

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE



Foraging for flavor

Chefs scout locally
for a tastier, friendlier option

Contents

3 | Music

Mozart revived at Glyndebourne

6-7 | Travel

The hidden Ibiza

8 | Top Picks

From realism to reality



© Succession Giacometti, Adagp Paris 2010

'Diego' (head with roll neck) by A. Giacometti, circa 1954.

◀ Giacometti retrospective impresses

Collecting: Old Masters at auction

4-5 | Cover story Food & Wine

Garden delights

Chefs forage locally to reduce food miles

Wine: The case for Clarendelle



Francesco Pisichelola for The Wall Street Journal

The chefs staff in the kitchen of Masseria Torre Cocco.

COVER, Head chef Vito Giannuzzi and his chefs in the garden at the Masseria Torre Cocco. Photograph by Rocco de Benedictis.

10 | Golf

Going head to head: Donald Trump in full swing

11 | Books

Something is rotten with state of the art gizmos

12 | Time Off

Our arts and culture calendar ▶



John French

An ensemble designed by John Tullis for Horrockses Fashion, circa mid 1950s, on show in London.

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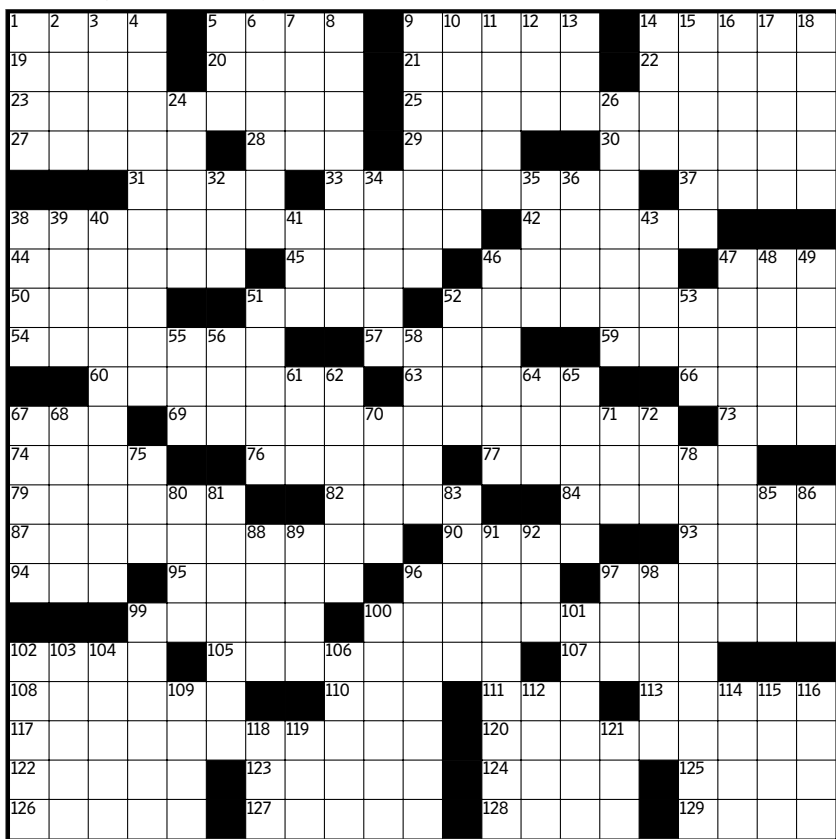
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THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

Across

- 1 Counselors' workplace
- 5 Knew somehow
- 9 Showing shock
- 14 Cry of innocence
- 19 Rent-___
- 20 Ho-hum
- 21 "Catch Me If You Can" carrier
- 22 Tom Harkin, for one
- 23 "It contains 64 parishes"
- 25 "Like some performances and debts"
- 27 Hot
- 28 Pic on a pec
- 29 It's bigger than med.
- 30 "South Pacific" nurse
- 31 Gaelic tongue
- 33 Bill line
- 37 Company whose name means "to the skies"
- 38 "Balboa, e.g."
- 42 Tony Kushner has won three
- 44 Trumps
- 45 Pandora's boxful
- 46 Caramel candies
- 47 Jockeys may put them on
- 50 "Typee" sequel
- 51 Sch. with the Jackie Robinson Stadium
- 52 "Raider in the Pro Football Hall of Fame"
- 54 Soup legumes
- 57 Footnote abbr.
- 59 Blessing preceder
- 60 Mild
- 63 Incinerator product
- 66 SoHo or NoHo
- 67 Its theme song is "Who Are You"
- 69 "They may be beyond one's control"
- 73 They're right in front of U
- 74 Apple's apple, e.g.
- 76 Renewable energy type
- 77 Cup holder
- 79 Formal promise?
- 82 Swindle
- 84 First word of "Citizen Kane"
- 87 "Mardi Gras, literally"
- 90 Anthem opener
- 93 Filmmaker daughter of Robert F. Kennedy
- 94 RB's coups
- 95 Midway coin
- 96 Worker protection org.
- 97 Alligator's kin
- 99 Krupskaya's husband
- 100 "Like Indian summer weather"
- 102 Mule's mom
- 105 Epic journeys
- 107 Boat's backbone
- 108 More severe
- 110 Sta-___ (fabric softener brand)
- 111 It comes between goo and pan
- 113 Dorothy, to Em
- 117 "Major"
- 120 "Official who hears complaints"
- 122 "Survivor" side
- 123 Cub Scout leader
- 124 Entre ___
- 125 Kind of bar or torch
- 126 Some Asian spirits
- 127 "The Planets" composer
- 128 Aunt with a "Cope Book"
- 129 It's carried by runners
- 55 Firm finish
- 56 Card count at Caesar's casino?
- 58 Iraqi port
- 61 SSgt, e.g.
- 62 Garth Brooks, by birth
- 64 Helm heading
- 65 Causing goose bumps
- 67 Taylor's "A Place in the Sun" co-star
- 68 "Alas!"
- 70 Store founder whose first two names were Rowland Hussey
- 71 Ike's arena, briefly
- 72 Section in a yrbk.
- 75 Cheerios grain
- 78 Circus team
- 80 Mandolin's cousin
- 81 "Il Trovatore" heroine
- 83 Antiquated
- 85 It's dammed at Irikinsky
- 86 Bit of force
- 88 Winter fender bender cause
- 89 Plead innocent to
- 91 1976 Hall & Oates hit
- 92 Penlight battery
- 96 Feature of the key of F major
- 97 Country singer David Allan ___
- 98 Means to ___
- 99 Doesn't disturb
- 100 Requests from regulars
- 101 Slopes fanatic
- 102 Ketch components
- 103 TSX maker
- 104 Cube creator
- 106 Pitch
- 109 Popular times for Tours tours
- 112 Another name for Cupid
- 114 German painter Nolde
- 115 Wedding reception sight
- 116 Tennyson lady
- 118 "Uh-uh!"
- 119 Match stopper, for short
- 121 Country that skips every other letter in the starred answers

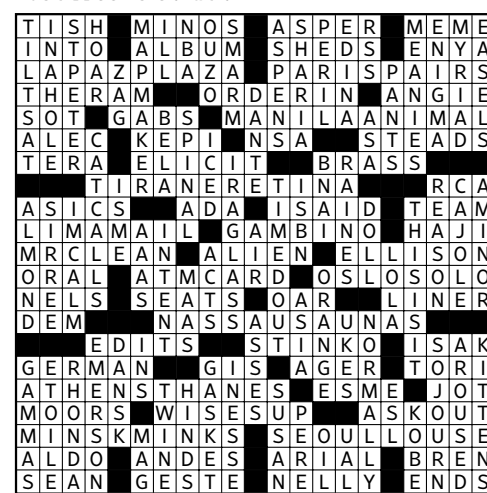
Skipping the Country / by Patrick Blindauer



Down

- 1 Nutrition info amt.
- 2 Rent-___
- 3 Haleakala setting
- 4 Contracting figure
- 5 Raiders' org.
- 6 Delights
- 7 Lang of Superboy comics
- 8 "No more!"
- 9 Some Roman sculptures
- 10 One performing quality checks
- 11 Pot seeds?
- 12 Danseur's step
- 13 CPR expert
- 14 Starting time for some
- 15 Lots
- 16 Bombazine, e.g.
- 17 Rage
- 18 Georgia of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show"
- 24 It's put on top of a stack
- 26 On edge
- 32 Household nickname
- 34 Two-time loser to Dwight
- 35 Roger Rabbit, for one
- 36 Proficient
- 38 "West Side Story" song
- 39 Elton John's "Don't Let the Sun Go Down ___"
- 40 Many beer signs
- 41 Peculiarity
- 43 X Games airer
- 46 Cardinal, informally
- 47 Fourth of July noisemaker
- 48 Stuns
- 49 Hard work
- 51 They open Windows
- 52 Nub
- 53 Where swelling occurs
- 55 Firm finish
- 56 Card count at Caesar's casino?
- 58 Iraqi port
- 61 SSgt, e.g.
- 62 Garth Brooks, by birth
- 64 Helm heading
- 65 Causing goose bumps
- 67 Taylor's "A Place in the Sun" co-star
- 68 "Alas!"
- 70 Store founder whose first two names were Rowland Hussey
- 71 Ike's arena, briefly
- 72 Section in a yrbk.
- 75 Cheerios grain
- 78 Circus team
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- 116 Tennyson lady
- 118 "Uh-uh!"
- 119 Match stopper, for short
- 121 Country that skips every other letter in the starred answers

Last Week's Solution



Director Jonathan Kent; bottom, Gerry Finley as Don Giovanni and Anna Samuil as Donna Anna.



Mike Hoban

Glyndebourne brings back Mozart

Festival program returns to its roots, with 'Don Giovanni' and 'Cosi fan tutte'

BY GUY CHAZAN

JONATHAN KENT ADMITS to a sneaking admiration for Don Giovanni.

"You cannot deny his bravery," the director says in a break between rehearsals for Glyndebourne Festival Opera's new production of the Mozart classic. "He's defiant to the very end, and goes down with all flags flying."

It's a somewhat controversial line to take. Modern audiences are often repelled by the Don, who in the very first scene of the opera tries to rape one woman and then murders her father.

But for Mr. Kent, the refusal of Mozart's hero to repent is fascinating. "He's a radical—a part of the establishment who defies the mores of that establishment," he says. "He challenges the very notion of God."

That's why, he says, the work appeals so much to opera-goers and is one of the reasons why his production, which premieres July 4, sold out so quickly.

Another big reason: Mr. Kent's reputation as one of Britain's most gifted theatrical practitioners. While co-artistic director of the Almeida Theater with Ian McDiarmid, he turned it into one of London's leading stages. A succession of Hollywood stars like Juliette Binoche and Kevin Spacey were lured there, performing to packed houses in shows that regularly transferred to the West End and Broadway.

By including "Don Giovanni" in the 2010 festival program, Glyndebourne is going back to its roots. It originally specialized in small-scale productions of Mozart operas. "Don Giovanni," the second of Mozart's three collaborations with Lorenzo da Ponte, was first performed there in 1936, two years after the festival started, with Fritz Busch conducting.

But Glyndebourne diversified,

gradually expanding the repertoire to include works by composers like Britten, Gluck and Verdi. There was no Mozart in its 2008 and 2009 seasons—a big departure that aroused concerns among some critics that it was losing its distinct identity.

"We're redressing the balance this year," says David Pickard, Glyndebourne's general director. As well as Mr. Kent's "Don Giovanni," the festival is showing a revival of Nicolas Hytner's 2006 production of "Cosi fan tutte."

Mr. Pickard says Glyndebourne's 1,200-seat theater remains the perfect venue for Mozart—much more appropriate than New York's epic 3,800-seat Met. That intimacy is enhanced by the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, one of Britain's leading period instrument ensembles, which is performing under Sir Charles Mackerras and James Gaffigan.

'We're recreating the sound and scale of musical performance you would have heard in the 18th century,' says David Pickard, Glyndebourne's general director.

"It's much more in tune with how these operas were originally seen," says Mr. Pickard. "We're recreating the sound and scale of musical performance you would have heard in the 18th century."

The Glyndebourne opera festival has its roots in the amateur opera evenings John Christie organized in the late 1920s and early 1930s on his country estate in East Sussex, about 40 miles south of London. At one of them, he met the Canadian soprano Audrey Mildmay, whom he later married. The couple decided to create a British version

of the Bayreuth Festival and had a 300-seat theater built, which opened for Glyndebourne's first season in 1934. Sixty years later, it was rebuilt and quadrupled in size.

Over the years, the festival has become a fixture of the British cultural calendar. During the extended intervals, audience members in evening attire stroll out for picnics on Glyndebourne's famous lawn: some bring tables and hampers with cut glass and silver cutlery.

That image has helped to cement Glyndebourne in the British public's mind as a symbol of poshness and privilege—a perception bolstered by the festival's steep ticket prices (seats can cost as much as £195, though standing tickets sell for £10).

Mr. Pickard and his team have struggled manfully to broaden Glyndebourne's appeal. The latest attempt: "Knight Crew," a new youth

open-air opera house.

The hope is that the screenings will introduce Glyndebourne to a whole new audience. Young people, who may be reluctant to sit in a theater, like the idea of sitting in the open air, bringing a picnic and listening to music, Mr. Pickard says.

"We're very proud of the quality

of our work but we're very conscious that the opportunities for a broader audience to see our operas are limited," says Mr. Pickard. The screenings will "cut across barriers," he says.

But this season's hottest ticket is undoubtedly "Don Giovanni." Jonathan Kent says the opera presents big challenges for the director, principally, how do you play it? As a comedy? Or as entirely serious?

"Neither approach really works," he says, because in Mozart's work, comic and tragic scenes abut, like ice floes clashing. "It's what gives the opera its spark," he says. As an example, he cites Donna Elvira's tempestuous aria "Ah, fuggi il traditor!," which cuts across the beguiling charm of Don Giovanni's duet with Zerlina, "La ci darem la mano."

Those contrasts, in many ways, mirror the tension at the heart of the opera. "It was written during a watershed of European history," he says. "It looks back to the baroque and forward to Beethoven and Romanticism."

Mr. Kent is no stranger to Glyndebourne. He directed Britten's "The Turn of the Screw" there in 2006 and Henry Purcell's "The Fairy Queen" last year. He says he loves working there—partly because of the "enormous commitment" of the singers, who sign up to an extended rehearsal period and up to 17 performances. Directors also revel, he says, in Glyndebourne's "astonishing technical and stage management support"—and of course the "idyllic setting."

Mr. Kent's Fairy Queen was notable for a sequence in which singers in pink-and-white bunny suits simulated sex acts on stage.

The director jokes he's still not sure how Act 1 of Don Giovanni should end, "so who knows, we might bring the rabbits back on."



Bill Cooper



Clockwise from left: Francesco Pischtola for The Wall Street Journal; Riccardo Bacchetta; Masseria Torre Maizza

Sniffing out local gems

In a bid to reduce food miles, more chefs are sourcing produce nearby; snipping the wood sorrel next door

BY JEMIMA SISSONS

IT IS 9 A.M. on a sunny weekday morning and Hackney Road in east London is in the grip of a cacophonous rush hour. Tire fitters, office-furniture stores and wholesale handbag shops are opening up for the day. Boarded up Victorian buildings scrawled with graffiti serve as a reminder that this area of London has yet to be completely gentrified. Johnny Willetts, sous chef at Viajante, one of the capital's hottest new restaurants, located in Bethnal Green, walks along.

Passing a modern block of social housing, Mr. Willetts eyes light up. "Look there," he says, pointing to a clump of bright green blink-and-you'll-miss-them leaves in a front garden. "Wood sorrel!" he exclaims, with the excitement of someone who has just unearthed some forgotten treasure. Mr. Willetts unrolls a canvas bag, takes out some nail scissors, sticks his hands through the metal railings and carefully snips away at his bounty, oblivious to the residents' bemused looks.

Each morning, Mr. Willetts cycles from his home nearby, stopping off along the way to pick vegetation such as honeysuckle, borage, sweet violets, horehound and meadowsweet, which will end up on one of the dishes at the restaurant later that day. As well as a

herb garden planted at the restaurant, with varieties such as caraway, anise and chervil, these Hackney front yards and parks serve as Viajante's other "garden." Increasingly, more chefs are seeking to utilize produce found on their doorsteps in a bid to be truly local, and to cut down on food miles.

In Haggerston Park, down the road from the sorrel patch, Mr. Willetts pounces upon rambling elderflower. He snips off the smaller heads of flowers. These will form part of a new dish: pork with rye bread, langoustines and elderflower. Next to Hackney City Farm, Mr. Willetts chances across some chickweed. This will go on top of beetroot crostini. White horehound flowers end up garnishing a dish of razor clams. Many of the edible finds will end up on the Spring Garden dish, which comprises 10 to 15 different flowers and herbs, and evolves daily, depending on what Mr. Willetts and the other chefs from Viajante find on their morning foraging trips.

"It is really surprising how much you can find to eat in a park in east London, which you can then put on a fine-dining tasting menu," says Mr. Willetts. "Every restaurant uses micro herbs as garnish these days. Why buy them in when you can use local, unusual produce that no one thinks about using?"

Viajante, run by Portuguese El Bulli-trained chef Nuno Mendes, is located in the hip, new boutique hotel in Bethnal Green's refurbished old Town Hall. Mr. Mendes draws influence from his Iberian upbringing as well as his travels. "I like to fuse everything in nature," Mr. Mendes says. "My cuisine is quite urban, quite eclectic, with a mixture of different backgrounds, yet within that there is also a natural feel and connection to nature."

Mr. Mendes says that this year the restaurant will experiment with more ingredients from the surrounding nature. "As the seasons develop and our menu changes we will start foraging for other plants such as pine cones and maple leaves and use them to flavor the dish. Who knows what else we'll find. My knowledge is a work in progress."

Copenhagen's Noma restaurant is another follower of this practice. Voted No. 1 in Restaurant Magazine's S. Pellegrino-sponsored "World's 50 Best Restaurants" this year, Noma's philosophy, under the guidance of chef René Redzepi, is to use fertile terrain to its full potential.

Twice a week, chefs visit the region of Lammefjorden, a reclaimed fjord on the northwestern part of the island of Zealand, and forage for vegetables and herbs. While there, Noma's chefs also stop by a local farm. "Lam-

mefjorden is a fantastic place to grow things, and the soil is very nutritious," says Mr. Redzepi. "It is our primary source of raw produce. Our restaurant is built on the idea of creating a kitchen out of the Nordic terroir, so in this sense it is rather important."

Sous chef Søren Westh explains how important knowledge of the area is to the philosophy of the restaurants. "Noma's use of wilds herbs il-

'It is really surprising how much you can find to eat in a park in east London, which you can put on a fine-dining tasting menu,' Johnny Willetts says.

lustrates one of the fundamental ideologies of our restaurant: that we connect to, and draw inspiration from the natural environment. As the Noma chefs forage a significant portion of their own herbs, there is a practical and fundamental bond to the terroir, a joy that they all feel in the blossoming of long-awaited plants."

Finds include asparagus, ratte and bintje potatoes and herbs such as angelica, goosefoot, cumin and marjoram.

Noma overcomes the problem of slim winter pickings by pickling. "This means we can prolong our season here as the winters can be tough," says Mr. Westh. "In summer, after they have flowered, we



Left page, clockwise, Chef Martino Neglie smelling fresh black basil in the organic vegetable garden at Masseria Torre Coccaro in Italy; local black bass with violet prawn in kataifi crust with fresh salad from the hotel's farm; view of the restaurant from the pool terrace. This page, top, the 17th-century Lainston House hotel in Winchester; below, fillet of Casterbridge beef with a garden herb crust and pickled cucumber, prepared by the hotel's, chef Andy MacKenzie.

pick ransom berries, salt them and pickle them with apple vinegar. We also pickle rosehip petals, unripe elderberries, spruce shoots and pine."

More than 2,000 kilometers south, in Italy's "heel" of Puglia, lies a very different type of chef's garden, steeped in tradition. Masseria Torre Maizza and its sister hotel Masseria Torre Coccaro sit in the arid coastal region between Bari and Brindisi. Coccaro is the family house of proprietor Vittorio Muolo. Maizza was acquired two years ago and converted into a boutique hotel (Mr. Muolo says he snatched it from under the nose of Giorgio Armani, who wanted it as a private residence). Many of the gardens, including the walled gardens and orange groves on the estate, were planted in the 18th century, by monks who settled there. Before this, Romans from the local town of Egnazia planted neat rows of olive trees, which now form natural shade on Maizza's nine-hole golf course. The estate produces 3,600 liters of olive oil a year, which is used abundantly in its three restaurants, as well as in its spa for massage.

At Maizza, peach and nectarine trees groan with ripe fruit; fragrant herbs such as marjoram, rosemary and lemon verbena scent the warm summer air. Behind the golf course, hidden well away, are two beehives.

The bees feast on eucalyptus and honeysuckle, providing eight kilograms of sweet honey a year.

Ten minutes' walk away, at Coccaro, the walled garden is home to an astonishing array of herbs, rare apple varieties, zucchini, eggplant and other vegetables. A mulberry tree stands as an ancient Masonic welcome to pilgrims in the front courtyard.

"Farming is in my blood," says Mr. Muolo. "I also try to employ local chefs who are not only local, but also come from farms. They are the ones who tell the gardeners what to plant, not the other way around." Mr. Muolo wants the sweetest, most flavorful vegetables, so practices "dry agriculture." Plants are given the bare minimum of water, just enough, so that the flavor is far more intense than water-heavy versions you find in supermarkets, he explains.

"Much of our food has zero food miles," adds Vito Giannuzzi, Maizza's head chef.

The restaurants are very different. At Coccaro the bent is toward Apulian home cooking, with regional dishes from Puglia, such as Zampina sausage with chard and tomatoes, or homemade cavatelli pasta with broad bean puree, cherry tomatoes and red onion. At Maizza the food is more haute and fancy. Mr. Giannuzzi uses the produce inventively, such as a tuna tataki mari-

nated in chamomile flowers with fresh pea cream. Carob seeds are ground down and added to almond flour for delicate biscuits.

It is not just in the kitchen the produce is used. Tisanes are made from sage and lemon verbena; myrtle and almond are made into liqueurs. In the spa, broad beans are ground up and used as an exfoliating treatment and warm olive leaves are used for a detox massage during the winter.

Back in the U.K., the gardens are in full bloom in Lainston House, a country hotel and restaurant in Winchester. Planted three years ago in a walled garden, there are, among other things, loganberries, quinces (from which jelly is made to accompany local cheese) and 25 varieties of apple trees. Vegetables include purple Brussels sprouts, sweet corn and horseradish. There are also 15 beehives, whose bees will produce green-tinged honey collected from the lime trees this year.

Chef Andy Mackenzie's repertoire includes beetroot carpaccio with goat's cheese, and sorrel and tomato gazpacho. He gets 30% of his produce from the kitchen garden but is hoping to expand this in the years to come. "After all," says Mr. MacKenzie, "there is nothing more local than going down to the end of garden."

—Jemima Sissons is a writer based in London.

The case for Clarendelle

FOR A MOMENT Prince Robert of Luxembourg looks confused. The man, who began his career writing Hollywood film scripts and for the past 10 years has switched his attention to running the family firm, checks himself: "Hang on a minute," he asks. "Which brand are we talking about?"

Wine WILL LYONS

As opening gambits go, it's a bit of a risk. Robert Luxembourg, as he likes to introduce himself, runs perhaps two of Bordeaux's finest chateaux: Château Haut-Brion and La Mission Haut-Brion. I have tasted them both ahead of meeting him, but there is another wine in his stable, Clarendelle, that I have also tasted. And it is this wine—which retails at a far more agreeable £14 a bottle, compared with Haut-Brion and La Mission Haut-Brion that sell for well over £100 a bottle—that I want to talk about. So after having discussed every other aspect of Haut-Brion, we eventually return to his branded wine, Clarendelle.

"I wanted to produce a wine that wasn't too expensive," he says. "That I could take to someone's house for dinner and I wouldn't be ashamed of." I can only imagine the disappointment one has to hide when inviting the owner of Château Haut-Brion for dinner and he brings along a bottle, and it's not a bottle of Haut-Brion. But facetious thoughts aside, I get the point and, having tasted the Clarendelle Rouge 2004, I get the brand. It is, he says, an Old World response to a New World creation, that of the premium-branded wine sector. In other words, it's the creation of a wine, backed up by the reputation of Haut-Brion, that has all the appeal of top-end Bordeaux: quality, history and pedigree, at a fraction of the price.

As a concept, these wines tend to be gaining momentum in Bordeaux. Just down the road in Pessac-Léognan, Bernard Magrez is busy putting his own name on the back label, an approach very much inspired by the architect of the super premium brand, Napa's Robert Mondavi. Up in the Medoc, Château Mouton-Rothschild for years has been promoting Mouton Cadet as an alternative, a lesser alternative I may add, to its First Growth wine. To complete the picture it also has Château d'Armailhac, Chateau Clerc

Milon, Domaine de Lambert and Domaine de Baronarques.

Not to be outdone, Bordeaux's other Rothschilds, Domaines Barons de Rothschild-Lafite, have Los Vascos in Chile's Col Colchagua valley, as well as Château d'Aussières in France's Corbières region and Caro in Argentina.

"We have fantastic winemaking expertise in Bordeaux, terroir and knowledge of blending that we should be using to create a more affordable wine for the market," Prince Robert says.

For my own part, I quite like Clarendelle's traditional earthy character, with notes of plum and a little spice. The U.K. market, which is relentlessly price driven, may find it a little hard to stomach at around £14 a bottle, but I expect in other markets such as the Far East it will sell very well. Which I am guessing is the point.

The point is not lost on Prince Robert, whose Château Haut-Brion only produces 160,000 bottles a year—minuscule when measured against the demand that is anticipated to emerge from China in the next decade, and this demand will only accelerate when the latest vintage of Haut-Brion hits the market. I tasted a barrel sample in April and was very impressed. Texturally, it has nice weight; it is exquisitely soft and smooth with initial notes of dark fruits such as plum and damson.

This marks 75 years since Prince Robert's great-grandfather, the American financier and Francophile Clarence Dillon, purchased the estate. The Dillon family acquired La Mission Haut-Brion in 1983 and released the first vintage of Clarendelle in 2005.

But the estate itself is much older and dates back to 1533, when Jean de Pontac acquired a number of parcels of land that became the Haut-Brion domain. In fact, as far as the creation of brands goes, Haut-Brion also has an enviable history. Haut-Brion was served at the table of King Charles II of England, and in 1663 it was one of the first estates to pioneer the production of modern Bordeaux. It was a heavier, more full-bodied wine than the traditional claret served at the time, which was rather like a light Beaujolais.

But for all the merits of Clarendelle, it is Haut-Brion's second wine, Le Clarence de Haut-Brion, (wine made from grapes that just didn't make it into the first cuvee of Haut-Brion) where I believe the real value lies.

DRINKING NOW

Le Clarence de Haut-Brion Bordeaux, France

Vintage: **2007**

Price: **about £35 or €42**

Alcohol content: **13%**

The second wine of Château Haut-Brion, which used to be called Bahans Haut-Brion, is surprisingly approachable young, as long as it is decanted for a few hours. It has succulent notes of bramble fruit, black cherries and a distinctive, velvety texture.





The hidden Ibiza

Beyond the club frenzy, Phoenician ruins, wild orchids and secluded vistas

BY SALLY McGRANE

ON A NARROW country road in Ibiza's sparsely populated, mountainous north, a longtime resident points at a signpost in the shadow of some knotty pines. "See that?" he says, gesturing at a name on the sign obscured by black spray paint. "The locals did that, so the tourists can't find this!"

Think "Ibiza" and "solitude" probably doesn't come to mind. But on these islands about 100 miles east of the Spanish city of Valencia, a different world begins beyond the high-rise hotels, the wild club scene and the package tours. Here, the land is a deep red-dish-orange, and the smell of orange, olive or almond blossoms alternates with pine and sea salt. Life continues at a pace closer to that of the ancients.

The rutted road to which the illegible marker points winds through hilly, semicultivated terraces, where red poppies and Queen Anne's lace grows beneath olive trees. When the road becomes impassable, visitors park and continue on foot through the pines. After a rainy winter, tiny wild orchids have sprung up in

the hard earth.

Crossing Ibiza takes about half an hour by car, so it's easy to reach many of its more remote areas. (Bicycle is another option.) One place to start is up the hill from the modern, crammed Ibiza town. In Ibiza's old city, Dalt Vila, one can wander through the still-inhabited stone streets of the fortified acropolis where the Phoenicians, who arrived on the island in the 6th century B.C., first founded the city. The museum by the cathedral tracks the remains of Roman, Vandal and Byzantine rulers who followed the Phoenicians, as well as the two centuries of Arab rule that preceded the Catalan arrival in 1235. Nearby is a Phoenician burial ground with tombs dating from the 7th century B.C. Then it's off on Route C-733 northeast toward the town of Santa Eulària, with its whitewashed 16th-century church and peaceful cemetery. The short distances make it easy to continue north, then head inland and have lunch at Es Caliu, one of the island's few restaurants that is open year-round.

Over a lunch of Ibizan aioli (a garlicky olive-oil spread), bean salad, and goat ribs on the terrace, Madrid-based architect Jacopo Monti reflects on the island's mys-

tique. "This was an island of peasants farming the land to survive," says Mr. Monti, whose father, a sculptor and collector of African art, moved to Ibiza from Italy with his family in 1981, when Mr. Monti was 7 years old. As a result, he said, "In Ibiza, you feel close to the land. It's very sensual."

A new wave of upscale rural hotels has begun to appear in the less-developed, less-visited northern part of the island. Nine years ago, Margaret von Korff and her Ibiza-born husband opened Cas Gasi, a 10-room luxury hotel down some twisty backroads off the route to Santa Eulària. Cas Gasi, in the hamlet of Santa Gertrudis, offers its star-studded clientele (Richard Gere, for one, according to its website) hiking, biking and sailing along with meditation and yoga.

The two rules of thumb might be: If it's built up, keep moving. And if it isn't, keep exploring. In Saint Joan, up Route C-733 in the island's northernmost reaches, the battered sign for "Balàfia" looks highly unpromising. But the bumpy dirt road leads to a five-house town where footpaths wind through fig trees beneath stone towers. In the 16th century, they served to warn

of frequent pirate attacks. Or explore tiny beach coves, with sunbathers close by fishermen's boat-houses built into the cliffs.

At Cala Mastella, a tiny gem of a beach on the island's northeastern side, the island friend who

keeps in the same condition it had been in since the 17th century, when his forefathers lived there.

Moving west, another set of back roads leads to the Santa Agnes valley, filled with almond groves whose blooms in January

'This was an island of peasants farming the land to survive,' says Jacopo Monti. 'In Ibiza, you feel close to the land. It's very sensual.'

pointed out the blacked-out signpost suggests walking out along the rocks of the gently sloping cliff that lead away from the beach, hugging the land. Around a corner there's restaurant Cala Mastella, with chairs and tables set up on the edge of a second cove, not visible from the first beach.

Fishing boats moored here bring the day's catch right up to the grill. The pale green seawater is so clear that it reveals its sea life as if in an aquarium. On Saturdays, in nearby Sant Carles, it's open house at Es Trui de Ca n'Andreu, a home a local man

and February draw pilgrims from all over the island, especially during the full moon, which shines on the snowlike white blossoms. Just on the other side of the valley, the steep cliffs overlooking Ses Margalides offer fine sunset views.

Some of Ibiza's more remote locations are on the southwestern coast. From the lovely swimming beach of Cala d'Hort, the views of the craggy, bare, eerie islands Es Vedra and Es Vedranell are said to be good for meditation. And everywhere are the traditional white-washed stone and mud farm houses that inspired, among other artists,



Clockwise from above left, the walls and old center of Ibiza town d'Alt Villa; traditional Ibizan architecture seen on the façade of Cas Gasi; private sign posted in Balafia; Cala den Serra, a hidden cove on the Northern coast of Ibiza.

the German abstract painter Erwin Bechtold, who moved to Ibiza in 1954. Today, he and his wife Christina live in Sant Carles in a painstakingly refurbished traditional Ibizan house, a series of thick-walled cubes with tiny windows set on a hill overlooking the water. Of the local architecture, he says “nothing is straight, none of the walls, none of the doorways. At the same time, it’s very simple, very pure.”

Mr. Bechtold says the island he first came to was “a corner of Europe that had been completely forgotten by civilization.” But civilization still has forgotten parts of Ibiza. My friend of the signpost and hidden restaurant recalls the first time he went down the rutted road with the illegible marker, and the French woman who insisted there was nothing interesting there and then warned that he’d be robbed. Another bend of the road and it’s evident what the woman was so jealously guarding: Directly ahead, the island drops precipitously to the Mediterranean. All is solitude and calm, as if a visitor has arrived, alone, at the edge of the world.

—Sally McGrane is a writer based in Berlin.



TRIP PLANNER

The July-August period is Ibiza’s high season. An ideal time to go is September.

WHERE TO STAY

There are about two dozen rural hotels. **Cas Gasi** (www.casgasi.com), in an 1880 farmhouse, has been a hit with the star set. Double rooms from €180 to €399, depending on the room and season. **Escucons** (www.escucons.com), in a 17th-century villa, hosts weekends focusing on the alternative-health Ayurvedic system and provides guests bikes, helmets, and a guide for a ride to nearby small towns (double rooms €195-€270). **The Giri Residence** (www.thegiri.com) takes a boutique approach to finca (or farm) living. Rooms start at €200 in low season. Other hotels are listed at ibiza.travel/en.

WHERE TO EAT

Es Caliu in Sant Joan, located at kilometer marker 10.8, is a charming, family-owned restaurant with an outdoor patio scented by orange trees. (www.escalui-biza.com). **Ca’s Pagès** in Sant Carles, at kilometer marker 10, offers hearty, inexpensive dishes. Traditional fare like potato-and-pepper ensalada payesa, red paprika sobrasada sausage and blood sausage, botifarró, are house staples. ☎ 0971-319-029. **Bar Anita**, also in Sant Carles, serves traditional meals or tapas, excellent coffee and has a hippie past. You can eat inside or on a shaded terrace, with tables next to the town’s wooden post-office boxes. ☎ 0971-335-090



Clockwise from top left, © Robert Harding Picture Library Ltd./Alamy; Cas Gasi; © Alan Arnott Photography (www.alanarnottphotography.com) (2)

❖ Top Picks

Realism isn't all eye candy

MUNICH: In a bid to distinguish between realism and reality, the latest show at Kunsthalle der Hypo-Kulturstiftung titled "Realism, the Adventure of Reality: Courbet, Hopper, Gursky..." groups more than 180 works thematically into eight chapters, each of which explores realism in art from the mid-19th century to the present.

The first work to confront visitors is Gustave Courbet's seascape "Vagues avec trios volliers" (1870). Courbet soundly rejected idealization and defined painting as the art of seeing. More than 130 years later, Michael Reisch shows us the same uncompromising realism in his digital C-Print "Landscape, 7/016" (2008), which reveals the austere beauty of the Alpine winter. German artist Andreas Gursky uses photography to create his own image of digitally manipulated reality. His "Dubai World III" (2008) is far more compelling than the NASA image of the man-made archipelago in the Persian Gulf and presents a gorgeous, breathtaking realism devoid of humanity. American painter Richard Estes takes Photorealism to a new dimension. In his "Lunch Specials" (2001) and "Downtown" (1978) everything is perfect: reflections captured, cars gleaming, dogs brushed, shoes polished, thus trans-

forming a familiar urban landscape into an unfamiliar utopia.

Charles Bell's "Gumball XI" (1976) opens the Still Life section and whams the viewer into the oversized world of Superrealism, a style popular in the U.S. and Britain in the 1960s and '70s. Bell depicts the shiny harsh colors of the gumballs and light reflections on the glass, with tantalizing nostalgia and painstaking detail on a canvas measuring 203.2 x 152.4 centimeters.

But reality isn't all eye candy as Finnish photographer Esko Männikö reveals in his C-Print "Sodankylä 1994," showing the remains of raw salmon torn apart by some unknown bearer of teeth and claw. In "Natura morta, (con gattuccio)" and "Natura morta (con pesci)" both painted in 1924 by Cagnaccio di San Pietro, the fish are merely dead.

Genre turns viewer into voyeur. Edward Hopper's "Hotel Lobby" (1943) invites us to eavesdrop. When we encounter Duane Hanson's "Two Workers" (1993), we cannot help wondering what they're building. The artists present us with riddles and the adventure is in discovering the reality behind them.

—Mariana Schroeder

Until Sept. 5
www.hypo-kunsthalle.de



'Gumball XI' (1976) by Charles Bell on show at Munich.

Old masters dominate auction scene

Old Masters dominate the European collecting scene next week. In London, an array of gallery shows and auctions feature old-world paintings, drawings, sculpture, furniture and precious objects.

At Master Paintings Week (July 3-9), 25 international dealers join auctioneers Christie's, Sotheby's and Bonhams in spotlighting the world's great, early painters. Running parallel will be Master Drawings London, with 21 dealers mounting special exhibitions of works on paper.

On July 6, Christie's will offer

Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

Peter Paul Rubens' powerful "A Commander Being Armed for Battle" (circa 1613-1614) estimated at £8 million-£12 million. In the same sale will be Giovanni Francesco Barbieri's monumental portrait of "King David" (1651) estimated at £5 million-£8 million. The paintings come from Althorp, the ancestral home of the Spencer family, one of England's most prominent aristocratic families of which Princess Diana was a member.

On July 7-8, at an auction in Christie's South Kensington, the Spencers will clean out both attic and barn with a sale which includes a collection of 19th-century horse-drawn carriages. On July 8, Christie's at King Street will hold an auction with exceptional English and French antique furniture, porcelain and art objects from the Spencer Collections.

Elsewhere, "Treasures," the title of a Sotheby's auction July 6, offers 21 rare pieces, including decorative folding stools (circa 1786-1787) made for Marie Antoinette, Queen of France (estimate: £150,000-£250,000) and an engraved ivory inlaid rosewood table (circa 1596-1597) owned by the Duke of Urbino and later by the Medicis (estimate: £500,000-£1 million).

The highlight of Sotheby's auction July 7 will be J.M.W. Turner's "Modern Rome—Campo Vaccino" (1839), a dreamlike vista combining the remains of classical antiquity with daily 19th-century life (estimate: £12 million-£18 million).

In addition, superb illuminated Medieval and Renaissance manuscripts will be offered by Sotheby's (July 6) and Christie's (July 7). A star performer at Christie's should be a 16th-century Book of Hours (prayer book) opulently decorated for King Francois I of France with an estimate of £300,000-£500,000.



Peter Paul Rubens, portrait of a commander being dressed for battle, estimated at £8 million to £12 million.

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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

WALL STREET JOURNAL

Giacometti exhibit spans 20 years of work

SAINT-PAUL-DE-VENCE: In 1960, when Alberto Giacometti submitted three miniature models of sculptures commissioned by the architect Gordon Bunshaft for Chase Manhattan Plaza in New York City—including a tiny bronze 8.3-centimeter-tall "Walking Man"—the project was unexpectedly rejected. Unperturbed, his entrepreneurial art dealer Aimé Maeght had an even better idea: Maeght would build a new museum in southern France devoted to modern and contemporary art, with a vast central courtyard solely for the artist's life-size painted bronzes.

Now, 46 years after its inauguration, the newly spruced up Fondation Maeght reopens after a five-month €1.3 million renovation, celebrating decades of close friendship between the artist and his collector, with a summer show entitled "Giacometti & Maeght 1946-1966." The impressive exhibit features 170 works, including drawings, engravings, oils and 60 major sculptures, some from private collections and on display for the first time.

Among the highlights is a luminous room lined with a series of portraits that allow you to discover Giacometti the painter and his family of models, which range from Marguerite Maeght, the art dealer's wife, whom he captured in three striking poses in 1961, and Giacometti's ever-present brother, Diego, who also assisted in the design of the Fondation Maeght.

But the crowd-pleasing show stopper is the final room, filled with the artist's most famous emblematic sculptures including "The Dog" (1951) and "The Cat" (1951), and two of six existing versions of "Walking Man," a work that fetched a record-breaking €74.3 million last February at a Sotheby's art auction in London.

—Lanie Goodman

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www.fondation-maeght.com



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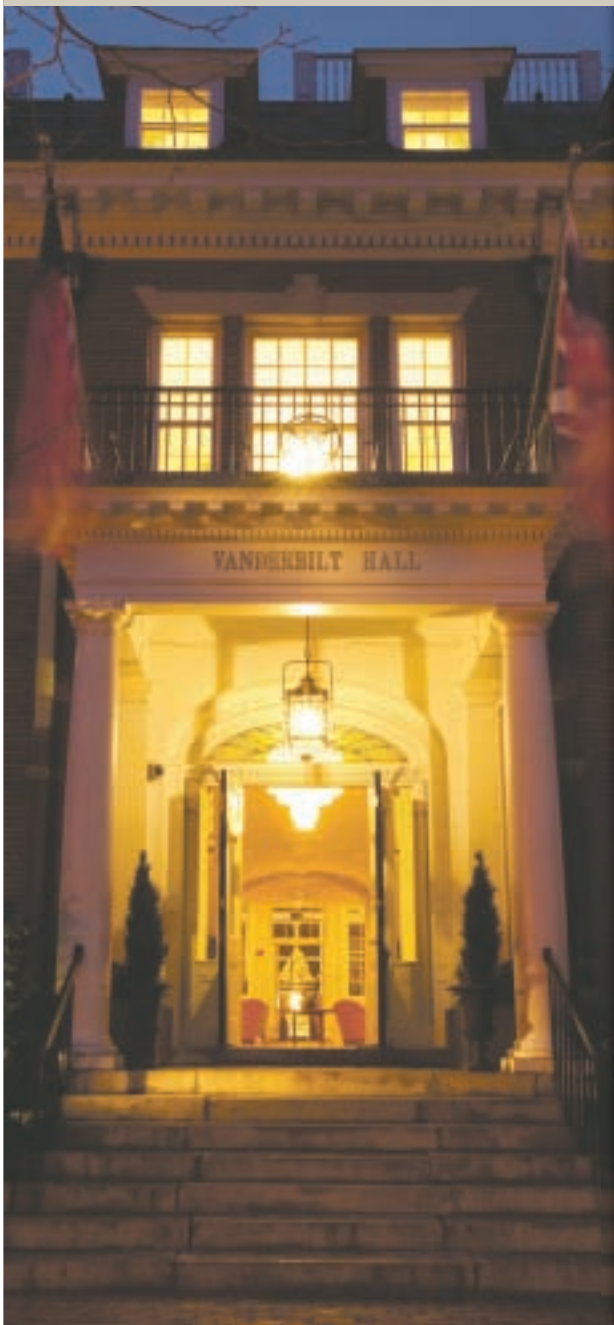
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Trading shots with Donald Trump

“HOOK! HOOK!” DONALD J. Trump called as my drive on the eighth hole, already hooking some, veered ever closer to a lake. That’s maybe not the most sporting wish for an opponent’s ball (the drive ended up fine), but it was entirely in keeping with the tone and the spirit of the match he and I played here recently—a tone established entirely by him.

Golf

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

Had I wished to establish a different tone, it would have been difficult. In Mr. Trump’s world, whatever Mr. Trump wants, Mr. Trump gets. But trash-talk golf is what I often play with my buddies, and it made the round with my high-profile host instantly comfortable and fun.

On the next hole, when my ball stayed atop a closely mown slope fronting the green, he sidled over to it and said, “Geez, I’m amazed it didn’t roll back down, because usually...”—he tapped the ball with his putter—“oh, look, there it goes!” That was just a gag, of course. He replaced the ball and I won the hole with a par, to go two-up at the turn.

I had challenged Mr. Trump to this match—straight up, since we are both listed as four handicaps—as a way to get a read on his golf bona fides. At the course, we agreed to a friendly wager. If Mr. Trump won, he would receive a copy of the stippled “hedcut” image The Wall Street Journal often uses to illustrate stories about him, signed by the artist. If I won, Mr. Trump would record a voice-mail greeting for my 15-year-old daughter’s mobile phone, mentioning that her father had beaten him at golf.

Mr. Trump occupies many positions in the cultural firmament: real-estate mogul, best-selling author, high-society fixture, reality show host, beauty pageant owner and all-around celebrity icon. Quietly over the past decade (well, quietly by Trump standards), he has also become a golf impresario. Depending on when you ask him, he spends 20%, 10% or 5% of his time overseeing his golf businesses.

At last count he owns 12 top-notch courses, all with some variation of Trump in the name, and is developing a €800 million golf resort on the

North Sea coastline of Scotland. That one is controversial because many locals are against it; protesters have acquired an acre of land inside the resort’s proposed boundaries from which to wage their “Tripping Up Trump” campaign. But thanks to Mr. Trump’s considerable political and financial talents, with the help of influential Scottish business interests, the Aberdeenshire council on Tuesday approved all the permits and on Thursday, the groundbreaking began.

When I paid a visit to Mr. Trump’s office in Manhattan’s Trump Tower this spring, aerial photographs and architectural renderings of golf projects were strewn across his desk. “These are the greatest dunes in the world—80 feet tall,” he said of the land he had acquired for the Scottish course. “They put the dunes at Bandon Dunes to shame,” he said, referring to the famed Oregon golf destination.

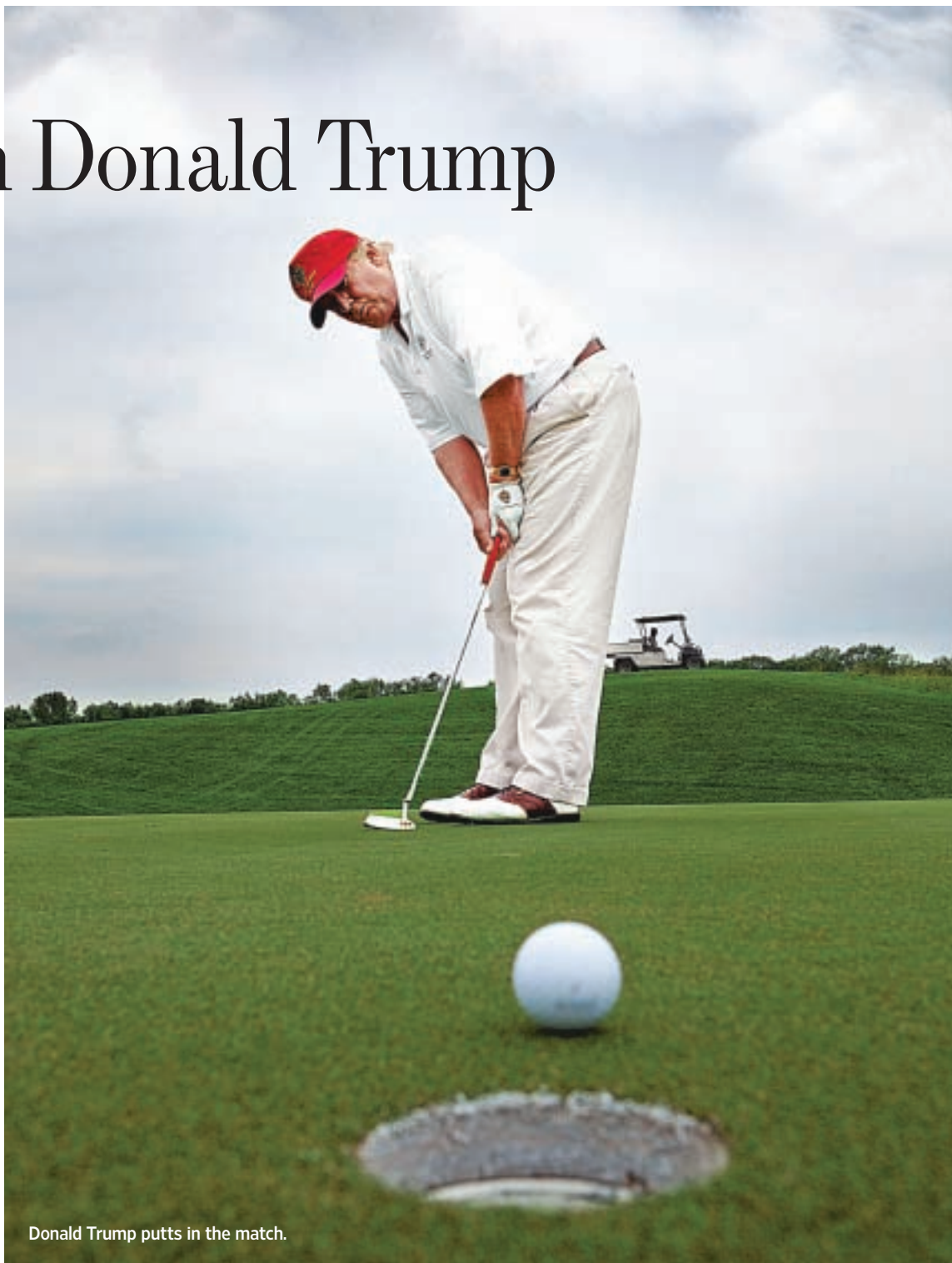
He agreed to the round—“You won’t find other rich golf guys doing this, because they don’t want to show off their lousy golf games,” he said—and offered any of his courses as the venue. Trump National Los Angeles, which cost him more than €200 million to renovate after the 18th hole fell into the Pacific? Trump International West Palm Beach, near his Mar-a-Lago estate and club? Perhaps one of his newest acquisitions, Trump National Philadelphia, which he renamed from Pine Hill?

I chose the New Course at Trump National Bedminster, in the horse country of New Jersey, because it’s less than an hour from where I live and it hosted last year’s U.S. Golf Association Junior Amateur (won by Jordan Spieth). Of all the Trump courses, it’s said to be the one most likely to host a bigger USGA event some day—and hosting a U.S. Open or U.S. Amateur ranks at the top of his golf ambitions. The clubhouse at Trump National Bedminster was once the mansion of John DeLorean, the famed auto executive. Mr. Trump planted 270 maple trees along the mile-long drive up to the clubhouse (“Rees Jones called it the greatest entrance to any club in the world,” he told me) and built two massive, 6,800-meter courses on the 240 hectares he had to work with. “One writer called them the two best courses built anywhere in this millennium. I’m not sure what he meant by that, maybe just since 2000,” Mr. Trump said, leaving open the possibility that the writer meant since the year 1010.

The original (Old) course at Bedminster, designed by Tom Fazio, is ranked No. 53 on Golfweek’s list of the best modern designs and is No. 54 on Golf Magazine’s top-100 list, but neither Bedminster course ranks with Golf Digest, a fact that irks Mr. Trump. “They don’t give enough credit for building courses in population centers where people can actually play them. Anybody can build a course like Sand Hills out in the middle of nowhere, at \$3 an acre,” he said. Sand Hills in remote Mullen, Nebraska, is Golfweek’s No. 1-rated modern course.

When I asked shortly before teeing off what motivated his involvement in golf, he said he liked building things and he liked owning land. He’s also extremely competitive. “I only build courses that are 10s, or buy courses that are 10s or almost 10s and do whatever it takes to make them into 10s,” he said. “I told Fazio, whatever the highest standard is, I want higher than that.”

Mr. Trump pegged his first drive down the middle of the fairway, 219



Donald Trump putts in the match.

Nathaniel Welch/Redux Pictures for The Wall Street Journal

meters. “Not bad for an old guy, right?” he said. At 64 years old, he was giving me eight years. His swing is all hips—hips in the waggle, hips in the windup, hips in the follow-through. Roughly a third of his full swings in our match ended with a walk-through; that is, he put so much body into the effort that he had to step around with his back foot to keep from toppling forward. But this is something even Arnold Palmer and Gary Player do on occasion, and gets the job done. He fozzled five or six shots, including his approach on No. 1 into a greenside swamp, but otherwise placed his drives in the fairways and his approaches on the greens with dismaying accuracy.

The match was hard-fought. On the par-five fourth hole, we both hit excellent drives that ended up a couple of meters apart, followed by three-wood shots that also ended up a couple of meters apart. Mr. Trump dumped his approach into a bunker, giving me the hole, but on the next, a tough uphill par-four, he drained a 12-meter twister for par to win one back. Putting is definitely Mr. Trump’s strength. He jabs at the ball with a short backstroke and a quirky, exaggerated follow-through, but never left a lag putt more than 50 centimeters or 100 centimeters from the hole.

He also plays, perhaps not surprisingly, at a manic pace. We shared a cart, and were almost constantly darting out ahead of the two others in our foursome, Mickie Gallagher, the director of golf at Bedminster, and Larry Glick, Mr. Trump’s executive vice president for golf. Our forecaddies sprinted down the fairways to keep up. The only letup in the ac-

tion came when Mr. Trump drove me to the seldom-used, far-back championship tees (sometimes he actually drove onto the teeing ground—but he’s the owner, who’s going to complain?) to flaunt the holes in their full-length grandeur. “Is this a U.S. Open hole, or what?” he said.

His current preoccupation is riding the course of unwanted trees. “The USGA never met a tree it liked,” he said. He and Mr. Gallagher admired some recently denuded areas, now planted in fescue, and discussed which areas to deforest next. On the 10th hole, a 183-meter par-three, he showed me where he wants to build a new championship tee, at 210 meters. In fact, when the course superintendent drove out to pay him a visit while we were there, he gave the order to make it happen. “Make it big and glamorous,” he said. No need to consult a committee, or even the course architect, Tom Fazio II.

No one called Mr. Trump anything but Mr. Trump, including myself. He’s the boss. At the grill that had been set up on a paved area at the turn, I was about to squirt some mustard on my hot dog when a staff member quickly redirected my efforts. “These are for Mr. Trump. You can use those,” she said, pointing to an alternative condiment counter.

Down by one, Mr. Trump began paying special attention to my putting stroke at about the 11th hole, particularly the slight forward press I make with my hands immediately before beginning my takeaway. “Doesn’t that open up the clubface?” he asked. I demonstrated why I didn’t think it did, but he shook his head.

On the next hole I missed an 2.4

meter putt for par, to bring the match back to even. “I’m sure you opened the clubface there. That’s why you missed,” he said. “Mickie, I want you to give John Paul a 30-minute putting lesson after the round.”

After three-putting from nine meters on the next hole, to go one down in the match, I wondered whether Mr. Trump was trying to get in my head a little with his sudden concern for my putting stroke.

At the 14th hole, in the face of a strong wind, he landed his seven-iron tee shot on the island green. “Look at this, look at this!” he said when his ball was in the air. “I love it!” I airmailed my ball over the green into the water, to go two down.

I won the 16th, with an up-and-down from the sand for par, but on 17, I hated to hear what I heard after Mr. Trump launched his approach shot toward the elevated green. “I love it! Can’t hit it any better than that! Makes the bad guy’s shot a little harder, right, John Paul?” When I got to the green, his ball was sitting 15 centimeters from the cup. That birdie won him the match, 2 and 1.

Honestly (well, semi-honestly), I wasn’t that disappointed to lose. Granting ourselves pars on the uncontested 18th hole, we scored identical 80s. Mr. Trump’s hedcut is in the mail (after I get it framed). And he graciously offered this greeting for my daughter’s phone: “This is Donald Trump, you’re calling Anna Belle. She’s a great beauty, she’s a fantastic young woman, she’s brilliant. If you want to speak to her, just leave your number and maybe you’ll be lucky enough for her to call you back. Good luck!”

Arbitrage Chuck Taylors

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To Tweet, Or Not to Tweet

By David Harsanyi

A catastrophic event unfolds. A seemingly healthy professional embarks on his daily commute, only to come to the frightening realization that his battered and beloved BlackBerry lies vulnerable and unused in a distant corner of his home. An unwholesome panic descends. No matter how far away from home he is, and no matter how needless the device may be in a practical sense, he is impelled to hightail it back to his house and reconnect with the world.

William Powers offers this beleaguered man (me), and everyone else who has faced a similar ordeal, a roadmap to contentment in "Hamlet's BlackBerry," a rewarding guide to finding a "quiet" and "spacious" place "where the mind can wander free."

Based on the author's much-discussed 2006 National Journal essay, "Hamlet's BlackBerry: Why Paper is Eternal" (and how I wish that were true), the former Washington Post staff writer argues that the distractions of manic connectivity often lead to a lack of productivity and, if allowed to permeate too deeply, to an assault on the beauty and meaning of everyday life.

Obviously this is not a unique grievance, or a fresh one: As Mr. Powers acknowledges, concerns about the deleterious effects of a new world supplanting the old go back to Plato. But there has been

an awful lot of grousing about digital distraction lately—Nicholas Carr's "The Shallows: What the Internet Is Doing to Our Brains" came out just a few weeks ago—and it is easy to feel skeptical of worrywarts agonizing about Americans "wrestling" with too many choices and "coping" with the effects of too much Internet use.

Hamlet's BlackBerry

By William Powers
(Harper, 267 pages, £16.95)

There is simply too much good that comes of innovation for that sort of Luddite hand-wringing. The farmer a century ago who pulled himself off the straw mattress at 4 a.m. to till the earth so his family wouldn't starve led a fairly straightforward, undistracted existence, but he was almost certainly miserable most of the time. And he probably regarded the arrival of radio as a sort of miracle. In discussions of this type I tend to rely on the wisdom of P.J. O'Rourke: "Civilization is an enormous improvement on the lack thereof."

But even a jaded reader is likely to be won over by "Hamlet's BlackBerry." It convincingly argues that we've ceded too much of our existence to what he calls Digital Maximalism. Less scold and more philosopher, Mr. Powers certainly bemoans the spread of technology in our lives, but he also of-

fers a compelling discussion of our dependence on contraptions and of the ways in which we might free ourselves from them. I buy it. I need quiet time.

To accept "Hamlet's BlackBerry" is to accept that we are super busy. "It's staggering," writes Mr. Powers, "how many balls we keep in the air each day and how few we drop. We're so busy, sometimes it seems as though busyness itself is the point." Though I don't find all that ball-juggling as staggering as the author, and I don't know anyone who acts as if chaos is the point of it all, it would be foolish not to concede that our lives have become far more complex than ever before.

What can be done? What should be done? Mr. Powers's answer is, in essence: Just say no. Try to cultivate a quieter or at least more focused life. The most persuasive and entertaining parts of "Hamlet's BlackBerry" are found in Mr. Powers's efforts to practice what he preaches. (Most of us, it should be noted, do not have the option of moving from a dense Washington, D.C., suburb to an idyllic Cape Cod town to grapple with the demons of gadgetry addiction.) His skeptical wife and kids agree that if they're allowed to use their laptops during the week, they will turn the computers off on the weekend. Mr. Powers discovers that friends and relatives quickly adapt to the family's digital disconnect (they call it the "Internet Sabbath"). The family spends

more time face-to-face instead of Facebooking.

Mr. Powers proposes that we take into account the "need to connect outward, as well as the opposite need for time and space apart." It is a powerful desire, the balanced life. Most of us yearn for it. Neither technology nor connectivity is injurious unless we allow them to consume us. Mr. Powers argues that letting life turn into a blizzard of snapshots—that's what all those screen-views amount to, after all—isn't enough.

We would be happier freeing ourselves for genuine, unfiltered experience and then reflecting on it, not tweeting about it. The busy person will pause here to nod in sympathy.

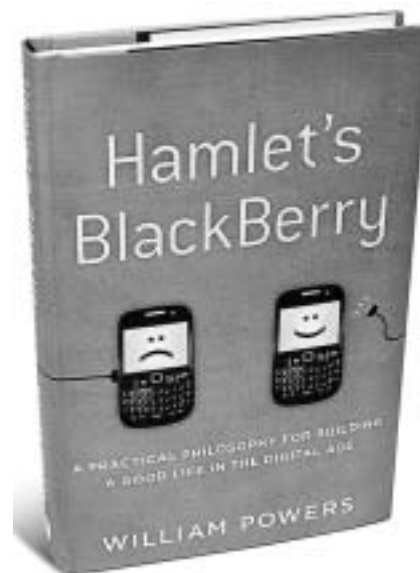
I'm not sure that many of us have found that spacious place where our minds can wander free of technological intrusions, of beeps and buttons and emails and tweets, but "Hamlet's BlackBerry" makes the case that we can—or should—find it. Recently,

while watching some hypnotically dreadful movie, I instinctively reached for my BlackBerry to fetch some worthless biographical information about a third-rate actress that would do no more than clog my brain still further.

Then I remembered something in Mr. Powers's book—which takes its title from a scene in "Hamlet" when the prince refers to an Elizabethan technical advance: specially coated paper or parchment that could be wiped clean. A book that included heavy, blank, erasable pages made

from such paper—an almanac, for example—was called a table. "Yea, from the table of my memory / I'll wipe away all trivial fond records," Hamlet says. Or, as Mr. Powers paraphrases: "'Don't worry,' Hamlet's nifty device whispered, 'you don't have to know everything. Just the few things that matter.'"

Mr. Harsanyi is a nationally syndicated columnist for the Denver Post.



Zero Progress

By Alexander Theroux

Offering a reverse paradigm for everything worthwhile, "Less Than Zero" (1985), Bret Easton Ellis's celebrated debut novel, left no point of shallowness untouched. In its soulless world a billboard says "Disappear here"; a license plate reads "Decline." "People are afraid to merge on freeways in Los Angeles," pretty Blair ominously tells her boyfriend, Clay, the novel's 18-year-old protagonist, who is returning home to Mulholland Drive and his divorced parents after his first semester at a college in New Hampshire.

Imperial Bedrooms

By Bret Easton Ellis
(Picador, 256 pages, £16.99)

"Less Than Zero" was a kind of anti-sermon: unrelenting in its eagerness to put anomie on display. The novel showed rich, bored Californians as shallow as pie-plates watching MTV, snorting coke, getting tans, flipping through GQ, popping 'ludes, lying around pools and toying with their food in expensive restaurants. Most of all it presented a cluster of young, callow muttjacks without any sense of footing or consequence who live without passion, indifferently sleep with anybody, never listen to each other and eventually weep for themselves in incomprehending bewilderment.

"Imperial Bedrooms" picks up the story of this same squalid crew 25 years later. Clay, now 43 and a screenwriter who has returned from New York to Los Angeles to work on a film adaptation of a book, is immediately recycled into a decadent world of the same inarticulate zombies—dialogue in the novel is straight out of a bad soap opera.

Clay is once again the nominal narrator, though the narrator is also, in part, undisguisedly Mr. Ellis himself: He makes extra-mural references to the film made of "Less Than Zero," for instance, and seems to live in the Los Angeles neighborhood to which Mr. Ellis himself returned a few years ago. Clay is the same directionless character whom we saw leaving Los Angeles at the end of the earlier novel, except older and creepier.

The foreground story in "Imperial Bedrooms" concerns Clay falling in love with a sexy would-be starlet named Rain, who thinks that Clay will make her famous. But the novel's true subject is a yawning lassitude not philosophical enough to be called profound. In the opening pages Clay—or Mr. Ellis—reassumes his fictional report almost with a shrug, as if picking up a just-dropped conversation, even though 25 years have passed.

We have the same categories of signifiers, too: name brands, song titles, signature clothes. People drink Gray Goose and Patrón and take Ambien and listen with retro-irony to the Eagles and eat

lunch at Comme Ça and Koi and STK. Technology has advanced since 1985, of course. We now read about digital billboards, Earthlink pics, iPhones and IMDB pages. Every fool in sight is texting every other fool. There is lots of pointless driving around, with set-pieces evoked in recognizable spots like Barney Greengrass's on Wiltshire, the bridge at the Hotel Bel-Air, the Doheny Plaza, the Chateau Marmont, Culver City, Sunset Tower. Blah, blah, blah.

It is hard to object to contemporary social detail in a contemporary novel, even detail that is obvious and trivial. But "Imperial Bedrooms"—the book's title refers to an Elvis Costello album—is weak in concept and uninspired, mere sequelism. Clay is a professional bloat, eyes empty and drained of any serious intent, a drinking no-hoper, a writer who has not a single worthwhile thought in his head and whose sole interest is his

needy, middle-age fixation on Rain, a one-dimensional sexpot. "If you get me the part I'll do anything you want," she tells him. Clay's rival for Rain's affections is his old friend Julian, who is rumored to be running a

teenage hooker service. Rip, the drug-dealer in "Zero," is in his flaccid middle age so disfigured from plastic surgery as to be practically unrecognizable. He is also now a sinister and threatening weirdo. Pretty Blair has become married to Trent, who hasn't budgeted 10 paces from his earlier shallow insouciance. Between Blair and Clay no embers burn. She bossily still seeks to tinker in his life.

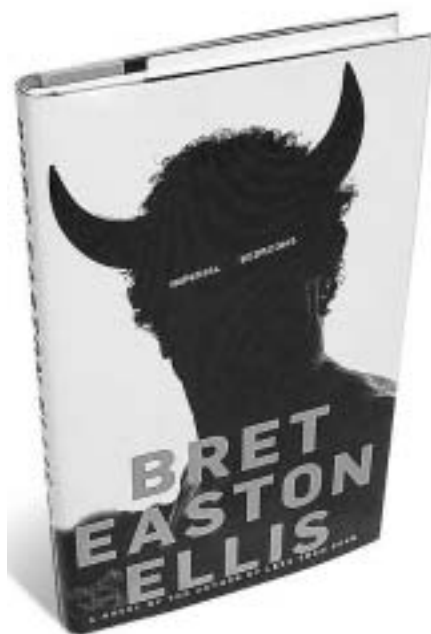
Amid all the meetings and re-meetings, Clay continues dating Rain, who seems to have mysterious ties to every male along Route 5, notably a recently murdered Hollywood producer. And Clay's life—you may not have heard this before—"begins to

spin out of control." As he drones on and on with sing-song repetition about his plight, usually with a vodka in hand, one keeps wondering in how many ways and how many times you can say that Hollywood is hell.

In interviews, Mr. Ellis has said that lately he has been reading Raymond Chandler and has become enamored of that great writer. To ask whether "Imperial Bedrooms" is Chandleresque is to suggest how desperately far afield we have gone. There is no resolution in the novel, and there is certainly no compelling mystery, though Mr. Ellis keeps trying to gin up Clay's obsession into a whodunit arc. "American Psycho" (1991), Mr. Ellis's other celebrated novel, showed some spare and original prose. "I simply am not there," its deranged main character said, and one could believe it. But there is no originality here. The prose is flat and fizzless.

In its reductive lineaments and endless pages of dialogue, "Imperial Bedrooms" inevitably suggests a screenplay. Mr. Ellis, of course, does work as a screenwriter, so why should this not be the case? But the cult of spoiled bohemianism that has given him his propers—the almost insolent daring, the excess even—has given way to a dull, stricken, under-medicated nonstory that goes nowhere.

Mr. Theroux's latest novel is "Laura Warholic: Or, The Sexual Intellectual" (Fantagraphics).



time off

Amsterdam

art
"Welcoming the Rijksmuseum: Jacques Villon" shows etchings, aquatints, dry point engravings and lithography by the French printmaker and painter also known as Gaston Duchamp, a brother of Marcel Duchamp.
Van Gogh Museum
July 9-Sept. 26
☎ 31-2057-05200
www3.vangoghmuseum.nl

Avignon

festival
"Festival d'Avignon 2010" showcases productions of international contemporary drama, dance creations and stage performances by Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker, Anna Viebrock, Sasha Rau and others.
Bureau du Festival d'Avignon
July 7-27
☎ 33-4 9014-1460
www.festival-avignon.com

Belfast

art
"Daniel Jewesbury and Aisling O'Beirn" unveil new digital animations, a sculpture and a short film examining Belfast and its changing face.
Belfast Exposed Photography
Until Aug. 13
☎ 44-28-9023-0965
www.belfastexposed.org

Berlin

"Teotihuacan—Mexico's Mysterious Pyramid City" presents 450 objects, including filigree vessels and figures, stone carvings, masks, and statues from an American culture that predated the Aztecs.
Martin-Gropius-Bau
Until Oct. 10
☎ 49-30-2548-9100
www.gropius-bau.de

Brussels

art
"Marcel Broodthaers" pays tribute to the Belgian artist with a selection of his collages and assemblages from The Museum of Modern Art.
Musée d'Art Moderne / Museum voor Moderne Kunst
Until Sept. 26
☎ 32-2-5083-211
www.fine-arts-museum.be

Edinburgh

art
"Christen Købke: Danish Master of Light" is the first major exhibition of paintings by the Danish artist to be shown outside Denmark, presenting 40 works.
National Gallery Complex—Royal Scottish Academy Building
July 4-Oct. 3
☎ 44-1316-2462-00
www.nationalgalleries.org

Frankfurt

art
"Mike Bouchet. New Living" showcases a dissection of a floating house created as a sculpture by the American artist for the 2009 Venice Biennale.
Schirn Kunsthalle
Until Sept. 12
☎ 49-69-2998-820
www.schirn-kunsthalle.de

Leeds

art
"21" celebrates the 21st birthday of the Terrace Gallery with unique contributions by artists, performers and writers, including David Hockney and See Hyun Lee.
Harewood House



July 3-Sept. 19
☎ 44-113-2886-331
www.harewood.org

Liverpool

design
"Howcroft and Jordan" shows a selection of cutlery, trays and chopping boards made from native and European timbers.
Bluecoat Display Center
Until July 31
☎ 44-151-7094-014
www.bluecoatdisplaycentre.com

London

architecture
"Serpentine Gallery Pavilion 2010" is the 10th commission in the gallery's annual series, this year presenting a design by French architect Jean Nouvel.
Serpentine Gallery
July 10-Oct. 17
☎ 44-20-7402-6075
www.serpentinegallery.org

fashion

"Horrockses Fashions: Off the Peg Style in the '40s and '50s" displays prints and photographs of designs by the manufacturer of ready-to-wear fashion.
Fashion and Textile Museum
July 9-Oct. 24
☎ 44-20-7407-8664
www.ftmlondon.org

art

"Siren City. Photographs by Johnnie Shand Kydd" presents images of Venice taken by the British photographer.
Estorick Collection of Modern Italian Art
Until Sept. 12
☎ 44-20-7704-9522
www.estorickcollection.com

Madrid

art
"Ghirlandaio and Renaissance Florence" explores Florence through the works of Botticelli, Pollaiuolo and Ghirlandaio.
Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza
Until Oct. 10
☎ 34-91-3690-151
www.museothyssen.org

Montreux

music
"Montreux Jazz Festival" stages performances by Quincy Jones, Brad Me-

ldau, Elvis Costello, Katie Melua, Vampire Weekend and others.
Montreux Jazz Festival Fondation
Until July 17
☎ 41-900 800 800 (box office)
www.montreuxjazz.com

Paris

art
"Antoine Watteau and the Art of Engraving" exhibits 100 works by the French painter and draughtsman, illustrating the subjects, techniques and traditions of 18th century engravings.
Musée du Louvre
July 8-Oct. 11
☎ 33-1-4020-5050
www.louvre.fr

art

"Samurai, Monks, and Ninjas; Manga Revisits Japanese History" follows Japanese history as illustrated through manga, from the 1950s to the present day, alongside an exploration of iconic manga characters and artists.
Musée Guimet—National Museum of Asian Art Guimet
Until Aug. 9
☎ 33-1-5652-5300
www.guimet.fr

Perugia

music festival
"Umbria Jazz Festival 2010" offers a selection of jazz, soul, R&B, blues, gospel, pop and salsa, including performances by Tony Bennett, Melody Gardot, Mark Knopfler, and others.
Associazione Umbria Jazz
July 9-18
☎ 39-075-5732-432
www.umbriajazz.com

Rome

art
"Bernardo Siciliano. Nude City" shows large scale paintings of female nudes, alongside impressionistic views of New York created by the Italian artist during the past 10 years.
Macro Future
Until July 25
☎ 39-06-06-08
www.macro.roma.museum

Rotterdam

music
"North Sea Jazz Festival" includes performances by Diana Krall, Herbie Hancock, The Roots, Gilberto Gil and others.
Ahoy Rotterdam
July 9-11
☎ 31-900-1010 2020 (box office)
www.northseajazz.com

Warsaw

music
"Festiwal Mozartowski—Mozart Festival" presents Mozart's stage works, including "The Magic Flute" and "Don Giovanni" as well as selected chamber, symphonic and oratorical works, organised by the Warsaw Chamber Opera.
Until July 26
☎ 48-22-8312-240
www.operakameralna.pl

Source: WSJ research

Serpentine Gallery Pavilion 2010, designed by Jean Nouvel; above, 'Marcel Broodthaers', casserole with lid in red enamel containing mussel shells.



© Ateliers Jean Nouvel; top, J. Geleyns