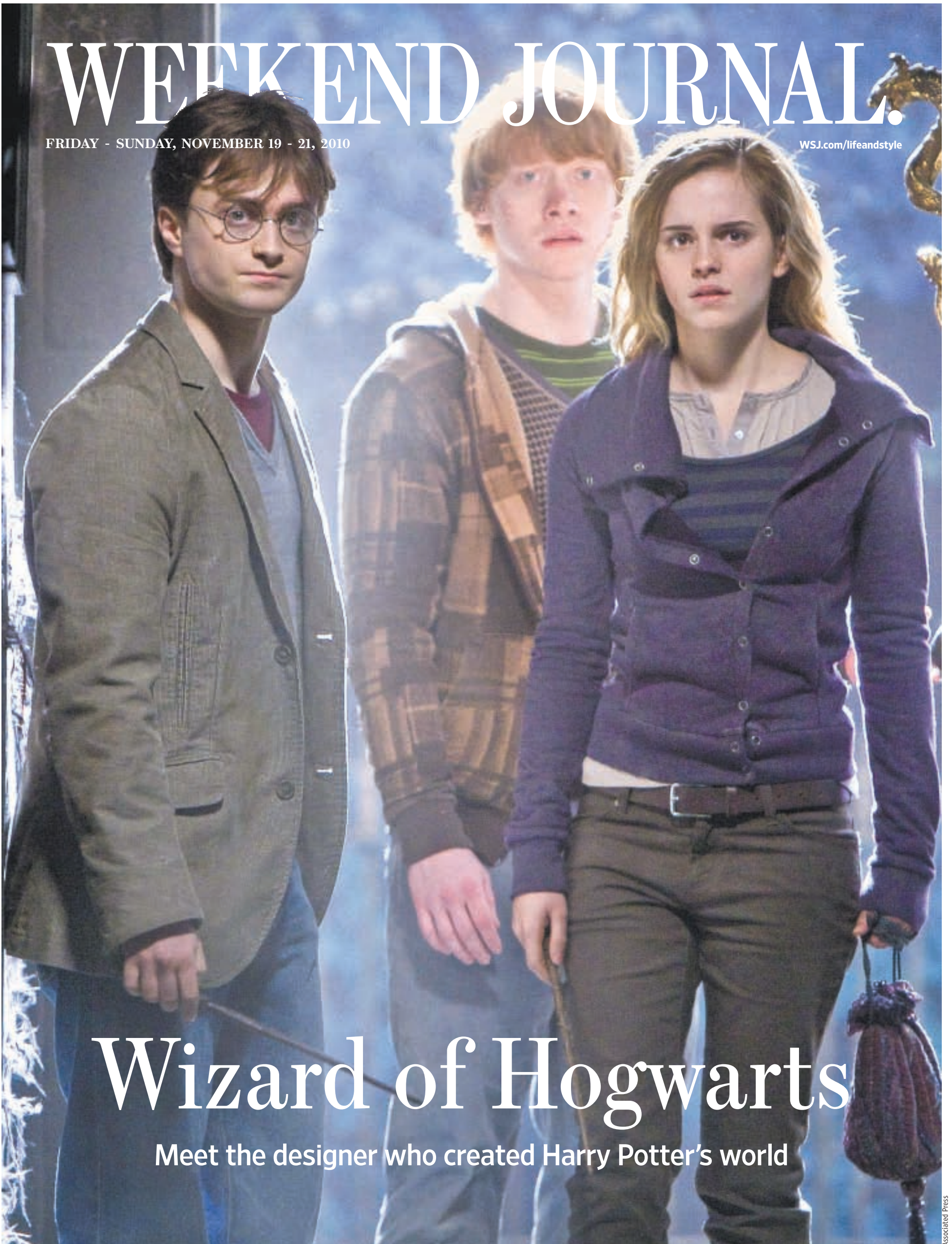


WEEKEND JOURNAL.

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Illustration by Jean-Manuel Duvivier

Lighting up the cultural differences

[European Life]

BY LENNOX MORRISON IN PARIS



It's been a year for tending the legend of singer-songwriter and bad-boy-about-Paris Serge Gainsbourg.

First came the film "Gainsbourg," and a City of Paris cinema trail guiding fans to locations connected to his story. Then came "Serge," a bimonthly magazine devoted to French music-making. And in the 19th arrondissement, a new garden was dedicated to his memory. The Jardin Serge Gainsbourg isn't in the most bucolic corner of Paris—it's right on top of the ring road. Still, a shroud of exhaust fumes seems appropriate for the hard-living and relatively short-lived troubadour, who was rarely seen without an unfiltered Gitane in hand.

Indeed, in one of those iconic cultural moments that the French produce by the cart load, a video clip from the '80s shows him with Catherine Deneuve, parked in a sports car, crooning his bitter-sweet ballad "Ces petits riens," as he puffs on a cigarette. The song title translates as "Those little things." And certainly, when it comes to bringing cultural differences to light, it's the small everyday things that prove the ultimate litmus test. For instance, flirting. On the streets of London or New York, a man who looks lingeringly into the gaze of a female passerby may well be seen as predatory. But in Paris, the woman is likely to take it as a compliment. The nano-flirtation sweetens the everyday.

Attitudes toward the nicotine habit also diverge. Although smoking has been banned in restaurants and cafés here since 2008, the number of smokers has increased by 2% in the last five years, according to figures from Inpes, the

national institute of prevention and education for health.

Last week, when the price of tobacco rose by 6%, a newspaper headline squealed "Unfair Tax." The financial crisis was blamed for driving people to smoking and a radio show rolled out *chansons* from 1938 onward in which suitably husky-voiced singers hymned the need for nicotine to get through hard times.

The practice of asking a passing stranger for a cigarette is so current—not just among the younger crowd—that I've seen people engaged in a mobile-phone call being asked to break off to hand over a free smoke. And at a summer drinks party in our apartment, a child who remonstrated with his mother for lighting up was met with a Parisian shrug of the shoulders and an impatient sigh, "The tyranny of children!"

Even more surprisingly, while a friend seeking dental implants in the U.K. was told he would first have to give up smoking, dentists here merely advise to cut down to five cigarettes or fewer daily.

Ironically, as a lifelong non-smoker, I find myself in the position of paying the price for anti-smoking measures. One of my own little pleasures used to be sitting at a pavement café over a *café allongé*. Now, however, the terrace is the last refuge of the smoker. Where once there was a mix of smokers and nonsmokers, now almost every outside table is veiled with smoke. Some establishments provide blankets to keep smokers cozy. But no one yet supplies gas masks for the long-suffering non-smoker swathed in other people's Gallic atmosphere.

The man who liked to say 'non'

Gen. Charles de Gaulle—also known fondly here as "the big asparagus" (because of his height)—has been newly hailed by the French as their greatest historical figure, streets ahead of Napoleon

or Charlemagne. The accolade came in a poll released on the 40th anniversary of de Gaulle's death, marked last week with a graveside commemoration attended by President Nicolas Sarkozy.

De Gaulle is venerated in France as the man who in 1940 said "non" to setting up a collaborationist government with the Nazi occupiers. He then promptly removed himself to London to rally the Resistance. His British hosts, however, cannot help remembering that later, as president of France, he twice said "non" to their joining the EEC, the six-nation forerunner to the European Union. His first "non" came in 1962, the same year in which he told "Paris Match," "The Europe of Six is like a roast dinner. France and Germany are the joint of meat. With a little water-cress, Italy. And a little sauce, Benelux." What de Gaulle would make of today's 27-member smorgasbord is anyone's guess. A matter of record, however, is that his career ended with a "non"—this time from the French people, who in 1969 voted against one of his policies in a referendum, thus leading him to resign.

Beaujolais, Nevada

With Beaujolais Nouveau released Thursday, wine bars worldwide are sprouting French tricolors and accordion soundtracks. But in Beaujolais country itself, they do things differently.

Denizens of Tarare, a red-roofed wine town surrounded by vineyards, are celebrating with a festival called "Las Vegas in Beaujolais." A program studded with roulette wheels and rolling dice promises tastings of the new vintage, plus "Elvis Presley et ses Coyote Girls." From Graceland to Grapeland? The cultural confusion is compounded by the festival slogan, in English, "Yes we can!"

In two weeks,
J. S. Marcus in Berlin

PROFILE

James Ivory's passage to India

How one chance encounter over 50 years ago changed the budding filmmaker and shaped his career

By PAULA WEIDEGER

Film director James Ivory has been buying Indian miniatures for more than 50 years. There is every reason to find this surprising; it is only now, for the first time, that they are on public view.

The cream of his collection—99 intensely colored, often fantastical and sometimes mysterious paintings and drawings—can be seen at Francesca Galloway's Mayfair Gallery. Mr. Ivory flew to London from his home in New York for the opening. The visit was part celebration and part promotion; his collection is for sale. The works are not being offered one by one, however. Whoever buys them has to buy the lot. "I have always thought of them going to a museum," the genial, patrician director says. For how much? "A lot," he says. Ms. Galloway, who is also his dealer, amends this to "a little, considering the prices of contemporary Indian painting." Art-world gossip says it is a low seven-figure sum.

There is nothing academic about the collection. Mr. Ivory has not bought to fill in gaps. In collecting, as in filmmaking, he has not limited himself to a single genre or era. Some are folk art, others are Mughal, many are Rajput. The catalogue opens with a delightful early 16th-century scene of wide-eyed cows looking up at cranes nonchalantly flying overhead; in an early

In collecting, as in filmmaking, James Ivory has not limited himself to a single genre or era.

19th-century painting, a turbaned barber shaves a European man sitting on a dining chair out in an open field. (Both the man with the lethal-looking razor and the one being sheared look terrified.) It is often said that an art collection mirrors the character of the collector; this is a rare case when it is true.

When Mr. Ivory, now a robust 82 year old, talks about how he got started all those years ago, his tale has the pace and carefully chosen detail of a good short story. He just can't keep himself from directing—even his own memories.

A stranger passing on the stairs of a gallery makes a cameo appearance in Mr. Ivory's account of that fateful day in 1956. Did the man have nothing—or everything—to do with what followed? Like the opening title shots in a film, this ambiguous, anonymous fellow creates an excited anticipation of what is coming next.

In 1956, Mr. Ivory was a graduate student at the University of Southern California's film school. He was finishing his first movie, a short documentary about Venice. (In those days, art house feature films were often preceded by "shorts.") As he worked on his movie, he developed a longing to own an etching by Canaletto—one of the 18th-century artist's famous Venetian views. As soon as he heard that San Francisco dealer Raymond E. Lewis had some, he was off. When he climbed up to the gallery, what he found were Indian miniatures everywhere he looked. (Was the man coming down the stairs a collector of them? Had it been for

his benefit that Lewis had so many miniatures on view that day? What if Mr. Ivory had come the day before or after—would there have been none on display?) The film student had never before seen Indian miniatures. It was a *coup de foudre*. "It affected all the rest of my days," he says.

That afternoon, Mr. Ivory bought two paintings. Before he left the gallery, he decided that his next film would be about Indian miniatures. "The Sword and the Flute," produced, directed and shot by Mr. Ivory, with music by Ravi Shankar, came out in 1959. Every image in the short film is an Indian miniature painting, many from great museum collections. He had advanced his prowess as a filmmaker and learned a lot that would help him as a collector. The film was well received. It led to a grant to make a documentary about Delhi. And so the chain reaction continued: Mr. Ivory's first visit to India; his 1961 meeting with Ismail Merchant, who became his personal and professional partner; their adaptation that same year of Ruth Praver Jhabvala's novel, "The Householder." She wrote the screenplay, Mr. Merchant produced and Mr. Ivory directed. Merchant Ivory Productions was born. They went on to make more than 40 pictures. The first to attract international attention and acclaim was the poignant, beautifully shot "Shakespeare Wallah," made in 1965.

"The Sword and the Flute," was not the only collaboration between Ivory the director and Ivory the collector. "The Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures" (1978), a feature commissioned for British television, is a playful look at obsessed collectors hungering for—or holding on to—a fabulous collection of Indian miniatures. Georgie, the young (and gorgeous) *maharajah* who owns them, keeps them in a palace store room wrapped in red cloth bundles tied with string. Mr. Ivory has kept most of his acquisitions stored, too. But his were first framed and then covered in bubble wrap. On the backing board of each, he has written the time and place of purchase, and sometimes a bit more. For instance, the cardboard behind the watercolor of Krishna begging Radha's forgiveness (which is in the show), are the words: "Ray Lewis, 1957. Hung in my mother's bedroom until 1967—was a present from me." It is as close to a written autobiography as he will produce. "Ruth, Ismail and I always said our films were autobiographies." Mind you, in fantasy, Mr. Ivory has cast his life story. Sam Waterston would play him.

Mr. Merchant died in 2005. Mr. Ivory says the intensity of the loss has slowly diminished, and he is again working on several projects. One is a film version of Richard II. He has already talked to Jude Law about playing the lead. "He has a sardonic quality, a bit like Laurence Olivier," says the director.

People who think Mr. Ivory is selling his collection because he is in financial trouble are following the wrong script. "I'll tell you something," the director says as he finishes tea at Durrants Hotel. "The money from the sale is going [to] the University of Oregon." His alma mater has recently started offering film courses. A handsome donation to its film school building fund may soon be in the mail.



James Ivory stands next to 'The Huntress' (Deccan, c.1680-1700), from his collection.

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FASHION

These boots are made for walking

[Style]

BY TINA GAUDOIN



Every now and then an item of clothing or an accessory renders itself vulnerable to the “kitchen sink” treatment on the part of the fashion industry. I made this point once to my fashion team in America, and after they had put down their Coke Zeros and their bags of Haribo candies and shrieked with laughter, I found myself having to translate that particular Britishism to “overload,” overwrought or simply “over the top.” Handbags, or “It” bags as they then became, are an excellent case in point. Once an It bag was simply a nice, new handbag, with maybe (and only sometimes) a tiny shiny logo hidden about its person or displayed prominently, depending upon its genesis (the former being more likely Gucci, the latter perhaps Hermès). And then almost by osmosis (for which read advertising, gifting to fashion editors and celebrity endorsement), more and more women were attracted to similar sorts of handbags, which led in turn to more of “those” sort of handbags being created. As if that wasn’t enough, once almost every fashion and accessories house on the planet had rationalized that producing “that sort of handbag” was a license to print money, they engaged in the Darwinian task of applying more and more metaphorical plumage to the handbags, in the form of buckles, zips, padlocks and key chains (“look at me, buy me”), so as to render them less the sort of thing Lady Bracknell might have favored and more the type of kit bag your plumber might haul into your home to fix the downstairs bath.

Perhaps a scientific analysis of the “kitchen sinkism” of fashion is not required? After all, we have seen the same thing happen to jeans, to watches and to shoes. It seems to me that the determining or causal factor in this equation might simply be greed. By piling more “stuff” onto the aforementioned handbags and by creating them in increasingly rare materials (hornback crocodile anyone?), fashion and accessories houses were able to make a market wherein the more elaborate and exclusive the constituents, the more desirous and expensive the item. I mention the It bag as a specific example because the same thing appears to be happening to the humble boot.

Maybe none of us got the memo, or maybe we just forgot, but readers, boots are made for walking; that’s just what they do. Their purpose is to get us from A to B, albeit in some style, in cold, wet or snowy weather (sometimes a combo of all three). I know about the S&M implications, of course I do; the biker implications (for which see hazardous conditions); the chic implications (for which see Jimmy Choo and Manolo Blahnik); but overall, I can’t help but think the humble boot would be best left well alone, to do its thing without the help of



Clockwise from the top, Jimmy Choo, net-a-porter.com (4)

all of the buttons, buckles, straps, chains, furs, heels, wedges, glitter, studding and “shagging” that’s being enforced upon it right now.

There are, of course, boots for every occasion. Very rare is the stylish female who doesn’t possess an ankle-length, high-heeled pair to be worn beneath her jeans, or a smart, knee-length dark-leather pair with kittenish or stacked heels to be worn with a fitted coat for winter funerals, weddings or christenings. The boots I’m talking about, though, are the most important, nay vital, constituents of your winter footwear wardrobe—comfortable, stylish and somewhat waterproof; these are the boots you can put on in the morning and take off when you get home at night. If it sounds like I’m stating the obvious here, I’m not. A straw poll conducted amongst my girlfriends—a pretty stylish lot on the whole—suggests women often wear their boots to their workplace, toting another pair, or even a pair of heels, to change into when they arrive. We need to stop this right now. Is it not enough that we have the pay gap

to deal with, without having to change our footwear on a twice-daily (three times if you count the journey home) basis?

So, let’s discuss boots that look good, help us on our way and improve our lot in and out of the workplace (in other words you can wear them at the weekends too). That’s a lot to ask of a boot, but heck...These boots no longer have to be knee length, by the way, calf-length boots are just as acceptable and in many ways more versatile. Tucking your jeans or stretch cords into $\frac{3}{4}$ boots is OK; knee-length boots, not so much... unless you are about to place your foot into the stirrup or you are head-to-toe in Hermès. John Paul Gaultier’s last collection for the house was full of glorious riding boots, including those worn with silky trousers.

Firstly, let me say that you can’t have the boots of the season; they are all sold out. I know because I tried to buy the Jimmy Choo fur-lined biker boot myself for £625. Actually, this was a lucky escape because whilst that fur lining is seductive, I have since discovered it does not extend to the

area where it is most required—the inner sole of the boot. On that note, I have to confess that my favorite boots ever are a pair of Ugg leather motorcycle boots with a rugged Tetra sole. You can’t buy these any more, which is a pity because I have to tell that to each person who stops me on average once a week and asks me where my boots come from. Uggs of any style are, of course, deeply unfashionable worn anywhere but with your pajamas. But readers, if you can rise above that and you can deal with “that” logo, sheepskin-lined boots are the only way to keep your feet really warm. I suspect my boots are no longer in production because they didn’t look “Ugg” enough. Ugg’s long, narrow “Amberlee” boot doesn’t look very Ugg either, but that means they should look good with dresses and skirts. If you want to roam logo and stigma free, then Chloé has a knee-length pair of wool-lined leather boots in dark brown that look cozy and sleek for £765. At Burberry Prorsum, a pair of black shearling-lined “Explorer” boots will set you back £495; but with the off-white

shearling poking hippyishly over the top of the boot, the rest of your wardrobe will require streamlining to carry them off confidently.

As I’ve already said, simple, beautifully made leather boots without the bells and whistles are hard to come by. Marks & Spencer’s Autograph range (often worth plundering when one quickly needs to solve a wardrobe dilemma) has some great looking knee-length riding boots in black or chocolate, £99. A few years ago, you couldn’t walk down Bond Street without hearing the click-click of the buckles of Belstaff’s iconic “Trialmaster” boots. They still look (and sound) good, around £400. The best and most cost-effective simple biker boots out there are J.Crew’s “Buckle” leather boots, £200 from net-a-porter.com—remove the upper strap and wear slightly unzipped for maximum effect. Timberland, makers of outdoor kit since the 1960s, has an impressive selection of pared-down “leggy” boots; try their “Altrus” for £135 or, if you are feeling adventurous, try the long version of their original

FASHION

Coolhunter

Carolina Herrera white shirts

Readers, don't mess about where white shirts are concerned. They are one of the most fundamental pieces of clothing in your wardrobe. What you really need to know is who makes the best white shirts and why.

Venezuelan-born Carolina Herrera was persuaded into becoming a fashion designer by Diana Vreeland. On the strength of that statement alone, one should, could one afford it, make a beeline for the CH by Carolina Herrera lifestyle store in London's Mount Street, slap down the plastic and load up. But even if you did heap into your shopping basket brightly colored dresses, snappy boucle jackets and knife-edged trousers, those would never outshine the sheer genius of Herrera's crisp, uniquely fitting white cotton shirts (from £205).

Why are they so good? Well, for starters, they are part of the designer's

own personal style statement (if you wore something every day of your life, wouldn't you make sure it was the best?). The cotton is sparkling white and stretchy; the cut is clean and fitted; and the design, simple but always with a tiny flourish: a bow at the neck, gold buttons to fasten or (in the case of my own shirt) an interesting ¾-length sleeve.

If you live or travel to the U.S. frequently, then CH shirts are easy to come by. Elsewhere, they may not be as rare as hen's teeth, but you'll need to make a special trip to a CH lifestyle boutique, or one of their stores within a store, in order to purchase. Vexing, yes. But that lack of ubiquity makes them even cooler still.

—Tina Gaudioin

Fashion designer Carolina Herrera models one of her trademark looks.



Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images

Left page, clockwise from the top, Jimmy Choo fur-lined biker boots; Burberry Prorsum Explorer boots; J. Crew buckle boots; Gucci two-in-one boots; Chloé wool-lined boots. Above, Nancy Sinatra, famous for the song 'These Boots Are Made for Walkin'.'

"Premium" waterproof lace-up boot in cream for £130—not necessarily elegant, but potentially quite "fashion."

I cannot end without a nod toward those "kitchen sink" boots I so derided at the beginning of the piece. Some are truly noteworthy in their intricateness and worthy of your time and money if you have the luxury of buying ridiculously expensive boots just for fun. The maestro of the fantasy boot is Azzedine Alaïa—his ankle boots with cutouts and seven-inch heels won't see you home on the subway for £995, but they will probably garner you any number of offers of a ride home (or you could just take the limo). Marni's flat "Nappa" perforated calfskin leather boot, £460, has a cool sixties vibe and its calf length means you can wear it under trousers or with dresses or skirts on non rainy days. Gucci has potentially created the perfect, all-singing, all-dancing footwear. Their "Heritage" flat riding boot, £920, has a detachable legging so that you can also wear them as short boots under trousers. The idea is so brilliant, I wonder no one has marketed it successfully before.



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FOOD

The newest food groupies

The fashion world has a crush on all things cuisine. What can this mean for the future of couture?

BY KATHERINE WHELOCK

In the beginning, it seemed like innocent flirtation—a lark. In the spring of last year, actress Gwyneth Paltrow, a front-row regular at fashion shows and muse to Valentino, joined chef Mario Batali on an eating tour of Spain for a PBS series called “On the Road Again”; she was simultaneously building a following for her website Goop, devoted in large part to cooking. Around the same time, the Council of Fashion Designers of America released the first-ever “American Fashion Cookbook” (yes, really), with a foreword by Martha Stewart and recipes for Derek Lam’s yellowtail crudo and Marc Ecko’s “adults only” chocolate chip cookies.

You might classify those two events as novelty acts if you ignored what followed: a boomlet of blogs devoted without irony to serious fashion and serious food, including Luxirare, a cult site known for clever posts about avant-garde fashion and culinary experimentation, and street-style photographer Phil Oh’s Snappetite, an outlet for beauty shots of food. At that point, it was fair to argue that certain corners of the fashion world were infatuated with food culture. Then, this fall—*wham!* David Chang, the chef behind Momofuku, appeared in the September issue of U.S. Vogue for a feature on Fashion’s Night Out, sandwiched between Naomi Watts and Finnish model Kirsi Pyrhonen; Barneys New York announced that its holiday windows would star Anthony Bourdain and Paula Deen; and word came that Kate Moss was mothering pots of simmering fruit for her own homemade jam. It was time to admit that a proper love affair was under way—and maybe not the kind that ends in December.

“I’m not a foodie,” said Barneys creative director Simon Doonan, “but we looked around for what’s bubbling up in the culture this year and we realized that everyone’s obsessed with these icons of food culture. Our customers want to eat at the new Batali place as much as they want the new Céline bag.” Which is why as of last weekend, Barneys New York passersby will see a life-size Ina Garten with a knife between her teeth and Bobby Flay hurling food at Wolfgang Puck, courtesy of sponsorship by the Food Network. These unlikely fashion icons look like their usual, unlikely-fashion-icon selves, which is no doubt part of their appeal.

First, let’s get the obvious jokes out of the way. Fashion and food? But fashion people don’t eat! The fact is, fashion and food have always had a relationship. As designer Isaac Mizrahi (also an enthusiastic home cook), points out: “It’s no coincidence that Paris is the fashion capital of the world and the food capital of the world.” Never mind that the first to warm the seats at molten hot restaurants are traditionally designers and models. But now that chefs have fan bases as big as rock stars, the relationship is changing. Even the story of fashion houses opening cafés and restaurants has a different tenor. When Ralph Lauren braved opening an American restaurant called Ralph’s on Paris’s Left Bank this past spring, he called on bona fide restaurateur Danny Meyer, of Eleven Madison Park, to consult. Designer Marc Jacobs, known for his impeccable timing and trend clairvoyance, opened a café inside his Milan boutique last spring and is reportedly planning to tackle a stand-alone eatery in New York next.

The fashion world is a sponge—or if your imagination prefers, a really absorbent, Egyptian cotton towel. What quickens the pulse of the culture quickens the pulse of the fashion community. So perhaps we shouldn’t be surprised that forces in America’s food movement are exerting a pull on it. “It’s a very exciting moment in food,” said Jefferson Hack, the London journalist and editor in chief of luxury magazine Another. “There’s so much innovation and risk-taking going on in that world.” He sensed a new



kind of chemistry between fashion and gastronomy at a dinner thrown by Miuccia Prada at Le Chateaubriand during Paris Fashion Week this fall at which each dish echoed an element from the designer’s collection. For his part, Mr. Hack recently commissioned 10 designers, including Frida Giannini of Gucci and Francisco Costa of Calvin Klein, to work with pâtisseries to create their fantasy cake to be shot for the spring 2011 anniversary issue of Another—and eaten at the accompanying party.

So is the fashion crowd genuinely attracted to the sensory pleasures of food (you know, eating it), or just enamored with the heat coming from the kitchen? That depends. Vogue Japan fashion director at large (and industry icon) Anna Dello Russo has created an eponymous perfume exclusively for Yoox, to launch at the end of the month, that smells like Christmas cookies. An elixir for the food lover who can’t abide the indulgence—or a practical companion for the hopeless sweet tooth? Other fashion folk seem to have warmed to a fastidiousness in the new food landscape that’s also intrinsic to the fashion world. An insistence on just the right product, made by just the right person, with just the right combination of sensory appeal and visible value feels familiar to fashion world denizens. Consider Scott Sternberg, founder of the label Band of Outsiders, blogging about the virtues of one cookie over another and deifying Christina Tosi, pastry chef of Momofuku Milk Bar at cookies.bandofoutsiders.com. Or House of Waris jewelry designer Waris Ahluwalia, who opened a pop-up tea house (which also sold duds from the fashion-forward label Rodarte alongside Daylesford Organic biscuits from England) in a tent underneath New York’s High Line park last month, and is now producing and selling his own special-order blends in pretty hand-labeled tins. What qualifies these guys to dip their toes in the food world? What qualifies a lot of the self-appointed foodies, foodists and food bloggers out there? Often not much beyond a good eye, a strong opinion and a willingness to be exacting. And as for those still bent on sneering at fair-weather foodies and sylph-like gourmands who just like being part of the hottest new trend, take comfort in this prediction from Mr. Hack: “Gardening will be next.”



Clockwise from the top: Peter Spring; Marc Jacobs; Polo Ralph Lauren; Getty Images

Clockwise from the top, Barneys New York’s holiday window display; the cafe in the Marc by Marc Jacobs boutique in Milan; Ralph Lauren’s restaurant in Paris; Gwyneth Paltrow and Mario Batali.

FOOD & WINE



Grilled Cornish sardines on toast, Broadway tomato sauce starter served at the Kingham Plough.

Taking none for the road

As the traditional English pub declines, a new breed thrives

[Food]

By BRUCE PALLING



There have been a lot of column inches devoted to the decline of the English pub, especially since one of the biggest chains

(Punch Taverns) announced last month they were closing or selling 1,300 of their 6,700 sites. For many people, especially those of a romantic persuasion, this is tantamount to the destruction of the English way of life—even worse than the demise of the village post office. I should come with a certain amount of baggage, given that my grandparents and brother-in-law were publicans, but this hasn't blinded me to the reasons for their demise.

For a start, supermarkets have priced them out of the market when it comes to beer, which is now less than a quarter of the price charged in a typical pub. And despite the overuse of the term gastropub, most food served in pubs is virtually inedible, not to mention the difficulty of finding decent wine in a pub bar. This is hardly fair, as it isn't their *raison d'être*, but for outsiders, English pubs are almost incomprehensible. At their best, they are safe havens for the celebration of an egalitarian community spirit, but at their worst, unattractive places where diminishing numbers of narrow-minded misogynists gather to pour scorn on the modern world.

The pubs that have moved with the times, though, are doing well. Inevitably, they are generally in affluent areas, such as the Draft House pubs (www.draft-house.co.uk) in south and east London. Owned by Charlie McVeigh, these award-winning establishments provide a wide variety of draft beers as well as simple, interesting food. His newest acquisition, the Draft House at Tower Bridge, is

a far cry from the grim bars of many failing pubs. The dining room is bright, peppered with posters of rock musicians, and has the feel of an American diner.

It's not surprising, then, that Mr. McVeigh thinks that neither food nor wine really make a pub successful. Instead, he believes it is all down to atmosphere and a feeling of recognition. "These days, a successful pub has to be somewhere between a bar, a coffee house and a restaurant. It also has to be the sort of place that a single woman with a laptop or a novel can feel comfortable," he says.

For me, the pubs with the very best food, such as the Pot Kiln in Berkshire, the Kingham Plough in Oxfordshire and the Sportsman in

'These days, a successful pub has to be somewhere between a bar, a coffee house and a restaurant.'

Kent, wouldn't suffer a whit if you removed the bar and beer from their premises altogether.

The Pot Kiln (www.potkilm.org) is the brainchild of TV chef Mike Robinson, who also co-owns the Harwood Arms, the first gastropub in London to win a Michelin star. Located in what feels like an unspoiled forest about 50 miles west of London, the Pot Kiln specializes in superb game dishes, many of which come from animals shot by Mr. Robinson at neighboring country estates. "With the advent of rigorous drink-driving laws, people do not drive to [the] pub and drink a lot, so there has to be alternative reasons for going there, and that is the food and a welcoming atmosphere," he says. "We have excellent, innovative food, with ingredients sourced from the countryside. Plus, we feel original because we don't care what other people think—we just do our own thing."

The Sportsman, (www.thesportsmanseasalter.co.uk), right next to the Thames Estuary in Kent, has a Michelin star and is also fanatical about sourcing local ingredients, with key items, including their beef, mostly coming from within a three-mile radius. Chef-proprietor Stephen Harris believes traditional pubs over-complicate things by offering far too many food options, when what they should be doing is delivering a handful of excellent simple dishes. "We get called a gastropub, but we have more in common with an *auberge*, or French country inn. Food-wise, we are very ambitious and try to serve remarkable food that makes people want to travel quite a long way. If we had to rely on our beer sales to survive, we wouldn't last a week."

Another exceptional pub-restaurant is the Kingham Plough (www.thekinghamplough.co.uk), high in the Cotswolds, northwest of Oxford. Located in what almost looks like a picture-perfect village, this beautiful place is owned by chef Emily Watkins, a former sous-chef at Heston Blumenthal's famous Fat Duck. Using some of his slow-cooking techniques, she serves delicious dishes such as a starter of crisp Hereford oxtail, watercress and radish salad or breast and leg of local mallard with game sausage. "Bog standard pubs are going down because customers don't want to pay for average food. If they go out, they want a treat," she says. Ms. Watkins is actually relieved that they were recently awarded a Michelin Bib Gourmand (high quality and good value) rather than a star: "Our problem is that some people are afraid to pop in for a casual lunch; they imagine we will be incredibly expensive and that you have to book months in advance, whereas we do have space on weekdays."

The prospects for typical English pubs may be as bleak as publicans say, but for those able to reinvent themselves in affluent locations, it is a far more heartening story.

Finding life after port

[Wine]

By WILL LYONS



Central heating, the decline of formal dining, insufferably bad hangovers, a market saturated with ripe, jammy, high-alcohol red wines—whatever the reason, we just don't drink port like we used to.

Figures from the Instituto dos Vinhos do Douro e do Porto show that European sales of port wine have been declining since 2000. I like to apply my own little anecdotal test, which simply asks, "When was the last time, outside of a restaurant, you either served or were offered a glass of port?" Not very often. In all probability, you are more likely to be offered a pinch of snuff than a glass of port, and I'm guessing that even that doesn't happen very often.

Which is a shame since in cold climates, a glass of tawny port can be a very appealing aperitif. Vintage port is also massively underrated; texturally, it can be lighter than some table wines, and I am always impressed by the layers of flavor. There is also the appealing tradition of only passing the port to one's left. I remember dining at one rather grand banquet where I accidentally passed the decanter of port to my right only to be loudly admonished by the host: "The port's going round the wrong way!" Never again.

Since the early 1990s, port shippers have started making table wine, which we are told—often exhaustively by Portuguese-based trade bodies—is "among the best in the world."

This shouldn't really come as any surprise to fans of vintage port. The vineyards and *terroir* of the Douro have been producing wines of note since the valley was demarcated in 1756, and as soon as winemakers started using the pick of the crop for their table wines around the late 1990s, quality levels shot up. Ironically, it was the poor quality of the Douro's table wines in the late 17th century that led two English wine merchants from Liverpool, who were shipping the wines back to the U.K. from the north Portuguese city of Lamego, to lace their wine

with brandy, thus producing port.

For the curious, one of the attractions of the Douro is the number of unfamiliar grape varieties, such as Malvasia Fina, Rabigato, Tinta Amarela, Touriga Nacional and Touriga Franca, that make up their table wines. But a word of caution: I have always found these red table wines more monstrous than mouse, with big, spicy, peppery flavors and alcohol levels pushing more than 14%, seducing the drinker with their immediate appeal but leaving them somewhat heavy headed. However well made the wine, I'm always looking for freshness and elegance.

The 2008 is a little more refined. Douro winemakers tell me that humid weather during the flowering led to low yields, with good-quality fruit, high-quality acidity and balanced sugar levels. Tasting the wine, it shows. Some of the red wines I tasted, such as Churchill Estates Touriga Nacional, were tighter, with a more mineral character, than previous vintages I had tasted.

As a quick guide, producers such as Altano, Quinta do Vesuvio, Churchill Estates, Quinta de la Rosa, Niepoort and Wine & Soul are certainly there in terms of quality, but some of the prices are jaw-dropping. Dirk Niepoort's Charme 2008 is an attractive, ripe, slightly lighter style red, with notes such as black cherry and plum; its retail price is £75.00 (€88) a bottle.

Now, I know these wines are by no means inexpensive to make. Paul Symington, joint managing director of the Symington Family Estates, says that average yields in the Douro are around 22 liters a hectare—compared with an average of 50 in Bordeaux and more than 100 in Champagne—while the use of new oak to age the wine can cost as much as €800 a barrel. Mr. Symington says the high prices are partly due to domestic demand and the onset of a wealthy middle class in Portugal who in the past 10 years have been prepared to pay high prices for wines in short supply.

An interesting development is the quality of the Douro's white wines, which I found to be far more interesting and alluring than its reds. Given the quality of Vinho Verde wine just to the north in the Minho region, this makes perfect sense.

Drinking Now

Guru

Wine & Soul, Douro, Portugal

Vintage: 2009

Price: about £25 or €30

Alcohol content: 12.5%

There are a number of white wines from the Douro that immensely impress. Symington's Altano, Churchill Estates' Branco Douro 2009, Dirk Niepoort's Tiara and Redoma Branco Reserva 2009 are all worth looking out for. I was also impressed with Quinta de la Rosa. But Sandra Tavares da Silva and Jorge Seródio Borges, who run Wine & Soul, have produced a complex, elegant wine that even at this price can compete. The wine is packed full of floral notes, but is satisfyingly rich, with an underlying minerality. Wine & Soul completed its first vintage in 2001. Guru was introduced three years later, from grapes that have been grown from a 46-year-old vineyard planted with native grape varieties.



TRAVEL



Tuscany's new Renaissance

The towns of the Valdarno region are hoping to draw tourists with their rich history and culture

BY JOEL WEICKGENANT

In Tuscany, small sun-baked towns shuffle past your car or train window like so many filed-away postcards, leaving a pleasant but undistinguished impression as you make your way to Florence, Siena or Pisa. Yet for travelers with the right kind of eyes, dodging through the hills to visit these tiny towns can be the best way to understand Tuscany, while providing a calmer, more personalized experience.

One group of these towns, well off the tourist charts, is in the Valdarno (literally "Valley of the Arno"), which propelled Florence's power throughout the region in the late Middle Ages. Three towns of the Valdarno—a 30-minute train ride from Florence—were called "Terre Nuove," new lands, and served as bulwarks against feudalism and an experiment in urban planning.

Seven hundred years later, Tuscans from the Valdarno are often more Florentine than people from Florence, says Paolo Pirillo, a professor from the University of Bologna.

"In the Valdarno, they have the strongest ties to Florence, and this is an identity they've dragged behind them for centuries," says Mr. Pirillo, who is part of a team leading the development of a museum in San Giovanni dedicated to the Terre Nuove.

Authorities at a local and provincial level are hoping to increase tourism to the region through the museum, Museo delle Terre Nuove, which after some delays offi-

cially hope will open late next year.

Valdarno's cities have never resided at the top of tourist must-visit lists in Tuscany, but they should, especially for any visitor with a will to dig deeper into Tuscan history and culture. Residents note that the Valdarno's defining characteristic is a fierce willingness to amplify tradition with innovation. There's still a sort of cowboy spirit to the place. "We're adventurers," says San Giovanni resident Cristiano Magi.

Some of the towns were founded to serve as laboratories in arts and architecture, urban planning and social engineering: what happened here first often appeared later in Florence.

"It's often suggested that in the construction of the new towns, Arnolfo di Cambio adapted a number of solutions that were then used in the enlargement of Florence's city walls," says Fausto Forte, director of cultural services for the municipality of San Giovanni. Di Cambio was the Italian architect responsible for the planning and execution of San Giovanni and he worked on many a historic commission in Florence. "These cities, therefore, become a sort of training facility."

The city also trained crucial artists like Masaccio, the prodigy who, despite dying at age 27, achieved innovations in painting that are widely credited as presaging the Renaissance. Today, the 15th-century artist's San Giovanni home is a gallery frequently showcasing contemporary artists.

During a two-part exhibition on a warm

night in October, a short stroll showed the depth of San Giovanni's artistic offerings. At Casa Masaccio, an exhibition themed around the Annunciation displayed—through the narrow halls and square rooms of the house—a series of ethereal and surreal video exhibits. One video showed a woman rearranging a room full of chairs, while another installation framed a visual poem set to a cold-toned cinematic take of a horse running on sand.

Valdarno's cities have never resided at the top of tourist must-visit lists in Tuscany, but they should, especially for any visitor with a will to dig deeper into Tuscan history and culture.

Around the corner on the city's central plaza, the Museo Della Basilica's whole collection sets the stage for its centerpiece: one of Fra Angelico's depictions of the Annunciation, whose presence in San Giovanni inspired the theme for the Masaccio's exhibition. The painting is one of Fra Angelico's most important works, and a theme which the famed 15th-century painter touched upon frequently.

"The Basilica museum has an important core of works from the Renaissance. And of

Angelico's three Annunciations—one is stored at the Diocesan Museum in Cortona, the other at the Prado in Madrid—this is the earliest one he executed," Mr. Forte says.

Artists such as Masaccio and Fra Angelico were surely inspired, as all their Tuscan counterparts, by the beauty of Tuscany, with its wilderness-studded hills and cobble towns, the pleasant climate and the wine country. But Valdarno was different, and from its inception, the region spurred citizens and artisans alike to innovate. Florence founded San Giovanni by edict in 1299 to serve as a bulwark between rival city states. "Developing a new city meant creating everything a city could offer," Mr. Pirillo says.

Among the biggest surprise that visitors making the rounds of famous Tuscan towns will note is San Giovanni's open-grid layout, a break from the way Tuscan towns had been laid out in the past and part of di Cambio's search for an ideal urban design.

The city features one grand avenue, Corso Italia, on which all public life gathers. The street, and the rectangular piazza in its center, create a sort of stage, giving observers a full view of the city's goings-on. At any given moment in the afternoon, dozens of bikers glide by shoppers dipping in and out of cafés and newsstands. A number of cafés extend service well into the street, where patrons sip on espresso while looking back at the elegant arches that extend over the ground-level shops. The streets running parallel to the corso get smaller as

TRAVEL



Clockwise from left page, San Giovanni's central square; one of Fra Angelico's depictions of the Annunciation is the centerpiece of the Museo Della Basilica collection in San Giovanni; road signs in Gaiole in Chianti; and the Balze rock formation near Terranuova Bracciolini.

they approach the old city walls, and calm, intimate eateries pop out from under quiet arcades or extend dining areas onto the streets throughout the town. Try a stop at Osteria Garibaldi on Via Garibaldi, where the cook adds a twist to classic Tuscan dishes, spicing up, for example, a traditional potato-and-rosemary dish with a daring note of ginger.

To best experience one element of di Cambio's design aesthetic, hop a bus to nearby Castelfranco di Sopra, a town nestled between the hills with about 3,000 residents. Here, multicolored brick-and-plaster noble houses hide a series of alleys called *chiassi*, which are also present in San Giovanni but best experienced here. The alleyways hold a honeycomb of tiled rooftops, terraces and clotheslines safe from the afternoon sun. Colors appear saturated in the dimmed light and the tall medieval walls lean in to create a cloistered feeling.

In other towns, along with authorities' recent efforts to improve the cachet of the Valdarno region, the push is happening at a grassroots level, perhaps nowhere more so than in Montevarchi, a town that is just a two-minute train ride from San Giovanni and of roughly equal size. Montevarchi is older than the Terre Nuove. Its old city walls still stand at the spot where Florence's holdings ran up against the border of rival Arezzo.

One of Montevarchi's central arteries, Via Isidoro del Lungo, pushes past a number of churches and museums to a stretch of old buildings that host six workshops of furni-

ture and antiques restorers. One of them belongs to Marco Agnolucci, a native son who put together the Via dei Musei association that seeks to promote the city's cultural offerings. Mr. Agnolucci points out that Montevarchi was a crucial way station on old trade routes until the 1800s, and long-forgotten traces of Florence's powerful past lay hidden everywhere, including in one of the Medici's most important granaries, currently hidden away in the basement of a local bank.

A recent exhibition at the Collegiata di San Lorenzo, located in a church on Piazza Varchi that is considered to be one of the best examples of Tuscan baroque, reflected on the work of Massimiliano Soldani Benzi, a Montevarchi sculptor whose fame as a Baroque artist reached Rome in the 18th century, and whose works adorned the facades of Florence. "He was the greatest Italian master of the Baroque era," says Mr. Agnolucci, "and for 40 years, the greatest sculptor of bronze in all of Europe."

Adjacent to the Collegiata, the Museo d'Arte Sacre's holdings include works by the Della Robbias, while the new Cassero Per La Scultura sculpture museum, which opened in May in a tower of the original city wall, now at the head of Via Trieste, displays three floors of work by contemporary Italian sculptors, including Pietro Guerri and Timo Bortolotti.

Not to be missed is the six-day-a-week market on Piazza dell'Antica Gora in Montevarchi, an open-air market that only offers stands to small-scale agricultural producers

with an aim for high-quality merchandise. The market's popularity has boomed in recent years. Go early, advises local filmmaker and Montevarchi native Beppe Mangione. "It's great because they used to do it only once a month. You can buy milk on tap, meats and cheeses from local producers."

From San Giovanni's Masaccio, whose advances in figurative painting, particularly in the use of perspective, heralded a new way of conceiving and executing art, to Benzi, Valdarno's cities have produced an outsized output of significant and innovative artists and artisans. The tradition continues today. Casa Masaccio makes a dedicated effort to showcase artists who tie tradition to a drive for innovation. In Montevarchi, the new Cassero museum for sculpture on Piazza Veneto displays three floors of work by contemporary Italian sculptors. And in a notable effort over the summer, in nearby Pergine Valdarno, a spinning mill long in disuse was converted into temporary studio space for artists to work and collaborate, with a final two-day exhibition, "Made in Filandia," that was successful enough to encourage organizers to make it a regular event.

Meanwhile, organizers hope that the Museo delle Terre Nuove will be set to open on schedule later this year. At which point, the secret of the Valdarno will be out. "On this street alone there are three museums," pointed out Mr. Mangione, the Montevarchi filmmaker. "And the collections that are here, they arrive from all over Italy."

Strozzina's 'Open Studio' tours

Florence isn't all Brunelleschi and Michelangelo, and Tuscany's cultural offerings don't stop with the region's abundance of Renaissance-era buildings and museums. Working underneath the tall shadows of its past, the region boasts a healthy and active scene of contemporary artists.

The **Strozzina Center of Contemporary Culture**, located in downtown Florence, is the city's standard-bearer for contemporary Tuscan art. This fall, the center is linking up working artists with the public by taking interested visitors to Tuscany on a series of "open studio" group tours, during a program that runs through April 2011. Every Friday and Saturday at 4:30 p.m., a different studio in one of Tuscany's artistic centers—Florence, Pisa, Pistoia, Prato or Siena—is opened for a free tour. Off-schedule tours can also be individually arranged.

The 18 featured artists include Olga Pavlenko, a Florence-based Ukrainian installation artist whose work studies the interactions between individual and collective; Eugenia Vanni, who crafts multimedia sculptures and paintings in her studio in Siena; and visual artist Raffaele di Vaia, in Prato. For more information, visit www.strozzina.org/open_studios. A calendar of visits, and information on how to book is also available online.

—Joel Weickgenant

COVER STORY



The wizard behind 'Potter' films

BY CECILIE ROHWEDDER

For all the magical settings and technical wizardry in the new Harry Potter film, the favorite part of production designer Stuart Craig is a modest moment in the movie.

Early on in "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part I," the seventh film in the series and set to be released worldwide on Friday, Harry's friend Hermione Granger leaves her family's friendly middle-class home to join her wizard companions on a dangerous journey. To protect her parents, sitting in a cozy living room, she erases their memories of her and walks out into a coldly lit suburban street.

"It is a comfortable family home with a gentle elegance about it," said Mr. Craig. "We wanted to show a place that's hard to leave, and it works."

Mr. Craig's job is to tell and support a film's story by setting the stage for it, literally and in feel. As production designer he is in charge of everything the audience can see, except for the actors. Like the books by British author J.K. Rowling, in which an orphan boy named Harry Potter learns he is a wizard, goes to a magical boarding school and fights against an evil enemy, the movies have become a cultural and commercial phenomenon that Mr. Craig's imagery has helped to create.

In 10 years of bringing the world of Harry Potter to life on the big screen, Mr.

Craig's inventions have ranged from large, medieval buildings such as the fictional Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry to tiny props like the so-called deluminator, a magical gadget used to suck the light out of a room and shoot it back out, one of Mr. Craig's favorites in the new release.

In the latest film, there isn't much that's light and comforting. None of the action takes place in the homey setting of Hogwarts—a change that presented Mr. Craig with the task of creating two-and-a-half-hours worth of new settings, but gave the franchise a fresh look. The film unfolds like a road movie, with the main characters traveling through bleak, barren countryside or facing mortal dangers in burning houses and cobwebbed castles.

"The winter was helpful with the frosty, snowy landscape," said Mr. Craig, who has won three Academy Awards for his craft, over coffee the morning after the film's London premiere last week. At the premiere, he noted with satisfaction, the audience visibly shuddered when Harry jumped into an icy pond in a lifeless, moonlit forest. "It was giving an extreme sense of discomfort."

In reality, the scene was entirely shot at Leavesden Studios in Watford, near London, where all Potter movies were made. Leavesden is also home to Mr. Craig's favorite set in the film: the fictional Ministry of Magic, which sits beneath a real street in the London government district of Whitehall. To create the Ministry for the fifth Potter film

in 2007, Mr. Craig studied other underground structures, such as the London and Moscow subway stations. The black ceramic tiles on the Ministry's hallways look like those still found in many London stations.

For the new film, Mr. Craig added a towering monument to the set's large atrium. The Soviet-style sculpture shows wizards crushing cowering muggles, or people without magic powers, with a large engraving that says "Magic is Might." The totalitarian aesthetic and Orwellian tone, Mr. Craig feels, highlights the film's theme of a world dominated by evil. He used seemingly long corridors and multistory elevators to give the Ministry a labyrinthine, Kafkaesque feel. As the characters explore the building, including an upstairs office and a basement court room, viewers soon feel as if they know their way around the place.

"There is a whole world there now, instead of just an architectural space," Mr. Craig said.

Now a silver-haired industry veteran, Mr. Craig designed his first set as a teenager in England, when he painted the Tower of London as a background for a school production of "The Yeomen of the Guard" by W.S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Years later, in 1983, Mr. Craig won his first Oscar for his work on "Gandhi" and two subsequent ones for "Dangerous Liaisons" and "The English Patient"—all period films. He has been nominated for five other movies, including two Potter installments—and worked on hits like

"Notting Hill" and "Cry Freedom."

One afternoon in 1999, Mr. Craig was decorating the bedroom of his soon-to-be-born grandson, when U.S. director Chris Columbus called and invited him to Los Angeles to discuss a film version of the first Potter novel. Mr. Craig rushed out to buy the book and got on the plane. Reading in his seat, he felt "a slight sense of panic." He had to invent a complex world, based in reality but with magical elements. In addition, many readers had firm images of that world in their heads. What made the job less daunting, Mr. Craig said now, was that it wasn't clear what a big, global success the series would become.

"I thought we were making just one movie," he recalled.

For the ancient Hogwarts Castle, he studied Europe's oldest buildings, such as Norman and Gothic Cathedrals. The Great Hall at Hogwarts was based on Christ Church College at Oxford University. While suitably ornate and medieval, the location was problematic because the windows sit high above the wood panelling. As a result, actors would be shot flat against a wall, without the light and more interesting, three-dimensional background of a window behind them. After the second movie, Mr. Craig replaced the real-life location with his own hall, with lower windows.

"Between the first and the seventh movies, there are enormous changes, but people don't seem to mind," Mr. Craig said.

COVER STORY

Harry Potter and the long ending

[Film]

By JOE MORGENSTERN



It's not a good sign, or portent, or what have you, that the only affecting character in "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 1" proves to be the emancipated

elf Dobby, a bandy-legged, floppy-eared, scrawny-necked and mostly digital creature—based on Toby Jones's performance—who yanks really hard at your heartstrings in his hour of distress. Nor is it much help that Dobby's big moment comes almost two hours into this ponderous film adaptation of the seventh and last book in J. K. Rowling's series. (Part 2 will unfold as another full-length feature.)

Then what of Harry, Ron and Hermione? Well, they're on a climactic mission to defeat the evil and essentially noseless Voldemort by finding and destroying all the Horcruxes, failing which we might never get to Part 2. Along the way, you may find yourself obsessing about exactly how many Horcruxes must still be found, since the dark and doomy mission is relieved only by a cheerful wedding, a pleasant dance and a beautiful stretch of animation. What's worse, some mysterious movie curse has turned the three once-lively adventurers into wood.

Daniel Radcliffe, as Harry, spends a great deal of time looking pensive, or worried. At one point he says, with exasperation, "This is completely mental!" Yes, and you wish it were emotional. Hermione is still the brains of the operation, yet the appealing young actress Emma Watson is called upon to wear a bleak expression that ill becomes her. (Did the director, David Yates, forget that at least some of this stuff was supposed to be fun?) Rupert Grint has grown up to be a skillful actor who knows the value of a slow burn, but the book dictates that Ron be afflicted by jealousy and anger, so, here again, what you read is what you get, and not one smile more.

The book dictates a vast assortment of details, interludes and ancillary characters; that's the nature, and the pleasure, of literary density. Their presence in the movie, which was adapted by Steve Kloves, may well be obligatory, as well as gratifying, to the book's fans, but they take an awful toll on narrative momentum—every two minutes the action whooshes sideways to someone somewhere else.

Those characters include multiple Harrys as decoys, a device that's handled joylessly. The interludes include a long—and I mean long—stay in a forest, where Hermione uses an extension charm (not that the movie needed extension) to turn her small

bag into a cornucopia containing, among other things, a camping tent. Many of the production's deficits are baffling—the commonplace chases, the murky look, the indifferent effects—but none more so than the interior of the tent, which looks like a big and banal stage set before the enchantment sets in.

On the other hand, that animated sequence, which illustrates a crucial fairy tale in shadow-puppet style, is as charming as can be. The whole thing could have used animation.

'The Next Three Days'

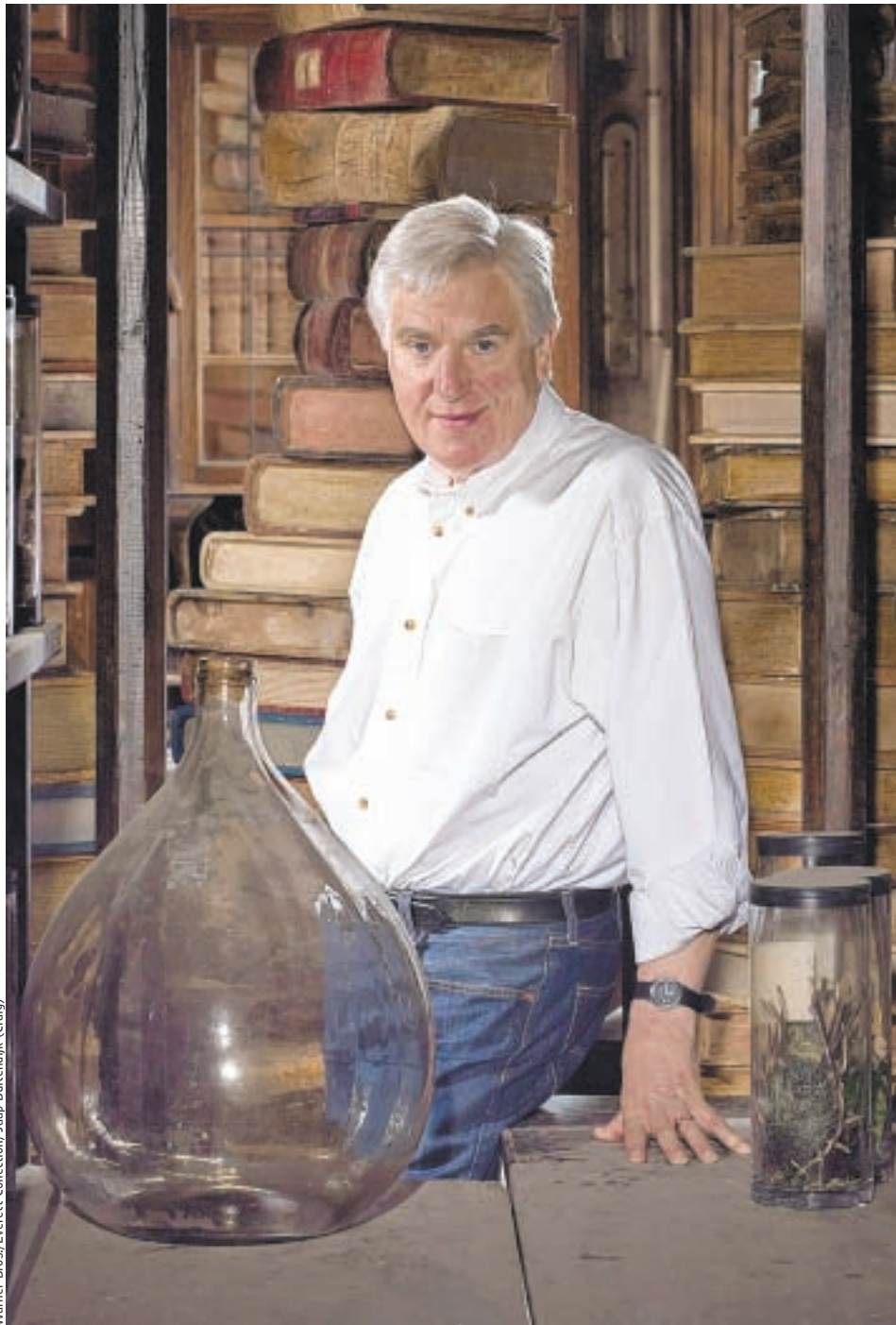
How you feel about Paul Haggis's new film may depend on your contrivance threshold. Mine is fairly low to begin with (unless the contrivances are gleefully bold, as in "Unstoppable"), and even lower when it comes to movies like Mr. Haggis's "Crash," which depends on intricate contrivances that you either accept and enjoy, or, in my case, instinctively reject. "The Next Three Days" asks its audience to accept a lot.

Elizabeth Banks is Lara Brennan, a loving wife and mother convicted wrongly—or was she?—of murder. Russell Crowe is John Brennan, her loving, logical and presumably sane husband who leaves conventional logic and all but a semblance of his sanity behind while devising an elaborate plan to break his wife out of an escape-proof Pittsburgh prison. (Mr. Haggis adapted the script from a French film, unknown to me, called "Pour Elle.") The movie's concern is the power of irrationality, which can yield remarkable achievements at terrible costs. John Brennan achieves what he does either by seeking equipment and advice from shady characters (anyone would have to be slightly bonkers at the outset to trust the escape artist that Liam Neeson plays with a bad New York accent) or by plumbing the depths of the Web for information on such arcana as making a bump key—which opens locks by bumping their tumblers—or breaking into a car. (Good thing he didn't want to make an atomic bomb.)

As the tension builds, it's easy to join the irrationality and truly enjoy it; the level of filmmaking craftsmanship is high, and Mr. Crowe gives his character unearned credibility; the actor must have relished the notion of a law-abiding citizen who becomes a criminal for the sake of love. There's at least one moment when all of the contrivance subsides long enough for genuine feeling to come forth—it's when John's father, played by Brian Dennehy, bids his son goodbye, knowing they may never meet again. And Mr. Haggis deserves props for shattering the myth that all Prius drivers are good. But his movie wears you down while it's whipping you up. Contrivance can have a long arm too; eventually this one breaks.



Ralph Fiennes as Voldemort in a scene from 'Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 1'



Warner Bros./Everett Collection; Jaap Buitendijk (Craig)

Clockwise from top left, Rupert Grint, Daniel Radcliffe, Dobby, Kreacher, Emma Watson and Andy Linden; Stuart Craig on the set of Warner Bros. Pictures' fantasy adventure "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 1," the seventh film in the series; Robbie Coltrane, left, and Mr. Radcliffe in a scene from the new film; and Mr. Grint.

Those changes posed problems for Mr. Craig but they also added novelty. In the early movies, for instance, Hogwarts didn't have a courtyard. It then got a small one and for the final movie, scheduled to come out next year, Mr. Craig created a new, bigger one for a battle scene. Another challenge came in the sixth film, when Hogwarts' fictive headmaster dies in the school's Astronomy Tower. There was no such tower in the original set, nor in Hogwarts' silhouette, which Mr. Craig wanted to keep familiar and balanced.

Computer-generated imagery advanced rapidly since the first film, and Mr. Craig gradually embraced it. For the first six movies, his team built a so-called miniature of Hogwarts castle. It was a large structure, built to scale, that sat inside the studio, a former aircraft hangar. For next year's final film, Hogwarts was made digitally. Visual effects wizards scanned the miniature and then scanned surfaces of other buildings, including cracks and crumbling masonry. Those images are then laid over those of the original miniature, giving them more weathered, real texture and more architectural detail. The improved castle walls allowed for more action close to the building—essential for a film that revolves around Hogwarts.

The most exciting new technology, Mr. Craig said, is "compositing," which allows him to combine parts of different pictures into one image, creating the illusion that

they are part of the same scene. For one scene of the new film, a grassy hill behind the Leavesden studio became the walk-up to a black tower set in a vast landscape in the Scottish highlands. In another, the limestone rocks on which Harry and his friends pitch their tent were made of polystyrene in the studio and joined with the scenery shot in Yorkshire.

Yet Mr. Craig is ambivalent about digital technology and the competition for ever grander special effects. Computer graphics, he said, often gets used as a "spectacle," or end in itself. What's needed, he explained, is a second phase of digital filmmaking, where technology is merely used to make real images more real, or more interesting. Instead of making films more expensive, he noted, computer images could also cut the cost of movies with lower budgets than the Potter films.

Above all, Mr. Craig remains attached to traditional crafts and can wax lyrical about a good paintbrush, the sound of carpenters' saws and the simplicity of chalk and water turning into plaster for architectural shapes. Of all the movies he worked on, his favorite is "Shadowlands"—"because it is modest," he said. In that 1993 movie, the quiet life of an Oxford professor is disrupted by the arrival of a lively American poet. Finishing his morning coffee, Mr. Craig said, the film was similar to the scene with Hermione leaving her peaceful parents in the new Harry Potter.

GOLF

Drive the ball like it's a Lamborghini

Callaway's latest assault on the tee box is a new material called 'forged composite'

[Golf Journal]

BY JOHN PAUL NEWPORT



Lamborghini's Sesto Elemento concept car, the hit of last month's Paris Auto Show, would not seem at first glance to have

much in common with Callaway's new Diablo Octane and Octane Tour drivers. But both are made using an ingenious new material called forged composite that the companies developed together.

Callaway hopes that forged composite, which is as strong or stronger than titanium but only one third the density, will be the next big thing in driver clubhead construction, superseding titanium the way titanium superseded steel, which superseded persimmon. Lamborghini expects to use the material extensively in future generations of its sports cars. The new Callaway drivers hit golf stores last week at \$299 each (€219).

There's no way of knowing whether five years from now forged composite will be standard equipment or just a forgotten experiment. I hit a few balls with the clubs and couldn't tell much. They felt solid on impact, didn't sound dramatically different, and if they were lighter or speedier, I couldn't perceive it (but it's not supposed to be obvious—the speed claim is only 1-2 miles per hour over the company's shorter, all-titanium predecessor club, the Diablo Edge.)

The Lamborghini-Callaway alliance is about trading marketing sizzle as well as collaborating on technology. When it comes to clubs and balls, the industry focuses on products that can be pitched as longer, straighter and easier to hit. Companies strive to come up with a "new and improved" model as often as possible—just like selling fall fashions or repackaging laundry detergent. Complicating matters is that the clubmakers must do this while constrained by the rules. Since the late 1990s, the U.S. Golf Association, alarmed by galloping increases in driving distance, began imposing tighter restrictions on the length of shafts, the size of clubheads and the so-called trampoline effect in clubfaces.

For Lamborghini, the Sesto Elemento can zoom from zero to 60 miles per hour in 2.5 seconds. That's almost a full second faster than the Italian automaker's current speed champ, the \$240,000 Superleggera, and the difference is entirely due to weight. Both cars use the same 570-horsepower, four-wheel-drive drivetrain, but by building the Elemento's chassis almost entirely of forged composite, engineers were able to reduce its curb weight by nearly a third, to an anorexic 2,072 pounds.

"The power-to-weight ratio is more like a motorcycle's," Lamborghini's chief executive, Stephan Winkelmann, told me recently in New York. Unfortunately for speed freaks, the



Sesto Elemento in its current form isn't destined for the sales floor, Mr. Winkelmann said. But after more proving-ground analysis of the vehicle, including how it wears over time and responds to collisions, he expects forged composite to begin working its way into production Lamborghinis within a few years.

The weight-saving in Callaway's new drivers, which deploy forged composite only in the crowns (the bottom half of the clubheads is still made of titanium) is only 10 grams. But 10 grams isn't nothing. The weight loss up top gives designers more flexibility in how they distribute mass around the bottom, to help create more desirable ball flight characteristics and improve forgiveness for off-center hits.

It also allows them to lengthen the shaft by an inch or half inch over previous drivers, to 46 inches, without making the overall club heavier. That promotes faster clubhead speed and, in theory, distance—leaving aside the issue that longer clubs are always going to be more difficult to hit accurately than shorter clubs. Callaway says that human testers were hitting drives an average of eight yards farther with the Diablo Octane than with the Edge.

The partnership between Callaway and Lamborghini began two years ago, when researchers from the two companies met during a materials science conference at the University of Washington and realized they were barking up the same tree. "The collaboration has been great," said Callaway Chief Executive George Fellows. "The DNA of both companies, pushing for a technological edge in performance-oriented consumer products, is very similar." But the markets they serve are dissimilar enough to make full cooperation feasible. The key quality that distinguishes forged composite from the graphite composites already used in golf clubs and high-performance automobiles is the size of its fibers. They are much smaller (500,000 per square inch)



The Lamborghini Sesto Elemento is not yet available to buy; the new Diablo Octane driver, which went on sale last week, contains some of the same forged composite.

and intertwine every which way, instead of predominately in one direction. That makes the material more uniformly strong, like metals.

Just as important, the companies say, is that the new material is easier than others to mold, or forge, into whatever odd shape engineers desire to improve performance. Lamborghini's chief of research and development, Maurizio Reggiani, said that the material can lead to "very significant" reduction in manufacturing costs and design turn-around times.

At Callaway, the advantages are more about precision. "We can think about shapes with forged composite that were never possible before. Wall thicknesses (in clubheads) can be specified

down to 1/1000th on an inch," said Alan Hocknell, chief of research and development. Future driver and fairway-wood clubheads made entirely of forged composite are a certainty.

Callaway isn't the only manufacturer seeking competitive technological advantage. Nike Golf has just come out with what it calls a "compression channel" located about a half inch behind the clubface in its new drivers and fairway woods. Super-slow-motion video shows the channel crumpling a bit at ball impact and springing back. The effect is to spread the allowable trampoline effect over a greater area than just the middle of the clubface, to help balls hit off-center go farther.

Adams Golf has been focusing on sleek aerodynamics to increase clubhead speed, Ping on maximizing forgiveness and TaylorMade on its path of helping golfers to alter shot shape by fiddling with weights embedded in the clubhead.

Another huge focus, by almost every company, is making it simpler and faster for players to be custom-fitted into clubs exactly right for them.

"It's hogwash, this idea that there is no more room to innovate," said Mark King, the chief executive at TaylorMade. "Golf can deliver new technology as fast as any other business sector."

Email John Paul at golfjournal@wsj.com.

HOMES

A tale of two salons in Paris

Yves Saint Laurent inherited his taste for rich interiors from a spellbinding doyenne

By DAVID NETTO

The legendary Paris apartment that Yves Saint Laurent shared with his partner in life and business, Pierre Bergé, has become as visible a part of the designer's brand as his clothes. (It is today on the market with an asking price of \$32 million.)

After Saint Laurent's death in 2008, Christie's held a multi-day sale of the couple's belongings. I remember reading an interview with Mr. Bergé around that time. When asked where his and Saint Laurent's personal taste had been formed, he invoked a personality whose reputation for style had peaked in the 1930s and who had become relatively obscure since her death in 1970.

"Influences?" he said. "Only one. Marie-Laure de Noailles."

Also known as the Vicomtesse de Noailles, she was a spellbinding tastemaker of Paris. She was also a hostess, patron of artists and, to many, a muse—and, in actuality, an artist herself.

She turned the Beaux-Arts townhouse she inherited from her family into a laboratory for her own taste. Her signature aesthetic began in the neighborhood of 1930s modernism and, over decades, morphed into a skilled juxtaposition and layering of art and objects nobody else ever thought to combine.

A kind of chimeric fusion of Joan Crawford and George Clinton, de Noailles surrounded herself with young people, and they aided her until the end of her life in her battle against convention of any kind. Two years before her death, she became active in the Paris student riots of 1968.

Not long before that time she had befriended the ascendant Saint Laurent and Mr. Bergé, and received them in her extraordinary salon, which contained her portrait by Balthus, Renaissance bronzes atop straw marquetry tables and boldly scaled paintings hanging on chains or thick knotted rope.

This was the taste and force of character that inspired the two young connoisseurs to take a similar direction in creating the rooms in their duplex at 55 Rue de Babylone.

What we see here is beyond decoration. It's closer to collecting, but artistically beyond that too.

Let's take a look.

Start Doing One Thing and Then Throw Out the Rules

It's easy to forget each of these rooms started out as a modernist box. Early pictures of the de Noailles salon show parchment walls and straw marquetry furniture designed by Jean-Michel Frank.

Saint Laurent's living room began with a similar feeling of restraint; early purchases, although of impeccable quality, were largely Art Deco. Over time came the Renaissance bronzes, 18th-century and even Napoleon III furniture, Augsburg silver, a Goya (of which de Noailles had one as well), the layering of old master and modernist pictures, the busts, the clustering of seating in comfortable groups. Decoration like this makes a simple declaration: You are in the house of a genius.

One Staggering Masterpiece in Disguise

For years, I looked at pictures of



Saint Laurent's living room and thought, "How cool to have an African sculpture in the place of honor, in the midst of all these European masterpieces." Well, not at all.

The auction catalog made known that upon the mantel rested the 1915 sculpture "L.R.," one of at most three early wooden sculptures by Brancusi that are still in private hands.

It's hard to say what de Noailles's secret treasure is, but if I had to guess, that's probably a Rembrandt leaning on the floor at lower right. You just never know.

No Matter Your Style, Add a Little English Comfort

The fireplace fender is a staple of English country houses and gentlemen's clubs, and about as far from French Moderne as can be. But de Noailles knew that at a party, there's nothing cozier than sitting in conversation with your back to the fire.

There was a whole school of Anglophile sophistication gaining ground in Paris at this time—remember, this was the age when Chanel was inspired to do tweeds by the clothes she saw fox-hunting in England. But such an arrangement was unique against a micah chimney fireplace.

Saint Laurent used the technique to similar effect. Nothing is off limits to sit on, and furniture is grouped for conversation, not display.

Insist On a Cozy Room, Even If the Ceiling Is High

This idea is connected to the previous one, that English country houses showed the world how to live cozily with treasures, and that arrangement for maximum comfort matters.

I'm guessing the Saint Laurent/Bergé ceilings are 17 feet and de No-

ailles's are over 22, but both of these rooms have no shortage of intimate places to sit, whether you are two or 20 people.

The Power of the Personal

The late designer Billy Baldwin said, "The best decoration is a roomful of books."

No matter how stately the room, or how grand the collections, nothing is more effective in conveying charm and personality than lots of books, everywhere. No books, no chic. You've got to be at home with your treasures, and show that they don't own you.

De Noailles comes out ahead in this department, with books and magazines stacked deeply on every major surface.

But Saint Laurent was clearly reading whatever there is on the lower shelf of that round table at left. I like to think there were more, and that he cleaned them up for the picture. I hate to inject a somber theme to this discussion, but I would say with great affection for my subjects that creativity of this highest level always has its roots in personal pain.

Both de Noailles and Saint Laurent were known to be difficult characters with complicated personalities. These rooms are scenes of great victories wrested from great struggles. Nobody content would ever conjure such violent beauty out of juxtaposing disparate works of art. Only an artist would, and a real artist is never happy, never finished.

The simple pleasure of walking down the street in the sunshine is rarely an option for people with such temperaments.

But let's not end on a down note! As backdrops to a life where anything normal is the enemy, these rooms were both terrific successes.



Top, Yves Saint Laurent's Paris apartment reflects the tastes of Marie-Laure de Noailles; above, a photo of her apartment from the book 'Jean-Michel Frank.'



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BOOKS

Municipal Blondes

The Recessionistas
By Alexandra Lebenthal
Grand Central, 320 pages, £18.99

By EDWARD KOSNER

Have you ever met anyone named Grigsby Somerset or Thruce Cogson? Would you like to? Do you know the difference between Swifty's and Fred's or even what they are? Would you like to? Can you imagine a novel that could be pitched as "The Real Housewives of the Upper East Side meet Gordon Gekko"? Would you like to?

If the answers are "no" and "yes" times three, this is the book for you.

It's called "The Recessionistas," and it was contrived by Alexandra Lebenthal. For years, Ms. Lebenthal and her chirpy pop, Jim, have been flogging municipal bonds for their family firm on radio commercials.

Beneath all the charity-gala glitter and Manolo-dropping, her novel is essentially a Nancy Drew mystery in which two intrepid Wall Street women pursue an updated Gekko fraudster along a trail strewn with surreptitious Cayman Islands bank accounts, CUSIP numbers and hedge-fund gobbledegook.

Grigsby (a pampered Wall Street wife) and Thruce (a gay companion of pampered Wall Street wives) are just two of the noisome characters we meet in Ms. Lebenthal's exercise in 2010 chick lit, in which many of the chicks have ripened into plump pullets.

There's John Cutter, a hedge-fund meanie with a toilet mouth; his wife, Mimi, who is addicted to Bergdorf's and Botox; and Amanda Belden, who used to date Mimi's husband on the conference table at his hedge fund. Oh, and Amanda was nasty to Cutter's new black assistant, Renee Parker, when Renee was a scholarship-girl classmate at snooty Spence. Renee's mother, the saintly Donita, works as a maid for Grigsby and her husband, Blake, a Lehman Brothers bond salesman, at their Park Avenue co-op, where Grigsby has a 700-square-foot closet stuffed with Hermès Birkin bags, \$5,000 dresses, \$12,000 ball

gowns and an Imelda's ransom of shoes.

Renee, who sets out to expose her rogue boss, is a paragon—kind, honest, reverent, trustworthy, brilliant and beautiful. Her partner in crime-solving turns out to be one of the few other admirable Recessionistas: Sasha Silver, good wife, devoted mother and nurturing chief of a family asset-management business that she has sold to an unappreciative out-of-town outfit but still runs. Sasha manages somehow to be a Wall Street star—and look great at all the big charity do's—while matching Renee virtue for virtue. And her husband, Adam, another finance whiz, is a doll, unlike the evil, libidinous John Cutter, the scheming, overmatched Blake Somerset and bad, old Thruce Cogden, the racist, anti-Semitic walker.

As Ms. Lebenthal confects the crimes, amateur sleuthing and heartwarming resolutions that give the novel a plot of sorts, she slathers on enough references to faux-chic restaurants, East Side private schools, society dermatologists, kamikaze divorce lawyers, shoe designers, personal trainers and hedged Southampton lanes to fill Women's Wear Daily until doomsday. Not to mention Mimi Cutter's stylist, Flamenco, who's supposed to be Brazilian but sounds like Hervé Villechaize exclaiming "De playne, de playne!" on "Fantasy Island."

With its potted history of the financial crisis and a tutorial on hedge funds tossed into the mix, it can be a challenge to determine where the social satire in "The Recessionistas" ends and the unconscious parody begins.

Much as she tries to send up the charity-ball scene, Ms. Lebenthal can't help conjuring its appeal: "There was always the palpable excitement as the car or taxi approached the party," she writes. "It was as if every event . . . held the pregnant pause of what possibilities lay beyond the doors: business, love, dancing, and drinks or just a great photo op." This will come as news to anyone who has been dragged to one of these affairs in a dinner jacket after a hard day at the office

dreaming only of an anesthetic double vodka on the rocks.

These unreal housewives could use some Zanax. There is, for instance, the scene in which one of them freaks out before the judge in her divorce case, wailing: "I will not live on that. . . It's bad enough that I have to pawn my jewelry to pay for the maid. . . I have to do what no woman of my status should do. I have had to sell my clothes to resale stores for cash!!"

And the scene when Sasha tells off her nemesis at the company that bought her firm: "I'd love to quote from *Baby Boom*, 'I just think the rat race is gonna have to survive with one less rat,' but that sounds so contrived. So I'll leave it with this between us. I have always thought you were a complete jerk, incompetent, a bad dresser unable to hold your own in public, particularly in any kind of social atmosphere."

That's about par for the dialogue here. People routinely say things like: "But now I'm back to my hellish existence" and "Steffi! That is dreadful! Your Christmas party is always the high point of the season!" and "Well, I am really in a dither, and I don't know what to do" and, my favorite, "John Cutter, if it is the last thing I do, I will get you back."

Mimi Cutter does indeed get back at him. With a couple of allies (including the reformed mean girl Amanda Belden), Renee and Sasha penetrate the dastardly scheme concocted by John Cutter and the hapless Blake Somerset. The unredeemable baddies get what they deserve. Other baddies purified by misfortune embark on earnest new lives far from the corrupt canyons of Wall Street and Park Avenue. The goodies get their rewards. Even Grigsby and Thruce manage an ingenious merger and acquisition that is a blessing for both sides of the deal.

There's even a happy ending for capitalism. In the last sentence of "The Recessionistas," the market closes up 189 points for the day!

—Mr. Kosner is the author of "It's News to Me," a memoir of his career as the editor of *Newsweek*, *New York magazine*, *Esquire* and *the New York Daily News*.

Never Again?

A New Shoah
By Giulio Meotti
Encounter, 428 pages, \$27.95

By LEON DE WINTER

"A New Shoah: The Untold Story of Israel's Victims of Terrorism," is a hard read. Not because it is badly written; it is clear, precise, and eloquent. It is a hard read because it is deeply moving—many times, I had to stop reading and catch my breath, wipe away the tears. Giulio Meotti, an Italian author and journalist, has written a monumental study of pain and grief, of mourning and remembrance, of hatred and love.

The book's title is well-chosen. From the very first pages, Mr. Meotti makes clear that he considers Palestinian terrorism and Arab hatred of Israel and the Jews the continuation of Nazi anti-Semitism. He shows that Palestinian and Arab rhetoric is focused on Jews—not just Israelis. The dream of the Islamists is to destroy the Jewish people, not just the sliver of land called Israel.

This is not a matter of opinion but of facts, which Mr. Meotti's well-researched book provides in abundance. Take just this recent example from a public speech by Hamas leader Mahmoud Al-Zahhar, aired on Hamas' Al-Aqsa TV on November 5, 2010:

Giulio Meotti's book about Palestinian terrorism tells a truth many Westerners don't want to hear.

"Allah willing, their [the Jews'] expulsion from Palestine in its entirety is certain to come. We are no weaker or less honorable than the peoples that expelled and annihilated the Jews. The day we expel them is drawing near. . . ."

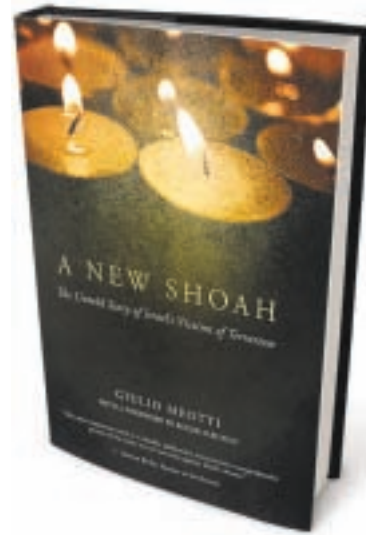
"There is no place for you [Jews] among us, and you have no future among the nations of the world. You are headed to annihilation."

These words move far beyond a conflict about territory—the underlying emotion is genocidal rage. Mr. Meotti's list of murderous anti-Semitism by Palestinian leaders and media is exhausting. But it is a list the Western media ignore as it would destroy the prevailing narrative that the Mideast conflict is about land and Palestinian suffering. It isn't. It is about that old sickness, Jew-hatred.

Mr. Meotti's other great achievement is to record the stories of the Jews who died as a result of this hatred and preserve their memories. He recalls victims who were trying to lead an ordinary life in a unique country. They were on their way to work, to the market, to see friends when the murderers crossed their paths, themselves dying in the fires they unleashed.

The roll of victims is long. "This is the Ground Zero of Israel, the first country ever to experience suicide terrorism on a mass scale," Mr. Meotti writes, "more than 150 suicide attacks carried out, plus more than 500 prevented. It's a black hole that in 15 years swallowed up 1,557 people and left 17,000 injured."

It must have been almost unbearable to write this book. Mr. Meotti gave the Jewish victims names and faces and, amid all that horror, packed his book also with descriptions of hundreds of acts of human



kindness and dignity.

"There is a long, heartbreaking list of teenage Jewish girls whose lives were cut off in a moment by a suicide bomber," Mr. Meotti writes. "Rachel Teller's mother decided to donate her daughter's heart and kidneys: 'That is my answer to the hyena who took my daughter's life. With her death, she will give life to two other people.' Rachel wore her hair very short and had a wistful smile. Her friends remembered the last time they saw her. 'We said bye-bye, a little bit bored, like it was nothing. Instead, it was the last time we said goodbye to Rachel.'"

The book is filled with these moments of intense pain, but this 400-page study of Jewish love of life is indispensable for anybody who wants to understand Israel's position in the world and the tragic position of the Jews in history.

There is the story of Massoud Mahlouf Allon, who was an observant Jewish immigrant from Morocco. "He was mutilated, bludgeoned and beaten to death while giving poor Palestinians the blankets he had collected from Israelis," Mr. Meotti recounts.

Or the disabled Arnad, who was blown up in the seat of his motorized wheelchair in Jerusalem's Mahane Yehuda market.

Or Nissan Cohen, who was a teenager when he fled from Afghanistan. "During the day he helped handicapped children, and at night he studied the Gemarra, the commentary on the Law. A bomb killed him at the entrance to the Mahane Yehuda market."

This book doesn't dumb down evil. It doesn't try to understand terrorists as victims of their socio-economic circumstances, doesn't mis-categorize them as poor or uneducated (they are often middle class) or driven allegedly to despair by the very same people they murdered. No, in "A New Shoah," the terrorists remain what they are, the executors of a hate-filled religious ideology. This is a truth too many Westerners still don't want to hear.

My own Dutch publishing house, the distinguished De Bezige Bij, born out of the Dutch resistance against the Nazis, refused to publish this amazing book. It had no qualms, however, about publishing a book of anti-Zionist rants by Dries van Agt, the former Dutch prime minister and Hamas apologist.

In a Continent stuck in denial about both Palestinian anti-Semitism and Europe's own resurgent Jew-hatred, hidden behind the label of anti-Zionism, Mr. Meotti's hard read is a breath of fresh air.

—Mr. de Winter is a Dutch novelist. His latest book is "The Right of Return" (De Bezige Bij, 2008).



ART & AUCTIONS



A computer-generated image of the futuristic, glass-encased, new annex of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam.

Museums' changing face

In the Netherlands, the Mauritshuis is the latest to renovate

By JOEL WEICKGENANT

The Hague's Mauritshuis Royal Picture Gallery enjoys all the benefits of being housed in a mansion, with its reddish brown-brick exterior and Greek columns that instantly draw the eye away from the opulence of the adjacent Binnenhof government complex in the Hague's downtown.

Despite its curbside appeal, every house occasionally needs to be brought up to date. Nowadays, if you want to draw visitors indoors to see, say, Vermeer's "Girl With A Pearl Earring," among the most famous of the museum's holdings, you need to open up the small rooms that are constraints of the original building.

The Mauritshuis will be the latest in a line of landmark museums in the Netherlands to undertake major renovations. The museum will essentially turn into a complex, with an underground extension that will connect the old house to Plein 26, an Art Deco building across the street that will now house spaces for cafes, conferences and exhibitions. The €22 million project will almost double the space of the museum, to 6,400 square meters.

"You can think of a cross between the Apple store in New York and the Louvre," is how Mauritshuis Director Emilie Gordenker describes the museum's hopes for the extension and renovation. "We're going to open up the gates. Then you come in and you end up in a very large, spacious and light-filled foyer."

A survey of some of the most important cultural institutions in the Hague and Amsterdam paints a dramatically shifting landscape. Some are slowly re-emerging after long closures, while restoration and bureaucratic hiccups keep other galleries in mothballs long past projected deadlines. Some are building new headquarters in unfamiliar neighborhoods, while others are redrawing the parameters of their old ones. Many works in the country's best collections lie in depots or travel to museums in smaller cities or abroad.

Far from being of interest only to museumgoers, many projects are changing the look and function of Dutch cityscapes. The Stedelijk Museum and Rijksmuseum, along with the Van Gogh Museum, sit along the grass-covered Museumplein (Museum Square). The futuristic, glass-encased new annex of the Stedelijk will bring libraries, a restaurant and an auditorium directly into the square, while the reopening of the

bike passage that runs through the Rijksmuseum building will once again connect the city's core to the Museum District.

In the meantime, the skeleton of the Eye Film Institute's gleaming new headquarters across from Central Station offers a promise of what's to come when the new institute, which incorporates the former Filmmuseum, opens on the waterfront in Amsterdam Noord, the city's largest and quirkiest district. Last year's opening of Hermitage Amsterdam, in a 17th-century monument on the Amstel, has added a new dimension to Amsterdam's museum landscape: the museum draws its exhibitions from the collections of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. The museum drew 630,000 visitors in its first half-year of operation, and on Oct. 23 won a countrywide design award. Amsterdam's National Maritime Museum, which began renovations in 2007, is on schedule to re-

The Mauritshuis renovation will be 'a cross between the Apple store in New York, and the Louvre.'

open in 2011. And around the corner from the Mauritshuis in the Hague, a pair of museums, the Prince William V Gallery and the Prison Gate Museum, staged a joint opening in September after a two-year renovation. "We're a small museum, so in the end what we're looking to do is create a setting for the final event, which is the Mauritshuis with the fabulous collection," Ms. Gordenker says. Changes include a new entrance at the front, which is currently blocked off by an iron gate and fence. The entrance will lead visitors to the most prominent feature of the new design: the underground foyer, meant to flood with natural light, which will connect the Mauritshuis to Plein 26 on the other side.

"Using a building project like this is not only an expansion of your facilities," says Ms. Gordenker, "but also a complete rethink of who you are and where you want to go."

Amsterdam's Stedelijk returned to the core of its identity when a massive, ongoing renovation and expansion project began in 2004. The museum, dedicated to contemporary art, reopened its monumental building for a series of temporary exhibitions in August to show the public the

work that has been completed so far.

Renovators of the Stedelijk sought to embody two key periods in the building's history: the original design by city architect Adriaan Weissman, and the interior design of Willem Sandberg, the curator-turned-director who radically implemented the "white cube" aesthetic that became the iconic backdrop for modern art around the world.

As part of the renovation, workers cleaned the building of "all the later changes and additions which were made because of a lack of space: little offices and small and low gallery spaces," says Patrick Van Mil, Stedelijk's business director. "This means that all of the historical building is going to be gallery space now, leaving more room to show the breadth and depth of the collection."

The Stedelijk maintained a shifting public presence after closing its doors six years ago. Until 2008, it hosted shows from a temporary space in a building near Centraal Station. Through a program called "Stedelijk in the City," the museum crafted partnerships resulting in shows such as the exhibition on religion and art, held in 2008 and 2009, in the Nieuwe Kerk on Dam Square. But the museum itself stayed closed until the partial reopening in August.

"The thing is the new annex took longer than expected" to build, Stedelijk spokeswoman Marie Jose Raven says, adding that since the museum belongs to the city and relies on government support, managing the project can be painstaking. Managers at the Rijksmuseum understand the frustration. Delays in construction and fights with the neighborhood district that has to approve the design of the project have led to a five-year lag in the expected re-opening of the museum.

The Rijksmuseum is scheduled to fully reopen in 2013, and while the branch of the museum that remains open draws almost a million visitors a year, according to spokesman Boris De Munnick, most of its treasures remain locked in depots.

Back in the Hague, the Mauritshuis still has time before the doors close—the final design will be revealed next month and construction begins early 2012. Ms. Gordenker says she hopes the final result will be an open, inviting layout that appeals to a contemporary public; and a construction process that will avoid the pitfalls and delays that have plagued some other projects. "The Mauritshuis itself will really be able to sparkle," she says.

An eclectic lot of furniture

[Collecting]

By MARGARET STUDER



Modern design auctions next week in Paris and Vienna offer styles from the classic to the fanciful.

On Nov. 26, mid-20th-century furnishings from the collection of German fashion designer Wolfgang Joop will be at Christie's Paris.

"They are very select pieces," says Sonja Ganne, Christie's European head of 20th-century decorative art and design. Major designers include France's Alexandre Noll, Eugène Printz, Jean Royère and the U.S.'s George Nakashima.

The pieces come from Mr. Joop's home, Villa Wunderkind, in Potsdam. The residence reflects the eclectic taste of a passionate collector.

In its rooms, modern design is nestled among Old Master paintings and 18th-century and contemporary art. The villa's interior illustrates that different eras work together as "they are in dialog with each other," Ms. Ganne says.

Mr. Joop has a particular regard for Noll, so much so that he organized a Noll retrospective exhibition at Schloss Charlottenburg in Berlin in 2000. Noll reflects Mr. Joop's fascination with creating utilitarian, sculptural objects out of wood.

In next week's sale is a rare cabinet from 1947 designed by Noll that is carved from black African ebony wood, stands on two legs and has a striking effect similar to tribal sculptures (estimate: €250,000-€350,000).

Another striking object made from wood is an elm burr and oak coffee table by Nakashima, circa 1950-1960, that resembles a piece of abandoned driftwood (estimate: €40,000-€60,000).

A star lot will be a unique lacquered sideboard decorated with wondrous animals that was created around 1930 by Printz, Switzerland's lacquer master Jean Durrant and French artist Jean Lambert-Rucki (estimate: €300,000-€500,000). The animals on the cabinet were used in some accessories' patterns for the autumn/winter 2009 collection for the Wunderkind fashion label, Mr. Joop's womenswear collection.

For comfort, it would be hard to beat Royère's plush, sink-down chairs in red-purple colors from

the 1940s. In the sale, a cozy sofa and matching armchair is estimated at €150,000-€200,000; and a pair of armchairs, at €80,000-€120,000.

In Christie's Paris general design sale on the same day, there are also striking and rare objects such as the works by France's Philippe Hiquily.

They include wonderful tables, like a unique "Termite" piece from 1977 with a glass top and a large brass insect as a base (€20,000-€30,000). Among icons of modern French design will be bureau "Présidence" (1948) by Jean Prouvé, a specially commissioned, long desk with cupboards offering a simplicity that symbolizes 20th-century functional design (estimate: €80,000-€120,000).

Also in Paris, Sotheby's will hold its 20th-century decorative arts and design sale on Nov. 24. Plenty of high-power lots will be featured, including a unique surrealist bar from 1966 made from metal, brass and crystal by France's François-Xavier Lalanne, a favorite designer of fashion's Yves Saint Laurent. The bar looks made for magic nights and loads of martinis (estimate: €300,000-€500,000).

Elsewhere, Gerti Draxler, design specialist at Austrian auction house Dorotheum, will hold one of her much-awaited sales in Vienna on Nov. 23. I find Ms. Draxler's auctions are always a treat, filled with pieces she has sought out across Europe and America. They range from classic vintage to off-beat contemporary.

"The most-highly priced pieces may be the most spectacular, but there are loads of other interesting works," Ms. Draxler says.

At this sale, among the 323 lots, Ms. Draxler has chosen to feature a free-standing metal-and-glass bookcase decorated with owls by famed Swiss furniture designer Diego Giacometti, circa 1966-1967 (estimate: €110,000-€140,000); "Big Easy Mild" (1995), an abstract sculpture-like steel chair by Israeli Ron Arad (estimate: €45,000-€55,000); a pair of wall lamps shaped like a glowing sun by France's André Dubreuil, from 1995 (estimate: €3,600-€4,200); and "Crushed Love" (2009), a partially crushed red and blue seat made with the letters of "love" by Korean artist Gimhongsok (estimate: €45,000-€55,000). It looks weird to sit on, but Ms. Draxler tells me, "No problem. It has a cushion."



'Crushed Love' (2009) seat by Gimhongsok. (Estimate: €45,000-€55,000.)

REVIEWS

Lessons in modern morality

London: It was one of those unfortunate things, but on the press night, Lindsay Posner's new production of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" at the Vaudeville Theatre seemed a touch under-rehearsed. However, as one of the lines of the play has it, "Sooner or later we shall all have to pay for what we do." Wilde adds: "No one should be entirely judged by their past"—and this is as close to an ideal cast as I can imagine for this serious, witty-rich and highly topical drama.

In the past few years, the British have had political scandals galore—sleaze, cash-for-questions, MPs' expenses, mistresses, burying of bad news and sexed-up reports, but Wilde had it all there in his 1895 play about public and private honor, and foreign scams by big companies. The play is as startlingly apt today as it was originally, when Wilde was himself arrested and martyred for "gross indecency."

The husband of the title is Sir Robert Chiltern, undersecretary for Foreign Affairs (Alexander Hanson), and three of the four acts of the play take place in his magnificent Mayfair house. Designer Stephen Brimston Lewis has made a set with astonishing all-gold interiors that show off his elaborate Victorian costumes. At

one point, the charming blackmailer Mrs. Cheveley, winsomely and fascinatingly played by Samantha Bond, seems to be wearing half a heron as her hat. Her victim is Sir Robert: she wants him to alter—sex-up—a report to Parliament.

He is not the hero of the piece—this is the altogether more Wildean figure of Lord Goring (Elliott Cowan), dandy and ne'er-do-well heir to an earldom, who oddly turns out to embody the conscience of the play. By the time you read this, I'm sure the cast will be word-perfect and slick; but I imagine some acting honors will still go to Caroline Blakiston for her mad old bat, Lady Markby.

Unlikely as it seems, the National Theatre's production of the Afro-beat bio-musical "Fela!" has many of the themes of "An Ideal Husband"—corrupt politicians, dishonorable behavior both on the part of the politicians and the foreign corporations that are looting the country (Nigeria, in this case). The slender plot thread details the life of the prodigiously gifted Fela Anikulapo Kuti, son of a Christian clergyman and a political leader mother, who, sent to London in the 1950s to study medicine, changes to music, and invents a new genre. His Afro-beat

combined West African drumming with Caribbean and American rock influences to make a powerful and popular new sound. Fela returned to Africa, clashed with the military dictatorships, opened a club called the Shrine, explored Yoruba religion and folkways, smoked a lot of dope, married 27 women at once and denounced Western culture: They took "our petroleum, and gave us back gonorrhoea and Jesus." He also condemned condoms as non-African and died of AIDS.

Jim Lewis and the great choreographer, Bill T. Jones, turned this tale into a whirlwind musical with as much precision dancing as "Swan Lake" and the torrent of energy that emerges from Fela's own music and lyrics. It comes to London adorned with a slew of Tonys. From the original New York cast, there is only Fela himself, Sahr Ngaujah, who gives the most subtle, vibrant, energetic performance conceivable. How has Mr. Jones got such stunning performances from his large international cast in only eight weeks' rehearsal? Mr. Posner needs to know.

—Paul Levy

Until Feb. 19
www.vaudeville-theatre.co.uk
Until Jan. 23
www.nationaltheatre.org.uk



Samantha Bond as Mrs. Cheveley.

Madrid's Impressionist exhibition is a gigantic garden party



'A Woman and a Child in a Garden' (1883-84) by Berthe Morisot.

Madrid: The Thyssen-Bornemisza museum and Fundación Caja Madrid joined forces to bring the stunning exhibition "Impressionist Gardens" to Spain's capital. More than 130 paintings from the world's top museums made the trip to the Thyssen-Bornemisza palazzo on Madrid's famous museum mile, just a stone's throw from the Prado, and to the foundation's exhibition space near the royal palace.

The Thyssen-Bornemisza kicks off the show with a section featuring romantic flower painters and landscapes of the Barbizon School, which inspired and foreshadowed the Impressionists. Renoir's "Flowers in a Vase" (circa 1866) brings nature indoors through wildflowers gathered on a stroll through the fields.

Artists like Millet, Corot and Daubigny took their palates outside to record nature. Corot's "The Parc des Lions at Port-Marly" (1872)

shows two children in a sun-dappled forest. The Impressionists admired his use of light and the depiction of children in a garden setting, and many of them repeated the motif. Monet's "The Parc Monceau" (1878) shows Parisians relaxing in the shade of trees that let the sunlight create brilliant dabs of light on the canvas. Many other Impressionists saw parks as the backdrop of social life. John Singer Sargent's "The Luxembourg Gardens at Twilight" (1879) shows an elegant couple strolling in the park.

Many Impressionist painters were enthusiastic gardeners and expended their creative energies not only in painting gardens but also in creating them. Some of the most intimate scenes are of country or kitchen gardens. Several works by Camille Pissarro, dubbed the "cabbage painter" by his contemporaries, hang in the Thyssen-Bornemisza museum, including "Kitchen

Gardens at l'Hermitage" (1874).

At Fundación Caja Madrid, the exhibition continues with works of Post-Impressionists and early avant-garde artists. Some of the most exciting works in the exhibition are here: Klimt's exquisite "Rose Bushes under the Trees" (circa 1904); Van Gogh's "Undergrowth" (1889) and Max Ernst's "Vegetation" (1916).

Spanish garden painters like Sorolla, Regayos and Anglada-Camara have a room to themselves.

This show is a gigantic garden party lasting more than half a century and the celebrants are the great masters of Impressionism, their forerunners and those like Bonnard, their fore-runners and Munch, who followed.

—Mariana Schroeder

Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza
Fundación Caja Madrid
Until Feb. 13
www.museothyssen.org
www.fundacioncajamadrid.org

Superb stagecraft awes in 'Mathis' rendition

Paris: Maybe it's because Paul Hindemith's 1938 opera "Mathis der Maler" (Mathis the Painter) is rarely performed that director Olivier Py decided to pull out all the stops when he got what may be a once-in-a-lifetime whack at it. Abetted by set and costume designer Pierre-André Weitz and lighting designer Bertrand Killy, and taking advantage of the high-tech stage machinery of the Opéra Bastille, Mr. Py piled it on—huge sets that swirl, enormous scaffolding in the form of Gothic church windows, a wall full of electric candles rising up out of the stage floor, rear projection, front projection, shadows behind scrim curtains, bare-chested male angels with scarlet wings, topless female temptresses, an underground library stacked with books, a garishly lighted stadium ready for a book-burning, and, of course, Nazi storm troopers.

Much of it is superb stagecraft, but the Nazis are an unwelcome distraction. Mathis was indeed written as Hitler was coming to power, and the composer and his wife, who was Jewish, fled to Switzerland in 1938 and moved to the U.S. in 1940. But the opera itself is set in the early 16th century, the title character is based on the great Renaissance artist Mathias Grünewald and the plot involves both the peasants' uprising against the aristocracy and the religious strife between Catholics and Lutherans. The theme is the social and political responsibility of the artist. At one point, Mathis the Painter relives the temptations of St. Anthony—demons, monsters and those temptresses—as they are depicted in Grünewald's magnificent Isenheim Altarpiece (now at the Musée d'Unterlinden in Colmar). It's complicated enough without mis-

placed Nazis milling around.

Divided into a prelude and seven scenes, with a libretto by Hindemith himself, the long opera has a score that incorporates fragments of German folk songs and Gregorian chant, and builds to several thundering climaxes. It's also text-heavy, self-consciously edifying and more serious than scintillating. The 12 principal characters are well sung by the ensemble cast, notably American tenor Scott Macallister as Cardinal Albrecht von Brandenburg, German soprano Melanie Diener and Martina Welschenbach as Ursula and Regina, and German baritone Matthias Goerne in the title role. Conductor Christoph Eschenbach does a stellar job conducting the Paris National Opera orchestra and chorus.

—Judy Fayard

Until Dec. 6
www.operaparis.fr



Matthias Goerne as Mathis the painter.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY MORNING

Routine has become history for Niall Ferguson

The British historian and Harvard University professor talks to The Wall Street Journal Europe about how he starts his weekend.

Best-selling author Niall Ferguson's travel schedule is out of hand. "I often don't even know what day it is," he says, only half mockingly. When he isn't shuttling all over the world to give speeches, do research or film documentaries, the financial and economics historian splits his time between Boston and London. His most recent book "High Financier: The Lives and Times of Siegmund Warburg" has been critically acclaimed, and his documentary "Civilization: the West and the Rest" will be released next spring. A regular television commentator whose debating style, controversial views and tele-genic looks have led to his being referred to as the "rock-star historian," Mr. Ferguson is currently on a year away from Harvard to teach at the London School of Economics and to work on a biography of Henry Kissinger. Over a glass of wine and nibbles ("I love these things" he says, picking up a handful of nuts and raisins) in a hotel bar in Westminster, Mr. Ferguson, who is going through a divorce, says that one reason he returned to London was to see more of his children, aged 11, 15 and 16. "I'm trying to improve—travel less, see more of my children, have more time to write."

How do you unwind?

Music is important to me and I play the double bass, although I have no pretensions to be a good musician. I run in the mornings

and often, if I'm filming abroad, I like to go on a run before dinner to explore the local area. Reading is the pleasure that comes most naturally to me. I don't read much modern fiction because I operate on the principle that there's a sifting process that happens over time. If something's still being read from 50 years ago, the chances are it's pretty good. I love reading Dickens because I know I'm clearly in the company of a genius.

Do you have a weekend routine?

I don't have one, so it entirely depends. I spend many of my weekends traveling and a lot of time on planes. When I'm filming a series, I don't get any time off; we film every day. My favorite weekends are always the ones I spend with my children.

How do you spend your weekends when you're with your children?

I don't see them as often as I'd like, so when I am with them, I try to make it fun. My daughter is very artistic, so we go to art exhibitions. I also took her to Lady Gaga in concert, which we both loved. I go shooting with my eldest son—birds, animals, clays. He's macho in a way I never was. My youngest son likes sports, so we play football, go swimming, surfing and skiing.

What do you do on Friday nights?

My most notorious vice is opera. So if I was in America, I might go to the Met, which is always a treat—even if it meant flying from Boston to New York for a really good opera. In the U.K., I love playing football with my children,

having some dinner and then reading "Lucky Luke" with my son.

What's your ideal weekend?

Going with my children to my friend's farmhouse in the middle of nowhere in Italy. I don't know of anywhere more soothing, any landscape more pleasing or any culture more agreeable.

Do you have any special meals?

I'm not one of those people who has to have a Sunday roast or a cooked breakfast. I find it boring. I positively enjoy variety and my philosophy is "when in Rome." Because of my travel, I've eaten some incredible things. Breakfast in Venezuela is amazing. Food is hugely important to me. I'm not a good cook because I'm not patient enough. I loved being cooked for and love eating.

Do you meet up with friends on the weekend?

I'm one of the most antisocial people you'll ever meet. I'm not at all gregarious and have a real horror of cocktail parties. It's nice to have dinner with friends on a Saturday evening, but I can't do many because there's always an element of performance and I find it hard not to be drawn into playing a role. There's a very small group of friends with whom I can relax. I do occasionally go to a nice restaurant at the weekend and there's an amazing Asian-fusion restaurant in New York called Buddakan. I love the food there and the ambience is very New York. I like restaurants; I way prefer them to parties.

—Mr. Ferguson was speaking with Lucy Pawle.



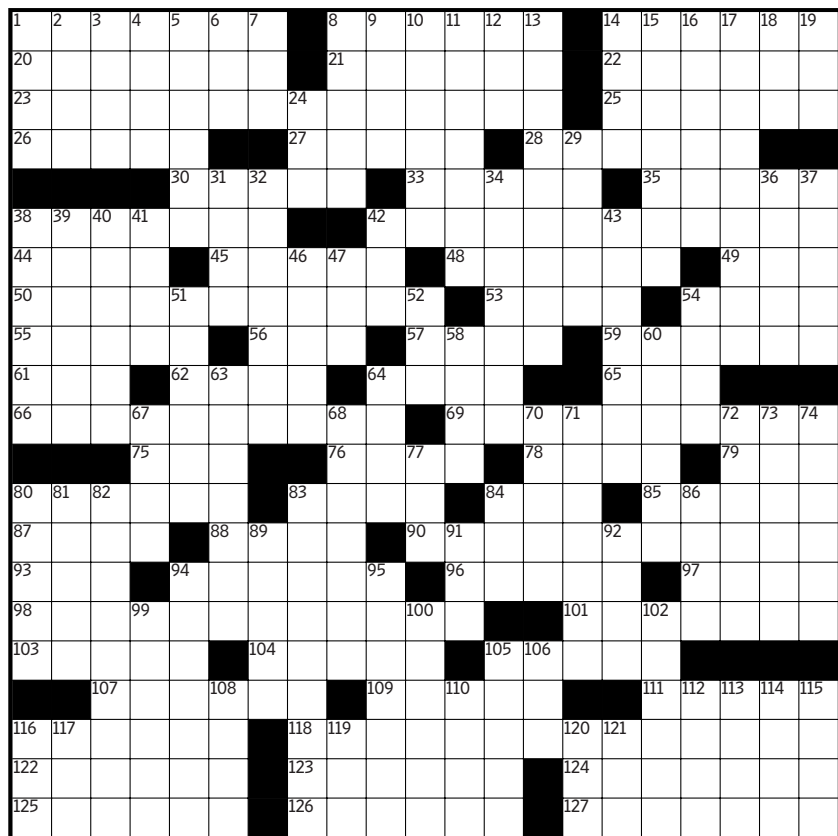
Devald Aukema

THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

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- 122 Thumbs-up
- 123 Gas given off by ripening fruit
- 124 Sopwith Camel, for one
- 125 Marianne and Julianne
- 126 Makes a good point?
- 127 Agreement with un hombre
- 43 Was a tributary of
- 46 Soundly defeat
- 47 Wiig gig
- 51 Gleeful
- 52 Farm female
- 54 Sound engine sound
- 58 Coil of hair
- 60 Froot Loops box sight
- 63 Title peasant in an 1841 ballet
- 64 Letters on a party invitation
- 67 Exchange
- 68 Santa portrayer in "Elf"
- 70 Pen holders?
- 71 Fingernails, essentially
- 72 "Julie & Julia" writer/director
- 73 God, to the Hebrews
- 74 Zero
- 77 NYSE listings
- 80 Crockett's "Miami Vice" partner
- 81 Autostrada setting
- 82 John Travolta's "Get Shorty" co-star
- 83 Women in the futures market
- 84 Kidnappers of 1974
- 86 Normandy commune
- 89 Dutch exports
- 91 Sew up
- 92 Court org.
- 94 Ear shell
- 95 Skeptical response
- 99 Christmas time
- 100 Ritardando, in music
- 102 Sacks out
- 105 Delicious waste
- 106 "What's more..."
- 108 Pre-hosp. treaters
- 110 Single
- 112 Proficient
- 113 Ma's ma
- 114 TV host with a big car collection
- 115 Linda of Broadway's "Jekyll & Hyde"
- 116 Video taker, in brief
- 117 GI show group
- 119 Like some stocks: Abbr.
- 120 Dictionary abbr.
- 121 GameCube successor

Last Week's Solution



► For an interactive version of The Wall Street Journal Crossword, WSJ.com subscribers can go to WSJ.com/Puzzles

CULTURAL CALENDAR

Antwerp

■ MUSIC

Kings of Leon tour Europe, promoting their latest album of rock tunes, "Come Around Sundown," the biggest first-week digital album seller of all time in the U.K.

Nov. 29, Sportspaleis, Antwerp

Dec. 1, Palacio Vistalegre, Madrid

Dec. 3 Futurshow Station, Bologna

More European dates at

www.kingsofleon.com

Athens

■ ART

"The Hand of Angelos: An Icon-Painter in Venetian Crete" shows the work of 15th-century painter Angelos Akotantos, alongside his hand-written will, examining his personality and social standing in Venetian-occupied Crete.

Benaki Museum

Until Jan. 16

☎ 30-210-3671-000

www.benaki.gr

Brussels

■ MUSIC

Elton John and Ray Cooper bring their piano and percussion work to Europe, performing iconic compositions by Mr. John.

Dec. 1, Forest National, Brussels

Dec. 2, d'Coque-Arena, Luxembourg

More European dates at

www.eltonjohn.com/concerts

Cologne

■ ART

"Remembering Forward: Painting by Australian Aborigines Since 1960" showcases the art of nine iconic Aboriginal artists, including Paddy Bedford, Emily Kame Kngwarreye, Queenie Mckenzie and Dorothy Napangardi.

Museum Ludwig

Nov. 20-March 20

☎ 49-221-2212-6165

www.museum-ludwig.de

Ghent

■ ART

"Chinese Temptations: Export Art from the 16th to the 19th century" shows a selection of art, collectors' objects and china from public and private collections, including silk wallpaper, ivory toys, inkpots, silverware and fans.

Kunsthall Sint-Pietersabdij

Until April 25

☎ 32-9-2439-730

www4.gent.be/spa

London

■ DANCE

"Cinderella" is a Frederick Ashton-choreographed vision of the ballet set to Sergey Prokofiev's music, featuring Marianela Nunez, Rupert Pennefather and Thomas Whitehead.

Royal Opera House

Until Dec. 31

☎ 44-20-7304-4000

www.roh.org.uk

■ ART

"Philippe Parreno" shows the latest experimental film by the Algerian artist alongside other films, sculptures and text created as an immersing experience.

Serpentine Gallery

Nov. 25-Feb. 13

☎ 44-20-7402-6075

www.serpentinegallery.org

Madrid

■ ART

"Ciria Heads Grids" displays recent work by contemporary Spanish artist José Manuel Ciria, including some commissioned especially for the show.

Circulo de Bellas Artes

Until Jan. 30

☎ 34-91-3605-400

www.circulobellasartes.com



'Cinderella' takes to the stage at London's Royal Opera House.

Munich

■ ART

"Edition 46: Hans-Peter Feldmann" presents the 46th edition of Süddeutsche Zeitung Magazin, with design and layout by the German contemporary artist.

Pinakothek der Moderne

Until Feb. 13

☎ 49-89-2380-5360

www.pinakothek.de

Paris

■ PHOTOGRAPHY

"Ellen Kooi: Out of Sight" showcases recent work by the photographer known for incorporating the Dutch countryside into her compositions.

Institut Neerlandais

Until Dec. 22

☎ 33-1-5359-1240

www.institutneerlandais.com

Strasbourg

■ ART

"Tino Sehgal" offers the latest avant-garde exhibition by the German artist, including singing and dancing museum guards, a couple engaged in an endless embrace and a group of children inviting visitors to play.

Aubette 1928

Until Dec. 23

☎ 33-3885-2500-0

www.musees-strasbourg.org

Vienna

■ OPERA

"Alcina" stages the G. F. Handel opera about the sorceresses Alcina and Morgana, helpless against the powers of seduction. It is conducted by Marc Minkowski and features Anja Harteros, Veronica Cangemi, Alois Mühlbacher and others.

Wiener Staatsoper

Until Nov. 26

☎ 43-1-5144-42250

www.wiener-staatsoper.at

—Source: WSJ Research

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