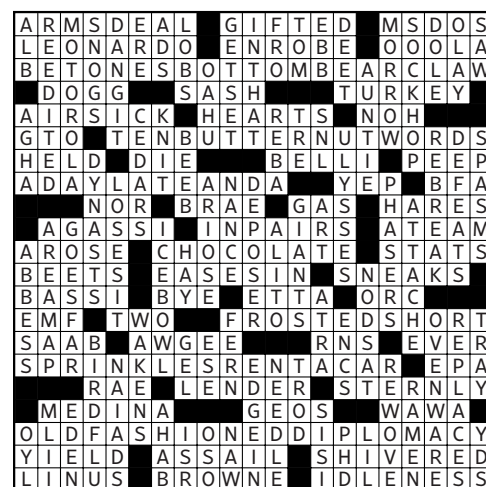
- 51 ___-loading (marathon prep)
- 52 Code for the world's busiest airport
- 53 Free-for-all feature
- 54 Gives in to a tearjerker
- 55 Attacked jointly?
- 56 City about nine miles north of Newark
- 58 Wiring problem
- 59 Troubles
- 60 See 22-Across
- 66 Not even cracked
- 69 Franchise group
- 70 Like most of Russia
- 74 Market indicators?
- 76 Louses
- 77 Legally binding
- 79 Deposit in some banks
- 80 "Coming to America" prince
- 81 Sufficiently skilled
- 82 Country great Haggard
- 83 Showed interest in
- 84 World currency proposed by a Belgian economist
- 85 Kilmer of "Top Gun"
- 86 Body shop substitute
- 87 Sequoia feature
- 88 "The Witches" director Nicolas
- 90 Performed perfectly
- 91 Howlin' Wolf's music
- 92 Brit. money
- 95 FDR power program
- 96 "Bill & ___ Excellent Adventure"
- 97 Designer Anna
- 98 Pole position?
- 100 Ream makeup
- 102 Embroidery piece
- 106 See 22-Across
- 109 Through
- 110 "Help ___ the way!"
- 111 Pub perch
- 112 Colorful diaphragm
- 113 Studio supporter
- 114 Name on some champagne bottles
- 115 Site for a night out
- 116 Play group

Down

- 1 Go through thoroughly
- 2 Carmela's portrayal on "The Sopranos"
- 3 Tear
- 4 South Beach and others
- 5 Production batches
- 6 SEAL's org.
- 7 It may precede making up
- 8 Nightmares for 57-Down
- 9 Does a maid's work
- 10 Track trials
- 11 Prepares to fire
- 12 "___ Kapital"
- 13 Wrestler's ploy
- 14 Troughs on poles
- 15 Computer expansion card
- 16 Candy pioneer H.B.
- 17 Newsletter choices
- 19 Spotted
- 23 Alec's TV co-star
- 24 Judge Doom's victims, in a 1988 movie
- 25 Tennis's Mandlikova
- 31 Nice noggins
- 33 Be ___ in the face to (insult)
- 34 Angle indicator in geometry
- 35 Agronomists' study
- 36 Use the pulpit
- 37 "Happy Motoring!" sloganeer
- 38 Molders
- 39 Best Buy array
- 41 In the least
- 42 Skating category
- 44 Second-largest nation
- 45 "... saw Elba"
- 46 Noted shepherd
- 47 Endorsements

- 50 Sing softly
- 53 Pink-slip
- 54 Rock of comedy
- 57 Evening hire
- 58 Map indication
- 61 Sprain soother
- 62 Combing find
- 63 Like squash courts
- 64 Willow shoot
- 65 Free
- 66 Blinds piece
- 67 You might walk a mile for it
- 68 Manipulative sort
- 71 "What's it ___?"
- 72 Dancer Castle
- 73 Gives up
- 75 Adderall, informally
- 76 "... nice day!"
- 77 Schnitzel base
- 78 "Rule, Britannia!" composer
- 82 Top-rated, in a brownie bake-off
- 83 Sun's path on the celestial sphere
- 86 Fills holds
- 89 Brickmaking need
- 90 May neglect to
- 91 Cadges
- 92 Smooth transition
- 93 ___ profit (make money)
- 94 Southern breakfast staple
- 96 Violent pain
- 97 Comic Mort
- 99 Comics beagle
- 100 Lackluster
- 101 Stuff
- 102 Adam Smith, for one
- 103 Vega's constellation
- 104 Yale rooters
- 105 Vacation goal
- 107 Director Wenders
- 108 Arthur and Molly Weasley's youngest son

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

"The Last Caravaggio" for the first time publicly exhibits the painting "St John the Baptist Reclining," 400 years after it was painted by the Italian master. Museum het Rembrandthuis
 Until Feb. 13
 ☎ 31-20-5200-400
 www.rembrandthuis.nl

Berlin

■ ART

"Loss and Return" unveils new re-acquisitions lost during World War II, including work by Carl Blechen, Wilhelm Ahlborn and Ferdinand Waldmüller. Old National Gallery
 Dec. 10-March 6
 ☎ 49-30-2090-5577
 www.smb.museum

Brussels

■ OPERA

"La Boheme" presents a modern staging of Puccini's opera by Andreas Homoki, featuring Ermonela Jaho and musical direction by Carlo Rizzi. La Monnaie—De Munt
 Dec. 10-31
 ☎ 32-7023-3939
 www.lamonnaie.be

Edinburgh

■ ART

"The Young Vermeer" showcases Johannes Vermeer's early career with paintings including "Christ in the House of Martha and Mary." National Gallery of Scotland
 Dec. 8-March 13
 ☎ 44-1316-2462-00
 www.nationalgalleries.org

Frankfurt

■ PHOTOGRAPHY

"Abisag Tüllmann (1935-1996)" is a retrospective of the German photographer, including portraits of Theodor W. Adorno and Joschka Fischer. Historisches Museum Frankfurt
 Until March 27
 ☎ 49-69-2123-5599
 www.historisches-museum.frankfurt.de

London

■ FASHION

"Aware" showcases designs and art by 30 artists examining the relationship between identity and fashion, including Alicia Framis and Alexander McQueen. Royal Academy of Arts
 Until Jan. 30
 ☎ 44-20-7300-8000
 www.royalacademy.org.uk

■ FILM

"Birds of Paradise: 3rd Fashion Film Festival" screens rare and unseen films highlighting costume design, including work by Kenneth Anger and others. Various venues
 Until Dec. 12
 ☎ 44-2075-1487-11
 www.fashioninfilm.com

■ THEATER

"A Flea in Her Ear" is a comedy of errors by Georges Feydeau, starring Tom Hollander and Freddie Fox and directed by Richard Eyre. The Old Vic
 Until March 5
 ☎ 44-8448-7176-28
 www.oldvictheatre.com

Milan

■ PHOTOGRAPHY

"Mick Jagger: Photobook" offers 70 portraits of the Rolling Stones singer, captured over 50 years by artists such as Anwar Hussein and Annie Leibovitz. Forma
 Until Feb. 13
 ☎ 39-2581-1806-7
 www.formafoto.it



Zurich's Design Museum showcases this year's finalists in the 'Federal Design Awards,' including work by fashion designer Ikou Tschüss, above.

Munich

■ ART

"A Golden Age: Dutch Group Portraits from the Amsterdams Historisch Museum" exhibits 12 group portraits from the likes of Ferdinand Bol, Adriaen Backer, Govert Flinck and others. Alte Pinakothek
 Until Feb. 27
 ☎ 49-89-2380-5216
 www.pinakothek.de/alte-pinakothek

Paris

■ ART

"Antiquity Rediscovered: European Art Between the Antique and Reinvention" shows 150 works of art that resisted classical styles, including paintings, sculptures, drawings and engravings. Musée du Louvre
 Until Feb. 14
 ☎ 33-1402-0505-0
 www.louvre.fr

Rome

■ ART

"Contemporary Italian Art Prize" highlights work by the four finalists of the annual prize, Rosa Barba, Rossella Biscotti, Gianluca and Massimiliano De Serio and Piero Golia. Museo Nazionale delle Arti del XXI secolo (MAXXI)
 Until March 20
 ☎ 39-6399-67350
 www.fondazionemaxxi.it

Zurich

■ DESIGN

"Federal Design Awards 2010" showcases the work of finalists in the fields of graphics, textile and fashion design, photography, product design, jewelry and ceramics. Museum of Design
 Until Feb. 20
 ☎ 41-43-4466-767
 www.museum-gestaltun.ch

—Source: WSJ research

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