

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, JULY 30- AUGUST 1, 2010

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

On the road

Our pick of the best summer drives in Europe



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WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

Barbara Tina Fuhr EDITOR
Elisabeth Limber ART DIRECTOR
Brian M. Carney BOOKS PAGE EDITOR

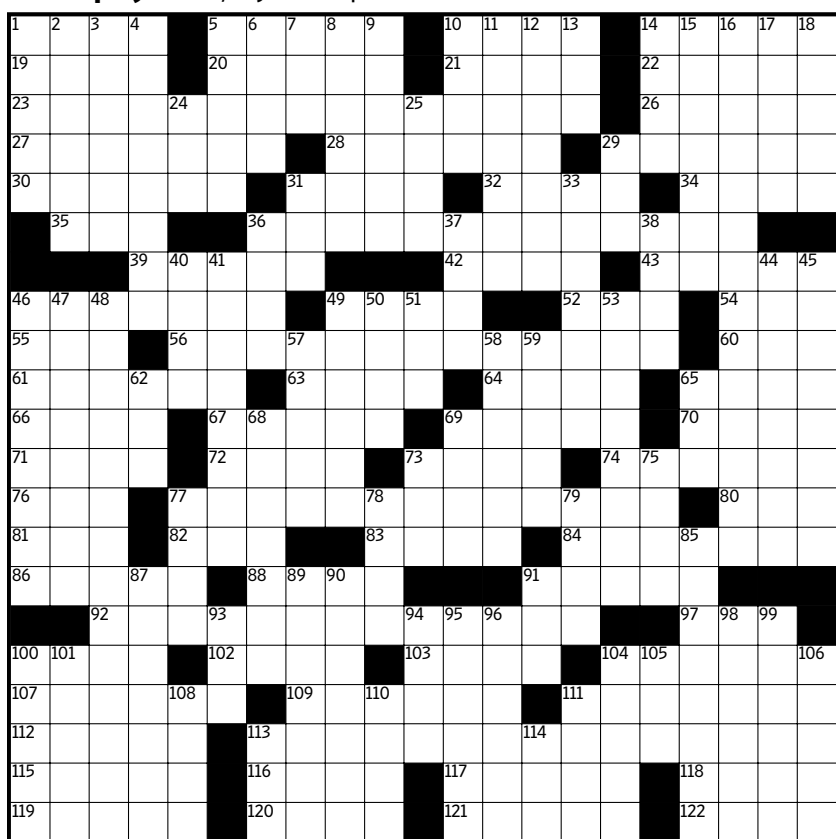
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Last Week's Solution



A leap of faith

In a radical shift from contemporary to classical, Spain aims to broaden its dance scene

BY KATI KRAUSE

IN SPAIN, WE'RE used to the exile of our talents," sighs William Arroyo, director of the Madrid-based cultural and professional association Por la Danza, which represents dancers' interests. He is referring to the country's classical ballet dancers, including Tamara Rojo, principal dancer at the Royal Ballet in London, and Ángel Corella, principal dancer at the American Ballet Theater in New York City, who had been forced to seek employment abroad because Spain didn't have a single classical ballet company for nearly 20 years.

However, Mr. Arroyo is also alluding to what many fear might be the imminent exodus of a number of Spain's leading contemporary dancers. Nacho Duato, the director of the *Compañía Nacional de Danza*, Spain's national, publicly funded contemporary dance company, has handed in his resignation and is leaving his post after his final concert in Moscow today to become the director of the Mikhailovsky Theatre in St. Petersburg.

The departure comes as the Ministry of Culture announces it will open up the CND to new creators and styles, including classical ballet. (Mr. Duato declined to be interviewed for this article.) For reasons partly attributable to a fight over scarce resources and partly to a differing understanding of the meaning of art, classical ballet and contemporary dance have never gotten on well together in Spain.

The feud goes back to the early years of democratic Spain. The CND was founded in 1979 as the *Ballet Nacional de España Clásico*. Its beginnings were tempestuous, with three directors passing through in 10 years. In 1990 the reigns were handed to the renowned dancer and choreographer Nacho Duato, who swiftly renamed it and turned it into a contemporary dance company, leading it to world fame.

The CND says Mr. Duato moved beyond the schism by combining classical techniques with contemporary language, and vice versa. However, it appeared that classical ballet under his direction had no place in the CND, or in modern Spain.

That changed in 2008, when Ángel Corella returned to his home country to create the *Corella Ballet Castilla y León*—Spain's first classical formation in nearly 20 years. The charis-

matic and energetic 34-year-old recalls what it was like to be classical in a contemporary world. "I spent nearly five years in a contemporary company. I was in the back, hardly danced, felt badly treated and my salary was tiny. There came a moment when I said, to be like this I prefer not to dance at all." Aware that his fate was shared by thousands of talented young dancers, Mr. Corella decided in the early 2000s to create a ballet foundation with the ambitious aim of building "a company like the American Ballet, the Royal Ballet or the Scala in Milan."

"Here in Spain, classical ballet has always been cast aside," Mr. Corella says. "I don't know why, because the audience wants it. Every time we do a performance, we sell out!"

Now, the Spanish government has decided to meet that demand and is planning to open up the CND to a much broader variety of styles and interpreters, thus emulating other leading dance companies around the world. The CND's new director will be chosen by year's end through an open process, and ballerina Tamara Rojo is said to be one of the frontrunners.

"No quality artist wants to limit his or her career," Ms. Rojo says in support of the government's plan. "If we want to have great international artists, producers, choreographers and designers, and create an internationally renowned company, it has to be a company with an ample repertoire."

The Ministry says it's the CND's objective to promote and disseminate dance, with a repertoire that's as wide as possible. It says a transition is possible given time under good direction. The plan, however, has been met with criticism, and not just from Mr. Duato's camp, who argues that it will cause a flight of dancers and that it's a sign the Ministry of Culture doesn't care about dance.

Mr. Arroyo says the transition could be complicated. "In the case of the CND, I see it as something more difficult because they are excellent performers but the company is inherently contemporary. Just like we have the *Ballet Nacional* [Spain's other official dance company, dedicated to traditional styles like flamenco], we should have the CND and then a company that could do the classical, neoclassical and maybe some contemporary repertoires, but not change a contemporary company like the CND is now. Because after all, it's a point of reference that

we've had in Spain for many years, and it's internationally renowned for its style."

Indeed, the CND's members haven't all reacted positively to the government's announcement. Tony Fabre, assistant artistic director of the CND's arm for budding talents, has announced he would leave the company as well, and has expressed his regret that several of the current dancers would "disappear."

Mr. Corella expects the same. "All the CND's dancers are contemporary or neoclassical dancers. I think it's virtually impossible for a dancer who has been dancing contemporary for the past 20-something years to suddenly put on pointe shoes and dance *Swan Lake*. I think it's a crime and an insult toward them."

Mr. Corella's favored solution would be the establishment of a third, purely classical national dance company—and that company should be his, he says. "We have suggested that our company occupy that place that's so important in Spain, the place of classical ballet, and that the CND continue

with their work, which they're quite good at and well respected for."

Mr. Arroyo is skeptical. "Of course, everybody would like to see the money," he says, noting the *Corella Ballet* is regionally funded. The possibility of a dual structure was flaunted during the initial planning stages, he says, but was quickly shelved due to economic pressure.

"Let me make this very clear. The public company is the CND," says Félix Palomero, director of the *Instituto Nacional de las Artes Escénicas y de la Música*, a subdivision of the Ministry of Culture. "That is the company the Ministry will develop statutorily. Therefore, it won't ally with any existing external structures"—referring to the *Corella Ballet*. "The resources available to companies in the rest of Europe do not suggest to us the creation of a strictly classical company."

It looks like Mr. Corella will have to continue looking for private funding, in addition to the €1.25 million in support his foundation receives from the regional government of

Castilla y León each year.

Getting more funding shouldn't be too difficult, given his reputation and powerful backers like the Spanish royal family. "Ángel Corella is an important name, a name that sells," says Mr. Arroyo. "There's no reason why money should be a problem. I think his bigger challenge is to maintain the high quality he has shown us so far."

But whether the Spanish government's plan really succeeds in opening up the country's dance scene, or whether it will result in a shift of power and resources to classical ballet at the expense of contemporary dance, remains to be seen. Mr. Arroyo, for one, hopes that the new CND will finally provide a home for Spain's exiled talents. "There is currently no professional company that's supported by the institutions. And we need that. Because it's the only way we can keep all those promising young dancers who are looking for a place to work inside Spain."

—Kati Krause is a writer based in Barcelona.



Robbie Jack, Corbis



Spanish dancer Ángel Corella, principal dancer of the American Ballet Theater in New York City and artistic director of the *Corella Ballet Castilla y León*; top, Tamara Rojo, principal dancer at the Royal Ballet in London.

Maison Pic's breath of fresh air

France's three-Michelin-star chef Anne-Sophie Pic is modernizing the family business

BY EMMA-KATE SYMONS

Valence, France

ANNE-SOPHIE PIC, France's only female chef with three Michelin stars, received such a strict culinary education at the hands of her father, the late gastronomic legend Jacques Pic, that she almost abandoned the family business.

Quotidian treats for most small children, such as shop-bought sweets and biscuits, were "absolutely forbidden" and father and daughter would sit down to lunch each day, with cooking the only subject of discussion. "My father refused to let me buy 'bonbons' or processed biscuits—anything that was 'industrial' and in fact, everything that little children love, and what my girlfriends and boyfriends ate," says Ms. Pic, admitting that she is today almost as exacting with her 4-year-old son (although "a little more open because I don't want him to become frustrated").

At the eponymous family restaurant in the south of France in the provincial town of Valence, and on the road to Avignon and Marseilles, Jacques, a three-Michelin-starred chef like his father André Pic before him, insisted young Anne-Sophie treat herself only to Maison Pic cakes and cookies for the Gallic childhood ritual of the *gouter*, or afternoon tea.

From an early age, the pupil, at times reluctant, was then marched into the restaurant kitchen to see how the house specialties were prepared from scratch. Perhaps unsurprisingly, Ms. Pic rebelled when she was 18.

"I had my adolescent crisis a little late," Ms. Pic, now 41, recalls. "Having grown up surrounded by this world of cooking and our restaurant—I lived with my parents where today we have the patisserie—it had all become too much of a weight on me. I decided I wanted to do anything except work in the restaurant business."

Ms. Pic's father had his heart set

that the world of cooking is a world of culinary creation."

Convinced of her vocation, Ms. Pic, then 22, announced she would come home to work in the family restaurant alongside her father in the kitchen upon graduation. "Of course my father was very touched. But unfortunately, three months later he passed away. And that was really something else."

At 23, she began her journey on a career as a Michelin-starred chef, hotelier, cookbook author, and now the creative mind behind the Beau Rivage Palace restaurant in Lausanne. Nearly 20 years later, Ms. Pic has succeeded perhaps even beyond the hopes of her late father in both carrying on the tradition of the 120-year-old Maison Pic, set in motion by her great-grandmother Sophie, and transforming it for a new generation of lovers of haute cuisine. Classical family standbys, for instance, have been recreated with lighter sauces and modern presentation. In the process of putting a new twist on an old formula, she has reinvigorated the reputation of the Maison Pic, which had begun to fade in the years following her father's death.

Among her dishes, a mélange of sweet and savory flavors pervade the exquisite selection of amuse bouche, including tiny beetroot macaroons, and a foie-gras crème brûlée with grapefruit as well as marshmallow with sesame. A stand-out dessert is Ms. Pic's highly original miniature profiteroles ("version 2010") lined up on a rectangular plate with fresh mint and a light whipped vanilla cream, drizzled with Tainori chocolate sauce.

Asian influences can be seen intermittently, such as in the first course of the Collection Pic menu, a selection of locally produced vegetables including artichokes, radishes, carrots, petits pois and green asparagus on a fine sablée lavender tart, which is finished off with a light caramel topping made from Japanese dark sugar from Amami Oshima.



Jeff Nalin

'I had a duty to the memory of my father, to win back his three stars. It has really given me a serenity, and now I can focus on passing on my values,' Anne-Sophie Pic says.

on a hotel school in Switzerland for her. So he was surprised when his daughter, determined to prove to her family that she could forsake the culinary arts for an elite academic education, took herself out of sleepy Valence, and instead set off for business school at the Institut Supérieur de Gestion in Paris.

During her studies, Ms. Pic spent three months on an exchange program in Japan, where she grew fond of the flavors of Asian cuisine. She also held business-strategy internships at Moët & Chandon and Cartier before realizing her true passion.

"I needed to go far away to find out what I truly loved and to understand that this was the métier I wanted," she says. "I finally realized

The seasonal à la carte menu carries Chinese inspirations, including starters such as frogs' legs and Lap-sang Souchong tea.

On the seasonal menu, the second course may include dainty local organic lamb saddle pan-roasted with an aroma of jasmine flowers, beets and a creamy "brousse" or runny sheep's milk cheese.

In May, Ms. Pic devised a new €320 degustation menu called "Collection Pic." Depending on the season, guests can sample the classic dish of Le Gratin de Queues d'Écrevisses (gratin of crayfish tails) "from my Grand-father, in the style of his mother Sophie—1929", as the menu explains; Le Bar de Ligne au Caviar d'Aquitaine (line

bass with aquitaine caviar) — "as my father liked it—1971"; and finally Anne-Sophie Pic's new signature dish L'Homard aux Fruits Rouges (slowly roasted lobster with a lobster consommé, red berries and green pepper spicy juice).

"This is the new dish of my own creation that I have added and which really represents my own work," she says. "When you are a self-taught woman and you start out in this milieu of cooking which is very masculine and even until a few years ago, was hardly open to women, you always feel guilty and are always trying to prove yourself." Earning three stars from the Michelin Guide in 2007 was liberating, Ms. Pic recalls. "I had a duty to the mem-

ory of my father, to win back his three stars. It has really given me a serenity, and now I can focus on passing on my values," she says.

Along with David Sinapian, her husband and business manager, she is looking at options for opening a Pic restaurant on Paris's Left Bank. The duo has also launched a comprehensive redesign this year of the Maison Pic restaurant and its 15-room hotel (www.pic-valence.fr).

The decor of the restaurant is unrecognizable. While the facade remains suitably southern in style, the interior has taken on the aura of an uber-trendy restaurant or bar in New York or London.

Chief designer Bruno Borrione, the former associate of Philippe

Starck, has created a haven for gastro-lovers around an airy central courtyard and swimming pool with a decor that is neither too cold nor too fancy.

"We wanted a place that would be chic but at the same time without an ostentatious luxury," Ms. Pic says. "Of course, we wanted to have beautiful table settings and plates and glasses, for example by Baccarat representing French artisans, but never a luxury that meant people felt uncomfortable."

Baccarat crystal lamps and chandeliers, postmodern French Regency chairs with upholstery resembling a woolly mammoth and tartan cushions, gilt mirror frames alongside absurdist ceramic sculptures, and boldly swirling almost animal-



Eric Morin, JB Lassaraghi

Clockwise from left page, Anne-Sophie Pic, France's only female three-Michelin-star chef; the remodeled dining room of the Maison Pic restaurant; a dessert comprising white and yellow peaches with fresh verbena.



printed carpets define the new look. In union with the restaurant, the hotel rooms, which start at €290 per night, are equally stylish, yet comfortable with vast uncluttered bathrooms and luxurious white-covered beds. Mr. Borri- one has set out to create "a fairytale atmosphere for the Alice [in Wonderlands] of today," in rooms dominated by a striking modern silver interpretation of the paravent screen, dividing the bedroom from the study behind with its writing desk. The entrance to the Maison—which comprises the hotel, the restaurant and a bistro called "7" across the courtyard—is devoted to the family history, including a long

glass case reminiscent of a museum display with every edition of the Michelin Guide since its red leather debut in 1933. (Maison Pic earned its first three-star billing in 1934, and garnered other stars in 1973 and 2007.) Ms. Pic explains that the refurbishment isn't a simple exterior change, it is a shift in presentation that will also be reflected in the evolution of her cuisine. The upgrade, she says, "conforms more closely to what people expect in a three-starred establishment. "It is perhaps surprising given the fact that we are in the countryside," that this effort is being made, she continues. "But we have to go a bit further because people really

make a special trip when they come to Maison Pic." London-based Australian chef Paul Merrony, who heads up the acclaimed restaurant the Gioconda Dining Room, appreciates that effort. Visiting Maison Pic for the first time since the redesign, he praised Mr. Borri- one's "elegant" makeover. "We ate very well—the sole (cooked slowly with half-salted butter and a creamy leek fondant with lemon bergamot) was delicious. I was also a big fan of her cheese platter," he says. "She produces beautiful challenging food in an unparalleled setting." —Emma-Kate Symons is a writer based in Bangkok and Paris.

A taste of biodynamics

IMAKE NO claim to understand how biodynamics works. According to the "Oxford Companion to Wine," non-believers consider biodynamics an "unscientific and disturbingly irrational cult." A view, I have to confess, for which I once harbored a slight sympathy. It's not that I now have the fervor of the convert, far from it, and there are still some principles associated with

was no doubt about it, the wines had more energy. I have encountered a similar energy in Vanya Cullen's wines made in Margaret River, Western Australia; Domaine Leflaive in Puligny Montrachet; and Christophe Ehrhart's wines from the Josp Meyer estate in Alsace. Of course, as Josko Gravner, winemaker in Italy's Friuli region, maintains, any organic or biodynamic label should be subject to scrutiny as it can be used as a marketing tool. But given biodynamics' effect on flavor, I think it's worth learning more.

Wine WILL LYONS

it I find a little odd. It's just that having tasted numerous wines made using some of the practical aspects of biodynamics I have found they are marked with a purity, silkiness and concentration rarely found in other wines. Over the years, I have interviewed countless winemakers who practice biodynamic principles, but my epiphany, if that is what it was, came a few years ago when I took a walk amid the vineyards of Alain Moueix's Bordeaux property, Château Fonroque. Mr. Moueix, whose cousin, Christian, now runs Petrus in Pomerol and Dominus in Napa, trained as both an agricultural engineer and an oenologist. Thoughtful, measured and armed with experience of working in vineyards in New Zealand and South Africa, Mr. Moueix is a strong believer in the importance of terroir. As he remarked to me then, "people who are serious about wine should talk about soil."

In short, biodynamics can be explained as an extreme form of organic farming. But perhaps it is more helpful to think of it as an alternative philosophy. It is based on a series of lectures delivered in 1924 by Austrian scholar Rudolf Steiner, entitled "Spiritual Foundations for the Renewal of Agriculture." Steiner's central agricultural tenet is that the Earth is a living organism dependent on and receptive to cosmic cycles. The "Oxford Companion to Wine" cites the example of a descending moon; a good time to plant new vines, as the moon's cycle influences the plants to concentrate their activity below the ground. Christopher Ehrhart at Josp Meyer argues that vines have a rhythm and mood, much like humans. When you can understand these moods, you can pick, plant and prune at the optimum time.

As we walked through the vines he told me that since adopting biodynamic practices in 2006 the vineyard had changed. The ripening of the grapes, the fruit and acidity were all different. For example, the phenolic ripening (polyphenols are the chemicals in grapes that create specific flavors and tannins) was now happening seven to 10 days earlier than in the neighboring vineyard. In short, there was more life in the soil, more plants were growing. I listened with interest but it was later, in the cellar, when I was tasting from the barrel, that I really took notice. We tasted wines made before and after the biodynamic principles had been introduced, and the comparison was marked. The wines made under the new regime were lighter, cleaner and purer. There

Central to this is the use of biodynamic fertilizer. This is where it can get a little unusual. Reference to stinging nettles, oak bark and dandelion seem innocuous enough but it's hard to read that they have to be prepared in a cow's intestine and then buried in the ground in a cow horn without cracking a smile. But it must be stressed that not all biodynamic winemakers adhere to all of Steiner's strictures. Also surprising is the belief that our tastebuds pick up different flavors depending on the calendar. According to biodynamic principles, wine is best tasted on certain days of the year that coincide with the rhythm of the lunar cycle. In other words, both humans and the wine are reacting to the lunar cycles, changing the way the wine tastes. After numerous taste trials I'm willing to be convinced.

DRINKING NOW

Cullen Mangan Vineyard Sauvignon Blanc Semillon Margaret River, Western Australia

Vintage: 2008

Price: about £20 or €24

Alcohol content: 11.5%

Vanya Cullen is a winemaker worth seeking out. Her wines are marked by a bright purity of fruit. This predominantly Bordeaux blend is concentrated on the palate with tropical notes and a rich, almost Old-World character running through it.



Enjoy the ride

From a trip along Portugal's Mondego River to a visit at Germany's Lake Starnberg, here are some of Europe's best summer drives

Montepulciano, Italy

There are two sorts of heart-stopping Italian drives: terrifying and gorgeous. The alarming ones are in cities—I shall never get behind the wheel in Salerno again if I can avoid it—but the country roads around the Val d'Orcia offer some of the loveliest scenery in Tuscany.

The drive starts at Montepulciano, one of a number of beautiful hillside towns within easy striking distance of Siena or Perugia. From here, the motorist can reach several others, along winding, mostly well-surfaced roads flanked by cypresses and Lombardy pines, with undulating vistas of sunflowers, vineyards, and—in August—great rolls of hay in golden fields beyond.

Just after setting out westward from the gates of the old town toward Pienza on the SS146, there is a magnificent view of San Biagio, a late Renaissance domed church laid out like a Greek cross, with Montepulciano stacked on the hillside above. If you don't stop to buy pecorino from an *agriturismo*, or farmhouse, you should reach Pienza in half an hour.

This attractive town, well worth a visit (park outside the main gate), is a model of 15th-century urban planning remodelled by Pope Pius II, with the flags of the *contrade*, or town districts, hung along the main street to the piazza and cathedral.

If you are pushing on, continue to San Quirico, another pleasant town with picture-postcard views on the approach. From there follow signs to the SR2 (toward Siena). After a couple of kilometers, turn off for Montalcino, approached on a steep winding road from the south and west. If it's lunchtime, park at the Rocca, or fortress, and head for the Enoteca Bacchus (☎ 39-0577847054) in Via Matteotti, an excellent bistro in the "Slow Food" movement.

From Montalcino, it is about 10 kilometers on the small road to the abbey at Sant'Antimo, one of the most beautiful Romanesque buildings in Italy, situated in a picturesque valley lined with vines and cypresses. The only heart-stopping things about this route are the glorious views. Unless, as I once had to, you attempt it without a functioning hand-brake. —Andrew McKie



View of Pienza, Val d'Orcia, in Tuscany, Italy.



Berkshire, England

Driving just an hour west of London you can find yourself meandering past undulating cornfields and through ancient pasture cut short by centuries of grazing sheep. This drive, starting near the prehistoric (and arguably Britain's most ancient) road, the Ridgeway, and ending at Stonehenge, is a leisurely 2.5 hours without stopping, and five hours with sightseeing and lunch breaks.

Turn off M4 at Junction 14, and take the A338 right toward Wantage. Crossing the Ridgeway, the country opens up to reveal a spectacular view across rolling downlands, to the Vale of the White Horse. Wantage is a pretty market town, and the birthplace of ninth-century West Saxon monarch King Alfred. Leaving Wantage, take the B4507 and head toward the Uffington White Horse, a prehistoric hill figure. The road is now running parallel to the Ridgeway. After a leisurely 10 minutes take a left (sign-posted) up to the stylized chalk horse, which is thought to date from the Bronze Age. After admiring the extensive views, walkers may want to explore the Neolithic burial site of Wayland Smithy, an hour's round trip along the Ridgeway and back.

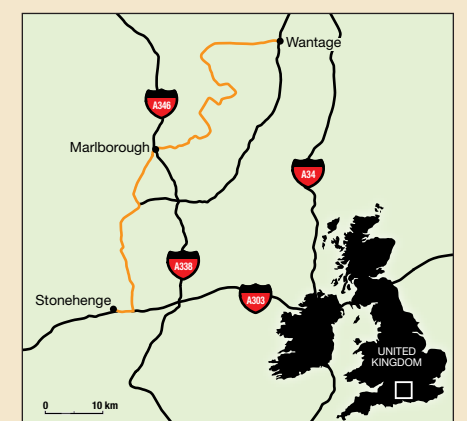
Returning down the hill in your car back to the B4507, you may either turn left toward Ashbury, or for a refuel, head across the B4507 to the White Horse pub at Woolstone (www.white-horsewoolstone.co.uk).

Back along the B4507 at Ashbury, take the B4000 to Lambourn, past the 17th-century Ashdown House—now owned by Pete Townsend from The Who. You may want to take a look at the interesting sarsen stones in front of the house (the same stones used to build part of Stonehenge). The house is a National Trust property and open to the public for a small fee (www.nationaltrust.org.uk/main/w-ash-downhouse). Drive over the picturesque Berkshire downs and through the horse-

riding town of Lambourn, watching out for gallops and skittish fillies.

Head to Baydon then Aldbourne, then through Ramsbury and Axford, otherwise known as the upper Kennett valley. This pretty section (with roads so small that they are not numbered) is worth taking your time over. Marlborough—a fine market town, is the next stop. This is home to a famous public school as well as the esteemed Polly Tea Rooms (www.thepolly.com), where the scones, clotted cream and jam are a must.

Take the A345 out toward Salisbury. Just outside Pewsey, on the left, is another white horse carved into the hills, dating from a far more recent 1937. Crossing Salisbury Plain—where the British army has trained since the mid-19th century—take the A344 right to Stonehenge. The road is slow, but the panorama opens up magnificently at the top. You might want to drive past, or go in and walk around the marvel, reflecting a moment on how these giant boulders made their way up there—the subject of much debate—and, more importantly, why. —Jemima Sissons



The ancient White Horse chalk figure at Uffington, in Oxfordshire, England.

Coimbra, Portugal

Rising high in the Serra da Estrela mountains, the Mondego has a special place in the hearts of Portuguese as the longest river that is entirely theirs, unlike the Tagus or Douro, whose waters they must share with Spain. Join it in the pretty little town of Penacova, perched high above the Mondego as it winds through a steep valley, forested with oak, chestnut and eucalyptus.

Here you can take the plunge from Reconquinho beach, a sand bar curving into the river. Alternatively, head into the woods to explore the baroque treasures of Lorvao monastery, or prepare for the drive with a lunch of goat slow-cooked in red wine at the Panorâmico restaurant.

There are kayaks for hire in Penacova, which let you meander slowly down the Mondego toward Coimbra, but the view from the N110 road is also spectacular as it swings along the riverbank in a series of heart-stopping bends.

Wind down when you pull into Portugal's oldest university town. Park by the river and stroll through Coimbra's warren of alleys up to the Pátio das Escolas, the heart of the old university surrounded by Renaissance chapels and chambers, including a magnificent 18th-century library. On the way down, pause at the Sé Velha, the fortified medieval cathedral and grab a coffee at historic Café Santa Cruz (www.cafesantacruz.com).

After Coimbra, the river changes character, leaving the hills behind, to cut a sedate path to the Atlantic through rice paddies and glistening salt pans. Looming over these flat wetlands is the mighty fortress at Montemor-o-Velho. To reach the castle, the N341 along the southern bank is the more scenic route, passing the Arzila marsh nature reserve. However, travelers with a sweet tooth should take the N111 to the north and stop at the village of Tentúgal, famed throughout the land for its sugary cigar-shaped pastries.

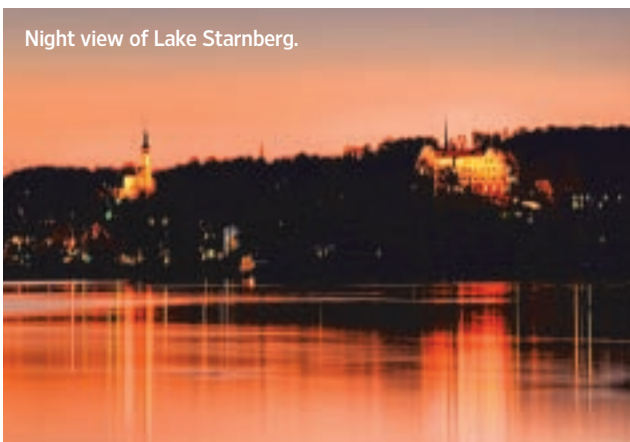
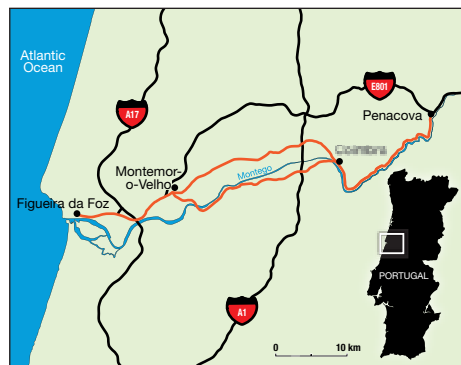
The Mondego reaches the ocean at the resort of Figueira da Foz with its Sahara-scale beach, casino and fine fish restaurants like Marveja (www.marveja.pt) in the sea-front Buarcos neighborhood or the Forte de Santa Catarina, overlooking the river mouth.

—Paul Ames



Coimbra above the Mondego River in Portugal.

Alamy (Portugal & Sardinia); MyOakForest (Starnberg Lake)



Night view of Lake Starnberg.



Lake Starnberg, Germany

Lake Starnberg, south of Munich, is a remarkable mixture of the pastoral and the glamorous. With the romantic bona fides of England's Lake District, and a reputation for some of the highest property values east of Malibu, Lake Starnberg—known in German as the Starnberger See—is where the high brow meets the good life. About 20 kilometers long, with dramatic views of the Alps from just about every meter, and with a number of first-rank cultural attractions scattered along its shores, the lake is an ideal destination for a slow, scenery-packed daylong car trip.

Starting from Munich, take the A95 south for about 30 minutes, and then exit on your left toward the town of Starnberg, the gateway to the area, at the lake's northern tip. Plan on following the so-called *Staatsstrassen*, a Bavarian designation for country roads, around the whole of the lake.

The most scenic stretch of the drive takes you right along the lake from Starnberg itself down through Feldafing, and then on to Tutzing. These place-names are now synonymous with the wealthiest of greater Munich. But with a little imagination, you can replace all the Porsches with the horse-drawn carriages of the Kingdom of Bavaria, a doomed 19th-century political confection, whose fate was tied up with Ludwig II, the opera-loving aesthete-king, who

turned the lake into his personal refuge.

In Feldafing, stroll the beautiful park designed by Peter Joseph Lenné, Prussia's royal gardener, and then take a ferry to the Roseninsel, the lake's only island, where Ludwig liked to entertain Richard Wagner, as well as his royal cousin, Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

Born a Bavarian princess, Elizabeth, known as "Sissi," now has a museum dedicated to her memory in nearby Possenhofen. Go native with the German crowds, who tend to be fans of the eminently kitschy "Sissi" films from the 1950s. Across the lake, near the village of Berg, Ludwig mysteriously died in 1886, and a cross marks the spot in the shallows where his body was found.

Further down from Feldafing, in Bernried, stop at the Buchheim Museum, housing the impressive modern art collection of German author Lothar-Günther Buchheim, known for his 1973 novel, "Das Boot," about a German submarine during World War II. The museum, designed in the late 1990s by the Stuttgart-based architect Günter Behnisch, is a pioneering work of sustainable architecture.

The eastern shore of the lake, often given over to small private roads, has a more rustic feel. The drive on the main road back toward the Autobahn will take you through forests, fields, and Bavarian villages. —J. S. Marcus

Sardinia, Italy

While the turquoise waters and rocky, fish-filled bays of Sardinia have attracted tourists from all over the planet, people often overlook the wild beauty of the island's mountainous interiors. Here is an afternoon drive that offers travelers a blend of both. The drive will take under two hours by motorcycle and as long as three hours by car.

From Cagliari, follow SS195 south past Sarroch and Pula. This stretch of road skirts the coast, and if the draw of the sparkling Mediterranean Sea on your left proves too alluring to resist, follow signs after Pula for Chia, a vast expanse of white sand and blue water is considered one of the most beautiful beaches in southern Sardinia. Parts of the road are extremely windy; parents with children prone to car sickness should drive with care.

Returning to SS195, continue north toward Domus de Maria and ultimately San Giovanni Suergiu. This section of the highway cuts through the island's rough interior, offering travelers views of stark rocky mountains, shady eucalyptus groves around gurgling streams, and the omnipresent tan-and-green-dappled shrublands Italians refer to as Mediterranean *macchia*. Occasional oleanders appear on the roadside in explosions of red, white and fuchsia.

At San Giovanni Suergiu, take SS126 toward Calasetta. You will cross a narrow isthmus that connects the main island with smaller Sant'Antioco island. During

warmer months, keep an eye out for herons, egrets and pink flamingos fishing the shallow coastal waters near the road.

In Calasetta, you can catch either a Saremar (www.saremar.it) or Delcomar (www.delcomar.it) ferry to Carloforte, on San Pietro island. The crossing lasts 30 minutes and ferries leave roughly every half hour during summer months.

Dinner awaits you at Da Nicolo (www.luigipomata.com/nicolo), where the chefs skillfully blend ingredients like couscous, fresh tuna, local tomatoes and pecorino cheeses, combining influences from Sardinian, Tunisian and Genovese cuisines to create a delicious culinary reflection of the cultural forces that have, whether by invasion or invitation, shaped this corner of paradise over centuries. —Aaron Maines



Cagliari in Sardinia, Italy.



The eighth hole of the par-three course at Augusta National Golf Club in Georgia.

Rob Brown

A case for building more short courses

As the golf industry struggles, quicker rounds, a place for beginners to learn and smaller maintenance budgets have their appeal

MIKE KEISER, WHO commissions everything at the Bandon Dunes complex in Oregon as a golf purist's fantasy, is building a fifth course to add to his famous four.

It's something you don't hear about much anymore—a par-three. Construction on the 12-holer, tentatively called "The Bandon Preserve," starts in February.

Golf

JEFF NEUMAN

"The baby boomers are getting older," Mr. Keiser said, "and the older they get, the less willing or maybe less able they are to play 36 holes in a day. But with a par-three course on the ocean as an afternoon activity or as an alternative to 18 holes—people say to me, hurry up and build it."

The golf industry is struggling, and many people in the game cite the same reasons: a round takes too long; the game is hard; maintenance budgets are through the roof; there are no places for beginners to play while they learn.

One remedy: more short courses. For the experienced player, 18 holes on a par-three or "executive" course—a slightly longer version that usually includes a few par-fours of less than 275 meters—provide a great practice session under game conditions. Improving your game around the greens is the best way to cut five strokes from your score; two or three hours at a short course is more valuable than whaling away with your driver on the range.

For the beginner, the shorter holes mean

less frustration and more success. The golf bug bites only on the course; the reward for a good shot on the range is the chance to do it again, not a memorable par or birdie.

Yet short courses have struggled in the marketplace recently. According to the U.S. National Golf Foundation, executive and par-three layouts make up 9% of American courses but accounted for 22% of course closings in 2009.

I learned the game at a nine-hole course surrounding a driving range. I spent many hot afternoons going around and around the place, even playing through a partial solar eclipse one summer. The course is long gone, but some of my lost Top-Flites are surely still there, quietly testing the half-life of Surlyn.

Such courses dotted the landscape in the 1950s and '60s, providing entry-level golf after a period when few 18s were built because of the Depression and two wars. Geoffrey Cornish, the 95-year-old dean of American golf architects, owned a flood-lit pitch-and-putt course in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, and laid out and built a slew of them for clients up and down the East Coast. Then the boom stopped, Mr. Cornish recalled: "As the use of golf carts became universal, par-threes lost their major appeal—shorter walking distances."

Short courses can be public—or oh-so-private. Augusta National built its par-three course in 1958; it's the favored spot for older members who no longer want to take on the big course, and has served as a testing ground for turfgrass experiments. Pine Valley added a 10-hole short course in 1992; eight of the 10 holes replicate approach shots on its famous 18, providing a second round of sorts for visitors and members

when tee times are at a premium. At the Olympic Club in San Francisco, the par-three Cliffs Course has the only holes among the club's 45 where you can hear the Pacific below.

Bill Coore and Ben Crenshaw will be designing the new short course at Bandon in an area of large sand dunes. "There won't be a giant fluctuation in distances," Mr. Coore told me. "But [the holes] go in all directions. With the way the wind blows, that creates a lot of interest."

Messrs. Coore and Crenshaw have done short courses at Friar's Head on Long Island, Colorado Golf Club and Austin Golf Club, Mr. Crenshaw's home club. This will be their first for a public facility.

"With a short course, you're eliminating the longest and most unpredictable shots," said Mr. Coore. "It frees you up creatively, and lets you put in something that might be right on the edge of unfair, something you wouldn't put into a big course...because a big score on one hole might affect how a golfer thinks about his whole round and the course. But most people play short courses for fun, or at match play, and that allows you to create something the golfer might never be able to experience elsewhere."

James Viras, golf operations manager at Harbor Links Golf Course in North Hempstead, New York, thinks he knows why his regulars flock to the regulation course without ever trying the excellent nine-hole executive course next door. "You know golfers," he said. "They think it will be too easy."

That may be, but usually it's not the first 275 meters of a hole that kill you.

—*Sportswriter Jeff Neuman is co-author of "A Disorderly Compendium of Golf." John Paul Newport is on vacation.*

Arbitrage

Hermès beach pareo

City	Local currency	€
Rome	€395	€395
Paris	€395	€395
Brussels	€403	€403
Frankfurt	€409	€409
New York	\$574	€441
London	£370	€442

Note: Prices of model ref. 101177M03 (orange), cotton muslin (59" x 71"), plus taxes as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

❖ Film

Angelina Jolie as the titular CIA operative in 'Salt.'



SONY PICTURES

'Salt' is fun, but needs pepper

Angelina Jolie shows more muscle tone than heart

In the first of the many frenetic/kinetic chase scenes sprinkled through "Salt," CIA agent Evelyn A. Salt—accused of being a long-dormant Russian mole—dashes through the labyrinth of the agency's D.C. offices, desperate to keep its surveillance

which is director Phillip Noyce's first feature since the 2006 apartheid drama "Catch a Fire," and around which the word "fun" will be bandied about. It is fun: Watching Ms. Jolie do her own acrobatics, under the direction of her longtime stunt coordinator Simon Crane, is a kick, especially in an era when our knowledge of special effects has so diluted the vicarious thrills of high-wire moviemaking. As Evelyn shoots, swings, and flying-back-kicks her way through legions of foul male antagonists, there may also be some subliminal/primal enhancement involved

mas ("The Quiet American," "Rabbit-Proof Fence"), can also handle large-caliber studio thrillers ("Patriot Games") and isn't afraid to take inspiration where he finds it: Hitchcock's "Notorious" and "North by Northwest" are his influences here, as are the "Bourne" films directed by Paul Greengrass, with their ADD editing and hallucinatory action. There's a bit of gas-baggery—when the great Polish actor Daniel Olbrychski shows up at the beginning of the film, playing the nefarious Russian Orlov, we get a lengthy tutorial on the Cold

Film

JOHN ANDERSON

system from tracking her flight. Having disabled various cameras in various ways, she finally peels off her panties, and drapes them over a lens.

And if Tom Cruise had been cast in the role instead of Angelina Jolie, as originally planned? Chances are the scene would have played a bit differently.

But would the movie? Not really. Based on an original screenplay by Kurt Wimmer, this neo-Cold War thriller is out of the classic good-guy-as-fugitive mold, about a CIA agent who may or may not have been a Russian plant and ends up with the entirety of the U.S. clandestine services breathing down her neck. As she tries to find her husband, and perhaps assassinate the Russian president, she's not quite sure who or what she is. And neither are we. Which is precisely why the whole thing works.

But we're equally in the dark regarding Ms. Jolie, upon whom this putative tent pole is propped. She may in fact be the perfect action avatar—she often looks like she popped out of a videogame, and her stardom seems to put her at an arm's length from humanity anyway. What is she, exactly? An actress. A megacelebrity. And, apparently, Hollywood's reigning female sex symbol. So where's the sex? For that matter, where's the humor? "Salt" has neither, and it seems to have become SOP for Ms. Jolie's on-screen personae to exist on a plane unsullied by desire, laughs or passion.

There's something rollickingly puritanical about a film like "Salt,"

Watching Ms. Jolie do her own acrobatics is a kick, especially in an era when our knowledge of special effects have so diluted the vicarious thrills of high-wire moviemaking.

in watching a woman, rather than a man, doing what Ms. Jolie does—leaping from speeding truck to speeding truck along a dizzying freeway ramp, or clambering along the 11th-floor ledge of an apartment building, while the heads of CIA agents keep popping out of windows, à la Whack-a-Mole. Most of it defies belief, of course, and Salt's vaulting from a moving train into a clean landing on the 51st Street subway platform is really too much. But as defined by Ms. Jolie, and by Mr. Wimmer, our title character is less superagent than superhero.

She's also an operative with finely honed skills, unlimited daring and, like the movie itself, vague complexities: She has a strange relationship with her colleague Winter (Liev Schreiber). Her CIA superior, Peabody (Chiwetel Ejiofor) is overly eager to bring her in, dead or alive. Her little-seen husband Mike (August Diehl) couldn't be more colorless. While she can virtually vanish at will, Salt will indeed rematerialize in a sequel—"Salt" all but sets it up. Mr. Noyce, whose best work has been in small-bore dra-

War, some blather about Lee Harvey Oswald's doppelgänger having assassinated JFK and a storyline that seems, well, kind of familiar—about Russian agents living quiet lives, waiting for the day when the Motherland will crush the West. As plotlines go, it's a lot more exciting in "Salt" than it's been on CNN.

WSJ.com

Opening this week in Europe

- Despicable Me Belgium
- Inception Austria, Denmark, Germany, Poland, Switzerland, Turkey
- Knight and Day France
- The Karate Kid Iceland, U.K.
- The Last Airbender Belgium, France, Hungary, Switzerland
- The Sorcerer's Apprentice Netherlands
- Toy Story 3 Austria, Belgium, Germany, Portugal, Switzerland

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❖ Top Picks

Two German revolutionary plays restaged

LONDON: For the German writers Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811) and Georg Büchner (1813-37) the events of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars were as close as the 1960s are to us. The issues of duties to the state versus the individual's freedom were as urgent for them as for us, and the question of how to cope with terrorism even more so, as the terror that confronted them was entirely state-sponsored.

Büchner's first play, "Danton's Death," was published in 1835, when the would-be revolutionary was still 21, only two years before his death from typhoid. (His most celebrated play, "Woyzeck," was published posthumously.) First staged only in 1902, and last done here at the National Theatre in 1982 in a translation by Howard Brenton, "Danton's Death" is now at the NT's Olivier in a greatly abbreviated new version by Mr. Brenton. Directed by Michel Grandage, who is making his NT debut, the wordy play's four hours is here slimmed to just under two, discarding the crowd scenes in which the sans-culottes buzz like a Greek chorus in a beehive, their swarms giving the play epic dimensions.

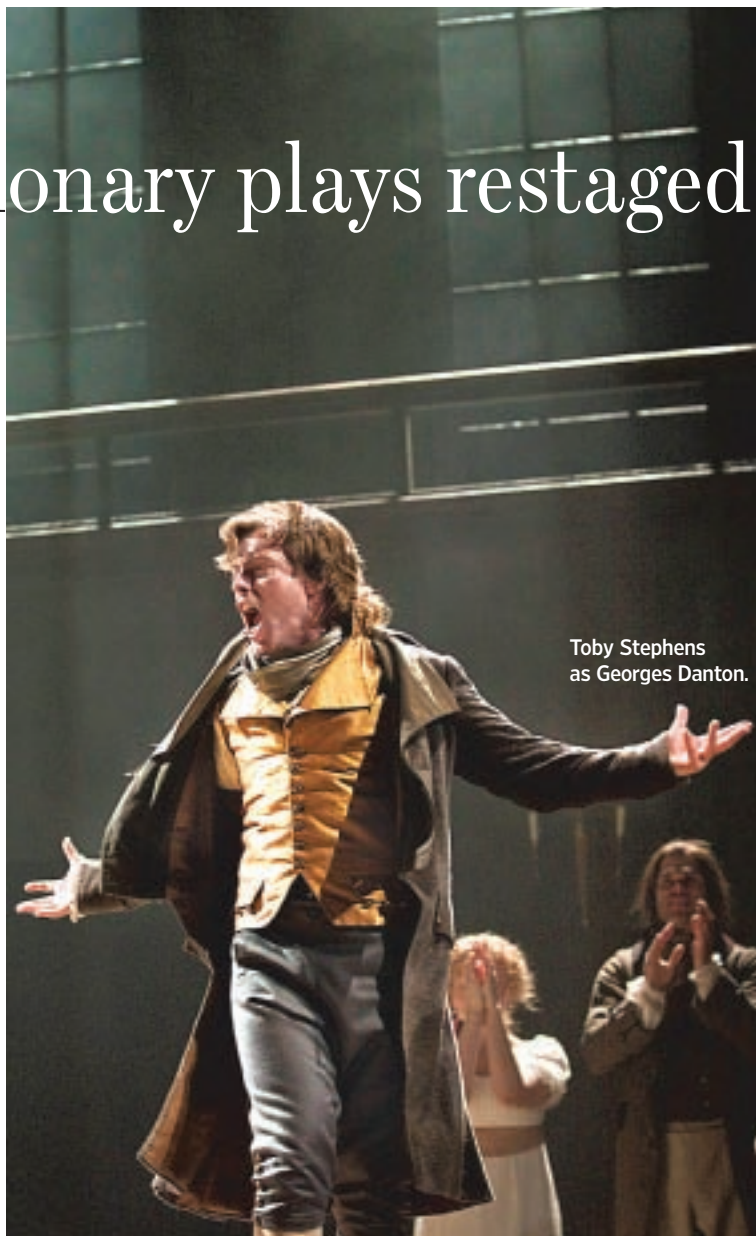
Designer Christopher Oram's wonderfully flexible sets and Paule Constable's ingenious lighting make the stage morph rapidly from high-windowed bedroom to courtroom, and do their work in the final coup de théâtre, when the guillotine makes its startling appearance. Costumes are the tailcoats and breeches we know from Jacques-Louis David's pictures. Of the revolu-

tionaries, though, only Eliot Levey's priggish, nose-wrinkling Robespierre wears a wig.

Mr. Brenton's scissors have done their best to try to remove the rhetoric to show us some poetry and action, but the piece resists. Each of the characters has a position and declaims it on what is justified in the resistance of tyranny, how to keep the revolutionary spirit live, how much power the state should have, and how many should suffer (and to what degree) to ward off counter-revolution. "Against all the odds," says Mr. Brenton in his wishful-thinking program note, "it is a revolutionary play."

In paring the drama back to its essentials, Mr. Brenton has, despite its cast of 24, practically given us a one-man play about the death of one man, Georges Danton, consumed by the monster he helped create. Toby Stephens is magnificent, showing him as a reflective hedonist, a precursor of the 1960s who believes that liberty, free speech and free love are linked. It's a concise, painless history lesson of the final stages of the French Revolution, but it wants something as drama.

Kleist's response to the European aftermath of the Revolution, "The Prince of Homburg," at the Donmar in a limpid new version by Dennis Kelly, is a genuine play. Completed a year before Kleist's 1811 murder/suicide pact with Henriette Vogel, it tells of a German prince (a winsome Charlie Cox), an officer who leads the cavalry of the disciplinarian Elector of Brandenburg (the severe, but sometimes amused Ian McDiarmid).



Toby Stephens as Georges Danton.

Distracted by his infatuation with the Elector's niece, the Princess Natalia (Sonya Cassidy, with an annoying, un-princess-like accent), the prince fails to hear his orders when briefed for the Battle of Fehrbellin (1675). He leads a charge against the Swedish enemy before the planned time, and though he wins the day for Brandenburg, he is court-martialed for ignoring his orders.

In his prison cell, the callow prince tells his friends he is convinced he will be pardoned—he knows the Elector loves him, and was he not the victor? He only grasps his plight when he learns that the Elector has signed his death warrant; then he loses his dignity and the sangfroid of his noble upbringing, and begs for his life.

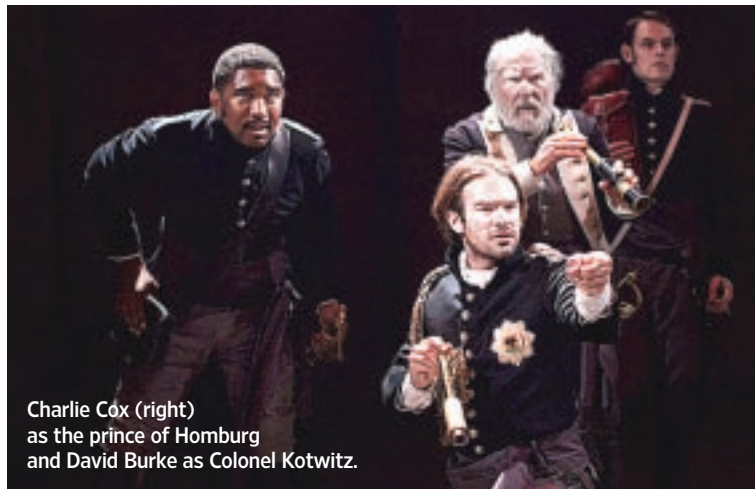
The Elector presents him with a conundrum: if the prince can sincerely say that the sentence is un-

just, he will pardon him. In the weirdest-ever interpretation of noblesse oblige, the prince acknowledges the justice of the sentence and embraces his death. However, it is all, perhaps, a dream. Director Jonathan Munby, reveling in the play's multiple ambiguities, left me—at least—guessing.

What does emerge, though, is that the Elector's position—that following orders is the essence of citizenship, the overarching duty the individual owes to the state—is the spine of modern totalitarianism. Where were Kleist's sympathies? He was too confused, or perhaps too much the artist, to make that clear.

—Paul Levy

"Danton's Death" until Oct. 14
www.nationaltheatre.org.uk
 "The Prince of Homburg" until Sept. 4
www.donmarwarehouse.com



Charlie Cox (right) as the prince of Homburg and David Burke as Colonel Kotwitz.

In Berlin, the sensuous portraits of Alice Springs

Berlin: Helmut Newton (1920-2004) was one of the great image-makers of the 20th century. By using fashion photography to shed light on some of mankind's darker instincts, he turned the subliminally sexual world of high fashion into a circus of the mind, at once erotic, violent and hilarious. Born into a Jewish family in pre-Nazi Berlin, he came to Europe's catwalks by way of Australia, where he survived the Second World War, and where he met his future wife, an actress named June Browne. Over the decades, June Newton became her husband's editor, curator and collaborator, and one day in 1970, when Newton, who was scheduled to shoot a cigarette ad in Paris, got sick with a cold, she became his replacement. That ad launched her own remarkable career, first as a fashion photographer, then as a portraitist, under the name "Alice Springs," a name she chose by landing a pin on a map of the Australian outback.

Berlin's Museum of Photography, permanent home to the Helmut Newton Foundation, is now staging the first major international retrospective of Ms. Newton's work, and it's a kind of low-key sensation. The 250 photographs cover the same terrains of fashion and celebrity we recognize from Helmut Newton's work, but they provoke a different range of responses.

Helmut Newton seemed to dehumanize the looks of his famously female subjects, who were often a cross between mythical Amazons and robotic sex toys; the power of that work comes from a clang sounding off in the viewers'—rather than in the models'—hearts. June Newton brings her subjects' humanity to the surface, and lets it stay there, creating evocatively poignant portraits, where sensuality, rather than sexuality, is the measure of all things.

Nothing charts out the difference between the two more than a

very early photograph of Ms. Newton's taken in 1971. In a fashion shot for the French magazine "Dépêche Mode," a model, walking away as her mini skirt hikes up one buttock, looks back at the camera with a vulnerable rebuke. A Helmut Newton heroine would stare down at us full frontal, in defiance.

Jetting back and forth with her husband between Los Angeles and Monte Carlo, Ms. Newton, now in her mid-80s, became a kind of in-house celebrity photographer, capturing the softer side of everyone from Danish actress Brigitte Nielsen to Yves Saint Laurent, exhibited here in a 1978 portrait with his dog Hazel. But her most accomplished and most moving photographs are of Helmut Newton himself, whose strong features and strong will seem to dissolve when faced with his wife's loving lens.

—J. S. Marcus

Until Jan. 30
www.smb.museum



'Brigitte Nielsen and son' (1990) by Alice Springs.



A bottle of Glenfiddich distilled in 1937 fetched £25,200 at Bonhams in June.

In Scotland, sales focus on whisky

THERE WILL BE whisky galore at Scottish auctions in August.

McTear's of Glasgow will offer around 700 lots of whisky on Aug. 18. Meanwhile, Bonhams Aug. 17-20 will include 205 whisky lots in an annual, four-day sale in Edinburgh where everything Scottish comes under the hammer, including ceramics, glass, silver, art and furniture.

Collecting MARGARET STUDER

McTear's holds the world record for a bottle of whisky in a 19th-century Bowmore, which fetched £29,400 in 2007. At McTear's August sale will be a 17-year-old Ardbeg in a dumpy bottle that McTear's specialist Andrew Bell describes as "a peat-powered monster of a malt with bags of elegance to carry it off" (estimate: £320-£360). Another highlight, a 25-year-old Springbank (estimate: £360-£400) with "gentle peat notes" is a "great drink," Mr. Bell says.

Meanwhile, Bonhams recently fetched one of the highest prices ever achieved for a whisky bottle when, on June 16, a Glenfiddich distilled in 1937 was sold for £25,200 (above the estimated £15,000-£20,000). The auction house said the bouquet is of "newly dug peat, burnt leather and old books" and the taste of "treacle toffee and toasted almonds."

Bonhams specialist Martin Green says, if buyers want to do well, the rule is to keep bottles for at least 10 years.

At Bonhams coming sale will be a bottle of Ballantine's salvaged from the S.S. Politician, the ship providing the plot for "Whisky Galore," a 1947 novel by Compton MacKenzie, and a 1949 film with the same title. In real life, S.S. Politician was wrecked off the coast of the Scottish island of Eriskay with 264,000 bottles of whisky on board. History holds that islanders starved of whisky, took 24,000 bottles before the authorities stopped them. To put the whisky beyond temptation, a customs officer blew up the hull. The Bonhams bottle is believed to have been retrieved from the wreck in the 1950s or 1960s (estimate: £1,200-£1,800).

Further Bonhams highlights will be two bottles of 50-year-old Balvenie, each estimated at £3,000-£4,000.

A Combatant in the Battle of Ideas

By Brendan Simms

"I am sorry, I have written another," Ernest Gellner used to say in his later years before publishing a new book. "I just couldn't help it." Not even his death in 1995 stopped the flow. The last of his posthumous works, "Language and Solitude," appeared in the late 1990s. Now Gellner has been brought back to life—alongside his combative ideas and his maverick approach to intellectual combat—in a sympathetic but by no means reverential biography by his former pupil John A. Hall.

Like so many British academics who rose to prominence after 1945, Gellner was an immigrant from central Europe. He was born into an aspirant family of assimilating Czech Jews, was forced into exile by Hitler coming to power and rose to become first a professor at the London School of Economics, then at Cambridge University and finally, in the early 1990s (after the Berlin Wall fell), at the new Central European University in Prague.

In common with so many other émigrés, Gellner served in the war (in his case in a Czechoslovak armored unit), and he was grateful to Britain for defeating Nazism and offering him a home after the end of hostilities. Unlike many such émigrés, however, he showed no interest in acquiring the outward trappings of social success and acceptance. Instead, as Mr. Hall shows, Gellner made his watchword "cold intellectual honesty." This was matched by a strong dose of warm and passionate courage.

Gellner was by training and profession an anthropologist. He began his career by conducting fieldwork among the Berbers of Morocco, sometimes accompanied by his intrepid wife, Susan. But Gellner was really a classic polymath whose interests ranged across several disciplines at a time when it was still (just) possi-



Ernest Gellner in his office at the London School of Economics in 1979.

ble to feel a mastery of more than one field of study. Gellner launched forays into philosophy, sociology, psychoanalysis and history.

The fields might have been diverse, but the method of inquiry was similar in each case: analytical rigor combined with a strict commitment to reason. Those who knew Gellner recall that this commitment could result in truly nerve-racking conversations, in which they found themselves under relentless interrogation as Gellner tried to get to the heart of a problem. There was not much small talk, and there was nowhere to hide as he chipped away at the position of his interlocutor—or, to put it another way, his opponent. As one might imagine, Gellner did not suffer fools gladly. He told the assembled doyens and divas who constituted the celebrated Cambridge

History of Political Thought school, for example, that there were simply too many of them.

When he started his writing career, Gellner's targets were mainly on what was perceived to be the right side of the cultural-political spectrum: In particular, Gellner attacked the philosopher Michael Oakeshott and the intellectual historian Isaiah Berlin for their romantic traditionalism.

Gellner was at odds with Oakeshott's belief that only tradition could guarantee civilized rule and Oakeshott's related claim that the imposition of rationality would lead to fanaticism. As for Berlin, Gellner was a critic of his argument for value-pluralism, which Gellner saw as something that could be achieved only at the expense of reason. In Berlin's hands, as Gellner saw it, "the history of ideas," Mr. Hall writes, "became something of a game, in

which thinkers were damned as dangerous because anti-pluralist or praised for endorsing the incommensurability of values." Gellner was particularly angered, Mr. Hall says, that "a fellow exile from the disaster zones of Europe" (Isaiah Berlin was born in Riga, Latvia, then part of the Russian Empire) could be "so infuriatingly complacent."

Such judgments were hardly surprising, given Gellner's outlook. He really could not be called a traditionalist or a "multiculturalist" (to borrow a term from today). Among much else, he welcomed modern industrial society and the prosperity that it brought to the previously impoverished. He therefore had little time for the anti-Westernism of a new generation of intellectuals, rising to prominence in the 1960s and 1970s, and by the end of his career most of his enemies were to be found on the left. In any case, as Mr. Hall notes, "Gellner was instinctively opposed to all lazy thinking, clichés and conventions, whether of the right or the left."

Gellner's most celebrated demolition was of the literary critic Edward Said (1935-2003). When Said accused Gellner of writing about North Africa without having a command of the native language, Gellner was too modest to respond that he was in fact conversant in the language of the Berbers. He did, however, make a strong case that the whole theory of "orientalism"—Said's idea that Western interpretations and depictions of the East were designed not to understand the East but to control it—was based on erroneous assumptions about the political power of literature. The viceroys of India, he pointed out brutally, were not known for eagerly scanning the pages of late-19th-century literary magazines.

Probably the most important, and certainly the best-known, of Gellner's works was "Nations and Nationalism" (1983). As Mr. Hall remarks, its focus on central Europe made the book in many ways an autobiographical investigation in which the author came to grips with a phenomenon that had shaped the world in which he grew up. On Gellner's reading, nationalism was a reaction to the forces of globalization and modernization in the 19th century, a reaction to "population explosion, rapid urbanisation [and] labour migration."

Crucially, nationalism was not, in Gellner's view, a matter of some essential primordial identity, a dormant monster that simply needed to be "kissed" into consciousness. Gellner was deeply ambivalent about nationalism. He saw the homogeneity produced by the nation-state as the precondition for modernity. But he was also appalled by its excesses. "No nation," he once wrote, "is fit to rule itself. . . . [Nations] fight each other, and

they oppress their own minorities." For this reason, and others, Gellner was no Zionist; he did not believe that his Jewishness determined his identity. He was prepared to fight for Israel, he quipped, but not to live there.

When Gellner returned to Prague to teach late in his life, he was disappointed to find that the diversity that had made the city so electric in the 1930s was no more. The Jews had been murdered by the Nazis, and the Germans had been expelled at the end of the war; he regarded the Czechs with great affection, but he also saw them as "dull."

**Ernest Gellner:
An Intellectual Biography**
By John A. Hall
(Verso, 400 pages, £29.99)

Unsurprisingly, Gellner's work was heavily attacked throughout his life. He was able to rebut accusations of "Eurocentricity": His deep engagement with other cultures was more than evident in his fieldwork in North Africa and in his studies of Islam, in which he showed, among other things, the resilience of the religion in the face of modernity.

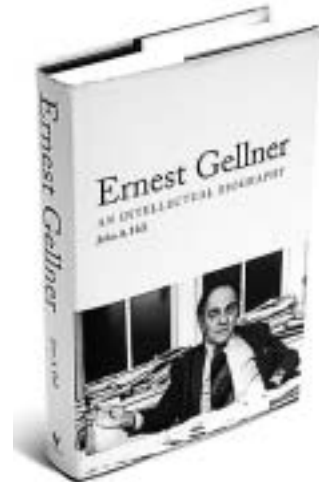
Gellner's response to feminist critics was characteristically blunt but perhaps less satisfactory. When backed into a corner about the absence of women from one of his seminal works, he answered that, while he liked women, he had to insist that they had nothing to do with historical development.

Many of the problems that Gellner addressed during his long intellectual career—such as the roots of nationalism and the role of contemporary Islam—are obviously of direct relevance today. But the most pertinent part of his legacy lies in his fearless endorsement of Western modernity at a time when it was becoming increasingly embattled in the academy and elsewhere.

As Mr. Hall demonstrates, Gellner believed that there really was a clash between "liberty and pluralism," on the one hand, and "authoritarianism and oppressiveness" on the other. In a passionate riposte to Noam Chomsky, who had accused him of ignoring Western crimes, Gellner charged that his critic had "observed" the fact that "the survival of freedom and accountable, limited government is an enormously important value even when some of its defenders are occasionally tarnished."

This was the authentic voice of Ernest Gellner: honest, cool and reasonable. Mr. Hall is to be congratulated for reminding us of how much we miss it today.

Mr. Simms, a professor of international relations at Cambridge University, is the author of "Three Victories and a Defeat: The Rise and Fall of the First British Empire."



What Lurks in the Dark

By Meghan Cox Gurdon

"Why do you want me to read it if you're not even going to look at the pictures?" I asked my 4-year-old, who had trotted over yet again with "The Shadow," Donna Diamond's stunning new picture book about hidden fears made visible. She

The Shadow

By Donna Diamond
(Candlewick, 32 pages, \$15.99)

didn't reply. She climbed up beside me on the sofa, put the book on my lap, and promptly screwed her eyes shut and buried her face in my shoulder. "Plus, there aren't any words," I pointed out, "so you need to look to see the story." Her response was muffled, but with a hand she indicated for me just to read the thing, please, for pity's sake, and get it over with. So I did. I told her about the intensely colored, hyper-realistic-yet-dreamlike illustrations that

show a little girl coming home in the late afternoon. As she goes upstairs to her room, we see that she casts a shadow. It is surely the most sinister shadow ever to make its way into the nursery bookshelf.

As the tale progresses, the shadow skulks and leers behind the child, and eventually, in a moment of shock, she notices. Dropping the pencil drawings she has been making, the child takes refuge behind a chair. The hunched shadow keeps getting bigger, and soon it looms over the girl with horrid crooked fingers and flaming, orange, jack-o'-lantern eyes. Just as it seems the shadow might seize her, the child collects herself: Arms crossed, she bravely stares it down. Immediately the shadow shrinks and seems to cringe. The child points an indignant finger,

and, though there is no text to say so, she is clearly shouting something like: "You stop scaring me, right now!" When the little girl turns on a light, the shadow disappears. "Ta-da!" she

seems to say, raising her arms in triumph. In a room flooded with light, all terrors banished, we see her showing her drawings to her toys. It is only at the very end, when she is fast asleep and dreaming with her dolls held close, that we see . . . lurking under her bed . . . "Don't say

it!" yelled the child who had asked for the story and who, after her first glimpses of the illustrations, hadn't dared look again. "It's too scary," she said. "Please, will you read it again?"

Ms. Cox Gurdon frequently reviews children's books for the Journal.



time

off

Hermann und Claerchen Baus



A scene from 'Jedermann/Everyman' in Salzburg; below, 'Constelações' (2006) by João Modé on display in Berlin; at the bottom, 'The Bonin / Oswald Empire's nothing # 05' (2010) by Cosima von Bonin in Bregenz.



A Gentil Carioca

Amsterdam art festival

"De Parade 2010" offers 75 art and performance events in various tents presenting 55 bands, alongside dance, theater, magic presentations.

Martin Luther Kingpark
Aug. 6-22
☎ 31-33-4654-555
www.deparade.nl

Arles photography

"Meetings in Arles 2010" presents 60 photography exhibitions at various venues, including work by Leandro Berra, Marcos Adandia and Oscar Bony.

Les Rencontres d'Arles
Until Sept. 19
☎ 33-4909-6760-6
www.rencontres-arles.com

Berlin art

"A Gentil Carioca: An Art Gallery in Rio de Janeiro" explores contemporary art from Brazil with works by Botner & Pedro, Carlos Contente, Guga Ferraz, Laura Lima and others.

Ifa Galleries
July 30-Oct. 10
☎ 49-30-2844-9140
www.ifa.de

Bregenz art

"Cosima von Bonin—The Fatigue Empire" showcases new works, including installations and art objects, by the contemporary artist.

Kunsthaus Bregenz
Until Oct. 3
☎ 43-5574-4859-40
www.kunsthau-bregenz.at

Bremen photography

"Robert Lebeck—Photographs" exhibits 200 portrait and journalistic images by the German photographer, including pictures of Romy Schneider, Willy Brandt and Joseph Beuys.

Bremer Landesmuseum—
Focke Museum
Until Aug. 15
☎ 49-421-6996-000
www.focke-museum.de

Bruges music

"MAfestival 2010" is an annual festival of harpsichord and pianoforte music, with performances by Frederick Haas, Gustav Leonhardt and others.

MAfestival—Festival van
Vlaanderen Brugge
Aug. 6-15
☎ 32-50-3322-83
www.mafestival.be

Eastnor music

"The Big Chill Festival" presents pop and rock music acts in a three-day celebration, including Lily Allen, M.I.A., Massive Attack and Roots Manuva.

Eastnor Castle Deer Park
Aug. 5-8
☎ 44-8448-8844-11
www.bigchill.net/festival

Edinburgh arts festival

"Edinburgh Festival Fringe 2010" is the biggest arts festival in the world, featuring 40,254 performances of 2,453 shows in 259 venues, including theater, comedy, music, dance and exhibitions.

Edinburgh Festival Fringe
Aug. 6-30
☎ 44-131-2260-026
www.edfringe.com

art festival

"Edinburgh Art Festival 2010" displays visual art from 55 galleries representing leading British and international artists, including a Martin Creed exhibition at the Fruitmarket Gallery.

Edinburgh Art Festival
Until Sept. 5
☎ 44-782-533-6782
www.edinburghartfestival.org

Gloucester music festival

"Three Choirs Festival 2010" is one of the world's oldest classical choral music festival, offering classical music by Gustav Mahler, Joseph Haydn, Franz Schubert, William Hayes and others.

Three Choirs Festival
Aug. 7-15
☎ 44-8456-5218-23
www.3choirs.org

London music

"Carnaval del Pueblo" is the largest Latin American festival in Europe, featuring music and dance performances at four venues throughout Burgess Park. The performances are preceded by a carnival procession.

Burgess Park
Aug. 1
☎ 44-20-7928-4277
www.carnavaldelpueblo.co.uk

dance

"Tanguera" is a tango musical from Argentina, featuring 50 dancers and musicians staging a story of unrequited love in early 20th-century Buenos Aires.

Sadler's Wells
Aug. 3-22
☎ 44-0844-4124-300
www.sadlerswells.com

music

"Maria Friedman sings Sondheim" is a one-woman tribute to the songbook of Stephen Sondheim, including pieces from "Sweeney Todd," "Into the Woods," and "A Little Night Music."

Cadogan Hall
Aug. 5-6
☎ 44-2077-3045-00
www.cadoganhall.com

Munich art

"Norbert Tadeusz: Works on Paper" features pieces from a private collec-

tion, with about 100 works on paper by the contemporary German artist.

Pinakothek der Moderne
Until Aug. 29
☎ 49-89-2380-5360
www.pinakothek.de/pinakothek-der-moderne

Paris music

"Pianissimo Jazz Festival" brings international artists to the Paris club venue, including Leon Parker, Hervé Sellin Trio, Alain Jean-Marie, Peter King and others.

Sunset/Sunside
Aug. 1-31
☎ 33-1402-6466-0
www.sunset-sunside.com

Rome music

"Estate Romana 2010" features 150 events, including jazz, classical and pop music, dance performances, classic and contemporary film screenings and theater performances at various Roman venues.

Estate Romana
Until Oct. 31
☎ 39-0606-08
www.estateromana.comune.roma.it

Salzburg music festival

"Salzburg Festival 2010" is an annual festival of opera, theater and classical music founded by Richard Strauss, staging Amadeus Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Alban Berg's "Lulu," and Wolfgang Rim's "Dionysus," among others.

Salzburger Festspiele
Until Aug. 30
☎ 43-662-8045-500
www.salzburgfestival.com

Valdemossa music festival

"Chopin Festival 2010" is dedicated to the Polish composer Frederic Chopin. This year, the festival also celebrates the music of Robert Schumann, Claude Debussy and others.

Monestry of Valdemossa/ Chopin Museum
Aug. 1-29
☎ 34-9716-1210-6
www.festivalchopin.com

Source: WSJE research

Markus Tretter

