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WEEKEND JOURNAL.
EUROPE

Mideast art boom

Dubai's energy is driving a new contemporary scene in the region

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WEEKEND JOURNAL. EUROPE

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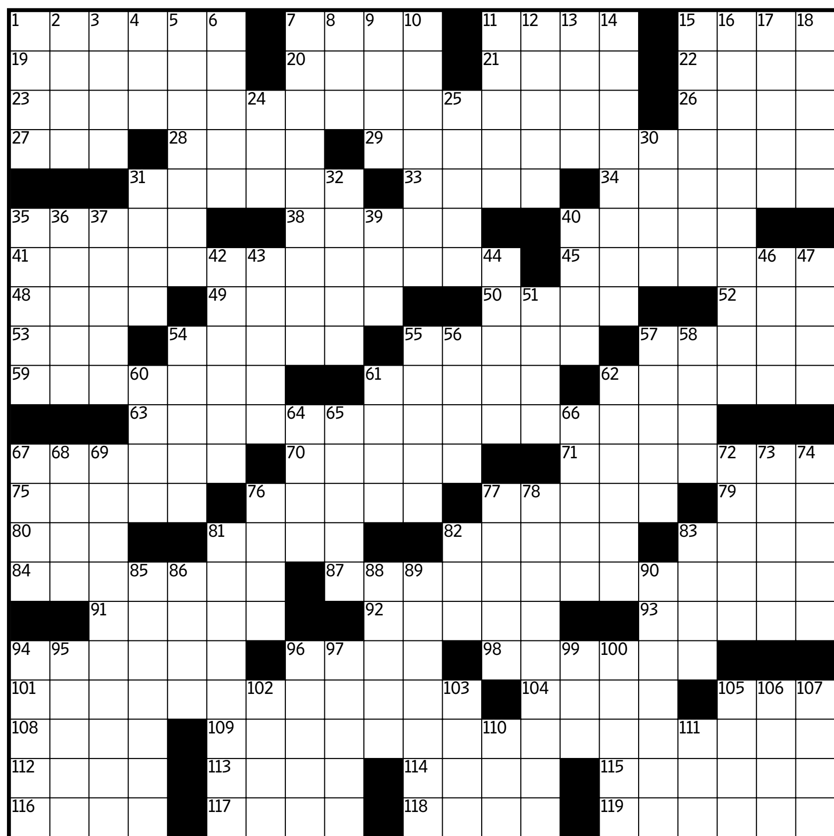

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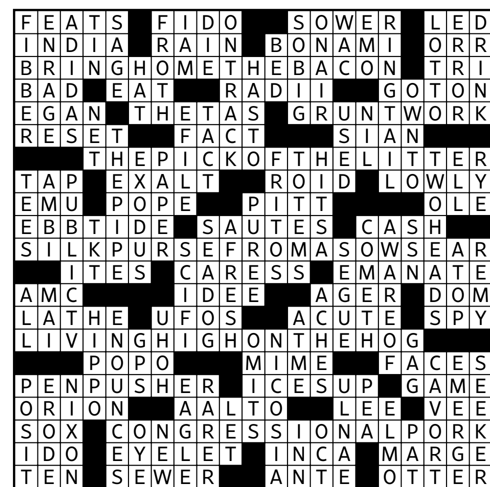
Last Week's Solution



Reinterpreting Valentino

T-shirts appear in the house of evening gowns

(l-r)Beatrice de Gea for the Wall Street Journal, Valentino

T-shirt designs by Maria Grazia Chiuri and Pier Paolo Piccioli, co-creative directors of Valentino.

By Christina Binkley

FOR DECADES, THE name Valentino evoked layers of crimson silk chiffon and shimmering satin floating down the red carpet amid an explosion of flashbulbs, the uber-tanned Valentino Garavani looking on.

But Mr. Garavani, 78 years old, is in retirement these days, and the look in the window of the Valentino boutique on Rodeo Drive in Los Angeles last week was a red T-shirt. Granted, with its strip of lace racing along the throat, a bouquet of embroidered silk roses, and $790 (€624) price tag, this T-shirt won't be mistaken for the ordinary variety. But Valentino?

Since its inception in 1959 in Rome, Valentino had been almost single-mindedly focused on the dressiest moments in a woman's life. Jackie Onassis married Aristotle in Valentino; Meryl Streep wore Valentino to channel Anna Wintour in "The Devil Wears Prada." The brand has legions of loyal ladies who lunch in Chanel, but for the gala don Valentino looks that can vary from $2,000 (€1,580) cocktail dresses to gowns costing tens of thousands of euros.

"Before, Valentino was quite untouchable!" exclaimed Stefano Sassi, Valentino's chairman and chief executive officer recently, as he charged to the window and whisked the tee off its stand. But the fashion house's customers need clothes during daylight hours. "It's a reinterpretation of the brand," he said.

Valentino's two chief designers strolled in from a sidewalk cigarette break to join Mr. Sassi. Maria Grazia Chiuri and Pier Paolo Piccioli worked for a decade under Mr. Garavani, learning the couture techniques that they began applying last fall to T-shirts, leather pants and other daywear. Sequins cascade like a waterfall down the front of one tee, and strips of tulle and crinoline turn another top into a frothy layer cake. "Fashion is changing today," said Mr. Piccioli, wearing white jeans. "Women have changed," chimed in Ms. Chiuri, who looked like a Valentino customer herself in a ruffled jacket and studded patent heels.

The timing could be seen as a little odd, given the global downturn and the recent emphasis on austerity that has shifted the focus from the $300 jeans to $60 versions. One early success: a €290 Valentino T-shirt that sold out at Colette in Paris during couture week in February. It was imprinted with an orchid made of the flotsam—organza and sequins and lace—that falls to a designer's floor. The assemblage was photographed, then printed on the inside of the shirt's jersey fabric, giving it a ghostly shadow from without. "These are dangerous flowers," said Mr. Piccioli. "Not garden party."

Valentino stores are carrying 10 tee styles priced from $395 (€312) to $800 (€632) depending on the lace, embroidery, crinoline and other detailing that rides atop that basic jersey tee. Each season, there will be 10 more. Versions in silk are priced as high as $3,000 (€2,370).

"This is anathema to Valentino," said Mr. Sassi of the designer, who retired in 2008 with a whoopla party in Rome. He said he hasn't actually asked the opinion of Mr. Garavani, who skipped the brand's Paris runway show in March, but he noted with a shrug, "We know this through people."

Several attempts to reach Mr. Garavani went unanswered, as did emails to former Valentino chief executive Matteo Marzotto.

Arbitrage

Starbucks Grande Coffee Frappuccino

City	Local currency	€
London	£2.70	€3.17
Hong Kong	HK$33	€3.35
New York	$4.52	€3.57
Sydney	A$5.50	€3.88
Frankfurt	€3.90	€3.90
Tokyo	¥460	€3.90
Paris	€4.50	€4.50

Note: Prices, plus taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

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StockFood (T4); Ruhl Studios (B1)

Good, old *sauerbraten*

German chefs reinterpret traditional dishes for distinguished palates

By Sally McGrane

Berlin

At first glance, Carlo Polland and Michael Jaeger make an odd pair, standing outside Grill Royal, Berlin's see-and-be-seen restaurant. But the grizzled local farmer and the dashing young head chef have plenty to talk about. They pass a purple-streaked garlic bulb back and forth, inhaling deeply. "Why would you get garlic from deepest Malaysia," mused Mr. Jaeger, who this winter introduced sauerkraut and red cabbage to Grill Royal's regular lobster-and-steak menu, using Mr. Polland's cabbage, "When Carlo has this great smelly stuff?"

After years of looking elsewhere for culinary inspiration, a small coterie of high-end German chefs are going back to their roots, reinterpreting traditional German cooking for diners with distinguished palates. Regional vegetables and fruits—from parsnips and pumpkins to black salsify, Jerusalem artichoke, cabbage, yellow carrots and little-known strawberries (like the delicious Mieze Schindlers, with a shelf-life of 24 hours)—and, to a lesser degree, some animal breeds, are making a comeback in elite circles.

"The classics, like red cabbage and sauerkraut, are incredibly delicious, and really good for you," said Mr. Jaeger, who sources the crops from local farms like Mr. Polland's. That such fare—long considered hopelessly déclassé—is showing up on chic menus marks a sea change in a country where, particularly in the north, the national cuisine can be hard to find. "In Düsseldorf, we have [hundreds of] Italian restaurants and no place to get real German food," said Raquel Plum, who runs the Michelin two-star French restaurant Im Schiffchen and its one-star international cuisine counterpart "Jean-Claude," with her husband, chef Jean-Claude Bourgueil. "We've gone through all the nationalities: Italian, Japanese, Thai, then molecular gastronomy, where food didn't even look like food anymore. Now people are saying, 'It wasn't bad before.' They want food like mom used to make."

Mr. Bourgueil, who is French, was troubled by what he saw as a neglect of traditional cuisine in Germany. In 2007, he put together and published a cookbook of traditional German dishes. "Typically German," (Edition Fackelträger) was a hit, winning multiple awards. "The Germans are a people who lost their traditions with the war," said Mr. Bourgeuil. "They became very Americanized." While collecting recipes for traditional German dishes for his book, he says he was shocked to find he knew more about German cooking than many German chefs. "All of my German colleagues were making French food, or molecular gastronomy. I decided to revive German cuisine." Today, at "Jean-Claude" he serves up dishes such as *sauerbraten*, or traditional pot roast.

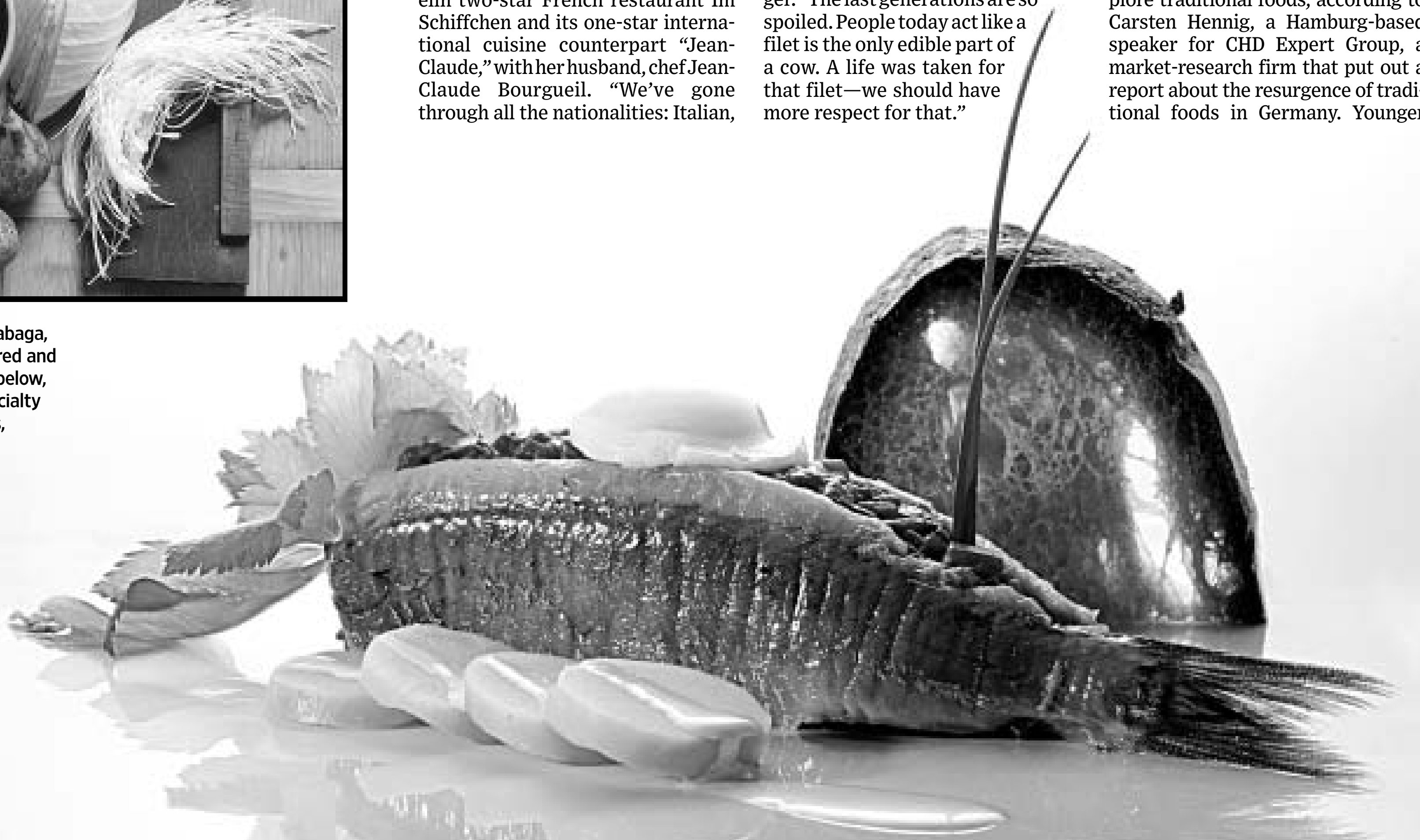
According to Mr. Jaeger and others, the movement is also part of a backlash against unsustainable patterns of food consumption. "My grandmother used to make soup out of potato skins, because there wasn't anything else to eat," said Mr. Jaeger. "The last generations are so spoiled. People today act like a filet is the only edible part of a cow. A life was taken for that filet—we should have more respect for that."

> That such fare—long considered déclassé—is showing up on chic menus marks a sea change in a country where, particularly in the north, the national cuisine can be hard to find.

Austrian Sarah Wiener, a popular German-television cook and proprietor of three tony Berlin restaurants, where braised cheeks of veal might come with black salsify, where pike might come on a bed of cabbage, and potatoes could be pepped up with a root vegetable thought in earlier centuries to have healing properties, said there is a strong environmental impetus for returning to the old foods. "There's such a diversity of animals and plants that are well-adapted to the local climates, and one should really make an effort to eat them, otherwise they won't exist."

Echoing Mr. Bourgeuil, Ms. Wiener said that the disappearance of German foods is also a function of national history. "Take the rutabaga," said Ms. Weiner, who oversees an association that protects traditional animal breeds like the German Saddleback pig and the Bentheim Black Pied pig. "It was a war food. People were traumatized. They said, 'As soon as there's something else to eat, I'll never eat rutabagas again.' So for a generation it was lost. Now, young people, who didn't have that experience, are rediscovering it."

Younger chefs are more likely than their older counterparts to explore traditional foods, according to Carsten Hennig, a Hamburg-based speaker for CHD Expert Group, a market-research firm that put out a report about the resurgence of traditional foods in Germany. Younger



Above, top to bottom, halved rutabaga, pumpkin, black salsify, shredded red and white cabbage and whole pears; below, labskaus, a northern German specialty comprising salted meat, potatoes, herring, onion and beetroot.

Sauerkraut with carrots and olive oil; below, kartoffelsalat (potato salad); bottom, the dining room at the Grill Royal.

chefs, he explains, don't have the same baggage as older cooks, when it comes to traditional cooking. For them, German food isn't something to be ashamed of, but explored.

Benedikt Faust, 31 years old, heads the kitchen at the Michelin one-star L'Etable in Bad Hersfeld. Mr. Faust serves staples like *schweinebraten* (roast pork) and bean soup, but always with a twist. To reinterpret an old dish like "spinach, potato and egg" for fine dining, Mr. Faust serves spinach soup with potato foam topped with quail egg with a raw yolk. "I cook what I like to eat best—which is this typical German bourgeois food I grew up with."

Cornelius Lange, a food journalist and critic, warns that traditional German cooking won't be rescued by haute cuisine. "There are ancient ways of preparing these foods, that can't be recreated in a restaurant. Sauerkraut, for example, was made in small batches at home, for the family. What we eat now is industrial, and it has a completely different taste," he said.

The irony is that the foodstuffs that traditionally have been easiest and cheapest to grow locally are now so hard to get that they can be considered luxury items. "You can get a mango in every discount grocery," said Ms. Wiener. "But real luxury is high-quality food that's grown without chemicals, that's nutritious." Once the taste for traditional ingredients establishes itself in the most elite circles, she said, it, too, will trickle down to the mainstream. "This trend is extravagant, elitist," she said. "Strange as it may sound, it's the diners who order home-grown cabbage and parsnips who are the ones 'looking for the extraordinary, the exception, the rare and unusual.'"

—*Sally McGrane is a writer based in Berlin.*

StockFood T; Grill Royal B

Keeping wine honest

HOW OFTEN DO you meet a winemaker who tells you he isn't in a hurry to sell his wines? That he doesn't use the words biodynamic or organic because they don't mean anything and, besides, they're just marketing tools. Who admits his latest vintage may not be as good as his last and, by the way, he isn't planning on releasing his next vintage for seven years, as only then will it be ready for drinking.

Wine
Will Lyons

The answer is almost never, unless you spend a few hours in the company of Josko Gravner, a dexterous 58-year-old winemaker from Friuli in northeastern Italy. Mr. Gravner is different; his wines taste like no other and his production methods are out of the ordinary. In the past, his style has been criticized, but then, those who kick against the norms of the time aren't in it for a popularity contest.

I first tasted his wines in October 2005 and came away amazed. I had never tasted anything quite like them before. The first thing you notice is the color. His Ribolla, a white-wine grape variety grown throughout the region, has a light, golden blush. The nose takes time to open but then displays a light, slightly honeyed aroma. The second thing you notice is the texture of these wines; they have a dry, ethereal purity with a hugely concentrated, spicy finish.

His second white wine, Breg, a blend of Sauvignon Blanc, Riesling Italico and Chardonnay plus pale red Pinot Gris all fermented together, has perhaps more of an upfront wow factor.

The purity, or perhaps honesty, of these wines is what marks them out. Mr. Gravner describes them as "natural" wines. I'll go with that. The only additive he allows is a small amount of sulfur because it is natural. Acids, sugars, yeasts, tannins, wood flavoring or other additives such as color stabilizers, wood chips and glycerin are all forbidden.

The overwhelming sensation is lightness and purity; it is hard to imagine ever tiring of drinking these wines. But not only are the wines astonishing, the production method and story of their inception are also inspiring.

Thirty-five years ago, Mr. Gravner was forging himself a reputation for embracing modern technology. His winery, which lies just outside the small town of Oslavia in the northeast of Italy, was fitted out with the sort of kit found in the most modern of wineries: stainless-steel fermentation tanks and new-oak barrels that produced a crisp, floral white wine, which by all accounts, sold very well.

Then in 1987 he took a 10-day research trip to California. It was quite a schedule, and having tasted more than a 1,000 wines, he returned to Italy with his head in his hands. Mr. Gravner says he was disgusted with the artificial and chemical flavors he experienced. In his view, the winemaking he witnessed was moving in the opposite direction to that of safeguarding the soil and the authenticity of the product. What's more, he saw it spreading across Europe.

He began to study the origins of winemaking, reading the works of Roman viticulturist Lucius Columella, and discovered that up until around 1,000 A.D. all wines were made in clay amphorae. During this research, he unearthed some ancient documents from the Caucasus in Georgia where records exist of some of the earliest winemaking in history.

In the late 1990s, Mr. Gravner acquired a clay amphora from Georgia, filled it with grape juice and buried it underground for fermentation. He says he soon discovered that adding unnatural ingredients didn't actually improve the quality of the wine.

The process today is worth recounting. After harvest from his 18-hectare site near Oslavia, he fills the amphorae with grapes. Fermentation is ignited through purely wild yeasts, without temperature-controlled fermentation. He then leaves the grapes to macerate for seven months before transferring them to large old-oak barrels. The wines then rest in these barrels for two years and are bottled without filtration.

Last week, I enjoyed a major retrospective of Gravner vintages in the presence of Josko Gravner and his daughter, Jana. Although a happy occasion, the evening was etched with sadness. Nearly a year ago, Mr. Gravner lost his son and heir, 27-year-old Miha, to a motorcycle accident. It was Miha, in the presence of Jana, who first introduced me to these wines; I was amazed by the results. Five years on I still am, perhaps more so.

DRINKING NOW

Ribolla Gravner Anfora
Friuli, Italy

Vintage: **2004**

Price: **about £45 or €52**

Alcohol content: **12.5%**

A native white grape of the Friuli region, Ribolla has little personality, but Gravner redefines it. Golden amber in color, the wine is discreet on the nose but displays pure layered fruit. On the palate, there is a spicy attack with huge concentration.

Rome by appointment

A guide to access the city's 'off-limits' treasures

By J. S. Marcus

Rome

THE HALL OF the Fountain, an enormous room in Rome's Palazzo Colonna, is literally the stuff of legend. The ceiling is decorated with elaborate Renaissance frescoes featuring Greek and Roman heroes. Near the wall rests a surviving panel of a scattered Renaissance altarpiece (other panels are now in the Louvre and London's National Gallery). Then there's the fountain itself, a 15th-century marble basin mounted on an ancient frieze-covered base.

For centuries, this grand room—part of a palace complex still belonging to the Colonnas, one of the city's oldest noble families—was reserved for family members and their lucky guests. Today, ordinary tourists can come. All they have to do is ask in advance.

The hall belongs to what T. Corey Brennan, a classics scholar and the Andrew W. Mellon Professor-in-Charge at the American Academy in Rome, calls "off-limits Rome"—a loose network of cultural monuments, which, though closed to the general public, can often be visited by appointment. Mr. Brennan says that, in many cases, strict policies put in place in the past few decades are starting to slacken.

The best example is the Palazzo Farnese, widely regarded as Rome's most influential High-Renaissance palace, with a monumental façade by Michelangelo and a frescoed gallery by Annibale Carracci. Used by Puccini as a setting for his opera "Tosca," the palace has served as the French Embassy since 1874. Open to strictly controlled public tours and a select group of scholars, the palace has had a reputation for exclusivity, even secrecy. But in December, the embassy will open its doors for a landmark exhibition meant to attract the public at large.

Here's a guide to Roman sights available by appointment only, from an excavation beneath St. Peter's Basilica, thought to contain the grave of the saint himself, to the lone building designed by the renowned artist Giovanni Battista Piranesi.

Palazzo Farnese; below, ceiling of the Carracci Gallery.

Zeno Colantoni (2)

Palazzo Farnese ▶

Massimiliano Fuksas may be one of Italy's best-known living architects, but on any given morning he is just another Roman drinking coffee in the shadow of the Palazzo Farnese.

With a monumental facade, crowned by Michelangelo's dramatic crown-like cornice, the palace looms over the surrounding piazza like a beguiling fortress. Mr. Fuksas lives and works nearby, and the palace is one of the visual mainstays of his life. Yet, it remains a subtle source of inspiration. "The Palazzo Farnese is a mystery," he says.

As many as 15,000 people annually visit the palace during hour-long tours, given two days a week in Italian or French, and an open house, held most years in the fall. Just before tours begin, a door within the palace's larger doors opens out mechanically, and the ensuing scene is like something out of "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory." Those who are lucky enough to get a place on that day's list have their names read out; other hopefuls and interlopers are left in the piazza.

All that is set to change later this year. From Dec. 16 to April 10, the palace will convert its main floor into a de facto exhibition space, which will reassemble highlights of the Farnese family's antiquities collection, now scattered among Italian museums, along with paintings by Titian and other old masters, and Caracci's original sketches for the gallery, now in the Louvre.

The compromise between running a modern secure embassy and opening up the palace to visitors "is not an easy one," says the French ambassador, Jean-Marc de La Sablière. The big exhibit was his idea: "I thought we could do a little bit more," he says. The embassy expects as many as 150,000 people.

From the rose granite columns of the vestibule, taken from the ancient Baths of Caracalla, to the magnificent delicacy of the Carracci Gallery, the palace's public rooms have a humbling effect on most visitors. It's a surprise, therefore, to see just how accommodating the rest of the palace can be. The Room of the Farnese Deeds has frescoed walls that tell the story of the Farnese family—but those 16th-century frescoes are set off these days by an ordinary leather sofa. Nearby, a big-screen TV allows Mr. de La Sablière to watch the news from his desk.

"[The exhibition] has been my baby," says the career diplomat, who came to Rome in 2007 after serving as France's ambassador to the United Nations during the lead-up to the Iraq War. He describes the exhibition—which will include works on loan from Windsor Castle and the Château de Chambord—as "something that will never happen again."

Mr. de La Sablière concedes that the palace was "a dynastic project," so, like that leather sofa in a salon of sumptuous frescoes, there seems to be something incongruous about the Palazzo Farnese's afterlife as a symbol of cooperation between two secular democracies. But he believes that the planned exhibition represents a fulfillment of the palace's current function.

"Opening up the palace is a way to make it more democratic," he says.

Palazzo Pamphilj ▲

The Piazza Navona has been Rome's great stage set since the Baroque period, when the Pamphilj family helped turn the square, site of an ancient arena, into one of the city's signature public spaces. The ideal spot to appreciate the square's impact is this palace, which became the Brazilian Embassy after World War II. Baroque master-builder Francesco Borromini designed the palace's famous Cortona gallery, named in honor of the Pietro da Cortona ceiling frescoes, based on Virgil's "Aeneid." The gallery runs the length of the palace, with a balcony opening onto the piazza. The main floor of the palace "is my home," says Brazilian Ambassador José Fiegas Filho. Private dinner parties, he says, end just the way reserved tours do—with a visit to the Cortona gallery and the view over the piazza.

Princess Isabelle apartment ▶

This apartment in the Palazzo Colonna, at around 2,500 square meters, can seem more like a small city block. It bears architectural traces of much of the last millennium. The décor includes everything from Venetian chandeliers and Baroque frescoes to a garish 20th-century marble floor, installed to liven up the ballroom. The Hall of the Fountain, one of 10 large rooms, has plush furniture that recalls its longtime use as a family sitting room by Princess Isabelle Colonna, a leading hostess in post-World War II Rome. The room includes a Renaissance altar panel by painter Cosmè Tura, and the frescoes are by Pinturicchio. The apartment also contains works by Jan Brueghel the Elder and a beautiful collection of antiquities.

The Magistral Villa of the Knights of Malta

The religious and military order, which predates the Crusades, has held this property on Rome's Aventine hill since the 14th century. The complex of buildings, which has the right of extraterritoriality, serves as the order's embassy in Rome. In the mid-18th century, Piranesi, a trained architect, completed his only major architectural commission and dramatically remade the site. The highlight is his work on the compound's church, Santa Maria del Priorato, an all-white panoply of visual symbols and styles that breathes life into Rome's ancient origins, especially the Etruscan period. The church serves as a backdrop for one of the city's most spectacular views. A doorway contains a famous keyhole that shows a vista stretching all the way to St. Peter's, and on any given day tourists line up outside to have a peek. Once inside, you can surprise the crowds by bending down and peeking back. Don't let the view distract you from the secluded garden, dominated by a giant cedar of Lebanon, presented to the knights by a Bavarian king. ▶

A mosaic of Christ as the Sun God Apollo from the mid-3rd century at the Vatican.

◀ The Vatican Necropolis

Down a small stairway in St. Peter's Basilica you can find haunting remnants of early-Christian Rome. The Vatican's ongoing excavation site, discovered under the church in the 1940s, bears witness to the lives—and deaths—of ordinary people. Known in Italian as "Scavi," the site contains countless graves, often marked by exquisite statuary. One early mosaic shows Christ dressed as the Sun God; another tells the story of Jonah and the whale. The Vatican has identified one location as St. Peter's tomb. The site has regular tours in English

HOW TO GET IN

Palazzo Farnese
For scheduled tours, given two days a week, email several months in advance. The palace may give you a date and time you didn't ask for.
visitefarnese@france-italia.it

Palazzo Pamphilj
Tours are given eight times a month, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, in either Italian or Portuguese. Regular Thursday-afternoon tours, given in Portuguese, are usually reserved for Brazilian citizens, but last-minute non-Brazilians may be able to join in. For Italian-language inquiries, go to http://www.ambasciatadelbrasile.it/palacio/visitas-ita.asp. For a last-minute spot, inquire in person at the adjacent Brazilian cultural center.

The Vatican Necropolis
Reserve in writing (by email: scavi@fsp.va, by fax: +39 (06) 6987-3017, or directly in the Excavations Office.) More information on the Vatican website. No one under age 15 is admitted.

Princess Isabelle Apartment, Palazzo Colonna
Visitors, who are given closely guided tours by the palace staff, are asked to apply by email several weeks in advance. (Prices vary, depending on the size of the group.)
info@galleriacolonna.it

The Magistral Villa of the Knights of Malta
Arra nge tours through the Flumen Cultural Association:
info@flumen.it

Villa Albani
amministrazione@srdps.191.it

Palazzo Pallavacini-Rospigliosi
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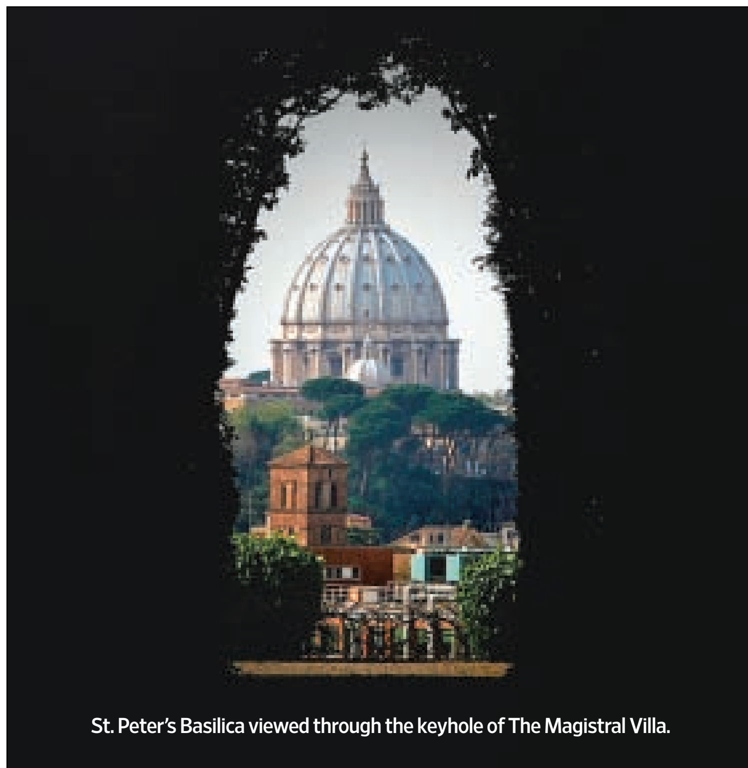
Sala del Tempesta at Palazzo Colonna.

I'm feeling lucky ▼

Some of Rome's most exclusive sites may open their doors, if you ask politely. The Villa Albani, an 18th-century pleasure palace built to house a cardinal's antiquities collection, still bears the mark of German art historian Johann Joachim Winckelmann, that collection's curator. Often described as the father of modern art history, Winckelmann celebrated the purity of ancient Greek sculpture. His ideas helped to launch Europe's neoclassical movement and still influence how we think about the ancient world. The villa may respond to requests by individual tourists or institutions. The Palazzo Pallavacini-Rospigliosi, still a private residence, has one of Italy's most important private collections of Baroque paintings and currently restricts entry to art connoisseurs. We were turned down. If you are too, console yourself with a visit to the Casino dell' Aurora, a jewel-like pavilion on the palace grounds with a beautiful Renaissance ceiling fresco by the Victorian era's favorite Italian painter, Guido Reni. Visits are allowed without appointment on the first day of the month.



St. Peter's Basilica viewed through the keyhole of The Magistral Villa.

A Roman relief of a female scribe at Villa Albani.

Alamy (3); Scala/Art Resource (Necropolis); Palazzo Colonna

Top, Jean Marc Nahas working in his studio in Beirut; below, Kais Salman (pictured on cover) 'Untitled' 2009.

Philip Cheung for The Wall Street Journal (2)

Contemporary Middle East

Dubai's energy is driving the region's art boom

By Brooke Anderson and Don Duncan

AMID THE ABANDONED real-estate projects, bailout plans and downsized dreams of Dubai, an art market is flourishing.

Dubai has become the driver for an explosion in Middle Eastern contemporary art, with more than 60 art galleries, regional offices for international auction houses such as Christie's and Sotheby's, and several modern-art museums opening, including a satellite of the Louvre in 2012 and the Guggenheim in 2014.

Now, through Dubai's new institutional prowess this energy is reinvigorating and transforming older, established art scenes across the region. Beirut, a longstanding cultural hub, saw at least five prominent new galleries open last year, while Damascus is emerging as one of the fastest-developing art markets in the Middle East. Both Lebanon and Syria are enjoying periods of stability with steady economic growth and record tourism numbers—a favorable local climate for the changes afoot in Dubai.

"Since May 2006, we've sold more than $170 million (€134 million) worth of art, which has exceeded our expectations," says Mike Jeha, director of Christie's Dubai, which opened in 2005 and commenced auctions in 2006. Compared to Dubai's signature sectors—real estate and banking—its burgeoning art market appears to be weathering the recession. Mr. Jeha says this is because, unlike abstract and often complex financial products, art "is very tangible. It's a physical asset with inherent value. Most people buy art for aesthetic purposes and not for investment. People are buying what they want, to hang it on their walls and live with it."

"Dubai still has a lot of expansive wall space to fill with art and connoisseurs with deep pockets to pay for it," says Khaled Samawi, owner of Ayyam, a Damascus-based contemporary-art gallery, which opened in 2006 and has since expanded to Beirut and Dubai.

In April 2008, an 180-centimeter-tall bronze sculpture called "The Wall (Oh, Persepolis)" by Iranian artist Parviz Tanavoli was sold for a record-breaking €2.2 million at Christie's. "It was the most memorable moment," says Mr. Jeha. "There was a real sense that the Middle Eastern art market had come of age."

With total sales at around €12 million, the latest auction at Christie's Dubai last month showed that the buzz continues. The top-selling work, an oil painting depicting a rural Egyptian scene with a geometrical desert backdrop, called "Les Chadoufs," by the late Egyptian artist Mahmoud Said, sold for nearly €2 million, more than 10 times the expected price.

Meanwhile, at the latest edition in March of Art Dubai, the premier art fair in the region, 18,000 people attended to look at and buy the work of some 72 galleries spanning more than 30 countries. "One thing that stands out in Dubai is its energy," Mr. Jeha says. "It's electric and it's still new."

And the effect can be felt across the Middle East. The studio of 33-year-old Syrian painter Kais Salman, located in an upscale neighborhood on the hills overlooking Damascus, offers a glimpse of where Syrian art is headed. His technique—a monochromatic, abstract expressionism—is a bold break from the art of his Soviet-influenced forebears, products of a Syria that was much more isolated than it is today. But the art techniques aren't the only things changing. Mr. Salman and his generation have seen their art appreciate up to sixfold in the past four years. Mr. Salman's canvases now sell for as much as €17,500, offering him an income and working situation unprecedented for most Syrian artists. Mr. Salman's ascent as one of Syria's most-watched artists is in parallel to the fortunes of Ayyam Gallery, which represents him. Through Ayyam and by extension, the auction houses in Dubai, he is reaching clients he once only dreamed of.

"The money I am making gives me more comfort, time and space in which to really concentrate and work as an artist," he says on break in his studio, where three half-finished portraits of women lie against the bare wall behind him. "Money has helped me become more professional."

Once largely government-supported, the Syrian arts scene is effectively privatizing, with a clutch of new private galleries like Ayyam bringing it into the larger nexus of Middle East art and normalizing its price tags. "I would say prices have appreciated 300%-400% from ridiculously low levels," says Mr. Samawi, whose gallery now represents 20 artists, up from five in 2006 when it started. "I think today Syrian art is still 50% undervalued."

The meteoric appreciation of contemporary Syrian art is just one of many indicators of the country's wide economic reforms—moving from a closed socialist economy to a free-market one—initiated by President Bashar al-Assad since he took office in 2001. It is this transition, some say, that leaves Syria particularly exposed to the untrammeled effects of a globalized free market right now, not least in the arts.

"What's happening to Syria is not necessarily a good thing," says Samia Halaby, a New York-based Palestinian artist and former art professor at Yale University's School of Art. As an artist, she is represented by Ayyam Gallery and has benefited from the bump in Syrian art. While she thinks it is generally a good development, she sees some danger in the rapid changes happening in Syria. "Syria is being forced open and in this process, it could be raped."

Philip Cheung for The Wall Street Journal

Above, Mustafa Ali, a Syrian sculptor, in his studio in Damascus; at right, Parviz Tanavoli's bronze sculpture 'The Wall (Oh, Persepolis),' was sold in April 2008 by Christie's for a record-breaking €2.2 million at a Dubai art sale.

Artists of Syria's older generation, such as watercolorist Etab Hreib, 54, once counted on the sprawling socialist state for most of their income. Now Ms. Hreib's pastoral watercolors are fast falling out of fashion. As the patronage of Syrian art transfers from the public to the private sector, she is selling less and less art each year and her prices haven't budged. Like many other artists of her generation, she stands by, dismayed at the turn Syrian art—and its new generation—is taking.

"Now the arts have become like a market," she says in her damp, cluttered studio in Damascus, surrounded by piles of unsold canvases. "The galleries which are responsible for these artists don't care if the artist is good or bad. They don't care about art as a whole. All they care about is if it sells or not."

Some older generation Syrian artists, like sculptor Mustafa Ali, 54, have managed to make the transition. "We are working in the right way now in Syria," Mr. Ali says on a recent break from sculpting his latest stonework, a monumental piece cut from limestone, commissioned by the government for use in a public park. During recent years, Mr. Ali has successfully grown his portfolio of private clients and says the value of his work has increased from $5,000 for a midsize piece three years ago to $20,000 today. "The country is advancing and its art is becoming greater. Syrian art is entering its golden age."

> 'Dubai still has a lot of expansive wall space to fill with art and connoisseurs with deep pockets to pay for it,' gallery owner Khaled Samawi says.

Khaled Samawi of Ayyam Gallery is unapologetic for the revolution in the local arts market that his and other small galleries have triggered. Syrian art, much like Syria, he says, is integrating into the larger, global market and those who aren't happy with that will be left behind. "What's happening now is the creation of contemporary Syrian art and it's very different from what the older generation is doing," he says. Much of Ayyam's art now makes a stop at the company's new Beirut gallery, opened in late 2009, where it is selling to Lebanese and international collectors, who have beaten a path to Beirut's more mature art market for years.

That city's art scene is experiencing a different kind of buzz, where a rapid proliferation of galleries is creating a new platform for young artists. Increased interest from Western museums and collectors is also giving confidence to artists in a country that is typically associated with conflict. Lebanese artist Chaouki Chamoun's acrylic-on-canvas "Toppled City" sold for €114,306 in 2007, and it is typical of a traditional Lebanese art mainstay—powerful commentary on the underlying instability of world events.

"We're a country coming out of war, and the local art scene is very rich. In a way it's virgin territory," says Lea Sednaoui, 24, a recent graduate of St. Martin's College in London and founder of the Running Horse, a spacious gallery in the industrial Maddawar district of Beirut. "People need to have

Christie's

trends and Middle East art is en vogue," she added. "I think the fact that there's a boom will change things."

Indeed, things are already changing. Many of Beirut's newer galleries are performing a public-service role in the arts, filling a void left by a government still grappling with post-war reconstruction and political reconciliation.

"Before, there was a lack of institutions and support. The government didn't have a real budget for the arts. This has created a free and organic way for art to evolve outside of institutions," says Lamia Joreige, co-founder of the Beirut Art Center, which opened early last year. Unlike many of the city's older galleries, it operates as a nonprofit organization, educating the public about contemporary art, while simultaneously giving new artists a platform for their work.

Gallery owners in Beirut say phone calls and visits from curators in Europe and the U.S. are becoming more and more frequent, something they weren't experiencing just five years ago. This newfound verve has, in turn, given artists the confidence to experiment with other media that until recently weren't considered marketable.

Photographer Nadim Asfar, 34, used to make ends meet taking pictures at weddings and doing work for advertising firms, exhibiting his photographic art work only occasionally. "At my first exhibit in 2004, people resisted," he recalls. "Galleries didn't really have experience with photography. In 2008, we had an exhibit, and we sold all of the pieces, and in several editions."

Today, Mr. Asfar exhibits at Espace Kettaneh Kunigk, a contemporary-art gallery that opened in Beirut last year.

Whereas Beirut's art scene has enabled once-marginal artists like Mr. Asfar to firmly enter the commercial fine-art arena, many of Beirut's more established artists, like Jean Marc Nahas, 46, are skeptical of the huge local shifts, driven by momentum emanating from Dubai. "There are a lot of ignorant dealers making uninformed decisions," says Mr. Nahas, whose cartoon-like black-and-white sketches break from the conceptual-art-driven trends of the new Beirut art scene. "There's a lot of good work that isn't exhibited."

Still, there's no doubt that, today, the region's art scenes are rapidly falling under Dubai's increasingly powerful orbit, bolstered by that city's growing portfolio of international art institutions.

"There are some serious long-term indicators now. The market is more sophisticated," says Saleh Barakat, founder of Agial, which was established in 1990 and is one of Beirut's longest-running contemporary-art galleries with the reputation for discovering and promoting new art talent in the region. "There's a real renaissance now, and Dubai is a good platform for that."

▶ See a video about the contemporary-art scene in Syria, at **WSJ.com/Lifestyle**

Alexis Namdar

Philip Cheung for The Wall Street Journal

Clockwise from top right: Samia Halaby's 'Bright Wild Weeds' (2008) at the Ayyam Gallery in Beirut; photographer Nadim Asfar in his studio; Mr. Asfar's 'Les Constellations-Jour 15' (2009) and 'Untitled' (2005), a view on Beirut's suburbs.

Nadim Asfar (2)

Kyle T. Webster

A bleak future?

Why kids aged 6-17 aren't getting hooked on golf

THE SCARIEST NUMBER for the golf business has nothing to do with the bulging disk in Tiger Woods's neck or exactly how many mistresses he may or may not have taken up with.

Golf
MATTHEW FUTTERMAN

It's this: According to the U.S. National Golf Foundation's most recent participation report the number of golfers age 6-17 dropped 24% from 2005-2008 from 3.8 million to 2.9 million. That was the largest percentage drop in any of the six main categories the NGF, an industry research group, tracked during the time period—including occasional, core, avid, junior, female and non-Caucasian golfers. Among those groups, only the number of non-Caucasian golfers grew.

Why kids aren't getting turned onto golf may have something to do with all the testosterone-induced courses that have been constructed during the past decade instead of the sort of family friendly facilities that might hook the interest and excitement of an 8-year-old by providing some old-fashioned self-esteem. Want to make the child cry quickly? Tee up a ball for him on a 450-yard hole with a green surrounded by bunkers and tell him to hole out before the group waiting to tee off starts complaining to the course superintendent.

Still, what makes golf's youth number even more disturbing is that during this period of decline, The First Tee, the main U.S. program aimed at introducing younger players to the sport, has been exploding. There are now 200 First Tee Chapters in the U.S., which oversee the operation of 700 introductory clinics and training programs for some 400,000 kids. Another 1.6 million will participate in a golf curriculum in elementary school gym classes The First Tee has developed. "I don't know how to reconcile those numbers with what we're seeing in our program," said Joe Louis Barrow, Jr., the chief executive of The First Tee, an initiative of the World Golf Foundation. "Conceivably one segment is growing and another is declining."

Mr. Barrow isn't the only one who is confused. The United States Golf Association has awarded some $65 million in grants since 1997, including $1.8 million last year, all aimed at increasing access to golf, in many cases, specifically for young people. Yet the USGA remains largely in the dark about how to get a kid hooked on golf.

"At the macro level that's a fair assessment," said Steve Czarnecki, assistant director of grants and fellowships for the USGA. "In our view, it's the ability to participate and enjoy the sport components from the tee to the hole. We don't support programs that are just beating balls on a driving range."

No one is suggesting they should, but what can golf do to reverse what are downright depressing numbers? Rounds played continue to drop. So did revenues for most course operators. Subsequently, course closings have outpaced course openings in recent years.

Some of the answers for golf might be found on the tennis court. Long seen as a primary rival to golf and the game most predicted was going to have major problems when Mr. Woods first burst onto the scene 13 years ago, tennis clearly knows something that golf doesn't.

From 2003-2009, the number of children 6-17 playing tennis in the U.S. jumped from 6.8 million to 9.5 million. For all ages, tennis participation has grown 43% since 2000, according to the Sporting Goods Manufacturing Association, an industry trade group.

Exactly how did tennis pull this off? Executives at the U.S. Tennis Association say they focused on data from years of research that showed they needed to make the game easier to learn and more accessible to continue to play. Many of the solutions they came up with were so simple and inexpensive that, in retrospect, it seems downright silly that no one thought to pursue them before.

Two years ago, the USTA created QuickStart tennis, a game played on a court roughly one-quarter the size of a regulation court. An entire set with lines, rackets and foam balls can be set up on any hard surface, whether it's a gym floor, a parking lot, or a driveway.

For older kids, who already knew how to hit a ball, the USTA wanted to figure out a way to increase their opportunities to play competitively, no mater how good they were.

Today, 3,000 high schools have signed on to the USTA's "no-cut" program. The schools get discounts on equipment and a training guide in exchange for allowing every kid who wants to be on the team to practice with the full-squad, even if they aren't in the top five or 10 who take on other schools. "What's one of the worst things that can happen to if you play a sport? You get cut," said Kurt Kamperman, chief executive of community Tennis for the USTA. "Now we've got tennis teams that look like football teams."

The Spirit of Golf Foundation, an Orlando-based non-profit, tried a similar initiative during the past decade, but the effort never got beyond about 100 schools and has petered out for lack of funding.

The USTA didn't stop there. Its data showed 300,000 high school varsity players, but just 10,000 spots on college teams. So how do you make sure the other 290,000 tennis-heads keep playing? Partner with 500 colleges to make tennis one of the fastest growing club and intramural sports in the U.S. And the biggest no-brainer of all, club tennis teams are co-ed, which is a big reason there are now 40,000 intramural college tennis players.

To be fair, golf isn't tennis and it's easier to drop a tennis court into a public park than to build a golf course. Greg Nathan a spokesman for the NGF said growth in the number of players has always been accompanied by growth in accessible, affordable facilities, including nine-hole and par-3 courses. Resort and premium courses built by entrepreneurs more interested in real estate than golf drove the latest boom. Although there are 512 more golf courses in the U.S. today than in 2000 (15,979 compared with 15,487) the number of nine-hole courses has plummeted from 4,768 to 4,441, while Par-3s have dropped from 895 to 854.

Even worse, try finding a decent, well-maintained pitch-and-putt where young kids and their families can hone their skills playing a mini-version of the game that doesn't involve putting on astroturf through a windmill.

Joshua Jacobs, chief executive of Total Golf Adventures, which runs after-school golf programs in 2,200 schools, said golf has to adapt to an era where parents don't have the patience to trudge the local muni with their kids for six hours and get yelled at for slowing down play.

"The future of golf not only for kids but for families has got to be short-course facilities, like the nine-hole executive course that wraps around the range, or the pitch and putt next to the larger course," Mr. Jacobs said.

"People aren't spending money on the lessons or on the private courses with $75 dollar greens fees. You have to make golf affordable and accessible and I'm not sure the game is equipped for that yet."

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Gordon Gekko at Cannes

Financial crisis spurs wave of new films that show how the American dream became a nightmare

By Dalya Alberge

HOLLYWOOD AND European producers have come to the Cannes Film Festival with a fund of films featuring the global financial crisis and Wall Street's "masters of the universe."

Twentieth Century Fox will premiere Oliver Stone's "Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps," the sequel to "Wall Street," his 1987 Oscar-winning drama on corporate greed, with Michael Douglas appearing again as the ruthless and amoral corporate raider, Gordon Gekko. Sony Pictures Classics will screen "Inside Job," a feature documentary exposing the financial crisis, narrated by Matt Damon, and Switzerland's Saga Productions will show its co-production "Cleveland Versus Wall Street," a David-and-Goliath drama in which the citizens of Cleveland stage a mock trial of the Wall Street banks they hold responsible for the city's devastating real-estate foreclosures.

Some of Hollywood's biggest names, including Steven Spielberg, were among those who lost money by investing through Bernard Madoff. Mr. Madoff admitted in March 2009 to running a decades-long Ponzi scheme that bilked investors out of billions of dollars. He is serving a 150-year prison sentence.

Wall Street bankers and financiers, like Mr. Madoff, who were seduced by money into reckless investment, some of which was fraudulent, are providing scriptwriters with perfect villains in morality tales about the American dream becoming a nightmare.

TM and 2009 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation.

From top: Shia LaBeouf as Jacob Moore, Josh Brolin as Bretton James and Michael Douglas as Gordon Gekko in 'Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps'; Shia LaBeouf; Eliot Spitzer in 'The Inside Job.'

Sony Classics

Several screenplays about Mr. Madoff are now in development, along with numerous other Wall Street films involving some of Hollywood's biggest names. Harry Markopolos, the fraud investigator who pursued Mr. Madoff for nearly a decade, said Tuesday that Hollywood producers are vying for his book, "No One Would Listen." Meanwhile, HBO has acquired the rights to "Too Big to Fail," Andrew Sorkin's book on the credit crisis, and Warner Bros. has optioned Doug Stumpf's "Confessions of a Wall Street Shoeshine Boy." Mr. Stumpf says the script has gone through a third draft and that the studio is now looking for a director. The film is being produced by Paula Weinstein, whose previous work includes "The Perfect Storm." "The housing bubble and banking crisis have become a major factor in our lives that we can't ignore," Mr. Stumpf adds.

Other filmmakers are pursuing period dramas that offer parallels with 21st-century events. "The Great Gatsby," F. Scott Fitzgerald's classic 1920s novel about the frivolously wealthy before America's boom-time bubble burst, is being planned by the Australian director Baz Luhrmann as a parable of today's financial excesses.

"Cleveland Versus Wall Street" is the story of a mock trial run by citizens that couldn't get anyone to take their complaints seriously, according to its Swiss director, Jean-Stéphane Bron. He says that a news story about how the city of Cleveland was suing the banks inspired his film.

Producers of these Wall Street films will be keeping a close eye on how well Mr. Stone's sequel is received. Its global release on Sept. 24, after Cannes, comes more than two decades after "Wall Street" made €79.2 million world-wide. The original movie epitomized the 1980s "greed-is-good" era. Mr. Douglas's performance earned him the Academy Award for Best Actor, while Gekko became a model for young bankers and one of cinema's great villains. Now, Mr. Douglas says, "Of all the parts I've played, Gekko is the one people approach me about the most. They get a kick out of Gekko—which was always a surprise to me because he was a true villain.

"Wall Street is theater. People love stories about power. ... So I think that's a reason Gekko and the film 'Wall Street' have endured all these years," he adds.

In the sequel, the villains are the big banks. "Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps" is a story of the drive to earn money at any cost, and of people who will do anything to join that exclusive club of wealth and power. Released from prison, having served time for securities fraud and money laundering, Gekko finds that no one is there to meet him. An outsider, he is determined to re-establish himself as a Wall Street power broker. He publishes a book, "Is Greed Good?" in which he forecasts dire consequences for the economy as a result of rampant speculation on Wall Street.

Mr. Stone, whose movies include "Platoon," the Oscar-winning drama about the Vietnam War, says in production notes that his latest work is about "the war at home, so to speak, the war in the financial jungle of New York."

The filmmakers compiled a list of financial experts to whom the cast was introduced as part of its role study, according to one of the producers of the movie. They included Nouriel Roubini, the professor and author, known as "Dr. Doom" for predicting the 2008 economic meltdown, and the investor George Soros.

"I made 'Wall Street' as a morality tale, and I think it was misunderstood by many," Mr. Stone, whose father was a New York stockbroker, says. "It's still amazing the number of people who came up to me over the years and said, 'I took on a career on Wall Street because of your movie.'"

The film's producer, Edward R. Pressman, says that "Wall Street" influenced the behavior and dress of financiers who took Gekko's "Greed is good" mantra to heart and adopted his trademark slicked-back hair and suspenders. Noting the sheer number of Wall Street films in development, he says, "Clearly, the world of finance has become something of wide interest."

Although the collapse began unfolding in 2008, the film-makers couldn't predict the events that would make the world's Gekkos look like small-timers and lead to the worst financial crisis since the Great Depression. "What shocked me was this exponentially-growing accumulation of wealth...," Mr. Stone says. "The millions of dollars became billions...And the greed of Gekko was swamped by the greed of the banks... 'Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps' is really a reckoning with what happened."

—Dalya Alberge is a writer based in London.

In Berlin, Mexican legend Frida Kahlo awes

Berlin: The Mexican painter Frida Kahlo (1907-54) was a legend in her own time. The wife of Mexican muralist Diego Rivera, and the lover of everyone from sculptor Isamu Noguchi to Leon Trotsky, she was an eccentric beauty who often seemed to be a work of art herself. Although her paintings attracted some attention during her life, especially in her native Mexico, it wasn't until the 1970s that she came to be regarded as important by the rest of the world.

Kahlo's deadpan gaze, as captured in numerous self-portraits, now has genuine iconic status. But her paintings are very hard to find outside Mexico, and many of her most compelling works are tucked away in private collections. The last few years have seen comprehensive Kahlo shows in the U.S. and the U.K., and now it is Berlin's turn. With more than 150 works on display, including a host of drawings never shown in public before, the retrospective at the Martin-Gropius-Bau is the first chance for a large continental audience to find out what all the fuss is about. If the crowds of the exhibition's first week are anything to judge by, this is set to become one of Berlin's best-attended museum shows in recent memory.

The show—which takes us from the artist's teenage years to her last oil painting from 1954—begins with photographs of Kahlo. Especially noteworthy are the color portraits taken by her sometime lover, New York photographer Nikolas Murray. In a shot from 1946, Murray catches a serene Kahlo pausing for a cigarette on the roof of his Manhattan building. This and similar works seem like ripostes to Kahlo's pain-filled self-portraits, like a 1948 work showing her in a lace-ruffled headdress, with tears streaming down her reddened face.

Some German critics have objected to the photographs, which, they argue, add to Kahlo's glamour but detract from her paintings. I don't agree. Kahlo's work, as the exhibition honestly documents, was quite uneven—but always interesting. A childhood bout of polio and a traffic accident in her late teens left her in crippling pain for much of her life. And though that pain found its way into her work, it often prevented her from working at all. Kahlo's story offers us an idea of the artist whose greatness isn't contained by, but emphatically expressed in her art. All the errant bits of that life are of consequence.

—*J. S. Marcus*

Until Aug. 9
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© Banco de México Diego Rivera & Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, México, D.F./VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn 2010

'Self-Portrait with Necklace of Thorns' (1940) by Frida Kahlo.

'Antony and Cleopatra' offers a striking performance

Stratford-upon-Avon: Kathryn Hunter's last role was the solo part of "Kafka's Monkey," in which a professor lecturing on what it is like to be an ape turns into one. As the heroine in the new Royal Shakespeare Company "Antony and Cleopatra," the diminutive actress makes the most of her long, simian arms, with their impressive biceps and large, expressive hands. She can show more subtle emotion in the crook of an elbow than many actors can with their faces.

Ms. Hunter's Cleopatra growls in a low voice with a Greek-Italian accent that is sometimes difficult to decipher, and seems to have greater comic than tragic potential. But you never miss the point that this Cleo is one volatile lady. When she learns that her lover, Antony (Darrell D'Silva) has married Octavia, his rival's sister, she doesn't take the news well. She smiles sweetly at the emissary from Rome, glides gracefully up to him and thumps him in the stomach, snarls and rages; then, when her handmaids seem to have calmed her and taken away the dagger she's drawn from her garter, pulls a gun and tries literally to shoot the messenger. Despite the absence of much sexual chemistry between Ms. Hunter and Mr. D'Silva, her eccentric reading of the role is so striking as to make credible Caesar's prediction of their posthumous celebrity: "No grave upon the earth shall clip in it/A pair so famous."

Director Michael Boyd elicits better comic than tragic performances from his cast in this modern-dress version, though Mr. D'Silva's suicide scene with his servant, Eros, is plaintively moving, and Brian Doherty delivers Enobarbus's narration in a beautiful, natural bass voice that plucks at the heartstrings. But the joy of this production is the fun of Cleopatra and her maids, Chamian and Iras, changing their chic costumes every few minutes, dressing to the occasion, cutting their cloth to Egypt's capacious purse. They are invariably accompanied by a Michael Jackson look-alike, bouzouki-strumming Mardian.

In the end, though, it's Cleo's show. And if Ms. Hunter doesn't here show the vocal range of a Helen Mirren or Vanessa Redgrave, she nevertheless gives an account—of a sometimes ditsy yet very smart, double-dealing but desperately loyal, and, above all, passionate Egyptian queen—that will linger long in the memories of those lucky enough to see her. —*Paul Levy*

Until Aug. 28
www.rsc.org.uk

Ellie Kurttz

Darrell D'Silva as Antony and Kathryn Hunter as Cleopatra.

Neo Rauch at 50: Explosive retrospective glows in acid colors

Uwe Walter

'The demonstration' (2006) by Neo Rauch.

Munich: Leipzig artist Neo Rauch, probably the best known German artist of his generation, is 50 years old, and Munich's Pinakothek der Moderne is showing 60 of his paintings to celebrate. The show, called "Neo Rauch Begleiter" (Companion), covers the past 20 year's of Mr. Rauch's oeuvre.

One of the key works is a gigantic canvas called "Demos" (2004). A small, childlike figure wearing an explosive belt is at the center of the painting. None of the figures in the painting seem aware of the danger; a woman walks her dog, a man carrying a placard rushes by, while a green-clothed policeman in an anachronistic uniform hurries the boy along. The figures teeter on the edge of surrealism and glow in Mr. Rauch's acid colors. His world is a serenely beautiful but dangerous place full of classical figures, hybrid animals and weirdly detached human beings.

The paintings, many from private collections and on show for the first time, aren't hung in chronological order. Instead, curator Bernhart Schwenk chose to group the works thematically. The harsh industrial colors dictate the order and create a unique climate of perception that allow the repeated motives and themes to speak for themselves.

Neo Rauch grew up in the German Democratic Republic and absorbed the social realism of its posters and propaganda images, but he transforms them into a new metaphor for political reality. His canvases are full of sentiment and disillusionment, reflecting life in a world gone madly wrong. —*Mariana Schroeder*

Until Aug. 15
www.pinkothek.de

Courtesy of Sotheby's

Pablo Picasso at La Californie (1957) by Irving Penn. Estimate: £30,000-£40,000.

Timeless photographs at auction

The timeless quality of black-and-white photography is illustrated amply at auctions next week.

Vintage black-and-white photography isn't only aesthetically appealing, but also has a "track record as a stable investment," says Jocelyn Phillips, Bonhams' head of photography.

Collect
Margaret Studer

Upcoming sales follow photography from the 19th century through to the present: portraits, street life, cityscapes, landscapes, nudes and fashion. Color imagery is mostly the favored media of today, but in these auctions black and white is dominant.

On May 19, Bloomsbury Auctions holds a first-time, three-center photography auction that begins in its London offices, moves to Rome and then to New York. Each center assembled its own sale to reflect diverse markets, says Bloomsbury photo specialist Sarah Wheeler. On May 20 in London, Bonhams and Sotheby's follow; as does Christie's, in London, on May 21.

Sotheby's will feature an iconic portrait from 1957 by Irving Penn of Pablo Picasso in a wide-brimmed hat looking knowingly at the world. It is estimated at £30,000-£40,000.

Christie's will show a portrait by Mario Testino of Princess Diana from a shoot in the spring of 1997 for "Vanity Fair," published in the July issue, a month before her death (estimate: £18,000-£22,000).

Meanwhile, at Bloomsbury Auctions, there is gentleness in Robert Mapplethorpe's nude portrait of American singer-song writer Patti Smith, sitting on the floor gazing into the camera(€10,000-€15,000).

There are a number of beautiful photos by Heinz Hajek-Halke. On the cover of Sotheby's catalog is "The Song of Eve" (1928-1932), an image of a naked woman transposed onto a leaf (£8,000-£10,000). Sotheby's specialist Simone Klein says Hajek-Halke's works are undervalued.

Bonhams brings humor into the auctions with photos of women on a pub crawl in the 1950s (each estimated at £500-£800). They "gave themselves utterly to the enjoyment of the moment," says photographer Grace Robertson.

Satan Goes Secular

By Andrew Stark

Over the course of centuries, many smart people have debated whether evil's existence in the world entails God's nonexistence. Surely God—at least, an omnipotent and benevolent God—would not allow pain, suffering, brutality and depravity to thrive. That they do exist, therefore, means that God doesn't. In reply, believers have offered innumerable theodicies—doctrines that purport to reconcile the existence of God and evil. It would seem reasonable, for example, to assume that even a good and all-powerful God would want humans to possess free will, but free will includes the possibility of choosing evil. Or maybe what appears to be evil serves a deeper good known to God but indiscernible to us mortals.

Terry Eagleton, a British Marxist intellectual who surprised everyone with a recent book defending the existence of God, uses "On Evil" to address a related question: not whether God can exist in the presence of evil but whether evil can exist in the absence of God. For if "evil" means anything, it has to transcend ordinary human wrongdoing, however vicious. That is why, historically, to undertake evil meant more than merely inflicting harm on one's fellow human beings. One had to reject God in the process. "In this sense," Mr. Eagleton writes, "evil is a deviant image of divine love, as plain immorality is not." Think of Satan: He had to "know about [God's] transcendence," Mr. Eagleton observes, "in order to turn it down."

The upshot, though, is that without God as a foil, it is hard to say how even the most heinous actions can be called "evil" in the truly transcendent way that the term implies. In a secular world, then, what meaning does evil have? Mr. Eagleton's opening insight is this: If evil necessarily rises above ordinary human wickedness, then—in the absence of concepts like the satanic or the demonic—it must entail a kind of cruelty or immorality

On Evil
By Terry Eagleton
(Yale, 176 pages, £18.99)

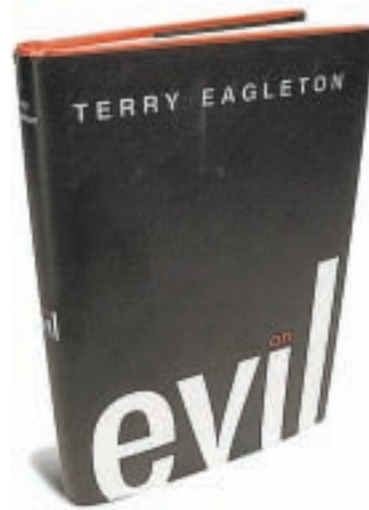
that, for some reason, we are prepared to call "inhuman." But what reason? How can human beings behave inhumanly? It seems like a contradiction in terms.

Consider the case of Gerd Wiesler, the 1980s-era Stasi operative in the film "The Lives of Others" who (at the beginning of the movie) psychologically tortures enemies of the East German regime and amasses evidence against them that will cause pain and suffering in a system of communist "justice." The film makes it clear that he knows the effect of his actions. But this very knowledge, oddly, is what confirms his humanity. He is at least sufficiently in touch with the feelings of his victims to understand that he is causing distress—and, eventually, to feel doubt about what he is doing. Not only that, Wiesler sincerely believes that he is promoting the cause of good by strengthening the East German state. He is deluded to think so; but that he acts for what he sees as a noble purpose (even if it is not noble in reality) helps to confirm his humanity.

No human being, Mr. Eagleton argues, can be understood to act for a purpose that he himself finds repulsive or aversive; even "the so-called Moors murderers of 1960s Britain," he writes, referring to a couple who killed five children and teenagers and buried them in the moors of northern England, "seem to have tortured and killed children . . . for the obscene pleasure of it." For wrongdoing to be truly inhuman, Mr. Eagleton says, it must be performed by someone who gets nothing out of it, someone engaging in "wickedness for wickedness's sake." But as he notes, the philosopher Kant, who gave much consideration to such matters, "did not in fact think" that this was psychologically "possible."

If even the most sadistic killer understands the pain he is inflicting on his fellow man, while pursuing an end that from his point of view is worth pursuing (even if it is a wicked sort of pleasure), he remains within the psychological boundaries of the human species. Evil, understood as performing not simply bad acts but "inhumanly" bad acts, seems almost impossible. And yet, Mr. Eagleton says, secular evil exists.

Take the case of a Nazi concentration-camp guard, for whom, Mr. Eagleton writes, Jews "represented meaningless matter, sheer subhuman garbage." The guard might have thought that it was he who remained human while his victims did not. But since they were in fact human, what the guard actually did—by viewing himself and his victims as members of different species—was to place himself outside the human plane. He removed himself to the inhuman plane that the demonic would have occupied in a non-secular world. This is what made his acts not only horrendous but evil. The same sort of evil could be ascribed to the Nazi regime itself, which showed its own inhumanity by treating its "verminous" victims as nonhuman.



A more difficult case, if we may apply Mr. Eagleton's argument to someone he does not discuss, is that of the 9/11 murderer Mohamed Atta, who not only slaughters his victims but kills himself. He acted in pursuit of a project that he himself found worthy: striking at America. So does this mean that a secular understanding of evil is insufficient, unable to include his crimes? In part, yes. Certainly there is a sense in which a belief in a Judeo-Christian God would more readily allow us to brand Atta's acts as demonic and not just horrific—a rejection of God, not just man. But given that we live in a secular age, we would be deprived of an important weapon in our moral arsenal if we were unable to comprehend Atta's acts as evil, in terms that do not rely on God.

Viewing Atta from a secular perspective, all that we know is that he sought for himself the same end that he well understood would be an unspeakable horror for his victims. In that way, he met Kant's impossible criterion: He pursued wickedness for its own sake. Not even the Moors killers wanted for themselves the abomination they inflicted on their prey. But in wishing for himself what he knew to be horrific for humanity, Atta placed himself outside the ambit of the human. That was what made him not only a heinous criminal but a bone-chillingly evil one.

Mr. Stark's latest book is "Drawing the Line: Public and Private in America."

The Dark Side of Enlightenment

By Ian Brunskill

A century ago, a distinguished Austrian scholar observed that Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811) was "the most difficult problem in literary history" and that the more we learned about him, the more of a problem he became. That state of affairs has not changed.

Kleist's short and mostly unhappy life was a muddle of contradictions. His small dramatic oeuvre ranges disconcertingly wide, from comedy of manners to domestic tragedy, from social realism to gothic fantasy. His prose,

Selected Prose of Heinrich von Kleist
Translated by Peter Wortsman
(Archipelago, 283 pages, £10.99)

of which Peter Wortsman has here collected and translated a welcome new selection, is stranger and more unsettling still. Romantics, Expressionists and Existentialists have all claimed him as an inspiration. Kafka called him a "blood-brother." But Kleist belongs to no literary school and remains, as Thomas Mann observed, in a class uniquely his own. Outside the German-speaking lands, he is all too little read.

Kleist was born in the market town of Frankfurt on the Oder into an aristocratic Prussian family that had produced a long line of distinguished military men. Following tradition, he joined a regiment of the royal foot guards when he was not yet 15. He saw action against the French, but he was quite unsuited to the discipline and monotony of military life. "So many officers, so many drill masters, so many soldiers, so many slaves," he wrote.

After a few years of service, he left the army and returned to his home town to study philosophy, physics and mathematics at the university. He acquired a reputation as a serious young man, a bit of a loner. Determined to pursue his intellectual development to the full, and guided by some firm though unspecified plan, in his early 20s Kleist embarked on a decade—his last—of anxious, unsettled life: endless travel; civil service; much reading; much ill health; a flaring of Prussian nationalist zeal; a rash attempt to join the French army; brief imprisonment as a suspected spy.

He also founded a short-lived literary journal and a daily paper. He got to know, and managed to alienate, the grand old men of German letters, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Christoph Martin Wieland. The literary Romantics—including Achim von Arnim, Clemens Brentano and the brothers Grimm—liked him, even revered him. An awkward, anguished soul, he might have stepped from the pages of one of their works.

Through it all Kleist wrote, though to no very wide acclaim: essays, anecdotes, shorts stories, plays. Then, on Nov. 21, 1811, at around four in the afternoon, on a small hill by the shore of the Wannsee lake just outside Berlin, having first shot dead a woman called Henrietta Vogel, who was the wife of an acquaintance and who in the subsequent autopsy would be found to have been suffering from incurable cancer, he placed a pistol in his mouth and killed himself. He was 34.

Kleist in his youth had espoused with enthusiasm all the optimism of the Enlightenment. Reason would conquer all; happiness would come with experience and understanding. In March 1801, however, by his own account, he seems to have encountered the thought of Immanuel Kant (it is not clear what precisely he read), and his world fell apart. By testing the nature and limits of human knowledge, Kant had sought primarily to establish the possibility of a meaningful metaphysics. To Kleist, however, it was much grimmer than that: Kant had shown, he believed, that empirical knowledge was unreliable, reason illusory, truth unattainable and life quite meaningless. "My sole and highest goal has vanished," he wrote. "Now I have none."

It was an extreme overreaction, not to mention a misreading of Kant's philosophy, but Kleist was like that. The universe inhabited by the characters in his works is bleak and bizarre—as "Selected Prose of Heinrich von Kleist" reminds us. In his essay "On the Theater of Marionettes," an ironic, fictionalized dialogue, Kleist considers Man's fall from Eden and asks whether human self-consciousness is less a blessing than a curse. The characters in his works, particularly in his extraordinary short stories, try to make sense of a senseless world, to behave rationally in the face of madness, to act with purpose while at the mercy of cruel chance.

In "Michael Kohlhaas," the eponymous protagonist is a wronged horse dealer who pursues justice to the point of death. In "The Marquise of O," a virtuous widow who finds herself inexplicably pregnant seeks the truth quite heedless of her own disgrace. (In the mid-1970s, Eric Rohmer made this story into a compelling film.) Fate, for the lovers in "The Earthquake in Chile," is utterly malign. Religious faith, for the iconoclasts in "Saint Cecilia or the Power of Music," amounts to murderous bigotry. Political principle, amid the racial strife of the Haitian revolution in "The Betrothal in Santo Domingo," is a cloak for primal violence. Recounting these horrors, Kleist does not moralize or philosophize. He does not even try to explain.

What makes these dark narratives not just bearable but readable—compelling sometimes, at the unlikeliest moments even funny—is Kleist's extraordinary prose. Exploiting to the full the rigors of German syntax, he uses language to impose order and meaning on a profoundly disordered world. Clause follows clause in a stately, dispassionate procession of appalling events, commas marking time, paragraphs and even single sentences stretching on inexorably for line after line. Catastrophes unfold in a subclause. Idiosyncrasies of word order defer full, terrible understanding to the last possible moment.

English does not lend itself readily to Kleist's syntactical effects. Mr. Wortsman rises to the challenge with relish. He achieves readability while preserving something of the structure and even the rhythm of Kleist's dense yet lucid sentences: no easy task. This curious author's contemporaries must have found his prose almost as odd and involving as it seems to us. Even in his own day, no one wrote quite like Kleist.

Mr. Brunskill is a senior editor at the London Times.

Temperance Tantrum

By Russ Smith

It's a safe conjecture that the snapshot impression most people have of America's Prohibition era is a gauzy haze of speakeasies, Al Capone, bootleggers, flappers, bathtub gin and Harlem's Cotton Club. For decades, the Hollywood and literary glorification of those who flouted the 18th Amendment—which went into effect on Jan. 17, 1920—has promoted the entirely accurate notion that the Prohibition story is at times outrageously picaresque. But the pop-culture view has also fostered the inaccurate belief that alcohol back then was a rare commodity, available only to the privileged, the daring and the outright criminal.

In fact, as Daniel Okrent shows in "Last Call," his superb history of the Prohibition era, obtaining a drink with a lot more kick than a bottle of pop wasn't at all difficult for the thirsty public. The law's loopholes were numerous, and the judiciary, suddenly overwhelmed by Prohibition-related arrests, was extraordinarily lenient. Fortunes were made by taking advantage of exemptions for "medicinal" alcohol, for hard cider made by farmers from fermented fruit and for sacramental wine used in religious services. And that was just the legal stuff. As for the illegal booze, there was plenty of that around too, as public servants grew rich taking bribes and kickbacks in exchange for turning a blind eye. It was a rollicking and sordid period in America's history.

Mr. Okrent wisely expends much effort in carefully gathering the many threads of American thinking, beginning in the late 19th century, that eventually made the preposterous idea of outlawing alcohol seem like a thoroughly reasonable aim. He also provides evocative sketches of the men and women—on both sides of the decades-long, impassioned debate—who were once household names but are now forgotten.

Another of the book's virtues is that it is likely to prompt the reader to reflect in a benign way on life in America today. It's the accepted, and lazy, wisdom of the current moment that the U.S. suffers to an unprecedented degree from a "partisan" and "polarized" political culture. But Americans today have nothing on the "dry" versus "wet" combatants. As becomes clear from the many vintage documents, speeches and newspaper articles that Mr. Okrent unearthed, the bickering today on talk radio and blogs and cable chat-shows looks like a tea party—not a Tea Party—compared with the incendiary sermonizing, bigotry and violence of the

Last Call
By Daniel Okrent
Scribner, 468 pages, $30

long-ago alcohol debate. For beyond-the-pale rhetoric it's hard to beat Carry Nation, the God-fearing temperance zealot—she used a hatchet (and hammers, rocks and bricks) to attack saloons in the first decade of the 20th century—who celebrated the assassination of President William O. McKinley in 1901 by calling him a "whey-faced tool of Republican thieves, rummies and devils."

The most compelling figure in a book full of vivid characters is Wayne Wheeler, the leader of the Anti-Saloon League and the person most responsible for passage of the 18th Amendment as well as the more detailed Volstead Act of 1919. Wheeler was a nondescript lawyer but a relentless, single-minded campaigner against alcohol and a man of marvelous political cunning. When Wheeler died at age 57 in 1927, even writer H.L. Mencken—a confirmed "wet" who was vicious in his mocking of "drys"—had to admit: "In fifty years the United States has seen no more adept political manipulator" than Wheeler. "His successors, compared to him, were as pee-wees to the Matterhorn."

Wheeler's strategy with the Anti-Saloon League was to pick off "wet" legislators who represented districts where a temperance message would be likely to resonate. Thus he wrote off urban districts largely populated by recent immigrants, who tended to be unsympathetic to the ASL's message. But elsewhere, in districts where elections could be decided by the 10% or 20% swing in votes that an anti-alcohol message could produce, Wheeler went all out. The ASL targeted voters with mass telegram campaigns, hundreds of speeches at local churches and countless leaflets. His success in electing candidates who supported his agenda was staggering. The ASL "effectively seized control of both the House and the Senate in the 1916 elections," Mr. Okrent writes, and "only tightened it" in the years that followed.

Wheeler also recognized that disparate strains in the culture could be exploited to achieve his goal. He supported the women's suffrage movement, recognizing that many women were sympathetic to the banning of alcohol, in the hope of reforming wayward husbands. One argument against prohibition contended that the country couldn't afford it: Fully 30% of the government's revenue in 1910 came from taxes on alcohol. Wheeler seized on the introduction of the federal income tax in 1913 as ample compensation for lost levies if alcohol sales were banned; disorganized "wet" supporters— brewers, distillers and many politicians—were caught flat-footed by this development. Another windfall for Wheeler was the wave of virulent xenophobia that came with World War I, directed primarily at German immigrants but also at Italians, Eastern European Jews and the Irish, groups that regarded alcohol consumption as part of their cultural traditions.

Library of Congress
A public demonstration in 1920 of the government's resolve to enforce Prohibition.

As the Roaring '20s wheezed to a conclusion, Prohibition was generally regarded as a farce. Once the Depression hit, America needed a drink more than ever. And the U.S. government needed the tax revenues that alcohol sales would bring. It was only a matter of time before the 18th Amendment was repealed. The Anti-Saloon League, which had spent $2.5 million on its cause in 1920, was able to raise only $122,000 in 1933 to fight repeal. "The most powerful pressure group the nation had ever known," Mr. Okrent observes, "had been reduced to looking for nickels under the couch cushions."

Franklin Roosevelt, who had promised repeal in his presidential campaign, moved quickly after his inauguration on March 4, 1933. At his urging, Congress within a few weeks redefined "intoxicating," legalizing beer that was no more than 3.2% alcohol. The Anheuser-Busch brewery sent a team of Clydesdales pulling a beer wagon to the White House. In the first week of December, the 21st Amendment was ratified. "At the age of thirteen years, ten months, and nineteen days," Mr. Okrent writes, "national Prohibition was dead." It's safe to say that America will never order another round.

Mr. Smith is managing director of the website splicetoday.com.

When Trouble in Athens Meant Sparta

By Peter Stothard

Amid the wreckage of the Greek economy and the deadly riots on its streets, it may be more relaxing to read of earlier struggles in that country, revolutions whose course is more or less settled and no longer careering at horrific speed. Peter Cartledge's "Ancient Greece: A History in

Ancient Greece
By Paul Cartledge
Oxford, 261 pages, £12.99

Eleven Cities" is a rare work, a compelling historical narrative that is also a useful guidebook. The premise, as his subtitle indicates, is to help the historically conscious tourist by introducing places of trouble and strife, many of them ignored by travelers, that reveal how Greece, as we know it, began.

The starting point is Cnossos in northern Crete, where we encounter the palaces occupied by the so-called Minoans from roughly 2000 B.C. to 1450 B.C., before they gave way to the Greek-speaking Mycenaeans, who remained there for about 200 years. The Mycenaeans left behind the first words written in Greek, on what are known as the Linear-B accountancy tablets. Mr. Cartledge, a gentle guide, does not utterly destroy traditional notions that his fellow Cnossos visitors might entertain about the bull-loving King Minos and the magnificence of the palaces imagined by the 19th-century British excavator and fantasist Arthur Evans. One of the many benefits of a quick visit like Mr. Cartledge's is that we can move on before too many awkward questions need be asked.

Next stop comes Mycenae, in mainland Greece. Mr. Cartledge, a popular lecturer as well as scholar, neatly points out that the Lion Gate and other tourist destinations in Mycenae are remarkable most of all as links to the often neglected eastern face of Greek culture. It was through wars with the Egyptians and the Persians of present-day Iraq, after all, that the Greeks defined themselves for centuries.

In nearby Argos, Mr. Cartledge considers the Dorians, a people of obscure origins who seem to have invaded during the so-called Dark Age of Greece, the period between the appearance in the 13th century B.C. of the Linear B accountbook writings and the debut in mid-eighth century B.C. of Greek written in the alphabet still used today. The Dorians, Mr. Cartledge says, are archaeologically "very hard to pin down," so much so that their very existence "has been resolutely denied." But on balance, based on changes in dialect use, he gives them the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Cartledge is at his best in a chapter on Miletus, a city across the Ionian Sea and not a regular tourist destination. Miletus can claim that it was home to "the Western World's first intellectual," Thales, foreteller of a solar eclipse in 585 B.C. Miletus also counts as native sons Hippodamus, the first town-planner, and Thrasybulus, the tyrant and teacher of tyrants. Thrasybulus's motto: A sure way to prosper is to cut down the tallest stalks in any political field.

Readers may be surprised to find themselves transported by Mr. Cartledge to the French port of Marseilles, but the city was founded by some of the many Greek colonists who left the Ionian coast in about 600 B.C. hoping for a better life in the West. These settlers brought the first grape vines to France, bless them, and it was from this seaside base that the Greeks probed farther into the world. Explorers sailed as far as the -crocodile-filled rivers of Senegal and the cloud-drenched islands of Britain.

The obligatory stops on Mr. Cartledge's tour, of course, are Sparta and Athens. Sparta was for centuries the most popular Greek model for European thinkers, so efficient were its policies of mass slavery and exemplary flogging. Only in the 19th century did Athens replace Sparta as the essence of Greece for foreigners who were attracted by the Athenians' success in naval imperialism and their brief experiment in democracy. Athens, as Mr. Cartledge notes, also had silver mines—a rarity in a country with few natural resources, and thus Athenians had the money for literature, art and architecture, all the achievements that make most readers want to study Greece, visit its relics and buy books such as Mr. Cartledge's.

This is a country whose citizens have overcome many worse trials than their present ones and whose ancient glories will be there to contemplate and consider long after the smoke from its burning banks has cleared.

Mr. Stothard is the author of "On the Spartacus Road: A Journey Through Ancient Italy" and editor of the TLS.

time off

Antwerp

art

"Collections XXV" presents contemporary art by artists working in Belgium during the past four decades.

Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst Antwerpen
Until Sept. 19
☎ 32-3260-9999
www.muhka.be

Barcelona

art

"With a Probability of Being Seen" features art by the German conceptual artist Konrad Fischer, alongside pieces from his archives by Gilbert & George, Joseph Beuys and others.

MACBA–Museu d'Art Contemporani Barcelona
Until Oct. 12
☎ 34-93-4120-810
www.macba.es

Berlin

music

Snow Patrol, the U.K. power pop band, kicks off a European summer tour in promotion of their "Up to Now" compilation.

May 21, Tempodrom, Berlin
May 22, KB Halle, Copenhagen
May 24, Forest National, Brussels
May 27, Rock in Rio, Lisbon
May 30, Olympia, Paris
May 31, June 1, Heineken Music Hall, Amsterdam
More European dates at
www.snowpatrol.com

design

"The Most Beautiful Books of 2009" shows a selection of book designs from 2009, organized by Stiftung Buchkunst, a foundation for book art.

Art Library
Until May 30
☎ 49-30-2664-2414-1
www.smb.museum

Birmingham

music

Eric Clapton with Steve Winwood brings the British blues and rock guitar legend and the former singer and keyboardist of Traffic and Blind Faith, together for a 2010 European tour.

May 18, NEC Arena
May 20, Wembley Arena, London
May 23, Sport Paleis, Antwerp
May 25 Bercy Arena, Paris
May 28, ISS Dome, Dusseldorf
More European dates at
www.ericclapton.com

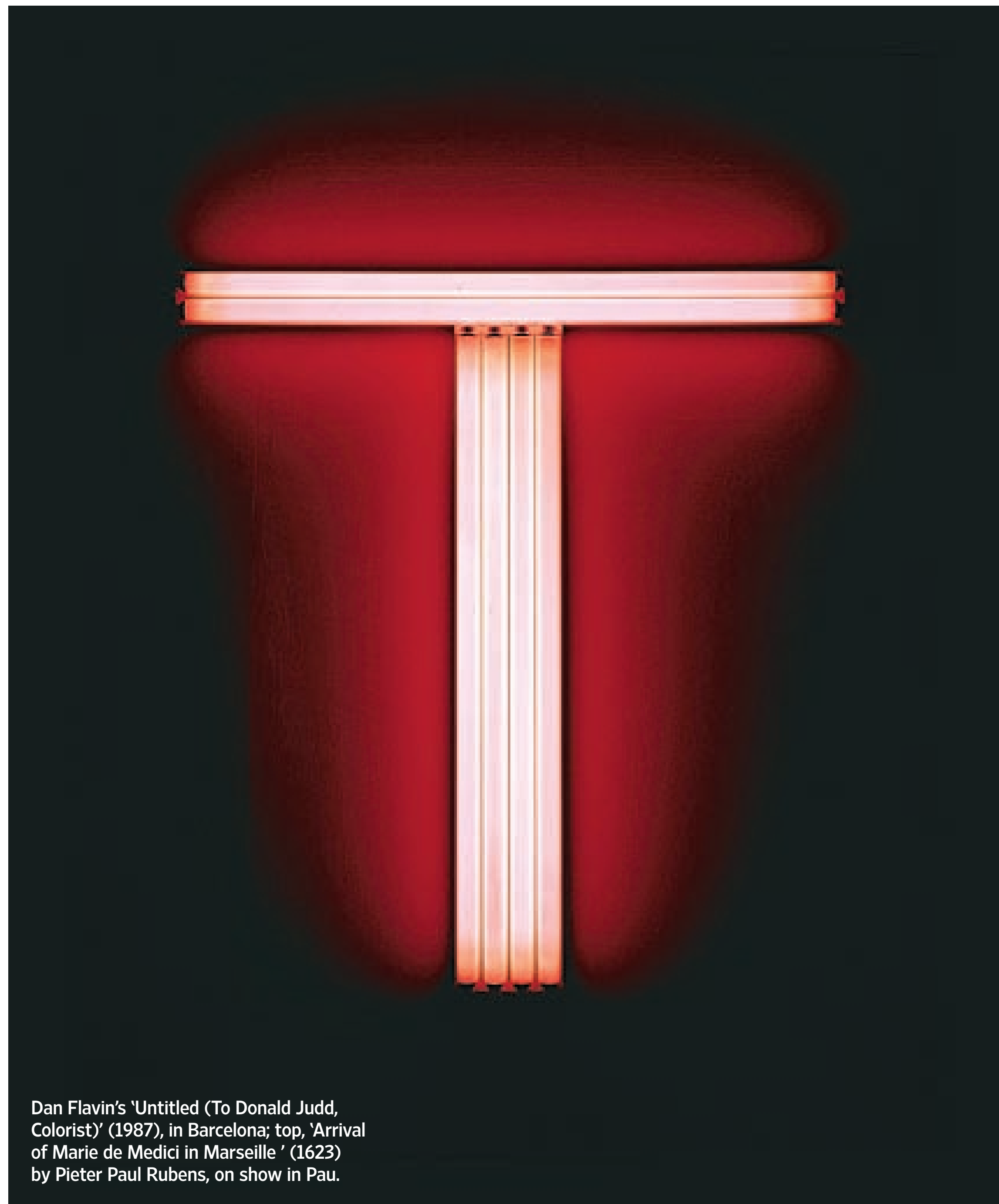
Bochum

art

"World Views: Landscapes in Art from the 17th to the 21st Century" investigates the evolution of philosophies, alongside developments in the representation of landscapes.

Situation Kunst
Until Nov. 21
☎ 49-2342-9889-01
www.situation-kunst.de

Private collection



Dan Flavin's 'Untitled (To Donald Judd, Colorist)' (1987), in Barcelona; top, 'Arrival of Marie de Medici in Marseille' (1623) by Pieter Paul Rubens, on show in Pau.

© Dan Flavin, VEGAP, 2010

Bonn

sport

"Us versus Ourselves: Sport in the Divided Germany" shows photography, objects and video, detailing the history of West German and East German sports rivalry.

Haus der Geschichte der Bundesrepublik Deutschland
Until Oct. 10
☎ 49-228-9165-0
www.hdg.de

Copenhagen

design

"Objects of Light" exhibits more than 100 works of silver created in contemporary style by silversmiths in Europe, Australia, Mexico and the U.S.

Det Danske Kunstindustrimuseet
Until Aug. 25
☎ 45-3318-5656
www.kunstindustrimuseet.dk

Florence

art

"As Soon as Possible" surveys the theme of time in works by 10 international contemporary artists, including Tamy Ben-Tor, Marnix de Nijs, Mark Formanek, and Marzia Migliora, Julius Popp and others.

Palazzo Strozzi
Until July 18
☎ 39-055-2645-155
www.palazzostrozzi.org

The Hague

art

"The Young Vermeer" brings together one painting from Edinburgh, one from Dresden and one from the Mauritshuis, showing the early developments of Vermeers's talents.

Mauritshuis
Until Aug. 22
☎ 31-70-3023-456
www.mauritshuis.nl

Lisbon

art

"Constant le Breton" showcases 52 oil paintings and 15 watercolors by the French painter (1895-1985).

Museu Calouste Gulbenkian
May 21-Aug. 8
☎ 351-21-7823-000
www.museu.gulbenkian.pt

London

music

"London Guitar Festival" offers multi-stylistic concerts, educational events and commissions of new work, including performances by José González, Amanda Cook and Duo Cuenca.

Southbank Centre
Until May 16
☎ 44-20-7960-4200
www.southbankcentre.co.uk

photography

"The Rolling Stones: Against the Wall" features previously unseen photos of the band in 1971 by David Montgomery, Roberto Rabanne and Bob Gruen.

Scream Gallery
Until July 3
☎ 44-20-7493-7388
www.screamlondon.com

art

"Jain Manuscripts" shows finely illustrated Jain manuscript pages from the 15th to 19th centuries.

Victoria & Albert Museum
Until Dec. 31
☎ 44-20-7942-2000
www.vam.ac.uk

Madrid

art

"The Potosí Principle" contrasts Andean 16th- to 18th-century colonial paintings with works by international contemporary artists.

Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía
Until Sept. 6
☎ 34-91-7741-000
www.museoreinasofia.es

Milan

music

Bobby McFerrin tours Italy with his unique brand of a capella music, and in Milan conducts and sings with Filarmonica della Scala Orchestra works by Faure, Bernstein and Rimsky-Korsakov.

May 17, Teatro alla Scala
May 18, Palazzo dei Congressi, Lugano
May 20, Auditorium Parco della Musica, Rome
May 22, Teatro Manzoni, Bologna
May 23, Auditorium. Lingotto, Turin
www.bobbymcferrin.com

Pau

art

"Paris is Well Worth a Mass!" presents 19 large grisaille canvases painted for King Henri IV's funeral by Tuscan artists close to the Medicis.

Musée national du Château de Pau
Until June 30
☎ 33-5-5982-3800
www.musee-chateau-pau.fr

Vienna

art

"James Cook and the Discovery of the South Seas" offers 500 objects and artefacts documenting James Cook's 18th-century journeys.

Museum für Völkerkunde
Until Sept. 13
☎ 43-1-5252-4409-8
www.khm.at

Source: WSJE research