

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

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New luxury hotels remake
the reputation of a French classic

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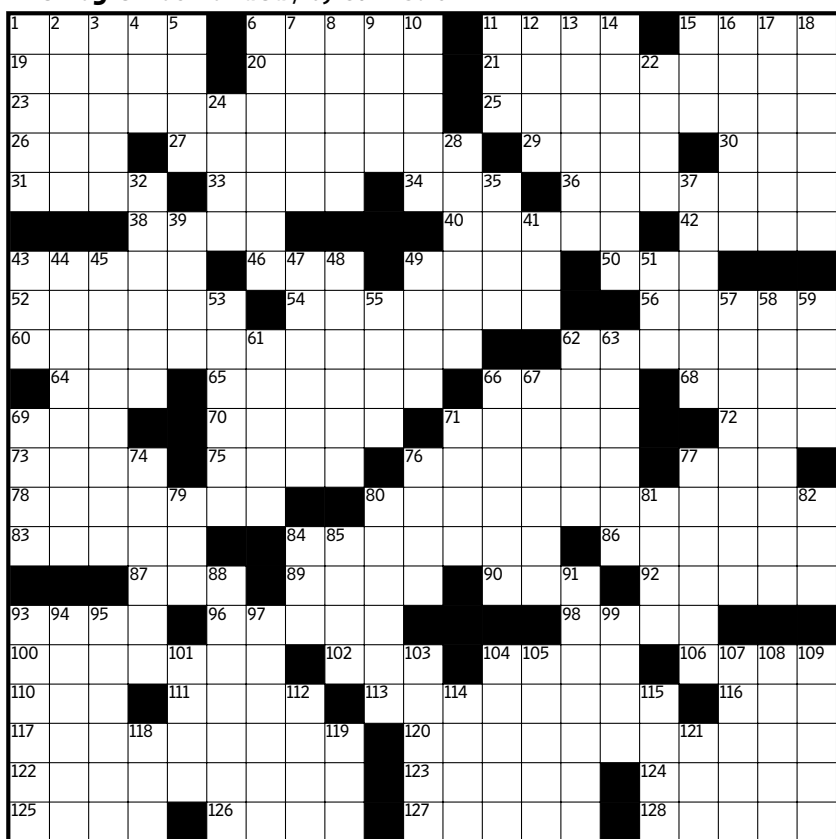
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Last Week's Solution



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Glamour on two wheels

Long chic in Europe, the city bike becomes fashionable in the U.S.

WHY DO PARISIAN women seem so effortlessly chic as they peddle bicycles in heels and fluttery skirts?

The answer lies not only with the clothes or the women, but also with the bicycles—a sort of new generation of city bikes that have long been ridden by Europeans and are now becoming increasingly popular in the U.S. These old-fashioned-looking city bikes with heavy frames, strong, wide tires and handlebars high enough to let the rider sit upright are hot, hot, hot.

On Style

CHRISTINA BINKLEY

I looked into the question recently of whether it is possible to pedal such a city bike across Los Angeles and not arrive at the office looking like a refugee from the Tour de France.

Part of the appeal of these bikes is their retro look. Sold in colors like chartreuse and turquoise, they can be accessorized with doo-dads like wicker baskets, sleek panniers and clip-on handlebar flowers. There are even fancy helmets that look like equestrian caps or Donegal tweed hats.

But an even bigger factor is that they're designed precisely for commuting. You don't have to hunch over low, curled handlebars. The seats are wide and cushy. And fenders guard against mud puddles, and chain and skirt guards protect clothes. They've become a hot choice for the rising numbers of urban bike commuters.

But could these bikes—and I—stand up to a commute in car-centric Los Angeles? I decided to try riding one to work and back. The point wasn't exercise—though that's a benefit that comes with the journey—but a close-to-the-ground urban adventure. I was pretty sure I could pull off the ride (11.5 kilometers each way). Whether I could pull it off while still looking chic was another question.

Looking at bike shops has become as fun as shopping for fashion, because it is fashion. The accessories are as enticing as a new handbag: picnic baskets, tote bags for groceries and laptops, and even pet carriers.

Many of these are pitched to the growing number of women bike commuters. Electra, a Vista, Calif., company that paints bikes with Pop Art flowers and polka dots, sells a higher percentage of bikes to women than the industry average, says product-development manager Chris Holmes. He notes, "The ability to personalize your bike is a big part of what helps set Electra apart from other brands."

At Metropolis Bikes in North Hollywood, which has a wall of Nantucket Bike Basket Co. baskets, owner Brad Wasser says 30% of his revenues—and more of his



Clockwise, this \$1,800 Retrovelo Paula bike is designed with wider tires that absorb shocks; old-fashioned wicker baskets are some of the high-margin accessories retailers are selling to deck out retro bikes; Brooks saddles is based on the 1927 classic design, with shock absorbing springs.

profits—come from selling high-margin accessories.

The bikes themselves offer a strong design angle as well. Many are European, including the Dutch Bakfiets, the British Pashley, Italy's Abici and Denmark's Biomega. In the U.S., young companies, such as Electra, are popping up to make their own models. San Francisco-based Public was founded by Rob Forbes, who also founded the cool modern-furnishings purveyor Design Within Reach. It's a testament to our love affair with retro that people are importing Flying Pigeons, a simple bike used in China since 1950.

In general, these high-quality heavyweight bikes start around \$300 in the U.S. and top out around \$1,300—generally more than the average cycle but less expensive than the bantamweight racers favored by athletic types.

These are not fat-tired "cruisers" designed for leisurely rides on the boardwalk. And they're a far cry from the bikes in the 1979 movie "Breaking Away" which romanticized the speed and freedom of narrow tires and seats so hard that people wore foam-padded bike shorts. (Now, the concept of putting the padding in the seat seems like genius.) Recently, though, urban riders have reacted against all that the racing bikes represented, and shops that specialize in sturdy city bikes are opening in hipster neighborhoods.

For my ride to work, I borrowed an Electra Amsterdam, modeled after Dutch commuter bikes. Priced at \$999, it came loaded with eight gears and a fully enclosed gear system, as well as

fenders, chain guards and skirt guards around the wheel. Electra places its pedals slightly forward, which is comfy and permits the seat to be lower, making it easier to rest a foot on the ground at stoplights. The bike also had a headlight, a bell and removable panniers for my laptop and purse.

When I showed the bike to my neighbor Matthew, an attorney who rides all over Los Angeles on a Specialized sport bike, he inspected it skeptically and lifted it off the ground with a grunt. "Every extra pound of bike is a pound you have to pedal up the hill," he warned, mumbling something about titanium components.

I scoffed. What's another pound or kilogram here or there when I'm already loaded with a laptop and handbag?

But these stylishly sturdy bikes do have a downside. Fenders and chain guards—not to mention panniers—add weight. To keep prices down, manufacturers often use steel or aluminum parts, rather than lightweight titanium. Wider tires act as comfy cushions and don't get caught in cracks, but they increase friction with the road, making it slightly harder to pedal.

Andrew Jones, the manager at Metropolis, says he's often seen men and women disagree over the importance of light materials. Women want comfort, he says, but "the guys are talking about carbon fiber."

In choosing my bike-to-work outfit, I kept in mind that I wanted to arrive at the office ready to work, with no need to change clothes or even shoes. I'd like to believe I looked gloriously



Parisian that morning in my Ralph Lauren wedge heels and loose-legged 3.1 Phillip Lim linen slacks, with my laptop and files tucked into a pair of panniers over the rear wheel. I did pick a loose cotton shirt that wouldn't show perspiration.

My ride to the office is mostly downhill. As I cruised to work, I saw Los Angeles from a new purview. The city is badly in need of bike lanes, and the streets are littered with hazards like glass.

But generally, I found L.A. surprisingly easy to bike in. To avoid car traffic, I tried to stick to quiet neighborhood streets. Being near to the ground allowed me to discover several new shops and restaurants along the way, and the ride made the city community seem closer and smaller. I arrived at work feeling as energized as I do after a morning yoga class. I



even made a mental plan to do this more often.

On my return trip, however, I really felt the bike's weight as I struggled up the steep Hollywood Hills.

My eight-speed bike got me thinking about another downside of city bikes: Most of them come in only three to eight speeds. In fact, single-speed bikes are all the rage. This is tough on the body. Most humans need a set of gears that will accommodate their fitness level. The more gears a bike has, the wider its range, and therefore, the more extreme hills you'll comfortably tackle.

With nearly a kilometer to go, pushing the bike seemed an unlikely option in 8-centimeter heels. In the end, feeling like a wimp—and not a little sweaty—I called my athletic husband for a rescue. Maybe, I thought, just a little carbon fiber wouldn't hurt.

Bryan Derballa for The Wall Street Journal



Clockwise: Chef Alex Gauthier's vegetables with truffles; the Cookpot, Chef Alain Ducasse's new signature dish; Alain Ducasse; and Alexis Gauthier, owner of an eponymous new restaurant in Soho.

Putting vegetables on top

A number of chefs are centering on greens; the all new vegetarian tasting menu

BY JEMIMA SISSONS

“WE NEED TO have more of a relationship with vegetables,” says chef Alain Ducasse, as he serves some delicate slices of beetroot, carrot and celeriac that have been gently poached in a light vegetable stock, and coated with a Montgomery cheddar gratin, during an intimate lunch for eight at the Dorchester hotel in London, where his three Michelin star restaurant is housed. He is showing off a new signature dish—the Cookpot—which focuses on seasonal vegetables.

Mr. Ducasse is just one of a number of top chefs who, while still offering meat dishes, is placing vegetables center stage, offering creative vegetable dishes and haute vegetarian tasting menus that start at £95.

“Vegetables are important to me,” says Mr. Ducasse. “I grew up at my grandmother’s farm in Gascony, always eating seasonal vegetables. It can actually be more challenging preparing vegetables than meat. You have to let them speak for themselves.”

Two decades ago in the Louis XV in Monaco, Mr. Ducasse, who holds 19 Michelin stars world-wide, created a vegetable tasting menu where animal stock or jus could be used in the preparation of the dish. “I’ve been trying to push the trend for 20 years,” he says. “And now it is slowly changing.” He has just

launched a totally vegetarian tasting menu in London and may follow suit with his other restaurants. Typical dishes on his new vegetarian tasting menu include a soft-boiled egg with buttery sautéed wild mushrooms and a creamy broad bean velouté. In the first dish, the boiled egg is placed on a “royale” (a savory egg custard) consisting of cream, egg and chopped mushrooms and finished with cooked and raw mushrooms. Meanwhile, in his broad bean velouté, fresh baby broad beans are slowly cooked with olive oil and vegetable stock, before being thickened with whipped cream and topped with crispy croutons.

In another dish, homemade artisan pasta is cooked in spring onion, green peas and vegetable broth before being covered with mashed peas, shaved black truffles and parmesan.

Another chef drawing from his bucolic upbringing in France is Alexis Gauthier, chef and owner of his eponymous new restaurant in Soho, London. “I come from Avignon, and most of my food intake was vegetables,” says Mr. Gauthier. “There was always the expectation of the different seasons and what fruit and vegetables [each] would bring.” Like a number of these chefs, Mr. Gauthier isn’t offering a purely vegetarian tasting menu (although he will on request), but a menu designed to show off vegetables in the best possi-

ble way, even if it means cooking them in meat or chicken stock. This can include salsify cooked in a rich beef jus and delicate Cappelletti pasta made with confit of tomatoes, in which tomatoes are marinated overnight in olive oil and thyme until the tomatoes take on an intense, sweet flavor. A heady, al dente truffle risotto is accompanied by treacly brown butter and shavings of aged parmesan. Mr. Gauthier’s velvety, chilled light green pea velouté is poured over a piece of smooth soyamarinated tofu, to create a summer dish bursting with freshness.

“I love vegetables but I am not a vegetarian,” says Mr. Gauthier. “I thought it was such a pity to leave vegetables only for vegetarians. I wanted to develop a side that makes vegetables the star. If they have the right texture you can play with vegetables like meat or fish,” he says.

Mr. Gauthier has found that, for both health and environmental reasons, more patrons are opting for his vegetable tasting menu. He estimates that 25% of his diners are now “vegicentric,” meaning they are happy to eat vegetables cooked in animal stock, but not happy to have a whole piece of beef.

A lifelong vegetarian, Mary McCartney—who along with her father, Paul McCartney, and her sister, fashion designer Stella McCartney co-founded the Meat Free Mondays



campaign in the U.K.—embraces the inventive ways chefs are now offering vegetarian food. “In the past, with vegetarian options in a restaurant, I thought ‘I could make this better at home,’” she says. “However, the fact that more Michelin chefs are now doing menus is great. If I go out for dinner it is as an indulgence, a special occasion. I’ll go to the Connaught hotel, where Hélène Darroze has an amazing vegetarian tasting menu, or to J Sheekey.”

Dishes on Ms. Darroze’s menu include baby broad beans with shavings of creamy pecorino cheese and sweet violet flowers, and a simple supersweet carrot consommé infused with fragrant lemon verbena. In Ms. Darroze’s aubergine dish, the vegetable is mixed simply with buf-

falo mozzarella, Tagiache olives and a flavorful herb salad.

At J Sheekey in Covent Garden, which is famous for its oyster bar and fish, there is a full vegetarian menu, which includes dishes such as slow-cooked chick peas that are braised with garlic, tomatoes and served with Padrón peppers and rocket. Another dish found purely on the vegetarian menu is courgette flowers, which are fried in a tempura batter and served with a fresh tomato relish. “The reason we have the vegetarian menu is to make everyone feel welcome,” says head chef Richard Kirkwood. “Some chefs raise their eyebrows at having to cook vegetarian food but we want to accommodate all people. Also, plenty of people order off the vege-



Teri Pengilly



rounds of Menton in the south of France, half way between Monaco and the Italian border, chef Maura Colagreco has a legion of admirers who believe his vegetable dishes to be virtual works of art. At his one Michelin star restaurant Mirazur, which opened in 2006, diners are served intricate plates such as asparagus salad, where raw and semi-cooked spears sit among lemon caviar or finger limes, grapefruit segments, and then finished with honey sauce and wild herbs. In Mr. Colagreco's vegetable ragout, root vegetables are roasted, blanched fried or boiled, before parmesan is added to their juice to create an umami-rich sauce. "People are definitely getting closer to vegetables than meat nowadays. People also choose more vegetarian options because of the hot weather here in Southern France," he says. Mr. Colagreco grows much of the produce himself, including 50 different varieties of tomato and six different type of beetroot.

One chef garnering praise from all quarters for his inventive use of vegetables is Alain Passard at L'Arpège in Paris. In 2001, Mr. Passard stopped using red meat completely, and still serves limited chicken and fish. Mr. Passard's passion for vegetables transcends mere culinary art. "There is still so much to do with vegetables," he says. "My personal will is to make them like a vintage wine, and gardening the profession of tomorrow. The gardeners and I will, one day, discuss carrots and beetroot like others speak of Chardonnay and Cabernet Franc. The more chefs bend over this creative basket, the more cooking will grow rich."

—Jemima Sissons is a writer based in London.

tarian menu because they fancy something lighter."

At the two Michelin star Pied à Terre restaurant in London, chef Shane Osborn has found that half the patrons ordering the vegetarian menu aren't vegetarians, but simply clients opting for a healthier choice. Dishes include a salad of raw pickled and summer baby radishes, calendula, toasted sunflower seed dressing and flowers such as Alaskan nasturtiums and cornflowers plucked from his rooftop garden. In another dish, endives are slowly caramelized and mixed with fresh walnuts, sweet roasted pear and purple sprouted broccoli to create a delicate tart.

Katrina Roberts, a public relations executive in London, says she often chooses the vegetarian tast-

ing menu in restaurants, despite being a committed omnivore. "Vegetarian menus are a good way to see the skills of the chef without over-indulging too much. Also, I don't want to fall asleep after lunch."

This sentiment is echoed at two Michelin star Cracco in Milan. Here, scientifically minded chef Carlo Cracco will dehydrate vegetables such as mange tout, beetroot, violet Cabote potato and serve the brightly hued crisps in a perspex box as an aperitif. In his egg-yolk pasta he dries out the egg yolk before sprinkling it over fusilli and fresh sea asparagus. "I think people nowadays are more conscious of the fact that vegetarian dishes can be exciting with a high level of nutrition too," says Mr. Cracco.

Meanwhile, in the balmy sur-

Rules to drink by

WINE, PERHAPS MORE than any other perishable consumer good, is hidebound by an often unfathomable set of rules. By far the largest reader response I ever received for an article was when I dared to suggest that we chill our wines too much. In the height of summer, I admit it can get stiflingly hot and one craves a chilled glass of white. But far too often I find it is served just too cold. This only serves to neutralize the nose and kill the taste.

Wine WILL LYONS

Personally, I prefer to drink my wine at cellar temperature. That is, if it is a red wine between 10-degrees Celsius and 18-degrees Celsius, with heavier reds, such as Australian Shiraz, served toward the higher end of the temperature range and lighter reds, such as Beaujolais, served at the lower end. White wine can be served between four degrees Celsius and 10 degrees Celsius, although, as I said, I prefer mine on the warmer side. Champagne often benefits from being served a little cooler as it accentuates its crisp, refreshing character. There is a trend toward chilling red wines. I would only really advocate this if they are lighter reds, again probably a Beaujolais or a Chiron from the Loire, and their temperature has exceeded that of the cellar. But they really need a quick burst in the fridge, as opposed to an ice bucket.

One area where a lot of us get into an awful muddle is with food, in particular, the old rule that dictates white wine with fish, red wine with meat. Of course, all rules are a little bit of a cliché but generally it cannot be denied that white wine more often than not pairs best with fish. But a good rule of thumb is to think not of the color of the wine, but of its body and texture. Without getting too involved in the technicalities, white wine usually has a fair amount of acidity that works well with tart flavors such as lemon and vinegar. It also cuts through creamy sauces so it makes sense to pair a white Burgundy with a dish such as turbot. Lighter flavored seafood pairs well with Soave, Pinot Grigio or Muscadet from the Loire Valley, while oil-

ier fish such as sardines may need a heavy, oaked Chardonnay. This can also work well with smoked salmon or you may prefer something a little fresher from farther north in Burgundy such as a Mâcon or Chablis. But delicate red wines such as Beaujolais, Chinon from the Loire or light, fruity Pinot Noirs can often match very well with tougher fish such as swordfish or tuna steaks.

I prefer red wine with paella whether it has fish or not. I also like a dry fino sherry with mackerel and for a very special treat champagne with oysters. But why limit the rule to just fish? What about meat or vegetables? And of course that perennial dinner party course—the cheese board?

Again, it's best to think of how the wine leaves your mouth feeling. A dry, tannic red wine often leaves one's mouth bitter and the taste buds dry. Heavy meat with a chewy texture can soften that sensation. As a rule of thumb, I prefer to serve red Bordeaux or Châteauneuf-du-Pape with beef, second choice would be a Chilean Syrah. With lamb, generally Rioja. Any sort of poultry or game goes very well with red Burgundy and Pinot Noir. Grand Cru Beaujolais is also a good match.

In the summer months, I would not hesitate to match vegetable dishes with rosé wine, preferably a dry example from Provence. In the winter, a soft, ripe, smooth red wine low in tannin is the order of the day such as Californian Merlot or Argentinean Malbec.

Matching wine with cheese can pose all sorts of pitfalls as certain flavors associated with cheese can react badly with the tannin in red wine. Aged gouda, cheddar and mimolette cheese go very well with red Bordeaux. It may be a cliché but port and stilton work very well together. But in many cases, I prefer to serve a sweet white wine such as Sauternes, which goes superbly with Roquefort cheese.

If you are in any way unsure pairing cheese with wine, I would strongly recommend just opting for Comté. It's hugely versatile and its nutty, caramelized flavor matches superbly with white wines from the Loire such as Sancerre, light red Beaujolais, vintage Champagne and even heavy reds from the Languedoc-Roussillon. In fact, you could say it breaks all the rulebooks.

DRINKING NOW

Rueda 'Blume' Pagos del Rey
Rueda, Spain

Vintage: 2007

Price: about £7.50 or €9

Alcohol content: 12.5%

This is a really interesting versatile summer food wine from Spain's Rueda region, known for its fresh and fruity white wines. Quite traditional in style, it has an herbaceous, almost sherry character, underpinned by a refreshing, zippy acidity. It transforms with food.





Seductive St. Tropez

With a new crop of luxury hotels, the famous town in the south of France finds creative ways to reinvent its image

BY LANIE GOODMAN

WHEN ARTIST Paul Signac arrived by sailboat in St. Tropez in 1892, he wrote to his mother that he had decided to rent a wonderful little beach hut on the Canoubiers Bay, only five minutes from the village, “lost in the pines and roses.” Seduced by the shimmering colors of the landscape—a pink and mauve sea at sunset on the Graniers Beach against the blue silhouette of the Maures mountain

range—the painter set out to create his own private Eden. Here, in this sleepy fishing village, sailing, dancing, picnicking, lounging, swimming and playing pétanque were all part of his utopian vision of a life in harmony with nature. “I’ve just discovered happiness,” he told his painter friends, and the word was out: Come to St. Tropez to indulge your fantasies.

Now, more than a century later, as a crop of luxurious hotels is springing up in St. Tropez and its neighboring towns, the region still harks back to the same tease of hedonistic escape, but with our own inescapable

21st-century notion of “the good life.” And while the glamorous Bardot myth continues to fascinate (check out the summer’s nostalgic exhibition, “Brigitte Bardot & Saint Tropez” at the Espace Rendez-vous des Lices), St. Tropez keeps reinventing itself. These days, more than ever, the trend is “back to authenticity,” even if that sometimes goes hand in hand with a considerable amount of high-tech stylish razzmatazz.

At the newly opened 15-suite Muse hotel, set back on a leafy road in Ramatuelle just outside of St. Tropez, an iPhone and iPad are delivered upon arrival in your duplex

room, and a gleaming Bentley shuttles you back and forth to the beach a five-minute drive away (www.muse-hotels.com). The Malaysian group YTL Corp., which owns the five-star Pangkor Laut Resort, financed the €20 million investment.

“We want to build a brand of boutique hotels that offer refinement and culture and puts excellent Asian service into a French cocoon,” says 38-year-old Adrian Jossa, the co-manager of the Muse, whose background is in international banking. “I’m not a hotelier, but I’ve been coming to St. Tropez ever since I was a kid. Our team decided to start here, rather than Paris, and build the equivalent of a Louis Vuitton in the French hotel industry.”

Indeed, no detail is overlooked: from private plunge pools, glossy art books galore, colossal showers big enough for a small army, pretty cream-colored bicycles for a ride to the Place des Lices outdoor market in St. Tropez, a poolside “sun butler” offering a tray of protective lotions, right down to the haute-couture staff uniforms (think little navy dresses with lace collars and faux-tuxedo T-shirts) designed by Alexis Mabille. The terrace restaurant is headed by chef Nicolas Le Toumelin, a wizard with seafood, and “truffle king” Clement Bruno, known for his sublime truffle potato cakes.

This may sound like a far cry from simple local pleasures, but the two-hectare hotel garden by landscape architect Sophie Agata Ambroise will eventually feature more than 160 types of Mediterranean plants. By the same token, the house wine is from the long-estab-

lished Château des Marres vineyard next door, and there’s also a pétanques court that turns into an open-air cinema at night.

Over by the sandy beaches on Canoubiers Bay where Signac and gang painted their masterworks, the just-opened 33-room Hotel Sezz was dreamt up by hotelier Shahé Kalaidjian as the *bon chic bon genre* holiday version of Hotel Sezz (short for “*seizième arrondissement*”) in Paris (www.hotelsezz.com). The concept: No check-in desk, since guests are greeted by their own personal assistant and offered a drink in the lobby. Designed by architect Jean-Jacques Ory, who used Provençal-style materials to blend with the landscape, the look is elegant, clean lines. French designer Christophe Pillet created the ultracontemporary grey and white rooms, which all face the pretty pool and the Dom Pérignon champagne bar. The Paris-meets-St.-Tropez effect continues with a restaurant headed by Michelin three-star chef Pierre Gagnaire and a Payot spa. You can, however, commune with nature if you are awake at sunrise or not off sipping cocktails on a yacht at sunset, with yoga classes in the hotel’s private garden.

In contrast, just down the road, near Tahiti Beach in Ramatuelle, the recently refurbished 48-room La Ferme d’Augustin is one of St. Tropez’s oldest hotels—a tranquil Provençal-style farmhouse that opened to guests in 1955 (www.fermeaugustin.com). “My grandfather, Augustin Vallet, would often invite neighbors and artists who were passing through, grill some fish and serve his own vineyard wine,”



Grégoire Gaudet; above: Alamy



says current owner, Christophe Vallet. "Little by little, he fixed up a few rooms so that his guests could spend the night, and my parents eventually turned it into a hotel."

Mr. Vallet, who founded the Authentic Hotels & Cruises Collection in 2005, offers an alternative experience of luxury that is the flip side to the buzzing St. Tropez scene. "We're off the radar, since we do no advertising and clients return year after year," he says. Surrounded by bougainvillea, wisteria and blackberry bushes, the farmhouse is a jumble of antique furniture with floral-themed airy rooms that include a sea view suite in a stone tower.

The restaurant, open to guests only, serves market-fresh cuisine, a fruity organic rosé, Le Clos Bellevue, from the family vineyard, plus a variety of homemade jams such as watermelon and in-house-produced olive oil. Even the items in the boutique are custom-made, stocked with everything from scented candles and shampoo to perfume and soap, created by fragrance designer Claude Bourdon (creator of Davidoff Cool Water, YSL Jazz and Kouros), who is one of the regulars.

If it's harmony and a highly toned body you're after, there's a new five-day boot-camp program at La Réserve de Ramatuelle, hidden away in the pines on the quiet end of the coast, on a secluded bluff facing the wild peninsulas of Cap Camarat and Cap Taillat (www.lareserve.ch). Opened in June 2009, the star attraction of this luminous minimalist 23-room hotel, designed by French architect Jean-Michel Wilmotte, is the 1,000-square-meter spa with 13 high-tech treatment rooms, a fitness center, an indoor and outdoor pool, and a staff of doctors and nutritionists. After the early-morning yoga class, and a low-cal breakfast of fresh fruit concoctions and delicious flourless cakes (whipped up by Guérard-trained chef Eric Canino), you set out on a brisk 20-kilometer Nordic Walking jaunt through the neighboring green oak forest. Next



comes a feather-light lunch (artichoke carpaccio with summer truffles and parmesan, fresh grilled sea bass, raspberries with fromage blanc sorbet), and an afternoon of serious spa pampering that ranges from hydrotherapy, scrubs and mud wraps to slimming, detox and anti-aging treatments.

Heading further southwest on the winding coastal road to the village of La Croix Valmer, the mood suddenly shifts. No glitz here, just windswept umbrella pines, lavender and thrumming cicadas—don't miss a walk on the coastal footpath on the breathtaking Cap Lardier. At the 42-room country bastide Château de Valmer, owned by the Rocchietta family since 1949, a laid-back atmosphere prevails (www.chateauvalmer.com). The hotel's lush six-hectare property includes an outdoor pool, a spa, with a lovely indoor pool if the Mistral kicks up, and a palm-shaded path leading straight to the sandy curve of beach. But the real draw are the two new deeply comfortable red cedar treehouses. Perched in the sturdy cork oaks with wooden staircases to climb up, these cozy hideaways have spacious decks, canopy beds, family antiques, and a bathroom fully equipped with tubs and showers. It's the height of luxury, lost in the vines and roses.

—Lanie Goodman is a writer based in Nice.



Left: Patrick Ansellem, right: ADORA, below, Richard Conte

Top of opposite page, the town of Bormes-les-Mimosas outside St. Tropez; bottom, entrance of La Réserve Ramatuelle; this page clockwise from top left: La Muse bar and pool; Domaine du Rayol; Kenny Werner quintet at the Jazz Festival Ramatuelle.

A guide to the hidden St. Tropez

When the temperatures soar, the locals head for the hills to the pretty perched medieval villages—Ramatuelle, Gassin, Grimaud and Bormes-les-Mimosas—and cool off while exploring the tiny vaulted streets, churches, flower-lined breezy squares and fountains. Here are some of the lesser-known spots in the St. Tropez area:

WHERE TO EAT

Lunch: Hidden behind a bamboo grove at the southernmost stretch of Pampelonne, **Cabane Bambou** is a beach-restaurant with toes-in-the-sand dining. Highlights: sea-bream tartare with avocado and mango, lobster washed down with the superb Domaine des Campaux house rosé from Bormes-les-Mimosas, and crème brûlée for dessert. Lunch at about €40; ☎ 33 4 94798413.

Formerly a 1960s roadside gas station, **Auberge de la Môle** is the real deal, a family-run village inn serving a five-course fixed menu of home-cooked southwestern specialties. Think gargantuan proportions of foie gras, crayfish salad, potato cakes with truffles and fillet steak followed by mousse au chocolat. Dinner at €55; ☎ 33 4 9449550.

At the foot of the postcard-perfect vil-

lage Bormes-les-Mimosas (holiday stomping grounds of former President Jacques Chirac) is **La Rastègue**. Young chef Jérôme Masson serves delicious no-fuss seasonal dishes on a pretty outdoor terrace, with a sweeping view of the Mediterranean and Maures mountains. Best bets: the warm lobster with ginger carrots, roast lamb with polenta, and a delicious poached pear for dessert. Dinner at €39; www.larastegue.com.

WHERE TO SHOP

La Chemise Tropicézienne offers beautifully cut shirts, made in St. Tropez, in the softest shades of beachy blue, cream and white, as well as party pinks and reds; www.lachemistropézienne.com. To complete the native look, head down the street to **Be-Shorts** for an array of Bermudas in 29 shades; www.be-shorts.com.

Sunday, another local label, carries a variety of layered flowing garb in pastel linen, cotton and silk; www.sunday-saint-tropez.com.

Pick up country antiques and attic treasures at the Sunday morning flea market in Grimaud, **Le Jas des Roberts**, where everyone spreads their wares in a grassy field at the foot of the village; www.jasdesroberts.com.

WHAT TO DO

Step through the crowds of yacht-gawkers and visit the portside **Musée de l'Annonciade**, housing a small but superb permanent collection of St. Tropez-inspired artists including works by Signac, Matisse, Bonnard and Vuillard, plus an impressive summer show of Modigliani (until Oct. 18); www.saint-tropez.tv/html/annonciade

Take an excursion to the stunning historic **Rayol-Canadel Gardens**, a tangle of secret paths bordered by bamboo and palms. You can also go snorkeling and explore an underwater botanical trail; www.domainedurayol.org

Don't miss the annual **Ramatuelle Jazz Festival** from Aug. 16-20, in the village's intimate outdoor amphitheater, with a terrific view of the star-lit countryside. This summer's event includes the Brussels Jazz Orchestra and the Belmondo Quintet; www.jazzaramatuelle.com

TRANSPORT

Riviera Limousine Boat offers a new transfer service for up to six passengers on a motor yacht from Nice Airport, Monaco or Cannes to St. Tropez and the Pampelonne beaches; www.lebeauvallon.com/boatservice.

No course like the Old Course

The British Open at St. Andrews requires golfers to cede control

THERE ARE SEVERAL circulating versions of what Sam Snead said in 1946 as he approached St. Andrews for the first time on a train. One variation is, "That looks like an old abandoned golf course over there," to which his seatmate replied, "That, sir, is no

Golf Journal

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

abandoned course. That is where we play the Open Championship."

For anyone not steeped in the 600-year history of golf here, the Old Course, which this week hosts the 139th British Open, can make a poor first impression. It's a flat, scrubby-looking patch of coastal waste land initially used for golf because it was unsuitable for farming. The bunkers don't frame the greens and fairways the way they do on modern courses. They lurk like vermin, often invisible to golfers and ruinously deep. The fierce winds that beat down off the North Sea generally prevent the vegetation from growing taller than head-high. That which comes closest is a noisome, prickly bush known hereabouts as the whins and elsewhere as gorse. Balls lost within are lost forever.

Snead wasn't alone in taking an early dislike to the Old Course. Bobby Jones walked off in disgust after 11 holes in the third round of his first tournament here. Lee Westwood in 1999 said the course



Above, stone bridge over Swilken Burn on 18th Hole of St. Andrews golf course; below, the approach to the green on the par-4, 12th hole, which Jim Furyk considers the 'goofiest hole on the course.'

shouldn't rank in the top 200 in Fife, the local county. (For the record, Fife has fewer than 60 courses.)

The problem for newcomers, especially pros who train to such precision, is how much control they must cede to the landscape and the wind once the ball leaves their clubface. That's links golf, of course, and it's what makes the seaside courses of Britain and Ireland such popular destinations for recreational players. Drives bounding down the firm fairways seem to roll forever. Quirky bounces near the greens help players as much as they hurt.

The pros, as a rule, don't like quirk. But what they discover with experience on the Old Course is that the bounces aren't as random as they first seem. Skill and preparation matter just as much in British Opens as they do in tournaments on lush, more straightforward courses. It's just that the key skills are different. Controlling trajectory to keep balls under the wind is vital. And "pace putting" from enormous distances, sometimes 30 meters or more, often from off the green, is a central part of the tool kit any British Open champ needs.

Strategically, the key is avoiding those perilous pot bunkers off the tee. As a result, some of the tactics golfers use to get the ball around the course can appear nonsensical to the uninitiated. Take the seemingly innocuous 318-meter 12th hole. "That's the goofiest hole on the course, by far," Jim Furyk said Tuesday. "Downwind you can drive the green and have a putt for eagle, but in the wind we're having this week, coming off the left, it looks like the play is to hit a driver or three wood down the right side and into the rough."

A deliberate drive into the wispy, fescue rough? That's because six bunkers, hidden from the tee, perforate the fairway. A straight drive down the middle is near-certain doom. An alternative is to drive with a mid-iron short of the last five bunkers.



Getty Images; top, Alamy

But that may leave 165 meters into the green, where all the pins will be on a shallow ledge only a dozen meters deep and very difficult to hold from that distance. "I'd rather take my chances with a wedge from the rough," Mr. Furyk said.

The unusual drenching that the Old Course took Wednesday—canceling a four-hole competition among 26 former champs including Arnold Palmer, Nick Faldo, Tiger Woods and Tom Watson—softened the course considerably, and the wind lay down on Thursday to allow unusually low scores, including a nine-under-par 63 by Rory McIlroy of Northern Ireland, which ties the lowest round ever recorded in any major championship.

But when the wind picks up in the rounds to come, as it surely will, how players respond will be the story at the Old Course. "St. Andrews is a hard course to under-

stand, and you have to relearn it and relearn and relearn it all the time," said Mr. Watson, 60 years old, who came miraculously close to winning his sixth British Open last year at Turnberry.

Long hitters have a big advantage because they can bomb their tee shots over many of the hazards that short-hitting rivals cannot. That helps explain the preponderance of power at the top of the leaderboard Friday, including Mr. McIlroy at -9, John Daly, the 1995 Open champion, at -6 and Mr. Woods at -5.

"The last three winners here have been Tiger, Tiger and Daly, and they've been the longest players in the game at that time," Phil Mickelson said Wednesday, in describing his own aggressive strategy for this week.

Americans have won six of the last eight Opens staged at St. Andrews, but competitors from the

European PGA Tour are well-positioned to do well this week. They are generally more comfortable than Americans in the type of wet, windy conditions predicted for the rest of the tournament, and many play each fall in the Alfred Dunhill Links Championship, during which two rounds are staged at the Old Course.

Moreover, Mr. McIlroy said, the victory by Graeme McDowell of Northern Ireland at last month's U.S. Open, breaking a 40-year European winless streak, has been an inspiration to others. "Seeing Graeme win at Pebble Beach made me realize that [winning a major] might not be as far away as I thought it was," he said.

► Get continuous updates from the British Open at WSJ.com/Sports

Arbitrage

Georg Jensen Swing candelabra



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London	£160	€191
Brussels	€210	€210
Frankfurt	€210	€210
Paris	€210	€210
Rome	€210	€210



© Disney/Pixar (2)

An ode to toy

Pixar is at the top of its highflying game in joyous Part 3

WHEN THE STRAINS of “You’ve Got a Friend in Me” swell up in “Toy Story 3,” Randy Newman’s now-classic song speaks for the toys, as always—for Woody, Buzz Lightyear, Mr. Potato Head and all the other treasured playthings who have basked in the love of their owner, Andy, and given the little boy their devotion in return. By now, though, the song can also speak for a studio that’s become

unchanged, albeit scuffed and worn, in a family that’s been transformed by the passage of time. Andy, no longer a boy, is college-bound. Buster, no longer a pup, is so old and fat he can hardly walk. Since no one seems to want the toys any more, they find their retirement prospects looking grim until they’re consigned to a local day-care center called Sunnyside.

Throughout the evolution of the series, Toy Story storytellers have put forth powerful themes in the gift-wrapping of animation. (This film was directed by Lee Unkrich from a particularly resonant screenplay by Michael Arndt, who wrote “Little Miss Sunshine.”) Sunnyside provides a perfect place to explore some new ideas, starting with the perils of fidelity versus the benefits of emotional detachment. Woody, Buzz and the others, including a distraught Barbie, have suffered the pain of being cast off by their beloved Andy (though the facts of the case are more complex), but all of the toys at Sunnyside are castoffs and, as one of them says, no owners means no heartbreak.

At first, the day-care center looks like toy heaven. The permanent residents—the toys, not the pouncing, shrieking toddlers who come and go—could not be more welcoming. In gauzy slo-mo, Barbie meets a too-hip narcissist named Ken, who wants her to live with him in his dream house. (He models his wardrobe for her in one of the movie’s funniest bits, though it’s topped by a moment when she impersonates him with ambiguous results.) Barbie isn’t the airhead she seems to be—at one point, in the hallowed tradition of “Legally Blonde,” she declares that “authority should derive from the consent of the governed”—but neither is Ken a trustworthy toy. And trust mustn’t even be used in the same sentence with Lotso, an ominously unctuous old teddy bear who’s the eminence grise—plus fraise; he smells of strawberries—of the daycare center’s playthings.

(Lotso, or, more formally, Lots-o’-Huggin’ Bear, is voiced by Ned Beatty, whose flavorsome characterization reminded me of Andy Griffith in “A Face in the Crowd.”)

Among the other superb vocal performances are Tom Hanks’s Woody, Tim Allen’s Buzz, Don Rickles’s Mr. Potato Head and, new to this crowd, Michael Keaton’s Ken.)

I don’t want to make “Toy Story 3” sound like “Darkness at Noon” when it’s one of the most entertaining films since, well, “Toy Story 2,” but the Sunnyside section has pungent things to say about the nature of dictatorships before it morphs into a blissfully anarchic variation on the theme of “Stalag 17.” (Two of the scarier jailers in the joint are a mindless, cymbal-clapping monkey and a blank-faced bottle-sucker called Big Baby, though the scariest thing for Woody and his buds is the change that comes over Buzz.)

Spectacular escapes and stirring reunions constitute the sine wave that has pulsed through all of the Toy Story films. Still, the climactic escape here ranks as one of the most remarkable creations in the history of animation. (It’s a sequence whose relentless intensity will be frightening to very young children, yet there’s hardly a hint of it in the movie’s many trailers.) And it isn’t talking trash to say that Pixar has a special way with garbage—planetary piles of it in “WALL-E,” and now, toward the end of this film, concentric circles of it surrounding an iconic inferno.

But then, to state what is pleasurable obvious, Pixar has a special way with every phase of making movies. Psyches scan without seeming schematic. (Lotso’s behavior, we learn from touchingly witty flashbacks, springs from having been abandoned, too.) Inspired set pieces succeed one another with remarkable regularity: Buzz exploding into action as a Spanish-speaking flamenco dancer and incipient Lothario; Woody taking woozy flight beneath a hang glider; Mr. Potato Head, his body parts in disarray and his head pressed flat as a tortilla, struggling hilariously yet nobly, like Chaplin’s Tramp, to put himself right.

Curious minds will want to know how “Toy Story 3” compares

to TS1 and TS2. Inevitably, it lacks the startling novelty of the first one: Since the break of that dazzling dawn in 1995, we’ve come to believe that computer animators can do anything they please, which they can. It’s possible that nothing could have matched the authentic heartbreak of Buzz Lightyear’s earlier discovery that he isn’t a real space ranger on an alien planet but a piece of plastic powered by batteries and made in Taiwan. (If you want to know what superlative storytelling looks, sounds and feels like, there’s a scene to study.)

In every important sense, though, the new film proves worthy of its predecessors. The pace is swift without being oppressive. (Other producers of summer fare please take note.) The production is strewn with visual and verbal zingers, along with silent moments of great eloquence. (As a young man about to go out into the world, Andy takes Woody and Buzz from his toy box for one last time and, gazing fondly at them, relinquishes his childhood.)

To appreciate the magnitude of the achievement, it’s useful to remember what “Toy Story” was, and what the trilogy has come to. From the start its essential elements were friendship, innocence retained in the face of adversity, and abiding love dramatized with beautiful clarity—the love between Andy and his toys that fostered a similar relationship between the movies and their audience. Here we are, a significant part of a lifetime later, and, almost miraculously, the filmmakers have sustained their original impulses, and found an ideal ending for the characters in their care. I won’t tell you what that ending is, but it took my breath away, and I’ll bet it takes yours. Do see this lovely film sooner than later. As Lotso tells Buzz, “You’ve got a play date with destiny.”

► See clips from this film and read past reviews at WSJ.com/FilmReview

Film

JOE MORGENSTERN

our friend. In an era of increasingly cheesy sequels churned out by entertainment conglomerates, Pixar has been the Fort Knox of honest feelings, and so it remains. Fifteen years after “Toy Story” burst upon the scene as the first full-length animated feature created completely on computers, the third film of the trilogy turns out to be gorgeously joyous and deeply felt.

Only the toys are essentially



Alice Neel retrospective exposes life's truths



Private collection, Washington, D.C.

LONDON: Alice Neel (1900-'84) really does seem to be one of the art world's best-kept secrets, as "Painted Truths" at the Whitechapel Gallery claims. Though she had a good-sized retrospective at the Whitney Museum in New York in 1974, and had achieved some measure of celebrity, this is the first European retrospective of this American portrait artist.

Her portraits, with their signature blue outline drawing, stand apart from the tradition of Modernist painting prevalent in her youth (she trained in Philadelphia from 1921-'25). Her 1936 portrait of her lover (and father of her son, Richard), "José," has a sort of colorfield background that seems to be saying defiantly, "I could do Abstract Expressionism if I wanted to."

Much of the early work is intensely personal, centered around her devastatingly troubled life. Neel married an upper-class Cuban painter in 1925 and lost their first daughter to diphtheria. Their second child was more or less taken away from her and brought up in Cuba, while Neel's suicide attempts

kept her in locked hospital wards for much of 1931. A string of affairs followed, most memorialized in paint.

Neel had a tremendous facility with paint, as is shown even more acutely in the half-dozen cityscapes included in this show. But if the museum-going public knew her at all, it was for work such as her 1970 post-shooting portrait of the normally vain Andy Warhol, stripped to the waist, revealing his scars and surgical corset. Though painful to look at, you feel that she has captured the truth about Andy, not an enigmatic superstar, but a miserable, raddled wreck. It also shows one of Neel's greatest artistic strengths; she has left most of the canvas unworked. She had an unerring sense of when a picture was finished—here she has even left one of his brown trouser legs unpainted.

For all that she is a feminist heroine, I'd guess her sympathies were chiefly with men, whom she paints as interesting, if not always attractive or sexy. Most of her women have hard, dark-shadowed planes in their faces, making them look tough, and very often scary.

—Paul Levy

Until Sept. 17
www.whitechapelgallery.org

'The De Vegh Twins' (1975) by Alice Neel.



Courtesy of Bonhams

On July 2, Bonhams set a world record price of £551,500 for the sale of a 1965 Aston Martin DB5 Vantage Convertible, one of only nine produced.

Exceptional Aston Martin holds its lure

COLLECTIBLE CARS ARE in full drive.

At Bonhams auction on July 2, during the Goodwood Festival of Speed, a celebrated U.K. racing event held annually on the Earl of March's estate in West Sussex, a world record price was earned at £551,500 for a 1965 Aston Martin DB5 Vantage Convertible, one of only nine ever produced.

Collecting MARGARET STUDER

"There is plenty of money around looking for collector cars," says Bonham motoring specialist Rob Hubbard. "There is demand across the board, beginning with tremendous growth in cars pre-1905. But the popularity of Aston Martin is exceptional."

Among other top prices at Goodwood was £221,500 paid for a 1937 Bentley 4 1/4-Liter Drophead Coupe that featured in the 1983 James Bond film "Never Say Never Again."

Still ahead in the collector motor market is the Silverstone Classic on July 23-25, one of the largest classic car racing events in the world, taking place in Northamptonshire. After holding an auction during the event in 2009 that was 100% sold, Bonhams will be back again this year with a wide variety of cars on offer in its marquee.

Silverstone highlights will include "Big Sam," a 1972 Datsun 240Z Super Samurai Racing Car once driven by British racing star Win Percy. The red-and-black, two-door coupe is estimated at £40,000-£60,000. Another highlight will be the current Formula 1 World Land Speed Record car, a 2006 Honda F1, expected to fetch £10,000-£20,000.

Europe's biggest autojumble takes place in the south of England in Beaulieu, the home of the U.K.'s National Motor Museum, on Sept. 11-12. This is a fun event with thousands of stands to rummage among selling motor parts, accessories, tools, clothing, cars and motorbikes. Bonhams traditionally holds an auction; a star this year will be a 1927 Bentley 3-Liter Red Label Short Chassis Tourer estimated at £180,000-£220,000.

Meanwhile, a landmark was set July 3 with the opening of Holland's Louwman Museum in The Hague, one of the world's largest collections of historic automobiles. The private collection, built by Dutch car importer Evert Louwman, reflects the development of the car since 1886.

Great cast makes 'La Bête' a fabulous beast of a play

LONDON: Playwright David Hirson and director Matthew Warchus are brave to revive "La Bête," only a modest success when first seen here in 1992. You can understand why an audience might find it difficult. First, it's written in rhyming couplets. Second, it's set in the 17th century, in a French château. Third, it's about the friction between a classically formal playwright (Elomire, an unsubtle anagram for Molière) and Valere, an exponent of dumbed-down comedy, and their rivalry for the patronage of a very rich French Princess—not much to get excited about there, apparently.

But that's before you know that the Princess is acted by Joanna Lumley (Patsy in "Absolutely Fabulous"), that Elomire is played by David

Hyde Pierce (Niles in "Frasier") and Valere by one of the greatest living actors, Mark Rylance. Mr. Hirson has daringly given Valere an uninterrupted monologue in the first act, lasting at least 30 minutes. The subject of this incredible feat of comic memory is Valere himself. His teeth protruding and plastic mouth going in every direction, Mr. Rylance gnaws on a slice of melon. And sprays bits of it over the simmering, but not yet boiling-over Mr. Pierce, as he lauds himself and his works, interrupting his flow of self-praise only to belch or break wind.

It is a tour de force for which the audience's prolonged applause and cheers seemed inadequate, as did Mr. Pierce's no longer bottled-up outrage. This plot is simple: will the pur-

ist Elomire yield to his patron, the Princess, who insists that he add Valere to her resident theatrical troupe. One of Valere's plays is staged as his audition piece, but it is nowhere near bad enough to alienate our sympathy from the egomaniac, or make us side with poor Elomire.

Like Ms. Lumley, Mr. Pierce doesn't have enough to do—or say—in this weird beast of a play. But his eyes are so eloquent that he has little need of speech to carry his burdensome half of the plot. Who is the fool of the French title—Elomire, Valere or the Princess? No idea; but I'd not have missed it for the world.

—Paul Levy

Until Sept. 4
(on Broadway Sept. 23-Feb. 13)
www.thecomedytheatre.co.uk



Manuel Harlan

David Hyde Pierce as Elomire and Mark Rylance as Valere.

The powerful life stories of South Africa's four Peace Prize laureates

OSLO: The Nobel Peace Prize has always stood apart. Presented in Oslo, rather than in Stockholm like the rest of the prizes, the Peace Prize

can seem like the most direct expression of the internationalist spirit of Alfred Nobel, the Swedish inventor of dynamite, who endowed the prizes in

his will. In spite, or because, of its high-mindedness, it is also the only Nobel prize that can truly ignite international controversy.

In 2005, a former Oslo train station was turned into a museum, the Nobel Peace Center, which chronicles the history of the prize and the stories of the laureates, with a dramatic interior created by British architect David Adjaye. Home to a jaw-dropping permanent installation, Nobel Field, which creates a high-tech garden out of 1,000 fiber-optic lights, the museum also regularly hosts temporary exhibitions.

In "Strengths and Convictions," the museum brings together a huge range of art, archival and contemporary photography, and interactive installations to tell the life stories of South Africa's four Peace Prize laureates—Nelson Mandela; former Archbishop Desmond Tutu; South Africa's last apartheid-era Presi-

dent, F.W. de Klerk; and Albert Luthuli (1898-1967), a peace activist in the early years of apartheid, who won the prize in 1960.

Rather than overemphasizing four distinct biographies, the exhibition uses a multimedia approach to dramatize South Africa's past and present. William Kentridge, probably South Africa's best-known contemporary artist, is represented by a powerful animated video "Ubu Tells the Truth" (1996-'97), inspired by revelations that came out of the country's post-apartheid "Truth and Reconciliation" hearings. For those unfamiliar with the wider South African art scene, some of the most surprising work comes from photographer David Goldblatt. Transforming documentary images into fierce works of art, Mr. Goldblatt, who turns 80 years old this year, seems to have been the apartheid era's Zelig, invisibly moving back and forth between the oppressors and the oppressed.

—J. S. Marcus

Until Oct. 24
www.nobelpeacecenter.org



HBP Billiton Collection

'Song of the Pick' (1946-'47) by Gerard Sekoto.

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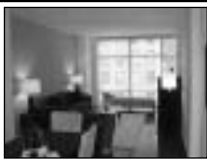


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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
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Stunning House Erinvale Golf Estate, South Africa



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This phenomenal house offers a symphony of glass, superb woodwork and stylish modern fittings. Situated on the renowned Erinvale Golf Estate in the Cape village of Somerset West (a 20 minute drive from Cape Town's international airport), the property has exceptional views over a dam, which teems with wildlife in the foreground and majestic rolling hills of vineyards and mountains which form the backdrop, whilst being wrapped between the Indian Ocean waters and the sandy beaches of False Bay.

The house offers ample accommodation which is built in a Balinese style spread over two wings, creating a private central courtyard with entertainment terrace and swimming pool. The main wing is light and spacious due to the vaulted ceilings,

and impressive glass walls which run the length of the open plan living room, dining room and ultra-modern kitchen. The notable main suite also benefits from these views which are enhanced by the private balcony. This wing also has a large study/office which would make the property an ideal work from home. The other adjoining wing has a further two spacious guest suites and a large family room/billiard room.

This property is one of the finest and most desirable homes in Erinvale and the Golf Estate is one of the most exclusive and sought after golf estates in Southern Africa. The golf course hosted the World Cup (1996) and two SA Open Championships. The Estate is now fully developed and matured, offering exceptional golf on the manicured greens with beautiful surroundings.

To discuss the above further please contact via email at lkn@hmt.nl or by telephone +31 10 202 0111

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An Almost-Great Prime Minister

By Bruce Anderson

“Edward Heath: the Authorised Biography” should really be entitled “Edward Heath: the Tragedy.” The contradictions and complexities of the former U.K. prime minister could have been a subject for Shakespeare. Although Ted Heath had claims to greatness, they were vitiated by a disastrous misjudgment and by disfiguring, mean-minded littlenesses. He was also unlucky. Think of Othello, blended with King Lear, Malvolio and Timon of Athens.

Philip Ziegler has produced a convincing account of Ted Heath’s defeat at history’s hands and of the psychological weaknesses which bedeviled him. Anyone who is interested in British politics, or in the demeaning weaknesses of almost-great men, will find it a compelling read. Though Mr Ziegler has an exasperated respect for his subject-matter, he acknowledges that: “If there was a way of making things difficult for himself, Heath would surely find it.”

Let us start with the positives. Mr. Heath (1916-2005) came from humble

origins and won a place at Oxford University at a time when that was hard for anyone from his background. He had a very good war, finishing up as a lieutenant-colonel before he was thirty. The military record helped him on the road to politics; he made it to Parliament by the time he was 34. That was rapid progress in an era when the Tory party was still dominated by the great families and the great schools. Once he arrived in the House of Commons, his lapidary competence won early promotion. This set him on the path to become Tory leader at the age of 49, the youngest since Lord Salisbury.

He had moral qualities as well as administrative ones. In Parliament, his great rival was Harold Wilson, a heavy-weight debater, light-weight in all other respects. Good at winning elections, Mr. Wilson was hopeless at using power. “A week is a long time in politics” was his catch-phrase. A week was more than long enough to exhaust his scanty store of principle.

Mr. Heath did not think in terms of weeks. He always tried to take a long view of the national interest, and he despised Mr. Wilson. In a lifetime full of errors, that was not one of them.

Mr. Wilson was Labour Party leader and prime minister when Mr. Heath became Tory leader. Ted Heath saw it as his duty as well as his ambition to displace Mr. Wilson and bring Britain back to integrity. In 1970, he got his opportunity. Throughout the election campaign, the opinion polls gave the Tories no chance. In private, almost every other senior Tory yielded to despair. Mr. Heath was resolute in dismissing the possibility of defeat—and was vindicated. He was the man of the hour. Perhaps he might become the man of the age.

Mr. Wilson had postured as a modernizer who would help the U.K. break free from the constraints of a class-bound past. But it was Mr. Heath who ap-

peared to be the man who could actually deliver. In 1970, everything seemed possible. Then everything went wrong.

Though Ted Heath was not wholly to blame, there was a weakness: Despite himself, he was stuck in the past. He failed to understand the problems of the early 1970s because he was still addressing the problems of the 1930s and 1940s. The Great Depression had provided a near-fatal threat to social stability. As a result, Mr. Heath believed that governments were morally obliged to maintain full employment. He was an unsophisticated Keynesian.

Then World War II had provided a threat to civilization itself. In its aftermath, Mr. Heath had concluded that mankind had to move beyond nationalisms and the nation-state. The era of the

nation-state had left Europe blood-soaked, morally besmirched and bankrupt. Its empires were doomed. Gnawing on the bones of their former greatness amid the ruins of their former glory, its quondam world powers were condemned to look

on helplessly as America and Russia decided their continent’s fate. Mr. Heath was convinced that Europe could only recover if it moved toward political union, but like most British europhiles, he did not share his thinking with his electorate.

Although Ted Heath did succeed in taking Britain into Europe, the voters were told that Britain would merely be joining a Common Market and that there would only be a marginal loss of sovereignty. Mr. Heath spent three decades berating his successors for failing to live up to his ideals. But as long as he was in office, he kept them to himself.

The Keynesianism was a more immediate liability, for it led Mr. Heath to a fundamental misdiagnosis of Britain’s ills. Throughout the postwar years, while mainland Europe was recovering, the U.K. had stuttered. The goal of sustained economic growth had eluded successive governments. As soon as the economy started to gain pace, inflation would be snapping at its ankles. This was not due to deficient demand. The problems arose from the supply-side. In Britain, labor market rigidities meant that monetary growth turned into wages and prices rather than jobs and output.

The fault lay with Britain’s trade unions. Although the majority of union leaders were moderate social democrats, they never understood the importance of productivity and profit. Worse still, an increasing number of union activists were extreme socialists—almost resembling pre-1914 anarcho-syndicalists—who wanted to



By refusing to step aside immediately in 1974, Ted Heath inadvertently paved the way for Margaret Thatcher’s rise.

make capitalism unworkable. They did succeed in promoting anarchy in many workplaces. Even Harold Wilson lost patience with this, and introduced labor-relations legislation to prohibit the worst excesses. The unions objected, as did a lot of Labour members of parliament. So Wilson, being Wilson, ran away: one reason for his electoral defeat.

As prime minister, Mr. Heath proceeded by making a tactical error, followed by a strategic one. The combination was fatal. He ought to have contented himself with reintroducing the Wilson measures. Opposing his own proposals and repudiating his own words might have overtaxed even Mr. Wilson’s vast capacity for weaseling and shamelessness. Instead,

Ted Heath introduced a new bill. A great clanking bureaucratic monstrosity, it offered many opportunities for obstruction. Trade unionists who wanted to sabotage it found it easy to engineer confrontations with the law, while compromise-minded union leaders were unable to exert their authority. Far from restoring order, the new law inflamed lawlessness.

So did the economy. The circumstances of the early 1970s were not kind to those tasked with governing Britain. The country was afflicted by such a concatenation of malign events that even a coalition of Einstein, Wittgenstein, Frankenstein’s monster and Mother Teresa might have been found wanting. Two decades in which British industry had become increasingly uncompetitive were leading to increased unemployment, just as rising world commodity prices put upward pressure on the headline inflation rate. When unemployment reached one million, Harold Wil-

son mocked and Ted Heath panicked. Mr. Wilson accused Mr. Heath of being the first dole-queue millionaire since the 1930s. Mr. Heath ordered the Treasury to cut unemployment in half. As one of his junior ministers observed, that was “an absurd and dangerous notion.” The unemployment rate did come down, as a result of total monetary incontinence that ultimately quadrupled the inflation rate.

Edward Heath: The Authorised Biography

By Philip Ziegler
(HarperPress, 672 pp, £25)

In the midst of all this, the Yom Kippur War sent the price of oil into orbit. By the end of 1973, with inflation and the unions both out of control, a lot of serious men thought that Britain was finished.

Fortunately, they were wrong. It was only Mr. Heath who was finished. He called a general election, and narrowly lost it. A few months later, Mr. Wilson returned to the electorate in search of a thumping-majority. He did not obtain one; under Mr. Heath’s leadership, the Tories managed a fighting retreat, not a rout. But that did not save Ted Heath himself. He had lost too many elections and the Tory party has never been kind to defeated chieftains. It always wants leaders who will win.

At this point, Mr. Ziegler’s account verges on pathos. Ted Heath had ever but slenderly known himself. Despite the defeats, and even though all his closest associates knew that his time was up, he was convinced that he was still the right man for Britain. Stubbornness always came easily to him, so he disregarded the counsels of caution. The consequence was inevitable: Instead of going, he was pushed. Margaret Thatcher challenged him for the Tory leadership. He assumed that he would win. He lost.

It must be remembered that in those days, no one predicted that Lady Thatcher would become a

world-historical figure. It seemed that the Tories had taken a leap in the dark. In Ted Heath’s view, it was sheer insanity, reinforced by treachery. The country had preferred Mr. Wilson to him: the party, Lady Thatcher. Both country and party had lost their heads. He would have to wait until the madness passed.

So he waited: a long, disconsolate, fruitless and increasingly miserable wait. Mr. Heath had always been substantially a misogynist. The thought of “that woman” reigning in his stead gnawed at his entrails. As a result, misogyny evolved into misanthropy. He became increasingly disagreeable and ill-mannered. Most of his victims knew that they were suffering because he was unhappy. That said, the spectacle of an elder statesman behaving like an overtired four-year-old was not inspiring. He had always been a selfish man, which manifested itself in small ways as well as big ones. Young aides summoned to brief him might spend hours in his office, during which Ted would consume coffee, drinks or luncheon. They would not be offered so much as a glass of water. At times, his behavior was swinish. It almost seems a just punishment that he should have spent most of his last 30 years sulking.

His temper was not improved by his countrymen’s coldness toward Europe. He thought that this was imperiling his greatest achievement. He was wrong. He had inadvertently laid the foundations of his greatest achievement when he refused to resign in October 1974. Had he done so straight away, he would have been succeeded by Willie Whitelaw, a splendid man and an admirable second in command, but not a great leader. By delaying, Edward Heath opened the way for a woman who could lead. It probably never occurred to him that his obstinacy had been her opportunity and if it had done, the thought would have been a torture. But the rest is history, and greatness.

Mr. Anderson is a London-based political commentator.



A Failed Rebel's Long Shadow

By Barry Strauss

There's something about Spartacus. A nobody in Caesar's Rome, he could claim as his life's achievement only a failed slave revolt. His rebellion of 73 B.C. broke out in a gladiatorial barracks, spread throughout Italy, mobilized perhaps 60,000 slave soldiers, and defeated as many as nine Roman armies before the state finally suppressed it more than two years later. And then, it was over. Italy remained a slave economy. Most scholars agree that the revolt was a footnote to history. Yet Spartacus is one of the best-known names of the ancient world.

One reason is that, from the very start, Spartacus was about myth. The historical Spartacus was a gladiator, a practitioner of Rome's most feared and favorite sport, which added blood and glamour to his name. His wife, a priestess of Dionysus, proclaimed his divine mission. His heroic battle-ground death—contrary to Hollywood, his body was never found—left him nowhere and everywhere.

Of Spartacus' followers, 6,000 died on the cross (Hollywood got that right), adding an element of martyrdom and a Christian overtone to the story. Jews might hear echoes of the Exodus in Spartacus' attempt to lead slaves out of Italy's bondage into the promised land of freedom. What is more, Spartacus, as various ancient sources show, was more than a warrior: He asked his followers to treat each other as

equals, and he tried to limit harm to noncombatants—ideas that people of many faiths can endorse

Then there are the secular creeds that attached themselves to the Spartacus legend. Nationalists in Italy, Russia, the U.S. and elsewhere embraced him as a symbol of self-determination. Communism elevated Spartacus to the rank of proletarian hero.

Spartacus Road

By Peter Stothard

(HarperPress, 368pp, and £18.99)

America and the Soviet Union agreed about nothing during the Cold War, but Hollywood and Moscow joined hands in their embrace of Spartacus' box-office power. Aram Khatchaturian won the Lenin Prize for his 1959 "Spartacus" ballet. The 1960 American movie "Spartacus," directed by Stanley Kubrick and starring Kirk Douglas, won four Academy Awards. Scholars, novelists and dramatists have all created works about the slave-rebel.

Now comes a distinguished contribution to the field by the British journalist and classicist Peter Stothard. "Spartacus Road" is a work of history, telling us of Spartacus' life and legend, but it is also a travel book, as Mr. Stothard follows Spartacus' rebellious path through 2,000 miles of Italian countryside.

In the best tradition of travel writing, Mr. Stothard—the editor of the Times Literary Supplement—

tells a story of discovery: about Spartacus, modern Italy, his fellow travelers and himself. The book takes the form of a journey, beginning and ending in Rome and stopping at various places on the Italian peninsula where Spartacus lived and fought. We see villas and graffiti-covered walls, volcanoes, museums, and ticket booths. We meet an assortment of people whom Mr. Stothard encountered, ranging from Italians to Koreans and from fellow travelers to an actor playing a centurion for the tourists. Along the way, our guide often pauses to meditate on the ancient literary giants (and less than giants) who wrote about Spartacus. A ruined Roman farmhouse in Puglia makes him think of the poet Horace, a native son who knew why Rome was vulnerable to Spartacus: because "civilization . . . while seeming sometimes strong, was so very fundamentally frail." Then it's off to Mount Gargano and thoughts of the first battle that Spartacus' men lost, and the fate it foretold. By journey's end, we have followed a road shadowed by war and death all the way back to the vitality of today's Rome.

Elegant, erudite and slightly ironical in tone, Mr. Stothard's narrative was written in the shadow of his own bout with pancreatic cancer. He and his doctors fought the tumor (which he named Nero) and, unlike Spartacus, triumphed. But the struggle, he feels, gave him insight into Spartacus' fight. "When a biting, bruising clash of enemies was

happening below my ribs," Mr. Stothard writes, "it maybe made a certain sense to imagine other battles of blood and guts."

Historians wonder why Spartacus' men marched the length of Italy, intending to cross the Alps into their various northern homelands, only to change their minds when they neared the mountains and turn back toward southern Italy with its riches and its Roman armies. "Perhaps they felt they had not finished here yet," Mr. Stothard writes, "preferring warm rape and wine to the rock and ice which were the alternative most apparent."

It is hard to know anything about Spartacus for certain. He was a slave, but the masters wrote the history books, and the ancient sources are stingy when it comes to his story. They are, Mr. Stothard says, "a vivid reminder not to trust any account too much." The Roman historian Sallust, who lived through the Spartacus war, "had a short, sharp way with words," but all that survives of his account today is "a quilt of tiny patches," most of them showing the rebel as an able soldier.

Plutarch offers more detail. But Plutarch lived two centuries later and, as Mr. Stothard writes,

he was a Greek "with a passion to interpret the not so distant past." To take the Romans down a peg, Plutarch magnified the achievements of men like Spartacus. (Plutarch called him "rather Greek,"

though Spartacus was from Thrace, north of Greece.) Another ancient writer, Publius Annius Florus, may have been a hack, says Mr. Stothard, but he was "a good hack." His account of the slave rebellion highlights how humiliating a successful slave revolt was to the Romans. Appian of Alexandria, another important Spartacus chronicler, knew

what it was like to be pursued by rebels, since he had to run for his life during the Jewish Revolt in Egypt in the early second century.

Ancient history often comes to us in this form as a kind of mosaic that we must piece together for ourselves, as Mr. Stothard has done so well here. And it still arouses modern passions. Mr. Stothard's engaging book reminds us that, for all the secrets the story of Spartacus refuses to give up, it still leads us back to the heart of things.

Mr. Strauss is author of "The Spartacus War" (Simon & Schuster, 2009) and a professor of history at Cornell University.



Real Government Efficiency

By Jeffrey Collins

The philosopher Thomas Hobbes is now a good deal more popular than he once was. When his "Leviathan" appeared in 1651 it was denounced everywhere. England's King's Charles II, a believer in the divine right of kings, disliked its coolly rational account of sovereignty. The Church of England loathed its attacks on Christian orthodoxy. Hobbes later claimed that agents of the king

Leviathan

By Thomas Hobbes,
edited by Ian Shapiro

(Yale University Press, 608pp, £10)

tried to assassinate him and bishops of the church to burn him alive. If they tried, they failed, but during his lifetime "Leviathan" was banned in England and across Europe. Upon his passing in 1679, Hobbes was known (after his birthplace) as the "Monster of Malmesbury."

But today "Leviathan" is considered one of the greatest works of political theory ever written. It is a standard text in college courses, mercifully replacing the slumping Marx. The very title of Hobbes's masterpiece has become a byword for the modern state. In bookstores we encounter titles such as "The American Leviathan," "The Islamic Leviathan" and even "The Obama Leviathan." Those seeking the genuine article can sample

Hobbes's own "Leviathan" in at least 10 paperback editions.

This latest version—edited by Ian Shapiro and accompanied by commentaries from scholars writing for a general audience—appears in Yale University Press's "Rethinking the Western Tradition" series. There is some irony in this. Among Hobbes's more modest habits (he had few that were otherwise) was his presentation of himself as history's first political scientist. Contemporary to both Galileo and Newton, Hobbes boasted that he had applied the iron logic of the Scientific Revolution to the hitherto soft subject of human politics. He scorned the "traditions" of Western thought and dismissed predecessors such as Aristotle and Aquinas as insipid moralists. Being immortalized by Yale alongside John Ruskin, Cardinal Newman and other luminaries of the "Western tradition" is not exactly what he had in mind.

No matter. If he failed to render politics a perfect science, Hobbes nevertheless earned his place in the canon. "Leviathan" is an ingenious account of the modern state and its intellectual foundations. Hobbes composed the book during the English Civil War of the mid-17th century, when armies clashed over the limits of monarchical power, the prerogatives of Parliament and the rights of subjects. Most debate during this ruinous age was conducted in a historical idiom, as an effort to commandeer the traditions of English common law (or the Bi-

ble) for rival points of view.

Hobbes would have none of this. He "scientifically" attacked Aristotle's venerable claim that men are naturally sociable. He rejected all presumed natural hierarchies, which ranked humans according to nobility, sex, race or religion. Instead, he portrayed men as equal rivals in a state of nature, which he characterized as a "war of all against all."

Hobbes's contemporaries understood politics as something descended from the ages or the heavens, but Hobbes built politics from the ground up. Self-interested individuals, craving protection for their lives, contracted to create sovereign states. Sovereigns (preferably monarchs) provided this service, but the price was unfettered power and unqualified obedience. Once sheltered under sovereignty, subjects enjoyed only the right to life. They could neither demand the return of their surrendered rights nor expect to share in the exercise of power. Hobbes thus acknowledged equality, rights and individual interest but sacrificed all of these on the altar of political order. To Hobbes, men live either in an anarchic hell of equal misery or in a

society unified by a single, absolute will. There was no third way.

Much of this is well-known. The question is why Hobbes's account has enjoyed such popularity in recent decades. The likes of John Locke and James Madison long ago demonstrated the limits of Hobbes's raw statism. But many of us, lately, seem to prefer Hobbes's vision of society to theirs. Why should this be so?

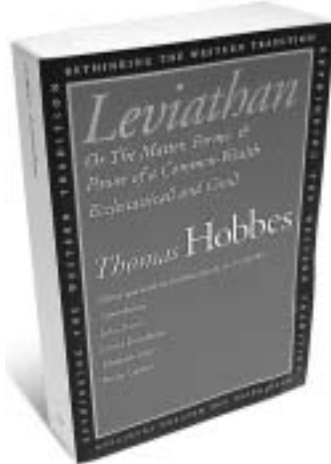
One might point to several reasons. Hobbes's snide irreligion, once the main complaint against him, may now commend him to those who perpetually fear the supposed return of theocracy. His tendency to portray humans as appetitive beasts flatters our present eagerness to explain every aspect of human conduct in biological terms. Hobbes was also acutely suspicious of democracy. He considered it a breeder of faction. When pundits such as Thomas Friedman decry "broken government" and fawn over China's "enlightened" response to global warming, one wonders if the Hobbesian within the liberal breast is stirring.

Yale's edition of "Leviathan" lacks a biography of Hobbes and

an account of his times, but it does include four interpretive essays exploring some of the fraught areas of Hobbes's writing, and there are a lot of those. Hobbes often felt the need to veil his meanings. "A wise man should so write," he remarked, such that "wise men only should be able to commend him."

Mr. Shapiro has done well here and found some shrewd commentators. David Dyzenhaus's essay intelligently contests the common claim that "Leviathan" deployed the language of natural law as a mere rhetorical ploy; by Mr. Dyzenhaus's lights, Hobbes did indeed believe that some dictates of ethical reasoning constrained naked statecraft. Elisabeth Ellis adroitly surveys Hobbes's modern reception among everyone from socialists to game theorists. Bryan Garsten, writing on the religion of "Leviathan," shows the importance of anti-clericalism to Hobbes's project and its influence. In his own essay about Hobbes's contempt for democratic deliberation, John Dunn writes that "Leviathan" has made "very deep inroads" into the modern mind. Mr. Dunn correctly observes that Hobbes often seems "our philosophical contemporary." What we make of his company is its own question.

Mr. Collins, a professor of history at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, is the author of "The Allegiance of Thomas Hobbes."



time off

Aberystwyth

art
"Bitten & Pressed" explores the diversity of international contemporary print-making with works by John Breakey, Sally Elford, Cedric Green, Al Heighton, Anita Klein, Roman Klonek, Ann Lewis, Dianne Murphy and others.
Aberystwyth Arts Centre
July 17-Sept. 4
☎ 44-1970-6232-32
www.aberystwythartscentre.co.uk

Berlin

art
"Gary Hume: Bird in a Fishtank" showcases a selection of new work by the English artist, including "Big Bird," a large-scale six-panel painting.
Sprüth Magers Berlin
Until Aug. 21
☎ 49-30-2888-4030
spruethmagers.com

Bonn

art
"Thomas Schütte—Big Buildings" presents 60 works from 30 years of

sculpture and architectural design by the German artist.
Kunst- und Ausstellungshalle der Bundesrepublik Deutschland
Until Nov. 1
☎ 49-2289-1710
www.bundeskunsthalle.de

Dublin

art
"Dana Schutz: Tourette's Paintings" displays a new series of works by the contemporary American artist, defined by her as a collection of "involuntary imagery."
Douglas Hyde Gallery
Until Sept. 15
☎ 353-1-8961-116
www.douglashydegallery.com

Edinburgh

art
"John MacLauchlan Milne" exhibits a retrospective of paintings by the often overlooked Scottish artist and contemporary of the Colourist movement.
Bourne Fine Art
Until July 27
☎ 44-131-557-4050
www.bournefineart.com

Essen

art
"Hacking the City" offers various artistic interventions in public locations staged by artists, musicians and designers, in a bid to alter the perception of daily life in the city of Essen.
Museum Folkwang and the City
July 17-Sept. 26
☎ 49-201-8845-444
www.museum-folkwang.de

Kendal

art
"The Loneliness of Lowry" offers about 40 works, including oils and works on paper depicting landscapes, portraits and seascapes by Laurence Stephen Lowry.
Abbot Hall Art Gallery
July 17-Oct.30
☎ 44-1539-7224-64
www.abbothall.org.uk

Liverpool

photography
"The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Adventure" showcases about



150 photographs by Shackleton's ship photographer Frank Hurley, illustrating the struggles of the expedition.
Merseyside Maritime Museum
Until Jan. 3
☎ 44-1514-7844-99
www.merseysidemaritimemuseum.org.uk

London

art
"Frederick Cayley Robinson: Acts of Mercy" displays the masterpiece painting, which is composed of four large-scale panels and was created as a commission for Middlesex Hospital by the British Symbolist.
National Gallery
Until Oct. 17
☎ 44-20-7747-2885
www.nationalgallery.org.uk

dance

"Bolshoi Ballet" features dancers Nina Kaptsova, Ivan Vasiliev and Natalia Osipova in a selection of the most famous Bolshoi pieces, including "Le Corsaire," "Spartacus" and "Don Quixote."
Royal Opera House
July 19-Aug. 8
☎ 44-20-7304-4000
www.roh.org.uk

dance

"Carlos Acosta Premieres" sees the renowned Cuban dancer perform five works for the first time, including a new work by Edwaard Liang and commissioned music from Cuban violinist and composer Omar Puente.
London Coliseum
July 28-Aug.7
☎ 44-871-9110-200
www.eno.org

Manchester

history
"All Aboard: Stories of War at Sea" is a large-scale exhibition illustrating life at sea during wartime, featuring interactive displays and artifacts such as ship models and uniforms.
Imperial War Museum North
July 17-April 25
☎ 44-1618-3640-00
www.iwm.org.uk

Nottingham

photography
"Diane Arbus: Artist Rooms" showcases 69 black-and-white photographs, illustrating the variety of work created by the American photographer.
Nottingham Contemporary
July 17-Oct.3
☎ 44-1159-4897-50
www.nottinghamcontemporary.org

Pori

music
"45th International Pori Jazz Festival" includes performances by Gotan Project, Massive Attack, Jeff Beck, Tori Amos, The Roots, Seun Kuti and Egypt 80.

Kirjurinluoto Arena
July 17-25
☎ 358-26262-200
www.porijazz.fi

Schwäbisch Gmünd

music
"European Festival of Church Music" offers a selection of festive choral music, organ concerts, gospel, dance and innovative projects staged in the historic churches of the city and its surroundings.
Churches and venues throughout town
Until Aug. 8
☎ 49-7171-603-4110
www.schwaebisch-gmuend.de

Seewalchen

music
"Attersee Klassik 2010" presents a variety of musical styles ranging from jazz to classical music, featuring the Chick Corea Freedom Band, Austrian Baroque Company, Sonus Brass Ensemble and others.
Various Venues around Seewalchen
July 24-Aug. 19
☎ 43-699-1272-0924
www.atterseeklassik.at

Stuttgart

music
"Jazz Open Stuttgart" presents a series of concerts including performances by Earth, Wind and Fire, Jaques Loussier Trio, Booker T., Gretchen Parlato, Curtis Stigers and many others.
BIX Jazz Club, Porsche Arena, Mercedes Benz Museum
Until July 25
☎ 49-711-9979-9999
www.jazzopen.com

Verbier

music
"Verbier Festival" is a classical music festival offering a cycle of Schubert's piano sonatas, Richard Strauss's opera "Salome" and other performances, including concerts by Nobuko Imai, Yuja Wang, Natalia Gutman, Frans Helmerston and Nicholas Angelich.
Verbier Festival
Until Aug. 1
☎ 41-8487-71882
www.verbierfestival.com

Walsall

photography
"Behind the Mask" showcases work by a range of contemporary photographers exploring issues of identity, history, culture and representation, including work by Cindy Sherman, Gillian Wearing and Zhang Xiaogang.
New Art Gallery
Until Sept. 12
☎ 44-1922-6544-00
www.thenewartgallerywalsall.org.uk

Source: WSJ research

Ibrahim Electric at the 45th International Pori Jazz Festival; above, 'Hund II' (2004) by Thomas Schütte, on show in Bonn.



Pori Jazz (B); Nic Tenwiggenhorn (C)