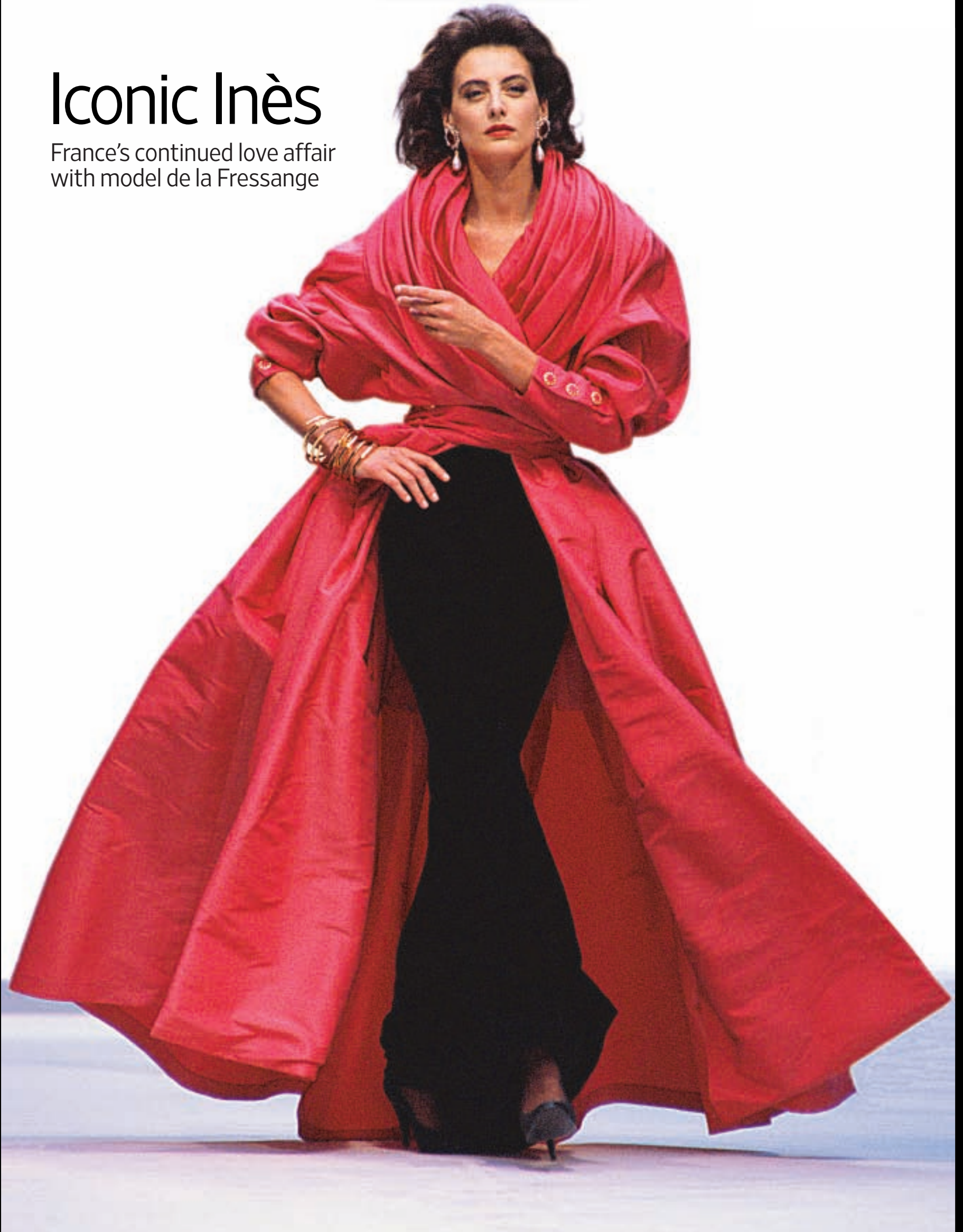


WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE

Iconic Inès

France's continued love affair
with model de la Fressange



Food: Cannes, beyond film | Wine: Sweet delights of Sauternes

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France's style icon



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Ikea kitchenware, Fläckig, by Halskov & Dalsgaard Design, shown in Copenhagen.

Halskov & Dalsgaard design

WEEKEND JOURNAL

EUROPE

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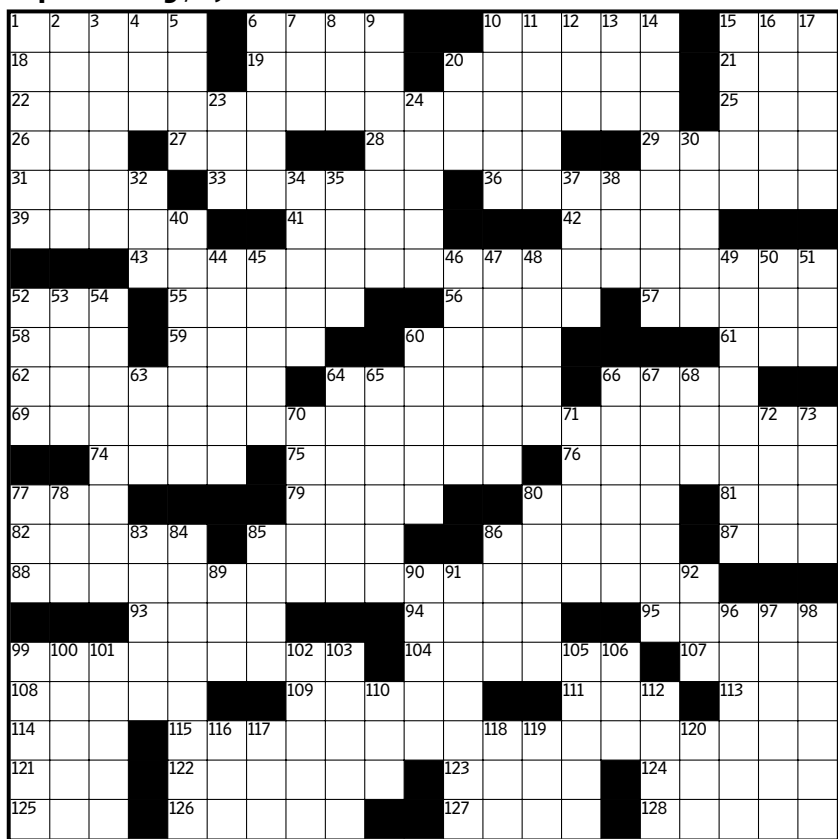
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Last Week's Solution



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❖ Fashion

A crop of style books

Exploring the surfaces and depths of fashion

SUMMER BOOKS ARE what you read when you're lolling about on vacation. Spring books expect you to do a little work.

Around this time each year, publishers send out a flood of books that seek to refresh their readers' style. A veritable library is stacked on my desk, and among the predictable offerings on the perfect colors and the must-have accessories—books about as last-

On Style

Christina Binkley

ing as the season's fads—are some quirky gems.

A well-shod army of writers has analyzed mankind's urge to look good, but most of them tell you merely that sharp clothes will make you more successful. "The Thoughtful Dresser" takes you places you wouldn't expect a fashion book to go. Like Auschwitz.

Author Linda Grant, an award-winning British novelist and journalist, searches the far reaches of humanity in her book of ruminations on clothing, which is subtitled, "The Art of Adornment, the Pleasures of Shopping, and Why Clothes Matter." When she visits a museum at the Polish concentration camp, she wonders why one deportee brought a suitcase containing a pair of "glorious, scarlet, insouciant" high heels.

The poignant answer arrives at the end of the book in an interview with a camp survivor. The journey in between is wide-ranging, taking us from the accessories noted in the Old Testament to Jane Austen (who apparently didn't describe her characters' ball gowns) and on to Hollywood.

Along the way, Ms. Grant explores the difference between looking sexy and wearing sexy clothes, telling us, "Whatever she wears, Victoria Beckham is not sexy" and "Scarlett Johansson always is. And so is Helen Mirren." She rails against male designers who design for thin women without being thin themselves.

"The Thoughtful Dressers"

depth lies in its exploration of fashion's significance. She relates that a British soldier who helped liberate a concentration camp wondered who had ordered lipstick for the camp's survivors. He told his diary: "That lipstick started to give them back their humanity."

The surfaces and depths of fashion are also examined in Deborah Ball's meticulously researched "House of Versace: the Untold Story of Genius, Murder and Survival," which answers more questions about the family behind the high-flying brand than most of us could think to ask. The Wall Street Journal writer's account of the Versaces' early years in the Calabria countryside of Southern Italy helps humanize a legendary family.

The story is threaded through with the tragic consequences of Gianni Versace's early death. A thoughtless whim left his school-girl niece, Allegra, at the helm of the fashion house, pitted against the adults in her family for control—while her brother was left without an inheritance. Read on.

In a different vein, "How to Never Look Fat Again" is farther from the common genus of self-help style books than it sounds. Author Charla Krupp, who brought us the biting "How Not To Look Old," has written the accompanying volume with her signature frank humor.

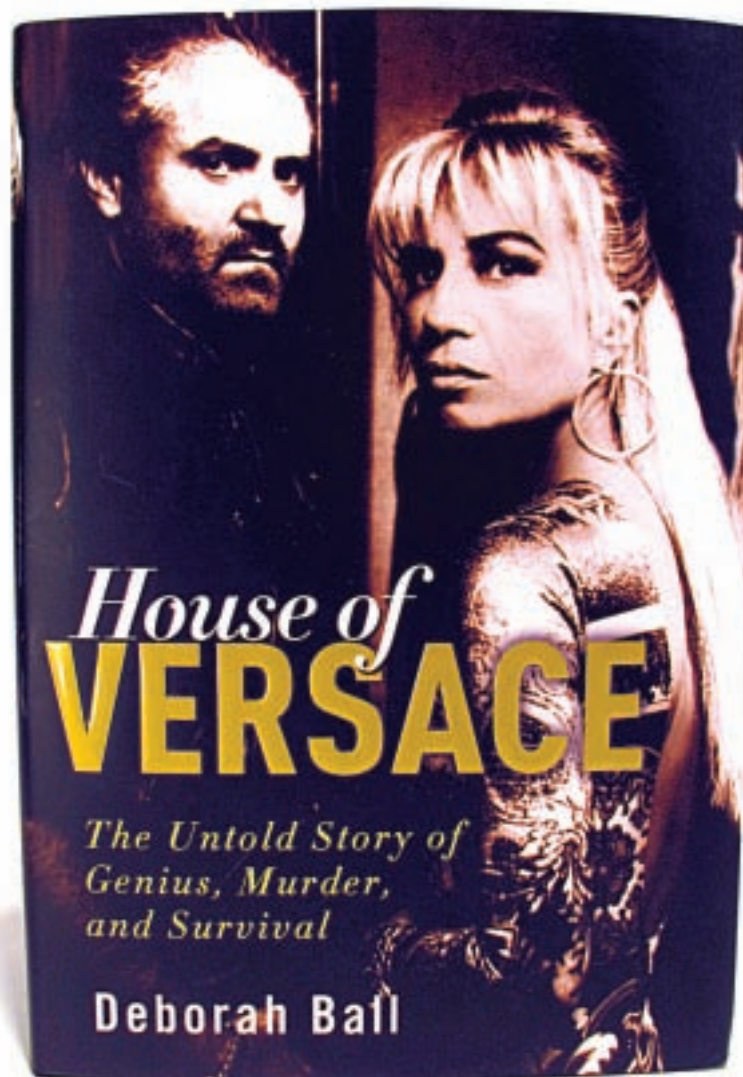
The book's subtitle, "Over 1,000 Ways to Dress Thinner Without Dieting!" sounds like an invitation to enjoy a juicy burger. But Ms. Krupp's mission is to consider every possible roll, bump and curve of the body and propose ways to minimize it, distract from it, or make it disappear with artful dressing. There is a voyeuristic thrill to reading even sections that don't apply to your own body type. "Vows for the Big Busted—I will not dangle necklaces off the cliff of my chest," Ms. Krupp writes.

Take or leave Ms. Krupp's advice. Exchange all my underwear for shapewear? I think not. But even those who are little concerned about their bodies' flaws will find the book amusing.

"Alabama Studio Style" by Natalie Chanin nearly went straight to my giveaway pile with the other crafty books. It's chock full of instructions on making an apron from cotton jersey and how to quilt a camisole dress. I may never stencil a place mat. But Ms. Chanin is the designer behind "Alabama Chanin"—a line of clothes that are designed and stitched around her hometown of Florence, Alabama. Her success at making fashion close to home is intriguing.

Indeed, Ms. Chanin's focus on sustainability and recycling lends this book a recessionary feel-good vibe—even for those who don't want to pickle their own okra. I enjoyed getting lost in dreamy recipes for "slow-roasted squash" and directions for embroidering tunics.

I won't be unfolding the enclosed clothing pattern, though it can be used to make a surprising variety of tops, dresses and skirts. But I did find myself considering re-weaving the seat of an old dining chair in my garage. Or maybe not. "Alabama Studio Style" offers a do-it-yourself fantasy world that's fun to contemplate even if you never lift a finger except to turn the page.



Jon Protas for The Wall Street Journal

Arbitrage

City	Local currency	€
Hong Kong	HK\$ 7,180	€716
New York	\$979	€759
Frankfurt	€798	€798
Rome	€799	€799
Brussels	€805	€805
Tokyo	¥98,133	€805
London	£750	€879
Paris	€899	€899
Sydney	A\$1,509	€1,061



Canon EOS 550D DSLR

Note: Prices of the camera with 18-55mm IS Lens Kit, plus taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

Cannes's gastronomic glitz

Lanie Goodman takes a tour of the city's flourishing restaurant scene, along famed La Croisette and beyond



Daniel Fernandez

WHEN IT COMES to legends, Cannes has always been viewed more as a diamonds-and-sequins red-carpet-strutting kind of town than a serious foodie destination.

Yet, if you believe the local lore, all it took was one steaming bowl of garlicky bouillabaisse to change the course of Cannes's history and transform the modest fishing village into a fashionable resort. Back in 1834, Henry Brougham, former Lord Chancellor of the U.K., was on his way to Italy, but a cholera epidemic prevented him from crossing the Var River. Making the best of his quarantine, he stayed at an auberge in Cannes, where the innkeeper served him some remarkable fish soup. Infatuated with the cuisine, he decided to stay and built himself a grand Italianate villa with a sumptuous garden. Lord Brougham then persuaded his wealthy aristocratic friends to do the same, and even financed a new harbor. Hailed as Cannes's godfather of glitz (his statue sits in the square across from the Palais des Festivals), Lord Brougham surely would

have found it amusing that simple Provençal cooking has made a stylish comeback on La Croisette, the famous road that stretches along the coastline of the city.

As the city gears up for its 63rd Film Festival—12 giddy days, beginning May 12, of screenings, deal-making and lavish fêtes—Cannes's flourishing restaurant scene is

shining brighter than ever, with a great choice of refined, inventive southern French cooking and market-fresh bistro fare. Here's a roundup of recent openings.

When Bruno Oger, former chef at the (now-closed) Michelin two-star Villa des Lys at the Hotel Majestic, left La Croisette last year, it was to restore an 18th-century mansion set in a vast woody park in the neighboring village, Le Cannet. There, his gastronomic La Villa Archange and the simpler Le Bistrot des Anges (www.bruno-oger.com) both feature a wide range of classic dishes with a contemporary twist.

Mr. Oger, 43 years old, who trained with renowned chef Georges Blanc, says he longed for a change of scenery after 15 years of large-scale luxury-hotel cooking. "It's the country in the city," he says. "You dine under the chestnut trees but we're only 10 minutes from La Croisette." The Villa Archange, which only seats 25, is for a happy few who come for Mr. Oger's signature creations: foie gras and hazelnuts, artichoke tart with asparagus, lobster with Aquitaine caviar, and vanilla *traou mad*, a buttery cake from Brittany with crushed strawberries, for dessert.

The more affordable Bistrot des Anges—a mix of understated pale wood, flashy red-and-green-walled interiors and a sprawling terrace—has a terrific three-course €29 fixed-price menu that includes foie gras risotto, and carpaccio of sea bass with mango and parmesan, plus mouthwatering pastries such as warm, dark-chocolate cake with mocha ice cream and whipped cream. The à la carte dishes are unpretentious southern French comfort food: Provençal *tian* (grilled vegetables and rice baked with cheese) or roast lamb with dates and lemon. There is also an impressive wine cellar offering more than 2,000 vintage wines.

Among the last of Cannes's seafront palaces to undergo a massive

multimillion-euro facelift, the tastefully spruced-up Hotel Majestic is now ready to flaunt its five-star status and a different kind of restaurant. Call it neo-rustic chic: La Petite Maison (www.majestic-barriere.com) is the little sister of the long-established restaurant in Nice's Old Town, run by Nicole Ruby. The new venture of Ms. Ruby, who is renowned for her exquisite authentic Provençal recipes and a VIP clientele, aims to bring "nissart" (Provençal dialect for Niçois) cuisine to an international crowd. Expect a "peasant" touch such as vine tomatoes and lemons casually posed on the white tablecloths next to the bottle of olive oil and the irresistible, unctuous tapenade. The walls are lined with film-star portraits and the waiters sport artsy embroidered white shirts marked "tous célèbres ici" ("we're all famous here"), setting the playful mood. Then come the starters, a festive profusion of dishes: violet artichoke salad, *pissaladière* (an onion and anchovy tart), grilled red and yellow peppers, *petits farcis* (tiny seasonal veal-stuffed vegetables), tuna tartare and courgette flower fritters. Other highlights include grilled lobster, perfectly cooked sea bass baked in a salt crust and a generous portion of feather-light tiramisu for dessert.

A short stroll up La Croisette is Le Park 45 inside Le Grand Hotel (www.grand-hotel-cannes.com), the seafront's oldest hotel, discreetly set back from the main thoroughfare in a palm-shaded garden. With its revamped vintage-style dining room and lovely outdoor terrace surrounded by emerald grass, Le Park 45 is one of Cannes's most peaceful dining spots. Sébastien Broda, the talented young chef who has just pocketed a Michelin star after his first year, excels in subtle combinations of flavors: a crispy mille-feuille of foie gras, served with baby peas and ginger jam, roast pigeon and sweetbreads in a hazelnut shell, and a stunning exotic-fruit soufflé

for dessert. Fixed-price lunches start at €30. For lighter fare, Plage 45, the Grand Hotel's newly refurbished beach restaurant, offers authentic salade niçoise (hold the lettuce, green beans and potatoes), grilled fish and lime panna cotta.

Just next door, the best people-watching vantage point is on the deck terrace of the new La Scena Bar at the Palais Stéphanie (hotel-palais-stephannie-cannes.com), where "le Tout-Cannes," or everybody who is anybody, swills watermelon or fresh cucumber Mojitos at sunset. Formerly the Noga Hilton, the luxury hotel had a snazzy €38 million makeover last year and now also includes the informal La Scena Restaurant, serving risotto, pasta and pizza.

Further up La Croisette is the 1950s landmark restaurant Félix (www.felix-cannes.com), whose glory days as a celebrity haunt were long past. Now, under new direction and headed by 28-year-old rising-star chef Nicolas Rondelli, the pricey but delicious regional specialties (crab and leek ravioli with grilled prawns, shoulder of lamb with eggplant) are well worth the splurge.

In the quiet backstreets, far from the film-industry bustle and star-gawking crowds, is La Table du Chef (5 rue Jean Daumas; ☎ 33-493684720), a postage-stamped bistro where chef Bruno Gendarme dishes up regional favorites such as sautéed veal and polenta. The lunch menu changes daily, with a choice of two starters and two main dishes and homey desserts such as a floating island with hot-chocolate sauce and custard. After a long Parisian career in upscale banquet receptions with chef Guy Savoy, Mr. Gendarme returned to his native south of France and opened his own place two years ago. His whimsical "surprise" four-course dinner menu for €33 is the real deal.

If Cannes's buzzy atmosphere gets too overwhelming, hop on a



Alamy

Top, Promenade de la Croisette in Cannes; above, a monk in the vineyards of Lérins Abbey on Ile Saint-Honorat.



Félix (2)

20-minute ferry ride to the tranquil Ile Saint-Honorat, a wild sanctuary of vineyards, pine forests and limpid creeks. For a leisurely toes-in-the-sand lunch, book a terrace table at the new seaside brasserie, La Tonnelle (Ile Saint-Honorat, Lerins Islands; ☎ 33-492995408), run by the resident monks, who also produce a limited edition of award-winning wines. Chef Arnaud Ronxin is a wizard with fresh seafood à la plancha and lobster grilled with onions and wild rosemary, topped off by organic lemon sorbet made with island-brewed "Lerincello" liqueur for dessert. Before heading back, pick up a bottle of the fruity Saint Césaire Chardonnay or the superb Saint Salonius Pinot Noir (notes of raspberry, cassis and black truffle), sold at the 15th-century monastery's wine shop down the road.

If you order in advance, this is also the place for old-fashioned homemade bouillabaisse, but be forewarned—after one spoonful, you may never want to leave.

—Lanie Goodman is a writer based in Nice.

Above, the terrace at Félix; coquilles Saint Jacques served at the restaurant.



The delights of sweet wine

FOR MANY OF you reading this, the fact that Sauternes has enjoyed one of its greatest ever vintages is, I suspect, academic. That it comes in the wake of three great vintages in '05, '03 and '01 may be of interest, but I wager it won't affect your wine-buying habits.

Wine WILL LYONS

As critics eulogize over the freshness and complexity of the latest Sauternes vintage, most consumers will either flick through to the pages of the sales catalog marked red Bordeaux or ignore the sweet-wine section altogether. It may be anecdotal but when was the last time you were served a sweet wine at a friend's house? Most of my friends only have a vague recollection that it even exists and have usually never tasted it. I know this because I nearly always make a point of bringing a bottle along to any dinner party to which I'm invited. And yet whenever I introduce someone to this underrated, golden, flower-scented wine their reaction is almost always positive, ridiculously so. It's as if the wine in question were the most delicious glass they had ever tasted.

Partly this has to do with the innate human desire for sweetness, which can be tracked back to our days as hunter-gatherers more than 30,000 years ago. Today, we still have a preprogrammed genetic safety net that informs us: If a fruit is sweet, it is ripe and ready to eat, if it is bitter, it is best avoided.

But the problem for the Sauternes producers goes beyond their wine's immediate appeal. For while we all love sweet wine, we almost never drink it, let alone buy it. This may have something to do with its image. For years it was marketed as a digestif to be drunk with desserts or foie gras—not exactly your average choice for everyday drinking. In the meantime, sweet wines from countries such as Australia, Chile and New Zealand made from grapes such as Gewürztraminer, Pinot Gris and Riesling have filled the void.

I have spent many an hour cycling through the gently rolling hills that surround the village of Sauternes. The village itself and its neighbor Barsac lie to the southeast of Bordeaux in the Graves region. On a late autumnal day, with the copper-colored sun disappearing

behind its low-lying hills, there is no better place to while away a few hours on the wine route.

The wine itself is made from a blend of Sauvignon Blanc, Sémillon and Muscadelle. The key to understanding its unique character is to visit the vineyards that climb upward from the banks of the river Ciron. During the late-autumn nights when the weather is dry and warm, the coolness of the water produces a mist that enables the grapes to develop a fungal growth, known as noble rot or *Botrytis cinerea*. This rot attacks the grapes' skin, devouring sugar and acidity, and leaving the bunches shriveled and rotten by harvest time. But the rot increases the level of acid and sugar in the grapes giving Sauternes its distinctive character.

In 2009, the conditions were nearly perfect for the onset of noble rot. Going into September, the weather conditions were such that the quality of the fruit was exceptional but there was a worrying absence of *Botrytis*. Some properties picked a small amount of grapes in the middle of September but a downpour of rain from Sept. 18 to 20 changed the vintage. From then on there followed a long period characterized by morning mists and warm afternoons that caused the rapid development of *Botrytis cinerea* on grapes that had already recorded a high concentration of sugar. The picking began toward the end of September and finished by Oct. 20. During the harvest, only the grapes affected with *Botrytis* are selected, and as a result yields can be tiny. At Château d'Yquem, only 1,000 bottles are produced from its 250 acres under vine.

The 2007 d'Yquem has a honeyed, almost treacle-pudding character with rich smoky notes, underpinned with a freshness and a creamy, vanilla-sweet fruit flavor.

In 2009, the wines produced in all of Sauternes have a great concentration of fruit but the acidity is so high that the overall character is one of freshness and lightness.

In short, these are very good wines to accompany a variety of dishes, some that may be surprising. Instead of with foie gras, I would urge you to try a small glass with Cantonese roast pork, steamed salmon and ginger, or Roquefort salad. As well as d'Yquem those worth looking out for include: Château d'Arche, Château de Fargues, Château Climens. Château Guiraud, Château Rieussec and Château Suduiraut.

DRINKING NOW

Château Guiraud
Sauternes, Bordeaux, France

Vintage: **2001**

Price: **about £45 or €52**

Alcohol content: **13%**

Restrained delicacy is the hallmark of the '01 Guiraud. The nose is replete with zingy citrus notes such as youthful orange, underscored by honey and a little oak. On the palate, the acidity really refreshes, leaving this wine beautifully poised and not too weighty or overwhelming.



BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE FILM FESTIVAL

In addition to the official Cannes Film Festival competition, held May 12-23, there are a number of screenings on the side that are open to the general public.

La Quinzaine des Réalistes

Created in 1968 by a group of French filmmakers, this edgy "parallel" festival called the Director's Fortnight offers a selection of international films that range from avant-garde indie experiments (11 of the 22 films are by first-time directors) to the latest works by established directors. Quinzaine tickets, sold in a

pavilion just next to the Palais Stéphanie auditorium, also entitle audiences to attend a live debate with the director and cast, held with the first screening of each film.

www.quinzaine-realistes.com

Cinéma de la Plage

From May 15-24, free concerts of film scores followed by screenings of some of the greatest, digitally restored movie classics are shown after dark on a giant screen set up on one of the Croisette beaches.

www.festival-cannes.fr/en/archives/2008/programmeBeachCinema.html

Cannes Cinéma

This organization offers the opportunity for cinephiles to discover films that are part of the official competition as well as some of the parallel festivals such as Cannes Classics and Un Certain Regard with free showings in three of Cannes's cinemas (La Licorne, Studio 13 and Le Raimu). A limited number of daily invitations for screenings are available at the Cannes Cinema booth at the portside Village Pantiero or at the Théâtre La Licorne.

www.cannes-cinema.com



photo by The Selby

Style icon

Inès de la Fressange: the ultimate Parisian woman

BY LENNOX MORRISON

UPSTAIRS IN AN 18th-century mansion, on rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré in Paris, I'm seated in a long, high-ceilinged room painted marshmallowpink. As scented candles flicker and chill-out music murmurs, my gaze drifts to a Picasso. Elsewhere a Poliakoff hangs above a shiny white Hervé van der Straeten console and African masks rise incongruously from a marble-topped antique commode.

It could be the home of an eclectically minded collector were it not for a wall of white moulded shelving on which are displayed women's shoes and handbags, intensely colored and exquisite. The shoes shimmer with the Cinderella promise that stepping into them could transform your life.

This is retailing at its most seductive. I'm in the flagship shop of luxury accessory house Roger Vivier. In the plate glass window downstairs a discreet card announces prices stretching up to €1,300 for a pair of shoes and €1,900 for a clutch bag.

Upstairs, a customer with the legs of a Helmut Newton model slips into patent leather high heels as her male companion lounges on a white leather sofa. Sleekly groomed staff materialize and dematerialize, like the best English butlers.

And now, advancing across the blond parquet with liquid grace, comes Inès de la Fressange. At 52 years old, and despite being casually dressed in slash-neck sweater and blue jeans tucked into knee-high boots, she seems

the chicest of them all.

The daughter of a marquis, Inès—as she is known in France—wore made-to-measure ermine at 4 years old and grew up to become the first model to sign an exclusive contract with a couture house. She later became a designer and is now creative consultant for Roger Vivier.

Not only is she the first model to be awarded the Légion d'honneur for services to fashion, but also a recent poll in France named her the ultimate Parisian woman (Carla Bruni-Sarkozy came fifth). In January, the mayor of Paris presented Inès with the Grande Médaille de Vermeil of the City of Paris. "I am glad that Paris is saying thank you to you," Mayor Bertrand Delanoë said. "Don't change a thing. Remain the Parisienne that you are; liberated, cultivated, opinionated and beautiful. That is why Paris loves you."

Now, as Ms. de la Fressange approaches, smoke curls from her cigarette. Her free hand reaches out in welcome. She whisks me behind the scenes to her office—a girly den painted bubble-gum pink, with photos of Yves Saint Laurent and the Dalai Lama.

It has been 20 years since I last interviewed her. Her hairstyle is softer than before but otherwise she seems virtually unchanged. Last year she went down the catwalk for Jean-Paul Gaultier.

How does she retain her youthfulness? She smiles mischievously. "I avoid Botox. The hour with the dermatologist is better spent making

love or sleeping," she says. "I don't think about the past too much. And I never go outside without day cream."

As the face of Chanel in the 1980s, Ms. de la Fressange was muse to their chief designer Karl Lagerfeld. Crop-haired and playful, she took her dog along the catwalk and teamed an iconic Chanel jacket with jeans. Her gamine charm might stem from her upbringing—at one point her wealthy and well-connected bohemian parents sent her to a boys' boarding school, where she was the only girl.

But after she was chosen by the mayors of France to become the model for Marianne, France's symbol of the republic whose statues appear in town halls throughout the country, Mr. Lagerfeld declared to the press, "I do not design clothes for historical monuments." Her contract ended in 1991. Chanel declined to comment.

The following year I met her in the bedroom of a hotel near the Champs-Élysées where she was camping out during renovation work on her apartment. Radiantly in love, she introduced me to her then fiancé, Italian businessman and art historian Luigi d'Urso. They married and had two daughters, Nine, who is now 16, and Violette, who is 10. Mr. d'Urso died of a heart attack in 2006, aged 52.

Today, Ms. de la Fressange sits tomboyishly with one booted foot resting on the opposite knee. The pony-skin boots she is wearing are, of course, from the Roger Vivier label. Her sweater slides down to reveal one shoulder, then the other. She nibbles miniature cakes and

talks about doing the school run before breakfasting with girlfriends at a café near her apartment in Saint-Germain-des-Prés.

Her mobile rings and her face lights up. "My boyfriend," she explains. He is Denis Olivennes, the 49-year-old intellectual who runs the left-wing French weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*.

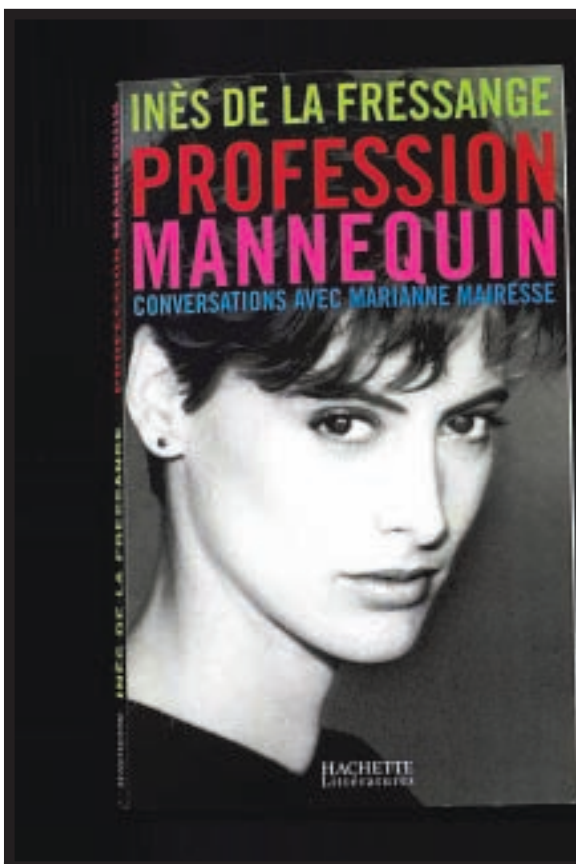
After the briefest of chats with him, she returns the spotlight of her attention to our interview, talking passionately about the atmosphere she has created at Roger Vivier.

It is important to her that staff are "kind" to everyone. Certainly, when I walked in earlier in chain-store ankle boots, the assistants' welcoming smiles were at full wattage.

Behind-the-scenes, too, there is a tangible warmth between Ms. de la Fressange and her team, the result of long-term collaboration. Her personal assistant has been with her for 25 years. And the sales director here once worked at the Inès de la Fressange boutique in Paris.

It was after parting company with Chanel that in 1991 Ms. de la Fressange reinvented herself as a designer and, with backing from Henry Racamier, president of the Orcofi Group, opened her signature boutique on glitzy Avenue Montaigne. Sales took off and she expanded into the U.S. and Japan.

However, just before the launch of an eponymous perfume in 1999, she was sacked, she says. By this time, the company was in the hands of a majority shareholder, François-Louis Vuitton. In her 2002 autobiography



Clockwise from above left: the book cover of autobiography 'Profession Mannequin'; Boutique Roger Vivier on rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré in Paris; Bruno Frisoni, creative director of Roger Vivier; French designer Jean-Paul Gaultier kisses Inès de la Fressange at the end of his Spring-Summer Haute Couture 2009 fashion show in Paris; In 1983, Karl Lagerfeld fits one of his designs on Ms. de la Fressange; Left page, Ms. de la Fressange in her Paris apartment.



'I don't think about the past too much. And I never go outside without day cream,' says Inès de la Fressange on retaining her youthfulness.

"Profession Mannequin," Ms. de la Fressange states the reason given by her employers for her dismissal was that she had designed a product—a limited-series pillbox for a pharmaceuticals company—considered not chic enough for the company image.

Mr. Vuitton said that he didn't have exactly the same interpretation of the facts as Ms. de la Fressange but he didn't wish to comment further.

Despite much legal wrangling, the court case has been completed. She has lost full rights to her own name, though she retains the rights for some products, Ms. de la Fressange says. The boutiques and store concessions bearing her name have all been closed.

In 2002, when Ms. de la Fressange was recruited to join Roger Vivier, it seemed like the perfect fit. The late designer had himself once invited her to lunch in the 1990s to discuss relaunching the label. At the time she wasn't able to help. Today, she is the only person at the luxe-accessories house to have known Mr. Vivier personally.

Born in 1907, Mr. Vivier was the innovative French designer who in 1954 invented the stiletto heel. Known as "the Fabergé of footwear," he created the gold kidskin sandals

studded with rubies that Queen Elizabeth II wore to her coronation in 1953, and the silver buckle shoes actress Catherine Deneuve wore in Luis Buñuel's 1967 film "Belle de Jour."

He also sheathed the feet of Marlene Dietrich, Liz Taylor, Brigitte Bardot and the Beatles, and was acclaimed by Yves Saint Laurent, Christian Dior and Emanuel Ungaro.

By the time of Mr. Vivier's death in 1998, the label had fallen into obscurity. Two years later, the rights to use the deceased designer's name were bought by Diego Della Valle, owner of Tod's SpA, the Italian luxury goods maker. To relaunch the brand, he hired Bruno Frisoni as designer and Ms. de la Fressange as creative consultant.

Roger Vivier posted an 11% drop in fiscal-year revenue to €15 million in 2009 from €16.8 million in 2008.

"The focus on Vivier is to build a dream. The future in Vivier [is that it] will be the most charming exclusive accessories house around the world," Mr. Della Valle says. "For that it is not important to watch the numbers. It's a long-term investment."

Roger Vivier currently has eight stores world-wide and plans to open a boutique in Shanghai in September.

As for Ms. de la Fressange, in her role, she is passionate about blue-chip fashion. "The only country in the world with haute couture is France," she says. "A Frenchwoman has a taste for good quality. She knows she can buy something nice at Monoprix [a supermarket

chain] and mix it with Yves Saint Laurent." She talks about protecting jobs and craft skills and then says, "Leaving all this reasonableness aside, we need beauty, we need talent. We need this exception and rarity. Even if you can't afford a Matisse, it's important for it to exist..."

"In France, fashion is seen as something as very light but I say to people and I also said to Sarkozy, 'Do you know which French company is most successful in Asia?' In order for him not to feel uncomfortable I said immediately, 'It's Louis Vuitton.'"

How did President Sarkozy respond? "He was interested," she smiles. "And now he's married to someone who knows fashion, too."

Just before I leave, a make-up artist arrives to redo Ms. de la Fressange's face in preparation for her attending a Jean-Paul Gaultier show. She moves from the sofa to perch on a high chair.

At this point a French film crew, that has been shadowing her for a documentary, suddenly appears, sets up its equipment and begins filming. The room is becoming a little crowded.

Unruffled, Ms. de la Fressange continues to answer questions, sip red wine and snack on canapés. With her gaze she makes sure that everyone in the room feels included. I suddenly realize that I'm watching a woman multitasking very hard. The magic of Ms. de la Fressange is that she makes it look effortless.

—Lennox Morrison is a writer based in Paris.



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Aidan Bradley

Chambers Bay, in Washington, is a new, links-style course.

Is brown the new green?

Sustainable courses show what's possible with limited water and minimalist maintenance

WHEN JIM HYLER was inaugurated as president of the U.S. Golf Association in February, he surprised many by speaking out more forcibly than USGA presidents are wont to do on a controversial subject: water usage and the misguided perception that golf courses need to be lush, green and perfect to be good. It is the issue, he said, "that is perhaps of greatest concern to golf's future."

Golf
JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

With heavy flooding in Nashville this week and a pesky 17th green surrounded by water at the Players Championship in Florida, the shortage of water may not be at the top of every golfer's mind. But for many golf courses in the American west, it's an existential threat and for many others, the burden of maintaining wall-to-wall greensward in tiptop shape is creating financial havoc. Even when water is abundant, lush courses require more mowing, more chemicals to prevent weeds and disease, more general tweaking and fluffing, and more days of cart-path-only.

"In my opinion, many of the standards by which we construct and maintain our courses have become, quite simply, unsustainable," Mr. Hyler said. "With the recent economic downturn, focus on these critical issues has sharpened. If we are not careful, high construction costs, soaring maintenance budgets, and declining membership rosters will threaten the survival of many courses and clubs."

He called for a "reset" in the way golfers look at and think about courses, with "playability" replacing aesthetics as the primary consideration. Playability, he said, "should include concepts of firm, fast, and yes, even brown, and allow the running game to flourish. We need to understand how brown can become the new green."

Brown isn't a popular concept in most clubhouses I visit, but fun certainly is. One of the main points Mr. Hyler made in a follow up interview this week was that firm, fast courses are more fun to play than soft, over-

watered ones. Drives roll out farther. And approach shots into greens can, at the player's option, scoot along the ground and bank off contours designed by the architects of many courses specifically for that purpose.

Green looks great on television, Mr. Hyler acknowledged, but that's a major cause of the problem: televised golf distorts expectations. "Most people don't realize that the courses on TV are manicured to peak for that one week. Even they don't look that way all the time," he said. "There's nothing wrong with a little brownish tint to the fairways or some less than pristine conditioning. The last 20% of the maintenance budget at most clubs goes for appearance only and doesn't have any impact on playability."

Starting this summer, viewers will see something different at some of the tournaments the USGA sponsors. In preparing Pebble Beach for the U.S. Open in June, crews are carefully limiting the amount of water the turf receives to create firmer, faster fairways than in previous Opens there. Unless California's Monterey Peninsula receives an exceptional amount of rainfall in the next six weeks, the course will appear notably browner and less manicured.

Then, in August, the U.S. Amateur will be played at Chambers Bay in Washington, a new, links-style course that the USGA has also tapped to host the 2015 U.S. Open. "Absolutely, we chose Chambers Bay in part to set an example," Mr. Hyler said. "We are very excited to see how the fast conditions there will pose new shot-making challenges for the world's best players." Next year the U.S. Amateur moves to Erin Hills in Wisconsin, yet another new, low-maintenance, links-style course. Erin Hills is also on the short list to host the 2017 U.S. Open.

Chambers Bay, a county-owned course on the shore of Puget Sound near Tacoma, is in many ways a poster child for sustainable golf. Routed through dunes on the site of a former sand and gravel mine, it encompasses 100 hectares—but thanks to large buffer areas and forced carries, only 34 hectares of those are maintained as turfgrass, compared to 44 hectares to 60 hectares at typical courses. Moreover, all the grass is fine fescue, a tough, drought-tolerant

strain (different from the devilish taller fescue strains often used in rough elsewhere), whose roots reach 20 centimeters to 30 centimeters deep. Traditional cool-weather golf-course grasses like rye or Kentucky bluegrass dip only five centimeters to 13 centimeters underground and thus have to receive water almost daily.

"We've gone as long as 15 days without watering the fairways," said David Wienecke, the course superintendent. The water bill at Chambers Bay is one-third to one-half what the bill at a nearby course planted in traditional grasses would be, he estimates.

Fine fescue has its drawbacks. It doesn't grow well in many places (the Bandon Dunes golf resort down the coast in Oregon may be the only other all-fescue facility in the U.S.) and it loses density under lots of foot and cart traffic. But fescue, even when somewhat brown, makes a terrific playing surface. "The ball sits up beautifully in the fairway and I can make the greens as fast as the USGA needs them," Mr. Wienecke said. If they aren't as speedy on the Stimpmeter as typical U.S. Amateur and U.S. Open greens, that's only because the undulations designed into the greens cannot handle faster, he said.

The firm conditions at Chambers Bay allow golfers to engage their imagination. Roughly half the greens have possible hole locations that require players to land their approach shots off the putting surface, if they hope to get the ball close. "That's where the fun begins," said Bruce Charlton, part of the Robert Trent Jones II team that designed the course. A front left pin on the downhill, par-three ninth, for example, is best reached by caroming the tee shot off a high kicker slope to the left.

Not everyone who plays Chambers Bay immediately "gets" it. Post-round player survey responses range from many ecstatic 10s (on a scale of one to 10) to quite a few threes, according to Mr. Wienecke. That's the expectation problem at work. It's a different kind of golf experience.

But as an example of what's possible with limited water and a minimalist maintenance philosophy, Chambers Bay and the exposure the USGA is giving it will be important

in the years ahead for many communities in the water-starved desert Southwest that will be facing tough decisions about golf.

"Areas facing severe water pressure, like Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Diego and Phoenix, have to constantly ask themselves what is the best economic use of every gallon of water," said Greg Lyman, head of the Environmental Institute for Golf, the philanthropic arm of the Golf Course Superintendents Association of America. Golf has a role to

play. It generates jobs and profits like any industry, provides recreation and is a focal point for community (notably when it comes to raising money for charities).

"The more that non-golfers understand that golf is environmentally responsible and is being managed sustainably for the long-term, the brighter golf's future will be," Mr. Lyman said. That holds true also, he noted, in areas where water isn't the urgent issue it is in the desert Southwest.

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Latest 'Aida' in London fails to deliver



Marianne Cornetti as Amneris in Aida.

Bill Cooper

LONDON: David McVicar's new "Aida" marks the now-customary flop with this opera at the Royal Opera (last attempt: Robert Wilson, 2003). It's got spectacle all right, but most Aidas are over the top (My second-ever was the famous 1962 production with elephants at Rome's Baths of Caracalla; my first at the Cincinnati zoo. I'm an expert on OTT Aidas.) However, despite its lavishness, this one is plain silly and looks awful.

Jean-Marc Puissant's giant revolving-screen set derives, the program pretentiously tells us, from everything from images of sacred sites in Jerusalem, to Mark Rothko paintings and ruined desert cities. Moritz Junge's costumes would be perfect for a sci-fi videogame, but are preposterous in an Egyptian context. Worst of all is Fin Walker's choreography, which makes you want to giggle and snicker as topless women disembowel half-naked men, or do something like a 1960s twist routine by Chubby Checker. One near-naked supernumerary's sole task is to accompany the king. He flexes his six-pack in awkward contrapposto, while holding a leash attached to a man on all fours wearing a dog collar.

One could forgive some of this if Mr. McVicar used any of this farrago

of crazy old- and new-fangled fashion inventively. But from the very beginning characters troop on and off dully from the wings, and adopt yesterday's-divas' stand-and-deliver postures when singing.

And the singing is dire. Even Covent Garden's celebrated chorus, here at its full strength, took much of the first act to sort out being in time with the orchestra. Poor Nicola Luisotti, though he shows signs of being an admirable Verdi conductor and got a splendid performance from his band, could do little with this cast. The dependable Robert Lloyd as the king was faultless, but even the lauded Argentine tenor, Marcelo Álvarez, was underpowered in "Celeste Aida." It's a difficult number, as it comes so early in the first act—and he was on fine form by the time he was buried alive in his daft Samurai costume three hours later.

Aida, Micaela Carosi proved by the final tomb scene that she could sing in tune, with a warm, sonorous timbre too, but there were some scary discordant moments along the way. There are only four more performances now; but beware: this production is being revived 11 times next spring.—

Paul Levy

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'1er Campeonato Mundial de Football' by Guillermo Laborde. Estimate: £15,000-£20,000.

Ball mania at auction

COMING AUCTIONS SHOOT for goal in the run-up to the 2010 FIFA World Cup in South Africa, which takes place June 11-July 11.

Collecting MARGARET STUDER

Football dominates a sports-memorabilia sale at Graham Budd Auctions in London, held in association with Sotheby's on May 12. Around 429 of 768 lots will feature the game as items from legendary matches and players go under the hammer, including medals, trophies, jerseys, boots, balls, programs, posters, autographs and more.

On May 13, Christie's South Kensington will emphasize football for the first time in its vintage poster sale. "We have had the odd football poster before, but not a group," says Nicolette Tomkinson, Christie's poster department director.

A magnet at both Christie's and Graham Budd promises to be an extremely rare poster produced to promote the first World Cup, held over 17 days in Uruguay in 1930. The image is dominated by the number one, marking the historic importance of this inaugural event. That two examples of this poster come up for auction at the same time is most unusual, Ms. Tomkinson says. At Christie's, the poster is estimated at £15,000-£20,000, reflecting Ms. Tomkinson's view that it is the "best Art Deco football poster ever designed." At Graham Budd, the estimate is more conservative at £5,000-£7,000.

Among the Graham Budd highlights will be an official 1934 FIFA World Cup program published by the Italian Football Federation (estimate: £4,500-£5,000); a collection of 1966 World Cup autographs representing all of the 16 national squads (estimate: £10,000-£15,000); and a goal net used in the 2006 World Cup final at the Olympic Stadium Berlin between Italy and France (estimate: £2,000-£3,000).

In Amsterdam, photos that are hard to ignore

AMSTERDAM: The streets of Tehran may have been on lockdown last June, but the rooftops at night unleashed echoes of a past revolution. And as protestors chanted their dissent from the Iranian capital's high-rises, Italian photographer Pietro Masturzo captured the moment with a long-exposure photograph that dictates a surreal visual poetry.

The picture, which won this year's World Press Photo competition, captures evanescent figures with hands cupped over their mouths, against the solidity of the buildings. An eerie greenish light pervades the scene.

The World Press Photo exhibition's 2010 edition has started at Amsterdam's Oude Kerk (Old Church), in the heart of De Wallen, this city's famed red-light district. The annual traveling exhibition, which will hit more than 100 cities world-wide, brings back a number of the previous year's most compelling news stories through the lenses of some of the world's most talented

and daring photojournalists. The images also shed light on some overlooked events in ways that are often horrible, sometimes beautiful, and always impossible to ignore.

Some of the highlights include a photo essay, by Ecuadorian photographer Karla Gachet, depicting the life of a 20-year-old professional tango dancer in Buenos Aires, that sizzles with movement and depth of color. There are strong images by Farah Abdi Warsameh of the stoning of a man in sharia-law-ruled Somalia. Walter Astrada's depictions last February of political upheaval and carnage in Antananarivo, Madagascar, make you wonder how this story managed to pass beneath the currents of daily news, virtually unnoticed. Paul Nicklen's photo of a bull elephant seal under a self-propelled rainbow of black sand, part of a series from Antarctica that won first prize in the Nature category, is magical.

The impact of social media is given an honorable mention in this year's exhibition with the inclusion



Paul Nicklen

A light-mantled sooty albatross looks down on Gold Harbour, South Georgia, a remote British outpost in the far South Atlantic, (2009) by Paul Nicklen.

of a screen grab taken from the YouTube video of the death last June of young Iranian protestor Neda Agha-Soltan. —Joel Weickgenant

Until June 20 in Amsterdam, and in a selection of other European countries starting May 6.

www.worldpressphoto.org

Moving but muddled 'Bingo' in Chichester

CHICHESTER: This year's Chichester Festival opened with a revival of Edward Bond's cryptically titled 1973 play about Shakespeare, "Bingo," at the Minerva Theatre. The subtitle doesn't clear up the mystery: There are six "Scenes of Money and Death" taking place in the Bard's natal Warwickshire near the end of his life in 1615 and 1616.

Patrick Stewart first played the lead role in 1977, and later triumphed as Macbeth, Prospero, Antonio and Claudius. But there is little of any of Shakespeare's characters in Mr. Bond's portrayal of their author, and the only Shakespearian moment is Richard McCabe's roisteringly drunk Ben Jonson, who fails to goad the Bard into revealing why he

has returned to Avon, but succeeds in injecting some life into the play.

When he wrote Bingo, Mr. Bond was a self-proclaimed revolutionary socialist, and the play vividly details how Stratford's peasants lost their rights to use their traditional common lands in the 17th-century enclosures. Mr. Bond's Shakespeare struggles with his conscience, but signs a contract protecting his income on condition that he doesn't interfere with the land grab. The 51-year-old Shakespeare also does nothing to save the life of a beggar-woman (played sympathetically by Michelle Tate); and is so cold to his daughter Judith (a terrifically hard, scary Catherine Cusack) that she ignores his still-warm body (suicide by poi-

son) to search his papers for a new, more favorable will.

The best thing about Angus Jackson's production is Robert Innes Hopkins's sets, from tall garden hedges that belong in one of the comedies, to a Jacobean tavern complete with fireplace. Mr. Stewart is broodingly, tellingly silent through much of the play, though his sparkling eyes and wry expression undercut the credibility of both the aging man's depression and his class-enemy status. "Was anything done?" he asks repeatedly. Even by the end of this moving but muddled play, you don't really know what he means. —Paul Levy

Until May 22
www.cft.org.uk



Patrick Stewart as William Shakespeare and Jason Watkins as William Combe.

The German Connection

As we know too well by now, sometime in the past century the religion of Muhammad was weaponized—that is, there was a coupling of terrorism and Islam among its militant believers. This development didn't take place in isolation, however. Islamism, as we now call a radical version of the faith, emerged in close contact with the West. In the decades before 9/11 Western governments often turned a blind eye to Islamist agitation or, in a few cases, naïvely nurtured the very people who today inspire or lead terrorist attacks in Pakistan, Yemen and other parts of the world—even, as we were reminded by last week's attempted bombing in Times Square, in the U.S.

As a practical philosophy, Islamism can be traced back to an Egyptian schoolteacher named Hasan al-Banna. In 1928 he founded the Muslim Brotherhood, a group devoted to restoring a fundamentalist idea of Islam to government and society alike. At the time, thinkers in the Muslim world were obsessed by the West's colonial dominance and by their own civilization's decline. Banna was a populist who aimed his idea of Islamic revival at a wide audience by putting his thoughts—and his rigid interpretation of the Quran—into plain words. The movement tried to broaden its appeal still further by

emphasizing social justice and providing welfare services. The Muslim Brotherhood's methods have inspired Islamists ever since, including, today, the members of al Qaeda and Hamas.

Banna was assassinated in 1949; his group was banned in Egypt and hounded out of other Arab states. But the Brotherhood found safe haven in postwar Europe. This sanctuary was essential to the Brotherhood's future but attracted little attention until the attacks of 9/11, for which Europe

was the staging ground. As a Journal reporter (who, incidentally, left the newspaper earlier this

year), Ian Johnson spent a good part of the years following 9/11 untangling Europe's webs of radical Islam. The result is "A Mosque in Munich," an impeccably researched and eye-opening work of social and political history.

Mr. Johnson brings to life a previously overlooked episode in the Muslim Brotherhood's story and thus in the story of Islamism as a whole: How a radical European beachhead came to be established in Munich. It should be said that the story takes some confusing turns; even alert readers may find themselves flipping to the list of characters at the back of the book, or to the index, to help them follow the narrative. But many of the details are astonishing and the larger implications

for our own time disturbing.

As religious fervor took on a political cast in the 20th century, intelligence agencies and policy wonks, at various times, sought to exploit Islamists for their own purposes. In the 1980s, for instance, America supported Osama bin Laden and the Afghan mujahedeen against the Soviets, inadvertently giving force to the "blowback" that followed. But Mr. Johnson says that the roots of the "blowback" extend all the way to Nazi Germany. During the 1930s, the German government saw the Muslim Brotherhood, with its anti-Semitism and its anti-communist views, as a useful ally. The Germans bankrolled the group's quasi-military wing. At the same time, the Nazis recruited religious Muslims in Central Asia and the Caucasus to fight the Soviets. Some of these Nazi-allied Muslims later found refuge in postwar Germany, more than a few ending up in Munich.

By then the Cold War was starting up, and America was seeking ways to counter the Soviet Union. A CIA-backed outfit called the American Committee for Liberation recruited the expatriate Soviet Muslims for Radio Liberty, a broadcast arm of the U.S. government that, among other things, was trying to stir up Soviet minorities against Stalin's rule. The U.S. (and the British) also decided to back the Muslim Brotherhood; as the sworn enemy of Egyptian ruler Gamel Nasser, the group looked like a

useful friend.

The principal contact between the Western agents and the Muslim Brotherhood was Said Ramadan, a prominent "brother" who had fled from Egypt to Europe in the 1950s and went on to write a classic work on Islamic law. In 1953 he even met with President Dwight Eisenhower at the White House. A CIA analyst wrote: "Ramadan seems to be a Fascist, interested in the grouping of individuals for power." It was an astute reading of the man and his organization. It was also ignored. Though the CIA files for this period are closed and Mr. Johnson can't say "definitively" whether Ramadan was on the agency's payroll, the U.S., he claims, used "financial and political leverage to give the Brotherhood's man in Europe a leg up."

The mosque in the title of Mr. Johnson's book is the Islamic Center of Munich. It was founded in 1958 and became a hub of radical Islam in Europe. As Mr. Johnson tells it, American and German governments and several prominent Muslims brought the center to life and competed to control it,

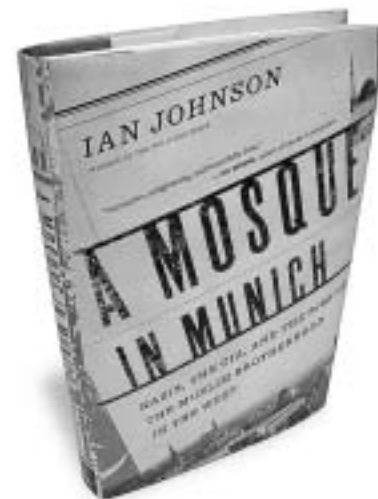
playing each off against the other. As Germany and America lost interest, the Muslim Brotherhood emerged triumphant, and Munich turned into a Continental mecca for Muslim activists. The Brotherhood's recently retired

"supreme guide," Mahdy Akef, ran the center in the 1980s and, writes Mr. Johnson, "helped drive an unprecedented surge in the organizing of Islam throughout Europe." German terrorist investigators have raided the mosque in more recent years, but never pressed

charges.

"A Mosque in Munich" makes clear that the West for too long misjudged militant Islam's threat and may have unwittingly facilitated the rise of a movement that, Mr. Johnson says, "creates a mental preconditioning for terrorism." The challenge for the U.S. and for Europe—now home to 20 million Muslims, four times the number in America—will be how to uproot radical Islam while integrating recent Muslim arrivals and their children.

Mr. Kaminski is a member of the Journal's editorial board.



Hurry Up and Wait

Like most white-collar workers, I often feel as if I write email nonstop. Every minute at my desk brings another message to deal with: an editor wondering about a deadline, a friend asking about lunch, weird quasi-spam from Facebook or Twitter.

But the truth is that email doesn't actually dominate my life. When I look closely at my outbox, I can see that I write in sudden spurts—big blasts of messages followed by silence for hours and sometimes days.

It turns out that this pattern—explosions of activity, followed by quiet—are not just a personal quirk of mine. Odds are, you deal with your email in much the same way. According to Albert-László Barabási's "Bursts," this "bursty" pattern governs almost everything we do and even much of what happens in the natural world.

By now the promise of unveiling a "hidden side" behind everyday life—economics, career development, child-rearing, cooking, you name it—is a numbingly familiar trope. (What mystic subcurrent in contemporary American intellectual culture is so routinely thrilled with the concept that ev-

erything we do—everything!—conceals a secret, hidden side?) Nonetheless, Mr. Barabási, a pioneering scientist in the field of network theory, comes by the trope honestly. His research has genuinely exposed invisible trendlines that shape our world.

In his first book, "Linked," Mr. Barabási offered a lucid theory of how the shape of networks can produce unexpected results, such as the "rich get richer" cascades of popularity we see

on the Web. If a Web site becomes moderately popular, visitors will post a lot of links pointing toward it, which brings in new visitors who post their own links to the site, and so on . . . until eventually the shape of the network guarantees a big, entrenched daily audience. By contrast, a site that never attracts much attention in the first place is likely to stay that way. These self-reinforcing dynamics help explain why popularity on the Web often follows a "power law": There are a tiny number of sites with massive traffic and a vast majority that have few visitors at all. The power law governs the shape of the Web and many other networked structures.

Now it turns out that power laws might govern the timing of our real-world activities, too. In "Bursts," Mr. Barabási argues that bursty patterns are wired into human behavior, because we're task-rich but time-poor. When we're faced with having too much to do and not enough time—a category under which you could safely file "all modern white-collar work"—we prioritize. We pick the most urgent things, focus on them and forget the rest. Once forgotten, a task often stays forgotten, ignored for hours, days, months or even years. The act of prioritizing inherently produces power laws that dictate what we do on a minute-by-minute basis.

As Mr. Barabási's research finds, the prioritizing reflex is why we send email in furious blasts surrounded by oceans of inactivity. We make phone calls and check out books from libraries in a similar pattern, and burstiness shapes our patterns of travel: We take many short hops, interspersed with the occasional superlong hop (which helps explain how diseases spread).

"Time is our most valuable nonrenewable resource, and if we want to treat it with respect, we need to set priorities," Mr. Barabási writes. "Once we do that, power laws and burstiness become unavoidable." Normally,

I'd have thought that our penchant for bursts of activity would make life more erratic, as one person's burst collides with another's stasis. But Mr. Barabási argues that the effect is precisely the opposite: If we know that burstiness is common, predicting human behavior becomes easier.

For example, Japanese doctors discovered that they could predict the impending onset of depression in at-risk patients by monitoring their physical movements with motion-sensitive watches. Even our daily physical movements, it turns out, are bursty—we spend a lot of time at rest, punctuated by spasms of activity. When the Japanese doctors detected a change in their patients' normally bursty physical activity, it signaled the onset of a depressive incident. (Depressed people often report feeling physically sluggish.)

This is genuinely fascinating stuff, and when he focuses on the science, Mr. Barabási is a superbly clear writer. But science

constitutes a surprisingly small fraction of "Bursts." Mr. Barabási spends much of the book delivering real-life stories that are supposed to illustrate his principles. Some, like an account of Albert Einstein's correspondence in 1919 with a little-known scientist,

neatly illustrate how bursts govern our lives. But other stories aren't so successful—particularly Mr. Barabási's elaborate account of how a Crusade in 16th-century Hungary turned into a gore-splattered civil war. On its own, the Hungarian conflict

makes a riveting story, but Mr. Barabási devotes more than a quarter of the book to its telling—yet never convincingly connects the tale to his theme. It became, for me, a maddening distraction. In the end, Mr. Barabási has written a thought-provoking book. But the most rewarding passages appear only, as it were, in bursts.

Mr. Thompson is a contributing writer for the New York Times Magazine and Wired.



time off

Berlin

art
 "Julian Rosefeldt—Living in Oblivion" presents film installations by the German artist and Vattenfall Contemporary 2010 prize winner.
 Berlinische Galerie
 Until Oct. 18
 ☎ 49-30-7890-2600
 www.berlinischegalerie.de

Brussels

art
 "Kunsten Festival Des Arts" features 33 international performing- and visual-arts projects in various venues and open spaces throughout the city.
 Kunsten Festival des Arts
 Until May 29
 ☎ 32-2-2190-707
 www.kfda.be

Copenhagen

design
 "Survival of the Fittest—from Casual Sketches to the Finished Product" provides an insight into the industrial design process of Halskov & Dalsgaard Design for products from Stelton, Ikea and Holmegaard.
 The Danish Museum of Decorative Art
 Until Aug. 8
 ☎ 45-3318-5656
 www.kunstindustrimuseet.dk

Dublin

art
 "Collecting the New: Recent Acquisitions to the IMMA Collection" presents artworks acquired by museum since 2005, including the work by Pat Hall, Stefan Kürten, Catherine Lee, Makiko Nakamura and Susan Tiger.
 Irish Museum of Modern Art
 May 19-Aug. 15
 ☎ 353-1-6129-900
 www.imma.ie

Frankfurt

art
 "Florian Hecker" presents a new site-specific acoustic installation by the contemporary German artist.
 Museum für Moderne Kunst
 May 8-Aug. 22
 ☎ 49-69-2123-0447
 www.mmk-frankfurt.de



'The Shift' (2008) by Julian Rosefeldt, showing in Berlin; below right, steel basket 'Embrace' by Christina Halskov & Hanne Dalsgaard for Stelton, showing in Copenhagen; bottom, Richard Galliano, accompanied by his string quintet, will perform at Festival Jazz à Saint-Germain-des-Prés 2010 in Paris.

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art
 "Ernst Ludwig Kirchner: Retrospective" shows 170 works by the German Expressionist painter, graphic artist, sculptor and founding member of the artists' group "Die Brücke."
 Städel Museum
 Until July 25
 ☎ 49-69-6050-980
 www.staedelmuseum.de

Glasgow

music
 Michael Bublé, the Canadian singer-songwriter, brings his Grammy Award-winning classic and new smooth Jazz and pop compositions to Europe.
 May 8, SECC Hall 4, Glasgow
 May 9, M.E.N. Arena, Manchester
 May 11 Echo Arena, Liverpool
 May 12 Metro Radio Arena, Newcastle upon Tyne
 May 14 LG Arena, Birmingham
 May 15, 16 The O2, London
 May 16 Bercy, Paris

More European dates at
 www.michaelbuble.com/tourdates

London

art
 "Nairy Baghramian and Phyllida Barlow" shows art by the two contemporary sculptors in a dialogue exploring space and context.
 Serpentine Gallery
 May 8-June 13
 ☎ 44-20-7402-6075
 www.serpentinegallery.org

music

"Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—Filmharmonic" performs scores to classic films, including "Harry Potter," "Gladiator," "The Magnificent Seven" "Dances with Wolves" and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly."
 Royal Albert Hall
 May 14
 ☎ 44-207-5898-212
 www.royalalberthall.com

Oslo

architecture
 "The Royal Palace in Oslo and Architect Hans Ditlev Frantz Linstow" chronicles the history of the palace, built when Norway broke away from Denmark in 1814, with drawings, models and photography.
 The National Museum
 Until Oct. 10
 ☎ 47-2198-2000
 www.nationalmuseum.no

☎ 420-2573-1254-7
 www.festival.cz

Versailles

art
 "A Chapel for the King" offers a look at the history of the Royal Chapel of Versailles, showing liturgical furniture, paintings and other treasures.
 Chateau de Versailles
 Until July 18
 ☎ 33-1-3083-7800
 www.chateauversailles.fr

Paris

music
 "Festival Jazz à Saint-Germain-des-Prés 2010" features performances by international musicians, including Richard Galliano, Jean-Pierre Como, Murat Öztürk, Diane Tell and others.
 Festival Jazz à Saint-Germain-des-Prés
 May 16-30
 ☎ 33-1-5624-3550
 www.festivaljazzsaintgermainparis.com

Prague

music
 "Prague Spring International Music Festival 2010" stages performances by pianist Ewa Kupiec, jazz singer Diane Reeves, as well as conductors Sir André Previn and Pierre Boulez.
 Prague Spring International Music Festival
 May 12-June 4

Vienna

festival
 "Wiener Festwochen 2010" offers 52 international productions, including opera, concerts, theater and dance, with performances by Mitsuko Uchida, Georg Nigl, Ivo Pogorelich and others.
 MuseumsQuartier
 Wiener Festwochen 2010
 May 14-June 20
 ☎ 43-1-5892-222
 www.festwochen.at

Zurich

art
 "Divine Seduction" features 21 paintings from India's Pahari region, illustrating the Sanskrit poem Gita Govinda.
 Museum Rietberg—Park-Villa Rieter
 Until Nov. 28
 ☎ 41-44-2063-131
 www.stadt-zuerich.ch

Source: WSJE research.



Vincent Citarella