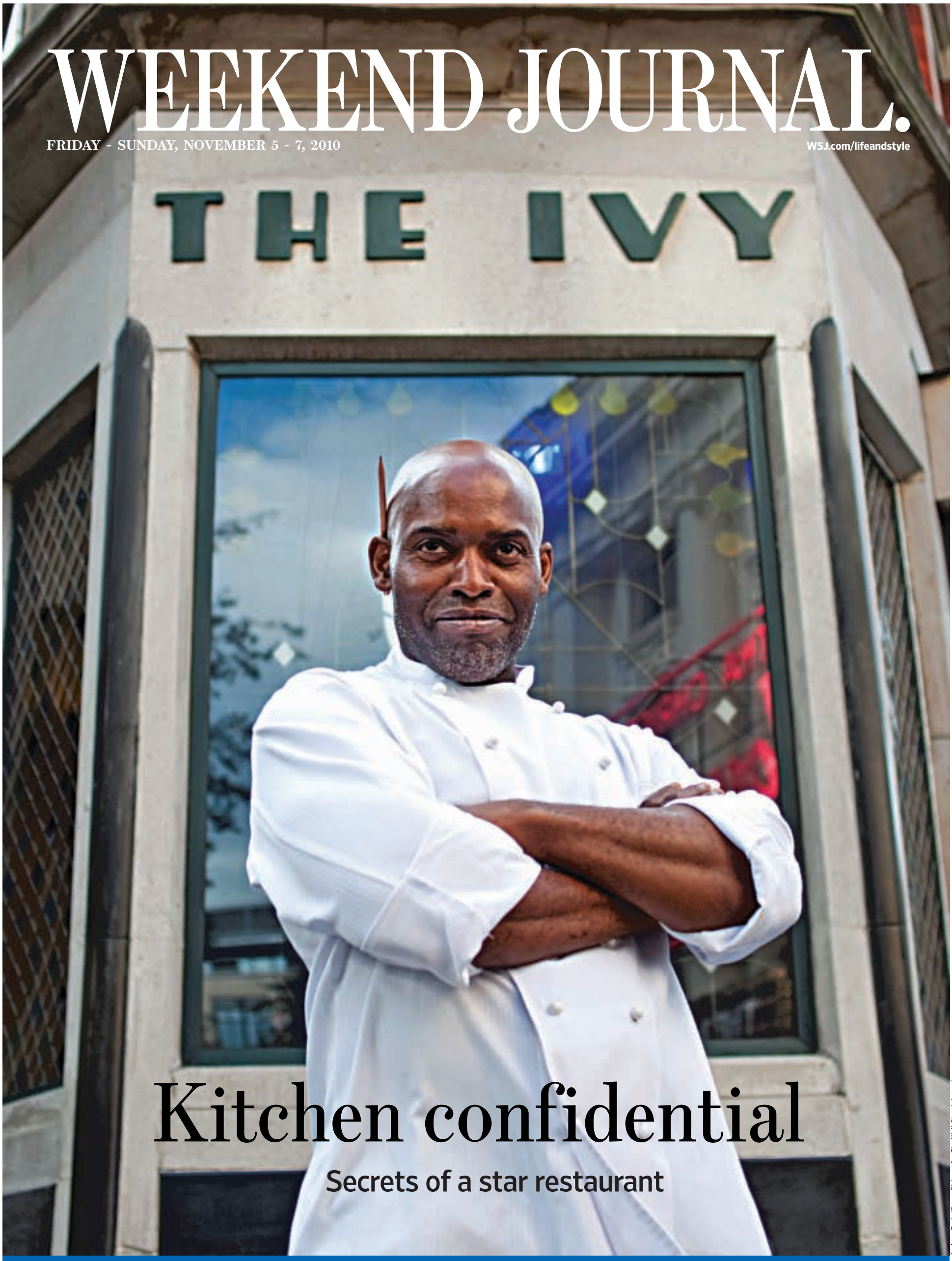
WEEKEND JOURNAL.

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5 - 7, 2010

WSJ.com/lifeandstyle



Andrew Testa/Panos Pictures for The Wall Street Journal

Kitchen confidential

Secrets of a star restaurant

PROFILE
From dinner table to big screen with Bertrand Tavernier W3

FASHION
Tina Gaudoin on why everyone needs to have a parka W4

CULTURE
Solving the riddle of who painted The Wine of St. Martin's Day W17

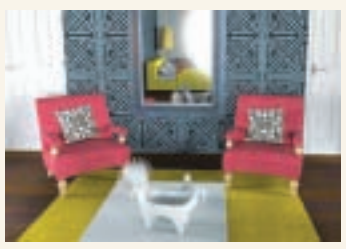
PAGE TWO

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

10-11 | Cover story
Kitchen confidential: Jemima Sissons goes behind the scenes at the Ivy in London.

4-5 | Fashion
Why the parka is a vital part of anyone's wardrobe. Plus, meet 'super cool' Ambystoma mexicanum.

'I've seen parkas worn over ball gowns, business suits...and, once, over a bikini.'

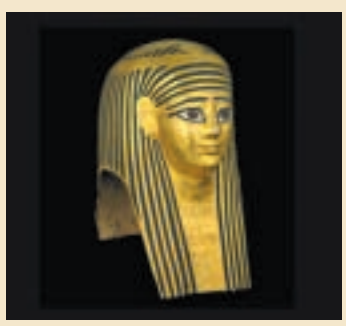


13 | Homes
Online decorating services mean you can now transform your interiors with the simple click of a mouse.

3 | Profile
Bertrand Tavernier and his recipe for success.

6-8 | Travel
Northern Kenya offers a glimpse of unspoiled beauty in Africa.

9 | Food & Wine
A great year for mushrooms. Plus, Pomerol's secret.



12 | Golf
Toughening up your mental game.

14-18 | Culture
Absent fathers, glittering jewelry and uncovered masters.

19 | Friday night, Saturday morning
Inventor Sir James Dyson plays mechanic and lives on the edge. Plus, The Journal Crossword.

WSJ.com/lifeandstyle

Barbara Tina Fuhr Editor
Beth Schepens Deputy Editor
Brian M. Carney Books Page Editor
Carlos Tovar Art Director
Elisabeth Limber Weekend Art Director

Questions or comments? Write to wsje.weekend@wsj.com.
Please include your full name and address.

Illustration by Jean-Manuel Duvivier

The real meaning of Bonfire Night

[European Life]

By Sam Leith in London

"November the fifth has been and gone, but memories still linger," we used to sing as schoolchildren. "I held a banger in my hand. Has anyone seen my finger?" The most atavistic and hazardous of all English festivals, Bonfire Night—at which public bonfires are lit and fireworks ignited in memory of the 1605 Catholic conspiracy to blow up Parliament—is upon us, and this weekend will be marked by the snap and pop of distant fireworks struggling through the drizzle.

Guy Fawkes Night moves sluggishly with the times. You don't get smudge-cheeked urchins dragging around a set of straw-stuffed pajamas asking "a penny for the Guy" anymore, for instance. Children aren't encouraged to beg, and have been positively deterred from buying fireworks ever since the advent of a generation that decided it was even funnier to push them through letterboxes than to tie them to cats.

Some of the traditions remain, but either through faint embarrassment or health-and-safety legislation, they are on the peripheries, in London's second- and third-tier public spaces like Ravenscourt, Battersea and Victoria parks, Clapham and Wimbledon. There, celebrants can find what they seek: dogs with trembling legs and cats with flattened ears, dim-witted older brothers returning ill-advisedly to lit fireworks, rampaging children, minor injuries, toffee apples and hypothermia.

In late December, the radio generally fills with toothy Church of England vicars urging us to remember the "real meaning of Christmas." These vicars seem to be less forward, though, when it comes to reminding us of "the real meaning of Bonfire Night": That is, a ritual celebration of anti-Catholic mob violence.

In the seaside town of Lewes in the southeast of England, where they do these things properly, pyrotechnic anarchy reigns. Barrels of burning tar are hauled through the streets and rival bonfire societies compete—according to a friend who grew up there—like mafias at war. Outsiders are advised to steer well clear. Tradition dictates that the pope is burned in effigy, to the accompaniment of a jolly song that ends: "Burn him in a tub of tar! Burn him like a blazing star! Burn his body from his head! Then we'll say: 'The pope is dead.' Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip hurrah!"

In most other parts of the country, it is considered bad manners to burn effigies of the pope. But this Bonfire Night comes at a time when anti-Catholic feeling is as high in the U.K. as, I suspect, in recent memory. Secularists, chief among them Richard Dawkins, have taken a dim view of the Vatican's role in the global child-abuse scandal, and the Holy Father's intolerance of homosexuality and staunch line against condoms are added to the charge sheet. Some taxpayers, more prosaically, objected to footing the bill for his state visit, and nobody succeeded in placing him under arrest.

I wondered, therefore, if we might see Bonfire Night taking on some of its old pointedness. On the other hand, the Houses of Parliament aren't currently held in the highest of esteem either, so a certain rosy fondness attaches itself to early-modern plots to blow them up. The two might cancel each other out.

Hungry for meat

The likeable television cook Jamie Oliver has announced the opening of a new restaurant, called Barbecoa, dedicated entirely to meat of the high-welfare, non-intensively-farmed variety. It boasts a robata grill, two Indian tandoors, an Argentinian fire pit, a Texas smoker and "a wood-fired oven the size of a minibus." The only vegetarian dish on the menu, apart from the odd side salad, is a bowl of olives.

He's on trend. Fergus Henderson, of St. John, got things started with "nose-to-tail eating." In Smiths of Smithfield, we've a four-floor temple to charred flesh on the actual site of a meat market; Roast does what its name suggests; and steak houses and posh burger joints are everywhere. London is becoming as carnivorous as Beijing, Buenos Aires or Bilbao. We all know in our heads we must eat less meat, but the smell of these places opens separate negotiations with the stomach. I find myself looking at police horses hungrily.

Bad Sex Prize

The end of this month sees the awarding of Literary Review's Bad Sex Prize: an eccentric but beloved fixture in the literary calendar. The magazine has a big party at the In and Out Club, where a prize is given for the most embarrassing and redundant passage of sexual description in a work of literary fiction, and the offending text read out by actresses in mocking voices. If the winner shows up, he or she will generally be in a foul temper, yet pretending to be gracious, which adds to the fun. Tony Blair's memoirs have been put forward; more suggestions may be sent to editorial@literaryreview.co.uk. It would be nice to see an international flavor to the shortlist, though it's perhaps too much to hope for a joint winner with the Goncourt.

Next week,
Francis X. Rocca in Rome

PROFILE

An appetite for the dramatic

By Tobias Grey

As a proud son of Lyon—a city often dubbed France's gastronomic capital, Bertrand Tavernier is no stranger to the joys of the dinner table.

This love of fine food is reflected in Mr. Tavernier's films, which frequently feature scenes where characters serve up their favorite dish or discuss a mouth-watering recipe. The foodie tone of Mr. Tavernier's films was set with his first film, "The Clockmaker" (1974), which starred Philippe Noiret as a watchmaker who delights in his opportunity as a single man to eat onions whenever he likes.

In Mr. Tavernier's 21st feature film—the riveting 16th-century costume drama "The Princess of Montpensier," which came out in France on Wednesday—a wedding banquet is enlivened by the groom's pompous father regaling his guests with his recipe for skewered eel. It's a great scene, but where did the recipe come from? Certainly not from Madame de Lafayette's genteel short story of the same name, which was the basis for Mr. Tavernier and co-writer Jean Cosmos' screenplay.

'With each new film I want to tell a new kind of story, have new settings, a new period, a new location.'

"The recipe for the eel was from [Alexandre] Dumas's 'The Forty-Five Guardsmen,' which was set around the same time," chortles Mr. Tavernier, as he vainly tries to make himself comfortable on the squishy sofa of a Paris hotel, not far from where he lives. "I found that recipe and thought, 'My God it looks great! I have to give it to the actors!'"

Each time Mr. Tavernier embarks on a screenplay, he is like an excavator who voraciously draws on all the resources at his disposal—films, books, paintings, photographs and interviews—to get to the bottom of his subject. "The tremendous importance of food in France," as Mr. Tavernier puts it, is part of that excavation. "I come from a civilization where a lot of very important things were said during lunch or dinner," notes Mr. Tavernier, who was born in 1941 and grew up as part of a generation that experienced heavy rationing during and after World War II.

In "Round Midnight" (1986), jazzman Dexter Gordon shows he's a true blue American by treating his French friends to massive slabs of meat for dinner; in the gritty police drama "L.627" (1992), the highlight of the week for a badly paid drug squad is a couscous in a downmarket restaurant. Most poignant of all is a scene in the wartime drama "Laissez-Passer" (2002), in which a film crew gripes about having to shoot so many scenes with elaborate dishes in them. They eventually understand it's because the film's screenwriter Charles Spaak, famous for "La Grande Illusion," is getting very little food from his German jailors.

Blinking owlishly behind his spectacles, Mr. Tavernier says he has always made films to "learn something new. With each new film I want to tell a new kind of story, have new settings, a new period, a new location."

"I like new challenges so I don't grow complacent," he adds.

Mr. Tavernier's densely plotted films have won a slew of prizes in France, including two Césars for best director and three for best screenwriter. In the U.S., where his films are often released (IFC Films has picked up "The Princess of Montpensier" for distribution), he is hailed as a master craftsman, a throwback to the dramatically acute directors of the golden age of French cinema of the '30s and '40s like Jacques Becker and Henri-Georges Clouzot.

Mr. Tavernier decided to become a filmmaker against the wishes of his father, an accomplished poet, who was decorated as a war hero for fighting in the French Resistance. His father believed that cinema was an inferior art form compared to literature. But after seeing John Ford's western "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" at the age of 13, Mr. Tavernier made his mind up. "I wanted to be like Ford," says Mr. Tavernier. "I wanted to film the sky the way he did, the rocks and the horses."

As a child Mr. Tavernier also devoured historical works by Victor Hugo; Alexandre Dumas, père; Emil Zola; and Charles Dickens, from whose novel "A Tale of Two Cities" he first learned English. "I think I learned more in those books than I ever did in school," says Mr. Tavernier. "I learned a lot not only from Hugo's novels but also from the diary he kept during the Revolution of 1830, which is a great book. For me, he's the great inventor of modern journalism."

Like his larger-than-life literary hero, Mr. Tavernier has always limned his work with a social conscience. What stunned him the most when he was doing his research for "The Princess of Montpensier" was that newlyweds from noble French families in the 16th century were required to make love in public on their wedding night so as "to make sure the merchandise was in tact.

"When I discovered that, I felt such compassion for the two young characters thrown together in Madame de Lafayette's book," says Mr. Tavernier. "They have had no sexual education and have had no time to get to know each other. From that moment, I began to like them a lot."

From his conversations with the French historian Didier Le Fur, Mr. Tavernier became struck by how the arranged marriages of young 16th-century noblewomen still mirror some cross sections of today's society. "Le Fur said to me that a young noblewoman of that time had no more rights than a 17-year-old girl in a Turkish family [today], or from a Hindu family, a traditionally Jewish or Mormon family," says Mr. Tavernier. "They had absolutely no right to choose who they wanted to marry. They had only one right, which was to say no at the church, in which case the marriage was cancelled and the girl was sent to a convent or worse."

In his new film, Mr. Tavernier says he was determined to show that the only way for a young noblewoman to survive this kind of oppression and fight against it was by doing everything in her power to become as educated as her oppressors.

Stéphane Remael for The Wall Street Journal

FASHION

Parka perfection

[Style]

By Tina Gaudoin

Once upon a time when mods were mods and British university tuition was *gratis*, a woman could get away without owning a parka—unless, of course, she allied herself with the former social grouping. These days, a parka is a vital constituent of the female and male wardrobe. It's an interesting quirk of fashion that something can start out looking like a flight of fancy (well, it did on Kate Moss), move on to being avant garde and vaguely intellectual (see Moncler's collaborations, save the most recent with Pharrell Williams, and even there I like the gilets), to being a bog-standard staple, available everywhere from Primark to Prada.

We have the Inuits to thank for the parka, the Arctic Inuit to be precise. Apparently in Inuit, "parka" means skin (seal or caribou, most popularly), and these loose jackets were fashioned to protect babies from subzero conditions whilst being carried by their parents. Like so many other things, the Americans took the concept and improved upon it. The apotheosis of which was the moment the U.S. Air Force regulation parka appeared in Vogue in 1959 as the ultimate accessory.

Along with Coke Zero and "Family Guy," the Snorkel Parka (developed for flight crews working in subzero conditions) could be one of the most meaningful contributions the U.S. has made to modern-day culture.

You no doubt disagree with me—and I'm joking about the drink and the TV show, of course—but seriously, a parka is one of the most multifunctional pieces of fashion kit out there. I'm ignoring garishly colored Hunter wellies here, because readers, you and I know that next year you will be demoting them to their proper duties of wet-weather dog walking (and I've no idea why you thought it was a good idea to purchase the yellow or the pink ones either). I've seen parkas worn over ball gowns, business suits, yoga kit, jeans, pajamas and, once, over a bikini (photo shoot—London, mid-February). My point is really that you can take a parka anywhere; we are talking, of course, about the "right" sort of parka.

Before I plunge into a reverie on designer parkas, it's my duty to point out that the very coolest sort of parka is the genuine U.S. Army-issue fishtail M-51 (first used to keep out the cold in Korea). The semantics of these sort of parkas are best left to parka aficionados: www.fishtailparkas.com. And whilst I have not purchased from this site, and probably never will, I have to admit it's pretty damn interesting. You might not think that the fishtail is your sort of thing either, but if you want authenticity, then it's your best bet. Another option, and one that's finding favor with the authentic brigade, is Canada Goose, but you may, like me, find them just too utilitarian—the sort of thing you just might see Sarah Palin wearing out hunting.

Clockwise from above, Moncler quilted jacket with hood (£549); Mick Jagger posing in a fur parka with a fur-trimmed hood, 1964; Zadig & Voltaire short parka Koline (£410); Opposite page, Comme des Garçons sculpted grey jacket from fall ready-to-wear 2010 collection.

Clockwise from top right, Getty Images, Zadig and Voltaire; Harrods; opposite page, Comme des Garcons.

Otherwise, we can't discuss parkas without discussing the phenomenon that is Moncler. Founded in 1952 by two Frenchmen, originally as an outerwear company, Moncler found fame as a supplier to mountaineers and then to skiers, including the French Olympic ski team, which loved the versatility of the lightweight goose-down jackets (in French, duvet literally means down).

In 2005, Moncler scored a direct hit with their Balenciaga collaboration, creating tiny figure-hugging down jackets and making a mockery of the idea that parkas add 20 pounds to the silhouette. Since then, Moncler has become the "it" parka and the ramifications are both good and bad. On the plus side, these are "the real thing," warm, cool and functional—starting at around £550. In New York, where queues are stretching round the block at the company's new store, a parade of Park Avenue mothers can be seen every winter morning hurrying their offspring to school in their uniform of sunglasses, Moncler ¾-length parkas in blue, black or brown with fox-fur edging and tight jeans tucked into Uggs. In London, Paris or Milan, the scene is much the same. If you are looking for unique, then I'm afraid Moncler is no longer "it."

Conversely, the company's collaboration with menswear designer Thom Browne, called Moncler Gamme Bleu, has yielded some extraordinary results, which just so happen to look even better on women than they do on men—oh, alright then, equally as good. I particularly like the gray flannel check (£1,100). Browne is a man with pragmatic style and a sense of humor; these jackets reflect that.

If it's functional female chic you are after in a parka, then Prada's lightweight gray satin-finish down parka with a nylon and resin outershell and a white fox-fur collar is warm and stylish (£1,125), finishing above the knee. Max Mara can always be relied upon to give good coat and their black full-length lightweight Capote parka, with a button front and tie waist, gives a long, sleek shape. The fox-fur collar is optional for £145. I don't know about you, but if I'm wearing a proper parka, then I want all of my extremities to be covered. I'm aware that this is somewhat of an "aged" view (there's a reason that all of those tiny, waist-hugging Moncler jackets sell so well), but there it is. My compromise for those of you who think ¾ parkas are bulky is the "thigh grazer," which, frankly, keeps at least ½ of one's derriere snug. Joseph has wonderful duck-down thigh grazers in a range of colors—petrol blue, red and khaki, with fox-fur collars. If you want something with a more authentic feel, then Zadig & Voltaire's Koline parka in khaki, with five-star detailing above the pocket, a drawstring waist, zipper front and handy "carry straps," is just the thing (£410).

Given its workman-like genesis, the very best way to wear a parka is with insouciance.

This being fashion, it wouldn't be right if someone didn't turn the whole parka concept on its head (in other words, create items which are not strictly fit for pur-

FASHION

pose, but add a decorative or radical style "note"). At Miu Miu, you can buy a tiny sleeveless pale-blue *blouson* with black piping and a zipper, which won't keep anything aside from your breasts warm, but looks pretty damn stylish. At Commes des Garçons, a sculpted gray, short, padded, button-fronted jacket in wool gives the effect of wearing a piece of intricate origami (£1,135). Take note here, the rest of your outfit should be pared down to ensure that the jacket is not wearing you.

Given its workman-like genesis, the very best way to wear a parka is with insouciance—preferably over a long, sexy evening dress or a ball gown. No one can persuade the utilitarian and the urbane to sit comfortably together like Ralph Lauren—a man who has no compunction about showing evening dresses with everything from what appears to be sequined blankets to denim jackets. Last year at a Christmas party in New York, I spotted a woman wearing a long Donna Karan dress topped with a chic black ski jacket, from his RLX line.

This season, Lauren has even more glamorous skiwear to offer. His down-filled silver RLX extreme-sports jacket, with double-zip skirting and air vents (£945), would look equally as fabulous on the slopes or exiting a late-night party. The latter or the former being the case, l sincerely hope you don't find the need for the jacket's Recco avalanche reflector.

Coolhunter

The Axolotl

Let me be clear. I'm not suggesting you should buy an Axolotl; I'm just pointing out that they are, in the words of my 11-year-old, "super cool." The Axolotl, which looks to me rather like a large mutant tadpole, is actually a critically endangered species, thanks in no small part to the fact that in its native Mexico, roasted Axolotl is considered a delicacy. The "Axi" is in fact a form of salamander that has been bred successfully in captivity for the last 20 years. I first became acquainted with the Axi when Mrs. Lyons, my son's science teacher, cannily foisted care of said Axi on a member of year seven, vaguely promising my son the same duties next half term. I googled the Ambystoma mexicanum, as you might any unfamiliar guest who was coming to stay, and it transpires that the amphibian has quite a fan club.

Could it be because the Axi is almost as easy as a goldfish to care for? Or could it be that it is almost extinct in the wild, which might have to do with the fact that the Mexicans drained its primary breeding ground, Lake Chalco, as a flood-prevention measure? Axis are carnivores; they eat each other's body parts apparently if they get annoyed, which the offended party can then miraculously regenerate (for this reason Axis are also unfortunately rather popular with the medical-research fraternity). In Japan, the Axi is sold as a pet under the name "wooper looper." Because the Axi is a meat lover, my son says it won't be a problem to feed. Apparently, there's no need for steak. "We can just give it worms and stuff." A "good" Axi can live for 15 years and grow up to a foot long. Oh dear.

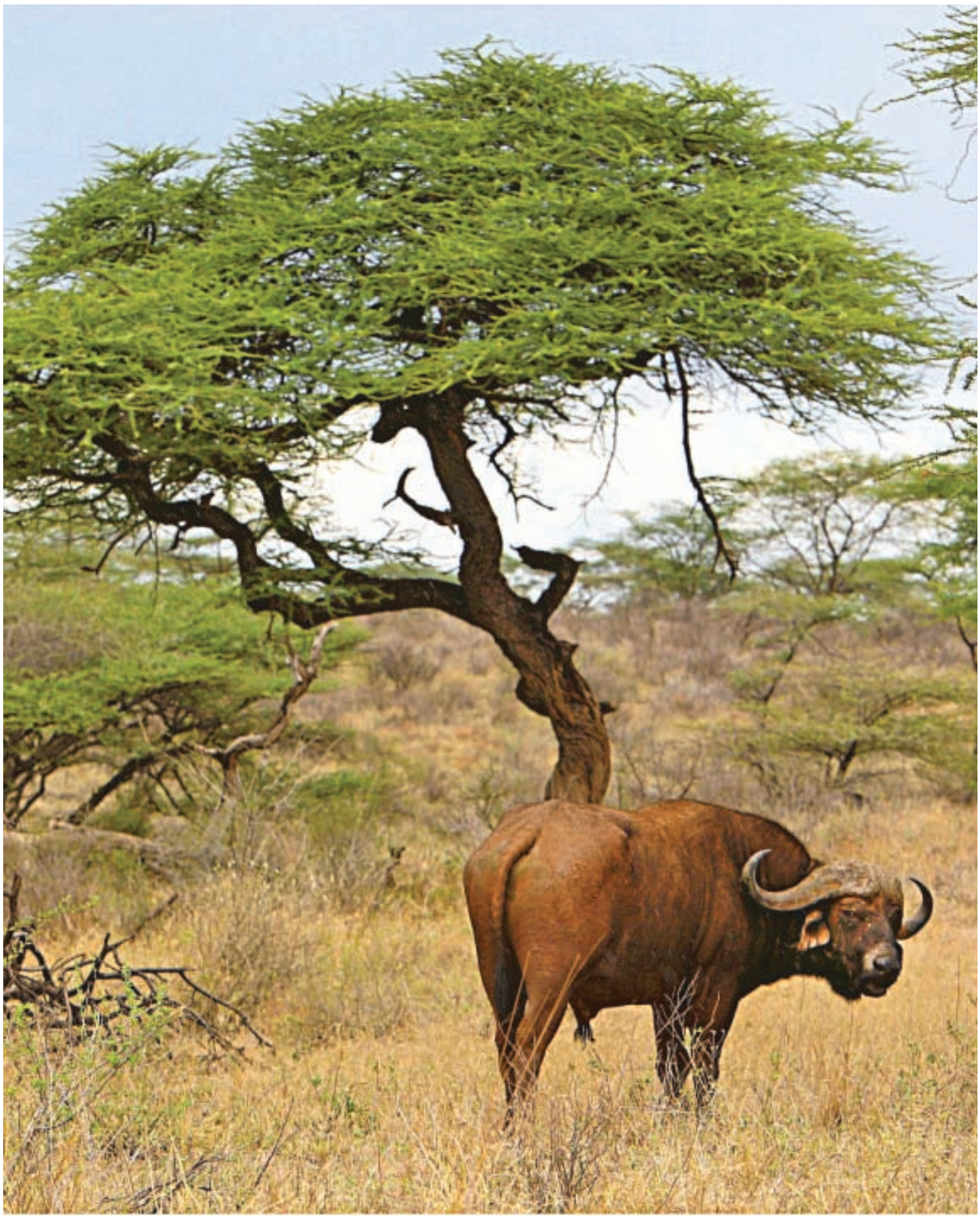
Alamy

TRAVEL

Journey to the Jade Sea

Visiting northern Kenya for a glimpse of a remote and stunningly beautiful part of Africa

By Ben Wright



It is just as well that you rarely get bored driving through Africa. It was not until the ninth hour of our third day on the road that, after mounting a ridge in the barren landscape of dust and volcanic rock, we caught our first glimpse of Lake Turkana—the object of our safari.

This vast body of water has almost as many names as it does moods. Its turquoise color (the result of algae rising to the surface in calm conditions) and its size (it is the largest permanent desert lake in the world) have led to it being nicknamed the Jade Sea. The European explorers who stumbled upon it in 1888 named it Lake Rudolf after their patron, the Crown Prince of Austria. But the Samburu people have always called it "Basso Narok," meaning the black lake. To the Turkana—the predominate tribe on its shores after whom President Mzee Jomo Kenyatta renamed it in 1975—it is "Anam Ka'alakol," the sea of many fish.

It is an unusual choice of destination for a holiday. The vast majority of visitors to Kenya land in Nairobi and are immediately shuttled south to the Masai Mara, Tsavo and Amboseli game reserves. Or they fly into Mombasa and venture no further than the sandy beaches that fringe the Indian Ocean. We, however, after spending a night at the Muthaiga Country Club in Nairobi (www.mcc.co.ke), picked up our rented Toyota Land Cruiser and headed in the other direction: North toward Kenya's borders with Sudan and Ethiopia.

Lake Turkana remains almost as inaccessible today as when the Austrian explorers stumbled upon it. There is an airstrip at Loiyangalani on the south-eastern shore but flights need to be privately chartered. Driving takes a minimum of three days along very poor roads—the tarmac runs out just a few hours north of Nairobi.

This was a safari in the true sense—the word means "long journey" in Swahili—one that allowed us to experience the staggering diversity of the country. We hacked our way through elephant-felled trees in the Marsabit National Park, kiteboarded on the salt-encrusted mudflats of the Chalbi Desert and took a flimsy motorboat to within snorting distance of hippos on Lake Naivasha. Our diet, sadly, was not nearly as varied: We ate goat at almost every meal for a fortnight.

After passing through the fertile highlands close to Nairobi, we were soon crossing dried river beds and parched plains. The area around Lake Turkana still bears the scars from one of its worst droughts in recent memory. When the rains finally came in January this year, they resulted in floods because the ground was so baked it couldn't soak up the deluge.

Lake Turkana, thanks to its extensive fossil record of early humans, is often described as the cradle of mankind; our closest literal equivalent to the Garden of Eden. Now the region, which paleontologists have shown was indeed once a ecological paradise, is all but stripped bare of vegetation and wild animals—save for the huge crocodiles that lurk in its murky water and the camel trains that crisscross the desert.

But it is also stunning beautiful. The massif of Kulal dominates the eastern horizon; to the north is a line of blue Ethiopian mountains. But on the whole, the panoramas are defined by absence. In places, you can stare for miles across nothing more than uniformly sized lava boulders. Under huge skies, you can fully immerse yourself in an unspoiled Africa that no longer exists in much of the continent and which you don't have to share with other tourists.

A small number of lodges—such as Kalacha Camp in the middle of an oasis in the Chalbi Desert, about 65 kilometers from the Ethiopian border—have been built to cater for those who are prepared to venture this far north. Kalacha was set up as a community-based project run by a group of the Gabbra people, camel herders who have traditionally drifted back and forth over the border. It consists of a large building—housing the main living and dining area— and four twin-bed bandas (www.scottdunn.com/accommodation/kalacha-camp.html).

This is a place where comfort, and indeed luxury, are relative. There is, for example, no electricity. But the small spring-fed, kidney-shaped plunge pool is all the more inviting for you having to cross a desert to reach it. And the ice cold Tusker beer is all the more refreshing for being totally unexpected; there is no fridge, of course, so they use a charcoal cooler—a miraculous contraption that is powered by nothing more than evaporation—to chill the beer.

Nightfall is a special time in northern Kenya, a chance to sit around a fire, open a bottle and talk for hours. As the baked earth cools, a breeze invariably picks up and you fall asleep listening to the winds threshing the palm fronds.

But the greatest pleasure is in meeting the people who live here, many of whom still spoke with great enthusiasm about one of the biggest events in recent years in the region. John Le Carre's book "The Constant Gardener" is set, in part, in northern Kenya and some of the scenes for the 2005 film based on the book, which starred Ralph Fiennes and Rachel Weisz, were shot in Loiyangalani. Benjamin, who didn't give his last name, showed us

Clockwise from left page, a buffalo in the Samburu National Park, located half way along the route from Nairobi to Lake Turkana; aerial shot of the southern shore and Teleki volcano's last lava flow in Lake Turkana.; the Kalacha Camp on the edge of an oasis in the Chalbi Desert; Children at sunset on the southern shore of Lake Turkana in northern Kenya.

Clockwise from left page, Ben Phillips for The Wall Street Journal (1,3); Galbe.Com (2); Getty Images (4)

around the town and told us he had acted as a kind of quartermaster during the filming. Benjamin was missing a foot, and said the producer of the film had paid for him to travel down to Nairobi to be fitted with a prosthetic limb.

Another man in Loiyangalani had two excellent claims to fame. As well as appearing in the film, he also said he had been circumcised by Wilfred Thesiger. The legendary British explorer of Africa and the "Empty Quarter" of the Arabian Peninsula had learned this unusual skill to help gain acceptance among the remote tribes he encountered.

That afternoon we drove to El Molo, a small village further north that is home to one of Africa's smallest tribes, to hire a boat to take us out to an island on the lake. The winds around Lake Turkana are legendary and when British sailors first ventured out on the water, they reckoned it could turn "rougher than the North Sea." But on this particular day, the lake was in a docile mood and we headed out to look for the lake's legendary Nile crocodiles, which apparently number in their thousands and can grow to nearly three meters in length.

Although those we spotted were far off (and might have been logs) we were still surprised when, while we were fishing, our El Molo guides took the opportunity for a quick bathe in the lake. Were they not afraid, we asked. Not at all, they said, you only get eaten by a crocodile if you are cursed. This had a logic that we found hard to argue with. It also, perhaps, hinted at the sense of fatalism the Jade Sea tribes need to adopt in their struggle to survive in this brutally beautiful part of the world.

After hours in Singapore

By Alastair Gale

Over the past few years, Singapore has given itself a makeover as a destination for thrill seekers. A radical revamp of the waterfront with casinos, theme-park rides and a Formula One street-racing track are all part of push to give the city-state a new buzz and lure tourist dollars.

Amid the frenzy of construction and marketing, one thing remains the same: Singapore is a premiere destination for food lovers, its swirling mix of cultures having produced a wide variety of unique dishes, as well as interpretations of favorites from Chinese, Malay, Indian and other cuisines. There are culinary hotspots all over, often in far more modest settings than the concrete and glass facades of the sparkling new bay area.

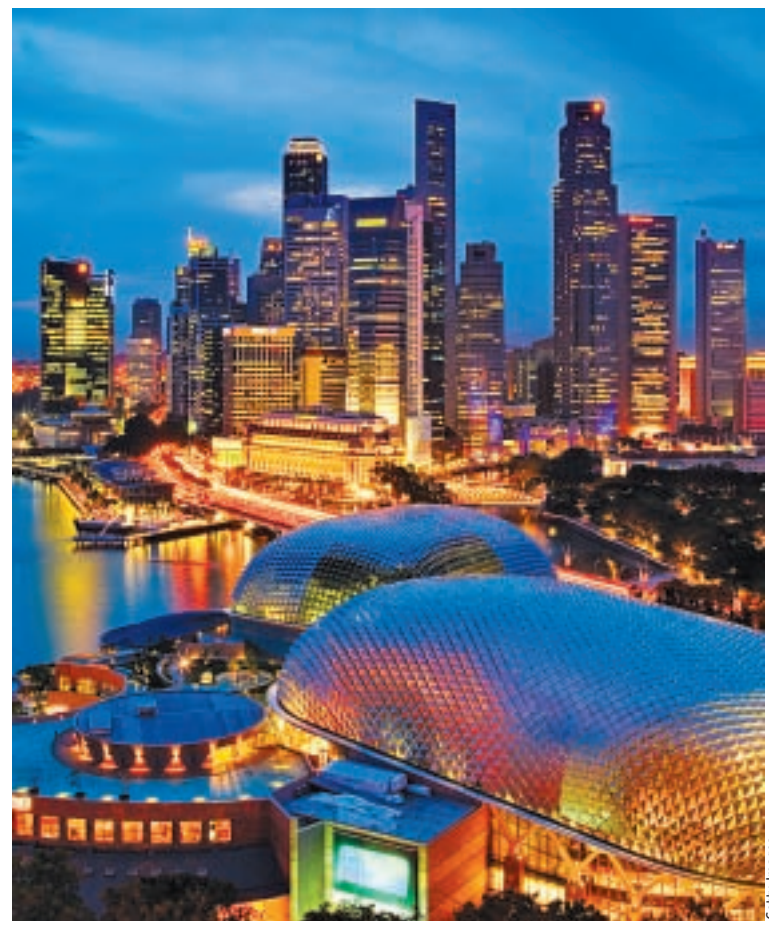
A good place to fuel up ahead of an evening out is the open-air Loof bar overlooking the colonial-era **Raffles Hotel**, close to City Hall MRT station, or the uber-trendy KPO bar in the neon-studded Orchard Road district. Both Loof and KPO, a sleek watering hole carved out of a working post office, have great balcony views of the street action as Singaporeans make their way home or head out.

A short cab ride away from both locations is a hub of the Singapore dining scene: Geylang. This traditionally Malay area is a grittier part of town and a hotbed for great food choices. Head to No Signboard seafood restaurant to sample huge mud crabs cooked in a thick, sweet chili sauce or with fiery pepper. The crabs are flown in from around the region but have been synonymous with Singaporean cuisine since the chili-crab dish was created here in the 1950s. Cracking them open can be hard work, and you're going to get messy (a bib is provided), but the reward of large chunks of succulent crab meat with a spicy kick makes it worth the effort. Other specialties at No Signboard include the garlic-steamed bamboo clams and—for the more adventurous—battered bull frog with ginger. Skip dessert and stroll along to the nearby roadside stalls on Sims Avenue selling a wide array of tropical fruits—starfruit, dragonfruit, mangosteen and, the king of fruits, durian.

Since Singapore is a retail mecca, you should really do some shopping—or at least watch the locals at it. For a full-bore experience, swing by the open-all-hours Mustafa, a self-proclaimed "shopping paradise" in the Little India district, a short hop from Geylang (this is a small country—nearly everything is within a quick cab ride, barring traffic snarl-ups). Established in 1971, the 13,500-square-meter megastore is an institution in Singapore, selling everything from saris to air tickets to canned chickpeas to Rolexes. It's easy to get lost in the warren-like interior—you'll emerge a little dazed, but exhilarated.

Time for a rest. If you're still looking smart (and if you're not, pick up a new shirt at Mustafa) head over to Divine, a wine bar with a twist in the glitzy Art-Deco Parkview Square building in the Bugis area of town, close to Little India. Order a bottle of wine from the extensive list and then sit back and marvel as your waitress—dressed as an angel—straps herself into a harness and rises into the air to scour the enormous cooler for your bottle (among the 3,000 it holds). After placing it in a holster, she lowers herself back down. The setting, like the service, is wonderfully over-the-top.

Wrap up the evening by heading to the Marina Bay area, either for a wander around the waterfront or—if you must get a fix of casino action—around the tables at Marina Bay Sands. And if you've worked up enough space for snack, you're close by the Gluttons Bay open-air food mall at the Esplanade, which brings together some of the best food stalls from around the country. Cap off your dining adventure with some satay, hokkien mee (wok-fried prawn noodle) or nasi lemak (coconut rice with side dishes).



Singapore is a haven for thrill seekers and food lovers.

Getty Images

TRAVEL

Magnifico chaos: An insider's guide to Mexico City

It wouldn't be surprising if Mexico City's bad press were being perpetuated by those who want to keep it to themselves. Because once you get over the high-altitude hangover, learn the city's dos and don'ts (never hail a cab), and overcome fears of drug-fueled violence (most of it is happening in border towns in the far north), you will discover that Mexico City is one of the most dynamic, mysterious and beautifully chaotic places on the planet.

The first thing to understand about this city is that it's difficult to understand, mostly because it is ridiculously enormous. Sprawled over 1,485 square kilometers, the *Distrito Federal*'s metropolitan area houses nearly 20 million people, making it the third-largest urban center in the world. To orient yourself, start out in the Zocalo, the main square and heart of the city since the Aztecs first staked their claim to it in the early 14th century. Wander any of the cobblestoned streets throughout the Centro Historico, where you'll find a ragtag sensory overload of booksellers, food vendors and knick-knack purveyors.

For those with more champagne tastes, there's Polanco, a tony neighborhood of Maserati and Bentley dealerships, Gucci and Chanel boutiques and guys with pink button-downs and popped collars. In recent years, though, a new kind of sophisticated Mexico City dweller has emerged. Following the earthquake of 1985, many of the city's wealthiest fled the center for fortress-like compounds in outlying areas. But droves of cosmopolitan types have made their way back—namely to the Roma and Condesa neighborhoods—renovating the grand but neglected French-style mansions and Art Deco buildings, and spawning flourishing art, culinary and design scenes.

So once it's time to head home, tell your friends what a dreadful time you had, and regale them with tales of Mexico City mishaps—then, soon after, head back for more.

—Alexis Swerdloff

Photographs by Adam Wiseman for The Wall Street Journal; Alamy (Day of the Dead)

Clockwise from top left, Palacio de Bellas Artes; La Botica Mezcalería; Arena México; Museo Dolores Olmedo; La Merced..

The Designer
Carolina Herrera
Fashion designer; owner of two Mexico City boutiques

The Everything Shop: Magistral Concept Store. Set on the main shopping street in Polanco, this place is special to me. It carries a mix of clothing, home goods, art and design pieces by mostly up-and-coming Mexican designers.
Av. Masaryk, 495; magistralconceptstore.com

Basque-ing: Biko. The dining room has beautiful light, which makes everyone and everything look stunning. The food is a mix of traditional and modern Basque-inspired dishes. The people, the way it makes you feel—is just wonderful.
Av. Masaryk, 407; biko.com.mx

Art Flock: Museo Dolores Olmedo. This 16th-century hacienda, the former home of art collector Dolores Olmedo, holds the largest private collection of Diego Rivera works. You must take a walk through the gardens, they are amazing.
Avenida México, 5843; museodoloresolmedo.org.mx

Nuevo Classic: King Cole Bar. The St. Regis bar is famous for its "Sangrita Maria," a Mexican take on a Bloody Mary. I adore the classic cocktails.
Paseo de la Reforma, 439; stregishotelmexicocity.com

Afternoon Delight: Four Seasons. It's lovely to have tea in this glamorous hotel's outdoor courtyard. The clientele is a mix of Mexicans and well-to-do tourists.
Paseo de la Reforma, 500; fourseasons.com/mexico

The Sculptor
Jorge Pardo
Winner of 2010 MacArthur "Genius" Fellowship grant

Creative Juices: La Colección Jumex. It's a super high-end contemporary art museum inside a juice factory. You can only go by appointment. There's a huge gate that reminds me of a pre-union-era U.S. factory where they would lock people inside to keep working.
Vía Morelos, 272; lacoleccionjumex.org

Brush with Fame: Kurimanzutto. This is the best gallery in Mexico City. They show the city's big name artists like Miguel Calderon, Daniel Guzmán and Dr. Lakra. It's on a quiet street by an old timber yard in residential San Miguel de Chapultepec.
Gob. Rafael Rebollar, 94; kurimanzutto.com

Messy Tacos: El Turix. This unassuming little spot serves only one kind of taco: "Cochinita Pibil," otherwise known as Yucatan-style, slow-roasted, marinated pork. It's delicious, and insanely cheap. You will need about 20 napkins.
Emilio Castelar, 212

Drink Like a Local: La Botica Mezcalería. They serve more than two dozen varieties of mezcal. Cute little pharmacy-style bottles teeter along the walls. They're responsible for making this formerly down-market beverage relevant again.
Campeche, 396; labotica.com.mx

Caliente Hotel: Condesa DF. If you are a cool person traveling to Mexico City, you will stay here. At night, both hotel guests and actual Condesa residents hang out in the lush courtyard.
Avenida Veracruz, 102; condesadf.com

The Jewelry Makers
Phoebe & Annette Stephens
Sibling designers of the Anndra Neen line

Caliente Spot: Rosetta. A power-lunch place in a beautiful old townhouse in La Roma. They serve nouveau Italian food and Mexican dishes. You'll see older guys in suits, talk show hosts and local hipsters all eating together.
Colima, 166

Galleristo: El 52. Cristóbal Riestra recently opened his own space, an extension of his parents' OMR Gallery next door, to show young, emerging artists. They just had an exhibit where they created a habitat for live birds. It was incredible.
Plaza Río de Janeiro, 52; new.galeriaomr.com/en/el52

Cantina Culture: Covadonga. You find some interesting characters here—men who play cards, really old-school guys. It recently became hip for indie-film kids. It's really well-lit, so when you first get there, you're like, "Whoa!" It's this surreal experience.
Puebla, 121; banquetescovadonga.com.mx

Curiosities: La Lagunilla Flea Market. It's been around forever. You can get everything from vintage video cameras to old glasses to mink coats. You have to bargain. For our birthdays, our dad used to get papier-mache puppets there.
Libertad, between República de Chile and Calle Allende

Lucha Libre: Arena México. This is a real spectacle, with guys in masks and crazy costumes. Here it's an art form, our version of the WWE.
Calle Dr. Lavista, 189; cmll.com

The Restaurateur
Jonathan Morr
Owner of Bondst restaurant in New York City and Bondst Lounge, Miami

Luxury Lodging: Las Alcobas. A lovely place, owned by a true hotelier, Samuel Leizorek. It was designed by Yabu Pushelberg and is by far the most luxurious of the city's smaller inns.
Av. Masaryk, 390; lasalcobas.com

Hair Genie: Thomas Hair Studio. Located in the posh neighborhood of Polanco, this salon is considered the top hairdressing spot in all of Mexico. Besides getting the best haircut you will find a fantastic international selection of magazines and music.
Av. Masaryk, 495

Big Scoop: Nevería Roxy. The coolest old-fashioned place for authentic ice cream. It has been family-owned for a long, long time. It will take you back to childhood (if you are 40-plus). The "Mamey" is a favorite.
Fernando Montes de Oca, 89

Amore Potion No. 9: La Merced. It's great for small kitchen wares, but hidden away in the fray is Mercado Sonora, or the "witches market." Locals go for herbal remedies, love potions and talismans. It's sacred; ask before taking pics.
Anillo de Circunvalación between General Anaya and Adolfo Gurrión

Swanky Mall Bar: Sense. This unlikely hot spot is located inside a mall (Arcos Bosques) in Lomas. If you manage to pass the motorcades, bodyguards and steel (not velvet) ropes, you'll find the favorite hangout of the very well-off.
Paseo de los Tamraindos, 90; paseoarcosbosques.com.mx

Bruce Palling for The Wall Street Journal

A cluster of hedgehog mushrooms (hydnum repandum) in the New Forest in southern England.

Foraging in the New Forest

Harvesting wild mushrooms with Mrs. Tee reaps rewards

[Food]

By Bruce Palling

Every autumn in the Northern Hemisphere, arguably the most varied and interesting wild food appears on restaurant menus. This season was the best in living memory for grouse, with more than half a million birds likely to be shot before it ends in the middle of December. Less widely broadcast was the bumper season for *cèpe* and *girolle* mushrooms throughout Europe, with wholesale prices going as low as €15 a kilo.

Compared with Continental Europe, Britain is a laggard when it comes to the appreciation and harvesting of wild mushrooms, even though they play a prominent role on the menus of the leading restaurants. "Mushrooms frighten lots of people," says Lynne Boddy, professor of mycology at the University of Cardiff and president of the British Mycological Society. "But the earth would not work without them. They and other fungi are the main recyclers of our planet in the way they break down dead trees in the forests." But recently, there has been a growing row between the conservers of forests and mushroom pickers. Officials from the British Forestry Commission and other public bodies have accused celebrity chefs such as Jamie Oliver and Antonio Carluccio of encouraging whole-scale picking of edible mushrooms, which is potentially endangering the ecosystem of places such as Epping Forest, northeast of London, or the New Forest, a vast site in southern England. Chefs, however, rebut those claims. "This is the biggest nonsense ever, really. British officials are very badly informed," says Mr. Carluccio. "Mushrooms that are harvested every year in the same spot return every year. Yes, the crop varies, although not through over-picking, but the weather—this season was incredible all over Europe."

In order to explore these questions further, I decided to spend a day foraging in the New Forest with Brigitte Tee, a vigorous 68-year-old German lady who runs the only officially sanctioned commercial mushroom-picking business in the region (www.wild-mushrooms.co.uk).

Created in the 11th century by William the Conqueror for deer hunting, the New Forest is the largest area of original woodland, heath land and unenclosed pasture remaining in England, covering nearly 600 square kilometers. As a consequence, it is the best location in the country for fungi, with something like 2,600 species present. The Forestry Commission has been waging a battle against commercial harvesting of mushrooms in the forest, but Mrs. Tee has managed to get the sole license for commercial extraction of mushrooms in the New Forest, after defeating several attempts to prosecute her for picking them. Her customers include Le Gavroche, perhaps London's most famous French restaurant, along with Marcus Wareing at The Berkeley and upscale grocery store Fortnum & Mason. She is exasperated at the attitude of the commission toward pickers and claims that as long as mushrooms are removed at ground level, so their root structure remains intact, there is no danger of depletion. "Providing the weather conditions are right, hedgehogs [*hydnum repandum*] can regenerate a new crop within 10 days. Besides, only about 10% of all the mushrooms found here are edible, so there are plenty remaining for the ecosystems and wildlife." She is critical, though, of the new influx of pickers who are intent on finding cèpes and nothing else. "They descend on the area in their cars and ravage the area with sticks, strip away the undergrowth and then remove the subterranean structure of the cèpes."

It was a fascinating experience for me—and the first time she had ever allowed a journalist to accompany her. We went to her favorite wood—a forest of beech and pine trees, where she had failed last year to find a single specimen of *pied de mouton*, or hedgehog—a mild, creamy-colored mushroom with a slightly nutty aroma. It was too late to gather large amounts of cèpes, as recent frosts had abruptly ended their season, but she was confident of discovering good supplies of hedgehogs in and around tree trunks. "There won't be as many as those I found a few years back—I once picked 75 kilos in four hours. However, we should get 20 kilos in a few hours." She was right. After looking intently in an open area, suddenly there were lines of them, with clumps every few meters. The overcast day helped us to locate them, as without bright sunlight, they stand out more against the forest floor. After about four hours, during which we walked about three or four miles, we came away with 18 kilos, plus a smattering of brown *chanterelles* and a handful of cèpes. After cleaning, this haul would probably earn her more than £350. Is she concerned about the over-harvesting of mushrooms in the New Forest? Hardly. "The mycelium spores have been underground for hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of years, so even if mushrooms are over-picked one year, they will come back the following year. There is no danger of them disappearing now or in the future."

The secret of Pomerol

[Wine]

By Will Lyons

To drive into Pomerol is to miss it. This tiny appellation northeast of Bordeaux is on a first visit, well, a little unspectacular. There is a church, Saint-Jean de Pomerol, whose neo-Gothic spire towers over the landscape, a smallish square with a car park and row upon row of vines. I'll never forget my first visit, a good few years ago, when my now wife Kate and I were exploring the region on a private trip. After parking in the village square, we decided to take a wander. The first thing we noticed was the silence and the absence of any grand châteaux. One property we walked past was completely shut up, save for a barking dog, excitedly dancing around a small garden overlooking the vines. After a few minutes, we decided to move on.

"Well," I shrugged, walking back to the car. "This is Pomerol, one of the greatest wine-producing villages in the world." On the wine-tourism front, it doesn't win any prizes. But I doubt the purists will mind, for this small wine-producing area, which covers just 780 hectares, has a roll call of some of Bordeaux's most sought-after wines, including Le Pin, Château L'Evangile, Château Lafleur, Château Trotanoy, Vieux Château Certan (VCC) and, of course, Château Pétrus, a wine that for the 2009 vintage commands more than £2,000 a bottle.

To understand Pomerol is to understand the relationship between the Merlot grape and the soil. Merlot thrives on the predominantly clay-based soil found here, producing wines that are among the most unctuous, smooth, concentrated and plummy of all produced in Bordeaux. As a rough guide, after Merlot, a typical Pomerol blend will contain around 30% Cabernet Franc and 10% Cabernet Sauvignon, although the blend will, of course, vary from château to château. But, as Stephen Brook argues in his book "The Complete Bordeaux," the soils in Pomerol are actually quite varied, with a fair amount of sand and gravel. In "The World Atlas of Wine," Hugh Johnson states that the whole area is a giant gravel bank; toward the town of Libourne, the soil is more sandy, while where the commune meets Saint-Emilion, it contains more clay. A great deal has been written about Pomerol's soils and how it affects the wines' flavor. Mr. Brook quotes Catherine Moueix, the owner of Château Taillefer, who argues that the high iron content imparts aromas of truffles and violets.

A clutch of the great wines of Pomerol, such as Pétrus and VCC, share a small clay plateau where, in the case of VCC, the Cabernet Franc performs exceptionally well, adding freshness to the wines. It is this freshness that, in my opinion, makes VCC so appealing and gives it the edge over other Pomerol properties.

I recently had the opportunity to taste through a range of VCC back vintages with winemaker Alexandre Thienpont. One of the advantages VCC has is that in years when the Cabernet thrives in the Medoc and the Merlot doesn't perform as well on the right bank of Bordeaux, Mr. Thienpont's wines still show well, as they have a large proportion of Cabernet Franc and Cabernet Sauvignon. We tasted vintages that could be described as unfashionable in Bordeaux, starting, in descending order, with the 2006, 2002, 1999, 1998 and 1996. The '06 was predominantly Merlot—around 80%—but it has a remarkable vivacity and freshness, yet still retains a depth and complexity. The '02 has a more floral nose, with notes of black cherries and approachable tannins. The 1999 is a lighter wine, with much more zip and acidity, while the 1998 has very little Cabernet Franc—around 5%—but the nose is replete with notes of violets and blackcurrant, and was by far the most intense of the wines we tasted. Which left us with the 1996, which was a class act. Full of lively, spicy notes, the Cabernet Franc came through with notes of blackberry and licorice.

If I have one regret, it is that the world has woken up to the quality of Pomerol and the prices are now beyond what most people regard as acceptable for a bottle of wine. With that in mind, for the short term, it is advisable to trawl back over the unfashionable vintages to find real value.

Drinking Now

Vieux Château Certan

Pomerol, France

Vintage: 1999

Price: about £55 or €63

Alcohol content: 12.5%

This is by no means a cheap wine, but the price of the 1999 vintage, compared with some of its more highly rated and better-known younger rivals, is pretty low. A rough comparison shows that the 2000 vintage is about £100 a bottle; 2005, £165; and 2009, £150. This vintage was affected by storms that ravaged Bordeaux; Saint Emilion was hit by an infamous hailstorm in September. Even so, by the end of the month, Alexandre Thienpont was able to harvest the Merlot in excellent condition. The wine has a natural freshness, with lively acidity; one could say that texturally, it is lighter than previous vintages. Given that, the wine is replete with distinctive notes of violets, black fruit and truffles, making it easy on the palate.

COVER STORY

The Ivy: Steeped in celebrity

Jemima Sissons goes behind the scenes for a cookery lesson in London's famous kitchen

When I arrive on a bright recent morning at 10 a.m., the large stainless steel kitchen is a hive of activity. In scenes reminiscent of Macbeth, 100-liter copper vats of lobster bisque bubble away, as trays of claws are thrown inside to stew and froth. Giant cauldrons of beetroot simmer and splutter; they will soon be turned into a salad with mimosa, rapeseed oil and mint. Over in the pastry section, sleeping armies of tortellini are being prepared at lightening speed, next to fragrant, freshly cooked *tuiles* and trays of pistachio nuts. Delivery boys unload trays of wild chanterelle mushrooms and boxes of pungent Asian herbs—including Vietnamese mint, wild pepper and banana leaves, which in a few hours, will be wrapped around sea bass fillets and served with soya beans and a sweet coconut dressing.

I am at the Ivy—arguably London's most exclusive restaurant—where everyone from public relations mogul Roland Rudd and publisher Lord Weidenfeld to Jude Law and Kate Hudson gather for a bit of afternoon respite.

Rather than a slowly evolving tale, the story of the Ivy is unapologetically scripted, and that is the secret of its success. Although The Ivy opened in 1916, it closed in 1989 and was then bought by restaurateurs Jeremy King and Chris Corbin 20 years ago (they sold it to Signature Restaurants in 1998, which in turn, sold to fashion magnate Richard Caring as part of Caprice Holdings in 2005). The Ivy was re-imagined with a single goal in mind: "to become '*the*' theater restaurant in London," says Fernando Peire, who joined the eclectic, modern British-meets-international-type-of-cuisine Ivy when it opened as maître d', and after a nine-year break, returned as restaurant director. The Ivy serves reasonably priced, good quality food (a three-course lunch or dinner is around £48 a head, without wine). There are no airs to win Michelin stars or to make its chef a TV celebrity. The only celebrity sought is the one that walks through the door.

As part of a tie-in with the Covent Garden restaurant's 20th anniversary in its present incarnation, I am the first journalist to have been invited into the kitchen to learn how to make some of the restaurant's most popular dishes, such as Moroccan spiced rump of lamb and steak tartare. Since Senior Head Chef Gary Lee arrived three years ago from Bam-Bou, another Caprice Holdings restaurant, he has introduced more Asian flavors to the menu such as aromatic duck and watermelon salad with fragrant herbs and pickled ginger and sashimi, but continues to serve perennial favorites such as dressed crab with celeriac remoulade and shepherd's pie.

As part of the celebration, the restaurant will transform into a theater Nov. 8-12. Sir Ronald Harwood has written a play titled "Heavenly Ivy" especially for the anniversary, which will be performed during the evenings around the diners.

In the kitchen, Chef Lee puts me immediately to work on crab salad followed by steak tartare. I prepare a precarious stack of sweet white crab meat and brown crab meat mayonnaise, mix some mustard mayonnaise into the celeriac remoulade and add an artistic flourish of Greek cress. It tastes delicious; the crab meat is sweet and tender, with a beautifully tangy remoulade—although the impeccable ingredients speak higher volumes than my preparation skills. "Good start," he says, encouragingly. My steak tartare, however, is less impressive. After the intensely satisfying task of grinding the topside through the mammoth mincer, taking care not to handle it too much to destroy its shape, I add Tabasco, chopped gherkin and Worcester sauce. Chef Lee tells me I have to constantly taste it. My chili addiction nearly puts this one at the extreme end of the taste spectrum, and I need to add more olive oil.

One legendary night Danny DeVito, Deborah Winger and Sydney Pollack were there with Brad Pitt, Terry Gilliam and Harrison Ford. 'I doubt there will be nights like this ever again.'

Junior chefs come up to Chef Lee constantly and ask him to taste their sauces, or check their progress, and he is encouraging, yet firm, correcting one young woman for making the shrimp cracker pieces too big.

Chef Lee adopts a democratic approach, pulling staff into the chilled prep room for a quiet word if an unruly turnip peeling or egg shell makes its way into the bin, rather than a stock pot. But Mr. Lee is certainly no hotheaded Gordon Ramsay and that morning the kitchen appears delightfully calm and jolly before the mad lunchtime rush.

It is 11.30 a.m. and Chef Lee gathers the troops after the staff meal for a pep talk. He gets straight to the point, describing the plan for the day. "Yes chef," they say in unison, as he talks through the list of regulars, and where they are sitting. Literary agent Caroline Michel is in today and so is former BBC Chairman Sir Michael Grade.

Precisely at noon, lunchtime kicks off. Immediately orders start to come in. I plate up some Moroccan lamb—the perfectly pink meat is sliced and stacked on the plate, surrounded by a dash of bright red harissa, folds of homemade hummus and some lemony smoked aubergine. While there is a lot of talk behind the scenes of every customer being equal and the policy by which the kitchen is run, some guests appear to be more equal than others.

"VIP," I learn is printed on the orders of the Ivy's most revered guests, and as I plate up some delicate pillows of spinach and ricotta tortellini, I eagerly await the arrival of such a ticket. Four hours into the service and still, disappointingly, no VIPs. What does it take? I wonder. As if on cue, Mr. Lee's voice comes bellowing through the kitchen: "Sienna Miller on table two," he shouts, and you get the feeling the shrimp crackers will be perfectly proportioned and on that particular plate. The staff shares

COVER STORY

Andrew Testa/Panos Pictures for The Wall Street Journal

Clockwise from left page, the Ivy's Head Chef Gary Lee and Jemima Sissons by cauldrons of bubbling beetroot; Moroccan spiced rump of lamb with hummus, harissa and smoked aubergine; Fernando Peire, the Ivy's director in front of a work by English artist Tom Phillips in The Bar; steak tartare—an Ivy classic and the Ivy's famous stained glass windows, help to keep out prying eyes.

other tidbits. Michael Winner always sits on table 21, has a burger and is in and out in lightening speed, according to one of the sous-chefs. One theater-world couple comes in three or four times a week and have to have their food mouth-burningly hot. And Dustin Hoffman always orders off menu: Los Angeles staple, the egg-white omelet.

In the private-members club above the restaurant, as lunch service dies down, Mr. Peire, the director, has a debonair quality of someone who knows how to negotiate the tightropes and egos of the restaurant's most esteemed guests. "They told me that I was going to have to get to know the theater world and try and get them to come," he explains of his mission for the Ivy. "It took going to two matinees a week and one evening performance for five years for this to happen. I got to know the behind-the-scenes people such as the agents. I was pretty sure that having met a few actors they were always with people in the business and those people are not necessarily faces."

Also, the Ivy's timing was perfect. It was post-recession and a lot of restaurants had closed down. With a shift from old money to new, the power lunch had also moved from the stuffier hotel restaurants to the West End. It was also when droves of Hollywood stars such as Kathleen Turner and Kevin Spacey began appearing in the West End. "It was all to do with coincidence, and the Ivy opened at a magical time," Mr. Peire says, recalling evenings "like Rick's bar in Casablanca—four or five tables of stars having a knees-up." One legendary night, Danny DeVito, Debra Winger and Sydney Pollack were there with Brad Pitt, Terry Gilliam and Harrison Ford, he adds. "I doubt there will be nights like this ever again."

One of the things that makes the Ivy special is the clubby atmosphere in the restaurant and that is what people come here for. "We do all sorts of things to get the party going, the way you sit people, the way you walk them around the room to their table. This is how you end up getting Omar Sharif hugging Tony Curtis in the middle of the room," Mr. Peire says. Although sometimes they have to be careful, he warns: "If someone is the arch enemy of someone else you can't sit them opposite each other. It used to happen a lot with Harold Pinter as he was always falling out with people. What we've created at the Ivy is the fact that we control who comes in and where they sit."

How have things changed since the Ivy opened? For one, the era of the ad-boy power lunch is over, and it has been a conscious decision to move the clientele from advertising (as it was during the '90s) to showbiz. "When you have this many tables and that much demand, you think, who do I want, these people or those people," Mr. Peire says. "People in London are eating earlier than ever—particularly midweek." Blaming the Blackberry, he adds: "They just don't want to get to bed so late now knowing they will have a hundred emails to deal with by 8 a.m."

For mere mortals who want to try their luck, chances are that walk-ins at 10.30 p.m. might be able to get a table, but only if they aren't autograph hunters. "We rugby tackle them to the floor before they can get to the guests' table," he explains.

While Hollywood stars may now be less frequent visitors, if you want to book in advance (which you can do online), it is still no easier getting a table and the guest list is still controlled as tightly as ever. Regulars will always take precedence, Mr. Peire says. "I remember a big night, when one table for Mick Jagger ended up being for 10 people, which put us two tables behind. But you get away with it, as the people that you've kept waiting have seen Mick Jagger, had a few complimentary rounds of drinks at the bar, and have their food standing by. You make sure they sit next to the special party, and we put it right."

Who are The Ivy's best guests? The ones that know what they want, Mr. Peire contends, recalling one night when a man sat down with his wife: "Very well dressed. Typical Bostonians. All perfectly first class." He asked them if he could get them a drink. "He said nothing, but just handed me a card—embossed copperplate. It said simply something along the lines of: 'My wife will have a Tanqueray Martini, straight up with a twist in a stemmed glass, I will have a Chivas Regal, water on the side.' He was obviously so sick and tired of telling people and it coming wrong. Genius, I thought."

As I leave, I pass a grand piano in the bar. "That's Kate Moss's seat," he says, pointing to the piano stool. "I tell her, darling, if it's before midnight, no karaoke, but after, I let her." Even Ms. Moss, it seems, cannot call the shots here.

The Ivy's steak tartare

Serves four

500g very fresh lean fillet, sirloin or topside steak, minced
3 shallots, peeled and finely chopped
2 tbsp capers, chopped
½ tbsp tomato ketchup
2-3 tsp Worcester sauce
A few dashes Tabasco or more if you wish
1 tbsp olive oil
Salt & pepper

Ask your butcher to mince the meat through a clean mincer or, better still, do it yourself if you have a mincer attachment for your mixing machine.

Place all the ingredients in a bowl and mix together with a fork. Check the seasoning, you may wish to add a little more Tabasco, ketchup or Worcester sauce.

Spoon the steak tartare onto a plate or, if you prefer, push it into a ramekin to mould, then turn it out onto a plate to serve.

Serve with fine cut chips, green salad or toast.

WSJ.com

ONLINE TODAY: For more recipes from The Ivy, go to WSJ.com.

GOLF

Preparing for the tough mental game

[Golf Journal]

By John Paul Newport

As he does every year when pro golf events come to the Houston area, mental game expert Fran Pirozzolo invites some of his player-clients to stay at his home. Two weeks ago for the Champions Tour's Administaff Small Business Classic, that meant plumping up the pillows for Bernhard Langer, the Tour's leading player this year, and Joey Sindelar, No. 26 on the money list.

Unfortunately, when his guests arrived, Dr. Pirozzolo was otherwise engaged at Yankee Stadium in New York. In addition to working with a dozen PGA Tour and Champions Tour players, he is a full-time coach for the Texas Rangers—the team's "mental skills" specialist hired last year by pitching legend and team president Nolan Ryan for the express purpose of helping to toughen up the team, both mentally and physically.

So instead of talking about pre-shot routines and tournament strategies, Messrs. Langer and Sindelar hunkered down on Wednesday of that week with Dr. Pirozzolo's wife, Priscilla, to watch the Rangers play the Yankees in game five of the American League championship series. Occasionally they caught glimpses of their absent host, in uniform, sitting on the Rangers bench. (The Rangers lost but trounced the Yankees two days later to make it to the franchise's first World Series.)

The border between Dr. Pirozzolo's baseball work and his golf work is remarkably fluid. "It really is all the same. It comes down to your ability to find the motor programs you need under pressure, by blocking out of all the distractions," he told me this week on the telephone. "As the competitions get bigger and bigger, like the World Series, or the Masters and the U.S. Open, there is a more noise to deal with, white noise as well as meaningful challenges and threats. Mental toughness is clearly the key. The tougher you are, the easier it is to control your central nervous system and your peripheral nervous system, to control your stress response and make adaptations."

Dr. Pirozzolo, who unlike some sports psychologists, doesn't court publicity, typically gives new golf clients a book called "Mental Toughness in Baseball" that he has put together from more than 20 years in the field, first with the Houston Astros (when Mr. Ryan was the ace), then with the Yankees from 1996 to 2001 (he has four World Series rings from that period), and now with the Rangers. Many of his golf clients have hung out with his baseball teams, and a few have even taken batting practice—not for the fun of it, but as a learning experience. He urges his golfers to try to make each shot in a tournament a "quality at bat," rating them afterward not for the result but for the depth of commitment and for thinking about the right things at the right time.

Texas Rangers mental skills specialist Fran Pirozzolo (top right). Below, PGA Tour player Justin Leonard has worked with Dr. Pirozollo.

ImageForum; top, Brad Newton

Conversely, he uses golf extensively with his baseball clients, especially pitchers, whose pre-pitch routines are similar to pre-shot routines in golf. When he was with the Yankees, he sometimes skirted a team rule prohibiting players from traveling with their golf clubs by driving to away games in Philadelphia and Baltimore with the pitching staff's clubs in the trunk of his car. He believed golf was useful to the pitchers as a tool for inoculating themselves against distractions.

For the Rangers, Dr. Pirozzolo spent a lot of time last winter helping C.J. Wilson in his transformation from a mid-inning relief pitcher to a starter. They began by attending two golf tournaments in California, the Bob Hope Classic and the Northern Trust Open. He wanted Mr. Wilson to closely observe how the top pros repeated their pre-shot routines with precision, shrugged off bad shots and reluctantly accepted that sometimes, when a part of their game wasn't working well, they had to hit more conservative shots than they wanted to.

"For a pitcher, a similar situation might be accepting that he has to throw a strike on an 0-2 count when he really doesn't want to, when he'd rather play around with the corners (of the plate)," Dr. Pirozzolo said. Over dinner after watching golf, he and Mr. Wilson would talk about such things and in that way began to build an understanding. (Mr. Wilson won 15 games as a starter in 2010, against eight losses.)

Much of what Dr. Pirozzolo does, he said, is standard for sports psychologists, but he differs in his relative emphasis on toughness. "Instead of focusing on, say, the first round Thursday and how to make everything just right, we start at the other end and work back, by imaging how chaotic and stressed out the player will be on Sunday afternoon coming down the stretch and how he needs to respond," he said.

A correlative in baseball is dealing with the incredible crowd noise at a World Series game. In the run up to the World Series, Dr. Pirozzolo had Rangers players wear earphones pumping out high-decibel din as they practiced fielding and other routines in super slow motion. "The idea is to get them used to hearing their own self-talk despite, or through, the noise," he said. The slow motion was key because it requires more conscious thought than acting at regular speed.

For golfers he creates a similarly chaotic atmosphere on an audio CD of guided imagery. From this riled-up state, the players practice easing themselves back down to a calm state, using the cues and phrases that they and Dr. Pirozzolo have developed together. "That is the nature of mental toughness: I've got something I can take care of every problem with. A player is confident when he knows he can handle whatever is thrown at him," he said.

Dr. Pirozzolo's Ph.D. is in neuroscience. He previously taught in the neurology department at the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston and also worked for NASA, studying stress and team building for astronauts. "The exciting thing in my field right now is that a lot of the ideas about enhancing human performance that we suspected were true are being proven correct through the use of the latest technologies in brain imaging," he said.

But research is also proving that the old masters of golf knew what there were doing. Dr. Pirozzolo co-authored a book with Sam Snead called "The Game I Love," and was disappointed at how often the golfing great talked about the importance of breathing. Byron Nelson once coached him for a golf tournament and, as a final piece of advice before play, advised him, "Pay attention to your heart rate."

"I didn't want to hear those things, I wanted something sexier that would be a breakthrough. But the fact is they were exactly right," he said. Dr. Pirozzolo's athletes all take deep "cleansing" breaths—in through the nose, out through the mouth—before making a pitch or a swing. Some also train with a biofeedback tool to learn to control their heart rates.

For the Rangers this year, it wasn't enough. They lost to the San Francisco Giants in the World Series on Monday. "We'll get over the pain. We always do," Dr. Pirozzolo said. Besides, Mr. Langer has a chance to clinch his third consecutive money title and first Charles Schwab Cup this weekend at the year's final Champions Tour event. "We've been working on blocking out distractions," Dr. Pirozzolo said.

HOMES

When the virtual becomes real

Interior designers become editors as more people tap into technology to decorate their homes

By Helen Kirwan-Taylor

My family owns a summer house on Long Island, N.Y. The style is vintage 1950s (it belonged to my grandmother), and as charming as that is, it needed a facelift. Strapped for time, money, energy and inspiration (but not aspiration), this spring I sought the advice of Sandra Nunnerley, a top New York interior designer whom I had met on several occasions. The problem was: the house was over two hours from her office and besides, I couldn't afford her hourly fee. "Don't worry," she said. "Just send me some pictures."

Within a week of our first email, we had sorted paint colors, lighting, furniture, fabrics, carpets, even flooring—without so much as one human conversation. I did the leg work (the ordering, unpacking, installing, paying and returning of dud purchases), she did the directing. We came in early and below budget.

Inadvertently, I had stumbled on a hot trend: online decorating. Just as women once said you couldn't buy clothes without first trying them on, people have long thought you can't decorate a house without seeing it. This might have been true before computer-assisted design (CAD), which allows you to see a room in 3D, and, of course, the Web. But today, more and more people are tapping into technology to decorate their homes. With so many websites and ideas out there, those plunging into DIY interior design need someone with experience to keep them from getting ahead of themselves. "This is really the start of a new business model," says Ms. Nunnerley, who does online consultancy work for a handful of clients. "The designer as editor is very efficient," she adds. "Customers want to shop for and choose their own furniture and they want instant gratification. There is also such a variety of great online merchandise now."

Savvy shoppers know what brands they like; what they want from the web are new ideas and, more importantly, deals. Websites like Intirium, for example, offer the top Italian labels at discount prices. Even the most guarded brands—once the prerogative of a chosen few—are now aiming directly at the public. Belgium's Emery & Cie (www.emeryetcie.com), a favorite of designers like Ilse Crawford, now not only sells directly to customers, but also offers "endless design advice." Katharina Hesedenz, a German journalist who is in the process of redoing her flat in Munich, uses sites to find the sort of one-off items that traditionally were bought by designers. "You just need to know where to look" she says. Her favorites include Dawanda.com, a platform for stylists, collectors and artists, and the carefully edited Danish Tinekhome.dk, which sells everything from sofas to linens. Another industry favorite is XXO.com, a warehouse packed with designer treasures often used by stylists in Paris.

In our case, we stuck to four tried-and-tested local online retailers, including Room & Board, Pottery Barn, Ballard Designs and Restoration Hardware. Between them, I could have furnished several houses. While clearly I'm not the only one shopping, Ms. Nunnerley says I am the first to use a couture eye (hers) to shop prêt-à-porter.

The interior designer's skill used to lie in suggesting ideas and room plans, and implementing them. Today, much of this can be done by the consumer online. "One of the most useful online resources for those who want to take a more professional approach are the various 2D and 3D modeling tools—like SeeMyDesign.com, DesigningOnline.com and Google's SketchUp—that allow you to create virtual interiors by testing out furniture groupings and color schemes, and help you to see how new purchases might come together in a room" says Ms. Nunnerley. "The Internet has also become such a fabulous tool for seeking out and buying everything from furniture to light fixtures to fabrics, and we professionals use it all the time: for instance, I can now shop small French dealers in Paris online—something that was unheard of just a couple years ago—using resources like 1stdibs.com."

Brent Hoberman, chairman of mydeco.com (and formerly of lastminute.com), thinks we will all soon be capable of getting a professional look without paying the current fees and mark ups, which can range from £75 to £250 an hour. "I think it goes beyond CAD. In the future, you will be able to use sites like mydeco.com to design a whole house. We can already display images in 3D that are photo-realistic and created by famous designers or community members or students. Our 3D room sets allow you to make changes and see exactly what you are getting, and you can buy anything in the room with the click of a mouse.

"The marketplace is more efficient today," adds Mr. Hoberman. "It needs to be; it was so archaic before." Online design isn't about phasing out designers; it's about using them in a new capacity.

However, some think off-site design is a risky proposition. "So much of what one designs relies on actually seeing the place and then honing and honing" says London-based interior designer David Bentheim. "I am just doing a flat in Switzerland and if I didn't go over fairly regularly, it would be almost impossible—building variations, local authorities, builders ideas that creep in, the inevitable mistakes and simply just calibrating what it looks like as the seasons change."

I sent the floor dimensions and some images of my bedroom in to mydeco see what the site's community could do with my presently lifeless, empty space. I soon received dozens of suggestions—some of them pretty way out; one online designer suggested I try different wallpapers on different walls. I did, however, take home the idea of creating a dressing table from another entry. I also experimented with scale by moving the furniture around, another trick Ms. Nunnerley taught me. "The great thing about design this way is that you get a lot of opinions," says Pia Munden, mydeco's market-development director.

Of course, some people will always prefer the hand-holding services that top designers offer, but in the future, we (poorer folk) may be able to use designers as consultants whose sole purpose is to make suggestions, monitor our tastes and prevent us from making expensive mistakes—at a lower rate. We'll get the diffusion rather than the couture, but we won't complain.

mydeco.com

A virtual interior of a bedroom created using mydeco.com's 3D room planner.

BOOKS

When History Rides the Waves

Atlantic
By Simon Winchester
(Harper, 512 pages, £25)

BY JOHN STEELE GORDON

We humans, as Shakespeare noted, are as ephemeral as dreams. So to us the oceans seem eternal. But they are not, a fact that geologists only learned in the mid-20th century. One hundred and ninety million years ago the Atlantic Ocean was born as the supercontinent Pangaea began to split apart. For now, it continues to widen at the rate of about an inch a year. But perhaps 180 million years hence it will have disappeared as the planet's ever-restless tectonic plates once more coalesce into a new supercontinent, Pangaea Ultima. Roughly at this midpoint in the ocean's existence, Simon Winchester, in "Atlantic," tells us the story so far.

A stormy home to explorers, traders and pirates. A prison to Napoleon.

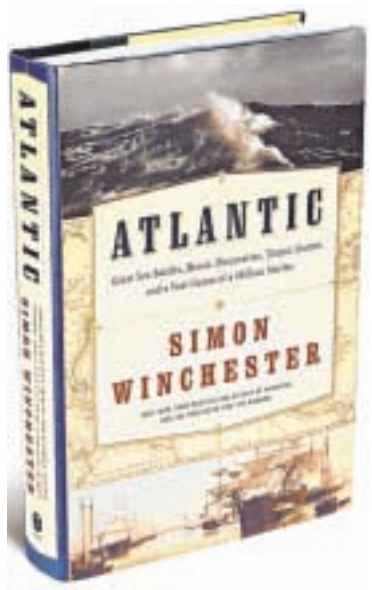
The Atlantic, Mr. Winchester notes, has had a relatively brief life as an important geographic feature of the globe. For most of European history, the Atlantic was simply "the great outer sea," as opposed to the inner sea, the Mediterranean, and thought to encircle the world. It was, therefore, practically as alien and unknown as the back side of the moon and of little more worldly importance.

Two events at the end of the Middle Ages changed that decisively. In the 15th century, western Europeans developed the full-rigged ship, which was more capable than earlier vessels of dealing with the far greater distances and tougher conditions of the Atlantic. And in 1453, the Turks finally took Constantinople, closing off the old trade routes to the East, the source of spices, silk and other luxury goods.

With the development of new trade routes around the southern tip of Africa by the Portuguese and the discovery of the New World by Columbus, the center of the Western world moved decisively from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. Venice and Genoa declined into insignificance. England, France and Spain, battening on the burgeoning trade and treasure of the New World, fought for mastery of the Atlantic. For the next 500 years, the Atlantic Ocean would be the cockpit of history.

The last naval battle in the Mediterranean of great strategic significance, the Battle of Lepanto, was fought in 1571. The first one not fought in the Atlantic thereafter was the Battle of Tsushima in 1904, between Russia and Japan, which announced Japan's arrival as a great power. Control of the Atlantic sea lanes determined the outcome of both world wars in Europe.

But the story of the Atlantic Ocean involves far more than just battles, however sanguinary and



significant. It is equally the story of geology on a grand scale, of discovery and exploration, of fishing and the incomparable piscine riches of the Grand Banks. It is the story of trade in gold, wheat, furs, sugar and slaves. It is the story of piracy and of technology, as wood gave way to steel and undersea cables knitted the Old and New Worlds together. It is the story of titanic storms and the Titanic shipwreck. And it is the story of Napoleon, whose navy once patrolled the ocean while he ruled a continent and whose last days were spent in exile, his prison walls the endless waters of the Atlantic.

Mr. Winchester—a trained geologist and inveterate globetrotter—is well suited to tell the story. And he tells it with the sort of panache that he has brought to previous books, such as "Krakatoa," about the volcanic disaster of 1883, and "The Professor and the Madman," about the creation of the Oxford English Dictionary.

He begins his tale by looking out from the windswept heights of the Faroe Islands, a Danish possession on the edge of the Arctic Ocean. He ends it on the Skeleton Coast in Namibia on the southwest coast of Africa, 10,000 miles away. With much history, technology, economics and even poetry in between, "Atlantic" perhaps inevitably reads a bit like one of Edna Ferber's sprawling, unruly novels. But it is no less readable for that.

There is much to relish here. I had no idea, for instance, that NASA's five space shuttles were named for 18th- and 19th-century ships of exploration, two American and three British. (That's why the space shuttle Endeavour is spelled in the British fashion: It is named for Capt. Cook's ship.) I had never heard of William Marsden (1754-1836), who as secretary of the British Admiralty devised the ocean-sectioning "Marsden squares" that Lloyd's has used ever since to chart the location of shipwrecks. (He also left a vast coin collection to the British Museum, wrote a definitive dictionary of Malay and in 1805 woke the First Lord of the Admiralty to tell him the happy outcome of the Battle of Trafalgar.)

The story of how the first telegraph transoceanic telegraph cable was laid in 1858 takes up only a few pages but is, typically for "Atlantic," riveting. The 2,500 miles of cable, "about as thick as a man's index finger" and weighing 1,500 tons, broke repeatedly; storms lashed the project and scoffers proliferated. Thoreau wanted to know why anyone would need to communicate from continent to continent—surely, he said, the news would consist of trivia on the order of "King of Prussia too ill to visit Queen Victoria." The cable worked, sort of, for 15 days, then went dead. Eight years and two more attempts would be needed before a long-lasting success was achieved.

Inevitably, however, in painting so vast a canvas, Mr. Winchester commits the occasional miscue. For instance: Matthew Fontaine Maury, the father of the science of oceanography, was indeed appointed the first head of the U.S. Naval Observatory in 1844, but he didn't serve in that position "for the next thirty years." A Virginian by birth, Maury resigned his commission in 1861 and sided with the Confederacy, going to England to help acquire ships for its navy. He ended his days as a professor at the Virginia Military Institute.

Noting that more then 400,000 commercial flights cross the Atlantic annually, a wistful Mr. Winchester writes: "The casual public acceptance of transoceanic air travel has dulled us to the wonders and beauties and the preciousness of the sea below." His lively, lyrical telling of the ocean's story does much to sharpen our appreciation.

—Mr. Gordon is the author of "An Empire of Wealth: The Epic History of American Economic Power."

Radio Renegades

Death of a Pirate
By Adrian Johns
(Norton, 305 pages, £19.95)

BY RANDALL BLOOMQUIST

On the night of June 21, 1966, Oliver Smedley, who operated a pirate radio station off the coast of England, shot a rival named Reg Calvert during a heated confrontation at Smedley's home outside London. Calvert died instantly, but there were other victims—pirate radio itself and, it seemed, Smedley's dream of using that colorful, ephemeral medium to help roll back the British welfare state.

The phrase pirate radio conjures an image of wild times on the high seas as free-spirited DJs in the 1960s stick it to The Man by giving the kids their rock 'n' roll. But Adrian Johns's "Death of a Pirate" is more concerned with Friedrich von Hayek and "The Road to Serfdom" than with Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones. Mr. Johns, a University of Chicago history professor who specializes in intellectual property, portrays the British radio pirates not in the warm glow of sentimental memory that the period usually enjoys but in the historian's cold bright light. "Death of a Pirate" is, in its way, a treasure.

At the center of the tale stands Oliver Smedley, a conservative political activist and entrepreneur determined to stop what he saw as Britain's slide toward socialism. After dabbling in politics and journalism in the 1950s, he launched a network of think tanks and political organizations that pressed his call to cut taxes, slash public spending, eliminate tariffs and reduce government's role in economic life. When in 1964 two like-minded acquaintances pitched him on the idea of launching a pirate-radio ship, Smedley seized on the project as a chance to trade talk for action by taking on statism's pride and joy, the BBC.

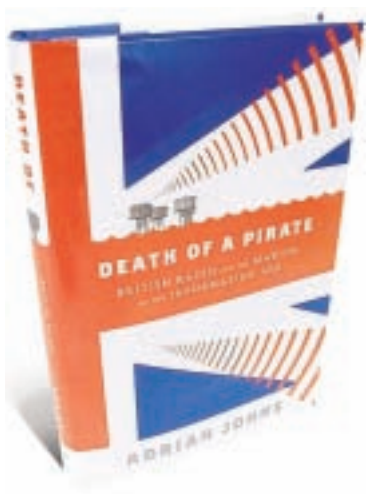
The BBC is a nonprofit "state corporation" funded primarily by an annual license fee (currently £145.50) charged to every television owner. At its founding in 1922, the BBC was designated as the sole provider of radio programming in the United Kingdom. Unofficially, the Beeb was expected to reinforce a traditional view of British culture and life. The programming was a highbrow blend of mostly classical music and lectures. Commercials were forbidden for their alleged coarsening effect. Critics of laissez-faire capitalism, including John Maynard Keynes, cited the BBC's "success" in delivering a vital service to the masses as proof that public corporations were the answer to the free market's problems.

How Oliver Smedley took on statism's pride and joy, the BBC, and exposed the flaws of state media.

Oliver Smedley was eager to demonstrate otherwise. His Radio Atlanta would show the benefits of giving people what they desired instead of what central planners thought they should get. The station would sell commercials not only to make a profit but also to deliver knowledge that is essential to the efficient operation of a market economy. Smedley raised capital, created the convoluted corporate structure necessary to skirt British law, set up an advertising sales operation, bought a ship, fitted it with the necessary broadcast gear and sent it to sea—where it immediately began leaking money.

Radio Atlanta wasn't alone in that predicament. Advertisers were reluctant to spend money with pirate stations—there were about 10—that might be made to disappear the following week by forces of nature or government. Radio Atlanta was also hampered by its programming. Contrary to myth, not all British pirates were full-time rockers, even if plenty of British kids were dying to hear rock music on that must-have new gadget, the transistor radio. The legendary Radio Caroline, for example, featured a music mix that ranged from the Beatles and Searchers to the Mantovani Orchestra and West End show tunes. Radio Atlanta's offerings were so staid, says Mr. Johns, that "at times they could even sound distinctly similar to BBC fare."

What's more, many of the pirate-radio operators were dreadful businessmen. Smedley and other owners seriously underestimated the cost of building and operating a pirate station. In July 1964, just weeks after launching Radio Atlanta, Smedley entered an uneasy partnership with



the rival Radio Caroline. The following year, he sold his station's meager assets to Caroline in a bid to pay off his creditors. Undeterred, Smedley then formed an informal "alliance" with another pirate operation, Radio City, which broadcast from Shivering Sands, an abandoned antiaircraft gun emplacement in the Thames estuary.

Radio City owner Reg Calvert was a streetwise dance-hall impresario who used the airwaves to promote his stable of aspiring rock and pop stars, including Screaming Lord Sutch, who became Radio City's star DJ. Calvert unwisely regarded the tapped-out Smedley as a potential source of capital; Smedley coveted the Shivering Sands facility. But Calvert, frustrated with Smedley's failure to deliver promised equipment and payments, soon began talks with yet another pirate, American-owned Radio London. Matters came to a head in June 1966 when a gang of strike-idled dockworkers hired by Smedley seized Shivering Sands and expelled the Radio City staff. The move prompted the fatal confrontation at Smedley's house.

Smedley pleaded self-defense and was acquitted. But Reg Calvert's death and the resulting headlines forced the British government to address what appeared to be an out-of-control situation. Unfortunately for the authorities, radio piracy wasn't illegal. Parliament rectified that situation by passing a marine "broadcast offences" act outlawing offshore radio stations and, more important, forbidding British companies to advertise on them. By late 1967, the pirate armada had largely been swept from the seas.

While Radio Caroline is the best-remembered of the renegade stations—the 2009 film "Pirate Radio" is loosely based on its story—the nearly forgotten Oliver Smedley, who died in 1989, was arguably the most successful buccaneer of the bunch. After all, as Mr. Johns notes, the pirate-radio episode sparked just the sort of transformation in British broadcasting that Smedley had envisioned. The government soon licensed commercial radio stations, the BBC accepted pop music and even adopted a more skeptical stance toward officialdom. Smedley succeeded beyond any reasonable expectation in spotlighting the flaws of state media and, by extension, state-controlled business.

—Mr. Bloomquist is president of the consulting firm Talk Frontier Media.

Geraint Lewis/Writer Pictures

Revelations from a biographer

Sir Michael Holroyd discusses his latest 'Book of Secrets' and his own relationships with women

By Paul Levy

Sir Michael Holroyd, who is a youthful 75 this year, is English-language world's senior biographer. This week he publishes his latest work, "A Book of Secrets: Illegitimate Daughters, Absent Fathers" (Chatto, £16.99). He is indisputably the writer who changed the nature of biography more than anyone with exception of one of his own subjects, Lytton Strachey, the Bloomsbury Group historian who himself put an end to the Victorian practice of chronicling the lives of the great in detailed, multivolumed, but discreet accounts of their daily doings.

With his own two-volume "Lytton Strachey" (1967 and 1969), Sir Michael broke the mold twice. First, he reverted to pre-Strachey length; second, at a time when homosexuality was only just being decriminalized, he revealed that Strachey was gay. This revolutionized the conventions of biography around the world, not just in the U.K., by making it possible for writers to tell previously taboo important truths. It also loosed a fox in the Anglo-American henhouse, for (farfetched as it seems now) some economists and politicians were distressed about the effect on U.S. economic policy of his revelation that Strachey's chum, John Maynard Keynes, had also been gay. The 1994 film "Carrington" also resulted from his seminal work.

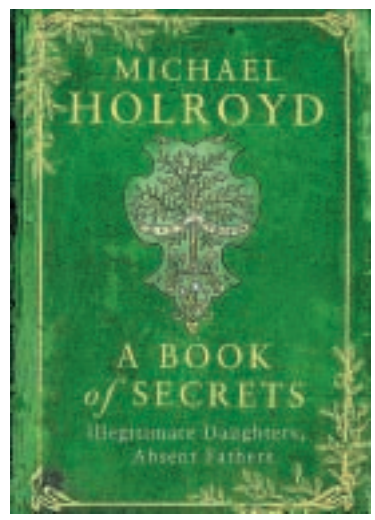
And it made Sir Michael celebrated himself. He went on to write lives of the painter Augustus John and of the playwright George Bernard Shaw, a group biography of Ellen Terry, Henry Irving and their families, and a trilogy of hybrid biographies/autobiographies, "Basil Street Blues" (1999), "Mosaic" (2004) and, he says, the new "A Book of Secrets." As a literary knight, he has chaired most of Britain's literary committees and supported most literary causes. In 1982 he married the writer Dame Margaret Drabble, and they live in London and Somerset. He's been seriously ill in recent years, but now is in good health and excellent spirits.

We have known each other since 1968, when I was a graduate student at Harvard University and Sir Michael a visiting lecturer. You can read a wry account of our personal relationship in "Mosaic" (which has just been released as a single Vintage paperback volume with "Basil Street Blues"). Since 1972 we have been co-Trustees and executors of the Lytton Strachey estate. And he introduced me to my wife.

In the sitting room of his West London house, he told me how, as a young man in the 1960s, he became fascinated by a Rodin portrait bust in the V&A. As he was seeing someone who worked there, he "used to wander in the corridors after hours." It "was of someone called Eve Fairfax. I found myself haunted by this image, because it always changed, sometimes serene, sometimes clothed in a mysterious air of melancholy. As I used to walk around in the evenings I never knew how she would appear to me. So I thought: I must do some research into her. I found out that she came from the famous Fairfax family in Yorkshire (General Lord Fairfax beat Charles I at the Battle of Naseby in 1645). I wondered why the bust was made, and then I learned it had been made as a wedding present, for a marriage that never took place; and I realized I was onto a story." It was commissioned by her fiancé, Ernest Beckett, later the 2nd Lord Grimethorpe (1856-1917).

In "Secrets," Sir Michael details how Eve Fairfax (1872-1978) then had a relationship with Rodin, and in 1916, by someone else, "an illegitimate son, who disappeared." She lived to be 107, an eccentric old woman, a perpetual guest in successive aristocratic houses. Lord Grimethorpe married an American heiress, Lucy Tracy Lee ("Luie," 1865-1891), finally producing the male heir, only six days before she died.

Lord Grimethorpe meanwhile was having an affair with José Dale-Lace (d., 1937, who has only a walk-on role in the book) by whom



Lord Grimethorpe had another bastard son, Lancelot. Simultaneously he was having an affair with Alice Keppel (1868-1947, and another walk-on), overlapping a bit with her better-known lover, the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. Lord Grimethorpe and Keppel had a daughter, Violet (later Trefusis, 1894-1972), who became a novelist, but is more known to readers for her lesbian affair with Vita Sackville-West (1892-1962), as rendered in Virginia Woolf's 1928 "Orlando," Her 1935 riposte (in French) "Broderie Anglaise," and Nigel Nicolson's 1973 "Portrait of a Marriage." To top it all, Sir Michael discovered that his traveling companion on one of the research trips to Lord Grimethorpe's Villa Cimbrone in Ravello, near Naples, believed herself (with good reason) to be Lord Grimethorpe's son's daughter.

From this whirlwind account of the book it's clear that Sir Michael is really more interested in Lord Grimethorpe's women than in Lord Grimethorpe himself. Does this have autobiographical significance?

"I was an only child, brought up by grandparents, people very much older than myself. I went to no co-educational school, and only to boarding schools, then I was a short time in a solicitor's office, and then two years in the army, doing National Service. All men, again...I had a need of women, and I was very fortunate that it was the '60s, when everything was freer.... Things got better as I got less young."

Eve ends up dotty, Violet a monster, "greedy for gossip, unable to eat." Sir Michael has written about his odd relationship with his own mother, and I wonder whether he is here exploring the psychology of difficult women?

"When I write, I don't know in the morning how the narrative is going to end in the evening; and it's true to say that different people reading the same book will take away from it a different message. I think I've been very fortunate in the women I've known."

REVIEWS

Strehler's Figaro shines again

Paris: The Italian Giorgio Strehler, founder of Milan's Piccolo Teatro, was one of the great stage directors of 20th-century European theater. He was also a musician, and his 1973 production of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" at the Paris Opera, with sets and costumes by Ezio Frigerio, has become legendary, known for ushering in what became a golden era for the Opera under the management of Rolf Lieberman.

Strehler's Figaro remained in production at the Opera until 1983, and was revived between 1990 and 2003. When Gérard Mortier took over as head of the Opera in 2003, he consigned Strehler's classic staging to the dustbin, destroying the sets and shipping the costumes to the French national costume museum in Moulins-sur-Allier. With Nicolas Joel now at the helm, the celebrated production is back—at the Opera Bastille instead of the Palais Garnier—until Nov. 24, and it will return for another 10 performances in May and June of 2011. The sets have been borrowed from Milan's La Scala, the original costumes restored or recreated, and the staging reconstructed by Frigerio and Strehler's assistants Humbert Camerlo and Marise Flach.

Strehler took no liberties with Mozart or the libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte, based on the comedy "La Folle Journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro" by Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais. The action still takes place in a single day, as the valet Figaro plans to marry the maid Suzanna, who tries to avoid the advances of Count Almaviva, who dreams of reestablishing the *droit de seigneur* while ignoring his wife the Countess, who still loves her wishful Lothario of a husband, while the amorous page Cherubino pines for every female in sight.

Strehler was a master of theatrical magic, but here his touch is all light and shadow, a triumph of delicacy and simplicity as comedy, farce, mistaken identity and nostalgic melancholy add up to an irresistible group portrait of human folly. The sets are vast, nearly empty spaces—a four-poster bed, a chair, a dressing table and a folding screen for the Countess's bedroom, for example, and a cavernous corridor with floor-to-ceiling windows, with only a piano and a few music stands. The 18th-century costumes, except for the final red and gold brocades of the Count and Countess, are in muted pastels.

That puts the emphasis on the characters, and that's where Strehler's poetic vision, channeled through Camerlo and Flach, still shines. Every movement and gesture is designed to bring the characters alive, the singing and acting seamlessly blended. The excellent cast includes Italian bass Luca Pisaroni in the title role, Italian soprano Barbara Frittoli as the Countess, French soprano Karine Deshayes as Cerubino and Argentine soprano Maria Virginia Savastano as an effervescent Barbarina. Russian soprano Ekaterina Siurina is a standout as Suzanna, and if French baritone Ludovic Tézier is slightly stiff as a padded and portly Almaviva, it is he who caps the delightful evening with a moment of dead silence as he realizes the error of his ways, looks at the Countess as if seeing her for the first time in years, and asks forgiveness with a poignant *perdono*.

—Judy Fayard

Until Nov. 24
www.operadeparis.fr

Fred Toulet/Opera national de Paris

Barbara Frittoli (Countess Almaviva) and Ludovic Tézier (Count Almaviva).

Trustees of the British Museum

Gilded cartonnage mummy mask (first century B.C.).

Spooky journey into the afterlife

London: The British Museum's big autumn show opened yesterday. "Journey Through the Afterlife: Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead" is a guaranteed crowd-puller, which will generate some unaccustomed favorable comment for its sponsor, BP. At least since "King Tut" we've had a fascination with the Egyptian rituals of death, as prescribed by the many versions of the illustrated Book of the Dead. The British Museum has a huge collection of these, plus mummies, masks, amulets and other often-grisly paraphernalia, some of which can be displayed only rarely, owing to their fragility.

In the splendid catalog accompanying the show, curator John H. Taylor sets out two 19th-century interpretations of Books of the Dead, one that they're scripts "of a ritual for restoring the dead to life," the second as "the 'road map' for a personal journey to paradise."

While he says that neither of these is precisely correct, both help us to understand why these books are composed of spells, drawn from a repertoire of about 200 formulae, written in the first person. They appeal to various gods to help the dead person get through threats and disasters. Some are expressed in hieroglyphs, and some in hieratic, the (less familiar to me) cursive writing system that developed alongside them. Spells were used during ceremonies such as the opening of the mouth, in which carpenters' tools were symbolically applied to the funerary mask, or in the weighing of the heart, or to prevent nasty things happening.

For example, the late Norman Mailer's most uncharacteristic novel, "Ancient Evenings" (1983), has an all-too-memorable passage, echoed here, about the terrible things that can happen to the body of the deceased, the worst being that the digestive process is reversed and the victim ingests his own excrement.

Only the highest-status people had Books of the Dead buried with them, so it is perhaps not surprising that the paradise the Egyptian religion saw at the end of the journey of the dead, the Field of Reeds, was a vision of the pastoral lives led by the upper classes. This lack of imagination may well be a common feature of every religion's version of paradise, but I spotted a few features that the ancient religion may have has in common with Islamic culture, and wish there had been something about this in the show.

But maybe that's being greedy, and asking too much of a spectacularly well-installed, generously instructive exhibition. This is yet another triumphant installation in the Round Reading Room—it spirals around the space, ending with the Greenfield Papyrus, the longest Book of the Dead known, all 37 meters of which are shown on the outer wall. I needed to exit by retracing my steps through this marvelous exhibition. It took five minutes, and I had the impression of walking through a maze: an excitingly spooky journey through a scary subject.

—Paul Levy

Until March 6
www.britishmuseum.org

Celebrating 40 years of archiving British art

London: Forty years ago the Tate Gallery (as it then was called) realized that a lot of work on paper was disappearing forever—not so much drawings and sketches, as the letters, diaries and other memorabilia or artists represented in the collection. And it also dawned on the director, Sir Norman Reid, and his successors, Sir Alan Bowness and Sir Nicholas Serota, that this fugitive material was important for doing their job of cataloguing, looking after and interpreting the permanent collection.

So Tate Archive was founded (my wife, Penelope Marcus, was an early archivist) and is now, says Sir Nicholas, "the largest archive of British art in the world with over one million items."

To celebrate the anniversary Tate Britain has mounted a clever, small show, "40 Degrees of Separation" (and is also flagging up another 40 pledged gifts to the collection). In vitrines and mounted on the wall are a sequence of interconnected items, which range from Lord Clark's notebook for his epic **BBC** series, "Civilisation," to the painter Keith Vaughan's suicide note of Nov. 4, 1977: "I cannot believe I have committed suicide since nothing has happened...65 was long enough for me. It wasn't a complete failure..." he wrote, and then lost consciousness and died.

The exhibits include "Young British Artist" Jake Chapman's schoolboy essay on a visit to the Tate, in which he lists his favorite painters. There's an affectionate 1825 letter from John Constable to his wife, and a begging letter from Francis Bacon to his agent, written from Morocco in 1958, requesting £300 (a lot of money then), because "I am getting very short as I have to buy a lot of paint." Plus an illustrated letter from Lucian Freud to a female art student friend, which ends "Hoping this finds you as it leaves me, art, art, art. All my love, Lucio."

And to show that the archive also collects non-paper objects: Walter Sickert's strangely stylish linen, cream-colored painting overalls, and a coiled lock of golden hair from Eileen Mayo, the model and muse of the mostly gay Duncan Grant. There's **Turner**'s metal paint box; and a banner made by Angus Fairhurst, before his 2008 suicide, for a stand he shared with Damien Hirst in the 1993 Hoxton Square show, "A Fête Worse than Death."

Tate Photography

Walter Sickert: Pair of overalls from 1972.

There's a pleasing air of an art-history quiz game about this charming mini-exhibition, challenging you to puzzle out the relationship of each item to its neighbor.

—Paul Levy

Until Feb. 13
www.tate.org.uk

museodelprado 2010

'The Wine of St. Martin's Day' (circa 1565-1568) is now believed to be an original by Pieter Bruegel the Elder.

The newest Old Master

Behind the scenes of the Prado's Bruegel discovery

By J. S. Marcus

In the spring of 2006, Alex Bell, the London-based co-chairman of Sotheby's Old Master department, was in Spain on what he calls "a routine evaluation for a client." While examining the contents of the client's art collection, Mr. Bell and his colleague James Macdonald came across "an enormous painting on linen," obscured by centuries of dirt and layers of varnish. "We stopped dead in our tracks," Mr. Bell says.

Assumed to have been a derivative work by a son of Pieter Bruegel the Elder (1525–1569), the painting immediately held out other possibilities. "You tend to have an instinctive reaction," says Mr. Bell, recalling his initial impression that the "style and the quality all pointed strongly to the Elder Bruegel's authorship."

What started out as a hunch reached a dramatic conclusion Oct. 20, when Spain's Ministry of Culture said it was purchasing the painting—now recognized as "The Wine of St. Martin's Day," one of fewer than 50 surviving paintings by Pieter Bruegel the Elder—for €7 million and placing it in the collection of Madrid's Prado Museum.

"The Wine of St. Martin's Day" is the latest—and arguably the most sensational—in a string of recent re-attributions, which have brought the cloistered world of Old Master paintings to the front pages of the world's newspapers and reaffirmed the use of old-fashioned instinct as a method for solving the riddle of a painting's origins.

In early October, Rotterdam's Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen announced that a painting called "Tobias and His Wife," thought to have been by a pupil of Rembrandt's and consigned to a museum conference room, was a genuine Rembrandt. Last fall, New York's Metropolitan Museum announced that a recently cleaned 17th-century Spanish portrait, attributed to the workshop of Diego Velázquez, was in fact by the master himself. And at the Prado, where the newly discovered Bruegel painting was investigated and authenticated, the museum decided in 2008 to de-attribute "The Colossus," previously a celebrated painting by Francisco Goya, to the work of a follower.

Curators and art historians now have a broad range of scientific methods and advanced technologies to evaluate paintings, but often the trained eye of an expert still plays a crucial role.

"I could see immediately that it was a Velázquez," says Jonathan Brown, a professor at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, of Velázquez's "Portrait of a Man." Mr. Brown, a renowned Velázquez authority, was consulted by the museum at a crucial phase. The painting, he recalls, had been "greatly distorted by discolored varnish." Once the varnish was removed, he says, the attribution was clear to him.

After Sotheby's initiated the attribution process of the Bruegel work, the Prado spent years restoring and analyzing it, all the while "building up a consensus around the picture," says Miguel Zugaza, director of the Prado.

During a recent visit to the Prado's restoration department, where work on the painting will continue for the next six months, Gabriele Finaldi, the Prado's associate director for conservation and research and an early in-house advocate of the painting's authenticity, pointed out "the extraordinary aesthetic quality" that led him to believe it was a Bruegel. "We have had specialists from Brussels, Vienna, London and New York, and they have all agreed that this is a very significant discovery."

The work—which the museum now dates to some time in the mid 1560s—commemorates a celebration of the feast day of St. Martin, which falls on Nov. 11, and generally also coincides with the drawing of the year's first wine.

"If you look from right to left," says Mr. Finaldi, pointing at the painting from behind the bright lights used during the restoration process, "there is the saint, and here is everyone going absolutely wild to get the wine." He scans over the work's hundred odd figures in varying states of drunkenness." They are "grabbing anything available" to fill up with wine, he says. They "are even trying to fill their shoes with wine."

On the far-left of the painting, Bruegel depicts "the effects" of drunkenness. "This guy is completely out," says Mr. Finaldi, pointing at a comically prone figure. "This guy is vomiting. These people are having a fight. This one is asleep." Bruegel is "telling a morality tale," says Mr. Finaldi, which shows how religious festivities became scenes of debauchery, "but in the mean time he has tremendous fun."

The acquisition of "The Wine of St. Martin's Day" also gives rise to the special challenge of how to incorporate the unusually large work into the museum's permanent collection. An obvious place to hang the painting is the Prado's celebrated room of Netherlandish masterpieces, containing triptychs by Hieronymus Bosch, including "The Garden of Earthly Delights," and the Prado's other great Bruegel, "The Triumph of Death."

Mr. Finaldi says the gallery is "a sort of perfect room" as it is, and concedes that "The Triumph of Death"—a smaller, more extreme painting, graphically depicting an apocalypse—is on a much different scale than the new acquisition. "We will need to think how we present them," he says of the two opposing works.

Although Bruegel experts were convinced of its attribution, any doubts were dispelled in early September, when painting conservator Elisa Mora uncovered Bruegel's signature on the work's lower left hand corner. "I was very excited," Ms. Mora says.

In spite of the signature, and in spite of agreement between scholars, "there will still be discussions," says Marcus Dekiert, chief curator at Munich's Alte Pinakothek. He expects "there will be critical opinions" about the Bruegel decision, and years of discussion. Attribution, he says, "is a rather slow process."

Ernst van de Wetering, the art historian who heads up the Netherlands-based Rembrandt Research Project, which over the past several decades has sought to re-evaluate the authenticity of every Rembrandt work, says signatures "can be imitated very easily," adding, " I could make you a flawless Rembrandt signature."

Mr. van de Wetering recently published the fifth volume of the project's findings, which argued for attributing Rotterdam's "Tobias and His Wife" to Rembrandt, leading to the Boijmans's decision. Interestingly, debate continues at the museum itself.

"I still have my doubts," says Friso Lammertse, the museum's curator of Old Master paintings.

The work is currently on special exhibit at the museum through Sunday, after which it will be cleaned. The museum "will take off the varnish," says Mr. Lammertse, "and perhaps do some more research." And then, he adds, "we will ask people to look at it again."

Celebrating rare jewels

[Collecting]

By Margaret Studer

Geneva glitters this month with notable jewelry auctions.

Sotheby's (Nov. 16) and Christie's (Nov. 17) will offer an array of rare white diamonds and colored gemstones, celebrity jewels and creations of the world's great jewelers, including Harry Winston, Cartier, Van Cleef & Arpels, Bulgari, Mauboussin, Tiffany and David Webb.

Leading Sotheby's 550-lot auction will be a 24.78-carat intense pure pink diamond, set as a ring, expected to fetch between 27 million and 38 million Swiss francs (€19.6 million-€27.6 million). If such a sum is reached, it will become the most highly priced diamond in auction history. The present record is held by a deep grayish-blue 35.56 carat diamond sold at Christie's London in 2008 for £16.4 million.

This pink stone is "one of the most desirable diamonds ever to come to auction and its beauty has haunted me since the very first time I set eyes on it," Sotheby's jewelry expert David Bennett says.

The market for colored diamonds is extremely strong, especially for blues, pinks and greens. "There is something so exuberant, joyful and intensely feminine about a pink diamond that makes them absolutely irresistible," Mr. Bennett says.

Another highlight will be a 6.67-carat blood red, Burmese ruby set as a ring that Mr. Bennett describes as "spectacular" (estimate: 500,000 francs-800,000 francs).

Sotheby's will offer a number of jewels from the collection of Cristina Ford, the Italian-born second wife of Henry Ford II, including an emerald and diamond bracelet depicting clusters of flowers by Van Cleef & Arpels (estimate: 80,000 francs-120,000 francs). Van Cleef & Arpels also features in a selection of jewels on offer that were formerly owned by Christina Onassis.

Sotheby's will offer some 90 pieces by American designer David Webb, who was a darling of celebrities in the 1960s, producing innovative pieces inspired by animals and nature, using stones such as coral, turquoise and jade.

Spearheading Christie's 293-lot sale will be gems from the legendary diamond mines of Golconda in India, sapphire mines of Kashmir and emerald mines of Muzo in Colombia. The mines of Golconda were almost depleted in the mid-18th century so that large diamonds from there are seldom offered today.

Christie's will have a 26.17-carat totally flawless white Golconda diamond (estimate: three million francs-five million francs). The mountains of Kashmir have produced the world's most beautiful sapphires, with a rich blue color of velvety quality. An extremely rare 19.94-carat Kashmir stone is estimated at one million Swiss francs to 1.5 million Swiss francs. From Muzo comes an intense green, flawless 9.27-carat emerald of rare beauty, estimated at 380,000 francs-580,000 francs.

Whereas collectors once concentrated on number of carats and a stone's physical quality, they now view jewelry as an art form, according to the auctioneer for the Christie's sale, Rahul Kadakia. This, he notes, has increased prices of designer pieces that may not have the most valuable stones.

Delightful smaller items in the Christie's sale include a lively ruby and amethyst brooch in the shape of a starfish from the 1960s by René Boivin (estimate: 160,000 francs-200,000 francs); an unusual diamond brooch by Cartier designed as a little dog begging, with emerald eyes and onyx nose and a tail that moves (estimate: 50,000 francs-60,000 francs); and a colorful, multigem brooch by John Rubel depicting a ballerina happily dancing on her toes (estimate: 30,000 francs-40,000 francs).

Important watch sales, covering the 17th century to the contemporary, take place in Geneva the same week. Sotheby's (Nov. 14) will lead its sale with jeweled pieces made for the Chinese and Turkish markets in the 18th-19th century, including a rare gold, enamel diamond and pearl-set lorgnette watch circa 1810 (estimate: 150,000 francs-200,000 francs).

Both Sotheby's and Christie's (Nov. 15) will offer rare watches from Patek Philippe. The most highly estimated is at Christie's in a rare pink gold wristwatch with a blue enamel dial from 1953 (estimate: 1.5 million francs-2.5 million francs).

Left to right: a ruby and amethyst starfish brooch by René Boivin (estimate: 160,000 Swiss francs to 200,000 Swiss francs) and a multigem ballerina brooch by John Rubel (estimate: 30,000 Swiss francs to 40,000 Swiss francs).

Denis Hayoun-Diode SA

CULTURAL CALENDAR

Monique Carboni (top); Hamish Brown (bottom)

Amsterdam

■ MUSIC

"Die Soldaten" presents the avant-garde four-act opera by Bernd Alois Zimmermann under direction by Martin Wright with the Nederlands Philharmonisch Orkest, featuring Claudia Barainsky, Lani Poulson and Hebe Dijkstra.
De Nederlandse Opera
Nov. 9-28
☎ 31-20-625-54-55
www.dno.nl

Basel

■ MUSIC

The "Kronos Quartet" tours Europe, performing a series of string works from its 600-piece-strong repertoire, including music by Terry Riley and Thomas Newman.
Nov. 10, 11, Musiksaal, Basel
Nov. 12, Hala Stulecia, Wroclaw
Nov. 14, Kulturhalle, Remchingen
Nov. 16, Théâtre de Sartrouville, Sartrouville
More European dates at www.kronosquartet.org.

Berlin

■ ART

"László Moholy-Nagy: The Art of Light" shows more than 200 works by the early Modernist, including paintings, photographs, photograms and collages, films and graphics.
Martin-Gropius-Bau
Until Jan. 16
☎ 49-30-2548-60
www.mdf-berlin.de

■ ART

"Carsten Höller: Soma" exhibits the latest installation by the Belgian contemporary artist, exploring the concepts and supposed supernatural effects of "soma", a mythic drink from North India.
Hamburger Bahnhof
Until Feb. 6
☎ 49-30-3978-3411
www.hamburgerbahnhof.de

Brussels

■ MUSIC

"Requiem" by Italian composer Luigi Cherubini features Jeremy Ovenden and Giovanni Battista Parodi under musical direction of Leo Hussain.
La Monnaie—De Munt
Nov. 10-13
☎ 32-7023-3939
www.lamonnaie.be

Dublin

■ MUSIC

A last chance to see British soul and pop group Simply Red, led by Mick Hucknall, perform their hits before the band separates at the end of the year.
Nov. 7, The O2, Dublin
Nov. 8, Belfast Arena
Nov. 11, Arena Fyn, Odense
More information at www.simplyred.com

Ghent

■ ART

"Hareng Saur: Ensor and Contemporary Art" shows a selection of Ensor's paintings, drawings and prints alongside contemporary work that can be associated to Ensor, including art by Francis Alÿs, Bruce Nauman, Cindy Sherman and others.
S.M.A.K. Stedelijk Museum voor Aktuele Kunst
Until Feb. 27
☎ 32-9-2407-601
www.smak.be

London

■ MUSIC

"FELA!" brings the Tony-award nominated Broadway musical exploring the life and work of Nigerian Afrobeat and Jazz legend Fela Anikulapo-Kuti to London.
National Theatre
Nov. 6–Jan. 6
☎ 44-20-7452-3000
www.nationaltheatre.org.uk/felalondon

■ DESIGN

"Drawing Fashion" showcases 20th- and 21st-century fashion drawings and some garments from couture houses including Chanel, Poiret, Dior, Comme de Garçons and Viktor & Rolf.
Design Museum
Until March 6
☎ 44-870-8339-955
www.designmuseum.org

■ MUSIC

"London Jazz Festival" presents international talents such as Hugh Masekela & The Mahotella Queens, Herbie Hancock, Sonny Rollins and Ute Lemper, among many others, at venues across the city.
At various venues
Nov. 12-21
www.londonjazzfestival.org.uk

Madrid

■ ART

"Rubens" showcases key works by the Flemish master, including "Saint George and the Dragon," "The Garden of Love," "The Three Graces," "Village Dance" and others.
Museo Nacional del Prado
Until Jan. 23
☎ 34-91-3302-800
www.museoprado.es

Mannheim

■ ART

"Fausto Melotti: Acrobat of Modernity" is a retrospective of 114 works by the Italian sculptor, showcasing abstract as well as figurative works.
Kunsthalle Mannheim
Nov. 6-Jan. 23
☎ 49-621-2936-452/-430
www.kunsthalle-mannheim.eu

Paris

■ ART

"Faces and Bodies" features theater, dance and music events, with exhibitions curated by opera and theater director Patrice Chéreau, including "Scopophilia," a slideshow by Nan Goldin.
Musée du Louvre
Until Jan. 31
☎ 33-1-4020-5050
www.louvre.fr

The Hague

■ ART

"Made in Holland Old Masters from an American Private Collection" includes art by Rembrandt and Frans Hals.
Mauritshuis
Until Jan. 30
☎ 31-7030-2345-6
www.mauritshuis.nl

—Source: WSJ research

Top, 'FELA!' on show in London; above, Mick Hucknall's Simply Red perform in Dublin.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY MORNING

James Dyson engineers the perfect weekend

The English inventor talks to The Wall Street Journal Europe about how he starts his weekend.

He may have dreamed up the cyclonic vacuum cleaner and the bladeless fan, but Sir James Dyson isn't resting on his laurels. The industrial designer still spends most of his time inventing and repairing. That now includes advising on U.K. business policy; Sir James is part of British Prime Minister David Cameron's recently formed Business Advisory Council. With a crew of grandchildren, a busy social life, sports and projects ranging from excavations to wine making, his weekends are no less hectic—or inventive.

How does your weekend start?
My weekend tends to start quite late because I tend to work quite late. I don't know what it is about Fridays but you always end up with a group of engineers doing the things you should have done during the week, like designing things and solving problems. Some might say "Why not come on Monday morning and start fresh and solve them?" but there is something about the tensions and interactions of the week that make Friday evenings a very good moment to make decisions about solutions.

Dinner parties
Very often, I go out with my wife in the evenings on Friday. I live and work on the edge of the Cotswolds, which is very nice. We visit friends or have people for dinner. I make wines, so I am quite keen on it. I make Claret wine in Provence. It's very good because you don't have to add sugar. [I take the wine to parties] and impose it on my friends. They seem to drink it quite quickly.

Saturday starts with a bang
The next morning, I play tennis for two hours with a group of friends. So, it starts with a bang. We usually play at my house and sometimes at the others' houses. It is usually four. We play in pairs and sometimes we play American doubles if someone is away. This has been going on for years with the same group of people. This goes on until midday and then there is an obligatory glass of beer (I prefer Asahi beer), which does away with all the calories we got rid of playing tennis.

Taking things to bits
On Saturdays, we will probably have a light lunch and, if we have the grandchildren staying—which we quite often do—we then do all sorts of things with [them] which vary from drawing to designing things to taking things to bits and repairing them. Children like doing that. In fact, my wife is an artist and their parents are designers. I guess it is in the genes. I've got two little Bugatti cars. It sounds very expensive, but they are not—there is a rather wonderful pair of sculptors who rebuild Bugatti cars for children... These ones are made from the actual castings of the original ones and they look exactly like the Type 35, the most beautiful one. My grandchildren will drive around in those and I am the mechanic. They love that.

What else do you do?
I might do a bit of excavating. I drive excavators, because I really enjoy that. You have to really concentrate on what you are doing, but I like it because it's a sort of hard-core gardening. I used to do quite a lot of [intense] gardening when I was younger, but [excavating] is much more fun.

A walk in the woods
We go for walks as well. There are lovely walks where we live and I am very keen on walking, particularly where it's hilly, which it is. Walking is a relaxing thing. I love trees, animals and sheep. It's a way to think and talk to my wife... And quite often we walk with a group of friends, so you're not even aware that you're walking. You're just enjoying conversation and thinking and arguing, but at the same time, being in touch with wonderful trees and views.

Living on the edge
Whenever I can, I do sailing. I like sailing because there is a lot of gear involved. Particularly the modern gear is very interesting—the way you bend the mast and set the sail. I like the mechanical side of it. I've been doing it since I was about 6, with my father; so, I have done it on and off all my life. When you're actually sailing, it's really important to race because you both have the same wind and the same conditions, and then you have to make the best use of them and it's like living on the edge, which I like doing anyway. I also go running.

—Sir James was speaking with Javier Espinoza.


Dyson

THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

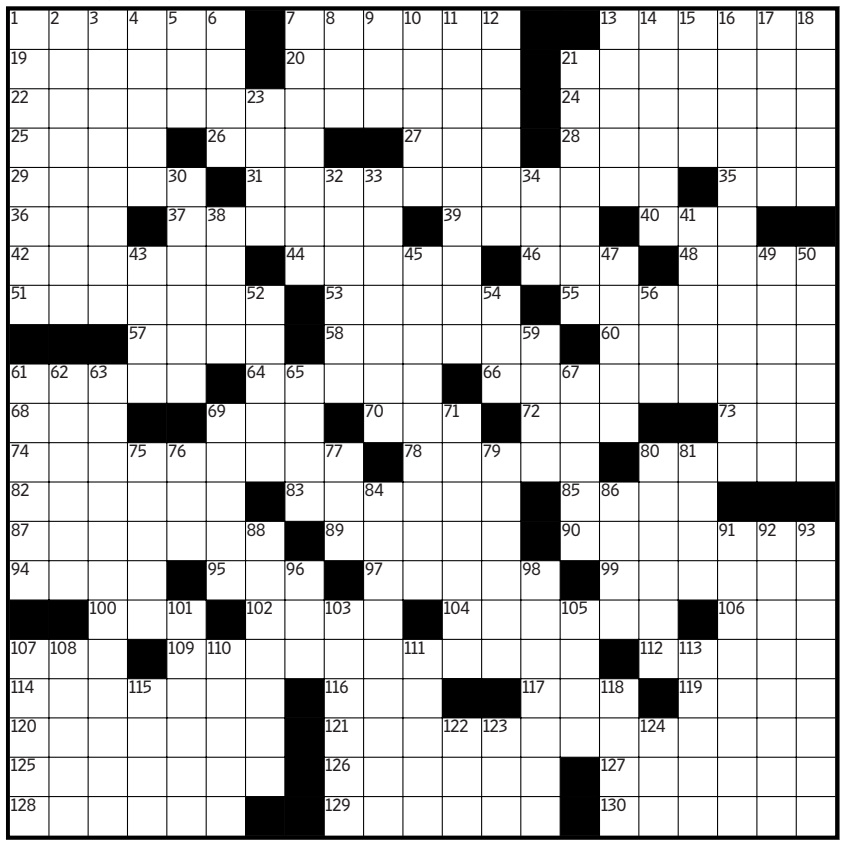
Across

1 Heavy overcoat
7 Confessor's confession
13 Frozen spear
19 Experience all over again
20 Minister's assistant
21 Mystery writers' awards
22 Noted interviewer's pet sheep?
24 Bronze Age residents of Crete
25 Pay to play
26 "Boy, am I an idiot!"
27 Like Gen. Powell
28 Grasping quality
29 India's longest-serving prime minister
31 TV journalist's pet dog?
35 "Toy Story" dinosaur
36 Chemical suffix
37 Opening word
39 Ice cream add-in
40 Starchy tuber
42 Brokenhearted
44 Victims of jocks, perhaps
46 Print widths
48 Vacant areas
51 Guarantees
53 Dizzy
55 Containing tin
57 Difficult to understand
58 Powder packer
60 Back up to speed, musically
61 Juan's woman
64 Asteroids producer
66 Old-time politician's pet bird?
68 Org. concerned with the BP oil spill
69 "My man!"
70 Some PC communications
72 Utmost degree
73 Scrap for Spot
74 TV weatherman's pet frog?
78 Left in a Spanish atlas
80 Full of gossip
82 Coolpix cameras, for example
83 Make safer, on the ranch
85 Advised about
87 Like some boat motors
89 Grievance
90 "Yikes, I'm late!"
94 Boxers' stats
95 Hand holder
97 Sign of spring
99 Perfect game pitcher Don
100 Lb. and oz.
102 Quaint oath
104 It's given, taken or extended
106 End for Brooklyn or Manhattan
107 Liquid on leaves
109 Henry VIII's pet snake?
112 PayPal funds
114 Oath takers
116 Prefix associated with being green
117 Drug in William Shatner books
119 ___ Domini
120 Human Resources find
121 The 21st president's pet dog?
125 Church cushion
126 Aide
127 Orchestra group
128 Livestock ID
129 Some history homework
130 Charm

Down

1 High-rise resident
2 Pressured
3 Smears liberally
4 River that rises in the Apennines
5 NASA walk
6 Acquire information, in a way
7 Sarah Palin, by birth
8 Business card no.
9 Angkor ___
10 Sardonic
11 Whiner who wants to be a winner
12 Jailed, slangily
13 "Uncle!"
14 Yellow shade
15 "Like ___ not,..."
16 Chinese leader's pet cat?
17 Tilt tool
18 Thomas Cromwell's earldom
21 Warring women
23 Knocks the socks off
30 One with a lot of interest in his work
32 1998 PGA Player of the Year
33 Auto with a prancing horse logo
34 Titleist holder
38 Olympics sticker
41 Ford's predecessor
43 Uncovered
45 "Ghost" star's pet cow?
47 Hidden drugs
49 Pan and others
50 TV beamer
52 Fire starter
54 Soft pitch
56 One with Esq. after his name
59 Word of warning
61 Be unequivocal about
62 Satellite connection
63 TV terrorism fighter's pet dog?
65 Nailed on a slant
67 Shrek creator William
69 Port of Iraq
71 Contribution to the community
75 Pigeon's place
76 "Not ___ bet!"
77 Exercise unit
79 Displays contempt
80 Write music
81 ___'acte
84 Hassles
86 ___ me tangere
88 Bedroom sight
91 Unwanted visitor from the East
92 Approaches
93 Small, as towns go
96 British cars
98 Volleyball players, at times
101 Aussie gal
103 Oscar winner for "Cocoon"
105 Salon employee
107 Word from a grateful German
108 ___ little (to any extent)
110 Sale rack abbr.
111 Silver and Grey
113 Winter air
115 Sharpen
118 Potent Polynesian drink
122 Place for the pampered
123 Mystery writer Josephine
124 Need a doctor

Celebrity Pets / by Randolph Ross



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

Last Week's Solution

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