

# WEEKEND JOURNAL.

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12 - 14, 2010

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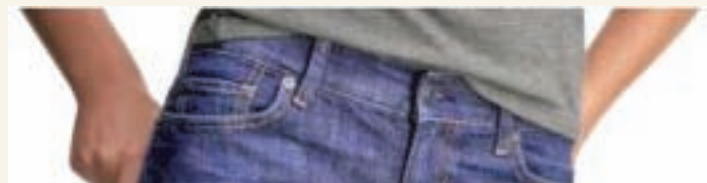
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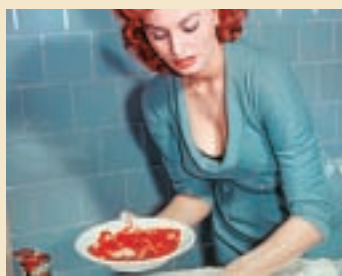


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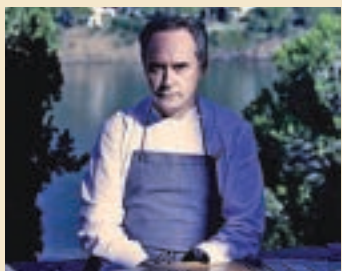


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Illustration by Jean-Manuel Duvivier

## Where the stomach is the way to the heart

## [ European Life ]

By FRANCIS X. ROCCA IN ROME



"It will be macaroni, I swear to you, that unites Italy." Whether or not Giuseppe Garibaldi, legendary leader of the

19th-century *Risorgimento* that brought together the states of the Italian peninsula, ever actually spoke these words, they accurately convey the central—often obsessive—role food has always played in Italian culture and society.

Italy marks its 150th anniversary as a modern nation-state next year, and the flow of exhibitions, lectures, broadcasts, books, newspaper inserts and other forms of commemoration is already well under way. None will better express the flavor of the occasion than a new edition next month of Pellegrino Artusi's "La scienza in cucina e l'arte di mangiare bene" ("Science in the Kitchen and the Art of Eating Well").

First published in 1881, the book ranks as a classic on literary grounds as much as for its recipes. The lists of ingredients and directions for their preparation are interlaced with charming digressions on history, literature, classical mythology, folklore, science and gossip. Artusi's recipe for *arista* (roast loin of pork), for instance, explains that its name derives from a form of the Greek word for "good," used by Eastern Orthodox bishops to praise the dish when it was served to them during the 16th-century Council of Florence. Modern cookbook authors often include such information, of course, but when Artusi did so, he was a pioneer.

"The Art of Eating Well" wasn't only an homage to fine food; it was also an act of patriotism. A prosperous silk merchant from the northern region of Romagna, Ar-

tusi spent decades compiling recipes from all over the country, as his contribution to Italian unification. To the same end, his book was an advertisement for the Florentine version of Tuscan dialect, ostensibly the new national tongue, though hardly anyone outside of Florence actually spoke it.

Regional dialects nevertheless remain strong today. Most people here prefer them for everyday communication, and a linguist friend estimates that nearly half the population still speak local dialect better than standard Italian.

So, too, with cuisine. Some dishes, such as spaghetti or veal cutlet *alla Milanese*, have become part of the national menu. But it is hard to find anyone from Turin eating *orecchiette e cime di rape* (ear-shaped pasta with turnip greens) or a Sicilian ordering saffron risotto.

It should therefore come as no surprise that, more than a century and a half after the Austrian statesman Klemens von Metternich dismissed Italy as a mere "geographical expression," Italian unity remains a work in progress. In local elections last year, more than a quarter of the vote in Lombardy and the Veneto went to the Northern League, which, though it has abandoned its separatist rhetoric of the 1990s, still plays heavily on resentment of the underdeveloped and state-dependent south.

If the country has a heart, however, the way to it surely lies through the stomach. According to a recent survey sponsored by the farmers' lobby *Coldiretti*, nearly half of all Italians think the "most representative aspect of national identity" is their cuisine, ahead of culture, fashion and football. Significantly, even the ways that regions insult each other are with reference to diet: northerners are mocked as *polentoni* (polenta eaters), southerners as *terroni* (soil eaters).

Maybe the decline of home cooking in Italy (part of a pan-Eu-

ropean trend Rose Prince describes on page W8) is inspiring nostalgia for the ever-rarer traditional fare. Even if they no longer have time to make good food, Italians can at least read about it in spare moments, via the Artusi app on their iPhones and iPads.

## Revelations, true or presumed

Artusi isn't the only prominent son of Romagna with a new book out. This week witnessed the publication of the first volume of some recently discovered "Diaries of Mussolini." Their authenticity is controversial, so the publisher, Bompiani, no doubt recalling the 1983 debacle of the forged "Hitler Diaries," is billing them as the "true or presumed" journals of the Fascist dictator. Among the revelations, true or presumed: that Mussolini foresaw the eventual enmity of his German allies, even as he brought Italy into World War II; and that the man responsible for Italy's anti-Semitic racial laws was also given to noting that "some of my best friends are Jews."

## A cardinal moment

Mussolini's fantasy of a restored Roman empire came to naught, but Italy today is a world leader in several fields, including gastronomy, wine, fashion—and Catholicism. On Nov. 20, Pope Benedict XVI will create 24 new cardinals, 10 of them from Italy, raising the nation's share of those eligible to vote for his successor to 20%, larger than any other country's. That same afternoon, at 4:30, the Vatican's Apostolic Palace will throw open its Bronze Doors to anyone who wants to personally congratulate the new princes of the church. The event is a unique opportunity to wander through grand halls of state and stand at the window where newly elected popes are presented to the world. It may be the best party ever held in Rome with nothing to eat or drink.

Next week,  
Lennox Morrison in Paris

## PROFILE

# Gisèle Casadesus still holds her own

France's beloved grande dame talks about 'La Tête en Friche' and reflects on her expansive career

BY DALYA ALBERGE

**G**isèle Casadesus's career as a successful actress has spanned 76 years, and at the age of 96, she has no intention of retiring.

In her French homeland, she is revered as a grande dame of stage and screen, and has been showered with awards, including her country's highest accolade, the Légion d'Honneur, in 1990. She made her first film in 1934, the year she also first appeared with the Comédie-Française, the national theater of France, becoming one of its stars over some 30 years of performing there. She has played alongside legendary actors such as Jean Gabin, Jean-Louis Barrault and Louis Jouvet.

Now international audiences are getting a chance to see why she is so admired in France. In her latest film, "La Tête en Friche" (titled in English "My Afternoons with Margueritte"), she plays in a lead role with Gérard Depardieu, one of France's contemporary legends.

The film, an uplifting and tender

**'Retirement is a banned word. If you can have roles at your age all the time, then you're happy.'**

comedy about an elderly woman who befriends an almost illiterate middle-aged man, opens Friday in the U.K. and in January in Germany. In France, where it opened in June, it has been a box-office hit, with more than 1.25 million admissions so far.

Directed by Jean Becker, it is based on Marie-Sabine Roger's 2008 novel of the same name. It explores how chance encounters can transform lives. Mr. Depardieu plays Germain, who has a difficult mother and a loving girlfriend. He strikes up a friendship with Ms. Casadesus's Margueritte on a park bench, through their shared love of feeding pigeons. They have totally different backgrounds, yet share an innate sensitivity that draws them together. She reads him extracts from Albert Camus and her other beloved authors, and an unlikely friendship develops. "Using a dictionary is like traveling—from one word to the next," her character tells him. "You lose yourself as if in a labyrinth. You stop and you dream."

In a phone interview with The Wall Street Journal Europe, Ms. Casadesus says she feels audiences relate to the film because "people have a thirst for gentleness, love and humor. One has a need for it as there are so many films with noise and battles. The film is very human."

She despairs at the over-reliance on special effects in modern films. "It's ghastly," she says.

Comparing the industry today with when she first started, she says it is more sophisticated technically and that audiences know too much about actors. "Actresses today don't have the mystique that they had in the past," she says, recalling when actresses were known to turn up at a party with their couturier and leave wearing another dress, "so that when they came out they wouldn't be seen in the same outfit." Now, she says, "you see them doing ordinary things, like going to the market."

Ms. Casadesus is also critical of

the diction of some of today's actors, to whom she sheds this advice: "Sometimes in the theater, I have difficulty understanding [them], and in films too. They put very sensitive microphones near you in making the film and some actors lack the ability to project. A fundamental task of actors is to make themselves understood. They shouldn't mumble."

In 1934 at age 20, she made her first film "L'Aventurier" ("The Adventurer") under Marcel L'Herbier, who made his name as a director of silent films. "I remember it very well," she says. "Marcel was a great director."

She has starred in 27 films, including Claude Lelouch's 1966 "Un Homme et Une Femme" ("A Man and a Woman"), which shared the Grand Prize at the Cannes Film Festival and won Oscars. With the Comédie-Française, she has performed the classics of Molière, Marivaux and Anouilh, among others—dramatic, light-hearted roles, "but not Corneille or Racine, classic tragic parts like Phèdre or Britannicus."

Ms. Casadesus may have been genetically predisposed for an artistic career, with six generations of performers in her family. Her family tree shows 38 members involved successfully with the arts, mostly musicians. It began with her grandfather in 1850, a talented self-taught violinist. Henri Casadesus, her father, was a noted composer, while her mother, Marie-Louise Beetz, a harpist. A cousin, Robert Casadesus, was a well-known pianist. Ms. Casadesus has four children, including the actress Martine Pascal.

After training at the Conservatoire National Supérieur d'Art Dramatique in Paris, where she won first prize for comedy, Ms. Casadesus went on to join the Comédie-Française in 1934—the year she also married Lucien Pascal, the actor-director.

Today, Ms. Casadesus has no desire to leave the limelight. "I'm just as passionate as I ever was about performing, about being there to express emotions that don't belong to you, but which you allow inside you. It's still just as pleasant, as time goes by, to feel that emotion rise within," she says. "Retirement is a banned word. If you can have roles at your age all the time, then you're happy. I'm very happy to go on filming."

Asked whether theater or film is more satisfying, she says, "Always theater. But I have to do films now. If you're playing an important part, it's very tiring. I have to accept that I can't go on in the theater now. Theater is a strain because you have to do it every evening."

"'La Tête en Friche' was a great role for an older actress," says Ms. Casadesus, who agrees with many peers that there are few good roles for older actresses. "It's just bit parts usually."

Yet she shows how she can more than hold her own playing opposite her larger-than-life, younger co-star. Mr. Depardieu has paid tribute to her "femininity" and her "flirtatiousness." Commenting on working with Mr. Depardieu, she says modestly: "It's very pleasant to work opposite such a great professional. He entertained me a lot because during the preparation of the shot, he gesticulates, laughs and talks very loudly. Then, when you hear 'Action,' everything stops and he is always pitch perfect. You feel carried by him. My only worry was whether or not I'd be up to his level."



Gisèle Casadesus stars with Gérard Depardieu in the uplifting comedy 'La Tête en Friche.'

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## FASHION

# True blue: The importance of jeans

As the weather changes, denim helps pad out holes in your wardrobe; Finding the perfect fit at Gap

## [ Style ]

BY TINA GAUDOIN



A designer once told me to only buy my jeans from Gap, "because spending money on expensive denim is a waste of time." I won't mention the designer's name because I think they now have a denim line; but I will say that generally speaking, I think they were right.

I'm writing about jeans this week, following swiftly on from parkas because like your outerwear, you need to be sure that during the transition of seasons you have your ducks (well, jeans) in a row. We all know that jeans are no longer old faded faithfuls that you sling on at the weekend; and you might also know that thanks to Balmain, there's a buoyant market for jeans worth £1,000. Perhaps you, like me, find the idea of paying the same price for a pair of jeans as you might for a pedigree dog or a month's groceries abhorrent. If you don't, well, I respect your opinion, but I sincerely hope that if you have that sort of income, you donate at least double that amount to charity on a monthly basis.

Jeans are important because they fill the gaps, such as those left by a summer wardrobe which has been long packed away, and a winter wardrobe which the weather has yet to demand. I'm not saying you should wear them to the office; but, then again, several male friends of mine in senior positions, who frankly should know better, are to be seen sporting jeans, blazers and brown suede Tods on a Friday. Lazy male dressers aside, other gaps for us females include those created by mandatory attendance at Saturday soccer games; "informal suppers" given by people we don't know well (be sure to wear some serious jewelry if you take this route—"informal" is a ruse to test your mettle and it certainly doesn't mean "don't try"); and periods of unemployment when Marni dresses and Chanel boucle simply get in the way of dishwasher loading.

It used to be that jeans weren't good for your self esteem; but that was in the days before stretch was introduced, when lying down on the floor and hauling on the coat hanger placed strategically into your zipper was the only means of "closure" should you have gained a few pounds. Designing body-affirming (if not life-affirming) jeans has become an art form and I firmly believe that Gap is leading the way, not only because they are affordable, but also because their denim "experts" are on hand to guide you through their veritable denim maze. Gap has 11 different styles in various different washes, starting at £35.

This was my second visit to the Gap denim specialist; my last was about four years ago (and I'm still wearing the results). I don't know whether diplomacy is part of their training process, but my denim expert could probably give Tony Blair

Relaxed skinny jeans by Gap (£55) ▼



Gap (3)

Gap's 'sexy boot cut' jeans (£45) ►



Gap black leggings jeans (£39.95) ▲

a hand in the Middle East. "The legs on these are very long; I'm not sure they will be quite right for you," she says, surveying me gently and then looking at the "long and lean" style (for which read—your legs are too short). I've always liked the look of the curvy; "Hmm, well, you'd need a bottom for that, as the back seam is actually cut with a curve in the denim." So, I'm short legged with a flat bottom—nobody is perfect. The denim specialist is unperturbed in any case, hauling with her to the changing room a vast pile of jeans, including, against my better judgment, "the bootcut," "the boyfriend" and "the jegging"—a kind of stretchy jeans meets leggings.

Don't fall for the "you can dress jeans up or down" line. You can't. You need to buy jeans for the occasion. Your baggy Saturday touchline specials will not translate to an evening outfit, even worn with heels and a silk shirt. I don't care how many fashion magazines try to tell you otherwise. All credit to Gap then for training their specialists to make the very first question "what do you want the jeans for?"

In my case, weekend, daily work wear (to be worn with a simple cashmere sweater and boots) and one pair for the evening. I tried on 10 pairs in varying styles, sizes and shapes, and guess what? Denim superno was right on the money. I'm now the proud owner of one pair of "relaxed skinnys" (£55) for weekends, one pair of "sexy bootcut" (£45) for the daytime and a pair of black "skinny jeggings" (£39.95) for the evening. Actually, scratch that. Having previously been a jeggings skeptic, I'm now a convert. Why did it take so long to create trousers that look like jeans but fit and stretch like leggings? I went back to Gap and brought my second pair.

There's a chance, of course, that you might be a denim snob. That's O.K. I'm a chocolate elitist. We all have our weaknesses. In which case, I heartily recommend Emporio Armani for jeans for either sex and most especially for troublesome, fashion-aware teens. Nothing satisfies quite like that Armani logo on their back pocket. The great thing about Armani, well, there are many great things

about Armani, but the principle one is the company's adherence to the brand and brand values. Emporio Armani jeans really are designer jeans; they look stylish, they wear well, the quality is good and, of course, they bear "that" label. Otherwise, here follows a list of the designers whose jeans I rate, because they have something a little different about them and, more crucially, they reflect the ethos of the brand (otherwise, as my designer friend so bluntly pointed out, why spend the money?)

For the leggy Italian look, try Dolce & Gabbana's narrow-legged denim jeans with a darker denim stripe on the side seam, £300. For the slightly loucher French silhouette, I like APC's navy straight legs (£110) and Vanessa Bruno's loose-fitting, slightly distressed denims (£235). Jeans-aholics and celebs swear by J Brand's long, lean lines and their mega-stretch denim with a touch of spandex—check out their website to see who wears what ([www.jbrandjeans.com](http://www.jbrandjeans.com)). Personally, I always feel as though I'm wearing tights when I'm wearing J Brand (even their notorious,

noteworthy Houlihan pants have that "suck it all in" feel about them, which is also why they work). My friend Jane, a fashion editor who wears jeans like most people wear their own skin, raves about Current/Elliott and a new brand called Genetic Denim.

I know there are a few of you out there who frown upon jeans as a poor excuse for getting dressed. To a certain extent, I agree. As I pointed out initially, jeans are a fail-safe, but that's not enough of a reason to wear them repeatedly and without imagination. Repetitious denim wearing can engender sartorial and intellectual ennui (that's what they do in L.A. and look at the nonsense they turn out). For those amongst us who just don't "do" denim, may I point you in the direction of the pricey Giorgio Armani black label, where their selection appears to be limited to two exquisitely cut styles in expensive black denim? "These," said the saleswoman to me proudly when I enquired about the high-legged, classic cut (£350), "are for people whose 'thing' is not jeans." Perfect then.

FASHION



Katie Holmes in 'The Deal' jeans by J Brand.

# Stylish men's boots for work, rain and snow

By CHERYL LU-LIEN TAN

**W**intery weekday weather leaves men with a dilemma: How can you protect your feet from the elements while still looking respectable for the office?

Shoe designer Donald J. Pliner relies on a workhorse in his wardrobe: a sleek, multifunctional boot. "If you're going to work in a suit and need to walk there in the cold, rain or snow, a boot that is dressy enough for a suit is key," he says. "You don't need to be the man in the suit sporting a pair of Uggs."

Not all boots will work with suits. They "need to flow well with the outfit, not have too much hardware on them, not be high enough that they protrude through the pants," Mr. Pliner says.

When shopping, he looks for truly waterproof boots, rather than "water-resistant" ones, which can repel water only up to a point. Mr. Pliner's favorite waterproof boot, which he owns in both black and rust brown, is ankle-high and has a grooved, inch-thick rubber sole that offers good traction in slick conditions.

When choosing a weatherproof shoe, Mr. Pliner says it's important to see how slippery the sole is. "I take the shoe and I slide it along a table," he says, noting that he inspects the sole to make sure that it is stitched onto the shoe. If it's just

glued on, it's more likely to come apart in adverse conditions.

The outside of the boot is made of a synthetic material that is designed to look like good-quality leather. But when picking shoes made of synthetic materials, Mr. Pliner makes sure that the linings are made of leather. "Your feet have to breathe," he says.

Mr. Pliner favors winter boots that close with zippers—and a tongue beneath the zipper for extra protection. "With laces, you have openings, and the water can come through the holes," he says.

Boots aren't the only answer. Mr. Pliner has all the winter shoes he buys coated with Scotchgard—a service that some shoe stores will do for you. If not, you could do it at home or take it to a cobbler, he notes. "Make sure you Scotchgard the sole as well—many people don't, but that's where you walk," he says, noting that without a coating, the sole can get damp after a while.

If Mr. Pliner's shoes do get wet, he immediately tries to dry them with paper towels. First, he runs a hair dryer over his shoes, both inside and out. "Not on the highest setting or you might burn up the leather," he notes. Then, he'll ball up newspaper or small towels, place them inside each shoe, and set them out to dry overnight. The next day, Mr. Pliner puts a new coat of polish on his boots to spiff them up, and they're ready to face the elements again.



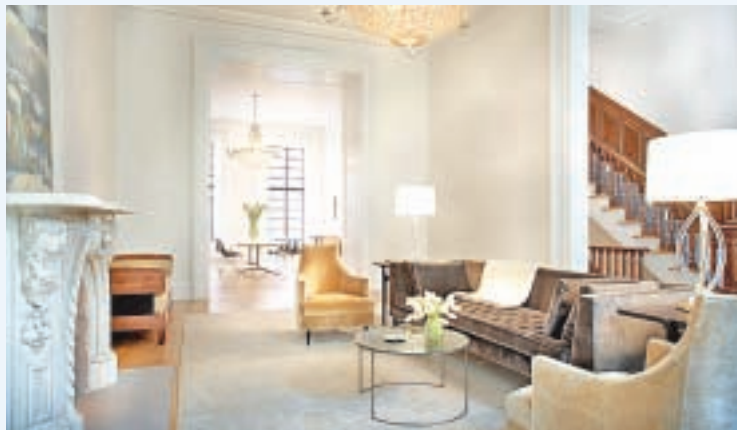
From the top, shoe designer Donald J. Pliner uses a hair dryer on a low setting to dry his wet shoes; his pet pup Baby Doll inspired her own shoe designs.

Coolhunter

Remodelista.com

I worry about the fact that one of the founders of Remodelista.com used to rent my house from me. Did she really grow so tired of my cranky boiler system, my inefficient storage methods, my stained marble floors and my dog-eared carpets that she and three other like-minded souls went out and set up the equivalent of porn.com for women?

On Remodelista, at any given time, you can see fantasy furnishings, Swedish kitchens, American barns redux; find the perfect faucet, bar stool or refrigerator; and, best of all, you can steal other peoples' ideas or laugh derisively at what are (in your opinion) spectacular displays of bad taste. Four women, Julie (my former tenant), Janet, Sarah and Francesca set up Remodelista as what they describe as an "online forum for friends" to share ideas, view well-designed products and provide inspiration for makeovers and remodels from tiny bathrooms to vast brownstones in Brooklyn.



Francesca's home in Brooklyn Heights, New York

These women walk the walk—at least two of them do at any rate; you can see Julie and Francesca's homes on their website. And very nice they are too. My favorite section is "Steal This Look," where you can peer at everything from Sarah Jessica's outdoor shower in the Hamptons to a stainless-steel and green kitchen in

Australia. It's best to not click on the "Shop Categories" section; it will only depress you with its affordable, stylish homeware that is so readily available in America and so hard to find over here.

Remodelista.com—think of it as your new best friend minus the emotional neediness.

Spash News

Scott Frances

Jason Henry for The Wall Street Journal (2)

## FASHION

# Pajamas: one man's love story

Call them quaint or call them childish. What do I care? PJs are classic, comfy and sophisticated

By STEVE GARBARINO

When I was 6 (and 7, and 8), I wanted to be "Max," the delinquent hellion child from Maurice Sendak's "Where the Wild Things Are." What kid didn't? In his white pajama-esque jumpsuit, with clawed footsies, horns and all, he ruled the monster kingdom. But the closest I came to a Max ensemble was a pair of flannel Sears & Roebuck pajamas. In PJs, I could rule the playground, or at least my own little world.

Since then, my affinity for pajamas has only increased. Like a grown-up Max, I found I was held unaccountable while wearing my plastic-buttoned, draw-stringed uniform. Shake a tumbler! Snuggle a snow bunny! Spill a drink! "Who GIVES a pink elephant!" You're in pajamas. Over the years, I've gone through quite a few sets, first Brooks Brothers, then a pair of Crayola-striped Paul Smith's in my late 20s—the nighttime equivalent of a Dino or Frank tux. But when I moved to Hollywood for a television pilot gig, I discovered my golden fleece: a pair of white cotton pajamas from Tracey Ross, the now-defunct boutique in West Hollywood. Fitted and crisp (with my monogram on the chest pocket) my TR's proved the perfect pair for both hanging by my faux-logged gas fireplace and sleeping, too.

Then things got weird. While in my Laurel Canyon rental, enduring a particularly long stretch of writer's block (and the hangovers that come with it), I began to "out" myself, venturing below to my Mar-



F. Martin Ramin for The Wall Street Journal. Styling by Anne Cardenas

**Pajamas were chick magnets, not to mention the subject of much fabulously mysterious speculation.**

mont Lane mailbox in my matching set to get paychecks that were rarely, if ever, there. It wasn't long before I was donning them further afield. Like 24-7. After all, I reasoned, wearing round-the-clock pajamas isn't a style, it's a lifestyle! I wore them with beat-up Rainbow flip-flops on my afternoon visits to Bristol Farms (the gourmet Sunset Boulevard chain). Nary a stare. Perhaps shoppers thought I was a student of karate! I wore them during work hours, conducting occasional celebrity magazine interviews on my terrace. I wore them one Santa Ana-windy night while hobnobbing over too many Screwhound cocktails in the lobby of the fabled Hollywood hotel, the Chateau Marmont (my très-accepting, neighboring, enabling hatch). In the wee hours of morn there, a starlet accustomed to producers buying her drinks procured me a "freshen-up," and began listening to my astute badinage. When a male interloper, attempting the proverbial block, inquired, "You know you're wearing pajamas?" a debonair Oscar-nominated actor sitting in my enclave answered, drolly, for me: "Of course, of course." As if: "Doesn't everyone?" It was then I realized: Pajamas were chick magnets, not to mention the subject of much fabulously mysterious speculation. Is that grizzled dude insane? Or filthy rich? Ah, yes! He's eh-cen-trick!

You get it? I'm pajama people, people! Now is the winter of my content. As I settle into my more "comfortable" years, wearing "jammies" is more about shutting in than showing off. My pajamas are more likely to be spotted by my roaring hearth than at an all-night bacchanalia. Point is, I'm still living the dream. So, if you're any kind of man, lose the boxers and those logo-crazy CKs and Helmut Langs, and get yourself into a dignified two-piece pair.

Anything else (but, of course, a birthday suit) simply won't do.



Clockwise from above, the author's Tracey Ross pajamas; poplin pajamas, from £195, Turnbull & Asser, [store.turnbullandasser.co.uk](http://store.turnbullandasser.co.uk); silk pajamas, £470, [shopolatz.com](http://shopolatz.com); sleeper pajamas, £250, Frette, [frette.com](http://frette.com); broadcloth pajamas, £69, [brooksbrothers.com](http://brooksbrothers.com).

## Our author's bedtime essentials

### Tracey Ross cotton pajamas

They're like a casual suit—simple, soft and nightcap-elegant. available on [ebay.com](http://ebay.com)

### Jonathan Adler Holiday Home candle

It's supposed to smell like "pine and evergreen trees ... cinnamon ... and a hint of snow." And it does! But to me it's the smell of a fourth-grader's Christmases past. That nostalgic aroma of crisp Main Line winter air and crackling logs comes back to me. It's not cloying, but it is sentimental. [jonathanadler.com](http://jonathanadler.com)

### Fantastic Mr. Fox

As a sixth grader, I'd read Roald Dahl's "Fantastic Mr. Fox" from my upper bunk bed, with my annoying older brother making Whoopee Cushion sound effects below to break my concentration. So it was, well, fantastic, when Wes Anderson—another pajama aficionado—came out last year with his animated adaptation of the book in which he costumes the debonair title character (George Clooney) and his nerdy son (Jason Schwartzman) in very respectable sets of pajamas. [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

### Thunderstorms

I miss the dramatic-but-lulling sounds of New Orleans's daily, tempest-like downpours (I live there in the summer). In their place, I'll play iTunes White Noise Meditation's "Intense Lucid Dreaming—Thunder and Rain," on my iPhone. [itunes.com](http://itunes.com)

### White Russian

As embarrassingly "Lebowski" as it sounds, this creamy cocktail is easy to make, settles my stomach and makes for a dreamless sleep. They're not filling if you have just one. One White Russian in short glass: ice, two parts Kahlua, one part Ketel One vodka and a splash of heavy cream.

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## FOOD

# The decline of European home cooking

Families risk rearing a generation of 'kitchen orphans' who have never seen their mothers use the oven

By ROSE PRINCE

Once they were upheld as the paragons of feminine genius in the kitchen, but all that remains now of *Les Mères de Lyon*—the famous 20th-century French mother cooks—are their names. Mère Brazier may be written above the door of the restaurant at No. 12, Rue Royale in France's second major city, but there's a male chef in Eugénie Brazier's former kitchen. Mère Léa's stove at La Vouïte (Chez Léa) is today tended by chef Philippe Rabatel and the restaurants of those equally renowned priestesses, Mère Paulette Castaing and Marie Bourgeois, were long ago taken over by male chefs, who work very differently to their female forebears.

These bistros, or *porte-pots* as they were known, originated as places where the Lyon white-collar work force could stop and eat perfectly cooked, comforting, motherly food made from seasonal, often inexpensive ingredients. *Les Mères* often worked with only one assistant, and their short menus and practical techniques are in marked contrast to the technique-heavy "haute cuisine" prepared by brigades of male chefs today. The cuisine of *Les Mères* is perfectly defined in "Simple French Cooking," a book by Coco Jobard and the famous chef Georges Blanc, the son of Mère Paulette Blanc. "Their reputations rested on their mastery of *cuisine bourgeoise*, home cooking raised to a higher level by the application of passion and perfectionism," Jobard wrote.

The Lyon *porte-pots* served what was essentially a substitute for a home-cooked meal, yet it was cooked by some of the greatest talents in French cuisine. The Michelin Guide rained stars on their modest establishments. In 1937, Mère Bourgeois died at her range. Her death coincides with, rather than heralds, the decline in French home cooking—specifically the nurturing, bourgeois home cooking for which French women have always been admired. Its demise joins a trend that has affected all major European nations as their societies and economic structures changed post World War II.

Germain Marquis, a French-born chef who trained at the two-Michelin-starred Au Trou Gascon in Paris before taking his acclaimed bourgeois cooking to South Africa and now to Britain, says the postwar role changes for women brought about the end of *Les Mères*. "They worked too hard, you see," says Mr. Marquis. "After the war and the emancipation of women in France, this was not acceptable. Restaurants are now run by brigades of men." Mr. Marquis, whose restaurant Le Clos Du Marquis in England's Hampshire countryside is a haven of that practical and perfect food, says when they left their restaurant kitchens, the women took a great deal with them. "It was the end of simplicity in French cooking," he says.

At home in France, away from the restaurants, there were stirrings of the same liberation for housewives, especially for those forging careers outside the home. Home cooking is in decline in Southern Europe as it is in the northern and Nordic countries, yet in each there are variables in the style of change. It is happening faster in certain countries—such as the U.K., where total industrialization was complete in the 19th century—than others.

In a surprising twist, it has been reported that the French have increased spending on McDonald's at such a rate (8.5% between 2008 and 2010) that France is now the fast-food chain's second biggest market.

Analyzing the decline across these nations is mainly a matter of reading the figures for sales of convenience and fast food, and collecting statistics that mark change in attitude and trend. Market-research firm Euromonitor carried out a comprehensive study of changing habits across Europe from 2000-2007. It found that among large, less affluent populations in European countries, the take up of fast food and convenience food is increasing. The researcher's latest figures this year for sales of packaged food in the U.K., France, Italy, Denmark and Germany, for example, show an average increase of 15% in consumption. But there is a parallel story of a much smaller number of wealthier women and men in the same countries becoming increasingly concerned about their health, trying organic and cooking fresh foods from scratch. When this group buys convenience food, they tend to buy the healthier, often natural or organic, option.

At the other end of the scale, for those that admire the traditional peasant cultures in Europe and travel there to sample handmade specialties, the reliance on convenience food represents a poignant loss. This year in Calabria, a forgotten region of Italy compared to Tuscany, the Veneto or Lombardy, I picnicked with a family of artisan salami producers on the mountainous, fertile Sila plain. Docile, gray-white Podolica cattle grazed nearby and the potato harvest was in full swing in an adjoining field. Marco Paese of Salumeria San Vincenzo maintained that the mothers and grandmothers in his region are still devoted to preparing dinner from fresh ingredients, but that when traveling elsewhere in more developed parts of Italy, he sees a different picture. "With more women going out to work, or well-educated young couples leaving rural areas to take up office work in the cities, they are demanding more food that is ready made," he says.

The current retail value of packaged food in Italy is €6.61 billion, according to Euromonitor. This figure is close to that in the U.K., though packed foods like dried pasta and canned tomatoes have always formed a major part of the Italian diet. There is evidence that pre-prepared food is changing in Italy, however. When touring the giant Buitoni factory in Umbria a decade ago, curious to see the mass production of the many shapes of traditional dried pasta *asciutta*, the company was keener that I should see and taste its new ranges of pasta sauces and oven ready-pizza. "This is the future," insisted my guide from the company.

In every European country, families—especially women—complain they simply don't have the time. TV cookery shows fill broadcasters' schedules and charismatic chefs entertain. Each year a wealth of quick and easy recipes are published. But home cooking continues to wane.

You cannot pin the demise of home cooking in European countries on a single issue. The loss of structured mealtimes can be put down to a number of causes including urbanization and smaller households, but the changing role of women in Euro-



Actress Sophia Loren prepares a dish from her native Italy, circa 1965.

pean society in the past 40 or 50 years is very significant. Exercising their right to equality in the workplace raises the family income and the hard-pressed career woman relies more on prepared food or eating out when it comes to feeding her family. Mr. Marquis, the chef, believes that aspirational tastes have put good traditional home cooking lower on the agenda in upwardly mo-

**Each year a wealth of quick and easy recipes are published. But home cooking continues to wane.**

ble European families. "In my youth, we had one car and ate very well on a budget supported only by my father's salary," he says. "Now everyone wants three cars, Apple technology and long-haul holidays, so both parents must work. Food becomes less significant," he adds.

There is the added dynamic that women are sometime sole breadwinners. Their male partners can enthusiastically take up the home-cooking role. Male keenness for cookery remains in the margin of wealthier families, but there is a

role reversal that fits with the eminence of chefs in the media and heading up kitchens in the world's "best restaurants."

Chef patron and working mother Sally Clarke of Clarke's in London, imprints her menu with provincial Southern European cookery, similar to *Les Mères*. She is also highly influenced by Berkeley, Calif., food revolutionary Alice Waters. "I believe we benefit from the unique kitchen skills of each gender, but there is a surge of interest in men cooking, using the simple, honest style of the female cooks of past generations," she says.

Controversially, there is the accusation that liberated women (who gave up cooking) inadvertently generated a modern irresponsible food industry. The women that chose not to follow their mother and grandmother's career, left the door open. Had the food companies created a healthy surrogate for all and not just wealthy society—we might not have the fast-food industry and ensuing health problems, such as rising obesity. It is important to note that no feminist would have intended such an outcome, and that other environmental and economical factors have contributed to the problem.

It is not that women in Europe need leave their jobs and go back to

housework, but families risk rearing a generation of "kitchen orphans," men and women who have never witnessed their parents cooking. There is no substitute for this; no popular TV chef can replace the effectiveness of the conversation about the right way to prepare a dish between mother and daughter, or indeed father and son. The talented *Les Mères* gave up their kitchens to male chefs and their brigades of helpers, worn down by an unequal society that gave them too much work and little assistance, as did millions of stay-at-home mothers throughout Europe. In a culture where gender roles are more evenly balanced, there is a chance to revive the heroic, nurturing motherly food of each nation. It isn't just a sociological need, but an economic one. Mr. Marquis, whose life's work has been to emulate this, says a return to these basics is politically necessary. "In the past there were economic reasons for women getting out of the kitchen; now there is an economic reason for their simple, perfectionist cooking to be restored. This is the culture that is the envy of the world."

Rose Prince is the author of "Kitchenella. The secrets of women; heroic, simple, nurturing cookery for everyone" (September 2010, *Fourth Estate*)



## FOOD &amp; WINE



California cuisine godfather Jeremiah Tower at Portobello Market in London's Notting Hill.

## Reflections of a towering legend

### [ Food ]

By BRUCE PALLING



The last I heard about Jeremiah Tower, the godfather of California cuisine, was that he had retired to Mérida in Mexico,

where he was busy restoring colonial houses when he wasn't scuba diving off the Yucatan Peninsula. But when I discovered that he was on a trip to London to celebrate his 68th birthday with a number of old friends in a handful of the greatest restaurants in Europe, I took the opportunity to sit down with the iconic American chef.

Mr. Tower shot to prominence in the mid-'70s, when his inspired cooking at Chez Panisse virtually created the concept of California cuisine, with its emphasis on ultra-fresh ingredients and Provençal-style simplicity. This latter characteristic was the bailiwick of Chez Panisse founder Alice Waters, while Mr. Tower, a Harvard-educated architect and self-trained chef, was more at home with extraordinary set dinners inspired by the great French chefs.

"Tower had flair, which he brought every night he was at the stoves. There was a wonderful dynamic tension between him and Alice, as she kept him a little earthbound, while he made the restaurant soar in a way that I don't think that it has since," says Tom McNamee, author of the authorized biography of Chez Panisse. But it couldn't last. "Ultimately, he was like the classic mad genius that just spun out of control." After one tempestuous row too many, Mr. Tower departed and in 1984, started his own establishment in San Francisco called Stars, which dominated the social and food scene there for a decade and a half. Hardly a week passed without a photograph of Mr. Tower sitting next to celebrities like Sophia Loren or Barbra Streisand—even the Archbishop of Canterbury. Now he says that was all a PR charade. "That Jeremiah Tower was a fabrication of a per-

sonality for business. It was exhausting and boring, and I really hated it. I am much more at home with my feet in the sand on a tropical beach." Rather anticlimactically, there followed some restaurant openings in Manila and Singapore and the penning of a memoir, "California Dish," which exposes in lurid detail the drama and excess of those earlier years.

I met Mr. Tower on a recent Saturday at Portobello Market in Notting Hill. The Connecticut native has maintained his trim, raffish looks, belying decades of devotion to great food and Burgundies, not to mention numerous vintages of Chateau d'Yquem and Dom Pérignon. Mr. Tower now can almost reflect dispassionately on his

**'Never ever read the good reviews, just the bad ones, because you can learn and correct things from them.'**

topsy-turvy career and appeared to embrace with enthusiasm my description of him as the Orson Welles of the food world. "Oh absolutely—what a wonderful idea! Far better than the previous description of me as an Edwardian Francophile. I have always been very impulsive; fortunately, I have made 1% more good decisions than bad ones. I was also caught up in the idea that if you can do one restaurant well enough and make a lot of money, you should do another one, which is a very bad idea unless you have a manager or partner behind you. I didn't have that person because I could never find anybody who wanted to take that many risks."

Despite his natural hedonism, Mr. Tower has the knowledge of a scholar when it comes to classic French cuisine. If you mention, say, a signature dish of the legendary Paul Bocuse, such as his *soupe aux truffes*, Mr. Tower will effortlessly trace its inspiration back via the great Fernand Point and then to the dishes created by Alexandre Dumaine for the Aga Khan. His memoir has a 30-page

bibliography of the West's greatest cookbooks, ranging from 16th-century English reference books to Cecil Beaton's history of table design. Sadly, nearly all of his thousand-strong cookbook library was destroyed by Hurricane Katrina in New Orleans, which was when he decided to live in Mexico.

His peripatetic lifestyle is about to relocate him from Mérida to Basilicata in Puglia, southern Italy. "It's the only place left in Italy that is still affordable and doesn't have summer houses for the rich and the English." He also professes that he cannot bear the lack of interesting ingredients where he now lives. "I need to be in a place with local markets where you can walk in and never know what's going to be there." This chimes with his lifelong belief in the value of spontaneity and local traditions for the best cooking. He bemoans the current similarity of haute cuisine throughout the world and believes it is time that chefs turned back from intricate and fiddly flourishes on the plate and focus on the quality of the ingredients.

What guidance would he offer a budding chef today? He doesn't believe it is necessary to get a grounding in classic French cuisine. "It is more important to understand 'Cuisine Grand-Mère,' but no one has a grandmother that cooks any more. It really doesn't matter if it is in France, Britain, Italy or Australia, the important thing is that it must be regional cooking grounded in the use of the very best local ingredients. Get that and you will understand about flavor." The other vital ingredient, according to Mr. Tower, is culinary benchmarks. "Even if you can only afford a single dish at the best restaurant, it is important so you understand what the pinnacles of food are and then have a reference point."

And what about the constant media attention? "Never ever read the good reviews, just the bad ones, because you can learn and correct things from them. When I read all the accolades, that is when I started to make mistakes; I believed I could do anything I liked, rather than merely things that would work."

## A question of taste

### [ Wine ]

By WILL LYONS



So what can go wrong? I'm sitting high up in the Canary Wharf offices of a well-known London bank, surrounded by teams made up of alumni of some of the most prestigious and feared business schools in the Western world. Cass, Harvard, INSEAD, London Business School, Wharton—you get the picture. And we're blind wine-tasting, competing for the top prize in an annual inter-business-school charity event.

I've been invited along to observe proceedings but am eager to get involved, so I'm thrown in on the host table, which, compared with the others, is made up of virtual novices. And they're looking to me, as the "expert," to help them out. Oh, and if that weren't enough, did I mention Jancis Robinson is chairing the event? "Why do I put myself in these situations?" I ask myself as I sit down and give the first four white wines a preliminary sniff.

Actually, I'm pretty experienced when it comes to blind tasting. As an undergraduate at Edinburgh University, I helped inaugurate the annual competition between Edinburgh and St. Andrews universities. Not that it has helped my form. Edinburgh lost that day, pipped at the post on the last port. But I'm proud to say that, since then, my alma mater has won an impressive string of victories.

Identifying the grape, country of origin, region, village and vintage from the look, smell and taste of a glass of wine is hard. Anyone who tells you otherwise should immediately be challenged to a blind tasting. The more you know, the harder it gets, as uncertainty creeps in and clouds your judgment. Which is what happened with the white wines—spectacularly so.

"That's a Sancerre, that's a Riesling, some sort of white Burgundy, and, in all probability, a Sauternes," I tell my neighbor after making my way round the table. At which point, with hindsight, it would have been helpful if we had agreed to leave it at that. For as soon as the competition started for

real, doubt began to take over.

On the first wine I'm outvoted and the team agrees it's actually a Chenin Blanc. So when it comes up as a Sauvignon Blanc, they look to me as their new leader. If he was right on the grape variety, he must know what he's talking about. But I'm beginning to think it's not a Sancerre after all but actually, by a certain bitterness on the palate, from South Africa. I'm wrong; it is a Sancerre and on we go, like we started, punching in wrong answer after wrong answer.

So the Riesling is from Chile's Maipo. What? I guessed the right country, but Maipo? That's one of their warmest regions and was the only one I loudly proclaimed it wasn't. It threw us way off course as we began to think counterintuitively. So the white Burgundy couldn't be from Burgundy. "California," I say. "They're trying to trick us." Only they weren't. Wrong again. And so it went on. By half time, we're near the bottom and it's not looking good. In fact, it's looking far from good. It's embarrassing.

"OK," I say. "Let's go with our instincts. So far the wines have been pretty straightforward choices. Whatever I say first, punch in as the answer." First up is a red wine from New Zealand. A 2008 Pinot Noir from the Central Otago region—specifically, the Two Paddocks vineyard, owned by actor Sam Neill. We guess right: variety, country, island and region. We miss the vintage by a year. Ditto the second wine. We're on a roll. Next up is the Claret: Chateau Doyac 2006 Haut Medoc. Merlot, yes; France, yes; Bordeaux, yes; 2006, yes. This is it; we're climbing up the table. But I'm not celebrating. I rather agree with the philosopher Roger Scruton, who argues that to taste wine blind assumes wine is addressed solely to the senses and that knowledge plays no part in its appreciation. As he says in "I Drink Therefore I Am," "To think you can judge a wine from its taste and aroma alone is like thinking you can judge a Chinese poem by its sound, without knowing the language."

Back at the competition, the reds have saved us and we finish in the top half of the tables, which we agree is a perfectly acceptable finish. And given that we were the host table, it would have seemed rude to win.

### Drinking Now

#### Two Paddocks Pinot Noir

Central Otago, New Zealand

Vintage: 2008

Price: about £20 or €23

Alcohol content: 13.5%

Most of the blind tasters placed this wine in Burgundy, which is certainly a credit to Sam Neill's wine-making team. We guessed correctly, first time, that it was from Central Otago. This may have been because we had a New Zealander on our team, but also the nose was ripe, with distinctive black cherry and spice aromas—an immediate giveaway. The wine is a blend from three vineyards: Gibbston, Alexandra and Redbank, and although some Central Otago Pinots can be a little too fruity for my taste, the palate here is quite silky and fine. Taking into account that Two Paddocks only began in 1993, when five acres of vineyards were planted, the future appears very promising indeed.



Haynes Hanson & Clark

## TRAVEL



Harald Wagener

# A resilient and renovated Bonn

The former West German capital steps out from its Cold War shadow, emerging as a cultural hub

By J. S. MARCUS

**K**nown for its idyllic setting and laid-back lifestyle, the western German city of Bonn has had a dramatic ride in recent years. Elevated from a sleepy college campus to West Germany's capital in the decade after World War II, the town, once a symbol of timeless German provincialism, became an international hub, home to diplomats, bureaucrats and, it was generally assumed, an A-list cast of Cold War spies.

With the collapse of communism in 1989 and the official move of reunified Germany's capital to Berlin, Bonn seemed poised to lose its prestige, left with little but a location on the Rhine River, a stable of students and a heady case of nostalgia.

The spies and the limousines may have moved on, but the former capital is in many ways doing better than its successor. Now home to two of the country's larger employers, Deutsche Telekom and Deutsche Post, Bonn has a lower unemployment rate and a higher standard of living than Berlin. And, with a cluster of thriving first-class museums, it can compete with many of its eastern rival's artistic offerings. A decade after losing its official political status, Bonn has managed to

press the reset button again, emerging as one of Germany's newest, and most prosperous, cultural capitals.

"We call them yuppies," says Angelica Francke, exhibition manager of the Bundeskunsthalle, the city's premier exhibition space, speaking about the young executives—or "managers of tomorrow," as she calls them—who have taken the place of diplomats in the city's psyche.

Nothing symbolizes the city's latest incarnation better than the Kameha Grand Bonn, a new luxury hotel built right on the river, with an outrageous neo-baroque interior by Dutch design superstar Marcel Wanders. At lunchtime, you can find Ms. Francke's yuppies eating on the terrace, chatting into cellphones as they gaze out over the Rhine. Since opening to the general public in February 2010, the hotel, Germany's leading example of eco-inspired luxury, has racked up a number of accolades, including being named one of the year's best new business hotels by Wallpaper magazine.

Bonn owed its status as West Germany's capital to the country's first chancellor, Konrad Adenauer (1876-1967). Cologne's long-time mayor, Adenauer had studied at Bonn's university and, after the rise of the Nazis forced him out of politics, he sought refuge in Rhöndorf,

a village just outside of town. For most of his postwar career, he was also a local Bundestag deputy and was the driving force behind installing the new country's political center within easy reach of his own Rhöndorf house and Cologne, some 30 kilometers away.

However, Bonn arguably owes its current resilience to Helmut Kohl,

**A decade after losing its official political status, Bonn has managed to press the reset button.**

the Federal Republic's longest-serving chancellor. In the 1980s, with the two separate German states in what seemed like permanent disunity, Mr. Kohl hoped to make Bonn a cultural showpiece. Over the following decade, he helped initiate the construction of three major museums, which now serve as the center of Bonn's artistic scene: the Bundeskunsthalle, which offers a broad range of temporary exhibitions; the Kunstmuseum Bonn, the city's art museum, with a unique collection of Expressionist works by native son August Macke and an im-

portant collection of postwar German art; and the Haus der Geschichte (House of History), the country's pre-eminent museum of contemporary German history.

The three museums, within walking distance of each other, are the centerpieces of Bonn's so-called Museum Mile, but perhaps the best place to start a visit these days is Mr. Kohl's former residence, the Kanzlerbungalow, West Germany's version of the White House. A high-modernist masterpiece designed in the early 1960s by German architect Sep Ruf, the building opened up to public tours last year after an extensive renovation.

Ruf "was one of the most important postwar German architects," says Winfried Nerdinger, director of the Architecture Museum of the Technical University in Munich. Commissioned by Ludwig Erhard, the economics minister under Adenauer and then his successor as chancellor, the Kanzlerbungalow is an austere steel-and-glass pavilion that stands in stark contrast to other public buildings of the time, which still aspired to Bavarian charm or Prussian pomp.

The residence, says Mr. Nerdinger, "was something special." Unlike the American president or the British prime minister, Germany's

chancellor didn't live in a "historical building" but one that amounted to a "declaration of modernity."

The Kanzlerbungalow, the chancellors' official residence from 1964-99, was "an enormous step forward," says Mr. Nerdinger, in making architectural modernism acceptable in a country which, before the rise of Nazism, had been home to the Bauhaus movement.

Now renovated to selectively emphasize certain periods in its own history, the building demonstrates the taste of Erhard, who was fond of modernist furniture as well as architecture, and of Mr. Kohl, who brought with him a now-unfashionable array of '80s alternatives, including what could be called anti-modernist wallpaper. Visits must be arranged through the Haus der Geschichte.

Fanciful postmodernist architecture of the 1980s marks both the Bundeskunsthalle and the Kunstmuseum buildings, which surround a piazza, the Museumsplatz, where concerts are held in the summer and ice-skating goes on in winter.

In the past few years, the Bundeskunsthalle, still enriched directly with money from Germany's national budget, has established itself as the most eclectic exhibition space in the country, featuring

## TRAVEL



Clockwise, from left page, Bonn's skyline; Pure Gold bar at Hotel Kameha Grand Bonn; August Macke's 'Tegernseer Landschaft' (1910) on show at Kunstmuseum Bonn; Frank O. Gehry buildings in Düsseldorf; and a colorful street carnival in Germany.



Clockwise from top left, Kameha Grand Bonn; Kunstmuseum Bonn; Alamy (2)

shows dealing with everything from archaeology to contemporary art. "We have huge exhibition rooms," says Ms. Francke, who is putting the finishing touches on a large exhibition about Napoleon. "And we have enough money to mount shows that other museums can't." "Napoleon and Europe: Dream and Trauma," which runs from Dec. 17 to April 25, aims to dramatize both the positive and the negative impact of Napoleon, says Ms. Francke. In 2012, the exhibition, which was initiated by the Bundeskunsthalle, will travel to Paris's Musée de l'Armée in Les Invalides, where Napoleon is buried.

Bonn "has a museum landscape that is far bigger and more prosperous than other cities," says Stephan Berg, the director of the Kunstmuseum Bonn. Mr. Berg, who arrived in 2008 from Hannover's Kunstverein, has a special interest in contemporary artists. The museum, he says, is now "trying to do much more with media-based art." This week, the museum opened Germany's first major exhibition devoted to the work of American photographer Mitch Epstein, a pioneer of socially critical color photography (through Jan. 23).

Bonn's most popular museum remains the Haus der Geschichte, a user-friendly institution devoted to telling the story of Germany's occu-

pation, division and reunification. A brainchild of the end of the Cold War, the museum didn't open until 1994, when the organizers were compelled to tell recent German history from the new perspective of a single German state.

The permanent collection—which begins with a pre-World War II train carriage later used by West German leaders and ends with the morning's news headlines—manages to convey an epic sense of postwar German life. Using a variety of styles and techniques, recalling everything from a science museum to a theme park, the museum aspires "to make the themes of history understandable," says Jürgen Reiche, director of exhibitions since the museum's early days. Next month, the museum will open a special exhibition about the role of humor in German life, including material on postwar political cabaret and Bonn's traditional carnival celebrations.

Bonn's recent makeover extends to Carnival, which officially began at 11 minutes after 11 on Nov. 11, when the city was introduced to this season's Carnival "royalty," a select group of locals who preside over the season's costumed festivities. Until this past decade, the ceremony was a private one, but it has now opened up into a public party, with thou-

sands of Bonners joining in.

Bonn now has some 300,000 residents, and is closely connected to Cologne, which you can reach by streetcar as well as commuter train. But it can have a serene, rustic feel, due in large part to the way it straddles the Rhine without overdeveloping the actual riverfront. "The brilliant thing about Bonn is the River Rhine," says Mr. Berg, who admits that one of his favorite local pastimes since moving here is going for regular swims in the river. "The water quality is really good now," he says. "And as long as you stay on the beaches," which help to keep swimmers clear of dangerous currents and boat traffic, "it's all right."

Many longstanding Bonn residents like Ms. Francke still miss Bonn's previous incarnation, when the historic center's narrow lanes were filled with embassy staff speaking "the world's languages." These days, you are more likely to hear Telekom executives speaking English with a German accent, but the pre-1989 sophistication lives on in other guises.

Bonn "still shows the old dream of Konrad Adenauer," says Mr. Berg, when asked to compare Bonn's cultural offerings with other German cities, "that a village could become the center of the world."

## A tale of two cities

The Rhine River has given Germany two great cities—Cologne and Düsseldorf. And those two cities have given Germany its great urban rivalry. Separated by 40 kilometers and a winding stretch of river, the two cities have stayed resolutely separate while seeming to share the same habits and preoccupations. Both are art loving and beer loving, and both are centers of Catholicism. It would be easy to imagine them growing together, like Manhattan and Brooklyn, or waging war, like Florence and Pisa. Visitors to the region eagerly go back and forth, but locals tend to stay at home.

### The same difference

Cologne has Kölsch, a light frothy beer drunk out of special small glasses; Düsseldorf has Alt, a dark frothy beer drunk out of special small glasses. Cologne has the Museum Ludwig, one of Germany's two leading museums of modern and contemporary art; Düsseldorf has the Kunstsammlung Nordrhein-Westfalen, Germany's other leading museum of modern and contemporary art. Cologne has Gerhard Richter, Germany's most

famous painter; Düsseldorf has Andreas Gursky, Germany's most famous photographer. Cologne has a great new building by Pritzker-Prize winner Peter Zumthor; Düsseldorf likes to show off its buildings by Pritzker winner Frank Gehry. In some categories, one clearly is ahead of the other. Both celebrate Carnival on the Monday before Lent, but Cologne's party is larger and better known. Both have excellent shopping, but only Düsseldorf has the Königsallee, Germany's center for high fashion and high prices.

### Reduced, but not gone

In the western reaches of a unified country, in the heart of a unifying continent, the cities may seem to be coming closer together. "The rivalry is a little reduced," says Monika Sprüth, a Cologne resident and Mr. Gursky's art dealer. Reduced perhaps, but not gone. It only takes a few questions to get Ms. Sprüth to restart it. "Cologne is a city that is 2,000 years old," she says, when asked to compare the two. "It was important in Roman times and medieval times. Düsseldorf didn't even exist in those days."

## HOMES



A computer-generated rendering of a view of the balconies at CityLife's luxury residences in Milan.

# Living in the lap of luxury

Zero-maintenance apartments offer full services leaving you feeling like a VIP at home

By TARA LOADER WILKINSON

Imagine if your apartment made you feel like a VIP. Walk in and your freshly laundered clothes are neatly stacked in your drawers. Your fridge is stocked with your favorite delicacies and a bubble bath is waiting for you—at precisely the perfect temperature.

A new breed of ultra-luxury zero-maintenance developments in Europe is turning this fantasy into reality. Residents enjoy a five-star hotel experience—with 24-hour concierge, cleaning and laundry, and in-house spas—included in the asking price.

“Being at home feels like living in a James Bond movie,” says Tony Parker, an NBA San Antonio Spurs basketball star. Last month, he bought one of the new apartments in the Du Parc Kempinski Private Residences development, at the top of Mont-Pèlerin overlooking Lake Geneva.

“With one touch you can manage everything: music, temperature, security and concierge services. You can even fill the bath remotely using your mobile phone. The 24-hour concierge takes care of cleaning, laundry, even restocking the wine cellar,” he says.

Mr. Parker's apartment is the brainchild of Swiss Development Group SA, a developer which two years ago partnered with luxury hotel chain Kempinski to create a concept called “haute-couture living.”

Nicolas Garnier, chief executive of Swiss Development Group, says, “Our properties are like haute couture, exclusive and high quality, with high attention to detail and finish. We're taking a fresh look at the scope and depth of luxury living, go-

ing beyond simply creating a property to creating an environment where owners can enjoy their highly individual lifestyles.”

Designer BBG-BBGM—of the W Hotels brand—designed the interiors, while the private spa is by Givenchy. The wine cellars and tasting room are managed by Quintessentially Wine.

This sort of effortless luxury comes at a premium. Although Mr. Parker declined to say how much his apartment cost, prices at Du Parc range between 4.7 million Swiss francs (€3.5 million) for a two-bedroom apartment to 24 million francs for a penthouse.

It is Switzerland's most expensive property per square meter, according to agents, and it joins the growing ranks of ultra high-spec zero-maintenance properties, luring Europe's super-rich and super-busy.

“The international super-wealthy are cash rich and time poor. They are snapping up this sort of development,” says Charles Weston-Baker, head of estate agent Savills International. “They may only spend a few weeks of the year there, and don't want to spend their weekends sorting out cleaners or babysitters, or locating the nearest beauty salon,” he added.

At the Lancasters development of 77 brand new apartments in a Grade II-listed former hotel to the north of London's Hyde Park, residents have access to a spa and beauty center, swimming pool and gym. A 24-hour concierge caters to their every whim. Entry is via a grand carriage entrance, with valet parking serving the underground car park.

Although it will not be habitable until 2011, more than half of the

apartments in the 1850s stucco-fronted building have been sold. Prices exceed £30,000 per square meter—triple the street average, according to agents—with apartments for £20 million at the top end.

American businessman Joseph Shields has just bought a two-bedroom apartment in the Lancasters. He said the ultra-high spec combined with the security of the in-house concierge sealed the deal. “The Lancasters gives us all of the luxury facilities and amenities we need to maximize the productivity and comfort of our London visits. And you don't need to worry about

**‘With zero-maintenance, smart luxury brands are giving their consumers the most clichéd and valued commodity of all: time’—James Wallman**

security if you are away for several months,” he says, adding that buying a property in London has been the lynchpin to his property portfolio, which includes luxury properties in Asia, Europe and the U.S.

Some developers are achieving zero-maintenance by partnering with hotels. James Price, a partner in the international team at estate agent Knight Frank, says that the concept has its roots in top-end resort hotels. “Luxury hotels realized they could increase their brand potential by collaborating with developers to create bolt-on private residences, serviced by the hotel.”

Across the lake from the Lancasters, One Hyde Park, a development managed by U.K. developers the Candy Brothers in conjunction with the Mandarin Oriental hotel, has done just this. The Knightsbridge property made headlines this summer when a six-bedroom penthouse reportedly sold for £140 million—a record for an apartment in London.

The owners have access to 24-hour room service from the neighboring Mandarin Oriental, and security-guard protection. Prices at One Hyde Park start at £20 million and construction is due to be completed next month, with around two-thirds of the apartments already sold.

The desire for a trouble-free life is behind the high levels of demand, experts say. “Luxury consumers want less stuff, hassle, problems, complications, not more things to think about at the end of the day,” says James Wallman, editor of LS:N Global, a lifestyle-trend forecaster. “This is why they want hospitality brands they trust, like the Mandarin Oriental or Kempinski, to manage their homes. With zero-maintenance, smart luxury brands are giving their consumers the most clichéd and valued commodity of all: time.”

Elsewhere in Europe, the zero-maintenance bug is catching.

In Verbier, Switzerland, Cordée des Alpes is a former hotel redevelopment with apartments commanding prices of as much as 8.2 million francs. Owners enjoy access to all the facilities and services in the luxury hotel complex, including the wellness spa, a 14-meter swimming pool, fitness rooms, concierge, business center, conference room, laundry, restaurant and bar.

In Zurich, the iconic Mobimo

Tower—the city's tallest building—has sold nearly half of its 53 luxury apartments, which are priced at as much as 7.6 million francs. The lower floor is taken up by five-star luxury hotel the Renaissance Zurich Tower Hotel, which provides 24-hour room service.

Meanwhile in Italy, a consortium of developers is constructing CityLife in Milan—three luxury residential and commercial blocks by acclaimed designers Zaha Hadid and Daniel Libeskind. The project, which is expected to be finished by 2015, will comprise 1,300 top-end apartments with an in-house concierge and 24-hour security, with prices ranging up to €7 million.

In Berlin, Hamburg and Istanbul, Philippe Starck, the designer and co-founder of design firm yoo, is rolling out a number of luxury developments, due to be completed next year. Properties cost around €3 million. “The private dining pavilion, lounge and library inspire a sense of a calm oasis in the midst of a crowded city,” Mr. Stark says. “The gym and spa allow residents a chance to relax from the hustle and bustle of city living.”

Maintenance and service charges are invariably high. In today's straitened times, the prospect of paying more than £150 per square meter—the cost of annual maintenance and services at One Hyde Park—may seem hard to justify. Service and concierge charges at the Lancasters work out to be £80,000 per annum for the largest apartment, while these fees at Du Parc come to around £100 per square meter annually, including the five-star hotel services.

The beck-and-call service ap-

HOMES



proach isn't for everyone, however. The sky-high charges are putting off some buyers, while others point to a lack of privacy. Oliver Hooper, director of London-based luxury buying consultancy Huntly Hooper, says some of his clients had decided against portered properties because they felt the ubiquitous concierge and management could feel invasive.

"If you don't want to feel as though you are living in a hotel, these developments may not be for you. Some of our extremely wealthy clients viewed these properties but decided against them on the grounds they can hand-pick their own staff for half the price," he says, adding he recently found a client a £10 million five-bedroom apartment in the Belgravia district of central London, and in place of the service charge, the buyer employed a personal housekeeper, cook and driver.

The potential for devaluation could be another downside. As many zero-maintenance developments are a new concept, the resale value hasn't yet been tested.

But for those who do buy into the idea of zero-maintenance, the maintenance and service costs and questionable resale values may be worth it, according to Roarie Scarisbrick at HSBC-owned property buyer Property Vision.

"For the seriously wealthy, the convenience of having a 24-hour concierge making your property ownership zero maintenance is just perfect. The price is irrelevant," Mr. Scarisbrick says, adding that "the impeccably tail-coated porter tipping his cap as you arrive at your home is partly the selling point of this type of property."

How they stack up

**One Hyde Park  
Knightsbridge, London**

Price: £70,000 per square meter  
Service charge: £150 per square meter annually

**What you get:** An 18-seater private cinema, a 100-person private party suite, a fully equipped gym, treatment rooms, squash courts and a golf and tennis simulator. Also includes household services, parking and valet, and room service. Mandarin Oriental staff manage security, concierge and spa services.

**The Lancasters  
Bayswater, London**

Price: £32,000 per square meter  
Service charge: £85 per square meter annually

**What you get:** 24-hour concierge with housekeeping, personal shopping and catering on demand. Comes with a private landscaped garden, a central monitoring security system, valet parking and a fully equipped gym, pool and spa.

**Du Parc Kempinski  
Private Residences  
Vaud, Switzerland**

Price: About 31,000 Swiss francs (£20,000) per square meter  
Service charge: 155 francs per square meter annually

**What you get:** Givenchy spa, Davidoff Cigar Lounge, 16-seater cinema, 24-hour Quintessentially concierge membership and membership to the Mirador Country Club. Apartments managed by Kempinski hotel.

—Tara Loader Wilkinson

Above, clockwise from bottom left, NBA star Tony Parker with Nicolas Garnier, CEO of Swiss Development Group SA, minutes after signing the contract for purchase of an apartment at the Du Parc Kempinski Private Residences; a rendering of a split-level penthouse at CityLife in Milan; the Knightsbridge development of One Hyde Park; the formal reception room at One Hyde Park; a rendering of the Victorian facade to the Lancasters, restored to its former glory.



Clockwise from top left: CityLife; PG&J/Julian Abrams (2); The Lancasters; Swiss Development Group

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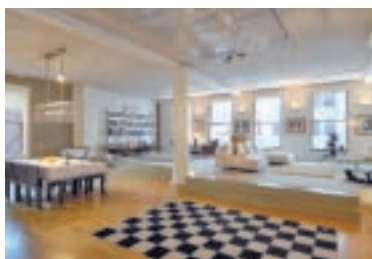
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## BOOKS

# Twinkle, Twinkle, Giant Star

Chasing the Sun  
By Richard Cohen

(Simon & Schuster, 704 pages, £30)

BY ANN FINKBEINER

About 10 years ago, Richard Cohen was running a British publishing house and trying to find someone to write a book he wanted to read, one about the sun. He found no takers and so he took the job himself. After eight years and reporting trips to 18 countries on six continents—his wife would tell inquirers, “Oh, he’s out chasing the sun”—he had a 700-page book with a point. The modern world has decentralized the sun, Mr. Cohen says in “Chasing the Sun”; science has reduced this glorious miracle of a star to little more than a dependable overhead light. “The wonder has been stripped away,” he writes.

At least that’s what Mr. Cohen says his point is. I’m not sure that the book backs him up. I suspect that he was just interested in the sun and one thing led to another, the way Richard Burton in the 17th century set out to describe depression and ended up writing “The Anatomy of Melancholy, What it is, With all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognosticks, and severall cures of it. In three Partitions with their severall Sections, members, and subsections. Philosophically, Medicinally, Historically, opened and cut up.”

And so in this discursive and readable firework of a book, we learn—and are interested to do so—that the sun was studied by primitive cultures because it allowed them to time their crops; by the ancient Chinese because it gave astrologers political power with their rulers; by early Islamic worshipers because it set the direction and hour of their prayers.

We also learn how Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton and Herschel by turns built the evidence-based picture of an orderly universe with the Earth not at the center—the closest Mr. Cohen comes to explaining how science decentralized the sun. We hear about the awe that so-

lar eclipses have always inspired, and how an eclipse in 1919 led to the acceptance of Einstein’s theory that gravity bends the light from stars visible near an eclipsed sun. We find out how the atom was discovered and then split, and how a bomb was built based on atomic fusion, which is the process that powers the sun.

But Mr. Cohen—oddly enough, in a book protesting the sun’s decentralization—says little about the sun itself: How it drew itself together from the detritus of four previous generations of stars, how it’s layered like an onion and melds gas and light, how its heat struggles from the fusing core to reach us. Mr. Cohen confesses: “The main memory I have of any scientific endeavor” in high school was of a teacher climbing through a window and frying an egg on a copper pan with a Bunsen burner. “Some readers may wish that I had ventured deeper into solar astronomy,” he says, “but this book is not a rainbow; it has to end somewhere.”

“Chasing the Sun” is less about the sun, then, than about the sun’s effect on the Earth and us earthlings. The sun’s ultraviolet light gives us fashionable tans and skin cancer; it cures seasonal affective disorder and thins the ozone layer. The sun sets our clocks and calendars and maps. Sunspots—formed by cyclical surges in the sun’s magnetic field—increase the Earth’s exposure to radiation, affecting everything from the weather to satellites to telephone service. The sun, Mr. Cohen notes, has been central to the myths of every culture, though it’s a mystery why Daedalus and his sun-struck son Icarus show up only in a footnote near the end. Gold, mirrors and blondes all have been regarded as precious for centuries because they’re sun symbols.

The sun, of course, governs the great cycles in the air and in the oceans, and it might—or might not—even play a major role in global warming. Mr. Cohen is agnostic on the “climate change” front. “Whether we should prepare ourselves for global warming or for a new ice age indirectly caused by a hotter Earth or by some other factor is almost im-

possible to forecast,” he says, and then is unable to resist adding: “Until the sixteenth century, ‘weather’ and ‘whether’ were interchangeable spellings.” Then he notes: “Or, as Joyce’s Leopold Bloom so charmingly puts it, weather is ‘as uncertain as a child’s bottom.’”

“Chasing the Sun” is sprinkled throughout with such glittery delights. The haloes of Christian saints, he says, began as little suns. The 16th-century Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe had two cousins who went to England in 1592 on a diplomatic mission that had nothing to do with the sun or astronomy but, we learn with pleasure, as Shakespeare clearly did, that their names were Frederik Rosenkrantz and Knud Gyldenstjerne.

The book ends with people who still honor the sun. Mr. Cohen, on one of his many trips, goes to India in 2006 to visit Udaipur, about 250 miles south of New Delhi, for the Hindu festival of light. He meets with a wealthy local leader, a maharana, who has 14 solar-powered vehicles for hire; who says his family—which he traces back to 569—is “descended from the Sun” (Mr. Cohen capitalizes the word throughout); and whose stationery, the author notes, is “embossed with a Sun sporting a mighty, whirly mustache.” The maharana tells him that the sun is a god, a part of us, divine, and it “doesn’t so much bring us light as take away the darkness.”

At Varanasi, an Indian holy city, the author watches a Hindu ceremony along the Ganges River, attended by more than a thousand in boats and on the shore, where priests rang bells, blew on conch shells and chanted for peace in the world—a ceremony held in the dying light of the setting sun. At that moment, Mr. Cohen says, he felt the ancient connection with this star that holds over us life and death. And so it does: Without the sun, we’re just cold, starving naked mole rats who won’t last a generation.

Even if he doesn’t work much at backing his theory about the sun’s “decentralized” place in our lives, Mr. Cohen is surely right. We modern Western folk—living with air conditioning and central heat, buying food at markets, our watches and cellphones telling us the time, GPS devices telling us where we are—hardly need to think of the sun at all. The blame lies clearly, obviously with technology, the march of progress, the temptations of convenience and human laziness.

The blame does not lie with science. For day-in, day-out sun worship, no one is more devoted than those scientists known as astronomers. One of them routinely posts online photos of the sun accompanied by long, clear and enchanted explanations that begin with introductions on the order of “Oh man oh man, do I love this picture.”

Another astronomer-blogger says of another photo of the sun: “I could not stop looking at it.” In the photos, a granular sun erupts, swirls, blazes, and you might want to look at them. Worship is catching.

—Ms. Finkbeiner, who runs the graduate program in science writing at Johns Hopkins University, is a free-lance science writer.

# A Spectered Isle

The English Ghost:  
Spectres Through Time  
By Peter Ackroyd

(Chatto & Windus, 276 pages, £12.99)

BY TOBY LICHTIG

Peter Ackroyd has made a name for himself digging out the ghosts from England’s past. He is the country’s bard of urban mythology, of literary archaeology, the weathered walkway and cultural palimpsest. In his latest book of non-fiction, Mr. Ackroyd turns his attention to specters themselves: the manifold sightings and frightenings recorded by the inhabitants of Albion over the past 1,500 years.

This is an anthologist’s approach to history and the author leaves his own interventions to a minimum. Instead, he lets the “evidence” weigh down upon the reader. Plundering a variety of sources from the Venerable Bede to contemporary newspaper clippings, he presents a compendium of scratchings and bangings, knockings and sawings, waftings, wanderings and mysterious clobberings.

“The English see more ghosts than anyone else,” writes Mr. Ackroyd, which is a fascinating thesis undone only by the total lack of evidence. Granted, England may be “obsessed with the past” and littered with its reminders, but this doesn’t necessarily distinguish it from a score of other nations. And while the wealth of (subjective) data is seductive, some comparative history might have been appreciated. What of the paranormal chateaux, the ghastly castles, the horribly haunted Haus?

Mr. Ackroyd fares somewhat better when tackling psychology and etymology. He ascribes the English ghost obsession to the temperament of its people, caught between the “phlegmatic and melancholy”; he notes that there are “more than two hundred ways of describing the ghosts of England,” before explaining the regional differences between the hobbit, the boggart, the dobbie, the wraith and the will o’ the wisp. We learn that to “bug” someone means literally to “haunt” them and derives from an old Cornish/Welsh prefix, which also gives us “bogyman.” The “know” of something once signified its spectral appearance. Much of the terminology has now fallen out of usage. Who now knows of “freits” and “nickies,” “bolts” and “lars,” “melchicks” and “clabbernappers”?

This is not, however, to suggest that the English have become any less attentive to their phantasms. “It may be said that more people believe in ghosts today than at any other time,” writes the author, anecdotally. Recent manifestations include a variety of sightings on the A38 near Wellington involving a man in a raincoat causing drivers to swerve off track. The A229 in Kent seems similarly troubled, this time by a young woman (killed in an accident in the mid-1960s) who has for decades been running into the road and rudely vanishing.

Haunted trains also feature in the volume, as do hospitals, libraries, bedrooms, baths, theatres, moors and, of course, churches and graveyards. There are restless suicides and baffling patches of darkness; wandering hands, foul smells and self-playing organs. In one incident, recorded in the uncompromisingly titled 17th-century handbook “The Certainty of the World of Spirits,” a headless bear appears to a sentinel “that so affrighted him, that he laid down his Arms.” In another, from the same era,



a young girl violently vomits up stones and coals “till they came to five hundred” (an occurrence presumably not explained merely by poor diet).

Mr. Ackroyd’s compendium takes us through a pleasingly anachronistic world of periwigs and nursery maids, snuffed candles and affrighted nuns.

But with the author’s intrusions so infrequent, we are largely left to tease out themes for ourselves. Dogs seem more attuned to ghosts than cats do, and women appear more than men. Multiple sightings are common and there have been occasions of simultaneous viewing. Nor do ghosts only appear at night. The pubescent seem particularly vulnerable to a good haunting. “It is notable,” writes Mr. Ackroyd, in a rare and welcome aside, “that poltergeist activity is often associated with the presence of young girls of 12 or 13 years. Some were diagnosed with hysteria.”

Most interesting, perhaps, are the people who claim to have seen ghosts. Dr. Johnson told a story of a friend (“not a credulous man”) who confirmed the detection of “a shadowy being.” William Wordsworth’s nephew, Christopher, a fellow at Trinity College, Oxford knew of some lodgings “repeatedly abandoned by students on the plea that they were haunted.” In 1912, the Marquis of Huntingdon, while lodging with King George V, wrote to Lord Halifax of a phantom dressed in a hood and gown: “The eyes were bright and the face might have been that of an old woman, but for the fact that there was about a week’s growth of greyish stubble on the chin.” John Wesley published a long account of his father’s haunting and John Donne, while away from his family in Paris, saw “a dreadful vision” of his wife, “her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms.” He later learned that she’d given birth to a stillborn child at “about the same hour.”

As for the author’s own credulity, this is implicit but cleverly eschewed (he does, after all, have a book to sell). “It remains, therefore, an intriguing episode,” Mr. Ackroyd writes following an account of an apparent resurrection. “The mystery of the scream itself remains,” he comments of a haunted street in Digbeth. And while this book may not make you believe in ghosts, it could just make you wonder. After all, as that most enlightened of thinkers, Immanuel Kant, has opined: “While one can be skeptical about any individual instance, the sum total presents a body of evidence that is difficult to ignore.”

—Mr. Lichtig is a freelance writer, editor and producer. His criticism regularly appears in the Times Literary Supplement, among other places.



SOLAR FLAIR Masks from the Museum of the Sun in Riga, Latvia



## ART &amp; AUCTIONS

## The new gold standard

Will Pop's current dominance of the art world last?

BY ANDREW MCKIE

Andy Warhol began his career as a commercial artist, producing magazine illustrations and advertisements for fashion houses. Less than 50 years since his first one-man show, and less than a quarter of a century after his death, he is the most commercial artist of the fine-art world, a position confirmed by this week's sales at the great auction houses in New York.

At the beginning of the week, Philips de Pury sold one of his paintings of Elizabeth Taylor, "Men in Her Life" (1962), for \$63.35 million—the second-highest auction price for his work—while at Sotheby's the following day "Coca-Cola [4]" (1961-62) went for \$35.4 million. On Wednesday night at Christie's, "Big Campbell's Soup Can with Can Opener (Vegetable)," another favorite subject from the period, didn't quite meet the low estimate of \$30 million but reached a respectable \$23.6 million. A smaller painting, "Campbell's Soup Can (Tomato)," exceeded its high estimate, selling for \$9 million, while at the same sale, "Oh... Alright," a 1964 painting by Warhol contemporary Roy Lichtenstein, set a new record for the artist at \$42.6 million.

Much of the attention the New York art sales receive from the media focuses on headline prices and, only as a secondary consideration, the artists who command them. Like the great contemporary art fairs, such as London's Frieze, FIAC in Paris or Art Basel Miami, the total sales rung up at these auctions are often seen as an indicator of the wider economy; as if a bumper year were a sure sign that the economy is on a sound footing, or at least indicates that a recovery is underway. Yet that link is tenuous at best. At the elevated level of the New York sales, the art market is dominated by a very small group of players; it tends to attract capital flight in uncertain times; and, with an increasing number of Russian and Asian collectors, it is largely unaffected by geographical considerations.

To some extent, that has always been true. The poet Ezra Pound, under the influence of the social-credit theories of Major C. H. Douglas, attempted in 1933 to describe the difference between property and capital by comparing his bust by Gaudier-Brzeska ("Nobody is expected to do anything about it") and a bond in a railroad company ("Somebody is supposed to earn at least \$60 a year and pay it to me"). But this high-minded view of art divorced from commerce was as idiosyncratic as his other economic views.

A visit to the Uffizi, Versailles or the grander English country houses provides ample evidence that the very rich have understood the commercial aspects of art as an investment since before the time of the Medici. The assumption was that art shares with gold—that other long-standing stockpile for wealth—the qualities of beauty, covetability, portability, irreproducibility and scarcity.

The current pre-eminent position of Pop Art and the continuing strength of the market in contemporary art (of which Warhol, as much as Marcel Duchamp, might be seen as the *fons et origo*) seems, on this basis, as much of a puzzle to the uninitiated as the replacement of the gold standard by the complex mach-



Andy Warhol's 'Big Campbell's Soup Can with Can Opener (Vegetable)' (1962) sold for \$23.6 million this week at Christie's in New York.

inations that now underpin the global economic system.

Warhol was exceptionally prolific, producing some 10,000 works. Of course, other artists—Tintoretto, Picasso and Dalí, for example—shared that trait, but the method, and very often the subject, of Pop Art is rooted in mass production and in popular, rather than rarified, points of reference. Rembrandt may have produced a lot from his studio, but Warhol had the Factory. Indeed, that is the basic message of Warhol's work: he spoke approvingly of the ubiquity of Coca-Cola, one of his abiding subjects, and of the fact that it was enjoyed by the richest and poorest alike and that more money couldn't buy you a better version of it.

But if the total value of the art market is a less certain guide to economic prosperity than the Dow Jones or the Hang Seng, it is nonetheless a revealing insight into which particular commodities those engaged in it value most. (It isn't for nothing that collectors talk of the stock of an artist's reputation.)

The previous week's sales of Impressionist and early Modernist work—the field which commanded record prices during the 1980s and 1990s—were successful enough, but a Monet water-lilies painting sold for not much more than a third of the price fetched by Warhol's Elizabeth Taylor screenprint, while Matisse's 1934 portrait of Titine Trovato failed to attract a single bid, though its estimate (\$8 million) was \$10 million lower than the price that was being asked for the painting two years ago.

Whether the current dominance of Pop Art is followed by a similar shift to some new, or rediscovered, genre or not, its current prices have some interesting implications. If

there is an aesthetic lesson, it is that the primary reference points of Western culture are no longer dependent on tradition. Knowledge is no longer required of the narratives, histories, myths and values of classicism, the religious tradition or even theories of art that underpinned notions of artistic merit even through the first wave of modernism and arguably as late as the intellectual abstraction of artists like Rothko, Pollock or de Kooning. Pop Art's references demand no more than a visit to the cinema or the supermarket.

In market terms, there are Pop Art works important for their rarity, originality or quality, such as Warhol's giant prints of Marilyn, Elvis and Mao, and his car crash pictures or Lichtenstein's comic-book paintings. But much of what one might call the diffusion market in contemporary art seems to rest on the taste of a very few collectors, such as Peter Brant, Philippe Niarchos and Steve Wynn, and on dealers, such as Larry Gagosian and Jose Mugarabi, who are strongly committed to particular artists. Indeed, Mr. Mugarabi, who sold "Men in Her Life" on Monday, bought a "Jackie" for \$1.65 million and a "Marilyn" for \$4.45 million later in the week.

Such "support" has been likened to dollar-averaging in equities or as an indication of faith that the work and its value will endure and grow; the more cynical see it as a deliberate distortion of the market. Whether Pop Art remains the gold standard of the art world, or collapses like the subprime-mortgage market, it has become what Warhol prophesied and intended: the dominant global consumer brand. Will it be as enduring as Campbell's Soup or Coca-Cola? Time will tell.

## Avedon's iconic photos

## [ Collecting ]

BY MARGARET STUDER



Famous faces, nudes and fashion icons glamorize upcoming photography auctions in Paris, London and Berlin.

On Nov. 20, in a special sale, Christie's Paris will offer more than 60 photographs by Richard Avedon, famous for his iconic shots of 20th-century celebrities and groundbreaking fashion images. The photos come from the Richard Avedon Foundation, a philanthropic organization supporting the visual arts.

A fashion highlight will be one of Avedon's most celebrated images, "Dovima with Elephants" (1955), featuring the American supermodel amid the giant animals, in an evening dress by Dior (estimate: €400,000-€600,000). The photo was taken at a circus in Paris, a city where the American photographer covered fashion collections for more than 40 years.

Celebrity highlights will include "The Beatles Portfolio, London, England" (1967), a rarely available set of four psychedelic color portraits of John Lennon, George Harrison, Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr (estimate: €250,000-€350,000). Avedon's superb 1957 portrait of Marilyn Monroe, showing the actress in New York in a glittering halter-neck top, is estimated at €80,000-€120,000.

Sotheby's Paris has fashion shots by Avedon, Irving Penn and Peter Lindbergh in its photography sale Nov. 19. A particular highlight will be a series of nudes, which has a remarkable sculptural quality, by the American photographer Edward Weston (estimates ranging from €50,000 to €200,000). Only the back of the sitter is shown and the effect is of pure, white marble.

The auctions take place during Paris Photo (Nov. 18-21), an annual photography fair where around 100 international galleries and publishers show works from the 19th century to the present day. During this time, Paris becomes the capital of photography. "The

whole photography world is there," says Simone Klein, Sotheby's photography department director in Europe.

Meanwhile, in London this month, Bonhams will hold its bi-annual photography sale Nov. 16. On the catalog cover is a rare "Nude Study" (1927), a stylized composition in which geometric shadow and decoration play a key role, by the Czech photographer Frantisek Drtikol (estimate: €25,000-€30,000). This is a "very beautiful" work, says Jocelyn Phillips, head of Bonhams photography department.

And on Nov. 26 in London, Christie's will hold a photography sale filled with legendary faces and fashion. On the catalog cover is Leonard McCombe's "Portrait of Texas Cowboy, Clarence Hailey Long" (1949). The portrait belongs to a series of shots for Life magazine that became the inspiration for the legendary "Marlboro Man" advertising (estimate: £4,000-£6,000). Competing in the sale with Long's cowboy charms will be a pin-up image of Johnny Depp looking soulfully into the camera of David Bailey (1999) (estimate: £7,000-£9,000). However, neither work can compete in price with Irving Penn's 1957 portrait of artist Pablo Picasso, with big, watchful eyes half-hidden by a sombrero (estimate: £60,000-£80,000).

Among the female images will be a photo of British model Kate Moss looking sulkily into the lens of British photographer Rankin (£4,000-£6,000). Looking just as sullen is "Charlotte Rampling, Saint Tropez, 1967" as she grimaces into Helmut Newton's camera (estimate: £1,500-£2,500).

Elsewhere, in Berlin, Villa Grisebach will hold a rich and varied sale of photographs Nov. 25. A wonderfully elegant photograph from yesteryear is on the catalog cover in "Mannequins, Berlin" (1932) by Marianne Breslauer. In it, three mannequins in evening dress are seen from the back as they were portrayed in a magazine article entitled "Ladies' paradise in a Berlin fashion house" (estimate: €1,000-€1,500). A chic photograph of fashion designer Coco Chanel from 1937 by Horst P. Horst is estimated at €4,000-€6,000.



Richard Avedon's 'Marilyn Monroe, actor, New York, May 6, 1957' is estimated at €80,000-€120,000.

## REVIEWS

## A 'Don Giovanni' for our times

London: Many productions have tried, and mostly failed, to give us a "Don Giovanni" for our times. But director Rufus Norris has succeeded, in his very first foray into opera, in making his don a 21st-century amoral hedonist. His staging for the English National Opera is Don Giovanni as Spanish filmmaker Pedro Almodóvar might have done the piece, with modern, provincial Spanish-looking, bland exteriors, utility-tiled interiors and a sympathy for the women.

Much of the credit goes to set designer Ian MacNeil for his threatening, permanent, overhead electric circuitry and rapidly shifting buildings; to costume designer Nicky Gillibrand for her hoodies, sneakers and the Jesus T-shirts and Jake and Dinos Chapman demon masks sported by the stagehands and extras; and perhaps to movement director Jonathan Lunn—or whoever had the clever idea of including a gay couple in the big dance number (with one guy straining to lift a partner of his own weight).

But most of the kudos for the update belongs to Jeremy Sams,

who hasn't just translated Da Ponte's libretto, but brilliantly reworked it. His version of Leporello's catalog aria much diminishes the don's conquests; it's no longer 1,003 in Spain, but 103 in April. For Mr. Sams has had the genius idea of changing the place names for the names of the months, and Leporello now illustrates his warning to Donna Elvira with only slightly implausible graphs and pie charts showing the don's comparative monthly scores.

The food and wine for the Commendatore's supper is also changed, sometimes for the better ("a nice Rioja"), sometimes for the worse ("baked brisket" should surely be "braised"). One seldom has occasion to praise the ENO for singing in English, but this time it's a winner.

Despite Ukrainian conductor Kirill Karabits taking the opening of the opera at so draggy a pace that the thrill of the director's electrical arcing was almost lost, he later picked up the tempo and it was a musically satisfying evening. Major congratulations go to Sarah Redgwick, who took over the part of El-

vira at short notice—and ran with it. Her Act II aria "Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata" is delivered with entirely believable passion.

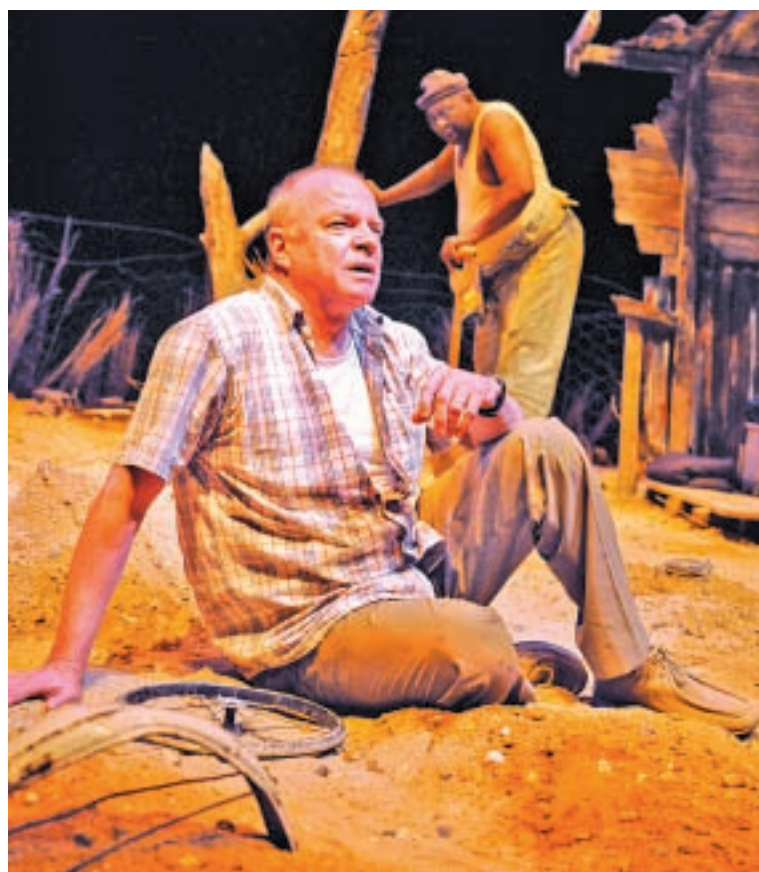
Iain Paterson is a terrific, scruffy Don Giovanni, excellent—as is Brindley Sherratt's Leporello—at mimicking the yokel accents of the peasants. Sarah Tynan's Zerlina is splendid and, for this "in-er-face" production, surprisingly un-raunchy; both she and her Masetto, John Molloy, are fine comic actors. Katherine Broderick is in fine voice as Donna Anna, but her acting extends only so far as to do a jig, though her Don Ottavio, Robert Murray, undresses for no apparent reason, and literally acts his (garish) socks off. Matthew Best is fine in the thankless role of the Commendatore—even Mr. Sams can only make him bluster "Repent!" Mr. Sams captures the comedy both of Da Ponte's libretto and Mozart's score, adding a chilling, but all too credible, 21st-century nihilism, making this a very contemporary "Don."

—Paul Levy

Until Dec. 3  
www.eno.org



From left to right; Katherine Broderick, John Molloy and Sarah Redgwick.



From left; Sean Taylor as the train driver, Owen Sejake as the grave digger.

## The redemption of 'The Train Driver'

London: Veteran South African playwright Athol Fugard, now aged 78, says he has come out of retirement to direct the European premiere of his latest play, "The Train Driver," at Hampstead Theatre. In the program he insists it is, "for me personally, the most important play I've written." So the first night was a particularly poignant occasion, with a top South African designer (Saul Radomsky) and Mr. Fugard's regular lighting man (Mannie Manim) on hand. The theatre is now under the artistic direction of the exciting young director Edward Hall, who writes "I remember as an impressionable teenager watching [Mr. Fugard's] masterpiece "Master Harold"...and the Boys" which was presented at the National Theatre whilst my father was Artistic Director." It is a pleasure to be able to write that Mr. Hall has repeated the success of his dad, Sir Peter, for it wasn't an auspicious beginning.

The inspiration for Mr. Fugard's two-hander, set in a junk-strewn squatters' graveyard in the Eastern Cape in February 2001, was a ghastly news story from Dec. 12, 2000, tell-

ing how "a mother with a child on her back and two toddlers in her arms stood on the tracks in front of an oncoming train—and when the 5-year-old tried to scurry away, she pulled him back before the family was pulverized under the train's wheels." It goes on to talk of the train driver's trauma at being unable to stop, and the additional pathos that no one ever claimed the bodies.

Mr. Fugard's play concentrates on the English-speaking Afrikaans driver (Sean Taylor) and the destruction of his family, career—and entire existence—because he cannot forget, or deal with, having looked into the eyes of the African woman as he involuntarily killed her. Judging, rightly, that the audience wouldn't be able to take the full horror of the newspaper report, "The Train Driver" has only two victims, the mother and her baby.

The play opens with a narration by the magnificent Owen Sejake, playing Simon, the African grave digger who buries "those with no names," the unidentified and unclaimed. He is startled by the appearance of the white man, Roelf,

who explains he is the fatal train driver in a lengthy monologue that, though beautifully crafted and delivered, I felt threatened my attention span. However, the relationship that grows up between the working-class white man and the just-surviving black man claims our interest. The playwright also fills in Simon's hinterlands sufficiently to make us care about him as well—and even understand a little about his own losses.

The play suddenly grips our emotions as Roelf changes from a man seeking to avenge himself for the guilt the suicide has laid upon him, to a man who has decided to claim the spirit of the unclaimed bodies. It's theatrical, verging on corny (as is the twist in the narrative), but entirely forgivable, redeemed equally by exquisite writing and two monumental performances. Though perhaps not Mr. Fugard's greatest play, "The Train Driver" is a healing experience: seeing it makes one a little more optimistic about the future of South Africa.

—Paul Levy

Until Dec. 4  
www.hampsteadtheatre.com

## Beauty and poetry emerge from industrial wastelands at Kunst Zürich fair

Zurich: For those on the lookout for young and promising European artists, Kunst Zürich offers plenty of opportunities to study and buy the works of potentially rising stars.

The art fair, which is being held for the 16th time this weekend in the former factory halls of ABB Ltd., exhibits the works of some 300 artists, most of whom are only known to a small number of collectors. "Zurich has found its niche by focusing on emerging artists," says Evelyne Fenner, who helped organize the fair.

Some of the 80, predominantly Swiss, galleries are exclusively portraying the productions of their younger artists. Message salon, a Zurich-based gallery, is showing an installation from the artist group secret gäng. The untitled work, which is offered for 20,000 Swiss

francs (€15,000), shows 15 clay bowls positioned on white pedestals. The installation creates a mysterious balance, as the geometrically arranged pedestals, which suggest an overarching order, stand in sharp contrast to the rough clay balls, which look unfinished.

While photographic and video works are taking an increasingly big role at the fair—this year's fair art prize went to Swiss photographer Fabio Marco Pirovino—the focus remains on paintings, drawings and sculptures, varying from pure abstract renderings to depictions of our drab industrialized age.

Italian artist Luca Caccioni's 2009 painting "Lotophagie" (24,000 francs) is stunning for its intricate use of abrasive techniques and poppy-seed oil that shrouds the

work behind a veil of secrecy and romanticism. The work of Austrian painter Maria Temnitschka stands in sharp contrast; her oil canvases seek to inspire dejected industrial neighborhoods and city backyards with a sense of beauty and poetry. Her "Lagerhalle" (6,200 francs) shows a building in yellow ochre against a large blue sky, rendering the industrial wasteland a seemingly friendly place.

Equally attractive are the calligraphic works of Syrian artist Ahmad Moualla or the painted woodcuts of Swiss artist Max Hari, which are reminiscent of African art, with their abstract patterns and fluorescent colors.

—Goran Mijuk

Until Nov. 14  
www.kunstzuerich.ch



Visitors at Kunst Zürich fair view an array of artworks.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY MORNING

# Ferran Adrià's small luxuries and secret pleasures

*The Catalan chef talks to The Wall Street Journal Europe about how he starts his weekend.*

Ferran Adrià is in the middle of what he calls his last "hectic" season as chef of the multi-award-winning restaurant El Bulli, located near Girona in northern Catalonia. When he shuts down the venue next July, to transform it into what he calls a creative atelier, he plans to enjoy "every weekend," something he cannot afford now because of his professional commitments. "I'm a man who leads quite a strange life," he says. "I don't really work at El Bulli; this is my home. But I'm not an oddball. What I like best in my free time is to be able to disconnect." Over the past two decades, Mr. Adrià has spent six months each year working nonstop in Cala Montjoi, the remote paradise where El Bulli is located—overlooking a quiet beach mysteriously devoid of the traffic and bustle that tend to swamp such spots in Spain's Mediterranean coast. He spends the remaining six months in Barcelona, his birthplace and decompressing chamber. "I don't really make a difference between personal and professional life," the 48 year old adds. "But when El Bulli changes, in the end I won't be busy 95% of the time, as it is now."

**How do you plan your weekend?**  
I like dining out very much. I really enjoy eating, but after 15 hours in a kitchen, I prefer to take it easy and not feel any more pressure on me. That's why I like to eat out so much. I find it very odd when I

hear about those cooks who say they prepare food at home. Perhaps they don't do that much at their own restaurants.

**Who do you go out to dinner with?**  
With my wife, Isabel, in search of the intimacy we don't enjoy when we have to work. I usually go out with my wife alone on Fridays and with friends joining us on Saturdays.

**What are your favorite venues?**  
Our favorite places for eating out are those in which we feel as if we were at home. I'm a loyal client of that kind of restaurant, such as Rías de Galicia, Shunka, Dos Palillos or Inopia, run by my brother Albert. Luckily, in most of them I'm treated as a colleague, as a friend, and receive a warm welcome. But, for some nights, when I am told there is some new opening, my wife and I also like to have a try and discover new restaurants, which are constantly opening in Barcelona. We prefer simple ones, and we like Japanese cooking very much. I love Japan, as it is another planet; they have a very special sensibility. I don't get tired of being there.

**And besides eating?**  
Watching soccer is a luxury for me, either on TV or live at the stadium. I do not have a TV at home in El Bulli, so these moments are a total chilling time. It's something I can only do four or five times a year. Although I wouldn't necessarily exchange that for a dinner out.

**How do you disconnect?**  
Going to the movies.

**What movies do you enjoy?**  
All. I don't really care. I want to be taken in by the film. And I can even watch three films in a row, just getting out of a theater and getting into the next one.

**With the kind of landscape you get in Girona, do you feel the need for outdoor activities?**  
I know I live as close to paradise on earth as you can get, but I still love to stroll around Barcelona. I never get tired of the sea, and Barcelona is a wonderful city, a place you can enjoy a lot. It's not just that you can walk by the seaside. There you can also have a *paella* at some *chiringuito* [no-frills beach-front eateries popular across Spain] and it's a simple but great pleasure. And in this environment [at Cala Montjoi], I like to do some heavy gardening. I try to have my garden as clean as possible as a physical exercise and to try to keep fit; it's something great to do with this landscape.

**You've written many books. What do you read?**  
Now, I concentrate all my efforts in writing, and so I read quite a lot about cooking, but it may be considered more as part of my job. One of my secret pleasures is to buy the Sunday magazines that come with newspapers. I buy them all, start reading them on Sundays and then I take advantage of every minute I'm free to carry on reading them. But I am also fond of Internet newspapers; I do not have any problem reading [news] on the Internet.

—Mr. Adrià was speaking with Daniel De la Puente Martín.



Paola de Groot for The Wall Street Journal

## THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

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### Play Book / by Elizabeth C. Gorski

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- 107 Moved furtively
- 109 Sparring
- 111 Nickname for George Halas
- 114 Night sch. course
- 116 Easily influenced group
- 120 Bogart's "The Big Sleep" co-star
- 121 They involves eight atoms
- 126 Sharp
- 127 Remove a support from
- 128 High school events
- 129 Manicure target
- 130 Took on
- 131 Memo stam

- Down**
- 1 Backyard parties, for short
  - 2 Villain in "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge"
  - 3 Like some vaccines
  - 4 Coffee break time, perhaps
  - 5 Cloth shred
  - 6 Big Ten sch.
  - 7 Both: Prefix
  - 8 Memorial mound
  - 9 "I'll take that as \_\_\_"
  - 10 Alternative to cable Internet
  - 11 My Chemical Romance genre
  - 12 "The Treachery of Images" painter
  - 13 "May It Be" singer
  - 14 1970 Leon Uris book, and a hint to this puzzle's theme
  - 15 Wards off
  - 16 Mmes. of Madrid
  - 17 Civil wrong
  - 18 Pop's bro, slangily
  - 21 Baroque
  - 23 Hong Kong neighbor
  - 28 Right-leaning type?
  - 30 Mil. supplies orders
  - 32 Justice Dept. staffers
  - 33 Pen's point
  - 34 Cart horse sound
  - 36 Used colorful language
  - 37 Like some banking
  - 38 Sewing bee squares
  - 40 Yellow Teletubby
  - 42 Orch. section
  - 44 They're usually made with baking powder
  - 45 Arkin's "The In-Laws" co-star
  - 46 Very, in Vichy

- 49 Composer \_\_\_-Korsakov
- 50 Alien-seeking gp.
- 53 Bond order
- 54 Jargon ending
- 58 Subcompact
- 60 Euro's forerunner
- 62 Break ground
- 65 Half a laugh
- 66 Some accounting entries: Abbr.
- 67 Geisha's sash
- 68 Most sagacious
- 71 Status chaser
- 72 Have no reservations?
- 73 Permit
- 75 Nasty sort
- 76 Forwarded
- 78 La Salle of "ER"
- 80 Easter season: Abbr.
- 81 Hat-tipping address
- 82 Bone, in Bologna
- 83 "Swan Lake" heroine
- 84 Leaping circus performer
- 89 Like many summer TV shows
- 90 Bibliog. abbr.
- 91 Capitol gofer
- 92 Stage direction
- 95 In working order
- 96 Many an MIT grad
- 97 Counting everyone
- 100 Capital on the Mississippi
- 103 Prevent from practicing, in a way
- 106 Suspends
- 108 It may be wild
- 110 Skimpy suit
- 111 "Qué \_\_\_?"
- 112 Broadway opening
- 113 Caribbean shade
- 115 Did ninety
- 117 End for infer or insist
- 118 Fall setting
- 119 Alternative to "yo!"
- 120 Outlaw
- 122 Crunch targets
- 123 Joanne of "Thunder Bay"
- 124 Farm butter
- 125 End of a sr.'s address

### Last Week's Solution

U	L	S	T	E	R	I	T	W	A	S	I	I	C	I	C	L	E		
R	E	L	I	V	E	D	E	A	C	O	N	A	G	A	T	H	A	S	
B	A	A	B	A	A	W	A	L	T	E	R	S	M	I	N	O	A	N	S
A	N	T	E	D	O	H	R	E	T	A	V	A	R	I	C	E			
N	E	H	R	U	W	O	O	F	B	L	I	T	Z	E	R	R	E	X	
I	D	E	S	E	S	A	M	E	O	R	E	O	Y	A	M				
T	O	R	N	U	P	N	E	R	D	S	E	N	S	G	A	P	S		
E	N	S	U	R	E	S	A	R	E	L	S	T	A	N	N	I	C		
M	U	J	E	R	A	T	A	R	I	B	O	S	S	T	W	E	E	T	
E	P	A	B	R	O	I	M	S	N	T	H	O	R	T					
A	L	C	R	O	A	K	E	R	O	E	S	T	E	N	E	S	Y		
N	I	K	O	N	S	D	E	H	O	R	N	I	N	O	N				
I	N	B	O	A	R	D	P	E	E	V	E	G	O	T	T	A	G	O	
T	K	O	S	A	R	M	A	R	I	E	S	L	A	R	S	E	N		
W	T	S	E	G	A	D	C	R	E	D	I	T	I	T	E				
D	E	W	H	I	S	S	M	A	J	E	S	T	E	C	A	S	H		
A	V	O	W	E	R	S	E	C	O	T	E	K	A	N	N	O			
N	E	W	H	I	R	E	C	H	E	S	T	E	R	A	A	R	F	E	R
K	N	E	E	L	E	R	H	E	L	P	E	R	V	I	O	L	A	S	
E	A	R	T	A	G	E	S	S	A	Y	S	A	L	L	U	R	E		

► For an interactive version of The Wall Street Journal Crossword, WSJ.com subscribers can go to [WSJ.com/Puzzles](http://WSJ.com/Puzzles)

## CULTURAL CALENDAR

## Basel

## ■ ART

"Thurneysser Superstar" explores the 16th-century art patron Leonhard Thurneysser zum Thurn, showing documents and stained-glass windows glorifying his life.  
Museum für Gegenwartskunst  
Nov. 13-Feb. 13  
☎ 41-61-2066-262  
www.kunstmuseumbasel.ch

## Berlin

## ■ PHOTOGRAPHY

"Fred Herzog. Photographs" presents a retrospective of 40 works by the German pioneer of color photography.  
C/O Berlin  
Until Jan. 9  
☎ 49-30-2809-1925  
www.co-berlin.info

## Bilbao

## ■ ART

"Haunted: Contemporary Video and Performance Work" showcases work influenced and inspired by art from the past, including photographs, sculptures, videos and sound recordings.  
Guggenheim Museum Bilbao  
Until Mar. 13  
☎ 34-94-4359-000  
www.guggenheim-bilbao.es

## Brussels

## ■ MUSIC

"The Brussels Requiem" celebrates the richness of cultures, beliefs and languages in Brussels, featuring La Monnaie Children's Chorus singing in Sanskrit, Hebrew, Latin and more.  
De Munt-La Monnaie  
Nov. 19-21  
☎ 32-7023-3939  
www.demunt.be

## Hamburg

## ■ ART

"Cut Silhouettes 1970-2010" shows 50 works by contemporary artists working with paper cuts, including Martin Assig, William Kentridge, Charlotte McGowan-Griffin, Annette Schröter and Kara Walker.  
Hamburger Kunsthalle  
Until Feb. 6  
☎ 49-40-4281-3120-0  
www.hamburger-kunsthalle.de

## London

## ■ THEATER

"The Master Builder" features Gemma Arterton and Stephen Dillane in the Ibsen tale of a craftsman who has sacrificed everything for success.  
Almeida Theater  
Until Jan. 8  
☎ 44-20-7359-4404  
www.almeida.co.uk

## ■ PHOTOGRAPHY

"Taylor Wessing Photographic Portrait Prize 2010" shows 60 works selected from 6,300 submissions, including this year's winner and runner up.  
National Portrait Gallery  
Until Feb. 20  
☎ 44-20-7306-0055  
www.npg.org.uk

## Madrid

## ■ MUSIC

Arcade Fire brings its Grammy-Award-winning indie rock music to venues across Europe, including music from their latest album, "The Suburbs."  
Nov. 20, Palacio de Deportes, Madrid  
Nov. 21, Palau Sant Jordi, Barcelona  
Nov. 24, Le Dome, Marseille  
Nov. 26, Halle Tony Garnier, Lyon  
Nov. 28, Zenith, Munich  
Nov. 29, Philipshalle, Düsseldorf  
Dec. 1-2, O2 Arena, London  
More European dates at  
www.arcadefire.com



Arcade Fire on tour in Madrid.

## Milan

## ■ DESIGN

"Brasilia 1960-2010" explores the history of the Brazilian capital through documents, pictures, music and video.  
La Triennale di Milano  
Until Jan. 23  
☎ 39-2724-34208  
www.triennale.org

## Paris

## ■ OPERA

"Mathis the Painter" evokes the life of German painter Matthias Grünewald.  
Opera Bastille  
Until Nov. 16-Dec. 6  
☎ 33-1712-5242-3  
www.operadeparis.fr

## ■ ART

"The Whites of Their Eyes" exhibits 22 rare primitive masks from Nepal, used for religious and other performances.  
Musée Quai Branly  
Until Jan. 9  
☎ 33-1566-1700-0  
www.quaibrantly.fr

## Stockholm

## ■ OPERA

"Serse" is loosely based on the life of Xerxes, with music by G. F. Handel, featuring the Royal Opera Orchestra, Karolina Blixt and Matilda Paulsson.  
Operan  
Nov. 13-Dec. 1  
☎ 46-7914-400  
www.operan.se

## Vienna

## ■ ART

"Power Up—Female Pop Art" presents Pop art by female artists that influenced the movement with a critical and feminist point of view.  
Kunsthalle Wien  
Until Feb. 20  
☎ 43-1-5218-933  
www.kunsthallewien.at

—Source: WSJ research

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