

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE



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WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

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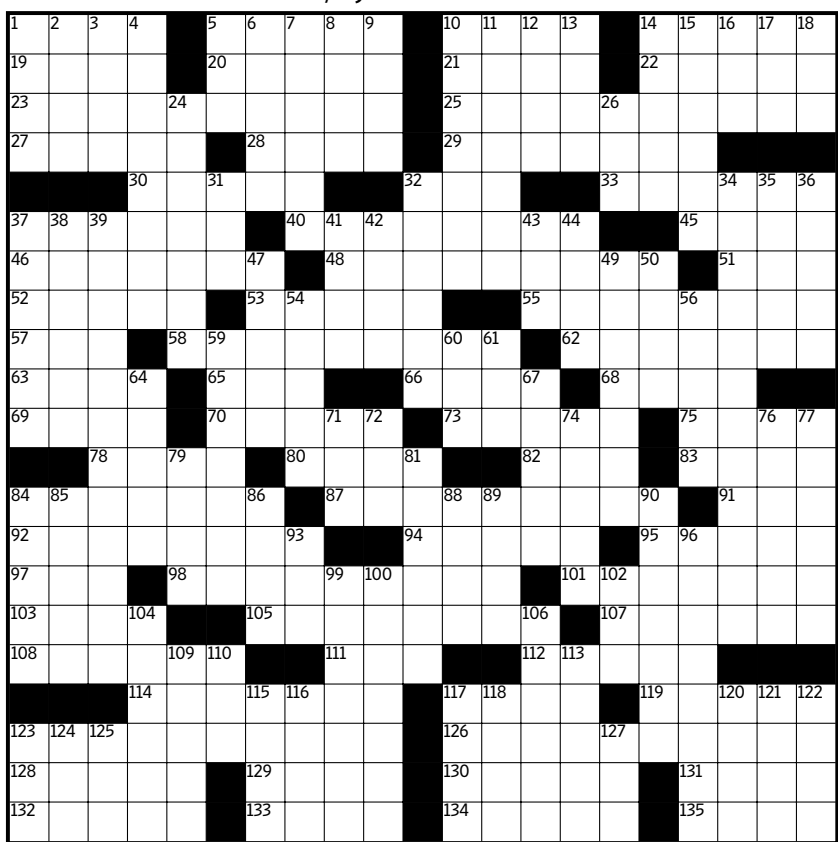
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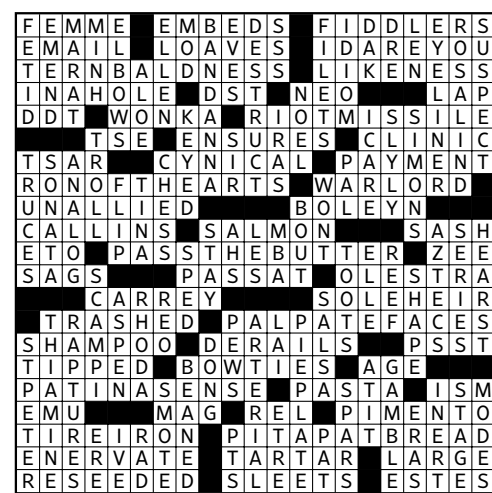
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Last Week's Solution





She's a fan.



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Richard Hamilton, 88 and going strong

'Modern Moral Matters' marks first major London show since 1992 for the Pop Art legend

BY PAUL LEVY

LAST WEEK, THE "father of Pop art," Richard Hamilton, told me he had only just dispatched the van containing the work for his brand-new show, "Modern Moral Matters," at the Serpentine Gallery until April 25. With amused surprise that he'd met this particular deadline, he said "the paint's still wet on the new pictures."

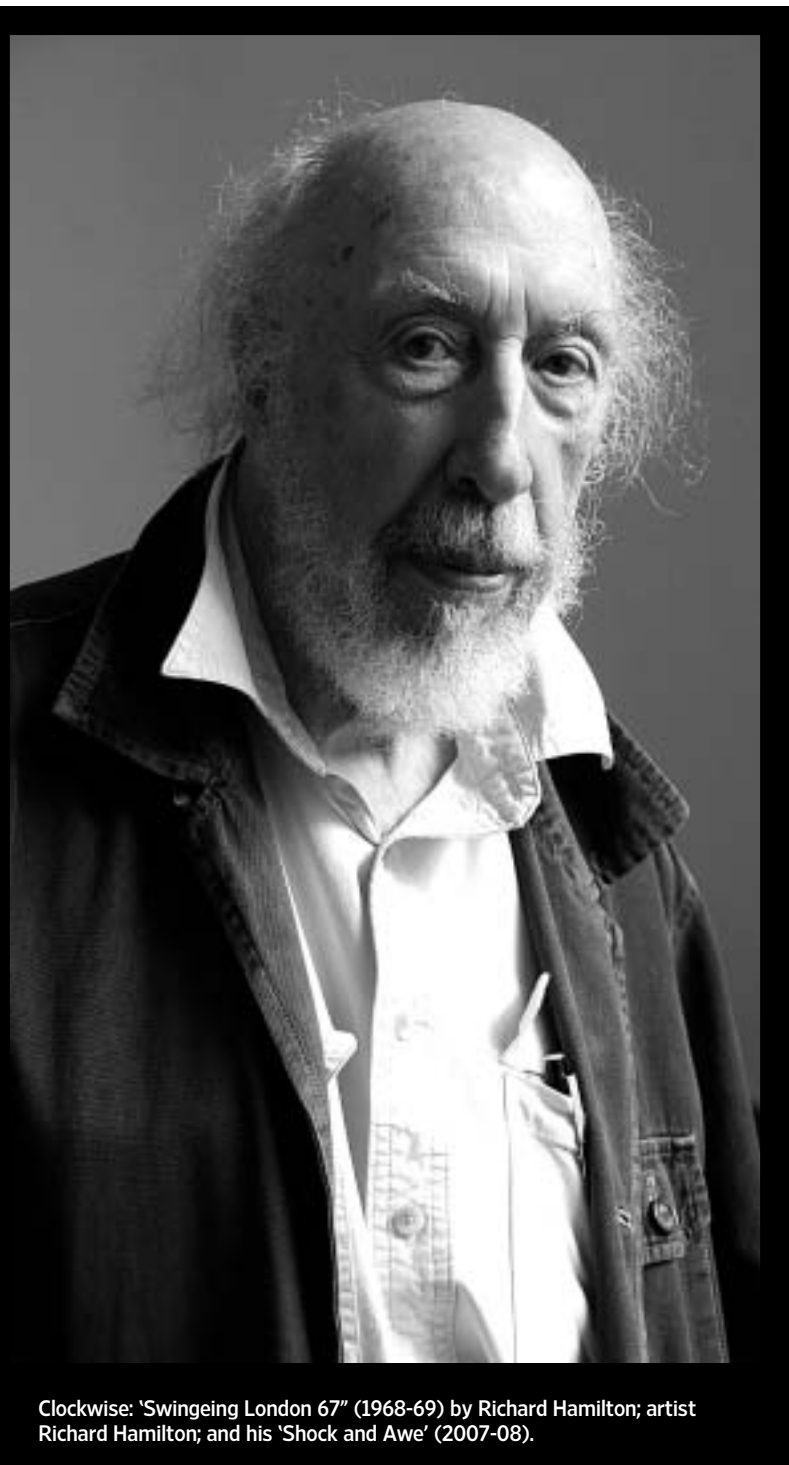
His first major London show since 1992, it includes his 1964 "Portrait of Hugh Gaitskell as a Famous Monster of Filmland," in which the then-leader of the Labour Party was depicted as the Phantom of the Opera for his hawkish position on nuclear disarmament, which Mr. Hamilton, as a member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, passionately supported.

Also reflecting Mr. Hamilton's left-wing libertarianism—and showing that his strongest suit is satire—there is his famous "Swingeing London 67" (1968-69), based on a photograph of Mick Jagger and the late Robert Fraser (then Mr. Hamilton's art dealer). The two men had been arrested in a notorious drugs bust; Mr. Jagger is shielding his face from the flashbulbs, and Mr. Fraser, handcuffed to him, is perforce making the same gesture of celebrity. The image registers Mr. Hamilton's indignation that Mr. Fraser served a swingeing six months' sentence for "innocently pleading guilty."

Mr. Hamilton blazed to Pop Art fame in 1956, with his collage from American magazines, "Just what is it that makes today's homes so different, so appealing?" with its muscle-man provocatively holding a Tootsie Pop and woman with large, bare breasts wearing a lampshade hat, surrounded by emblems of 1950s affluence from a vacuum cleaner to a large canned ham. It wasn't just this that made Mr. Hamilton a household name—he also designed the sleeve for the Beatles' "White Album" (1968).

I've known Mr. Hamilton a long time, and he had invited my wife and me to tea at his stunningly converted Oxfordshire farmhouse. It was his 88th birthday, and his wife, the artist Rita Donagh, served us his birthday fruitcake in the paneled drawing-room. Mr. Hamilton, whose gray beard and prominent, ivory-colored front teeth give his long face a noble, equine look, sat on the black leather sofa, flanked by a pair of Eames chairs. He walks with an elegant silver-headed stick, needed because of persistently troubling knees, but his recent, radical heart-valve repairs were so successful that he had no difficulty tossing a couple of large logs on the fire.

The Serpentine's publicity for the current show says "the installations, prints and paintings on view take international politics, riots, terrorist acts and war as their subject matter, examining how these conflicts are represented by the media, including via television and the internet." But it focuses on his political works. Mr. Hamilton also has a playful, lyric side. Some of these aspects of his work are bound to be displayed in the dozen or so exhibitions now being planned to celebrate his status as one of Britain's senior artists. These include the 26



Clockwise: 'Swingeing London 67' (1968-69) by Richard Hamilton; artist Richard Hamilton; and his 'Shock and Awe' (2007-08).

© 2010 Richard Hamilton (2); Rex Features (portrait)

works from the Metropolitan Museum's own collection being shown in New York until May 2; the exciting show at the Prado, "Picasso's Meninas" (March 23-May 30); and the "Richard Hamilton: Shit and Flowers" show from May 27-July 3 at the two Alan Cristea Galleries in London. Shows are also in the works for the Hugh Lane Gallery in Dub-

lin, and still others in Madrid, Paris and Munich.

Mr. Hamilton is known for his association with Marcel Duchamp—his reconstruction of Duchamp's broken masterpiece, the "Large Glass" or "La Mariée mise à nu par ses célibataires, meme" is one of the big debts art history owes to him. When asked how he came to be such a close

friend of Duchamp, Mr. Hamilton said, "I became a sort of family friend of Duchamp and his wife, after 1957, when I embarked upon a typographic rendering of his Green Box [Duchamp's notes for the "Large Glass"], which took me and a collaborator three years. I sat next to Marcel in the airplane when we flew to Pasadena for the opening of the first retrospective show of his work."

"Later," he said, "I remember that I was once asked to a dinner south of Paris where the other guests were Duchamp and René Magritte; and these ties led to friendships with Jasper Johns, John Cage, Andy Warhol and Claes Oldenburg."

A long life means that he also knew the likes of Roland Penrose and Lee Miller. I know that Mr. Hamilton is very interested in food (he's written a limpid, beautifully crafted introduction to a recent book about his friend, the Spanish superchef Ferran Adrià), so I asked him whether Lee Miller really was an exceptional cook. He thought for a moment: "A good cook, but so slow that the guests always had to join in the cooking or we wouldn't get fed until midnight."

All the work shown in "Modern Moral Matters" is protest of one sort or another, from his 1983-84 installation, "Treatment Room," an operating theater where the patient is condemned forever to watch Mrs. Thatcher speaking on a TV monitor, to his 1981-83 painting of the dirty protest at Long Kesh. This should be a very angry show. But if you divide artists into those who have a tragic view of life, and those who view human existence and history as fundamentally comic, Mr. Hamilton falls into the second category. Irony is his default setting.

As we drove away from his farmhouse, the headlights of our car picked out dozens of flashing eyes. They were muntjac, the exotic miniature deer that have escaped zoos and gone native in Britain. We often see a solitary one, but Mr. Hamilton's garden had been invaded by an entire herd of them. Not very good for the flowers and shrubs, but I can imagine Mr. Hamilton finding the muntjac attack curiously amusing.

—Paul Levy is a writer based in Oxfordshire.

Fashion's new muse: the CEO

Gucci, Dolce & Gabbana and other designers embrace the pantsuit and 'matchy-matchy'

Paris

THE FALL 2010 collections may offer the best clothes for working women since Yves St. Laurent introduced the sleek "Le Smoking" pantsuit in 1966.

In Milan, Gucci, Jil Sander, Etro, Marni, Dolce & Gabbana, Prada, Bottega Veneta and Aquilano Rimondi all showed elegant, classic versions of women's suits—tailored

On Style

Christina Binkley

jackets with either pants or skirts to match. In New York, Marc Jacobs, Michael Kors and others did the same. Now it's up to the French—who are just starting nine days of runways shows in Paris—to shape the trend.

It's hard to overstate how different the new suits are from the dominant styles of the past few years. Very recently—until about two weeks ago, in fact—being "matchy-matchy" was considered a fashion crime. Florals could be mixed with plaid and sable with denim. But a tailored jacket that matched its pants or skirt suggested a blind eye toward style. A key look was a dress worn with a cardigan, Michelle Obama-style. Now, it looks as if designers have moved on from the first lady to adopt Xerox Chairman Anne Mulcahy as a muse.

Also, many of the clothes shown on runways in recent years were plunging, see-through, micro-mini, or so skinny that they would inspire a week of water-cooler talk at the office. That left a lot of working woman feeling awkwardly out of fashion.

The new look is comfortable, strong and far from body-revealing. It's redolent of the Charlie girl—the pantsuit-wearing woman in the early-1970s ads for the Revlon perfume. In contrast to the power-shoulder looks introduced in recent years, there is nothing exaggerated about these clothes except the luxury of the fabrics. The silhouette is elongated, with long jackets and flowy, relatively wide-legged pants.

The Charlie girl, as played by the model Shelley Hack, influenced thousands of women who wanted to be just like the figure in the ads: a modern career woman, sexy and confident. She wore a fluid pantsuit whose tailored jacket, trousers and silk blouse all matched.

These days, women aren't as optimistic



Left to right: A model wears a creation by Bottega Veneta; a Revlon 'Charlie' fragrance advert in the 1970s; the Marc Jacobs fall 2010 collection during fashion week in New York.

about career empowerment. But in Milan, Tomas Maier, who showed a swank "Charlie girl" suit for Bottega Veneta, recalled that '70s optimism. "Clothes are not in control. Women are in control," he said post-show.

Aquilano Rimondi, designed by Tommaso Aquilano and Roberto Rimondi, showed another version of a "Charlie girl" suit—dark, double-breasted and wide-lapeled—in a

wearable collection that contrasted sharply with the overly dressy and complicated looks they've shown in past seasons. The duo made a similar about-face at Gianfranco Ferré, which they also design, by featuring comfy-looking wide-legged pants in a sparkly gray wool, along with other highly tailored looks that seemed cut to flatter rather than to reveal.

The suiting trend is so marked that even designers who are known for something entirely different are showing it. Veronica Etro, renowned for her vivid colors, bohemian patterns and fluid fabrics, showed matching tops and narrow-legged pants, as well as a coral-colored "Charlie girl" suit, updated with cropped, cuffed, wide-legged pants under its double-breasted jacket.

Miuccia Prada heralded her fall collection as "normal" clothing—"classical, classical," she said. She showed nip-waisted dresses, with darts at the bustline to fit a regular woman's figure, and simple heels. It was such a turn from what's usually on her runways (hip waders and panty-shorts were the essence of her last winter collection) that it seemed almost subversive.

It will be exciting to see how these collections sell when they arrive in stores. American department stores appear to be

embracing the approach. Ken Downing, fashion director for Neiman Marcus, said in Milan that it's been a "good season so far."

As she waited for Gucci's show to begin in Milan, Linda Fargo, Bergdorf Goodman's fashion director, said she welcomes the "return to classic tailoring." What followed at Gucci was a lot of matching gray suiting—tailored jackets and long pants—and an emphasis on texture and luxury fabrics.

The height of the trend came at Dolce & Gabbana, which has built its reputation on provocative ads and shows. This season, it offered an emotional tribute to the tailored jacket—and the skills of the seamstresses and tailors who labor on the Italian company's clothing.

A film in the backdrop showed these employees measuring, pinning and stitching in slow motion, as live models in the foreground cat-walked in versions of tailored suits. (For artistic effect, the jackets were sometimes worn over lingerie.) The acknowledgment of tailoring was so full of reverence that it left numerous moist eyes in the audience.

Then the show closed—not on the standard fantasy gown but on a perfectly tailored overcoat.

Arbitrage Monthly car park

City	Local currency	€
Paris	€163	€163
Frankfurt	€220	€220
New York	\$304	€222
Brussels	€320	€320
London	£433	€477
Rome	€750	€750



Note: Prices of a covered garage in the central business district, plus taxes, as provided by garages in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

Left to right: Associated Press (catwalk, 2), Advertising Archive/Courtesy Everett Collection

Luxembourg's cuisine ambassador

Michelin-starred chef Léa Linster discusses regional specialties, the beloved potato and what's ahead

By Rhea Wessel
CONSIDERED ONE OF the best chefs in the world, Léa Linster experimented with the humble potato on a recent Monday afternoon at her one-Michelin-star restaurant in the Luxembourg town of Frisange. She intently examined the thinly sliced potatoes, looking for clues about their starchiness. "People underestimate how difficult it is to achieve the perfect combination of crispy and chewy," she says.

A favorite vegetable in Luxembourg, the potato appears in many forms in Ms. Linster's home-cooking eatery called the Kaschthaus. At her signature Michelin-starred Restaurant Léa Linster, the potato incarnates in more noble ways fitting for a French gourmet. In fact, the dish that won Ms. Linster the Bocuse d'Or prize in 1989 features the tuber and remains on Ms. Linster's menu to this day: a saddle of lamb wrapped in a crisp, wafer-thin potato pancake. Ms. Linster browns the potato pancake on one side before she wraps it around lightly breaded lamb and bakes the duo.

At her two restaurants, Ms. Linster has long made a showcase of her native Luxembourg cuisine, which includes specialties such as flour dumplings called *kniddelen* and *bouneschlupp*, a green bean roux-based stew garnished with pork sausage (see accompanying recipe).

Now, some 20 years after Ms. Linster became the first and only woman to win the coveted Bocuse d'Or prize, she has become a formal ambassador of Luxembourg's cuisine. This year, for the first time, Ms. Linster will officially represent Luxembourg abroad at the ITB Berlin, the world's largest tourism trade fair from March 10-12. She will prepare Luxembourg dishes at the country's stand at the fair, which draws more than 170,000 visitors.

The Grand Duchy's tourism authorities hope to position the country as a culinary destination, given that Luxembourg has more Michelin stars per capita than any other coun-



try in the world. Starred restaurants include Manoir Kasselslay, known for the creative use of regional products and its setting inside a natural reserve; Toit pour Toi, with its eclectic interpretation of French gourmet cuisine; and Restaurant Yves Radelet, also focused on regional ingredients, including some organic products.

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For Holger Gettmann, a restaurant critic and the publisher of the Guide Orange food resource, Ms. Linster's official appearance is long overdue. "Ms. Linster embodies Luxembourg's charm and peculiarities. You can see it when she's on German television. She's highly skilled and recognized for her experience," he says. Ms. Linster appears frequently as a guest chef on channel ZDF's cooking shows "Lanz kocht" and "Küchenschlacht."

Ms. Linster, 55 years old, has trained alongside the world's best chefs, including Paul Bocuse, Joël Robuchon and Fredy Girardet. Yet,

she hasn't let go of her down-to-earth principles that manifest in her personal style and cooking. She says she prefers dishes without overbearing sauces, such as scallops grilled with perfect brown trim that are tossed in a salad of endive and artichoke.

She strives to let individual ingredients speak for themselves and retain their original character, describing molecular cuisine as a trend to which she refuses to adapt. "If you change food too much, you kill the soul of it," Ms. Linster says. Her choice of décor and the way she runs her kitchen speaks to her philosophy as well. She offers guests a sleek environment that isn't pretentious, and she says she avoids waste—not an easy feat for a gourmet.

While sticking to her principles, Ms. Linster is in the process of expanding and transforming her culinary empire, which includes her two restaurants in Luxembourg, her media brand (TV appearances and a food column in the German women's magazine *Brigitte*), and her publishing efforts, which include six cookbooks. She is looking for a partner to open a restaurant in Manhattan, where she has an Upper East Side home, and is remodeling her 60-seat signature restaurant.

As part of the transformation, Ms. Linster has increased her marketing efforts. Years ago she wouldn't have been so bold, she says, but now she has draped a billboard-

style photo of her face on the façade of her restaurant in Frisange, a village of several thousand people that is a 20-minute drive from the city of Luxembourg. Ms. Linster laughed with a hint of irony as she commented about the oversized photo that contrasts starkly with the rural environment. "It's big enough so that people won't actually take it seriously," she says.

Ms. Linster grew up playing hostess at the family's restaurant in Frisange. She often helped her parents cook and serve. As a 16-year-old girl, the first meal she ever prepared for guests was chicken in a Riesling sauce with a prune pie.

Ms. Linster began studying law but abruptly ended her time at the university when her father fell ill nearly three decades ago. She says she acquired her good taste and her intuition for cooking from her father, who was also a chef. "He had the palette of a God," she says, adding he had a knack for refining Luxembourg specialties with French touches.

Connoisseurs will point out what gives Luxembourg's cooking its own character: Fresh-water delights, such as frog legs and pike, Riesling sauces on chicken or fish and a good dose of garlic to honor the country's large number of Italian residents who immigrated more than a century ago, as well as Portuguese new arrivals.

Don't be mistaken. Although Luxembourg cuisine resembles potato-rich German cooking, with a dab of French finesse, it is more than a mélange. Maximilian von Hochberg, the general manager of the Hotel Sofitel Luxembourg Europe, says, "The French are attracted to Luxembourg because of its continental touch, while Germans appreciate the French overtones."



View from the 'Big Saloon' room at Restaurant Léa Linster; Chef Léa Linster.

Thinking of Chile

ANYONE WHO HAS read or heard the news broadcasts from Chile cannot fail to be deeply affected by the images of a country coping with the effects of the devastating 8.8 magnitude earthquake. I was personally concerned, as I struck up many friends in the country's burgeoning wine industry during visits in my capacity as a wine writer. Some of them were affected first hand.

Wine WILL LYONS

At this stage, news is still very sketchy but reports from Chile's oldest wine region, the Maule Valley, which was quite near the epicenter, is that fortunately there are few casualties. But there has been damage to the wine regions of Bio Bío, Cauquenes and other parts of Maule and Curicó. The quake struck early on a Saturday when most wineries were largely empty, keeping injuries from falling barrels and vats to a minimum. But there has been much structural damage, road collapses and power and communication problems.

A statement from Vinos de Chile, the association of Chilean wineries, says the industry has been able to quantify the total loss of wine at approximately €185 million, which represents a loss of 12.5% when compared with the 2009 vintage of 1.01 billion liters.

Concha y Toro, Chile's biggest winemaker, has said it has suspended all production and shipping for a week in a zone where the major north-south highway was severely damaged.

The harvest is due to start but with disrupted electrical power and travel difficulties it will be difficult for the grapes to be harvested properly. I do hope the industry can emerge stronger from this distressing setback. For this long, narrow country with an abundance of microclimates, plentiful water from the Andes and disease-free wines has been making enormous strides in the international marketplace.

Chile made its name making interesting, opulent interpretations of the Bordeaux grape varieties: Cabernet, Merlot and Carmenère. Although it still is a by-word for reliable, midrange wines, it is its assault on the premium sector that really excites.

One wine I have been deeply impressed with is the Altair in the

Cachapoal Valley. When I visited the winery late in 2005 it was a joint venture between Laurent Dassault, the owner of Saint Emilion's Chateau Dassault and Chateau La Fleur, and Vinas San Pedro, one of largest wine producers in Chile. Mr. Dassault had scoured the country for a suitable site and eventually found a small corner on the Cachapoal Valley owned by San Pedro. A few years ago the San Pedro group took back total control. But the dream of creating Chile's first Grand Cru wine is still alive.

The winery itself sits amid vineyards that roll off the foothills of the Andes Cordillera. Harvesting is done by hand, overseen by winemaker Ana Maria Cumsille. The wine is a typical Bordeaux. The 144 acres of vineyards are planted with Cabernet Sauvignon, Carmenère, Merlot, Syrah, Petite Verdot and Cabernet Franc. The blend is predominantly Cabernet Sauvignon with small amounts of Merlot and Carmenère. I tasted the inaugural vintage, 2002, and its sister wine, Sideral, and was impressed with its finesse. It is a sensational wine with a silky texture, brooding hazelnut and cherry on the nose, and hints of spice with a long finish.

Another vineyard with a French influence that I have been following for many years is Los Vascos, owned by Lafite owner Eric de Rothschild. For its selling price, around €12 a bottle, it offers very good value. Its Cabernet Sauvignon has a silky, subtle quality and a long, tight finish. It can age too. When I visited we tasted the 1989 vintage and it was superb, drinking well and offering lively fruit and structured tannins.

One region also worth exploring is the Limari Valley, Chile's northernmost winemaking region. The area is better known for its spectacular night skies, and as well as to wine-making it also plays host to a variety of expensive telescopic utilities. The grapes benefit from their proximity to the sea. The cool coastal breezes and the Camanchaca fog that blankets the area every morning help mediate the ripening process, giving the wines their distinctive clean mineral character. Vina Tabali produces a Chardonnay and Pinot Noir in a European style. By that I mean they have a balanced acidity and mineral character.

As I write, the 2010 harvest has begun. This weekend as many of us sit down to enjoy a glass of wine with family and friends spare a thought for the wineries in Chile, which are focusing their efforts on attending to the morale and material needs of their employees.



From top: Warm lobster salad, potato patties and the preparation of the pumpkin soup. All three recipes were published in the book 'Léa Avec Amour.'

BOUNESCHLUPP

Try this condensed version of Léa Linster's recipe for *bouneschlupp*, a Luxembourg stew with green beans

Serves 8

Stew:

1 kg green beans, not too thin

200 g celery root (celeriac)

3 medium potatoes

2 medium onions

1 small leek

Sea salt

50 g butter

2 tablespoons flour

Freshly ground pepper

150 g crème fraîche or sour cream

Garnish:

400 g smoked bacon in one piece

4 pork sausages

Stew:

String the beans and cut them into pieces 1-2 cm long. Peel and cube the celery root and the potatoes. Soak the potatoes in cold water. Peel and dice the onions. Slice the leek into 1-cm pieces.

Put all of the vegetables except the potatoes in a pot, cover with 2 liters water, salt lightly and cook over medium heat 15 to 20 minutes. Drain the potatoes, add them to the stew. Continue cooking until the potatoes are tender.

Melt the butter in a pan and add the flour. With a whisk, vigorously stir over high heat to obtain a white roux. Gradually add a little of the stew broth while whisking constantly. Add as much broth as necessary to make a creamy sauce. Let cook a few minutes over low heat. Pass the sauce through a sieve into the stew and combine well with the vegetables.

Bring stew to a boil. Remove from heat. Season with salt and pepper. Garnish with a tablespoon of crème fraîche or sour cream. Garnish with cooked sausages and bacon.



At the same time, the business crowd is increasingly an Anglo-Saxon troupe, says Mr. von Hochberg. Luxembourg is expanding its niche from a hub for the banking sector and European Union institutions to a center for information technology. Skype, the Internet-telephony company that was acquired by eBay, and the e-retailer Amazon.com both have their European headquarters here.

For business lunch, diners typically seek out restaurants in the Kirchberg district, home to the European Court of Justice and the European Investment Bank. Those interested in nightlife and cozier, smaller restaurants explore the cobblestoned alleyways of the Grund area of Luxembourg's ancient city center, which holds the distinction of Unesco World Heritage Site for its

Vauban fortifications.

This expansion as a haven for high technology (and low taxes) bodes well for restaurateurs such as Ms. Linster. Back at her signature restaurant, Luxembourg's patron chef continued working on her potatoes, which she dramatically drizzled with sea salt. As she performed her magic, Ms. Linster mused about people and her own journey from girl hostess to celebrated chef.

She says the way people evolve is more important than first impressions: "I love to give people a chance. I love it even more when they know how to take it."

—Rhea Wessel is a writer based in Kronberg, Germany.

►Find a listing of Luxembourg restaurants at WSJ.com/WeekendJournal

DRINKING NOW

Altair

Cachapoal, Chile

Vintage: 2002

Price: about £25 or €28

Alcohol content: 14%

With a respectable amount of bottle age this wine is beginning to open up with a nutty, cherry nose. The Cabernet gives the palate a firm, tannic feel while the Carmenère adds a touch of musty cigar-box flavor.



Favorites to win are a little film that could and a big film that did

By Joe Morgenstern

JUST AS THE Academy hoped, there's something for everyone among the 20 movies vying for a Best Picture Oscar. (That figure includes 10 movies as they existed at the time of their release, plus the 10 cause célèbres they've become after months of hype, buzz, bookmakers' rankings and inevitable backlash.) At least four of them—"The Blind Side," "District 9," "Precious" and "A Serious Man"—are beneficiaries of the expanded nominations, while all are potential victims of a preferential voting scheme that could produce an entirely unexpected winner; it's the latest confirmation of the William Goldman adage that nobody knows anything.

For me, though, this year's Oscars come down to a contest between two remarkably different films, "Avatar" and "The Hurt Locker." One is a huge and innovative studio production, the other a smallish-scale indie. (And one, of course, was made by the other's ex-spouse, which adds to the fun.) Yet both speak to modern audiences in the classic language of their genres.

"Avatar's" genre is the eye-popping, crowd-thrilling spectacle, and the man who made it is a direct descendant of such earlier kings of the movie world as D.W. Griffith and Cecil B. DeMille (as well as such disparate technical wizards as Buster Keaton and Stanley Kubrick.) It's astonishing to see that James Cameron has done it again after taking more than a decade off for deep diving and deep think. The diving led to "Avatar" landscapes that are submarine seascapes drained of water. The thinking yielded sumptuous, info-dense visuals that herald a revolution in theatrical exhibition—wouldn't it be great if "Avatar" were responsible for bringing more grownups back to the theaters so they could see more grownup movies like "The Hurt Locker"?—together with a dramatic device that qualifies as a stroke of commercial genius.

To appreciate the artistic and fiscal power of this device, it helps to recall the one that made the crucial difference in "Titanic." The sinking of the unsinkable ocean liner had always been an enthralling story, but not, until Mr. Cameron came along, a story that would bring teenage girls and boys back for helping after helping of romance. In a general sense, he raised the barnacled vessel from its historical grave by focus-



ing on the girl and boy played by you know who and you know who. But the *sine qua non* of "Titanic's" success, the billion-dollar notion that invited kids in, was the framing device with Rose, as a venerable survivor, recalling the great love of her passionate youth.

In "Avatar" the device is simpler still. By making Jake a paraplegic, Mr. Cameron provided the gate through which young audiences enter the picture quickly, at a deep emotional level. In recent interviews the filmmaker has spo-

ken of his hero as an embodiment of "broken humanity," which he certainly is in an abstract way. More concretely, though, Jake uses the brilliant technology of the sci-fi tale to become a new person who finds love along with a cause that makes life worth living. In other words, he fulfills every adolescent's dream.

On vacation last week in the remote South Pacific island nation of Vanuatu, I ran into a couple of resident Aussies who said they'd seen "Avatar" and couldn't under-

stand what the fuss was all about. In fact, they'd seen an illegal 2-D download on a notebook computer, so they hadn't seen it at all. Never has a movie depended so fully on the third dimension of depth, or the fourth dimension of screen size. But the ensuing 3-D craze raises questions beyond the basic one of staying power. The process is desocializing. Those polarizing glasses are like visual headphones, separating us from other members of the audience while connecting us with the

movie in an intense way.

Is this good or bad for the medium's future? Maybe it's the best we can hope for, and a good best at that, since audiences these days are loosely connected with one another as they sit in their seats, cell phones and texting thumbs at the ready in case the storyline sags.

The storyline never sags in "The Hurt Locker," a stunning example of another classic genre, action suspense. In this film the connection to the audience depends, at least at first, on the pri-

20thC.Fox/Everett / Rex Features; Paramount Pictures; W. Disney/Everett / Rex Features; Weinstein/Everett / Rex Features; Warner Br./Everett / Rex Features; BBC Films / The Kobal Collection



Left, director Kathryn Bigelow and cinematographer Barry Ackroyd on the set of 'The Hurt Locker'; below, James Cameron directs a scene of 'Avatar.'

From the day the nominations were announced, the temptation was to cast 'The Hurt Locker' as a modestly funded David to 'Avatar's' extravagant, entertainment-conglomerated Goliath.



mal question of whether bombs will or won't explode.

But Kathryn Bigelow's tour de force is far more than a genre piece. It's a character study of remarkable complexity, a meditation on the nature of heroism, a consideration of the Iraq conflict that's neither anti-war nor pro, but cool, mature and incisive. And it's a showcase for elegant technique—rigorous direction, taut writing, flawless performances, masterful editing and cinematography. (Among so many vivid moments, I

remember the shot of Jeremy Renner's James standing amidst a lethal octopus's tentacles, seven pipe bombs linked by live wires.) That's why so many critics and movie professionals have rallied to its cause, and why Academy members honored both productions with a happy symmetry of nominations—nine on the little film that could, nine on the big film that did.

From the day the nominations were announced, the temptation was to cast "The Hurt Locker" as a modestly funded David to "Avatar's"

extravagant, entertainment-conglomerated Goliath. That's a fascinating spectacle in its own right, yet obvious differences between the two conceal essential similarities.

Despite its proudly independent roots, "The Hurt Locker" is a heartening throwback to the golden age of Hollywood, when studio films could aspire to such lean and disciplined excellence, and occasionally achieve it. Despite its astronomical budget and studio affiliations, "Avatar" is an indie film in the sense that the man who

made it operates by his own rules. Aspiration is the common denominator of both productions. Mr. Cameron has been outspoken, as is his custom, in promising to transform the experience of watching movies in theaters, but damned if he didn't do it; against all odds, "Avatar" has lived up to its ballyhoo.

Ms. Bigelow was no less ambitious, though she kept her intentions to herself. She simply took off for the Middle East and shot an exemplary feature that went

into distribution ballyhooless, then earned richly deserved adulation on its own. (Mr. Cameron's championing of her cause as best director isn't just a special form of collegiality but an expression of excellent taste.)

So which of the two will be the winner come Sunday evening? Unfortunately—or fortunately, if you're rooting for other nominees—it isn't that simple. Like the hovering space ship in "District 9," there's that hovering question mark of preferential ballots (which wrist to slit first if "The Blind Side" wins?), not to mention lots of inside-baseball considerations that may have colored the Academy's voting.

"The Hurt Locker" has come on so strongly, for so long, that some see it as vulnerable to an outsider move. (I see that kind of seeing as a symptom of the attention deficit disorder that afflicts pop culture as a whole, though the perception could be self-fulfilling.) Actors, whose guild constitutes an important voting bloc, may turn out for "Inglourious Basterds," which celebrates the very notion of acting with a collection of fine performances. They also may turn against "Avatar," which represents a real threat to actors' livelihoods by blurring the line between live action and animation. What's more, Academy voters have often resisted popular films, so the stupendously popular "Avatar" might be perceived as too big not to fail in the Best Picture category.

Then which of my two favorites do I really favor? In the accompanying box, which makes no provision for waffling, my answer is clear: "The Hurt Locker" should win, though "Avatar" will. Outside the box (where the best thinking is done), I'm of two minds, with no inclination to resolve the internal conflict. In the best of all possible worlds, "The Hurt Locker" should win because it's thrilling, engrossing and an impeccably crafted example of storytelling on the big screen. In that same world, "Avatar" should win because it's the cavalry—on six-legged horses—come to the rescue of the movie medium, which has desperately needed the excitement that Mr. Cameron's majestic opus brings. But in the world we actually inhabit? Nobody knows anything, and hope springs eternal.

►Vote on which films will win Academy Awards and watch interviews with James Cameron and Jason Reitman at WSJ.com/Lifestyle

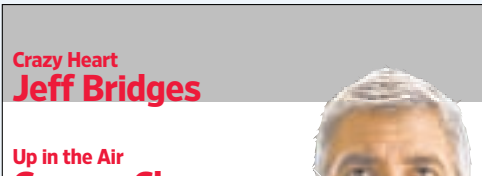




The Oscar Scorecard

Here's how some think the races will shake out in four major Oscar categories. Wall Street Journal film critic Joe Morgenstern offers his take on who deserves to win, and who he thinks the Academy will pick. Readers' choices are from a WSJ.com online poll; odds are offered by British betting company Ladbrokes.



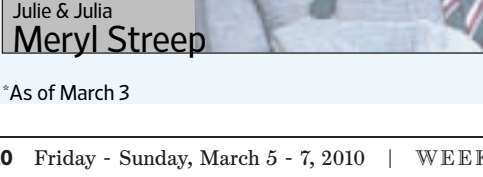

Best Picture

	JOE MORGENSTERN				YOUR PICKS			
	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN	READER PICKS*	ODDS*	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN
 Avatar	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	6:5	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
James Cameron kept saying it was going to be like nothing we'd ever seen, and what do you know, he kept his promise, in spades and in Imax.								
 The Blind Side	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	100:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Many people, including me, were blindsided by this affecting film. A modestly manipulative fable about a gentle giant, it's the most obvious beneficiary of the expanded nomination scheme.								
 District 9	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	150:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
A remarkable achievement—who could have imagined a brilliant satire of apartheid decked out as a sci-fi action adventure?—and a wonderfully appropriate nomination.								
 An Education	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	150:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
An education in elegant filmmaking. Too bad, though, that Alfred Molina wasn't nominated for his craven, class-conscious variation on the theme of Basil Fawlty.								
 The Hurt Locker	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	5:6	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
If all films were as good as this one, and as good at finding their audience on their own, the ranks of the movie publicity companies would be decimated.								
 Inglourious Basterds	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	14:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The shaggy-dog story as art. It opened while I was on vacation: I wish I could have been among the first to describe its mad pleasures.								
 Precious: Based on the Novel "Push" by Sapphire	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	100:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The movie with the longest title has the longest odds, but has already beaten them by connecting with a broad public.								
 A Serious Man	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	200:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
My resistance to the Coen brothers' black comedy has been weakened by friends and colleagues who've taken it seriously, though I still haven't made it past the film's knee-jerk misanthropy.								
 Up	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	66:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Imperfect Pixar still trumps most movies of the moment. What remains most resonant in retrospect is the magical montage of married life, and the exquisite music.								
 Up in the Air	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	50:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
An American original about loopy Americans on the move, it disproves the new saw that contemporary audiences don't respond to topical satire.								




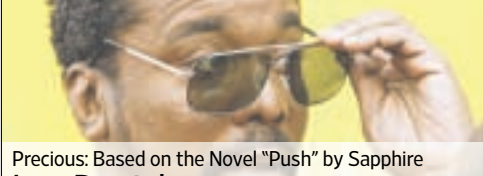

Best Actor

	JOE MORGENSTERN				YOUR PICKS			
	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN	READER PICKS*	ODDS*	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN
 Jeff Bridges	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	1:8	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
 George Clooney	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	9:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
 Colin Firth	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	9:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
 Morgan Freeman	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	25:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
 Jeremy Renner	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	25:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Best Actress

 Sandra Bullock	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	4:7	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
 Helen Mirren	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	50:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
 Carey Mulligan	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	9:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
 Gabourey Sidibe	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	20:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
 Meryl Streep	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	7:4	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Best Director

	JOE MORGENSTERN				YOUR PICKS			
	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN	READER PICKS*	ODDS*	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN	SHOULD WIN	WILL WIN
 James Cameron	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	10.3	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Is he an artist turned techie or a techie turned artist? Yes, and yes. Few people in the history of modern film have been such formidable switch-hitters.								
 Kathryn Bigelow	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	1:5	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
When this relatively unsung virtuoso finally got to make a film the way she wanted to, she became sung, and will now be serenaded on all sides.								
 Quentin Tarantino	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	28:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
His motor-mouth is connected to a motor-mind that idles only in the interest of suspense. Enchanted with violence, he's also an extraordinary storyteller.								
 Lee Daniels	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	100:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
His gift is clairvoyance of the literal kind—an ability to see his heroine clearly, and help his star help us to see her buried humanity.								
 Jason Reitman	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	100:1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Putting thoughts of Oscars aside (as no one will), the best thing about his work here is that it confirms the great promise of "Juno."								

*As of March 3

Photos: Agence France-Presse; Associated Press; Bloomberg News; Reuters

Florence's catalyst for change

Fondazione Palazzo Strozzi's approach to art exhibitions aims to keep visitors coming back time and again

BY ANDREW MCKIE

FLORENCE IS SYNONYMOUS with art, but two exhibitions that have just opened there confound most expectations of the city. That, it turns out, is exactly what Palazzo Strozzi regards as its *raison d'être*.

Its current shows—"De Chirico, Max Ernst, Magritte, Balthus: A Look into the Invisible," and "Gerhard Richter and the Disappearance of the Image in Contemporary Art"—are scholarly and rigorous, but also witty, unstuffy and presented to appeal to an international audience and to families.

Few would suggest that one would travel to this city to see Antony Gormley's 11 kilometers of aluminium tubing crammed into a room (a response to Richter) in preference to the paintings of Fra Angelico or Piero della Francesca. Perversely, however, that has been Florence's problem: As the epicenter of the Renaissance, it offers more culture than most countries. In the past century, there was a tendency for its museums to set their collections in stone. Glorious stones, to be sure, but it gave the impression that Florence was there to be "done" and, worse, that once done, there was no need to return.

Palazzo Strozzi is at first sight an unlikely base for a cultural revolution. An imposing four-story 15th-century building with a substantial courtyard—now housing a café and shop—it has been the city's primary site for temporary exhibitions since the war, but fared badly until it was taken over in 2006 by the specially created Fondazione Palazzo Strozzi.

"We've had a surprisingly important effect in a city at a moment of transition," says Director James Bradburne. "There was a very cautious view when we began and expectations were low—the previous setup had folded after seven years with six directors."

One major difference is that the foundation is a private-public enterprise. "It has been a considerable strength that we are autonomous," says Lorenzo Bini Smaghi, an economist on the board of the European Central Bank and president of the Fondazione Palazzo Strozzi. "Even in difficult times, we are showing that this form of governance, with real transparency and accountability, works."

Mr. Bradburne echoes this view. "There's a sense now that it has worked and that Florence has gone from being a city of quantity tourism to one of quality tourism," he says. "That comes from paying attention to the Florentines themselves. If it's a nice place to live, then it becomes a nice place to visit, not just a Renaissance Disneyland."

He has been gratified by the response to the Richter exhibition in the palazzo's basement, which brings together seven contemporary artists, including Gormley and Roger Hiorns, one of last year's Turner Prize contenders, who share the great German painter's interest in the dissolution of images. The show may focus on the difficulty of using pictures to make a clear statement, but there is an enthusiastic public response: queues snaked around the courtyard at the opening.



Clockwise from top: Courtyard of Palazzo Strozzi; Max Ernst's 'Oedipus Rex' (1922) from the exhibition 'De Chirico, Max Ernst, Magritte, Balthus: A Look into the Invisible'; the exterior of Palazzo Strozzi.

The first picture, Mr. Richter's portrait of the actress Liz Kertelge, reproduces a photograph with a blurring effect that strikes the viewer almost like a lenticular image; in "Krems" (1986) a commonplace street scene is obscured by swathes of paint reminiscent of Rousseau's jungles. By the final, colossal picture, "Canaletto" (1990), layers of paint have been laid upon and then stripped away from each other; yet the pure abstraction of the work doesn't diminish its ability to convey the surface sheen of water.

The other, much larger, exhibition focuses on Giorgio de Chirico's place as one of the godfathers of modernism and a formative influence on Ernst, Magritte and Balthus, all represented by significant works. But the Strozzi show sets it in context by pointing out that de Chirico's conviction that one

should paint "what cannot be seen" sprang from an epiphany in Florence's Piazza Santa Croce.

It is typical of the inventiveness of the museum's approach that the second picture, one of the "enigmas" that followed that conviction, isn't by de Chirico, but a copy by Max Ernst. As with all the exhibitions, the show offers interactive experiments, including theater workshops, concerts and a "dreaming website." Another hallmark of the Strozzi approach has been highly innovative programs for children, which have included games and quizzes involving sense and smell, specially commissioned books featuring leading children's writers, and exhibition labels written by the children themselves.

"Contemporary isn't what you do, it's how you do it," says Mr. Bradburne. "We've discovered that

the average time spent here by families is two and a half hours. I've found parents in the café who say their children are still upstairs exploring the exhibition."

"The expectation that there's no change has a positive value as nostalgia, but a very negative value for the museum and the city. Florence had allowed itself as a city to become a museum, and that was understandable: its collections are very beautiful, very extensive."

He adds, "What we've done with all these programs is do things in a new way, but take into account all this fabulous history. And the rest of the city has actually taken notice and seen what can be done." Indeed, directly opposite Palazzo Strozzi, another Renaissance masterpiece, the Palazzo Tornabuoni, has been reinvented as a stunning luxurious residence club operated by the Four

Seasons group, which features a restaurant with a mozzarella bar.

"Florence is a remarkably dynamic, vibrant city, and it's seen that these ways of doing things are possible," Mr. Bradburne concludes. "Italy has traditionally said: That's fine for the U.K., the U.S.A., but it's too difficult here. We were very unusual in being a private-public partnership, being intentionally international, having a banker as our president, all that. But right from the start we knew that we didn't want to be just another exhibition hall. We wanted to be a catalyst for change and possibility in the city, to make Florence a place worth coming back to again and again and, above all, to hand it back to its citizens as a place worth living in."

—Andrew McKie is a writer based in Cambridgeshire.

Clockwise: Corbis; Private collection; Fabien Butazzi - fabienbutazzi.it

Young golfers vie for top

At age 25, Dustin Johnson's talent on Tour is making a mark

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina
DUSTIN JOHNSON, WITH his win at the AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am three weeks ago, became the first player since Tiger Woods to log victories in each of his first three years on Tour. He also won the AT&T last year and the Turning Stone Resort Championship in 2008. That puts him, at age 25, near the top of the list of the world's young golf studs, along with

Golf

JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

Rory McIlroy, 20, of Northern Ireland, Martin Kaymer, 25, of Germany and Ryo Ishikawa, 18, of Japan (none of whom has yet won on the U.S. PGA Tour). Among Americans,

Anthony Kim, 24, and Rickie Fowler, 21, might qualify for the list, but Mr. Kim has won only two events (both in 2008) and Mr. Fowler, the charismatic rookie, remains pure promise.

"A lot of the young players are starting to step up and really play. It'll be fun," Mr. Johnson said with competitive zeal on Monday when I presented him with this list of potential career-long rivals.

The woods are filled, of course, with formerly promising young talents still metaphorically looking for their golf balls: Ricky Barnes, Ty Tryon and Bobby Clampett to name a few. But three wins is not a bad lifetime total—Tom Lehman only has five—and Mr. Johnson exudes natural athletic ability. (Tiger Woods had seven wins in his first three years on Tour, including a Masters.)

On Tuesday, I watched him play

pickup basketball at an indoor sportsplex here. It was his regular twice-a-week game during off weeks—he said he finds treadmills boring—against some serious local talent, but no one would fail to identify the professional athlete in the mix. At six-foot-four-inches (193 centimeters) and a lean 90 kilograms, he loped effortlessly down the court, dribbled with both hands and passed without looking. During a break I asked if he could dunk. He said his legs weren't in great basketball shape but nevertheless, with two quick steps, he slammed the ball home as easily as an office worker tossing a ball of paper into the waste can.

Athletic genes run in the family. His grandfather, Art Whisnant, was a basketball star at South Carolina in the 1960s and his father, Scott,



Dustin Johnson demonstrates his driving technique and swing at Tournament Players Club.

Photo by Logan Mock-Bunting/Getty Images for The Wall Street Journal

started in four sports in high school. But Mr. Johnson, who starting hanging out as a young boy at the golf club in Columbia, S.C., where his father worked, narrowed his focus to golf after he made the high school varsity squad in seventh grade and began receiving recognition. "I figured golf more than any other sport gave me best chance of playing professionally," he said. "If you want to play at the top level, you really can't play but one sport anymore."

At Coastal Carolina University near Myrtle Beach he was the three-time Big South Conference Player of the Year. After competing (against Mr. McIlroy, among others) on the victorious 2007 U.S. Walker Cup team, he turned pro and made it onto the PGA Tour through Qualifying School in his first try. I happened to follow Mr. Johnson for most of a round at that Q School, in December 2007, and was immediately struck by his fast, decisive play and fearlessness.

"You can't teach what Dustin has," his coach, Allen Terrell, said then. "He gets up for the big moments, he gets excited, but he doesn't get nervous. He stays in the moment and never gets rattled." In the intervening two years, Mr. Johnson has become a little more sure of himself off the course, but he's anything but cocky. The confidence he clearly has in his talent shows up more subtly, in the slouchy, half-sleepy way he both moves and talks, often spitting tobacco juice into a plastic soda bottle.

On the course, Mr. Johnson's length off the tee is X-Games worthy. He ranked third in driving distance on Tour last year, with a 308-yard average, trailing the leaders, Robert Garrigus and Bubba Watson, by only four and three yards, respectively. In the category "percentage of all drives over 300 yards," he was tops by a substantial margin, at 53.12%—the only player over 50%. Partly that's because he seldom pulls out his three wood when he could reasonably hit driver, and partly because when he does choose to go long, he consistently hits it on the screws.

Mr. Johnson offers no magic explanation for his ability to hit bombs. "I just always hit it a long way. I never had to struggle with distance," he said. Short-dash sprinters respond much the same way when asked about their speed: they were just always fast. Mr. Johnson's height is an advantage, no doubt, since tall golfers' long arms and wider swing arcs make it easier to generate clubhead speed. But size isn't determinative. Camilo Villegas, who leads the Tour in driving distance so far this year, is only 5'9"

and Mr. McIlroy, another extremely long hitter, is 5'10". You've either got it or you don't.

That's not to say Mr. Johnson doesn't work on his driving, however. "The key to hitting the ball far, No. 1, is hitting it solid," he explained on the back of the practice tee at the Tournament Players Club of Myrtle Beach, his home course since college.

He recently financed a golf gym in an unused building at the club for his own use and that of the Coastal Carolina golf team, and spends a lot of time there, balancing on one leg, while lifting weights or turning with medicine balls. The goal is to improve his posture, stability and core strength.

For Mr. Johnson, posture is essential both for longevity (his driver swing speed exceeds 193 kilometers per hour, among the fastest in golf, and takes its toll on his body) and as a defense against a right knee that wants to shoot forward, toward the ball, on his downswing. "When I'm not swinging well, that's the cause of most of my problems," he said. The dipping knee may be a response to standing up too tall on the take-away; the move gets him back down to the ball. But whatever the cause, it tends to push his hands too far ahead of the ball at impact and produce shots that fly off unpredictably in either direction. "You want your shots all to move one way, in my case to the left, with a draw," he said. "If I can keep my lower body stable, without going up or down, or sliding forward or back, I'll hit a good, controlled shot." He said he likes the image of trying to swing as if he were inside a phone booth, without hitting the walls.

Mr. Terrell said Mr. Johnson's short game and putting are exceptional, because of his hand-eye coordination, but his wedge game, from 150 yards in, needs work. More than anything, however, Mr. Johnson plays by instinct. When I asked how he fades the ball, which he can do with confidence, he said, "I don't really know. I just...I just make it fade." The great feel player Sam Snead gave similar responses to questions about his technique.

It will be interesting in the years ahead, as wealth and the tempting complexities of fame accrue, to see whether Mr. Johnson can sustain his game at the keen level he has shown so far. He has had a couple of brushes with the law, one in high school and then last winter for driving while intoxicated, both of which he told me, convincingly, that he regrets and has learned from. But golf careers are long-term affairs. "He's still a puppy," Mr. Terrell said. And athletically, he would seem to have no limitations.

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❖ Top Picks



Left to right: Christiane Karg as Norina, Ingo Witzke as Notar, Jens Larsen as Don Pasquale and Günter Papendell as Malatesta.

Monika Rittershaus

'Don Pasquale' arias titillate

BERLIN: For many years after the collapse of Communism, East Berlin's second opera house, the Komische Oper, looked doomed. The company, founded just after World War II by Walter Felsenstein, the father of modern opera direction, seemed barely to make it past the city's annual round of budget cuts. Without a modern stage, like the one

at West Berlin's Deutsche Oper, or a musical celebrity like Daniel Barenboim, music director at East Berlin's Staatsoper Unter den Linden, the Komische Oper, which traditionally stages all its works in German, was thought to be a luxury that cash-strapped Berlin just couldn't afford. How times have changed.

Under the stewardship of An-

dreas Homoki, general director since 2002, the Komische Oper has become one of the city's most acclaimed cultural institutions, while Berlin's other two opera houses struggle with personnel or infrastructure problems. By bringing in young directors from around the world, Mr. Homoki, 50 years old, has lent a cosmopolitan flair to Felsen-

stein's original prescription of emphasizing the stage-worthiness of opera productions.

Right now, there is probably no opera company in Germany that balances theatricality and musicality with the consistency of the Komische Oper, and a new production of Donizetti's comic ditty, "Don Pasquale," shows just how rewarding this holistic approach can be.

A bel canto standard, "Don Pasquale" is the musical equivalent of meringue, with a confusing plot of little purpose other than to bind sweet, gorgeous arias. Bel canto, with its limited dramatic possibilities, never won a place in the Komische Oper of Felsenstein; this is the first time the opera has been performed here since the company's second season in 1948.

As staged by Dutch director Jetske Mijnsen, a company regular since the 2004/05 season, "Don Pasquale" has gotten a mind-bending makeover. Ms. Mijnsen fleshes out the evening with lots of actual flesh, and her effective combination of simple slapstick and frank sexuality jump-starts the moribund farce back to life.

I daresay this may be the first time "Don Pasquale" has gotten laughs with the help of both a drag queen (played by baritone Ingo Witzke) and a sex toy. I mean real laughs—not the polite tittering of bored audiences waiting for the next soaring aria. Though the production has those, too, thanks to Christiane Karg, who plays the heroine Norina. Ms. Karg, who will alternate in the role with Maureen McKay, makes an operatic hole-in-one, as a screwball comedienne and musical powerhouse. —*J. S. Marcus*

Until July 15

www.komische-oper-berlin.de



Courtesy of Phillips de Pury

'Soft Tread' (1966-67) by Allen Jones; estimated at £60,000-£80,000.

Selling sex at auction

PHILLIPS DE PURY has picked a hot topic for its next theme sale—sex.

In London on March 19, the international auction house plans to explore the interplay of contemporary art and sexuality further by presenting works that challenge our concepts of gender, sexual imagery and desirability.

Sex is a thread that appears at most art auctions as it has inspired artists from

Collecting

MARGARET STUDER

ancient times. But a major contemporary auction totally devoted to the theme hasn't emerged in recent years.

That said, Phillips de Pury head Simon de Pury is notable for his choice of captivating topics. Some 221 lots will be on offer including painting, sculpture, photography and prints. Works range from the subtle to the explicit (no person under 18 years old is allowed at the auction).

Many of the most influential artists of recent times are included: Henri Matisse, Pablo Picasso, David Hockney, Andy Warhol and Tom Wesselmann.

A highlight will be British Pop artist Allen Jones' "Soft Tread" (1966-1967), a colorful painting giving a profile view of a woman's feet, legs and bottom erotically gartered with laced hosiery and impossibly-high stilettos. This playful work, inspired by shoe advertising that Mr. Allen had seen in an American mail-order catalog, is expected to fetch £60,000-£80,000.

Carrying the same estimate will be a strikingly straight-forward metal and plexiglass wall sculpture from 1992 by American artist Jack Pierson that simply states "SEX."

For erotic kitsch, it would be hard to beat Germany's Martin Eder. His painting, "The Ass Peace" (2006), featuring a voluptuous nude with two big house cats at her side, is estimated at £50,000-£70,000.

Meanwhile, in a photo from 1992 by German-born Helmut Newton, famous for his majestic nudes, a half-clothed Carla Bruni leans on a piano at her home looking at family photos. Sexier you couldn't get (estimate: £3,000-£5,000).

Celebrating Lassnig's provocative and vibrant oeuvre

MUNICH: The body, beautiful and not so beautiful, has been the theme of Maria Lassnig's art for more than 60 years. But it wasn't until the 1980s that Ms. Lassnig received wide international recognition, and her paintings were shown at the Venice Biennale and Documenta. Now a show in Munich's Kunstbau, entitled "Maria Lassnig," celebrates the past 10 years of the artist's oeuvre.

Among the 40 oversized canvases are some of her most powerful images. The artist, born in Austria in 1919, sets herself into many of the paintings. Her face with its distinctive high cheekbones and angular nose appears as an animal, an alien or a disembodied figure in feverish tones of acid yellow and green. "Country Girl" (2001) shows here alter ego as a naked elderly woman

astride a red motorcycle. That year she painted "Madonna of the Pastries," in which the plump figure leans forward, pendulous breasts hanging over an array of Viennese pastries.

In "The Hourglass" (2001) she stares openmouthed into space, her nude torso and hairless head painted in acid colors against a startlingly white background. "You or Me" (2005) is one of her most aggressive paintings, showing herself, again, as a nude with spread legs and two pistols; one is pointed at the viewer the other at her temple. Anger alternates with self-deprecating humor but even at age 90 she is able to create works that are provocative and immensely vibrant.

—*Mariana Schroeder*

Until May 30

www.lenbachhaus.de



Maria Lassnig

Left to right, 'Two Figures' (2006); 'Abraham Sacrifices his Son' (2007), both by Maria Lassnig, now being shown at Munich's Kunstbau.

Delaroche uses Britain to express his feelings about France, in code



National Portrait Gallery, London

'Lady Jane Dudley (nee Grey)' by an unknown artist (circa 1590s).

LONDON: Presumed lost, Paul Delaroche's monumental 1833 painting "The Execution of Lady Jane Grey," was rediscovered in 1973, in storage at the National Gallery. First shown there two years later and now one of its most popular exhibits, it depicts the grisly final moments of the 17-year-old who was Queen of England for only nine days. Blindfolded, she gropes for the executioner's block on which to rest her head, and her hand is guided to it by a kind official.

The painting is now displayed with seven others by Delaroche (1797-1856) and a few paintings by those he influenced, in what the Gallery's director, Nicholas Penny, said he intends to be the opposite of a blockbuster show. "Painting His-

tory: Delaroche and Lady Jane Grey" is a show with a thesis, and lots of supporting documents, drawings and graphic works to bolster up the evidence of the paintings. The idea: Delaroche (and his followers) were nostalgic for the *Ancien Régime*, at a time when it was politically unwise to have monarchist sympathies.

So he turned to British history (often mediated by the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott) for his subjects—which expressed his feelings about France, in code. Thus the beheading of the English queen alludes to the guillotining of the French queen, Marie Antoinette. Be sure when you see this show to go upstairs to Room One, where the argument carries on with the just-conserved (and not yet restored) colos-

sal 1837 painting, "Charles I Insulted by Cromwell's Soldiers."

It's easy enough to accept that Delaroche is using the beheaded Charles I as a trope for Louis XVI, and the background to all his paintings is full of interest. But—there's a big "but" about this specialized show: Delaroche wasn't a great painter. "Lady Jane Grey" like "Charles I" and his 1830 "Princes in the Tower" almost smacks of kitsch. Unsurprisingly, the best painting in the show is the one where his sincerity can't be doubted, his 1851 "Marie-Antoinette before the Tribunal."

—*Paul Levy*

Until May 23

www.nationalgallery.org.uk

Lewis Carroll, Through a Glass Darkly

London For decades, biographers of Lewis Carroll have been too fixated on the question of whether the author of *Alice in Wonderland* was a secret pedophile who got away with taking pictures of scantily-dressed girls during the Victorian era.

But a new book by English author Jenny Woolf, out today in the U.K. to coincide with Tim Burton's "Alice" film, claims that the unearthing of never-before-published bank statements absolves him of many of the wild allegations made against him

The Mystery of Lewis Carroll

By Jenny Woolf
(Haus, £18.99)

over the years. "The Mystery of Lewis Carroll" goes beyond the central controversy over his life to shed light on a man who has proved elusive to his biographers.

Carroll's coded diaries, written as if in anticipation of people sticking their noses in his well-guarded private life, and scarce documents about certain periods of his life have made it difficult for biographers to truly decipher the man. However, Ms. Woolf argues that his donations to charities that punished men who abused children (known only now after the discovery of his bank statements in an archive in Northern England) show that he "was well aware of the problem and he loathed it."

Ms. Woolf argues that Car-

roll's love for young female companionship has to be seen through the prism of Victorian life and shouldn't be judged by our modern standards. She says that Carroll's friendship with little girls and his interest in portraying them nude contravenes today's "assumptions and unspoken rules." She accepts that the thought of someone engaging in such practices would not only be frowned upon, but would be considered to be a matter for the

authorities. It's not hard to imagine a British tabloid printing a front-page story revealing

Mr. Carroll's hobby.

"It is only too easy for modern commentators to declare that Carroll's behavior shows that he had pedophile instincts which he suppressed," Ms. Woolf writes. "But modern 'evidence' is based on the incorrect assumption that he and his contemporaries lived similar lives and held similar views to the ones we hold now—and they did not."

She also points out how not a single complaint was filed against him for crossing the line with pre-pubescent girls and there is no indication (though many of his private documents were destroyed or edited by his family) that he had any sexual desire for them.

But records of donations to

charities and a lack of incriminating evidence don't entirely erase suspicion of a man of questionable reputation. There are still unresolved and repressed aspects of his sexuality (he was an Anglican clergyman who thrived on female companionship) that emerge in Ms. Woolf's book that paint a picture of a sort of Victorian Michael Jackson.

Even Victorians, who regarded "unawakened young girls" as sexless beings, saw his requests of photographing girls without clothes as out of order. Correspondence written from 1879 between Mr. Carroll and

a Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew survives today and sheds light on how people were dealing with the subject then. In her book, Ms. Woolf describes how Mr. Carroll sent a letter requesting permission to photograph their three daughters (ages 7, 11 and 13). She says the Mayhews didn't mind the youngest one being photographed naked but had issues about the 11-year old one since she was reaching the age of consent. Taking pictures of the oldest one in the flesh would also be out of the question. Mr. Carroll wrote: "If I

did not believe I could take pictures of all children without any lower motive than a pure love of Art, I would not ask it." Naturally, the Mayhews refused.

His choice of literature doesn't help make a case for an entirely innocent man. Although he condemned pornography, he owned books that covered sexual issues

"as frankly as was then legally possible." He had an interest in literature that dealt with "polygamy, infidelity, concubinage, and prostitution."

In fact, there are some suggestions that he may have had an affair with the

mother of his inspiration for the book *Alice in Wonderland*, Lorina Hanna Liddell. As evidence of his adulterous affair, Carroll biographer Karoline Leach highlights Carroll's two separate diary quotations of Psalm 51 (a biblical passage that deals with the subject of adultery). Ms. Woolf dismisses this assumption as having "little sense" and points to Carroll's profound sense of religion.

Apart from revealing his donations to charity, Carroll's bank statements also give us a clearer view of his wealth. One might as-

sume that Alice in Wonderland had made him a rich man. However, his Oxford Old Bank records suggest an apparent lack of interest in his own wealth and a man who ran well into his overdraft for a considerable period of his life.

Other aspects of his life that have been eclipsed by his more controversial side are also explored in the book. In the first pages Ms. Woolf explores Carroll's rather insipid early life, his love for mathematics and logic and his early days as an amateur photographer. She also highlights his quirky ways as he grew older. The picture that emerges is of a man who grew increasingly difficult to deal with as time passed.

The book comes with a personal conclusion by Ms. Woolf, who dreamed of having friendly correspondence with one of her favorite childhood writers. "Now, in the end, I find that the Carroll who has emerged from my researches is a man that I like, despite his faults. The underlying humor of his precise, kindly, unexpected nature shows in his many letters, which still crackle with life after more than a century. Those letters . . . now fetch hundreds or even thousands of dollars at auction. But even if they had not been worth a penny . . . I really would have liked to receive one addressed to me."

Mr. Espinoza is a multimedia reporter with the *Wall Street Journal*.



Getty Images

The Little Car That Couldn't

I would seem to be an inappropriate reviewer for a book about "the worst car in history." I drive a BMW, after all. In my defense, it is a 26-year-old BMW. The window motors failed a decade ago, so I must chin myself up through the sunroof to collect my burgers at the drive-through. I hate driving in the rain because my ankles get wet, thanks to a hole in the floor. I now realize, though, that the rusty old wreck only buffs my reviewing credentials: It approximates the condition of a brand spanking new Yugo, the subject of Jason Vuic's rollicking chronicle of the rise and fall of the homely little hatchback that couldn't.

Mr. Vuic (rhymes with Buick), an assistant professor of modern European history at Bridgewater College in Virginia, keeps his foot off the brakes when describing the Yugo's limitations. The car was "a turkey, a lemon, a dud," he writes, "a failure, a blunder, a boondoggle, and a bust." He weaves a tale about crazy socialist factories, just-as-crazy Western financial practices, geopolitics in the days of the Cold War and an American public yearning for affordable cars—all combined with the "cutting edge of Serbo-Croatian technology," as the Yugo was referred to in the spoof movie version of "Dragnet." Along the way Mr. Vuic gener-

ously sprinkles Yugo jokes, such as: What's included in every Yugo owner's manual? A bus schedule. This was an amenity-free car that nonetheless had a rear-window defroster—which owners soon suspected was there to keep their hands warm while pushing. The Yugo's name itself fueled jokes, as in: "You go call the tow truck, and I'll stay here with the car."

The name was not an homage to the car's Eastern European origins in Yugoslavia. "Yugo" was intended by its manufacturer, Zastava, to capture the same breezy, wind-related theme that Volkswagen successfully employed for its hatchbacks, the Scirocco and the Passat. A

"jugo" is a southeasterly wind on the Adriatic, but Zastava realized that "Jugo" might be pronounced jug-o in America, and it means "juice" in Spanish, so the J was changed to a Y.

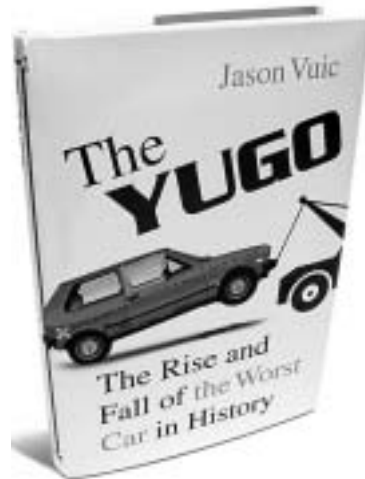
In theory, the low-cost Yugo subcompact was a car for its time. A buying mini-frenzy greeted its U.S. debut in August 1985. Yugo America sold 1,050 cars in one day. A veteran car dealer said that customers were buying the Yugo sight unseen, just "from a picture in a brochure." It became the fastest-selling first-year European import in U.S. history. And why not? "Clearly, the world's automobile manufacturers

had vacated the very low end of the American market," writes Mr. Vuic. The Yugo's base price was \$3,990. Some dealers offered the car for \$99 down and \$99 a month. Fortune magazine named the Yugo one of its "Outstanding Products for 1985"—right up there, ominously, with New Coke.

The briskness of the initial Yugo sales was the good news. The bad news was that Zastava's factory in Kragujevac, Serbia, was not ideal for the manufacture of automobiles. It had previously been used for making hand grenades, which might explain some of the Yugo's eccentricities. Morale at the plant was high, elevated by a copious supply of plum brandy, which the workers began drinking at eight in the morning and continued drinking during breaks, on the assembly line, and in spontaneous toasts. The brandy made for happy employees but unhappy customers. Unlike my BMW, which took a quarter-century of being parked outside to develop rust, early Yugos came from the factory with rust spots already showing in the trunk.

The car broke down during a Motor Trend road test. Consumer Reports declared that the Yugo was "hard to recommend at any price," noting that during one assessment an oil leak dripped onto the exhaust system and filled the car with smoke. The magazine continued: "The clutch chattered. The brakes squealed. . . . The speedometer

clicked. The hood became loose." There were safety concerns, too—though, miraculously, a national study ranked the Yugo as only the eighth most deadly car on the road. Somebody should have demanded a recount.



Mr. Vuic is as hard on the Western capitalism that fleetingly embraced the car as he is on the socialist system that produced it. Malcolm Bricklin, the American businessman who introduced the Yugo in this country, already had a string of failures to his credit. Most notable among his missteps was a disastrous gull-winged sports car called the Bricklin, which was famously produced without door locks because of a supplier mix-up. Not that anyone would steal a Bricklin. Even so, financial types gave Mr. Bricklin

mountains of cash so that he could work his magic on the Yugo.

Mr. Vuic also explains how geopolitics favored the Yugo's arrival on America's shores. Yugoslavia in the 1980s enjoyed pampered-child status in U.S. foreign policy because the country, although communist, was a neutral state with strategic Mediterranean ports. The 1990s were less kind to Yugoslavia—the country disintegrated as war erupted among its breakaway republics, including Serbia and Croatia. In 1999, NATO forces, piqued by Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic's atrocities in Kosovo, bombed and destroyed the Yugo's main assembly line. "Mangled Yugos swung from conveyor belts," writes Mr. Vuic. It was probably the safest place for them.

By then Yugo America was long bankrupt, the car no longer sold in the U.S. But various models continued to be manufactured in Eastern Europe until 2008, when the last Yugo rolled off the assembly line. Since Yugo production began in 1980, nearly 800,000 of the cars had been put on the road, however tentatively.

Today the Yugo lives on in America "as a retro-eighties joke," Mr. Vuic says. Junked Yugos have been fashioned into ironic objets d'art: a Yugo baby grand, a Yugo accordion. There's even a Yugo portable toilet—but that may be redundant.

Mr. Teresi is a consulting editor of *Easyridders* magazine.

time off



Above, Giampaolo Babetto's 'Necklace' (1968), on show in Munich; bottom, 'Dolores del Río a los 11 años de edad' by Alfredo Ramos Martínez, in Brussels.

Lorenzo Trento, Paolu

Amsterdam

music

"Chris Rea—Still So Far to Go" celebrates 30 years of rock and blues music by the British singer and guitarist.

March 5, Heineken Music Hall, Amsterdam

March 9, 10, Symphony Hall, Birmingham

March 11, Philharmonie Hall, Liverpool

March 13, Brighton Centre, Brighton

March 14, HMV Hammersmith Apollo, London

www.livenationinternational.com

photography

"Ari Marcopoulos—It might seem familiar" presents 30 years of alternative U.S. youth culture by the Amsterdam-born photographer and filmmaker.

Foam Fotografiemuseum

Until June 16

☎ 31-20-5516-500

www.foam.nl

fashion

"Crystal Loves Leather" presents designs for handbags, evening bags, clutches, hats and shoes from some 60 designers, including Hugo Boss, Bracher Emden, Lulu Guinness and Federica Moretti.

Tassenmuseum Hendrikje

March 8-Aug. 29

☎ 31-20-5246-452

www.tassenmuseum.nl

Berlin

photography

"Roger Melis: Chroniquer and Flaneur" is a retrospective of the German photographer, showing 200 photographs, including work from Paris, London and Moscow in the 1960s.

C/O Berlin

March 6-May 2

☎ 49-30-2809-1925

www.co-berlin.eu

Bonn

art

"Byzantium Splendour and Everyday

Life" examines the "Byzantine millennium" (324–1453) with more than 400 objects, including ivories, icons and manuscripts, architectural fragments, sculptures and everyday objects.

Kunst- und Ausstellungshalle

Until June 13

☎ 49-228-9171-0

www.kah-bonn.de

Brussels

opera

"Idomeneo, Re di Creta" is an opera by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart conducted by Jérémie Rhorer and directed by Ivo van Hove, featuring Gregory Kunde and Malena Ernman.

La Monnaie-De Munt

March 16-April 3

☎ 32-7023-3939

lamonnaie.smartlounge.be

art

"Imágenes del Mexicano" exhibits 150 portraits representing the history of Mexico, including work by Diego Rivera and Tina Modotti.

Palais des Beaux Arts

Until April 25

☎ 32-2-5078-200

www.bozar.be

Essen

archaeology

"The Great Game" showcases 800 artifacts, illustrating ties between archaeology and politics with items such as the Pergamon Altar reliefs.

Ruhr Museum

Until June 13

☎ 49-2018-8452-00

www.ruhrmuseum.de

Frankfurt

ethnology

"Being Object—Being Art" shows 130 ethnographic items, everyday or ritual objects from indigenous societies in Africa, the Americas, Southeast Asia, Oceania and East Asia.

Museum der Weltkulturen

Until Oct. 31

☎ 49-69-2123-5913

www.mdw-frankfurt.de

Hamburg

photography

"Nude Visions" showcases more than 250 original photographs, books and folders presenting 150 years of nude photography.

Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe

Until April 25

☎ 49-40-4281-3427-32

www.mkg-hamburg.de

London

music

"Dave Matthews Band" arrives in London, presenting their Grammy-Award-winning mix of soul, bluegrass, rock and jazz.

March 6, O2 Arena, London

March 7, Apollo Theatre, Manchester

March 9, O2 Arena, Dublin

March 11 SECC Hall 4, Glasgow

March 12, O2 Academy, Birmingham

www.livenation.co.uk

art

"Horace Walpole and Strawberry Hill" exhibits objects from the 18th-century English collector, displaying them in the context of the rooms at his villa Strawberry Hill.

Victoria & Albert Museum

March 6-July 4

☎ 44-20-7942-2000

www.vam.ac.uk

Madrid

art

"Miquel Barcelo 1983-2009 La Solitude Organisativa" is a retrospective of the Spanish contemporary artist, showing 140 drawings, watercolors, paintings, sculptures and travel diaries.

CaixaForum

Until June 13

☎ 34-913-3073-00

obrasocial.lacaixa.es

Munich

jewelry

"Giampaolo Babetto/L'italianità dei Gioielli" displays work by the Italian jewelry artist Babetto, considered an avant-garde goldsmith.

Pinakothek der Moderne

March 6-May 30

☎ 49-89-2380-360

www.pinakothek.de

Paris

opera

"Das Rheingold" presents the Richard Wagner opera, with Philippe Jordan conducting the Paris Opera Orchestra

under stage direction by Günter Krämer, featuring Falk Struckmann and Samuel Youn.

Opéra Bastille

Until March 28

☎ 33-1-7125-242

www.operadeparis.fr

fashion

"Yves Saint-Laurent" is the first retrospective of the late French fashion designer, exhibiting 307 haute couture and prêt-à-porter models, alongside sketches, photography and films.

Musée Petit Palais

☎ 33-1-5343-4000

March 11-Aug. 29

www.petitpalais.paris.fr

Stockholm

art

"Rubens and Van Dyck" is a large-scale exhibition of cabinet paintings, portraits, genre paintings, still lifes and hunting scenes by the two influential 17th-century Flemish masters.

Nationalmuseum

Until May 23

☎ 46-8-5195-4300

www.nationalmuseum.se

Strasbourg

photography

"Photography is not Art" is a traveling exhibition of 200 photographic masterpieces, including work by Manuel Alvarez-Bravo, Brassai, Henri Cartier-Bresson and Man Ray.

Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art

Until April 25

☎ 33-3-8852-5000

www.musees-strasbourg.org

Warsaw

music

"Florence and the Machine" stages the bluesy rock and soul music of Florence Welch, winner of the 2010 British Album BRIT award.

March 6, Stodola, Warsaw

March 7, Indoor Arena, Vienna

March 9, Estragon, Bologna

March 10, Rohstofflager, Zurich

March 11, Lyon, Transbordeur

March 13, Bikini, Barcelona

for more European dates check:

www.florenceandthemachine.net

Source: ArtBase Global Arts News Service, WSJE research.



Museo Nacional de Arte, INBA