

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

Top of her game

This is architect Kazuyo Sejima's year:
The Pritzker, the Venice Biennale, the new Louvre-Lens



Wine: A change of style for 'garagistes' | Fashion: Berlin puts itself on the map

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Top of her game

Pritzker Prize architect Kazuyo Sejima on the Venice Biennale and Louvre-Lens



Sejima Kazuyo.

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WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

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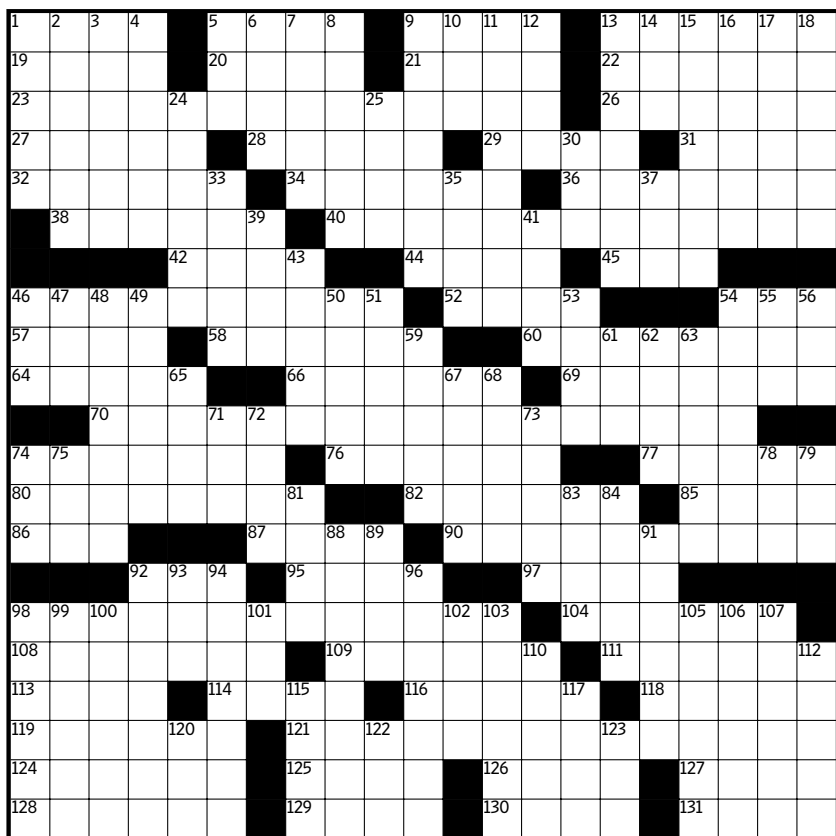
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Last Week's Solution





Getty Images (3)

Berlin is in fashion

BY LAURA STEVENS

WITH ITS CHEAP rents, gritty feel and high concentration of artists on a budget, Berlin is funky enough to have adopted the line “poor but sexy” as an unofficial motto.

The city’s edgy, sexy vibe was evident on Wednesday as German designers kicked off Mercedes-Benz Berlin Fashion Week, which runs through Saturday. Getting on the world’s fashion map isn’t easy, but Berlin is trying.

So far, it’s not on a par with the fashion weeks of New York, Milan, Paris or even runner-up London. Most of the retail buyers are from Germany, and only a few of the designers, such as Hugo Boss—a German brand—and Calvin Klein, are major international names. Some big German labels, such as Joop!, Jil Sander and Escada, aren’t participating.

Still, Berlin fashion week has grown steadily since its inception in 2007, and the biannual event is now a fashion hub for German designers and buyers. The number of designers showing has quadrupled, says Peter Levy, senior vice president of fashion-week organizer IMG Fashion Worldwide. The event now draws fashion media from all over Europe—eastern and western—including style capital Paris. And it is “now profitable,” says IMG spokesperson Daniel Aubke. Amping up its impact, it’s being presented at the same time as two other international fashion trade shows, the streetwear-oriented Bread & Butter, and the more upscale Premiere.

Berlin’s cheap-chic character makes it a cultural center—and party town—for young Europeans. Its fashion reputation is growing as well. “Berlin specifically, but Germany is definitely a hotbed of creativity,” says IMG’s Mr. Levy.

“I like German fashion quite a lot,” says Valerie Steele, director and chief curator of The Museum at

the Fashion Institute of Technology. “It’s kind of tough. There’s lots of leather. There’s lots of kind of denim. It’s not sort of chic the way Paris or Milan is. It’s more kind of funky street style.”

“Berlin designers take more risks than in other cities, for example, in Paris,” says Julia Quante, a journalist for trade publication BerlinFashion.Daily and website berlin-fashion.tv.

Germans’ own love of fashion is growing, some labels say. Berlin-based label Kaviar Gauche showed in London and Paris before winning an award at the first Berlin Fashion Week. Now, the designers, who have a small presence in Japan, Hong Kong, Paris and London, among other cities, show their bridal and evening-wear collection only in Berlin.

“Of course, we were really skeptical in the beginning,” says Johanna Kühl, one of the designers, laughing. “Who needs another fashion week?” But she and her fellow designer, Alexandra Fischer-Roehler, were convinced by the strengthening buying power and enthusiasm of German customers.

The range of German design was visible on Wednesday. Several designers played with flowy and sheer looks. At the same time, most clothes retained a sense of wearability and comfort, channeling streetwear—a casual, urban look—and rocker influences.

Kaviar Gauche, whose show’s music switched abruptly from classical to the metal band Rammstein, paired many of its elegant designs with sheer white pants. Some of the dresses had a Greek classical look, with only one shoulder strap and loose silk material cinched at the waist.

Lala Berlin, which started its show off with a singer in a silver leopard-print dress performing “Come As You Are” by Nirvana, featured several pieces in loose, open knits, such as a black-and-white

striped see-through dress. A white tube dress was covered by a very loosely knit gown that looked like a spider web. Other soft knits were given a rock ‘n’ roll edge by animal-print patterns. There was even a silver and orange leopard-print skirt. The knits and billowy silk tops were paired with separates such as bright orange jeans, navy-striped pants and silver micro-mini skirts.

The collection is “Kurt Cobain in Kenya,” says Leyla Piedayesh, Lala Berlin’s designer. “It’s a totally new interpretation of tradition.” Lala Berlin is sold in 140 mostly German stores, including one in the trendy Berlin-Mitte neighborhood.

Other designers showed a more extreme side of Berlin style. Lena Hoschek, an Austrian designer whose pieces are worn by singer Katy Perry, put her models in shoulder-length black wigs with bangs in 1950s style. While poofy skirts and flirty tops followed the malt-shop theme, metal spikes and leather straps gave the looks a dominatrix twist. (Think Grease meets Catwoman.)

Dimitri, a Milan-based designer, used color-rich embroidery, sequins and beading to create a traditional, almost Eastern European flavor. His designs—ranging from extremely short to extremely long—featured flowy clothing, big belts, and flashy details such as a skirt and a dress trimmed with gold coins.

Not every event is taking place in the main fashion tent. Michael Michalsky, previously a head designer for both Levi and Adidas, is known for combining classic styles with a streetwear edge. His new line will be shown Friday at an off-site event called “StyleNite” in Berlin’s Tempodrom arena.

Fashion Week, he says, is “the resurrection of the old and very successful fashion tradition of our city,” he says, referring to Berlin’s creative heyday in the 1920s. “We all feel this and have the same dream—to tell the world that Berlin fashion is back.”



Top, Kaviar Gauche gave soft materials and shapes a controlled look; above, Lala Berlin featured loose, soft knits such as this dress, with its stark black-and-white stripes that add an edgy quality; left, Dimitri punctuated his colorful collection with metallic accents and streamlined silhouettes.



Clockwise from left, Resit Soley in front of Corvus Wine & Bite restaurant in Istanbul; wine barrels, the Corvus vineyard on Bozcaada island on the northern side of the Aegean Sea; the interior of Wine & Bite; Bozcaada harbor.

Aegean ties to antiquity

Turkish winemaker Resit Soley on the island of Bozcaada and his Corvus vineyard



Orkan Koculu, <http://www.flickr.com/photos/ozkanokulu>

By J. S. MARCUS

PEOPLE IN THE wine world cannot stop talking about terroir. Used to describe everything from a winegrowing region's annual rainfall to the kind of lunch the local vineyard workers like to eat, the word is a slightly highbrow way to say, in effect, "around here." Not surprisingly, it is just about the first word that Resit Soley, one of Turkey's newest and best winemakers, uses to sum up the unique aspects of Bozcaada, the windswept Aegean island where his winemaking venture, Corvus Vineyards, has been producing fine wines since 2004. But for once, terroir, in all its grandeur, falls short. Bozcaada, as it turns out, is not just a piece of land—it is the stuff of myth.

Known for millennia by its Greek name, Tenedos, the island is mentioned in both the Iliad and the Aeneid. Long famed for its wine (and, according to legend, as a sanctuary of the god Apollo), the island maintained its Greek identity, its vineyards, and its ties to antiquity, all the way up until 1960s, when most of the remaining ethnic Greeks, who got caught up in the Turkish-Greek conflict over Cyprus, left for good.

The vineyards, often in the same families for generations, were sold off, and Turkey's state-controlled alcohol industry proceeded to use the island's once-precious grapes as the raw material for cheap brandy. Now, thanks in large part to Mr. Soley, who has revived local varieties and brought in technological innovations, the island is once again attracting attention for wine. "Actually we are not making wine," insists Mr. Soley, over tea in an outdoor café near Istanbul's Tünel Square. "We are making some kind of archaeological restoration."

History, both distant and recent, is on Mr. Soley's side. One of his most acclaimed new wines, a light, dry white called Cavus, is made from a local table grape, which the islanders had been growing for centuries, but which he decided to turn into wine for the first time. And this year, his business got a tremendous boost when the government dropped a whopping 63% luxury tax from fine wines. On New Year's Eve, he recalls, "we got the news" and "sales are getting better every day." "We are up over 30% since last year," he adds.

These days, Resit Soley, 53 years old, may be the public face of Turkey's booming boutique winery scene, but for decades he was one of his country's best-known architects. His Istanbul firm, Leo Design, is responsible for several of the skyscrapers that make up Istanbul's Maslak business district. Architecture, it turns out, has been great training for making wine.

"When you do a building you have the elevators, you have the staircases, you have the piping system," he says. "It's the same here. Making wine for me is like a project, like building a house or a high rise."

When Mr. Soley, who had been spending time on the island since the 1980s, first pieced together a modern winemaking facility, combining smaller traditional vineyards, some 28 acres of new plantings, and a state-owned factory left over from the island's industrial-alcohol days, he sought out experts around the world.

"As an architect, I worked with the technical guys," he says. And when it came to figuring out how to grow grapes and then turn them into wine, he wanted to find out "who knows more than the others."

He got advice about irrigation from Israelis ("They do it best," he says), and advice about working with local varieties from a northern Italian winemaker. "We started to work with Pier Giorgio Berta of Piedmont," he says. "It was really something for him to come to this lost island and work with these lost grapes. It was a challenge for him and for me, and we made it."



Resit Soley (2)

Although decades of badly managed vineyards meant that “local wine culture was lost,” it turned out that the island had a built-in advantage—sunny days and cool, windy nights. “This is hot-climate winemaking,” he says, comparing Bozcaada’s conditions to southern Spain or Sicily. “The difference is at night, when the dew comes. By 9 p.m., the vineyard gets wet,” he says. “And early in the morning, the wind dries it, and drying means cooling. This very special microclimate is what made the island wines famous, once upon a time.”

In addition to Cavus grapes, Mr. Soley has revived two other local varieties, called Kuntra and Karalahna, for making red wines. He says the island’s conditions are especially suited to late-harvest reds with a high-alcohol content, but they also allow him to make a naturally sweet wine, called Passito.

Istanbul’s celebrity chef, Mehmet Gürs, known for combining Scandinavian and Anatolian cuisine at his rooftop restaurant,

Mikla, likes Corvus’s blended reds, which change every growing season, and are given sequential numbers. Mr. Soley is currently selling market blend No. 3, and putting No. 4 and No. 5 in wooden tanks. “He takes care of his grapes,” says Mr. Gürs of Mr. Soley. “And it shows.”

Bozcaada isn’t the only isolated setting for making fine Turkish wines, says Isa Bal, the Turkish-born sommelier at The Fat Duck, chef Heston Blumenthal’s three-star Michelin restaurant located in Bray, England. “There is a small village in the heart of Turkey called Güney,” says Mr. Bal, where Syrah and Sauvignon Blanc grapes do very well in the high altitude. He recommends Güney wines made by Sevilen, an Izmir-based winemaker. “They make a fabulous Syrah called Centum,” he says, and “a world-class” Sauvignon Blanc called 900.

Mr. Soley’s concern for his wine has led him to phase out cork in favor of screw caps, making him the very first premium Turkish winemaker to do so. The highest quality cork is usually reserved for French and Italian winemakers, he says. And if a cork goes bad, “the effect is horrible,” especially on white wines, like the delicate Cavus. “That stupid cork can ruin everything.”

When he first planned his bottling facilities in 2003, he made sure he could use cork in the short-term and screw caps in the medium and long-term. He learned his lesson, he says, from architecture.

“You cannot build a building to last five years,” he says. “You have to create it for the future.”

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

‘Actually we are not making wine,’ says Resit Soley. ‘We are making some kind of archaeological restoration.’

Garagistes’ change of style

GARAGE WINES—REMEMBER those? They enjoyed their heyday in the late ‘90s and early noughties when the “garagistes,” to give them their local moniker, created a style of wine that appealed to the international market to such an extent that, at one time, they commanded some of the highest prices in the world.

Nestled around the village of Saint-Émilion in Bordeaux, a small group of garagistes at vineyards such as Château Valandraud, La Mondotte from Château Canon-la-

This involved meticulous vineyard management, hand-picking at optimum ripeness, carefully sorting out the best grapes, hand de-stemming, using only new oak and fermenting at temperatures above 30 degrees centigrade to extract more richness. The theory went that with such attention to detail the market would be willing to pay for the high production costs. It worked. The first vintage was in 1991 and with the help of high scores by wine critic Robert Parker, and deft marketing, prices and sales rose. Others followed, a movement was born. By the early 2000s, Garage wines were achieving the same price as the First Growths in Bordeaux.

Wine WILL LYONS

Gaffelière and Le Dôme from Château Teyssier ripped up the rule book with a style of wine that was fruitier, more supple, higher in alcohol content and could be drunk soon after it had been bottled. They didn’t require 10 years in a cellar, weren’t enveloped in tannin and had plenty of evidence of new oak. In short, these wines were about as far removed from the traditional style of red Bordeaux as you could get.

I was explaining all this to my wife, Kate, who has long suffered my wine-tasting escapades, as we trundled down the hill out of Saint-Émilion to visit Jonathan Malthus, one of the founders of the Vins de Garage movement, at Château Teyssier. I hadn’t told Kate I had planned to break our holiday with yet another vineyard visit, especially when it happens with metronomic regularity every time we leave Britain’s shores. But Kate’s a good sport and Mr. Malthus is a charmer, so all was forgiven. Besides, when I’m prattling on about blueberries and cedar, it’s always good to hear Kate’s input, which invariably ranges from “astringent,” to “I like that one,” to “which is the most expensive?”

In reality the Garage movement probably started with Jean-Luc Thunevin, a multiple careerist who ended up as a wine merchant in Saint-Émilion. Having seen how a supposedly great château could sell bad wine at high prices because of its historical reputation, Mr. Thunevin decided he would instead create a new wine without history or reputation. Having little money, he and his wife began buying up small plots of land and set about creating a boutique wine with the aim of creating a flawless, world-class production process.

Despite this I have always been a little wary of Garage wines. I was uneasy with the winemakers’ obsession with winemaking, their lack of interest in terroir and love affair with new oak. Also, the style of wine, which leaned more toward the heavier, fruitier more oaked style of the New World didn’t always appeal to my palate.

“It was a great movement to be part of and a very exciting time as everyone was trying to outdo each other,” says Mr. Malthus. “But it was based around winemaking as opposed to terroir and, with hindsight, some of the ideas were pretty excessive.”

Which is odd, as you wouldn’t expect one of the movements’ most vocal exponents to be so critical of previous practices. But tasting his Le Dôme 2009, there is evidence of a change in style. Le Dôme was created in 1996 from vines planted in a small parcel between Château Angélus and Château Grand-Mayne. It is predominantly Cabernet Franc with around 20% Merlot. The early vintages had quite a bit of oak and were heady, spicy wines. My first impression of the ‘09 was extremely favorable. It seems tighter, fresher with less emphasis on extraction and more on balance. It is by far the most exciting Le Dôme I have tasted.

Mr. Malthus says there has been a conscious effort to change the style. He now ferments at around 28 degrees centigrade to retain more freshness and isn’t using as much new oak. Don’t get me wrong, this is still an intense, big wine and pricy (a case of the 2009 will set you back around €2,355) but there is a little more class about it. In one sense you could argue the garagistes are going back to terroir.

DRINKING NOW

Château Teyssier
Saint-Émilion Grand Cru,
Bordeaux, France

Vintage: **2007**

Price: **about £13 or €16**

Alcohol content: **12.5%**

Teyssier is one of those wines that has built up a following for being consistently undervalued. Frequent flyers will recognize it from first class on American Airlines. The ‘07 retains its freshness and savory mineral flavor on the palate, while offering a swathe of fresh fruit on the nose.



New horizons



Luke Duggleby for The Wall Street Journal (2)

Cambodia's Kep, once an upscale resort, is blooming again

BY TOM VATER

KEP IS NOT about the sea. Kep is about wind and mountain, precipitation and a way of life," says Rithivit Tep, owner of the Villa Thomas, the Cambodian beach town's oldest building. Dating to 1903, handsome and Gothic-looking, it was originally built to house French colonial administrators on break from their jobs in Phnom Penh.

The French did little on this picturesque stretch of the country's southeastern coast but keep away from the tigers that used to roam the Elephant Mountains, which rise from the paddy fields behind the town. Its natural shoreline, mostly black rock and mangrove swamp, hardly invites bathing. But in the 1950s, Kep became an upscale resort town, Cambodia's version of France's Saint-Tropez. (Suitably, it was called Kep sur Mer.) A beach was created, and regularly replenished, using sand barged in from down the coast. The country's newly emerging elite, propelled into sudden affluence after independence in 1953, lined the Gulf of Thailand seafront with their villas.

"Kep was wonderful in its heyday," says Rithivit Tep. "We had cocktail parties every night, artists and musicians stayed here. It was fashionable." King Norodom Sihanouk was a regular visitor, and bands played their locally developed brand of rock 'n' roll mixed with Khmer melodies on the beach. Those who danced themselves into a sweat could escape to Bokor hill station with its handsome casino hotel, spectacularly located on a cool plateau 1,000 meters above the beach town.

But for Kep, as for the rest of Cambodia, the bloom was brief. From the mid-1960s the country drifted into chaos: The U.S. war with Vietnam crossed the border, a coup deposed the king and the Khmer Rouge revolu-



Top, the wooden pier that jets out in to the sea from the Sailing Club; below, the Vann Molyvann-designed Knai Bang Chatt hotel.

tion brought isolation and genocide followed by almost two decades of civil war. (Rithivit Tep, then a teenager and fledgling tennis player—his father, the late Tep Kunah, was a star—fled with his family in the early 1970s to France and Canada, not returning until 1992.) As recently as 10 years ago, Kep was a ghost town. Streets were overgrown, palm trees where lampposts once stood, as the former holiday homes, built by an elite that no longer existed, were subsumed by jungle.

Now, the picture is changing. The area around Kep became a province in its own right in 2008, and has since attracted significant funds from the government for infrastructure development. New roads and administrative buildings, a new market and tentative efforts at urban plan-

ning in Kep itself are beginning to show results. And the town of 5,000 has been on the national electricity grid for more than a year. Resorts and restaurants open with increasing regularity, bringing Wi-Fi and swimming pools.

Rithivit Tep this year plans to open his old villa (and adjoining bungalows) as a luxury resort; he's also purchased an island off the coast where he intends to establish an ecotourism venture. Initially, he plans to take high-end guests from his mainland resort to the island for romantic luxury dinners. "Kep must be returned to its former glory," he says.

Jef Moons, a 47-year-old Belgian hotelier, is one step ahead of the pack. He visited Kep on his first trip to Cambodia in 2002, drawn by the lack of information on it in his

Lonely Planet guidebook. "I was bowled over by the beauty of the people and the place and wanted to come back to share Kep with friends," he says. "I immediately bought three properties."

With a workforce of 150, Mr. Moons painstakingly restored one of Kep's handsomest beachfront properties, a 1960s villa designed by a student of Cambodia's master architect Vann Molyvann. With a second, more recent villa in similarly elegant style and complemented by a pool, his stylish 11-room resort, with a staff of 45, provides Kep's highest-end accommodation.

"When we first visited Kep, we saw a full rainbow around the sun, a 'knai bang chatt' in Khmer," he recalls. "That's what I called the resort when we opened in 2004."



Luke Duggieby for The Wall Street Journal (2)

Top, Villa Thomas, the Cambodian beach town's oldest building; above, grilling squid at the crab market.

Funky and attractive bungalows are connected by a warren of wooden walkways high above the grounds at Veranda, a resort on a hillside above town that offers incredible views across the Gulf of Thailand. Canadian-Vietnamese owner Lily Loo says she is happy that Kep is finding its feet again.

"We opened in 2002," she says. "In the beginning, all our guests were backpackers. But in 2005, we noticed a change. Families and wealthier independent tourists began to visit. But it's been a slow process."

Slow is the word in Kep; there's not a lot to do but relax. Knai Bang Chatt has offered diversions ranging from talks by Cambodia experts to photography weekends and wellness spa weeks (not to mention several eclectic performances on the rooftop by Khuon Sethisak, Cambodia's best-known opera singer). There are pepper plantations and caves nearby to visit. The ruined villas are worth exploring—and Mr. Moons warns they may not be around for much longer.

"Many of the old houses will disappear," he says. "Khmer people want to look rich, and 1960s architecture means nothing to them. This is normal after an experience like the Khmer Rouge. Culture here is about surviving."

The crab market is the town's main attraction. This long row of shacks is a hive of activity from dawn till dusk. Restaurant after restaurant, including an Italian eatery, line the curved seafront. From 4 a.m., local women, colorfully wrapped from head to toe, stand knee-deep in the surf and negotiate prices for the live crabs that are packed into wicker baskets bobbing in the shallow water. Offshore, bright green long-tail fishing boats are anchored against the

backdrop of the Vietnamese island of Phu Qoc and, to the west, Bokor Mountain. Delicious steamed crab, for which Kep is known all over the country, is served all day.

A more sedate eating option is the nearby Sailing Club, also owned by Mr. Moons, an elegant wooden bungalow beside a simple pier, offering Art Deco furniture, mellow music, a short but carefully balanced menu of Khmer and Western dishes, and cocktails.

If even Kep gets to be too much, there's also the possibility of escaping to the simplest of paradises. Koh Tonsay, also called Rabbit Island, lies five kilometers off the coast, and once served as a prison. Today, simple wooden beach shacks, straw-roofed seafood restaurants and a few sun-loungers are as far as facilities stretch on the main beach, a palm-fringed bay with views of the mountainous coastline. The visitors sipping fresh coconut juice in their hammocks are a mixed bunch: backpackers, young families and wealthy, older tourists on day-trips rub shoulders along the half-kilometer sand crescent. Those not put off by the island's basic amenities can stay overnight in simple but clean beachside bungalows.

Bokor hill station, until recently the heart of a national park, is being redeveloped into a glitzy gambling paradise, with a new resort and at least one golf course planned and even some talk of a dinosaur theme park. That's all right with Rithivit Tep; in his vision, Bokor can be for visitors seeking the shiny and new, while his beach town can appeal to those with a taste for the classic. "We have to make sure," he says, "that Kep will return to its golden age."

—Tom Vater is a writer based in Bangkok.

TRIP PLANNER

Getting there

Kep is about three hours (and €28) from the capital Phnom Penh by cab, four to five hours (and €2.80) by air-conditioned bus.

Where to stay

Knai Bang Chatt Resort: A double room goes for €160 to €280 ☎ 855-12-349-742; www.knaibangchatt.com. The resort, by the shore in the north of Kep, has a Phnom Penh office at 76 Street 360. ☎ 855-23-212-194.

Veranda: Sprawling across a hillside in the north of Kep, facing the sea, Veranda offers smart, stand-alone double-room bungalows for €30 to €65 and well-furnished vacation villas that can sleep a family for €115 to €160 ☎ 855-33-399-035 or ☎ 855-12-888-619; www.veranda-resort.com.

The Beach House: A double room at the Beach House—true to its name, near the town's beach, in the center of town—costs €32 to €40 ☎ 855-12-712-750; www.thebeachhousekep.com.

Where to eat (and drink)

Crab market: The market's informal eateries, housed in somewhat rickety but clean beachfront sheds in the northern part of Kep, serve the best steamed crab in the country (some also serve wine). Dinner for two with a decent bottle, around €25.

The Sailing Club: Stylish and relaxed wooden beachfront house next to Knai Bang Chatt with hip ambience, cocktails and a decent menu of local and international dishes. Dinner for two, around €24.

Breezes: Quiet boutique-style eatery, bar and Wi-Fi port of call in the eastern part of Kep, on a beach populated by mangroves. Dinner for two, around €24.

The Riel Bar: Kep's only late-night hangout, right at the central roundabout in the northern part of town, offers a variety of cold beers, a pool table and occasional films and readings. Pay in Cambodian currency and get a discount.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Montagu, South Africa

Reporter **Gautam Naik** on what to do, where to eat and where to stay in this charming, historic hamlet, a two-hour drive from Cape Town.

What to do

Drink plenty of delicious wine, for starters. The area is part of Route 62, supposedly the longest wine route in the world. The most memorable and hedonistic way to drop by some of the area's 45 cellars is in a chauffeured sky-blue 1956 Cadillac, operated by Montagu Country Hotel (27 Bath St.; ☎ 27-23-614-3125; montagucountryhotel.co.za) Local guide and driver Jaco Blom (☎ 27-84-202-2222; www.r62wine-tours.co.za) also offers tours, which include a picnic under old oak trees and a chance to blend, bottle and label your own wine. The more sober-minded can be awed by the towering red cliffs, which offer some of the best rock climbing in South Africa. The owners of a working farm, De Bos (8 Brown St.; ☎ 27-23-614-2532) provide guided tours of the climbing routes. For families, a popular trip is a tractor ride organized by Protea Farm (☎ 27-23-614-3012) on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The views of the valley 1,400 meters below are spectacular. The Klaasvoogds Game Reserve (☎ 27-23-626-6115) is nearby. Be warned: the game viewing there is mainly antelope, zebra and birds. For an outing on the nearby Breede River, consider Viljoensdrift Wines & River Cruises (www.viljoensdrift.co.za; ☎ 27-23-615-1901), which serves a picnic accompanied by its own wine. The hills are laced with hiking trails, and maps of them are available at the local tourism office (24 Bath St.; ☎ 27-23-614-2471). A short trek leads to the town's hot springs—mildly radioactive baths that are one of the area's key attractions. The spa buildings around the spring were destroyed by a

flood in 1981 but have since been rebuilt. The clear, mineral-rich water surges from a cavern some five meters underground. Montagu's peaceful streets are rich with pristine buildings in the Cape Dutch and Victorian styles.

Where to eat

Bobotie is a sort of South African moussaka. The version served at a former jam factory called Ye Olde Tavern (22 Church St.) includes curry sauce, banana, lentils and rice and is delicious (60 rand, about €7). Try the dessert wine, Muscadel, a regional favorite. Preston's (17 Bath St.; ☎ 27-23-614-3013) is a cozy pub run by a couple from Yorkshire, England. The food is simple but consistent; the tender leg of lamb with mint sauce is especially tasty. Upmarket Templeton's (46 Long St.; ☎ 27-23-614-2778) has a fancy wine list and lovely outdoor area dominated by a tree. The quail, with baked butternut squash, biltong (dried meat) tortellini and red-wine reduction, is a stand-out (115 rand).

Where to stay

The B&Bs in this town are relaxed, tasteful and inexpensive. One of the most charming is Blommenhuis (6 Bath St.; ☎ 27-23-614-3978; rooms between 250 and 350 rand, depending on the season). The artist-owner serves a hearty breakfast on the verandah, beside the superbly tended garden. The 7 Church Street Guesthouse (7 Church St.; ☎ 27-23-614-1186) is a restored Victorian home with views of the mountains (395-525 rand per person per night, including breakfast). For style and a touch of grandeur, the Montagu Country Hotel (the Cadillac-tour hostel; 530-705 rand per person per night, including breakfast) can't be beat. It's one of South Africa's few surviving art-deco hotels.



A vineyard in Montagu; below, winery tours can be taken in this chauffeur-driven '56 Cadillac.



Gautam Naik/The Wall Street Journal



The language of architecture

Pritzker Prize-winning architect Kazuyo Sejima on designing the Louvre-Lens and curating the Venice Architecture Biennale

BY HELEN YOUNG CHANG

A SHARD-HATED workers swarm in the abandoned mining site from which the future Louvre-Lens museum will rise, architect Kazuyo Sejima sips a steaming espresso, a pack of cigarettes in hand. “Would you like some?” she asks, offering me both. I decide to pass. It’s 26 degrees centigrade that day in Lens, northern France, and even warmer inside the flimsy office trailer where we sit, surveying the site. But the heat doesn’t seem to affect this year’s Pritzker Architecture Prize winner and curator of the next Venice Architecture Biennale, who speaks in a thoughtful sotto voce.

Construction of the Louvre-Lens began a year later than expected, and Ms. Sejima’s staff—impossibly chic in tights, tweed bubble skirts and black blazers—are bustling on this early June afternoon to keep on schedule. Four cranes are hovering above earthy mounds and craters where the foundations of the museum are being poured. Completion is set for 2012, but the €150 million project, a series of five galleries

stretching more than half a kilometer long, is already a source of pride for the 35,000-inhabitant town, which competed against five other regions in France to win the project.

Inside, works from the holdings of the Paris Louvre will be shown as part of the permanent collection. A semi-permanent exhibit, the Gallery du Temps, will create a chronological history of the world from 4,000 B.C. up to the 19th century. Unlike in the Paris Louvre, works here won’t be sequestered to their own halls of origin—the Near East, Orient or Africa. Instead, they’ll commingle to suggest a more inclusive, less euro-centric version of history.

Ms. Sejima, 54 years old, describes the architecture as atmospheric and evocative. “The galleries will widen, depending on the era, so people can understand the relation between the time and the sculptures and think, ‘I am a part of that,’” she says.

Ms. Sejima flies to Lens every month from Tokyo, where she is based. The architect got her start in the office of Toyo Ito, the don of contemporary Japanese architecture. Six years later, in 1988, she left and eventually founded the SANAA of-

fice with Ryue Nishizawa, who received this year’s Pritzker with her. SANAA’s buildings—designed as open, seemingly weightless structures, with radical relationships between inside and outside—have swelled in international stature during the past decade. Noted examples include the glass and light-filled 21st Century Museum of Contemporary Art in Kanazawa, Japan, the tough, yet playful aluminum-clad New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York, and last year’s delicate Serpentine pavilion in London. Ms. Sejima carves a wide path. Alumni of her office, including Florian Idenburg of So-Il in New York, and Junya Ishigami in Tokyo, are now prominent members of the next generation.

On this particular day, engineers and consultants have descended upon the makeshift steel office. Every now and then, they burst into the room with a question and she’ll shout out, “Bonjour!” in the little French she knows. Or her phone rings, to which she answers with

“Moshi, moshi!” in Japanese. There are at least three languages being spoken here, including English, and the fact that she can only express herself fully in Japanese doesn’t matter. Her bright eyes and nimble hands with their muscular fingers do most of the talking. The main language spoken here is architecture.

To explain about the potentialities of space and its organization, she tilts her head toward the wall, as if listening. Then she extends her

“The galleries will widen, depending on the era, so people can understand the relation between the time and the sculptures and think, ‘I am a part of that,’”
—Kazuyo Sejima on the Louvre-Lens

hand out, as if to feel some unseen thing. “The structure is very important,” she says. “Even if it’s not visible, what type of structure it is makes some experience that people can feel. Also the relationship between the rooms: the room next to here, you can’t see, but you can feel.”

This heightened sensibility to space and its effect on people—even if

invisible—is the defining characteristic of her work. She and Mr. Nishizawa recently opened their biggest project to date, the Rolex Learning Center in Lausanne, Switzerland. It’s a campus building for the Ecole Polytechnique, comprising a library, offices, and dining areas in a continuous ‘landscape’ with an undulating roof and floors. She likens its effect to a park. “In parks, there are different types of people, the elderly, children. They are together but their aim is different,” she explains. “Some people like to be alone... some people like sports. Many different things happen in the same space, and the space allows it. It’s open to everybody, but partly,

you can also define the space for yourself. It’s a very open kind of space.”

Last fall, when Ms. Sejima was asked to curate the Venice Biennale of Architecture, a biannual survey of contemporary architecture that runs from Aug. 29 to Nov. 21, she hesitated. After tarrying for about 10 days, she says, she finally accepted. “I thought I may never get this invitation again,”



Clockwise from far left: architect Kazuyo Sejima; The interior and exterior of O-Museum in Iida, Nagano, Japan; The interior of the 21st Century Museum of Contemporary Art in Kanazawa, Ishikawa, Japan; Kazuyo Sejima (at right) and Ryue Nishizawa unveil their designed Serpentine Gallery Pavilion at the Serpentine Gallery, in London, in July 2009.



she says. The first woman curator of the Biennale, as well as the second woman ever to win the Pritzker, after Zaha Hadid, Ms. Sejima is a practicing architect rather than architectural theorist, unlike curators of previous Biennales.

Her theme for the Biennale, "People Meet in Architecture," goes back to the essentials: Instead of linking architecture with technology, new forms or politics, the focus is on architecture as a mere container for events, people and society. In short, architecture as background rather than foreground.

After three months of research and studio visits, she and her office chose 46 participants for the main Biennale exhibit in the Arsenale, a long, cavernous building, where the Venetians built their ships.

What's notable this year is the prominence of engineers and artists in the show, such as Cerith Wyn Evans, Thomas Demand and Janet Cardiff. "I think the more people can experience for themselves the better," Ms. Sejima says. "In the end, everyone can make their own image of the exhibition."

In Venice, she began by removing the black cotton lining in the Ar-

senale in order to let natural light in. Each participant was given a space to do with as they wished. Architecture exhibits are very difficult because we cannot show the actual buildings, Ms. Sejima says. So the intention is to show a series of separate spaces rather than the usual mini-sized architecture models.

In late May, Ms. Sejima was in Venice testing clouds in the Arsenale. A small group held hands and ran through the clouds, which are made of water vapor. (During the Biennale, visitors will be able to do the same.) The cloud then promptly fell. "It shows that the environment is very sensitive, and that we can notice it immediately," she says.

If one doesn't yet believe in the power or alchemy of space, this Biennale promises to persuade the last atheists. "Real space is very important for communication, and I want to make such spaces," Ms. Sejima says. "The media, mobile technologies and the computer have changed relationships between people, but still, the space can have something. This is my interesting point to make to architecture."

—Helen Young Chang is a writer based in Vienna.

Clockwise from top left: Mirco Tomillo/AGF/Rea Features; Hisao Suzuki/Courtesy of SANAA (3); Shaun Curry/Agence France-Presse/Getty Images

❖ Golf

A 'tough little gal' grows up

Cristie Kerr, the world's new No. 1, has added maturity to her brashness

CRISTIE KERR, WHO after winning the LPGA Championship Presented by Wegmans two weeks ago became the No. 1-ranked woman golfer in the world, didn't come to Manhattan last week to make media appearances, although there was plenty of that. She came because Man-

Golf

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

hattan is where she lives, in a West Village apartment with her husband and agent, Erik Stevens. Her home course during the summer months (the couple also have a house in Miami and spend their winters in Scottsdale, Arizona) is Liberty National, a short boat ride away across New York Harbor, practically beneath the torch of the Statue of Liberty.

The symbolism of that is fitting, since Ms. Kerr, 32 years old, is the first American to claim the top spot in the Rolex rankings since they began in 2006. The last American to win Player of the Year honors on the Ladies PGA Tour was Beth Daniel in 1994.

Less fitting, or perhaps just more confusing, is a Tour golfer's residency in New York City in the first place. But Ms. Kerr's interests extend beyond golf. She has a developed interest in art, for example, and is studying to be a sommelier. In fact, the place she suggested for our interview was a trendy wine bar in Midtown.

Both she and her husband, who have lived here part-time since 2004, give the city a lot of credit for her climb to the top of the golf world. "Being in New York has helped me grow. It's kind of a sink-or-swim city, and that's helped me develop as a person," she said.

"Golf is the farthest thing from her mind when we're in New York," said Mr. Stevens, 45. "What Cristie likes about it is that she can sit in a room with successful people—authors, artists, restaurateurs—and they can be interested in what she does, and she can be interested in what they do, but it's not all about golf. So there's no threat or status thing going on. I think New York has really opened her up and helped her mature, which has made her a much better golfer."

When Ms. Kerr turned pro right out of high school in Miami, she definitely needed to mature, just like one of the Pinot Noirs she sampled and expertly commented on. Overweight, bespectacled and pugnacious, she was known as much for her confrontational attitude as her exceptional talent.

"She was a tough little gal," said Charles De Lucca, who coached her from age 12. "She always played on the boys teams because she was so good, and was never afraid of anybody. She'd step up on the first tee and tell every boy there, 'I'm gonna beat your butt.'"

Most of the time, she did. In high school she won 23 of her last 25 tournaments, playing from the same tees as the boys she was demolishing, and was one of the best high-school players of ei-



Cristie Kerr hits her tee shot on the 13th hole during the final round of the LPGA Championship on June 27 in Pittsford, New York.

ther gender in the state of Florida. Mr. De Lucca remembers barely besting her in a lengthy arm-wrestling bout and damaging his rotator cuff in the process. "It wasn't my fault. I was just a girl!" Ms. Kerr said last Thursday. She and Mr. De Lucca, her godfather, remain close.

Her father, a former baseball player turned schoolteacher, and her mother, a paralegal, poured practically all the family resources into supporting her junior-golf career, and divorced around the time she turned pro. In her first year on Tour, 1997, she finished 112th on the money list with her father working as her caddy. "It was contentious. That's not uncommon out there, because the father-daughter thing is hard emotionally. We had some horrible arguments on the course," she said. In addition, her brash attitude matched her father's combative style and made her widely disliked by the other players. At the time, 18-year-olds were almost unheard of on the LPGA Tour.

"There was a lot I had to overcome. I was green, that's how I think about those years now. I didn't have any experience. I didn't know anything. I was trying to protect myself, the way a bird fluffs up its chest," she said. "But whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger."

Always a fierce hard worker, she doubled down on practice. Starting in about 1999, she became a workout fanatic; she lost 22 kilograms and has kept them off. In

2002, her sixth season, she won her first LPGA event, the Longs Drug Challenge. She has since won 13 more, including the 2007 U.S. Women's Open. "It sounds weird to say, but even when I won the Open I wasn't sure how good I was. But now I do know, and it's very exciting," she said.

Her 12-stroke victory at the LPGA two weeks ago was the kind of dominant performance golf hadn't seen since Tiger Woods's 15-stroke margin at the 2000 U.S. Open at Pebble Beach. "Almost that's too good," said Ai Miyazato of Japan, whom Ms. Kerr supplanted as world No. 1 and who finished 14 strokes behind her 19-under-par total. "She is just amazing. I played really good, too, but she is just better than me."

"I've been getting steadily better year by year," Ms. Kerr said. Four weeks ago she won the State Farm Classic. Then two weeks ago, all the stars aligned. "I was in a certain place that I don't think I've ever been before, not for four consecutive rounds, not at a major, not at that level of quality. It was like I became an outside observer of what was happening more than an emotional reactor, and I want to tap into that some more."

She cited her work over the past two years with Joseph Parent, author of "Zen Golf: Mastering the Mental Game," as the key to her self-control at the LPGA. "He has helped me unlock something within me that says, 'Anything is possible.' It's not that I didn't believe it before, but, well, success breeds success. I was able to stay

focused on my mental routines from start to finish," she said.

The challenge now is for Ms. Kerr to hold onto her No. 1 ranking. Her lead over No. 2 Ms. Miyazato and No. 3 Jiyai Shin of South Korea is slender, and the numbers at the top could shift quickly.

But Ms. Kerr says she believes that, despite the increased global competition in women's golf, it's still possible for one player to dominate the way Annika Sorenstam did from the mid-1990s to 2005 and Lorena Ochoa did to a lesser extent after 2006.

"The way Annika played when she was at the top scared the crap out of the rest of us. No one else felt they had a chance," she said. "She used it as a weapon. She got in your head. She just sat back waiting, playing very consistently, not caring what anyone else did but knowing they would make mistakes. Then she had her flashes of brilliance and it was all over."

Could Ms. Kerr be a dominant player like that? "I could if I continue to play like I did [two weeks ago]," she said, taking a sip of wine.

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❖ Film

Kristen Stewart and Robert Pattinson star in 'The Twilight Saga: Eclipse.'



© 2009 Summit Entertainment

'Eclipse' lifts 'Twilight'

YOU'D NEVER guess what the best part of "The Twilight Saga: Eclipse" proves to be. It isn't blood-sucking monsters doing their thing, though there's some of that to feed the franchise, and it's definitely not vampires and werewolves having at each other in a cosmic showdown. No, this not-bad tale comes to its fullest flower one night, during a wintry storm, inside a tent, when a shivering Bella is attended to by her two newly solicitous and darned near all-American beaux. Edward, who plays for the vampire team, isn't the right one to

gional dynamic. A gang of young, out-of-control vampires has been terrorizing Seattle and, having passed around the heroine's scent, is headed for bucolic Forks. Before they arrive, Edward's family and Jacob's lupine tribe strike up a temporary alliance to keep Bella safe.

If some of this makes "Eclipse" sound talkier than it is (i.e. quite talky and sometimes pleasantly so), the production, under David Slade's workmanlike direction, takes several time-outs—or time-ins, depending on your bloodlust level—for bluntly efficient if familiar battles. (In that department only the wolves have been changed; they seem to have more personality than before.) Bella's police-chief father, Charlie (Billy Burke), gets sympathetic laughs when he tries to protect his daughter by grounding her. How little he knows, like so many fathers of adventurous girls, about how much the ground is shifting beneath her.

'The Last Airbender'

Never mind that the little kid flapping his arms to whip up the waves in "The Last Airbender" suggests a pouty-faced version of Mickey Mouse as the Sorcerer's Apprentice. Or that the movie looks no worse if you take off your 3-D glasses. (It looks better only if you close your eyes.) Or that the default color is murky purple, just as the default mood is morose. Or that M. Night Shyamalan's big-screen live-action version of the popular Nickelodeon animated TV series constitutes a form of Chinese water torture in which tin-ear line-readings take the place of drips. There's a serious mystery here, and it extends to the highest levels of Hollywood's decision-makers. Why did any studio executives think the results might be better? The filmmaker has delivered yet another iteration of what has become a classic M. Night Shyamalan film, only much bigger than before, and, as a consequence, mind-bendingly turgid.

Before exploring that mystery, let me try to convey a bit more of "Airbender's" awfulness. The young hero of the title, a long-lost and long-awaited avatar named Aang, is played by a 12-year-old newcomer named Noah Ringer. According to Mr. Ringer's understandably slim curriculum vitae, he holds a first-degree black belt in taekwondo. To

judge from an informal interview posted on YouTube, he is extremely personable, lively and humorous when he's off screen. On screen, alas, he is none of those things, thanks to the reverse wizardry of his director. (No one else can be blamed when an actor has had no professional experience.) It's painful to watch him struggling with his banal lines, or doing nutty dances to augment the water-bending effect of all those arm flaps.

His lines are no more banal than those of the bad guys chasing him; they are portrayed, in descending order of badness, by Aasif Mandvi, Cliff Curtis and Dev Patel. All three play their characters as steady-state scowlers, so their scenes keep yielding little howlers. (Though I'm not so sure about Mr. Mandvi, a regular on "The Daily Show With Jon Stewart"; his scowls and growls seem like variants of winks and nods.) The producers have been widely criticized for failing to cast the Asian characters of the original with Asian actors, and the criticism is valid, notwithstanding the presence of Asians in minor roles. Like the hero, Aang, the lead characters of the brave sister and brother, Katarina and Sokka, are played by young and conspicuously Caucasian American actors—Nicola Peltz and Jackson Rathbone. But where does criticism end when a production is botched from start to finish?

All of which brings us back to the question of expectations, and how Mr. Shyamalan keeps getting work. Eleven years ago he electrified the movie world with the emotional power and dramatic surprise of "The Sixth Sense." He followed up with two flawed but intriguing features, "Unbreakable" and "Signs." In the past eight years, though, his oeuvre has gone from bad ("The Village") to worse ("Lady in the Water") to worst ("The Happening.") Purists might argue that his last film was less dreadful than his penultimate one, but the hallmarks were the same: stilted language, robotized acting, glacial pace, ponderous style, dramatic ineptitude and negligible energy. I never meant to make this review an exercise in career assassination, but I can't help thinking of all the lavishly talented filmmakers who have earned and never gotten a shot at big-budget success. What's the secret of this guy's failure?

Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

raise her body temperature, so he defers to Jacob, who plays for the werewolves, and then the two suitors have a civilized discussion about who's really right for her. I can't pretend that the third episode instilled a fever in my blood, but it didn't leave me cold. For the first time in the series I felt I'd seen a real movie.

The cast and main characters remain the same: Kristen Stewart as the endlessly conflicted Bella; Robert Pattinson as earnest Edward, who, like the film as a whole, takes himself less seriously this time around ("If we weren't natural enemies and you weren't trying to steal the reason for my existence," he tells his rival with something resembling a grin, "I might actually like you"); and Taylor Lautner's ever-buff Jacob, who does own shirts but wears them as seldom as possible. The performances haven't changed much either. Ms. Stewart still has trouble conveying feelings and speaking clearly—maybe that reflects Bella's problems with thinking clearly—even when she makes such straightforward statements as "Gosh, it's so pretty here."

Not that the tweenage fans of these movies need to see Bella as a poster girl for elocution. They see her as they see themselves, frightened of romance and yearning for it in equal measure. (To make matters more fearful, as well as exciting, Bella's high school graduation is at hand.) And they'll be gratified this time to find her the recipient of doubly loving attention, since what has changed significantly is the re-

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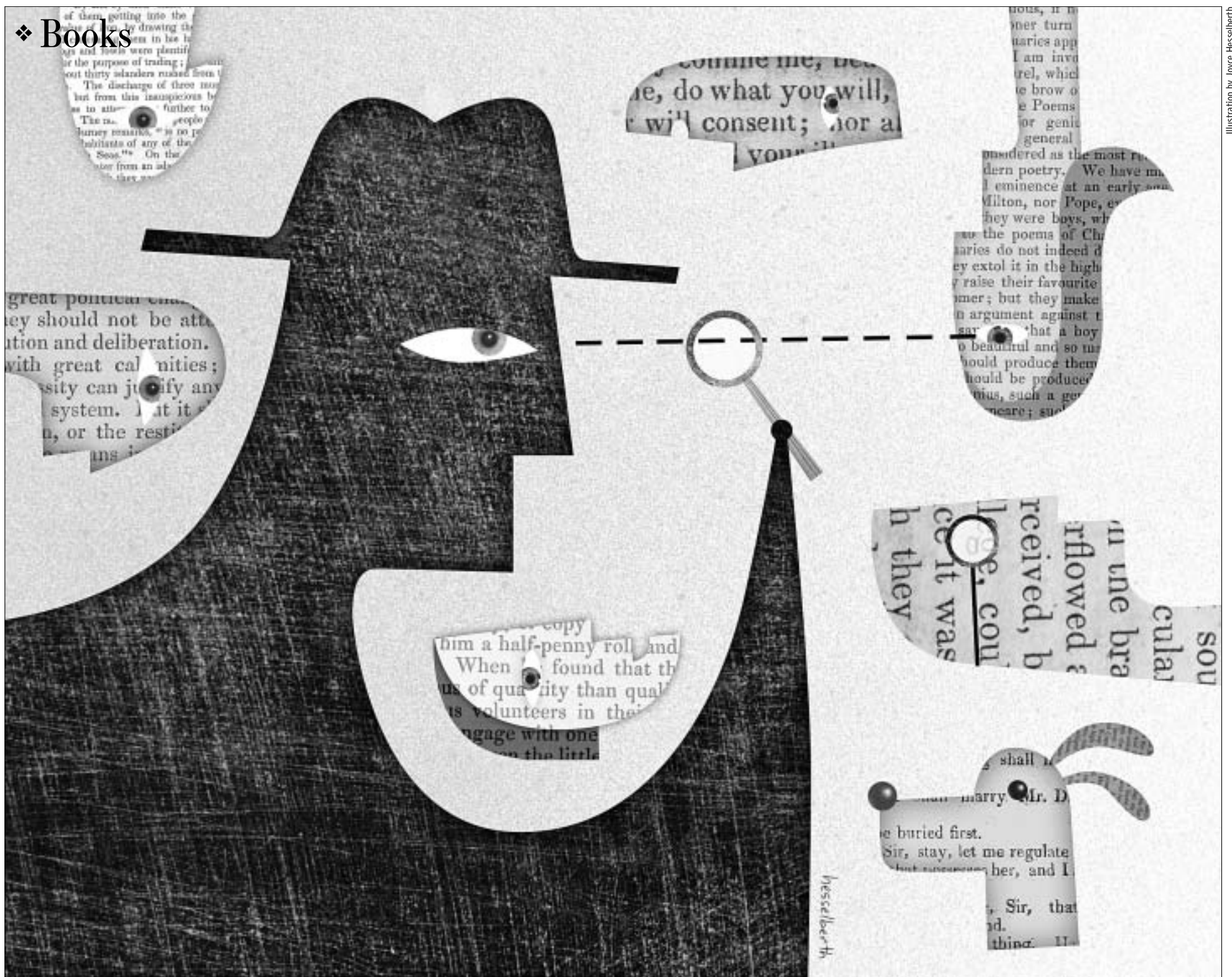


Illustration by Joyce Hesselberth

Crime in translation

Detective novels from all over the world are arriving in English

BY ALEXANDRA ALTER

A NIGERIAN DETECTIVE unravels a web of corruption, suspecting an inside job when a bomb goes off at the mansion of a rich political candidate. A Japanese physics professor gets sucked into a murder investigation targeting a single mother in Tokyo, and tangles with his old university rival. A Turkish-German investigator in Frankfurt takes on a gang of neo-fascist Croatians involved in human trafficking.

It seems a certain Swedish hacker heroine with a dragon tattoo has paved the way for a surge of international crime fiction that is being translated into English and picked up by U.S. and U.K. publishers.

Spurred by the popularity of late Swedish writer Stieg Larsson's trilogy, which has sold more than 40 million copies world-wide, English-language publishers are combing the globe for the next big foreign crime novel. While major publishing houses have long avoided works in translation, many are now courting international literary agents, commissioning sample translations, tracking best-seller lists overseas and pouncing on writers who win literary prizes in Europe and

Asia. The result is a new wave of detective fiction that's broadening and redefining the classic genre.

In the coming months, Minotaur Books, a mystery-and-thriller imprint of St. Martin's in the U.S., will publish new crime and suspense fiction from Iceland, Japan, Nigeria, South Africa and, naturally, Sweden. A few years ago, most of the imprint's international authors were British.

"A lot of publishers are looking at this because they don't want to miss the next Stieg Larsson," says Kelley Ragland, Minotaur's editorial director.

Liz Foley, publishing director at Harvill Secker, which is part of Random House in the U.K., says the popularity of Swedish crime writers such as Mr. Larsson and Henning Mankell has led to an explosion of translated crime novels. "These books have been incredibly successful to draw people's attentions to different cultures and countries," she says.

Stefanie Bierwerth, editorial director at Penguin Group in London, says that Mr. Larsson's success has allowed the publishing world in the U.K. to bring in talent from abroad. "[Readers in the U.K.] are hopefully opening up to different-sounding names, which is a hurdle to many people who

don't know how to pronounce those words," Ms. Bierwerth says.

Some have pegged Japan as the next crime-writing hotspot. Literary agent Amanda Urban of International Creative Management, who represents Cormac McCarthy and Toni Morrison, took on Japanese suspense and crime writer Shuichi Yoshida, a best-selling author in Japan, because she saw his novels as literary works with commercial potential. "Crime really crosses over," Ms. Urban says.

Mystery novels translate well across cultures because they usually prize plot over literary acrobatics. The global influence of American and British crime writing has also led to the widespread adoption of familiar tropes and plot conventions: the gloomy, loner detective, clipped dialogue, the standard plot structure that opens with a body and follows the investigation. Best-selling Turkish crime writer Mehmet Murat Somer, who writes a series about a cross-dressing Istanbul detective with an Audrey Hepburn alter ego, says he's been heavily influenced by Agatha Christie and Patricia Highsmith. Penguin published a U.S. edition of his book "The Kiss Murder" in 2008, which was published in the U.K. by Ser-

pent's Tail in 2009. Penguin has another translation, "The Wig Murders," under contract for 2011.

Many cultures have crime-writing traditions that stretch back centuries. Early examples of Chinese crime writing date to the 18th century; Japanese writers were telling crime stories as early as the 1600s. By the 1920s and 1930s, commonly referred to as the Golden Age of detective fiction, British and American crime writers came to define the genre.

More recently, crime writers around the globe have developed their own brands of crime fiction, often blending classic suspense storytelling techniques with regional themes and literary styles. In Italy, where there's been an explosion of crime fiction lately, Albanian, Serbian and Asian immigrants have started to replace mafia dons as the favorite fictional crime lords. South African crime fiction tends to be noir-tinted and ultraviolent, with nods to the lingering effects of apartheid. Most Swedish crime writing turns on political and social issues (the original Swedish title of Mr. Larsson's "Girl With the Dragon Tattoo" was "Men Who Hate Women"). Latin American crime novels often center on drug trafficking and police cor-

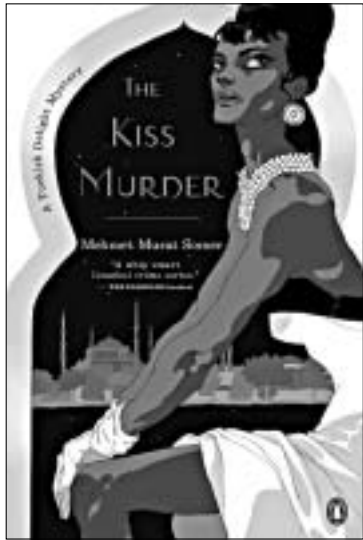
ruption; "narco-novels" about drug lords are booming in Mexico.

Some American crime writers are now taking cues from abroad. Best-selling author Michael Connelly says that he's started bringing politics and economic issues into his novels after reading a lot of South African and European crime fiction. He's now working on a novel that touches on the mortgage crisis: an angry homeowner murders the banker who forecloses on her home. "Writers and readers in other countries tend to look at crime novels as social novels," he says.

Much of the crime fiction being imported blurs the line between genre and literary fiction. In Europe, where crime novels take top literary prizes, suspense writing is regarded as a serious literary endeavor rather than a form of mass entertainment. In Japan, top mystery writers Shuichi Yoshida and Keigo Higashino have won multiple literary awards.

Minotaur is betting big on Mr. Higashino with a first print run of 75,000 copies for his novel "The Devotion of Suspect X," which comes out in the U.S. next February.

Keith Kahla, executive editor of St. Martin's Press, described the author as the Japanese equivalent of



Mystery novels translate well across cultures because they usually prize plot over literary acrobatics.

James Patterson or Stephen King. "He's huge, and he's utterly unknown here," says Mr. Kahla, who had never heard of Mr. Higashino before he was approached by the author's agent. Just one of Mr. Higashino's books, "Naoko," had been previously translated into English and released by a small American literary press in 2004.

"The Devotion of Suspect X" is part of Mr. Higashino's popular "Galileo" series about a university physics professor with an uncanny ability to crack tough murder cases. The five books in the series have sold more than 3.2 million copies in Japan; more than a dozen of Mr. Higashino's books have been adapted into films and TV dramas in Japan. "Suspect X" starts with a murder in a Tokyo apartment complex. A single mother strangles her ex-husband, and her neighbor, a math teacher, helps cover up the crime. A cat-and-mouse game unfolds as the math genius tries to elude the detectives and his old university rival, the physics professor.

The flat, unadorned prose and police-procedural elements of "The Devotion of Suspect X" will likely appeal to fans of American crime fiction, but much about the novel remains particular to Japan, down to the detectives' exceedingly polite interrogation techniques and the murder weapon (the victim is strangled with an electrical cord attached to a *kotatsu*, a low, heated table common in Japanese households).

"It has a very clean, very primal, and hence very universal setup," Mr. Kahla says of the book's cross-over potential.

Pantheon Books has also been snapping up Japanese crime fiction: Pantheon will release Mr. Yoshida's 2007 novel "Villain," a murder-and-manhunt tale set on the coast, this August. In Japan, Mr. Yoshida, 41, has published 10 books—four have been made into films and television dramas—and won several major literary awards for his novels, which often feature rootless, lonely characters in their 20s. He has been published elsewhere in Asia and in France but never translated into English before. "Villain" opens with the arrest of a young construction worker for the murder of an insurance saleswoman. The investigation turns up other suspects, and the moody narrative unfolds from multi-

ple characters' perspectives. Pantheon also bought Mr. Yoshida's 2002 novel "Parade," featuring five young Tokyo roommates whose neighborhood is hit by a string of gruesome murders targeting women, which is scheduled for publication in 2012 in the U.S. and the U.K.

The flood of imported crime fiction in the U.S. is striking given American publishers' longstanding resistance to works in translation. Newly translated books still make up just 3% of titles released in the U.S., according to Bowker, a company that tracks the publishing industry, and translated fiction and poetry make up less than 1%. In many European countries, translated books account for 25% to 40% of titles.

A recent string of surprise best sellers has eroded the notion that Americans prefer home-grown authors. A 2008 translation of the French literary novel "The Elegance of the Hedgehog" from Europa Editions, an independent press dedicated to European fiction in translation, sold more than 500,000 copies in the U.S.; Mr. Larson's trilogy has sold more than six million copies in the country.

As focus shifts toward international hits, American editors who used to rely on international book fairs and pitches from literary agents have gotten more proactive. Some are asking translators to suss out rising literary talents and provide plot synopses for books that are creeping up best-seller lists overseas. Ms. Urban, who represents Japanese author and international literary star Haruki Murakami, learned about Mr. Yoshida's crime novels from Philip Gabriel, Mr. Murakami's American translator.

Carol Janeway, a senior editor and director of international rights at Knopf, tracks rising European literary stars by keeping an eye on Germany, which tends to lead the way in translating literature from other countries. Ms. Janeway, who also translates German novels, discovered Swedish novelists such as Hakan Nesser and Arne Dahl by reading German editions. This February, Pantheon will publish the first novel in Mr. Dahl's popular crime series in the U.S., which has sold more than two million copies in Europe.

Some small presses have also found that foreign-language crime can be profitable. Revenue at Bitter Lemon Press, an international publisher that focuses on translated crime fiction, has grown roughly 12% a

year since the imprint was created five years ago, says co-founder François von Hurter, who declined to provide overall sales figures. The press's top-selling authors include Italian crime writer Gianrico Carofiglio and Leonardo Padura from Cuba.

In October, New York-based independent press Melville House will launch an imprint devoted to international crime fiction, featuring mostly works in translation. Fall titles include "Cut Throat Dog," a psychological thriller about an ex-Mossad agent by Israeli novelist Joshua Sobol, and "Kismet," a 2007 novel by German writer Jakob Arjouni, which centers on an ethnically Turkish private investigator.

Translated fiction is still a hard sell, and many U.S. publishers remain wary. Foreign rights rarely exceed four or five figures, but translating a book can add tens of thousands to production costs. Marketing a book by an unknown author poses challenges, particularly if the writer doesn't speak English.

Publishers seem increasingly willing to gamble, however, especially on Nordic noir. The Stockholm-based Salomonsson Agency, which represents 36 Scandinavian writers, has sold nearly 40 books to U.S. publishers in the past three years, says co-founder Niclas Salomonsson. Twenty-one went to Alfred A. Knopf, which publishes Mr. Larsson and recently signed Jo Nesbø, who was formerly with HarperCollins. This spring, Simon & Schuster's Atria Books paid more than \$500,000 for rights to four novels by Swedish crime queen Liza Marklund, whose books have sold 12 million copies world-wide.

Publishers and agents going after the next big thing say the U.S. market for Nordic noir may have reached a saturation point, and are looking farther afield. Kent Wolf of Global Literary Management, an agency that focuses on international fiction, says he's focusing on suspense novels from Asia. Mr. Wolf represents five writers from Asia, including South Korean novelist Young-ha Kim, whose spy thriller "Your Republic Is Calling You," will be published this September by Mariner Books. The novel, a "24"-like thriller, unfolds in a single day and features a North Korean spy who is activated after spending 21 years undercover in South Korea.

The explosion of crime fiction overseas could come at a price for U.S. publishers. Danny Baror, president of Baror International, which sells foreign rights for more than 100 American authors, says his sales have dropped by 25% in Germany and 15% in France and Italy in recent years because publishers there are focused on local writers. His worst market is Scandinavia, where sales have dropped by 90% since 2000: local stars like Mr. Dahl and Ms. Marklund now dominate there. "We used to sell our entire catalogue in Sweden," Mr. Baror says. "These days, they only buy Robert Ludlum."

James Patterson launches an international franchise

U.S. crime writer James Patterson publishes in 38 languages and produces nine books a year. Now he's angling to become a bigger global phenomenon.

Mr. Patterson plans to partner on his new "Private" series with writers in Germany, Italy, England and Australia. Mr. Patterson has long relied on co-authors to keep up his break-neck publishing schedule, but by teaming up with authors overseas, he's establishing a new model of international franchise.

For each new book in the "Private" series, Mr. Patterson will write a mystery novel centering on Jack Morgan, a former CIA agent who runs an international investigation firm with branches and clients around the world. These books will be published in the U.S.; in the debut "Private" novel, out this week, Morgan hunts for his former lover's murderer.

Then, an overseas author will write his own version of the story, featuring the same criminal investigation from the foreign detective's perspective. American characters may have cameos in the overseas versions. The first international spin off is "Private London," written with British thriller writer Mark Pearson, due out next spring. Mr. Patterson says "Private Rome," "Private Australia" and "Private Amsterdam" are also in the works. These versions will be released overseas, some in foreign languages, and books that become hits in foreign markets will likely be translated into English and released in the U.S., Mr. Patterson says.

This summer, Patterson fans will get a first taste of his cross-continental collaborations with "Postcard Killers," a novel Mr. Patterson co-wrote with Swedish crime author Liza Marklund. Mr. Patterson says he approached Ms. Marklund in 2008 because he wanted to team up with a best-selling European author (their joint novel isn't part of the "Private" franchise). Mr. Patterson delivered an outline detailing the plot, which involves an NYPD detective investigating serial murders in European capitals. The detective teams up with a Swedish reporter as they race to prevent the next murder. Ms. Marklund says she wrote a draft based on the outline in Swedish, and added more background about the characters, a manhunt and a shoot-out, some political overtones and detailed descriptions of Stockholm neighborhoods and Sweden's Arctic circle. The draft was translated into English for Mr. Patterson to edit.

"Postcard Killers" came out in Europe in January, to mixed reviews. "Some critics hated it," says Ms. Marklund, noting that in Sweden, crime novels tend to be more literary than American crime writing. It will be released in the U.S. in August.

Mr. Patterson says he was planning to collaborate with international writers before U.S. publishers started searching for the next "Girl With the Dragon Tattoo."

"We had no idea the Stieg Larsson thing was going to get big here," he says.



James Patterson

Doron Gild for The Wall Street Journal

Un-Level Ground

By Nima Sanandaji, Tino Sanandaji, Arvid Malm And Christopher Snowdon

A year after its publication, "The Spirit Level: Why More Equal Societies Almost Always do Better" is a regular feature on the bookshelves of European intellectuals. It has been hailed from all corners; not only by Sweden's Social Democratic Party leader Mona Sahlin, who has referenced it during the current election campaign, but also by British Prime Minister David Cameron. This book purports to offer strong support for the claim that income redistribution creates social good. Unfortunately, this conclusion doesn't stand up to our research.

Its authors—social epidemiologists Richard Wilkinson and Kate Pickett—expound the message that most social problems are

tween life expectancy and income inequality among the rich countries, and the correlation across the states and cities of the United States is almost certainly the result of something that is correlated with income inequality itself."

This is supported by the Economist's quality-of-life index, which combined nine key criteria of a nation's well-being before concluding:

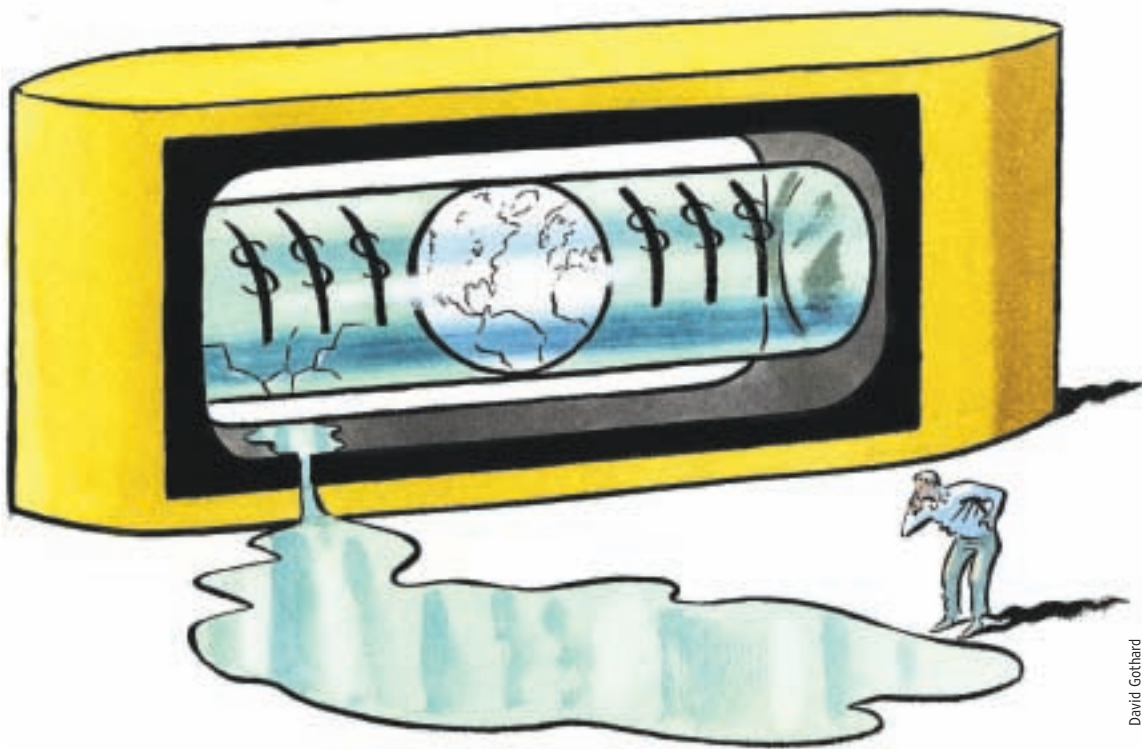
"There is no evidence for explanation sometimes proffered . . . that an increase in someone's income causes envy and reduces the welfare and satisfaction of others. In our estimates, the level of income inequality had no impact on levels of life satisfaction."

Sweden in February (and translated into English by the Taxpayers' Alliance), and another published last month in the book "The Spirit Level Delusion" (Democracy Institute/Little Dice).

Both studies drew strikingly similar conclusions. For example, Prof. Wilkinson and Ms. Pickett claim that income equality is associated with longer life spans. But when we attempted to duplicate their

findings with data from the U.N. and the OECD, we found no such correlation. Here, as elsewhere in "The Spirit Level," an apparent correlation is actually the result of excluding inconvenient data: They ignore examples of unequal societies in which people live

One year on, 'The Spirit Level' does not stand up to scrutiny.



caused not by poverty, but by inequality. For example, the reason obesity is an American rather than a Japanese problem is that middle class Americans are more aware of the uneven distribution of income in their society, are stressed by this knowledge, and eat more.

The Spirit Level Delusion: Fact-Checking the Left's New Theory of Everything

By Christopher John Snowdon
(Democracy Institute/Little Dice, 172 pages, £8.99)

Through studying various industrialized nations, the authors argue that almost all health and social problems are closely associated with income inequality rather than absolute income. Inequality, they say, acts like a "pollutant spread throughout society," with rich and poor equally susceptible to its toxic effects.

This conclusion sounds promising to socialist ideologues, but finds little support in scientific literature. In the *Journal of Economic Literature*, Professor Angus Deaton, one of the world's leading health economists, concluded that: "It is not true that income inequality itself is a major determinant of public health. There is no robust relationship be-

So how do Prof. Wilkinson and Ms. Pickett show that almost all social problems are caused by income inequality? One route is by conflating correlation with causation. Social problems cause inequality, and both are rooted in deeper ills. There are few social problems that do not create inequality in some way.

In Sweden, for example, inequality has widened since integration of the immigrant population proved to be more difficult than expected. Failed integration can spark an increase in crime, gang formation and drug abuse. These social problems in themselves result in income inequality because young people growing up in environments with crimes, gangs and drug abuse are less likely to succeed in society. We can address these issues by fostering job creation or crime reduction in neighborhoods with social problems. But, by the Wilkinson-Pickett reckoning, inequality is the cause of these problems and not vice versa. This leads us to the improbable conclusion that societal malaise can be alleviated by reducing income in the surrounding neighborhoods.

Their own data also explain a lot. We have conducted two separate analyses of the data used in "The Spirit Level," one put forward in a report published in

longer, as well as examples of "more equal" societies where life spans are shorter.

There is also evidence of data-mining. Prof. Wilkinson and Dr. Pickett rely on data from the Human Development Report to "prove" that life expectancy is higher in more-equal societies, but they choose to use data from the 2004 edition of the report. This is an odd choice since elsewhere in "The Spirit Level," they use data from the 2006 report. One possible explanation for this is that when the latest figures are used, life spans come out as being slightly longer in the less equal societies, which disproves the authors' thesis.

Any evaluation of the disarmingly simple theory of "The Spirit Level" should take this data-mining into account, along with the authors' misleading representation of scientific research. Understandably, "The Spirit Level" has an ideological appeal to many among the European left—but if something sounds too good to be true, it usually is.

Ms. Sanandaji is the president of the Swedish think tank *Captus*; Mr. Sanandaji is chief economist at *Captus*; Mr. Malm is chief economist at the Swedish Taxpayers' Association; Mr. Snowdon is the author of "The Spirit Level Delusion."

Five Best / By Rachel Cusk

Books on Disgrace

1 The House of Mirth
By Edith Wharton
Scribner's, 1905

The compromised woman has been a popular constant in the literature of disgrace: By the time Edith Wharton wrote "The House of Mirth," the Victorian novel had rather gorged itself on this horror. Wharton offers a more modern account of female dependence and vulnerability, one better-suited to the social and material aspirations of her time. Wharton's genius was for showing the way a society processes its moral problems by destroying individuals. The monied New York that is her milieu here is wavering between the Christian propriety of the Old World and the amoral materialism of the New. Lily Bart is the victim, in a sense, of this vacillation. Her journey to disgrace is a brilliantly riddling one: She finds herself unable to marry cynically, and so she tries, feebly, to break through into a new independence in her relationships with men and in her attitude toward money. Half a century later she would have succeeded; as it is, she finds herself cast out and meets an end of singular ignominy and pathos.

2 Babbitt
By Sinclair Lewis
Harcourt, Brace, 1922

George F. Babbitt is a family man, community pillar and real-estate agent with an almost religious zeal for his way of life in the fictitious boom city of Zenith. He is even a member of a club called the Boosters, whose sole purpose is to celebrate and vaunt Zenith's virtues wherever possible. Yet Babbitt contains a dangerous grain or two of sensitivity, enough for him to wonder occasionally what would happen if he didn't "boost." In his most private moments he can admit that he finds his wife dull, his children irritating, his job unfulfilling. And one way or another these thoughts cease to be so private: Babbitt becomes, without ever quite meaning to, something of a dissenter. His consequent rejection by his community is instant and vicious, frightening in its middle-class brutality.

3 Noon Wine
By Katherine Anne Porter
Schuman's, 1937

"Noon Wine" is a masterpiece of moral and artistic clarity. A simple farmer in Texas named Thompson takes on a hired man, Helton, a saturnine Swede who far surpasses him in hard work and husbandry. As the years pass, the once untidy farm becomes efficient and profitable under the silent stranger's direction. The Thompson family overcomes its initial suspicion of Helton—but then he becomes the instrument of Thompson's disgrace. A man arrives to arrest the Swede, who is a wanted criminal, and Thompson, mistakenly thinking that the man is physically harming his friend, kills the visitor. The farmer avoids jail, but his neighbors—as he finds, with mounting desperation—want nothing to do with him. Katherine Anne Porter's skill is to

pitch all this in a middle ground of absolute ordinariness, where notions of good and evil, of beauty and ugliness, of the instincts of self and the requirements of society, have never been consciously examined.

4 Death in Venice
By Thomas Mann
Knopf, 1925

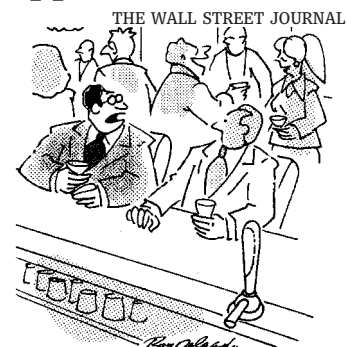
Thomas Mann's tale of a distinguished writer's moral decline through his obsession with a young boy is perhaps the most incisive commentary in literature on the meaning—and loss—of reputation. The novel, first published in Germany in 1912, explores Freud's theory of the death drive as a human motivation that rivals the drive toward success. Just as people are driven to make and to do, so they are compelled to destroy and undo. In the case of Aschenbach, the writer in the story, this undoing involves the dismantling of his whole complex system of life as an acknowledgment of, a preparation for, the death of the body. At a hotel in Venice he is gradually divested of every shred of physical and intellectual dignity while a cholera epidemic devastates the city around him.

5 Sister Carrie
By Theodore Dreiser
Doubleday, 1900

This portrait of late 19th-century America shows a new country's morality evolving as rapidly and pragmatically as its economy. Society is in flux, magnetized and mesmerized by success. Disgrace, in this climate, takes the unitary form of financial failure. George Hurstwood could have got by on hypocrisy, adultery and lies, but when he loses his position as manager of a prestigious Chicago gentleman's club he is courting certain doom. Carrie, for love of whom he has made this error, fears that her status as a "kept woman" will bring about her own downfall. But no one has time to care about such niceties when they concern a beautiful woman who is fast finding fame as an actress. Hurstwood is reduced to that disgrace of all disgraces, beggary; Carrie is elevated to those celestial heights where people ask themselves whether money and fame really bring happiness after all.

Ms. Cusk's latest novel, "The Bradshaw Variations," was recently published in paperback.

Pepper . . . and Salt



"I have to live fast and die young because of poor retirement planning."

❖ Top Picks



Soprano Olga Peretyatko as the nightingale.

Elizabeth Carecchio

Aix's duds and delights

AIX-EN-PROVENCE: The best things often pop up in unexpected places. Among the first week's offerings at the 62nd annual Aix Festival, it wasn't Mozart or Gluck that won the only standing ovation but "The Nightingale and Other Fables," a program of short works by Igor Stravinsky, staged by Canadian director Robert Lepage using a mix of traditional Asian stage magic: shadow theater, marionettes, Vietnamese water puppets, live acrobats, brilliant costumes and elaborate makeup. And in

a neat twist, the orchestra is on-stage, and the orchestra pit is a waist-deep pond of water.

"The Nightingale" is a mini-opera based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a lyrical bird at the court of the Chinese emperor. Miniature boats with lighted lanterns float on the orchestra-pit pond, manned by puppets manipulated by the singers, waist-deep in the water, who sing their puppets' roles. The entire enchanted evening is sung in Russian by a mostly Russian cast,

with the notable exceptions of Lithuanian tenor Edgaras Montvidas and Syrian baritone Nabil Suliman. The wonderful nightingale is soprano Olga Peretyatko.

Meanwhile, trying too hard for a contemporary interpretation, "Don Giovanni" director Dmitri Tcherniakov has rearranged Mozart's characters beyond comprehension—Elvira is no longer a seduced and abandoned former conquest but Giovanni's ex-wife; Zerlina not a peasant girl but Elvira's daughter; Anna has

become Elvira's cousin, Leporello isn't a servant but a family friend, and Giovanni is no irrepressible Don Juan, but a sodden bipolar boor. Luckily for audiences paying a pretty penny for festival tickets, marvelous voices overcome the disconnect between what's seen and what's sung, especially Danish baritone Bo Skovhus, a veteran Giovanni, and American baritone Kyle Ketelsen, who almost steals the show as Leporello.

The disconnect is just as great in director Christof Loy's new production of Gluck's 1776 version of "Alceste," based on the mythological Greek queen who offers to die in place of her beloved husband to satisfy capricious gods. Mr. Loy's misguided idea was to turn the Greek chorus, meant to represent the people of Thessaly, helplessly distraught about their king's imminent death, into a gaggle of 19th-century schoolchildren, played by the adult members of the excellent English Voices choir looking hopelessly silly in short pants and suspenders. Here it's French soprano Veronique Gens who saves the day, with an absolutely superb performance in the title role.

The week's fourth offering, "Un Retour-El Regreso," is the world premiere of a work by Argentine composer Oscar Strasnoy, with a libretto by his compatriot Alberto Manguel, based on his own novel "El Regreso." The story is powerfully told in staccato scenes and beautifully performed by the young singers and musicians of the festival's European Academy of Music.

—Judy Fayard

Until July 21
www.festival-aix.com

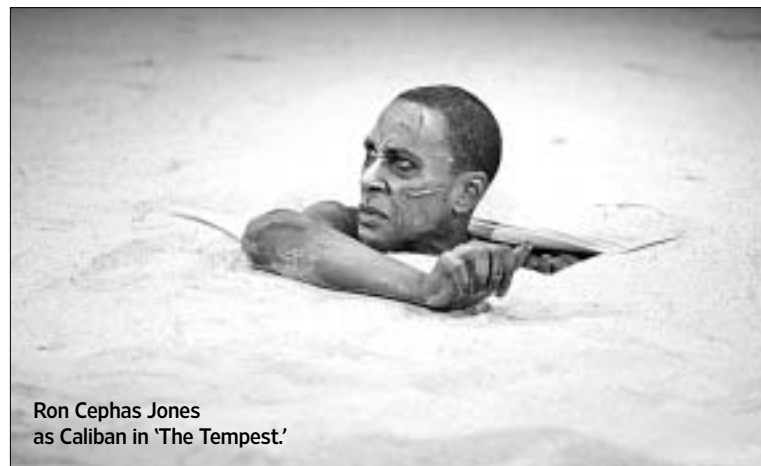
Bridge Project offers beautiful 'Tempest,' 'As You Like It'

LONDON: Year two of Sam Mendes's international touring company, The Bridge Project, couples Shakespeare's "As You Like It" with "The Tempest." They have definite parallels: usurped rulers, brotherly discord, exile, young love and chronic melancholy. In Mr. Mendes's "As You Like It," Jaques's pessimism dominates the pastoral comedy, as the cross-dressing flim-flam is less impressive than Stephen Dillane's morose misery-guts character, who at one point surprises us with a sneaky Bob Dylan impression, including a harmonica riff.

Part of the Bridge Project's mission is to form a real company; so the plays are cross-cast, and in "The Tempest," Mr. Dillane is a detached, studious Prospero. Christian Camargo, the wonderful-looking Orlando of "As You Like It" (where the delicious Rosalind he wins is his real-life wife,

Juliet Rylance), is a graceful Ariel, a lost boy, dressed in black, who doesn't really understand what the freedom he longs for actually is. And Ms. Rylance is, of course, Miranda—in this production more to be loved than admired. Tom Piper's set for "The Tempest" is a large circle of sand, through which oozes the scary Caliban of Ron Cephas Jones.

The mixture of British and American accents poses no problems in this pairing of plays; but the comedy of "As You Like It" feels a little reserved; there's no frisson of boys playing girls pretending to be boys—what's missing is a note of naughtiness. "The Tempest," on the other hand, completely captures the valedictory magic of the text and setting. Mr. Dillane's old sorcerer doesn't seem remotely vengeful; instead of getting his own back, he's simply setting the world to rights. He some-



Ron Cephas Jones as Caliban in 'The Tempest.'

Joan Marcus

times speaks so softly that it's hard to hear his lines; but the intensity is there, and obviates the need to read anti-imperialist sentiments into the shipwrecked crew's rebellions and

mutinies. This memorable, beautiful production justifies Mr. Mendes's daring ambition.

—Paul Levy

Until Aug. 21
www.oldvictheatre.com

Magnificent 'Don Giovanni' dazzles at Glyndebourne



Bill Cooper

Anna Viroviansky as Elvira and Gerald Finley as Don Giovanni.

GLYNDEBOURNE: There are two authentic versions of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," which the philosopher Søren Kierkegaard thought was "the perfect, unblemished" work of art. In its new production, Glyndebourne uses the fuller, 1788 Vienna version, with its weird duet for Leporello and Zerlina, whose coarse humor (bondage and other intimations of kinky sex) must have been omitted in the staging Kierkegaard saw.

In almost every other respect, however, Jonathan Kent's production, conducted by Vladimir Jurowski, designed by Paul Brown and stunningly lit by Mark Henderson,

lives up to the Danish philosopher's high opinion of Mozart and Da Ponte's treatment of the tale of the sociopathic serial rapist and murderer (as we'd diagnose the don today).

Gerald Finley exactly captures the plastic nature of Mozart's unrepentant hero/villain, whose style of music alters so that he is courageous with the Commendatore, comic with Leporello, courtly with Donna Anna and condescending to the peasant girl, Zerlina. Yet Mr. Finley is capable of singing his serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra" in a heart-melting near-whisper that almost persuades you of his sincerity.

The production opens while the audience is still chattering in the darkened auditorium, so the first chord is as startling as a clap of thunder; and

the special effects in this production aren't confined to the auditory. There is more fire than I can remember seeing on an opera stage before.

Luca Pisaroni is a Leporello who achieves his comedy through effective body language and has a rich bass-baritone when he's being solemn. Anna Samuil's Donna Anna saved up everything for her final aria, which paid off in her solid coloratura passages. Mozart and Da Ponte were conscious that they were treading a very thin line between the comic and the serious. All the nuance and subtlety of this tension is present in Mr. Kent's sublime staging, which should become a Glyndebourne classic.

—Paul Levy
Until Aug. 27
www.glyndebourne.com



Courtesy of Sotheby's

"A Study in Scarlet" (1887) by Arthur Conan Doyle. Estimate: £250,000-£400,000.

Sherlock Holmes at Sotheby's

SHERLOCK HOLMES PEERS through his famous magnifying glass at Sotheby's next week.

"A Study in Scarlet" (1887), the first novel in which Arthur Conan Doyle features the legendary detective, will be auctioned July 15 in an English literature sale. The issue of Beeton's Christmas Annual, in which the story was published, is estimated at £250,000-£400,000.

"Beeton's 'A Study in Scarlet' has always been regarded as extremely rare and valuable," says Sotheby's books specialist Peter Selley. Of the 31 copies known to exist, only two are inscribed. This is the first time that an inscribed one appears at auction.

Dr. Doyle, a Scottish-born

Collecting MARGARET STUDER

medical doctor, wrote the story in three weeks. It was rejected by publishers until one bought all the rights to the novel for a petty £25. He went on to write 60 Holmes stories, tales which have been the subject of scores of plays, films and television adaptations including Guy Ritchie's recent film starring Robert Downey Jr. as Holmes and Jude Law as his friend Dr. Watson.

In "A Study in Scarlet," Watson describes his first impression of Holmes: "In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing."

The novel's title is taken from a Holmes remark to Watson: "There's the scarlet thread of murder running through the colorless skein of life, and our duty is to unravel it."

On the same day, Sotheby's will offer a separate treat for those who prefer to do their detective work in the kitchen.

"Books for Cooks" will feature works from the 16th century to the present day (recipes, decoration, health foods, table etiquette and conversation). Among the tastier choices: "Il trinciante" (1636), a first edition by Mattio Molinari, tells how to perfectly carve meat, fish, fowl and fruit (estimate: £6,000-£9,000); and one of the most sought-after cookery books, "Le Pastissier francois" (1655), on the art of pastry making (£25,000-£35,000).

time off

Amsterdam

fashion

"Amsterdam Fashion Week" showcases the latest work by established Dutch designers and new young talents.

At various venues in Amsterdam
July 14-18
☎ 31-20-684-2878
www.amsterdamfashionweek.com

Barcelona

art

"#02 Latifa Echakhch: La Ronda" presents works incorporating sculpture, installation, video and photography by the Moroccan-born French artist.

Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona (MACBA)
Until Feb. 6
☎ 34-93-4120-810
www.macba.cat

Baden Baden

art

"Miró—The Colours of Poetry" shows 100 works, primarily colorful paintings by the Catalan artist, complemented by paper works, ceramics and sculptures.

Museum Frieder Burda
Until Nov. 14
☎ 49-7221-3989-80
www.museum-frieder-burda.de

Bonn

art

"The West Glows" presents work by established German artists, including Gerhard Richter and Andreas Gursky, who each have selected an upcoming artist of the next generation to spotlight.

Kunstmuseum Bonn
Until Oct. 24

☎ 49-228-7762-11

www.kunstmuseum-bonn.de

Edinburgh

art

"Another World: Dalí, Magritte, Miró and the Surrealists" displays more than 60 surrealist paintings, including iconic pieces by Giacometti and Picasso.

Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art-Dean Gallery
July 10-Jan 9
☎ 44-1316-2462-00
www.nationalgalleries.org

Erl

music

"Tyrolean Festival Erl" offers opera, orchestral and chamber-music concerts, including Mozart's "The Magic Flute" and Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman."

Passionsspielhaus Erl
Until Aug. 8
☎ 43-512-5788-88
www.tiroler-festspiele.at

Genoa

art

"The Tip of the Iceberg: New Acquisitions" presents art from the museum's permanent collection, including items by Silvia Cini, Plamen Dejanoff and Roberto De Luca.

Museo di Arte Contemporanea di Villa Croce
Until Sept. 26
☎ 39-10-5800-69
www.museidigenova.it

Gstaad

music

"Menuhin Festival Gstaad" is a classi-

cal and experimental music festival featuring Bobby McFerrin, the London Symphony Orchestra, Jordi Savall, Cecilia Bartoli and others.

Menuhin Festival Gstaad
July 16- Sept. 5
☎ 41-33-7488-338
www.menuhinfestivalgstaad.ch

Hultsfred

music

Erykah Badu tours Europe in promotion of her new album "New Amerykah Part Two," performing her unique blend of neo-soul, R 'n' B, hip hop and jazz.

July 9, Fulkets Park, Hultsfred
July 10, Halles des Foires de Coronmeuse Parc Astrid, Liège
July 11, Stravinski Hall, Montreux
July 13, Heineken Music Hall, Amsterdam
July 15, Sporting Club, Monte Carlo
July 17, Escenario Puerta del Angel, Madrid
July 18, Pueblo Espanol, Barcelona
July 20, Rome Auditorium Cavea Flaminio
July 22, Olympia, Paris
July 24, Brixton Academy, London
www.erykahbadu.com/tour

Lockenhaus

music

"29th Lockenhaus Chamber Music Festival," organized by violinist Gidon Kremer, stages performances of chamber music by Bach, Bartók, Mozart, Strauss and others.

Lockenhaus
Until July 18
☎ 43-2626-6312-15
www.kammermusikfest.at

London

photography

"Camille Silvy, Photographer of Modern Life, 1834 - 1910" exhibits more than 100 works by the French pioneer of theater, fashion and street photography.

National Portrait Gallery
July 15-Oct.24
☎ 44-20-7907-7079
www.npg.org.uk

music

"BBC Proms 2010" is an annual series of 100 concerts, featuring music ranging from classical to jazz, with performers such as the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, Billy Bragg and BBC Symphony Orchestra.

Royal Albert Hall
July 16-Sept. 11
☎ 44-845-401-5040 (box office)
www.bbc.co.uk/proms/2010

photography

"Exile—Photographs of the Rolling Stones at Villa Nellcôte by Dominique Tarlé" shows images of the band in 1971, while recording their album "Exile on Main Street."

Atlas Gallery
July 15-Aug.31
☎ 44-20-7224-4192
www.atlasgallery.com

Nice

music

"Nice Jazz Festival 2010" presents performances by Ornette Coleman, Al Jarreau, Kris Kristofferson, James Hunter, Béla Fleck and others.

Nice Jazz Festival
July 13-25
☎ 33-8926-8362-2 (tickets)
www.nicejazzfestival.fr



A design from Malousebastian's Fall/Winter 2010 collection on show at Amsterdam Fashion Week; below, 'Goutte d'eau sur la neige rose' (1965) by Joan Miró, on display in Baden Baden.



© 2010, Successió Miró/VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn 2010; top, © Peter Stigter

Prague

music

"Bohemia JazzFest" features a series of free concerts in the historic town squares of seven Czech cities and will include performances by Stanley Clarke Group, Anna Maria Jopek, Larry Carlton Trio and others.

In various cities, Czech Republic
July 14-19
☎ 42-603-2905-20
www.bohemiazjazzfest.cz

Paris

archaeology

"Roads of Arabia—Archaeology and History of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia" displays 300 works examining the heritage and cultural development of the kingdom of Saudi Arabia from pre-historic times to the modern world.

Musée du Louvre
July 14-Sept. 27
☎ 33-1-4020-5050
www.louvre.fr

Rotterdam

photography

"Fringe Phenomena" presents about 30 images by André Thijssen that play a trick on the eye, based on unusual reflections or perspectives captured by the Dutch photographer.

Nederlands Fotomuseum
July 10-Sept.12
☎ 31-10-2030-405
www.nederlandsfotomuseum.nl

St. Moritz

music

"70th BSI Endagin Festival" offers classic and folk music, featuring compositions by Mozart, Bach, Morricone, as well as Klezmer, Kurdish and Hungarian folk music.

At various locations
Until Aug. 15
☎ 41-81-8520-588
www.engadinfestival.ch

Stuttgart

art

"Just Paper, and yet the Whole Wide World" showcases more than 300 works from the department of prints, drawings and photographs, including art by Raffael, Picasso, Caspar David Friedrich, Wassily Kandinsky, Max Beckmann, Andy Warhol and others.

Staatsgalerie Stuttgart
July 17-Nov. 1
☎ 49-711-4704-00
www.staatsgalerie.de

Vienna

dance

"Impulstanz: Vienna International Dance Festival" brings together an array of international choreographers, dancers and teachers, including Keith Hennessy, Rosas, Atiana Codero, Davis Freeman and others.

At various venues in Vienna
July 15-Aug. 15
☎ 43-1-5235-558
www.impulstanz.com

Source: WSJ research