

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, MARCH 26-28, 2010

# WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

## Touring Mallorca, à la carte

Exploring the island's food trails

Wine: Playing with the Rhône | The art of copying masterpieces



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## WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

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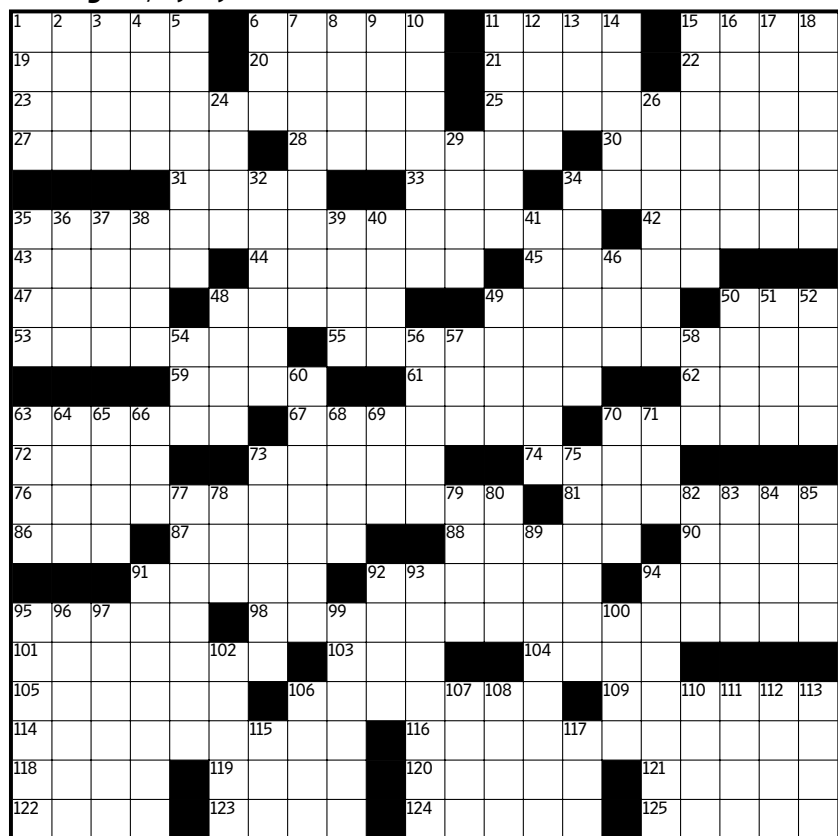
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# Mikkelsen revels in latest scars

'Clash of the Titans,'  
'Valhalla Rising' films  
cast actor as action hero

Copenhagen

BY ELIZABETH FITZHERBERT

**D**ANISH ACTOR MADS MIKKELSEN has faced his biggest challenge since opposing James Bond as the villain, Le Chiffre, in "Casino Royale." Mr. Mikkelsen, 44 years old, appears with armies of monsters and Hollywood A-listers as Draco, leader of the Praetorian Guard, in the remake of the 1981 film, "Clash of the Titans," in an experience he describes as "extremely demanding."

The action adventure, which will be released in the U.K. and U.S. on April 2 and then opens throughout the rest of Europe, stars Liam Neeson as Zeus, Ralph Fiennes as Hades and "Avatar" star Sam Worthington as Perseus, whom Mr. Mikkelsen's character accompanies on an epic mission. They performed many of their own stunts. "When we came home in the evening we all used to compare scars and bruises," Mr. Mikkelsen says.

Mr. Mikkelsen is also starring as a one-eyed mute warrior in the Viking epic "Valhalla Rising," which opened earlier this month in some European cities and will open in the U.K. on April 30.

His film acting career began in his early 30s when a chance introduction to Danish film director Nicolas Winding Refn led to Mr. Mikkelsen's casting as the junkie, Tonny, in Mr. Refn's cult film "Pusher" (1996), the first in an acclaimed trilogy. The film successfully launched both of their careers. Since then, Mr. Mikkelsen has proved his versatility in a number of intense roles ranging from an adulterous doctor in Susanne Bier's 2002 Dogme film "Open Hearts," to a morally conflicted charity worker in Ms. Bier's Oscar-nominated 2006 film "After the Wedding." It was his role in "Casino Royale" that brought him to Hollywood's attention.

Casually dressed in jeans and a beanie hat, Mr. Mikkelsen met with The Wall Street Journal over lunch in Copenhagen's Café Dan Turéll to discuss the challenges of his latest role, the renaissance of Danish cinema and how playing a Bond villain boosted his career.

**Was making "Clash of the Titans" fun or was it a laborious, special-effects-heavy production?**

The key word was definitely having a lot of fun. It was a fantastic crew and cast and everyone had an amazing time together. We just seemed to bond really fast. The special effects were hard work. It is easier to have dialogue with somebody who is there. I had a gimble (like a mechanical ball) as my scorpion, which I was sitting on and fighting with, but the rest of the guys only had tennis balls to imagine their scorpions.

**Was playing Draco physically demanding?**

Yes, it was extremely demanding for all of us. The Praetorian Guard is what is left of the army. We are retired soldiers. There was me, a slightly older guy played by Liam Cunningham, and then some very young and inexperienced warriors. I think when you do a film like this everyone takes pride in doing the stunts themselves. Obviously you have some really dangerous stuff that the stunt guys do (we all had our own personal doubles) but they also take pride in teaching us so that we can look good doing it.

**How was working with Sam Worthington?**

All my scenes are with Sam. He is fantastic. He has a "Pusher" club back in Australia in homage to the "Pusher" films I did, so he knew my work well. I was supposed to meet this "Avatar" star but instead all I met was this boy



From top, Mads Mikkelsen; the actor starring as One-Eye in 'Valhalla Rising.'

looking at me as if I was a soccer star. (Laughs) Half an hour later, though, he gave me a dead arm and we were just good friends.

**Was the A-list cast part of the appeal of making the film?**

It was really the director, Louis Leterrier. He was so enthusiastic and energetic. He was jumping up and down showing me what he had in mind and I was thinking how cool, he is really into this. Another bonus is the fact that I have finally done a film my kids can see.

**You have described Draco as a "full blooded guy" and "a classical Greek warrior." What research or preparation did you do for the role?**

The script is always the main preparation for me. Sometimes you have a period piece where you have to research around it but, if the writers have done their homework well enough, the information is all in the script. Preparation consisted of physically training me and the guys to look as if we are a unit. I also grew my hair and a beard.

**"Clash of the Titans" is being converted**

**into 3-D. Are you excited by the 3-D revolution, or is it just a gimmick?**

I think they tried the 3-D revolution at least five times throughout history and it never seemed to work. However, finally, "Avatar" did it. It may make it slightly more interesting but that is not the reason to see the film. You should see the film because hopefully it is a good, entertaining, family story. The 3-D is just the icing on top.

**You also play a warrior/Viking in "Valhalla Rising." Are you hoping to reinvent yourself as an action hero with these parts?**

It is a little late for me, isn't it? Well, look at Mel Gibson, he is still doing it. (Laughs) It is a coincidence that these parts are coming along when I'm in my 40s. I've always been extremely physical. I was a gymnast for 15 years and then I was a dancer for nine so I was kind of looking for these parts. But we have a tendency in Denmark not to do many action films. My career abroad started a little late and these kinds of roles have just popped up.

**"Valhalla Rising" is your fourth film with the Danish director Nicolas Winding**

**Refn. Why have you worked with him so many times?**

I think he is a brilliant director. He is very radical with everything he does. If he is making something realistic he always does it extremely realistically, like a documentary style that has an edge. It is the exact opposite of TV drama. It is his edginess that appeals to me....We have an unspoken language that works. His films are always inside his head and what comes on paper is never what we are going to do. So my job is to translate his "inner film." I think we are a good match, which is basically why I did it.

**Describe "Valhalla Rising."**

This film is like a dance or a meditation. It is an epic, mythological film where I play a nonperson. I am religion, the past, the future, an animal. It is not about psychology but more about the energy or melody of the film. I think it is inspired by the old Russian films and is a big tribute to cinematic masters like Sergio Leone and Kurosawa.

**You came to prominence with the renaissance of Danish cinema in the 1990s. Why did Danish films suddenly become so popular?**

I believe that there is a certain language for every generation and I think maybe it was time that Denmark had a language of its own. That means that we had a certain feeling for certain films which we weren't doing but wanted to do. So we all had the same kind of focus which was the big secret for the whole change.

**In 2006, "After the Wedding" was nominated for best foreign film and you starred as Le Chiffre in the Bond film "Casino Royale." How did these films' success affect your career?**

I think there is a tendency that more people recognize me now. Also, if people find the Bond film interesting they will go back and see some of my Danish work before they decide whether to call me. I also have more parts to choose from so the chances of there being something good are obviously bigger.

**How do you choose your projects? Do you like to alternate between a Hollywood and a European production?**

I've never worked in Hollywood. I choose work with the people I like to work with. First I have to read something and find it interesting and like the story. If I don't understand it fully but there is something in there that is interesting, then it takes a director to convince me. If he can't do that then I don't go with it. It doesn't matter where the project comes from.

**You live with your family in Copenhagen. Would you ever move to Hollywood?**

I might have considered it if I were 20 but I don't see myself over there at all. I go over there once or twice a year. I do my meetings and shake the hands that I have to shake and hopefully the work I have done will speak for itself. I think I would get very frustrated trying to establish a life there when I have a fine life here in Denmark with a lot of good work.

**Does your training as a dancer come in useful as an actor?**

Sometimes I ask myself that question. I think I have an awareness of what I do. For example I am aware when to sync; when to get fast, when to get slow, how to move in a room, how to be drunk or not be drunk.

—Elizabeth Fitzherbert is a writer based in London.

# Inspired cuisine

An unusual twist, Tim Raue's Ma restaurant works without gluten or lactose



Jason McGrade for The Wall Street Journal

Berlin

BY CRAIG WINNEKER

“YOU WILL NEVER get oysters from my kitchen,” says Berlin chef Tim Raue, “because I hate oysters.”

That’s not a boast you expect to hear from a gourmet chef, especially one with two Michelin stars and a closet full of toques from Gault Millau, the prestigious French restaurant guide. But Mr. Raue isn’t your typical culinary genius. And oysters aren’t the only things you will find missing from his menu.

At his Ma Restaurant in the German capital’s famed Hotel Adlon Kempinski, Mr. Raue has banished starch altogether—no *brot*, no *nudeln*, no *kartoffeln*. What’s more, his cuisine is completely gluten-free and lactose-free, something almost unheard of in Michelin-starred restaurants, where flour, butter and cream play key roles.

What you will find at Ma is Asian-inspired cooking full of originality, daring and nutrition that still manages to taste good. As opinionated and energetic as he is ambitious, Mr. Raue aims to do more than just gorge his customers on luxurious preparations of expensive ingredi-

Each dish at Ma is calibrated to maximize not just flavor but also the diner’s physical and spiritual well-being.

ents. He wants to feed their heads as well as their stomachs with what he calls “new flavors and the balance of food, body and soul.”

Each dish at Ma is calibrated to maximize not just flavor but also the diner’s physical and spiritual well-being. This produces some unusual combinations: vegetables with fruit; raw with cooked; a citrus tang with just about everything. A

Waldorf salad features truffle slices and crunchy black beans among tart apples and celery. Jumbo shrimp are grilled with kumquat and chives, and served with *krupuk* dust, spicy sauce and passion fruit. Slices of impossibly tender Wagyu beef rib come surrounded by tiny Brussels sprouts stuffed with a cream made from lovage (a variant of celery), and topped with grape slices. A pre-dessert palate-cleanser arrives on a stick—a goat’s milk, fennel and pineapple popsicle coated in white chocolate. Lactose intolerance was never this fun.

It may seem odd for a top chef to forego such culinary standbys as *crème fraiche* and pastry, but Mr. Raue says dairy and gluten “are not a must” in gourmet cuisine. His beliefs stem from a philosophy of healthy eating, and a desire to please all his customers, including those with allergies.

Mr. Raue, a 36-year-old Berlin na-

tive, took up cooking almost by accident. He grew up in a rough part of the city’s Kreuzberg neighborhood, where he was a member of a notorious youth gang. But a high-school counselor noticed that Mr. Raue’s rebellious nature had an ambitious side, and suggested the restaurant business might fit his creative, hard-working personality.

Even now, Mr. Raue seems to look at cooking less from a gourmet or foodie perspective than from an artistic one. He often finds inspiration for new recipes in unusual places, such as the shape and color of a plate—or, in one recent example, a Kenzo towel.

“It was hand-embroidered,” he says, “a big picture, artisanal, with flowers. It was so great. It was done in green and purple and pink.” The towel’s mix of colors inspired Mr. Raue to create a dish of slow-roasted octopus with Granny Smith apple and a jelly made from red cab-

bage juice and purple curry.

An efficient and almost surreally calm kitchen, presided over by two bonsai trees, opens onto Ma’s dining room, where sleek slate-grey-and-gold tables surround a huge terracotta Chinese Han-dynasty era (202 B.C.-A.D. 220) horse. Mr. Raue’s flagship restaurant, Ma sits at the nucleus of a larger restaurant operation that includes his adjoining sushi restaurant Uma (whose tables form a kind of less-formal perimeter around the centrally located Ma space) and Shochu bar.

The restaurant business, he says, “is a kind of theater. You want your dishes to entertain.” To Mr. Raue, this means challenging the diner with unusual and provocative combinations of ingredients. Each course in his seasonal tasting menu takes the diner further along an intriguing adventure.

“A famous food photographer was just in my restaurant,” Mr. Raue says, “and he complained to me, saying, ‘I just had six courses, and normally a menu starts and there are one or two highlights, and here I had six highlights. For me it was too much.’”

At Ma, Mr. Raue says, “you cannot rest. There is not one course where you can talk with friends and eat with one spoon and say ‘I’m not interested [in the meal].’ The chef has a character. And he is putting his character on the plate, directly on your palate.”

That attitude has paid off, and Mr. Raue has risen quickly to the profession’s top tier. Previously chef at the Swissôtel Berlin’s acclaimed Restaurant 44, he now runs six establishments located in and around the Hotel Adlon with his wife, Marie-Anne, who also serves as *maitre d’hôtel*, *sommelier* and recipe sounding board.

In opening Ma a year and a half



# Playing with the Rhône

**A** FAVORITE PARLOR game is to imagine spending the rest of your life drinking wine from just one country. The trouble with this little amuse-bouche is that players naturally favor the country they were born in. So the New Zealanders all opt for Marlborough Sauvignon; the Australians choose Barossa Shiraz, while the English, well, the English are the exception, they almost always go for claret. Lately I've changed the rules. In a bid to encourage more creativity, I've narrowed it down to just one

(1264-1314), the first of the Avignon popes, would travel to inspect his newly planted vineyard. The secret to Châteauneuf-du-Pape is its top soil, which is covered with a layer of pebbles; the stones are the key to its quality. As well as forming an excellent natural drainage system, they also absorb the sun's heat during the day. Then, rather like a storage heater, they radiate warmth during the night, which helps to ripen the grapes faster. Good Châteauneuf-du-Pape is a dark, full-bodied, spicy and richly alcoholic wine. It is also pleasantly low in acidity, and tends to mature quickly, which gives it a delicious, jammy fruit character. Domaine du Vieux Télégraphe, Château de Beaucastel, M. Chapoutier, Réserve des Célestins and Domaine de la Présidente are my favorites.

## Wine WILL LYONS

country: France. Players of this new upscale quiz have to name their favored region, the one region they would choose above all others to drink for the rest of their life. And I've made it harder. In a bid to annoy the English, I've taken out one of the big three: Bordeaux. Leaving the wine novices fighting it out for Champagne and Burgundy, the aficionados try to impress with their knowledge of the wines of the Jura or by picking something left-field like Bandol. Me, I'm predictable. I almost always opt for the Rhône. Why? Well, since we're not having dinner together, I'll tell you.

Partly it's nostalgia. We used to drink a lot of wines from the Rhône when I was growing up. Mainly from the hotter, flatter southern Rhône, which produces lighter, more herbal, blended wine than its cousins in the northern Rhône. These wines were earthy, hearty red blends based on Grenache, Syrah and Mourvèdre, although the blend can include anything up to 23 different grape varieties, from villages such as Gigondas and Vacqueyras. There's also the wealth of stories this region throws up. Take southern Rhône's most famous wine, Châteauneuf-du-Pape, as an example.

This wine, exceptionally easy to identify due to its prominent crest on the front of every bottle, hails from the enormous vineyard area that lies between Orange and Avignon, on the eastern side of the Rhône river. It takes its name from the old papal village that straddles a hill not far from Avignon. The village was where Pope Clement V

The northern Rhône is where all the collectors have flocked to in recent years. Here the wines are made from the Syrah grape and are big, inky black, dense, powerful and spicy. In Australia, where Syrah is called Shiraz, it has a much more forward, fruit-driven flavor with a predominant blackberry taste. In the late '80s, prices started to climb as the world woke up to the delights of wines produced from such Rhône villages as Côte Rôtie, Crozes Hermitage, Saint-Joseph and Hermitage, where the wines can take on a sweetish, raspberry character. I have also noted tones such as violets, bacon, raspberry and leather. These wines show at their best after around a decade cellaring. Château d'Ampuis, Domaine Jamet, Michel Chapoutier, Bernard Levet and Jean-Louis Chave are worth a look.

But the Rhône isn't all about red wine. In recent years I have been impressed with the growing number of exotic white wines produced in the region. One grape variety to look out for is Viognier, grown mainly in the northern Rhône appellation of Condrieu. In the glass it takes on a pale, gold hue, exuding a heady, floral aroma. It can often appear sweet, with its flowery nose reminiscent of peaches and honeysuckle. But once in the mouth, there is a zesty, apricot flavor.

With Europe thawing from one of the coldest winters on record, there is still time to enjoy these wines before the hot summer months leave you hankering for something a little lighter.



ago, Mr. Raue says, he wanted to make a break from the prevailing culinary traditions in his country. "All the German chefs of my generation, we're absolutely based in France and in French cuisine," he says. "Our star chefs have a basis in France. I wanted to change this."

At Ma his cooking combines Chinese ideas about dietary balance with Japanese obsession with premium-quality ingredients and the Thai penchant for intense flavor achieved by cooking quickly in a wok. And, he says, he is always mindful of whether a dish is healthy.

"What I'm interested in is the Chinese philosophy of eating," he says, "the idea they have that everything you eat makes sense to your body, to your needs—what you need to get energy, to be balanced, to be fit, to cool down in the summer, to warm up in the winter."

That palate-cleansing popsicle, in other words, is more than just a delicious little joke designed to give the taste buds a much needed cool-down. Mr. Raue says the lactose-free goat's milk and pineapple also help to digest the spicy chicken and beef from the two previous courses.

"No one is talking in the Western world about the philosophy of food: why we eat what we eat," he says. "They may look at it if they're thinking of going on a diet. But if they're healthy or are in good shape, they never look at why they eat something."

He even hopes to apply his template to German food in a restaurant he'll open in the next year that will feature new interpretations of his grandmother's traditional recipes. The menu will still be lactose-free, but even Mr. Raue acknowledges you can't have a German restaurant without bread and potatoes.

—Craig Winneker is a writer based in Brussels.



Opposite, Tim Raue; Top, the restaurant's terracotta Chinese horse dates from the Han Dynasty (202 B.C.-A.D. 220) and was 'bloody expensive,' says Mr. Raue; above, duck-liver terrine, shiso leaf and Granny Smith apple with Chinese barbecue sauce; below, eggplant, XO sauce and coriander cress.



Florian Bolk (3)

## DRINKING NOW

### Crozes Hermitage Domaine de Thalabert

Paul Jaboulet, Rhône Valley

Vintage: **2005**

Price: **about £20 or €22**

Alcohol content: **13.5%**

Deep cherry red, this 100% Syrah has alluring fruit, with a restrained, perfumed nose of dark cherries and spice. The palate is powerful, with ripe, structured tannins and deep concentration.





# Mapping Mallorca

Exploring the island's exquisite food trails and savoring the scenery

By Paul Ames

**T**HERE AREN'T REALLY any other old bakeries in Palma," says Sebastià Camps, as his daughter Francisca pulls a tray of hot pies from an antique bread oven. "There are some from the 17th or 18th centuries, but nothing really old like this place."

Tucked away on a narrow lane in the medieval heart of Palma de Mallorca, the Forn de la Gloria bakery dates back to at least the 12th century, Mr. Camps explains. Infused with the comforting aroma of warm bread and pastries, the little shop is filled with piles of hard-crusted Mallorcan loaves and savory specialties like the *cocarroi* meat pasties or *coca de trempó*, an oblong, pizza-like pie topped with spinach, onion, garlic and tomato.

Gloria is best known for its *ensaimadas*, spirals of light, sugar-dusted pastry that form an integral part of the Mallorcan breakfast table. "They say *ensaimadas* were served when a pope visited Mallorca in the 17th century," Mr. Camps recalls, before adding with some pride, "We once made the biggest in the world, 20 meters across."

Mr. Camps's bakery may be timeless, but the island of Mallorca has reinvented itself several times in recent decades. From bohemian artists' colony in the 1950s to the epicenter of Spain's sun-sea-and-sangria mass tourism boom in the '70s and '80s, Mallorca has re-emerged over the past couple of years as a hip short-break destination and exclusive getaway for the rich and famous, replete with chic boutique hotels and a galaxy of celebrity residents.

The island has also undergone a culinary makeover. The posh new Mallorca has little time for the fish-and-chip shops, tandoori houses and döner kebab joints that sprang up to cater to the Brits and Germans who flocked to the package resorts. Instead, it has embraced a new wave of chefs who have mostly come from outside but have revitalized Mallorca's unique take on Mediterranean cuisine.

A great way to get to the roots of the local cuisine is to follow the so-called *agrorutes*, mapped out by the Balearic Island authorities to lead visitors to dozens of wineries, olive-oil presses, organic-fruit farmers and *ensaimada* bakers squeezed into the 3,600 square kilometers of often stunning scenery that comprise the island. There are also routes indicating traditional restaurants serving rustic island favorites like mountain rabbit with sweet white onion; the potato and lamb's liver fry-up known as *frito Mallorquin*; or *tumbet*—a red pepper, eggplant and potato bake. Other routes are dedicated to cheese dairies or *sobrassada*—a deep-red, paprika-spiced sausage that rivals *ensaimada* as the food closest to the islanders' hearts.

These self-drive trails take foodie travelers well away from the south coast beach resorts to the backstreets of medieval Palma, through forests of pine and holm oak, across the fertile central plain and up into the northern mountains, which plunge dramatically to the sea 1,000 meters below. Rather than follow the trail of a particular product, drivers can also take a regional route, visiting a range of producers in one part of the island. It can be pot luck if you don't call in

*Palma de Mallorca, Spain*

*The road climbs steeply up the mountains, then descends seaward in a series of heart-stopping hairpins that provide a powerful reminder that it's best to swirl and spit any wine you're offered to taste along the trail.*



Photograph by Edward Hicks

advance, but on a couple of sundrenched days cruising the mountainous northwest recently, I found one vineyard and a famed *sobrassada* maker closed but received a warm welcome from half-a-dozen other places. Some charge a small fee for tours and tastings, others are happy to show visitors around free of charge. Unfortunately, the Web site with the *agrorutes*, [www.illesbalearsqualitat.ca](http://www.illesbalearsqualitat.ca), doesn't allow for easy downloading, but maps can be picked up from tourist offices around the island and a GPS can come in very handy.

Easter is a special time to visit as the islanders take Holy Week very seriously. There are solemn religious processions where brotherhoods of penitents in brightly colored, high-pointed hoods file through the streets and joyful Easter Monday pilgrimages such as the one to the medieval Bellever fortress overlooking Palma, where up to 20,000 participate with picnics accompanied by folk dancing and a funfair. The towns of Artà, Pollença Felanitx and Sineu are also famed for their Easter festivals.

Chef Marc Fosh held a Michelin star at the exclusive Reads hotel in the lee of the mountains in the center of the island before moving to Palma last year. His new restaurant, Simply Fosh, makes full use of the island's store of natural ingredients while adding pan-Mediterranean touches with dishes such as black rice with cuttlefish, saffron aioli and a parmesan-fennel salad or slow-cooked pork belly with carrot and orange puree and rosemary jus ([www.simplyfosh.com](http://www.simplyfosh.com)).

"You can't not be affected by what's available here on the island, there are some great products," says Mr. Fosh, a Londoner whose cool, urban restaurant is one of the most sought-after tables in the capital. He doesn't need to go far to find his ingredients since Palma's Olivar food market is just around the corner, providing a sensory assault course with its halls filled with a bewildering variety of locally caught fish, kaleidoscopes of seasonal fruit and veg, plus charcuterie counters laden with piquant *botifarron* blood puddings and *varia negra*—a spherical black sausage the size and consistency of a greased cannon ball.

Mr. Fosh says his cooking has been transformed by his contact with the natural products on the island where he's lived for 14 years, but he notes that the interaction has been two-way. "The restaurants and the chefs who have come in and opened up and tried to push Mallorcan gastronomy forward and to freshen it up a little bit have had a big influence on local growers," he says. "The wine industry has come on amazingly over the past 10 years as well. Olive oil is a great example as well of that change."

Following the *agrorutes* enables visitors to discover these culinary treasures for themselves. I headed northwest out of Palma on an early spring morning along a country road that winds through citrus groves laden with fruit and almond trees blanketed with white blossom. It took just minutes to reach the first vineyards on south-facing foothills of the Serra de Tramutana mountains.

The Bodega Son Puig is a magnificent country house built around a tower that dates back to the Middle Ages. Ramon Alabern Montis says his family took over the estate in 1926 but he only recently revived its wine-making tradition, blending local grapes like Callet and Premsal Blanc with French and Spanish mainland varieties such as Chardonnay and Tempranillo ([www.sonpuig.com](http://www.sonpuig.com)). Mr. Alabern Montis offered a tour of the house and a taste of his fine red and white wines while explaining the history of the place in a mixture of Spanish and Mallorquí—a dialect of Catalan that is spoken on the island. Like the language, Mallorcan cooking carries influences from the Catalan coast, but locals love to stress the unique nature of the island cuisine. When I mentioned





Opposite page, coastline near Banyalbufar; this page, clockwise from left: terrace of Hotel La Residencia; interactive fun at Palma's Simply Fosh restaurant; the patio of the Forn de la Gloria bakery in Palma; *ensaimadas*, the typical breakfast bun from Mallorca.



to Mr. Camps that my hotel had offered an *ensaimada* stuffed with *crema Catalana*—the renowned Catalan version of *crème brûlée*—he politely but firmly insisted that what I had been served must surely have been *crema Mallorquí*.

Leaving the Son Puig vineyards, the road climbs steeply up the mountains, then descends seaward in a series of heart-stopping hairpins that provide a powerful reminder that it's best to swirl and spit any wine you're offered to taste along the trail.

The ancient village of Banyalbufar occupies a spectacular site perched above the Mediterranean. Stone terraces carved into the hillsides around it were once famed for their Malvasia wines, a fragrant tippie so admired by the kings of Aragon that it is reputed to be one of the reasons Jaume I decided to conquer Mallorca in 1229. Disaster hit 100 years ago in the form of the phylloxera insect pest that spread from mainland Europe and wiped out production, until a group of local farmers revived the tradition in the 1990s by importing vines from Italy. Since then they have earned high marks for their Cornet brand from Spain's wine bible, the *Guia Peñín* ([www.malvasiadebanyalbufar.com](http://www.malvasiadebanyalbufar.com)).

"After the vines were killed off, people turned to growing potatoes and tomatoes on the terraces," says Pau Pujosa, one of the five founders of the Malvasia cooperative. "Producing wine here is hard work because everything has to be done by hand, you can't get out on those terraces with tractors, but we wanted to do it because we knew we could make a quality wine."

The road along Mallorca's north coast from Banyalbufar to the great gorge and beach of Sa Calobra has to be one of the most scenic in Europe. It swerves past Chopin's old home in Valldemossa, the little town of Sóller set amid orange and olive trees, and the terracotta village of Fornalutx. At sunset, each curve offers a different vista of rugged peaks stained red or gold, or the sapphire waters below.

Amid all this splendor, the village of Deià stands out. Against a soaring mountain backdrop, this cluster of stone houses around the little hilltop church sits above a rocky cove and offers magnificent views up the coast. Deià has been an artists' retreat since the 1920s, when the British poet Robert Graves set up home here. These days, it's encrusted with celebrity homes and some discreetly luxurious hotels. Photos of recent guests at the plush La Residencia hotel include the likes of Bono, Gwyneth Paltrow and the hotel's former owner, Richard Branson, while Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones, and composer Andrew Lloyd Webber are among the stars with homes nearby ([www.hotel-laresidencia.com](http://www.hotel-laresidencia.com)).

Deià has naturally become one of the island's gastronomic hubs, with a knot of upper-crust eateries like Xelini, El Olivo, Jaume or Béns D'Avall, which has the tables with the best view. Currently top of the tree is Es Racó d'es Teix, run by German Michelin-star laureate Josef Sauersehell ([www.esracodesteix.es](http://www.esracodesteix.es)).

After 26 years on Mallorca, Mr. Sauersehell encapsulates the spirit of many of the chefs who like to give an international twist to local cuisine that has inspired them. "Any decent cook would have to take advantage of all the great products he's got around him on this island," Mr. Sauersehell says. "There are some things I like to use from outside, like foie gras or truffles. ... But the fish here is great, the fruit and vegetables are great, the meat like young lamb, suckling pig. The wine and olive oil are of the highest quality. You just have everything here."

—Paul Ames is a writer based in Brussels.



Clockwise from top left: Simply Fosh; Virginia Hopkins; StockFood; Corbis

Maps Illustrated



# The art of replicating masterpieces

BY NICOLE MARTINELLI

**L**AST FALL, A GROUP of specialists worked late into the night, perched on scaffolding in a Roman church, trying to copy Caravaggio's "Inspiration of St. Matthew," rendering the image true right down to the subject's dirty feet. Every night for two weeks, they set up a scanner to photograph the Contarelli Chapel paintings, part of a project to make a facsimile of the baroque master's works for a research center in Caravaggio slated to open this September.

Meanwhile, two years ago in Venice, a lifesize facsimile of Paolo Veronese's monumental work "Wedding at Cana" drew 20,000 visitors in three months, while the real 16th-century masterpiece is often ignored by tourists waiting to see the "Mona Lisa" at the Louvre museum in Paris.

Another state-of-the-art copy—of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" in Milan—attracted nearly 55,000 visitors to an exhibit so popular the dates were extended twice. It was an unexpected hit born out of compromise. Director Peter Greenaway was asked to create a short film to project over the original Renaissance fresco at Santa Maria delle Grazie but officials got cold feet about crowds and conservation. His 20-minute short was projected only once over the original to a handful of dignitaries during the 2008 International Milan Furniture Fair. Shown over a high-resolution copy at nearby Palazzo Reale, the installation stayed open for five months.

Whether to rewrite history or reinterpret masterpieces, replicas made with a palette of high-tech tools are changing the way tourists see art.

All three of these faithful fakes are the work of Madrid-based Factum Arte, a company that employs high-resolution 3-D scanners of its own devising to reproduce artworks.

The scans result in thousands of files whose images are stitched together, then churned out by flatbed pigment printer onto canvas primed with historically accurate paints. To get the clone closer to the real thing, conservators fill in any ridges or creases from manhandling or restoration by hand afterward.

Founded by painters Adam Lowe and Manuel Franquelo, Factum Arte now employs 30 specialists, with offices in London and Madrid. The company's first major project was a facsimile of Spain's Altamira cave completed in 2001. The cave, whose ceiling dances with Paleolithic drawings of animals, closed in the late 1970s because carbon dioxide was destroying the Unesco heritage site.

"We had to overcome a lot of prejudice at the beginning," said Mr. Lowe. "There were a lot of bad, theme-park copies made in the '60s and '70s. We're not making big posters. We now have the technology that can give people an emotional double-take."

Mr. Lowe imagines a near future where facsimiles substitute some



Left, Adam Lowe (left) and Naoko Fukumaru prepare the color references to make a facsimile of Caravaggio's 'Inspiration of Saint Matthew' in the church of San Luigi dei Francesi, Rome; from top to bottom, Grégoire Dupond (left) and Pedro Miró working in the tomb of Tutankhamun in 2009; Mr. Miró (left), Mr. Dupond and Mr. Lowe scan the burial chamber; and the laser scanner recording the East wall of the chamber.



Alicia Guirao (4)

real attractions that are too fragile to endure the harmful carbon dioxide from the mouths of awed tourists.

Factum Arte's most ambitious project, recreating the tombs of Menmaatre Seti I, Nefertari and Tutankhamun in Egypt's Valley of the Kings for the Supreme Council of Antiquities, or SCA, may be where this future takes shape.

"Here, tourists concentrate on visiting certain tombs—especially the tombs of Tutankhamun, Ramesses VI, and Horemheb—while others are hardly visited at all," said Zahi Hawass, secretary-general of the SCA, in a statement on his Web site last July. "This means that some tombs need added protection, while others need to be closed completely in order to save the ancient paintings."

The Seti tomb has been verboten to the general public for conservation reasons since the late

1980s; Nefertari's tomb is only visible by special appointment.

The replica burial chamber and sarcophagus of King Tut's tomb are the crown jewels at the renovated Cairo Child Museum, which reopened in January. As the real tomb undergoes a five-year restoration begun in November 2009, visitors may find they get a better gander at the 3,000 year-old-paintings from the replica.

Meanwhile in Rome, the Factum Arte team is hard at work on the Caravaggio project. At 9:30 p.m., when most Romans are enjoying an after-dinner stroll, a team of four gets to work at San Luigi dei Francesi. The sacristy is a jumble of wooden equipment crates, tall gold candelabras, cables and paints that conservator Naoko Fukumaru mixes and holds up in swatches to the original to ensure the color, depth and finish are true to life.

After the work in Rome is done, a

team of about 10 will travel around Italy, scanning Caravaggio's works, for the research center set to open this fall in the northern town that gave Michelangelo Merisi his byname, Caravaggio. Nonprofit cultural institution Fondazione Giorgio Cini, also behind the Veronese project, backs the Caravaggio work along with local government.

"The work can be very repetitive. It can sometimes take us as long to scan the painting as it did for the artist to make the original," said Grégoire Dupond, head of research and recording. "Here, for instance, the church floor is uneven and every 50 centimeters we have to make sure the scanner mast is parallel to the painting."

The resulting in-depth look, one that many scholars would never otherwise get, can provide new insights. One such discovery: after scanning the three paintings in Rome, re-

searchers believe that Caravaggio employed some kind of optical device to create the dramatic perspective that dazzled the art world—a theory that has long been debated.

The team found traces of incisions made on a preliminary layer of the canvas—here around the edge of a leg, there around a hand—perhaps evidence that the painter did, in fact, use guides to paint.

They'll be looking for the same traces as they scan the next painting, "The Burial of Saint Lucy" in Syracuse, Sicily.

"In the end, we may have something very exciting," Mr. Lowe said. "This is exactly the sort of data that can prove how exceedingly high-resolution recording can very quickly give a deeper understanding of a painting. You can't do that with just a good copy."

—Nicole Martinelli is a writer based in Milan.



❖ Sport

# Lost in history: A golf whodunit

**D**ONALD ZUCKER WAS elated when he signed the paperwork last fall giving him title to North Shore Country Club. Mr. Zucker, 78 years old, is a lean, energetic New York City real-estate developer who fell in love with golf in his 50s and took his first lessons at North Shore, a 96-year-old club overlooking an inlet of Long Island

**Golf**  
JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

Sound about 25 kilometers from Manhattan. He belongs to five clubs and considers himself a golf purist. His favorite way to experience the game is on foot, carrying a half-set of clubs in a skinny bag.

For several years, he had been actively looking for a golf club to buy, simply for the joy of ownership. A couple of deals fell through. But North Shore was the best. The club was for sale because the membership had been devastated by the recession. At least 10 families had been undone by investments with Bernard Madoff, and many others could no longer afford the annual dues exceeding \$23,000 (€17,236). By the end of last season North Shore had only about 90 golf members and was \$5 million in debt. Mr. Zucker paid \$12.5 million for it in all.

What appealed to Mr. Zucker most about the club: North Shore's course was designed by A.W. Tillinghast, whose other famous creations nearby include Bethpage Black, Winged Foot and Baltusrol, all of which have hosted U.S. Opens.

But within two weeks of the purchase, he began hearing rumors that maybe Mr. Tillinghast hadn't been the architect after all. "In the beginning, I paid no attention because I didn't believe it," he said.

When the rumors persisted, Mr. Zucker asked Mark Hissey, a golf consultant he had already retained to help plan improvements for the club, to investigate. "My goal is to make North Shore one of the top courses in country, but given the controversy about who the original designer was, we had to know the truth and issue a definitive statement," Mr. Zucker said.

Mr. Hissey quickly discovered the source of the rumors: a Web site, well-known among aficionados of golf-course architecture, called GolfClubAtlas.com. "North Shore CC on Long Island is an interesting story—

one I was involved with a few years ago," began a thread on Nov. 25 by George Bahto, a golf-course design and construction expert.

Several years ago, he wrote, that an acquaintance advised him to take a look at North Shore because "it looks a lot like it was built by one of your guys." The reference was to two other famous early golf architects, Charles Blair Macdonald, about whom Mr. Bahto wrote the biography "Evangelist of Golf," and Seth Raynor, whose biography he is now writing.

Mr. Bahto soon visited North Shore and came away convinced that the greens were the work of Mr. Raynor, who during the course's construction, 1914 to 1916, was just launching his career independent of Mr. Macdonald. The pair's most famous collaboration had been National Golf Links of America in Southampton on eastern Long Island, which opened in 1909. The holes at the National were renditions of the greatest holes in Europe. The greens at North Shore looked remarkably similar.

"No. 14 was a double plateau green, just like No. 11 at the National," Mr. Bahto told me. "The ninth was a Redan; No. 10 was an Eden. No. 3 was one of the best Road Hole greens I've seen anywhere."

Mr. Bahto invited a Tillinghast expert to examine the course for evidence of Mr. Tillinghast's handiwork. He found none. In the index of his Macdonald biography, Mr. Bahto gave full credit for North Shore to Mr. Raynor—not that anyone at the club seemed to notice. (Mr. Macdonald by 1914 had stopped taking on most new assignments, but lived nearby and no doubt consulted on the project, Mr. Bahto said.)

In his posting at GolfClubAtlas.com, Mr. Bahto didn't insist on Mr. Raynor's authorship at North Shore. Rather, he posed the question to the community: "Tillinghast—Raynor? If you get a chance check it and judge."

By the end of the next week he had more than a hundred replies. Several posters attached copies of articles from the period and blurry early photographs of the holes. A number referenced the official history of golf clubs in the New York area, which provided such details as the \$75,000 fee supposedly paid to Mr. Tillinghast for design and construction. A few sleuths theorized that the Raynor-like greens remained from an earlier course on the site co-designed by Devereux Emmet, who had worked with Messrs. Raynor and Macdonald at



The ninth hole at North Shore Country Club.

North Shore Country Club

the National. Even Mr. Bahto began to doubt. "Given all this 'new' information, I'm taking North Shore off the list of Seth Raynor golf courses," he wrote at one point.

But by early December the communal intelligence of the posters began to focus on one thing: Not one piece of contemporary evidence linked Mr. Tillinghast to North Shore. So on Dec. 4 a contributor named Steve Shaffer, a retired attorney from Philadelphia, hopped on an Amtrak train and paid a visit to the New-York Historical Society. In the archives there he located the records of the Harmonie Club, the German-Jewish Manhattan social club dating from 1852 that started North Shore.

"I fully expected to find documents connecting Tillinghast to the golf course. There had to be some reason he had been known as the architect without dispute for all those years," Mr. Shaffer told me. But he didn't. Instead, he found evidence authorizing payments to Mr. Raynor, and an official thank you, in 1916, to him, Mr. Macdonald and Robert White, the course superintendent, for creating the course.

As a courtesy, Mr. Shaffer presented his findings to the club before posting them at GolfClubAtlas.com. Mr. Hissey later paid his own visit to the New-York Historical Society, thoroughly searched North Shore's archives and contacted a slew of golf historians. He, too, has been unable to unearth any reference to Mr. Tillinghast's involvement, nor any evidence for why he got credit.

Mr. Zucker now accepts that Messrs. Raynor and Macdonald are the architects of the course he bought. In June a tribute course to Mr. Macdonald will open at Bandon Dunes in Oregon, and Mr. Zucker has just hired Tom Doak and Jim Urbina, that course's co-designers, to revitalize North Shore.

"I'm amazed how all the most knowledgeable people in golf, for so many years, made the assumption that because everyone else said Tillinghast was involved, that it must be true," Mr. Zucker said.

GolfClubAtlas.com, meanwhile, has another intriguing thread shaping up. A respected member has said that he will soon post research suggesting that the esteemed San Francisco Golf Club wasn't originally designed by Mr. Tillinghast, as the club maintains, but rather by...well, that for now remains a mystery.

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Salvatore Ferragamo



## ❖ Top Picks

# Energetic 'Romeo and Juliet' triumphs

**STRATFORD-UPON-AVON:** The Royal Shakespeare Company ensemble that was put together in 2009 for three years has had its ups and downs. The current riff on "King Lear," Dennis Kelly's "The Gods Weep" at the Hampstead Theatre, is a downer. But it's more than made up for by the return of Rupert Goold to Stratford as associate director of the RSC with a triumphant production of "Romeo and Juliet."

The staging is an exceptionally bold mixture of traditional and contemporary. Tom Scutt's sets open with a projection of a rose window on the Courtyard Theatre's thrust stage, and Juliet's balcony is sometimes like the altar of a church, and sometimes like a giant gold picture frame for an Old Master painting. Most of Mr. Scutt's costumes are Renaissance, save for the star-crossed lovers themselves. Juliet appears clad in T-shirt and basketball sneakers, and Romeo in layered hoodies, taking photographs with his mobile phone. This succeeds in giving the pair some youthful urgency; it is bolstered, oddly enough, by dressing some of the servants in Brazilian garb, which adds some street cred to



From left: Joseph Arkley (Tybalt), Sam Troughton (Romeo), Gruffudd Glyn (Balthasar).

the Capulet ball, in which everyone takes frenzied part in a Capoeira, the Brazilian fighting/dance.

Mariah Gale's Juliet knows her own mind, and is seldom soppy—even in the (smolderingly convinc-

ing) love scenes. When she tells Romeo he kisses "by th' book," she seems to know what she's talking about. Sam Troughton's wonderfully expressive face makes him a more than usually thoughtful

Romeo, and he moves so elegantly that he's as beautiful to watch as he is to hear speak verse, which he does as easily as if it were his ordinary means of conversing. "Romeo" means "pilgrim to Rome" and Mr. Goold's painstaking direction makes the most of the lovers' word-playful exchange (in Petrarchan sonnet form, Act 1, scene V) where Romeo says, "My lips, two blushing pilgrims ready stand..."

Jonjo O'Neill as Mercutio matches their performances. He forcefully impresses upon you that Mercutio is in the tradition of Shakespeare's fools, partly because of the bawdy physicality of his acting. But also because, here again, Mr. Goold allows Mr. O'Neill time to crack jokes that most productions rush through, believing them too obscure to be funny to today's audiences. They are crude; but when you see this energy-charged "Romeo and Juliet," you'll not only laugh at some jokes you never before knew were in the text, but also you'll leave feeling you've been touched by a genuine tragedy.

—Paul Levy

Until Aug. 27  
www.rsc.org.uk



Sotheby's-ArtDigital Studio

A French 19th-century allegorical marble figure of Spring, by Jean Baptiste Clésinger. Estimate: €40,000-€50,000.

## Statues, fountains in the garden

AS THE WEATHER warms, interest in garden ornamentation takes off.

On March 31-April 1 in Paris, Sotheby's will auction historic stone, marble and wrought-iron statues and

## Collecting MARGARET STUDER

decorative objects for gardens, parks and terraces.

The consignor is Paris dealer Samuel Roger, whose company Origines—with a gallery on the rue des Saints-Pères and a showroom in an 18th-century industrial building in Richebourg—specializes in antique exterior and interior ornamentation.

A highlight will be a tall 18th-century stone figure of an arrogant King Louis XIV, with a gorgeous, curly hairdo (estimate: €100,000-€120,000). Another will be a large 19th-century allegorical marble figure of Spring, in flowing robes with roses twined through her hair (€40,000-€50,000).

Two Spanish 19th-century cast-iron Florentine soldiers make a striking pair. They once graced the home of surrealist Salvador Dali's private secretary, John Peter Moore. The ants on one soldier's legs are believed to have been painted by Dali (estimate: €30,000-€40,000). There will be statues of lions and dogs, outdoor vases, urns, stone benches, fountains, wells, gates and columns.

So-called antique pickers scour France for Origines, rescuing pieces from buildings to be demolished or sold. If they have a patina, that's O.K., says Mr. Roger, explaining that "traces of age" add to their attraction and "looking too new" doesn't.

Origines also specializes in historic fireplaces. In the sale will be a wide range of chimney pieces, including an Austrian 19th-century terracotta structure decorated with coats-of-arms and two warlike knights made for the imperial Hapsburg family (estimate: €300,000-€500,000). Mr. Roger recently sold a cheminée for a Russian client's apartment in Monaco. He says: "An historic cheminée adds soul to a house."

## Art by De Niro, Sr., after seeing Matisse

**NICE:** It isn't every day that the Matisse Museum comes up with an exhibit of contemporary American art underscored by the tantalizing lure of film-star glamour. But this small, dazzling show, "After seeing Matisse: paintings and drawings by Robert de Niro, Sr." couldn't be housed in a more appropriate setting. True, the vocation of the late painter's famous actor son, Robert de Niro, Jr., who attended the crowded opening, is to bring his father's art to a wider public, but never mind: the works are a fascinating testimony to the way Matisse's harmony of colors, figurative composition and techniques continue to inspire.

Born in Syracuse, New York, De Niro Sr. trained with American masters like Joseph Albers, a founder of optical art, and Hans Hofmann, a follower of Bauhaus and American Abstract Expressionism. Fifteen years after his first solo exhibition at Peggy Guggenheim's New York gallery, the artist moved to France in search of a new direction, living in Paris and the

Loire Valley between 1961 and 1964.

The show in Nice begins with a series of black-and-white photos of Robert De Niro, Sr. (1922-93) in his New York loft studio on West Broadway. Organized in the same spirit as Matisse's emblematic play with mirrors, it's a voyeuristic glimpse into the artist's private space. There's even a grinning profile shot of father and son, as well as a portrait of De Niro Sr. with his pet parrot, hung side by side with Henri Cartier-Bresson's "Matisse and his pigeons," taken at the Villa le Réve in Venice, France.

Though De Niro's Abstract Expressionist palette is slightly more somber than his European influences (Bonnard, Matisse, Derain), everything from the flat, solid color backgrounds to the rigorous geometric organization of space invites comparison. And just as Matisse reworked his charcoal and pen drawings with a stump (a stick used to blend and smudge out the strokes), De Niro adopted a similar technique, erasing his bold outlines with

a rag and turpentine to capture the essential form. In contrast, his American landscapes (like the brilliantly hued pistachio and scarlet "New Hampshire Landscape, 1970") suggest a freer brushstroke movement reminiscent of a drippy Pollock-like improvisation.

Interspersed between 34 canvases, 21 drawings and three sculptures by De Niro, Sr., are a dozen personal objects belonging to Matisse—porcelain jugs, vases and Venetian wood chairs—that were deliberately grafted into the New York artist's own abstract still lifes and interiors with reclining models. Even in his final work, the striking 1.5-meter-high "Interior" (1985-93), the resemblance is unmistakable: in the background, a rich decor, an open window; in the foreground, a lush green plant, and a low, Moroccan-style table adorned with a white porcelain vase of anemones and lemons.

—Lanie Goodman

Until May 31  
www.musee-matisse-nice.org



© 2010 The Estate of Robert De Niro, Sr.

The late Robert De Niro, Sr., in his studio in New York.

## In London, a beautiful patchwork of a show



© V&A Images

**LONDON:** Exhibitions of quilts appear to attract large numbers of visitors, and the Victoria & Albert Museum already has big advance bookings for its just-opened major spring show "Quilts 1700-2010." From a late 17th-century cot cover to Grayson Perry's 1998 computer-generated "Right to Life," with its ambiguous message about abortion, this show covers (with plenty of visual puns to match this verbal one) British quilt-making over three centuries.

"Quilting" means stitching around a stuffing, either enclosing it or giving a raised appearance to the bits between the stitching. This technique isn't confined to textiles meant to cover beds, but can be used for clothing (as shown in the

A quilt by Elizabeth Chapman (1829).

V&A's own English quilted silk satin doublet and breeches, 1635-40), curtains and other hangings. In fact, the technique most of us associate with quilts is patchwork, where (usually) geometrically regular bits of cloth are cut out, and stitched around their edges, often sandwiching the stuffing, to make a square or rectangular bed cover.

As can be seen from scores of examples in this fun show, patchwork democratized the whole business of quilting, as it was a way for the poor to recycle textiles, which were often too expensive and valuable to be discarded. The exhibition is organized both thematically and chronologically, with the contemporary works "woven throughout" (the V&A's pun).

—Paul Levy

Until July 4  
www.vam.ac.uk/quilts



## From Steamy Italy to Frozen Fjords

Ever since they appeared together with 18 other young British novelists in a 1983 issue of *Granta* magazine, Martin Amis and Ian McEwan have seemed to be part of the same literary gang. One difference, though, is that Mr. Amis is a publicity magnet. He has only to say something satirically whimsical (for example, proposing euthanasia booths on every street-corner to deal with the “silver tsunami” of baby-boomers) to be denounced in the letters pages of every national newspaper. Consequently he is a household name, whereas Mr. McEwan’s celebrity is a little more specialized.

Both authors have now published substantial new novels that are in part autobiographical *romans à clef*. Mr. Amis has made it clear that the major part of “*The Pregnant Widow*”—detailing the love affairs of one 20-year-old protagonist, Keith Nearing, during the summer of 1970, which he spends in an Italian castle—is actually about himself. Hence, the identities of the several girls involved have become the subject of several newspaper and magazine pieces, with wannabe Lilies, Scheherazades and Glorias vying to nominate themselves. The book will be of large interest to Mr. Amis’s future biographer, but perhaps chiefly to him or her, as it

lacks both the darkly mordant wit, and the perpetually shocking revelations about human behavior, that characterize his best fiction. Because Keith and the author are in so many respects identical, it is not surprising that the narrator shows a bit of tenderness for him, which makes him very different from the other fictional Keith (Talent), of Mr. Amis’s biting book, “*Money*.”

“*The Pregnant Widow*” qualifies, of course, for all sorts of foreign language descriptors: It’s also a *Bildungsroman*, a record of the sentimental education of a bookish, sex-obsessed Oxford undergraduate reading English with an equally obsessive interest in the origins of words. The

trouble is precisely that it is so sentimental, and at 500 pages, too long and demanding of the reader’s attention for such slight matters. Indeed the real interest for this reader was in the sub-plots involving the sad decline of Keith’s sister Violet, and especially the sexually accomplished and Dickensianly-named Gloria Beautyman.

Mr. McEwan also differs from his earlier work, which had a macabre tinge—a stolen child, a man who makes himself disappear, a penis preserved in a jar. In “*Solar*,” he now gives us a sustained comic novel, and a very good one, too. Here too there seem to be a

few identifiable characters—in particular, one long set-piece in which the protagonist, Michael Beard—a self-indulgent, gluttonous, alcoholic, unprepossessing, womanizing and much-married Nobel Prize-winning physicist—goes on an expedition to the Arctic Circle. Mr. McEwan was on just such a voyage in 2005.

beginnings on a frozen fjord,” which is reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh’s writing “*Scoop*” as a result of being sent to cover Mussolini’s invasion of Abyssinia: a comic response to a sinister occasion by a mature artist. Mr. McEwan’s achievement is the more remarkable, though, for being funny about climate change—a feat that

Tom Aldous the key to work out how to produce clean energy by mimicking the process of photosynthesis in the vegetable kingdom, and releasing usable quantities of hydrogen from water. Mr. McEwan elaborates this in its totally gripping, and entirely hilarious, detail. Beard of course steals his student’s work, in another sub-plot that involves an apparent murder and depends pleasingly on the literary conventions of the thriller. This seems to me plot-construction (as Beard would say) of another order of magnitude from some of the writer’s earlier work; meticulous and tidy, there are no unraveled, floppy or unfastened ends.

Along the way Mr. McEwan seizes every opportunity for frequent (and brilliant) set-pieces, of which the most audacious is a long section in which Beard learns enough about Milton almost to earn a degree, in order to seduce a girl reading English at Oxford. In another, Beard falls narrowly short of duelling over a packet of salt-and-vinegar-flavored potato chips, which illustrates his greed, but also presents another amiably droll academic target for satire.

Throughout, the reader is never in any doubt that Mr. McEwan is one of the good guys—he’s in no way a climate change denier, he clearly knows too much science for that. In “*Solar*” he’s elegantly discovered a terrible truth: that comedy is the only possible way for an artist to deal with the searing specter stalking the planet.

*Mr. Levy is a writer based in Oxfordshire.*

### **The Pregnant Widow**

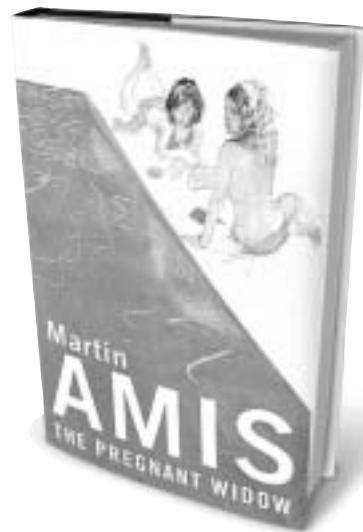
By Martin Amis

(Jonathan Cape, 480 pages, £18.99)

### **Solar**

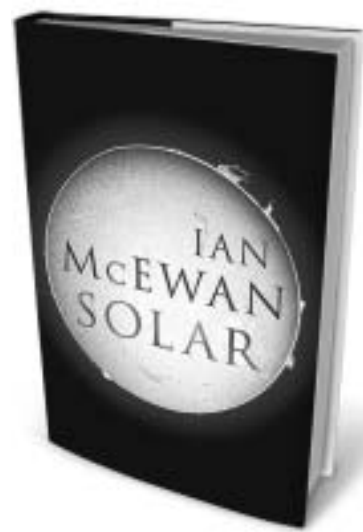
By Ian McEwan

(Jonathan Cape, 304 pages, £18.99)



In this novel—an artistically ambitious, though seriously entertaining, response to the facts of global warming—Mr. McEwan has a lot of fun with some rides on a “skidoo” snow vehicle, but the main purpose of the episode is to show how fragile human cooperation can be, as anarchy engulfs the organization of the boot room, where the team’s crucial frostbite-preventing clothing is kept.

In his acknowledgements Mr. McEwan says, “this novel had its



involves him mastering a great deal of genuine science, in order to invent the cod-science that is so much part of the pleasure of reading “*Solar*.” The protagonist Michael Beard, for example, who was awarded the Nobel for “the Beard-Einstein Conflation, a spine-tingling hyphenation for any physicist, placing Beard’s work proudly in a lineage origination from Einstein’s revolutionary 1905 paper.”

That prize-winning “*Conflation*” then gives post-doc student

## A Classical Composer in a Modern World

Samuel Barber was nine when he confessed a “worrying secret” in a note to his mother. Urging her not to cry, he wrote: “I was not meant to be an athlete. I was meant to be a composer, and will be, I’m sure . . . Don’t ask me to try and forget this unpleasant thing and to go play football.”

With a prophetic sense of his own destiny, he went on to become one of America’s most revered classical composers. His intensely lyrical “*Adagio for Strings*” is one of the most popular classics, used in films such as *Platoon* and regularly performed world-wide. Now the centenary of his birth is being marked with a new biography, “*Samuel Barber Remembered*,” by Peter Dickinson, the eminent British musicologist and composer, emeritus professor of Keele and London universities, and a devoted champion of American music.

The book draws on rare interviews with Barber and with those who knew him, including his long-term lover, the late Italian composer Gian Carlo Menotti. Some of the material was recorded 60 years ago and most has remained unpublished until now. The biography should appeal both to academics, with its copious footnotes, and to general music lovers, with its wealth of anecdotes. The reminiscences of Menotti,

one of the 20th century’s most successful opera composers, are particularly valuable. They lived together outside New York for 30 years from 1943, and the book shows how crucial their relationship was to both composers’ artistic development. Menotti described Barber as “a very tormented soul, never happy with what he had done”—although he was only truly happy while he was composing. “Once he had finished the piece, he could not bear to look at it . . . He suffered a great deal because he went through long periods of dryness.”

The book explores the anachronism that was Barber. In an avant-garde age of Berio and Stockhausen, he did not seem to belong to his musical century. His romantic lyricism steeped in a tradition of Brahms, and his love of Bach whom he played every day, were out of tune with the dissonant music of his contemporaries. For him, the language of the 19th century had not yet been exhausted, and he created music that was rhythmically complex and harmonically rich—and admired by some of the day’s foremost musicians, including pianist Vladimir Horowitz and the con-

ductor Arturo Toscanini. Barber observes to Prof. Dickinson: “There’s no reason music should be difficult for the audience.”

He was one of a handful of composers who could live off his music, although he suffered at the hands of critics who dismissed him as old-fashioned—only to change their tune after his death. As Menotti told Prof. Dickinson, “Now that he is dead, all of a sudden everybody’s rediscovering Sam Barber.” He condemned newspapers like the *New York Times*, which had “so often damned his music,” for printing his obituary on

the front page. Menotti also attacked major opera houses that had ignored his operas, then suddenly rushed to stage them after Barber’s passing: “It’s so sad that we all have to die before anybody pays attention to us.”

The book also explores the objection that Barber’s music was not as distinctively American as that of Copland, Gershwin or Charles Ives, as if the heart of the American idiom lies only in jazz or folk song. Prof. Dickinson says Copland, who knew Barber, asserted that he did not believe Barber had any conscious desire

to write music that was immediately recognizable as American: “That made him somewhat different.” In fact, Barber despised the “folksy Americana” of Copland, Menotti recalled.

Although Barber’s critical successes included two Pulitzer Prizes—in 1958 for his opera “*Vanessa*” and in 1962 for his *Piano Concerto*—he was bitter that the “*Adagio for Strings*” had eclipsed his other music. It is widely considered a masterpiece, but Barber thought he had written much better work, saying with typical humor: “Sometimes I get tired of hearing the ‘*Adagio*’ . . . But I amuse myself during the performances because I know there’s going to be a mistake somewhere, and I just wait for it to happen.”

Barber’s father was a respected doctor who realized that his son would ask nothing more out of life than to starve in a garret and be a musician. Barber’s musical influences came more

from his mother and sister, and from his aunt Louise Homer, an international opera singer.

While there are several references in the book to Barber’s wit and charm, we learn that he could also become morose. Prof. Dickinson tells us that Barber never

fully recovered from the mauling he received for his grand opera “*Antony and Cleopatra*,” which he wrote for the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera at Lincoln Center in 1966. After that defeat, Barber never wrote anything of comparable importance, and died a broken man. But, as Prof. Dickinson points out, the huge number of Barber recordings and performances worldwide testify to enduring popularity in his eternity. And of course, the late master might be amused to know that mistakes still abound in just about every performance of the “*Adagio*.”

*Ms. Alberge is a writer based in London.*



Courtesy of Robert White/G. Schirmer



# time off

## Amsterdam

**art**  
"Kienholz: Hoerengracht" displays a walk-through evocation of Amsterdam's red-light district by American artists Edward and Nancy Kienholz. Amsterdam Historisch Museum  
Until Aug. 29  
☎ 31-20-5231-822  
www.ahm.nl

## Barcelona

**film**  
"Frederico Fellini: The Circus of Illusions" presents more than 400 images illustrating the work process, inspirations and films of the Italian director. CaixaForum Barcelona  
Until June 13  
☎ 34-93-4768-600  
obrasocial.lacaixa.es

## music

"Woody Allen and His New Orleans Jazz Band" conclude the European March tour of the jazz ensemble.  
March 28, Palau de la Musica, Barcelona  
March 29, Terme, Montecatini  
March 30, Teatro La Fenice, Venice  
March 31, Academia Santa Cecilia, Rome  
www.woodyallenband.com

## Berlin

**art**  
"Treasures of the Aga Khan Museum: Masterpieces of Islamic Art" showcases 200 works chosen from 1,000 years of Islamic culture, including paintings, drawings and ceramics. Martin Gropius Bau  
☎ 49-30-2548-6236  
Until June 6  
www.berlinerfestspiele.de

## history

"Cultural Pictures from China" celebrates the life and work of German

sinologist Otto Franke (1863-1946) through paintings and objects from his studies in Asia. Museum Dahlem-Museum of Asian Art  
Until May 24  
☎ 49-30-8301-382  
www.smb.museum

## music

"Festtage 2010" is a classical-music festival, featuring opera performances of "Eugene Onegin," "Simon Boccanegra" and "Tristan and Isolde" alongside recitals. Staatsoper Unter den Linden  
Until April 5  
☎ 49-30-2035-4438  
www.staatsoper-berlin.org

## Bilbao

**art**  
"Anish Kapoor" is a touring exhibition presenting 20 major sculptural works by the Turner Prize-winning artist, from the 1970s to the present. Museo Guggenheim Bilbao  
Until Oct. 12  
☎ 34-94-435-9000  
www.guggenheim-bilbao.es

## Bonn

**art**  
"Erwin Wurm" shows work by the Austrian artist known for his "one-minute sculptures" as well as his use of cars, potatoes, cucumbers and other ordinary objects in his artwork. Kunstmuseum Bonn  
Until June 6  
☎ 49-228-7762-11  
www.kunstmuseum-bonn.de

## Edinburgh

**photography**  
"Artist Rooms: Diane Arbus" showcases 70 black-and-white photographs by the American photographer, spanning her career from the mid-1950s until her death in 1971. Dean Gallery

Until June 13  
☎ 44-131-624-6200  
www.nationalgalleries.org

## London

**music**  
"Teenage Cancer Trust 2010," is being supported by top British musical acts, including Arctic Monkeys and The Who, which will perform "Quadrophenia."  
March 26, Noel Gallagher  
March 27, Arctic Monkeys  
March 28, JLS  
March 29, The Specials  
March 30, The Who  
Royal Albert Hall  
www.royalalberthall.com

## design

"Sustainable Future" showcases prototypes, samples, products and films illustrating the possibilities of sustainability in modern design. Design Museum  
March 31-Sept. 5  
☎ 44-20-7940-8790  
designmuseum.org

## music

"Chopin: The Romantic Refugee" examines the life of composer Frédéric Chopin, presenting rare historic recordings, letters and documents. The British Library  
Until May 16  
☎ 44-843-2081-144  
www.bl.uk

## Madrid

**art**  
"Richard Hamilton: Picasso's Meninas" explores a 1973 portfolio by the British Pop artist entitled "Homage to Picasso," alongside a similar artistic exer-

cise on Velázquez's "Las Meninas" undertaken by Goya in 1778. Museo Nacional del Prado  
Until May 30  
☎ 34-91-3302-800  
www.museodelprado.es

## Munich

**art**  
"Pipilotti Rist: Extremities (smooth, smooth)" displays an audio-visual installation by the Swiss artist presenting an array of free-floating body

Above, Chinese order of the double dragon, awarded by the Chinese government to Otto Franke in 1898, on show in Berlin; bottom left, Alex Turner of Arctic Monkeys.

parts circulating in blackness. Pinakothek der Moderne  
Until June 27  
☎ 49-89-2380-5360  
www.pinakothek.de

## Oslo

**music**  
"Andrea Bocelli" presents the Italian tenor reciting classic standards as well as pop and personal compositions. April 8, Telenor Arena, Oslo  
April 9, Copenhagen Forum  
April 11, Globe Arena, Stockholm  
www.andreabocelli.com

## Paris

**art**  
"Tao, Another Way of Being" examines the religious and cultural importance of Taoism in China through 250 objects, including paintings, sculptures, ceramics and textiles. Grand Palais  
March 31-July 5  
☎ 33-1-4413-1717  
www.grandpalais.fr

## fashion

"An Ideal History of Contemporary Fashion, vol. I: 70-80" illustrates the history of contemporary fashion from the 1970s to the 1980s. Les Arts Decoratifs  
April 1-Oct. 10  
☎ 33-1-4455-5750  
www.lesartsdecoratifs.fr

## Stockholm

**art**  
"Lee Lozano" offers a retrospective of work by the American artist (1930-99) including her avant-garde, minimalist and conceptual art. Moderna Museet  
Until April 25  
☎ 46-8-5195-5200  
www.modernamuseet.se

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.



Sammlung Otto Franke, Privatbesitz

Chiaiki Nozu