

# WEEKEND JOURNAL.

FRIDAY - SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15 - 17, 2010

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Barbara Tina Fuhr Editor  
Beth Schepens Deputy Editor  
Brian M. Carney Taste page editor

Carlos Tovar Art director  
Elisabeth Limber Weekend art director

Questions or comments? Write to [wsje.weekend@wsj.com](mailto:wsje.weekend@wsj.com). Please include your full name and address.



Illustration by Jean-Manuel

# Getting a classical education in Italy

## [ European Life ]

By FRANCIS X. ROCCA IN ROME



Autumn in Italy brings the start of the school year—and of the school strike season. Teachers, administrators and support staff across the country are scheduled to stay away from work today, for the second Friday in a row, to protest the government's continuing education overhaul. The protestors say budget cuts will mean crowded classrooms and inadequate personnel in a system that is already one of the worst-funded (as a percentage of GDP) among wealthy developed countries. In some schools, families must take up a special collection to pay for students' toilet paper.

As a parent, I know I should be more concerned about the particulars of this issue, but most people I know expect the latest schools legislation to meet the fate of its last several predecessors, i.e., scrapped by a future government before it is fully implemented. Vast areas of educational policy could remain unresolved till our 9-year-old son graduates in a decade's time.

So for me, the importance of today's strike is simply that our boy will stay home on a weekday. I hope that will give the two of us a chance to work on his English, using the excellent Haydn Richards textbooks I discovered on a recent visit to London. But if my work makes that impossible, he'll probably end up re-watching a favorite DVD of "Toy Story" or "Monsters, Inc." At least those are in English too.

My Italian wife and I, an American, considered placing our bilingual son in one of Rome's Anglophone schools before finally opting for the Italian public system. Our considerations included

cost, since tuition rates at the international schools are geared to the budgets of diplomats with generous education allowances; but the deciding factor was quality.

Unlike their American and British counterparts, most urban professionals and even many of the wealthy here send their children to state schools, and often deride private institutions as mere diploma mills. That prejudice is no doubt unfair in many cases, and like all Italian public services, state schools are extremely variable. At their most rigorous, though, they offer an education that parents in many other countries would pay for gladly.

The pedagogy is old-fashioned, with lots of memorization: the despised "rote learning" that American educators have been warning against since before my own distant youth (but which news reports say is making a comeback there). Italian teachers make little effort to cultivate their pupils' self-esteem or celebrate their precious snowflake-like individuality. Meetings with parents are about what their child does wrong, while whatever he's learned is passed over in silence.

That can be frustrating for anyone who thrives on what Thomas Mann called "Vitamin P." Yet no one who has let an excited second-grader drag him through the Musée D'Orsay in search of Impressionist masterpieces, or heard a third-grader give forth on *Australopithecus* and the Big Bang, or a fourth-grader recite a poem by Sappho, can doubt that Italian teachers are doing something right. With many other countries' systems having all but abandoned classical languages, the prospect of my son taking five years of Latin and Greek in his teens gives me hope that he will reach adulthood with a sharp mind attuned to the resonances of the past.

Education is therefore one of the items on a mental list I keep—to consult on the frequent

occasions when I lose patience with the litter, traffic and general unruliness—of reasons to be glad I live in Rome. Those blessings include the food and weather, of course, along with the abundance of ancient ruins, silently offering their own lessons in history and humility.

### Dressing down

Schools aren't the only Italian institutions facing funding cuts these days. Culture Minister Sandro Bondi warned last week that next year's proposed budget for state support of the performing arts is only €262 million, which a major trade group says would be the least in two decades. If that doesn't change, we can expect more demonstrations like the one at La Scala this summer, when the orchestra at the venerable Milan opera house protested cuts by performing Gounod's *Faust* in blue jeans instead of white tie and tails. In a country where work stoppages are just part of the routine but dressing inappropriately is a scandal, that's what you call a serious labor action.

### On location

A notable feature of this year's International Rome Film Festival, which starts Oct. 28, is the number of Italian-made works that were shot abroad and in foreign languages, including German, Hindi and Arabic. This reflects the increasing popularity of international co-productions, which in turn reflects the diminution of state funding for the homemade product. But you wouldn't know it from the number of film crews to be seen all year round in Rome. One popular exterior, with its monumental entrance archway and extravagant fountain, is the Art Nouveau Coppede neighborhood, which my son and I walk past every morning on the way to his school. I first glimpsed it in my teens, long before I imagined I would come to live here, in the horror flick "The Omen."

## PROFILE

# Harald Falckenberg's radical art gesture

The German manufacturer, known for his artistic acumen, opens up his eccentric private collection

By J. S. MARCUS

Most people probably haven't thought much about the nozzles on gasoline pumps, but if you happen to be interested in nozzles, then you know all about Elaflex, a Hamburg-based world leader in nozzle production. And most people probably don't have the eye, or the stomach, for radical works of contemporary art, which do their best to shock, repel or otherwise displease. As it turns out, there is one man in the world who has a passion for both—Harald Falckenberg, Elaflex's co-owner and managing director, and one of the world's most admired, and most critical, contemporary-art collectors.

In the mid-1990s, Mr. Falckenberg, a native Hamburger and an avid golfer, gave up sports for art and within a few years managed to put together the basis for his collection. Since 2001, he has displayed the heart of that collection, which is now comprised of around 2,000 works, in a former tire factory in Harburg, an industrial district in the south of Hamburg. Known for inviting other major art collectors to share his sprawling Harburg factory building, and for exhibiting his own collection in vertical storage drawers that suggest a hardware store or a trade show, Mr. Falckenberg is now about to make a radical gesture of his own.

In late September, the Hamburg Senate officially approved a plan for the Deichtorhallen Hamburg, a civic-owned gallery space specializing in photography and contemporary art, to join in a cooperative relationship with Mr. Falckenberg. The city will now contribute €500,000 per year to help the Deichtorhallen mount its own exhibitions in Harburg, as well as borrow and maintain works from Mr. Falckenberg's collection. The decision amounts to a fusion of two of Germany's best-known contemporary-art institutions, and to an opening up of Mr. Falckenberg's collection, which until now could only be seen by appointment. A few days before the Hamburg Senate confirmed the deal, The Wall Street Journal met with Mr. Falckenberg at Elaflex's headquarters.

Mr. Falckenberg, 67 years old, is known for his ability to stay several steps ahead of the art market. He was among the first collectors to acquire works by major figures like German mixed-media artist Martin Kippenberger, the American painter and photographer Richard Prince and the German installation and performance artist Jonathan Meese.

Mr. Falckenberg, who has published books on art and teaches art

theory at Hamburg's Academy of Fine Arts, claims not to like art at all. "I am not so interested in artworks," he says. "People say I'm very enthusiastic about art. I am not at all enthusiastic about art." Rather, he describes himself as "a reporter on art and artists." He thinks of the art in his collection, which often depicts material destruction or physical suffering, as "socio-critical" not "beautiful or sentimental." "I try to get away from enthusiasm," he says, "from liking or loving" art. Instead he chooses to ask questions like "What are the conditions that somehow forces the artist to do this or that?" He believes that "an artwork at the end of the day is an expression of a certain development in society."

He picks out the emphatically messy work of Mr. Meese, who has several large installations on view in the Harburg complex. "There are many works of Jonathan Meese that I don't like," he says. "But I think they are very interesting." He is intrigued by what he calls Mr. Meese's "attitude of escapism."

"If you take [Mr. Meese's work] seriously, it is the worst work you can think of. But if you think of his work as an escape from the bitter realities of this life—well, this is what many young people do."

Mr. Meese's signature contribution to the Falckenberg collection is a pair of related installations, originally created for a gallery space in 2000, and then later reinstalled in a series of dank storage rooms in the Harburg factory. Featuring a harrowing clutter of defaced images, scrawled slogans and industrial detritus, the installations—which are officially called "Ezra Pound's Shower" and the nonsensical "Die Ordensburg Mishimoend (Toecutter's Mütze)"—are reached by a back staircase and suggest a kind of madman's lair. These were among the very first works of Mr. Meese that Mr. Falckenberg purchased, and they have evolved and grown in response to the collection's relocation over the years. "He gave me carte blanche," says Mr. Meese. "That was great."

Mr. Meese, now 40 years old, believes that the two works in their current state are "the largest and most concentrated" versions heretofore, and that together they amount to "a totally unique" creation in his career.

Although Mr. Falckenberg claims not to like Mr. Meese's work, or to have a sentimental connection to art or artists, a different picture emerges when speaking to Mr. Meese himself. "I love him dearly," says Mr. Meese.

"We hang out together," he says of Mr. Falckenberg. "He's a friend, a comrade and a companion. He's very generous and playful. You can drink with him; you can have fun with him. We often go out and have good meals and talk about art."

Is Mr. Meese surprised that Mr. Falckenberg purports to dislike art? "There are collectors who want to buy things they understand." By contrast, he says, "Harald Falckenberg wants to be surprised."

Mr. Falckenberg believes that his new arrangement with the Deichtorhallen, which is set to last until 2023, is part of a larger process. "I want step by step to give my buildings and my collection to Hamburg."

Mr. Falckenberg describes his collection, which more or less begins with art from the 1970s, as historical. "My collection starts with Punk," he says. "With young people who don't believe in anything anymore."

Does his decision to provide for his collection in the future mean that he himself believes in posterity? Or that he may even be an optimist at heart? "I'm not a believer," he says. "I'm also not a pessimist. I am convinced of evolution."

"Most people think that evolution leads to something better," he says. "That is not correct—it goes in all directions. There is no morality in evolution."

As for his new arrangement with the Deichtorhallen: "We have to see how it works out."



Isabel Mahns-Teichau, below, Egbert Hanke



Jonathan Meese's installation at the Falckenberg Collection.

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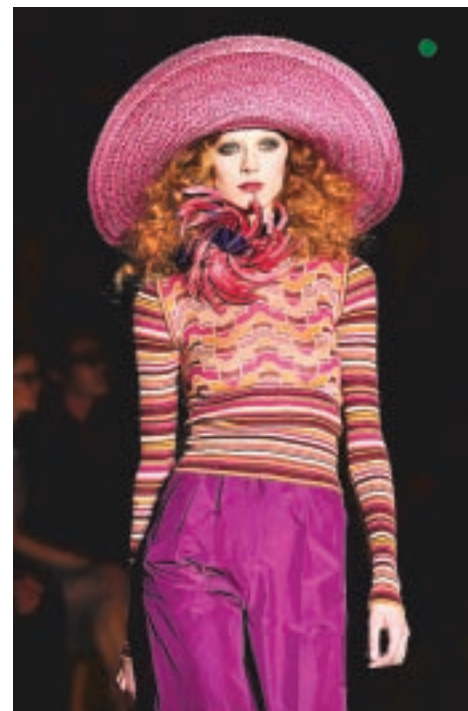
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## FASHION



From left to right, Gucci spring 2011 look; Lauren Hutton wearing a similar outfit in the 1970s; a creation by Marc Jacobs for spring 2011.

1970s were—like 2010—a time of economic worries. The boldness of those styles, with their saturated colors like orange and eggplant and their relaxed silhouettes, was an antidote to depressing and scary times. “Style in the ’70s was fun. The clothes were very uplifting,” says Michael Fink, dean of the Savannah College of Art and Design’s fashion school. Today’s shoppers might be ready for a mood lift, especially after this fall’s super-serious demure and minimalist looks.

#### Tube tops and fringe

That’s not to say that the ’70s looks are all frivolous. Mr. Fink noted that the emphasis on blazers, pants and pantsuits could go over better with consumers than more eccentric items such as tube tops, fringed jackets and patchwork sweaters.

With so many different looks, the ’70s trend is broad enough that women of all ages and demographics will have plenty to choose from. At Bloomingdale’s, fashion director Stephanie Solomon said the retailer believes strongly in “wide-leg pants, peasant/gypsy blouses, jumpsuits, flowing Boho dresses, gauzy chiffon dresses, halter tops and halter dresses.”

Colleen Sherin, fashion director at Saks Fifth Avenue, says the retailer will likely be selling trousers that are slim through the hips but flare out slightly below the knee. “It’s not a bell-bottom; it’s a slight flare,” she emphasized, citing examples by Derek Lam, Tory Burch and Pucci. “It’s a flattering silhouette for women.”

She says the retailer is also feeling groovy about fringed jackets, crocheted and macramé sweaters, tunics and peasant blouses, though she expressed tempered enthusiasm for caftans.

While Ms. London, the stylist, loves 1970s style, she gets “nervous” about peasant blouses. “That kind of volume has to be controlled,” she says. “You still need to define the waist; otherwise people look like they are wearing multicolored sacks.”

Jumpsuits and halter dresses with deep, plunging necklines also worry her. “The more curves you have, the less easy those kinds of skin-revealing styles are going to be,” she says. “Those are for a very particular kind of body.”

#### Free-flowing shapes

But shoppers who are used to stores filled with mini dresses and skinny jeans are likely to welcome the more forgiving, free-flowing shapes. Karen Kingsbury, who lives in Las Vegas and is in her 50s, says she’ll pass on peasant blouses and jumpsuits but will look at pants with wider legs, which come as a relief to her after many seasons of skinnier pants, as well as tunics and halter dresses.

“I like flowing, when the fabric just falls and drapes on your body,” she says. “It’s a nice feeling. It almost feels like you’re not wearing anything.”

# Fashion’s 1970s groove

BY RAY A. SMITH

It’s going to be a very ’70s spring. Marc Jacobs, Etro and Emilio Pucci were among the many designers who showed peasant blouses, maxi dresses, wide palazzo pants and other styles straight out of the 1970s at the recent runway shows in New York, London, Milan and Paris.

With sometimes surprising literalness, they channeled the funky styles of figures such as Bianca Jagger in pantsuits and jumpsuits at Studio 54, Diana Ross in the slinky looks of the movie “Mahogany,” Mary Tyler Moore (and her buddy Rhoda) in their bell-bottoms, and even Iris, the young prostitute played by Jodie Foster in “Taxi Driver.”

The borrowing was wide-ranging, encompassing the entire decade. Some designers went urbane, with pantsuits, V-neck jump-

suits, halter dresses, hot pants and tube tops. Others went folksy: crocheted, patchwork sweaters, flowing floral dresses and tunics and caftans with bold paisley prints.

The ’70s-inspired clothes made for great theater on the runway. Mr. Jacobs even accessorized his looks with big, wide-brimmed floppy hats reminiscent of Iris. But off the runway, no one likes to look like they’re wearing a costume—and ’70s looks have an exuberance and specificity that can make them hard to wear.

Caftans, for instance, were seen on a number of runways, but “I don’t know anyone since Mrs. Roper who can pull them off,” says stylist Stacy London, co-host of the U.S. show “What Not To Wear,” referring to the loopy housewife on the sitcom “Three’s Company.”

Indeed, the retailing industry is now busy trying to figure out which of the looks

will sell today and which should stay back in the ’70s. “You won’t see everyone walking in bell bottoms. I think the more fashion-forward will be wearing that,” says Claire Hamilton, a trend analyst at fashion consulting service WGSN.

When the styles appear in stores, early next spring, consumers may want to take the trend in small doses, wearing one ’70s-inspired item at a time—and pairing it with something modern. Karen Sheinbaum, of Coral Springs, Fla., who was a teenager in the ’70s, says she may dabble in wide-leg pants and peasant blouses. But she is drawing the line at high-waisted pants and halter tops and dresses. “I had them. I loved them. But I don’t know if I’d be able to revisit them now,” she says.

The key to navigating the ’70s trend is being selective. In his spring 2011 collection, designer Elie Tahari showed ’70s-inspired blazers—but they have soft shoulders rather than the hard edges of the originals. Instead of full pantsuits, he pushed separate blazers and wide-leg pants, accessorized with a wide belt. “We didn’t want to copy exactly the ’70s,” says Mr. Tahari, who started his line in the early 1970s with disco dresses, holding his first runway show in Studio 54. “We wanted to make it more modern, mix and match things more.”

Mr. Tahari was inspired by the “glamorous” styles of the era. But theories abound about why so many other designers zeroed in on the ’70s. A number seemed to take inspiration from Yves Saint Laurent in that period, referencing his tuxedo jackets and menswear-inspired blazers, pantsuits, ethnic caftans and the use of “color-blocking”—stacking blocks of solid colors in an outfit. (The designer was the subject of a retrospective in Paris in March.)

Another possible explanation: The

## Arbitrage

### Mulberry Scotchgrain computer case

City	Currency	U.S. €
London	£495	€562
New York	\$795	€569
Brussels	€600	€600
Frankfurt	€600	€600
Paris	€600	€600
Rome	€600	€600
Hong Kong	HK\$6,950	€642

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



Mulberry

## FASHION

## Chic simple

## [ Style ]

By TINA GAUDOIN



What an awful lot of fuss has been made about “the new minimalism.” Perhaps you have noticed the acres of column inches and the number of fashion pages devoted to the new pared-down but luxurious edict of Phoebe Philo for Céline? In case you haven’t or you don’t care (and why should you, really?) here’s the fashion bulletin. For her second collection for Céline since she left Chloé to literally “spend more time with her family,” Philo sent beautiful, expensive, simple, artifice-free clothes with narrow silhouettes down the runway for this autumn/winter. Now, you may think (and I would agree) that we’ve heard this all before—see early Helmut Lang, Giorgio Armani and Calvin Klein. And you may also postulate, “but isn’t that just the process of paring down one’s wardrobe, and casting off all that detritus—from ribbons and bows, to necklaces and belts that have been the stuff of the past few years?” To which I would have no rejoinder, except to say in American parlance, “knock yourselves out.”

Philo is a huge talent with proven commercial savvy. It was she who created the most desirable of accessories, the Chloé Paddington “It” bag. She is nominated for British Designer of the Year and she will probably win. If she does, it will be well deserved. Her clothes are beautiful. But in spite of this, readers, you do not, I think, need to cast about wildly for an entire new look. With some careful thought, you can probably go minimal using clothing you already own, with a few additions (and here I’m going to recommend—with the exception of evening wear—High Street). In fact, there’s an argument to be made for not thinking about this at all (and for not buying anything new—so fire me). Just strip down the layers, dump the baggy shirts, *et voila*.

As we know, fashion is skilled at extremes. There’s little doubt that “the new minimalist” is a direct response to the maximalism of the past few years (think fur, feathers and sequins). Taking this argument a step further, the paring down of the silhouette could be said to be fashion’s response to the recent economic implosion. That argument falters, though, where pricing is concerned. Instead of encouraging austerity—a sweater from Céline will set you back £1,220, £800-plus for a jacket from Stella McCartney (another minimalist this season) and around £250 for some legwarmers from American “luxe simplist” Michael Kors. This is cutting back with a big price tag.

Has the world gone mad? Well, yes, since you ask. But only a minuscule section of it. Recent reports that the Louis Vuitton store in Paris was closing early because it could not keep up with demand (and wanted to save some stock for Christmas), and that Chanel had upped the price of their signature bags by 20% to dampen

consumers appetites (and give the company time to catch up), gives you some idea of the scale of the insanity inside the luxury bubble.

So, aside from setting record prices for the humble sweater, have Philo et al brought anything new to the table? Will they change the way we think about getting dressed this winter? Actually, they have and they well may. Mercifully, they have hammered more than a few nails into the coffin of the flouncy frothiness which has dominated fashion for the past few years. For more proof that this trend is truly over one need look no further than to the high priest of flattering froth, Alber Elbaz for Lanvin. Elbaz’s spring/summer 2011 collection just trotted down the catwalk with barely a bow in sight. This is little short of a sartorial revolution. When Elbaz first sent out his clothes eight years ago, the fashion world went into a frenzy. Ribbons, lace and diamante paste began appearing in the strangest of places (the back pocket of blue jeans being the nadir). Dresses billowed from the bust, ruched at the hip and dipped dizzily above and below the knee—all in wonderful silks, satins and taffetas. Lanvin’s latest collection was a masterful exposition (in frocks, not words) of fashion’s need to move on. Following on from Michael Kors, Céline and Stella McCartney’s autumn/winter simplicity, Elbaz sent out gorgeous vertically color-blocked silk dresses, acid brights, zippers and gladiatorial hardware for summer. When he says something is over, it’s really over.

So, how to affect the new silhouette? First, do no harm. Survey what you already have before embarking on a major shopping spree. This really is a style, the building blocks of which you should already have—at least in part. So: fitted pants or jeans (preferably cropped at the ankle or alternatively falling onto the toe of the shoe itself), below the knee skirts (dig way back into the wardrobe), gilets, waistcoats, simple fitted shirts and plain oversized sweaters and Ts (Marks & Spencer anyone?). No overwrought jewelry allowed. In fact, start off with no jewelry—alright then, if you are married, you can



have your wedding ring.

What’s missing? Philo made leather look as wearable as wool with her leather shirts and shells. Try M&S Limited collection for leather tops starting at £125. The trouser is a key item and much has been written about Gap’s Premium Pant collection. Of course, one should never trust a journalist, but too many “real people” or civilians, as Liz Hurley calls them, have raved about the fit of the six styles of tailored trousers on offer



Clockwise from above, model presents design by Phoebe Philo for Céline from spring/summer 2011 ready-to-wear collection; camel piped pencil skirt by Whistles; Marks & Spencer’s Limited collection leather top.

for me not to encourage you to try them if you haven’t already. Juicy Couture’s tunic-style dress in gray is a key buy, £155 on net-a-porter.com. For affordable cashmere sweaters, try Uniqlo, from £49.99. But don’t stop there; by the time of writing, Jil Sander’s latest collaboration with Uniqlo will have hit the stores—the ultimate in affordable, pared-down chic. Sander herself recommends her black long wool Mermaid skirt, £49.99, and black wool

jacket, £129.99. Personally, I recommend the whole collection. It’s a peerless manifestation of the luxury-for-less ethos. And on your feet? Well, shoes and boots this season merit a whole column on their own (see next week), but for cool boots and lace-up shoe-boots with wedges see Pierre Hardy from Gap, from £150; and for flats, go to the source: Church’s for a pair of brogues (from £190) which you will have forever. Trust me on this one.

## Coolhunter

## Blofield Sofa

I can’t be the only person in this design-obsessed age who is forever moving their furniture around. When I say furniture, what I really mean are sofas. Somehow a room (even a kitchen or, when there is space, a bathroom) is not complete without somewhere comfy to lay one’s head or flop down and read a book. How often have you thought “Hmm, that space could do with a sofa” and then reflected sagely on the price and time-lag involved with ordering something, well, anything really, half decent. And then there’s the heavy lifting... In which case, the idea of an inflatable, properly “sittable” sofa seems inspired. Easily portable, it would be the sort of thing you could

put up or take down at a moment’s notice. Think of the possibilities—parties, bar mitzvahs, Everest base camp. At “do,” a design store on London’s Beak Street, they stock just the thing. Jeroen van de Kant has created an inflatable Chesterfield, which comes with its own trolley bag and pump, made from plastic and rubber. Sturdy enough for small children to bounce on, hardy enough to constitute garden furniture should you so choose, it’s also stylish enough to persuade me to consider it for a space, which, thanks to a botched redesign, has just appeared in my kitchen.

www.do-shop.com; Priced at £390  
—Tina Gaudoin



Jeroen van de Kant

## FOOD

## Mastering the art of French-Japanese Cuisine

By AYAI TOMISAWA

The French restaurant L'Osier is tucked along the upscale Namiki-dori street of Tokyo's tony Ginza District, where luxury shops attract customers with deep pockets. Five years ago, when Bruno Menard took over as head chef from Jacques Borie, who had run the kitchen for 20 years, it was packed every night with customers clamoring for classic French food. "First, everybody was looking at me like, 'Show me,' because I was the new guy in town," Mr. Menard says. "My challenge was to make sure that this restaurant is going to be full."

He has succeeded. L'Osier, which is operated by Shiseido Co., Japan's largest cosmetics maker, has remained popular. Since the Michelin Guide began to rate Tokyo restaurants in 2007, it has received three stars—the top rating—every year. Shiseido plans to close the restaurant in March 2011 and will reopen it in 2013, because the building—the site of its headquarters—will be torn down and rebuilt.

And Mr. Menard has accomplished it all without classic French food. Instead, he serves neoclassic French with a hint of Japanese. Much of the art of his cuisine, he says, can be summed up with the word *terroir*—that is, the charm of his food comes from his respect for the local soil.

While he imports specialty foods like black truffles, olive oil and *homard* (lobster) from France, as much as possible he uses fresh, in-season Japanese produce and fish, including *takenoko* (bamboo shoots), *soramame* (fava bean) and *nijimasu* (rainbow trout). He also likes to use locally grown shiso herbs for purée and yuzu citrus for dressings.

"My base is French, very French. But I travel everywhere, so I've got experiences around the world for different type of cuisines," Mr. Menard says. "I add just a small touch of everywhere I go."

The 48-year-old chef, who lives in Tokyo with his wife and son, was born in France to a family with culinary heritage. His father was a chocolatier; his grandfather, a pâtissier. Growing up eating chocolate, Mr. Menard invented a condiment called "Vinecao"—a mixture of cacao and vinegar, which he uses today in

sauces and dressings for meats and seafood.

He showed a strong interest in cooking at an early age, so his father suggested he take a summer job at a restaurant near his hometown of Tours—at the age of 8. "The first dish I did was a recipe called croquette Pojarski," says Mr. Menard. "At 8 years old, I knew I wanted to become who I am today."

Mr. Menard first came to Japan in 1995, working as executive chef at Tatou Tokyo, a popular French restaurant in the city's Roppongi District, and moved to Osaka in 1997 to take over the French restaurant at the Ritz-Carlton hotel. It was there, at La Baie, that Mr. Menard began to experiment with French and Japanese cuisine. His French seafood *kaiseki* (a traditional multicourse Japanese meal) became well-known in the city.

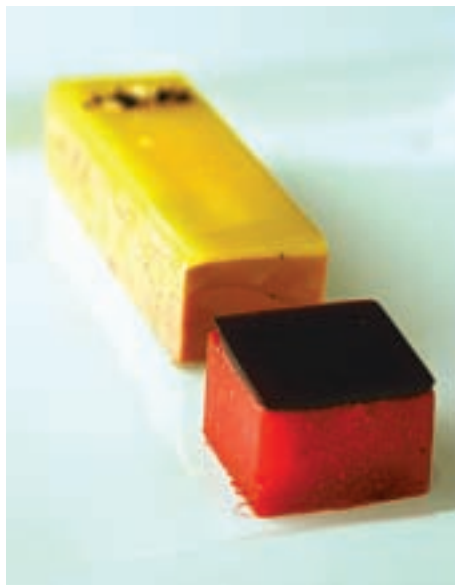
Says Francois J. Cnockaert, then a food-and-beverage manager at the Osaka hotel: "I wanted a different kind of French restaurant," one that wasn't "too stuffy" or "too formal." Mr. Menard's "passion was exactly what I had in my mind to create the concept," says Mr. Cnockaert, now the general manager of the Ritz-Carlton in Tokyo.

He left Osaka in 2001 for the U.S., and after a four-year stint at the Ritz-Carlton hotel in Atlanta, Mr. Menard moved back to Tokyo in 2005 to head L'Osier. (The restaurant name means "willows" in French, and Ginza is popular for its varieties of willow trees.)

Inside the restaurant's kitchen, Mr. Menard and his staff of 12—mostly Japanese—communicate in what the chef calls "the L'Osier language," a mix of Japanese, French and hand gestures. But it is unusually quiet most of the time, as his team has learned to monitor his moves and react accordingly, rather than wait for a verbal command from the chef.

"The point also—something very, very important here—is to have team spirit," he says, adding that managing a restaurant is like running a Formula One team. "I'm the guy driving the F1 car, which is very fast. If you want to be the world champion, you are not the world champion—your team is the world champion."

When the energy comes together, it is *umami*, a word Mr. Menard uses to describe the moment when everything goes perfectly right.



Clockwise from top, 'Exclamation de Foie Gras de Canard' dish; Chef Bruno Menard and L'Osier's main dining room.



Photographs by Marie-Pierre Morel for The Wall Street Journal

## Recipe: Butternut squash soup

By KITTY GREENWALD

Daniel Rose, chef and owner of Spring in Paris, makes seasonal menus that change nightly. Mr. Rose's restaurant specializes in elaborate tasting menus, but soup is a favorite at home, where he lacks a staff of five and a dishwasher. It's a simple, dependable one-pot meal. Plus, he adds, he generally has most of the ingredients on hand.

Mr. Rose is sharing his recipes with Journal readers. He's created a rich butternut squash soup that's enhanced by a simple and unexpected dollop of warm, bacon-flecked *crème fraîche*.

This sweet soup calls for a dark, crispy counterpoint. At Spring, it might be served in a small bowl alongside a plate of sautéed porcins. At home, Mr. Rose suggests serving the soup with smoky *crème fraîche* garnish or plain, as he does just as often.

Active time 30 minutes

Total Time 50 minutes

Serves 4-6

2 tablespoons olive oil

1 cup onion, diced into ½-centimeter pieces

1 tablespoon honey

1 large (1 kilogram) butternut squash

1 medium sweet potato

1½ cups whole milk

¾ cups water

Salt and pepper

1 tablespoon butter

2 tablespoons *crème fraîche*

Optional garnish

½ cup *crème fraîche*

40 grams smoked bacon, cut crosswise into ½-centimeter pieces

1 tablespoon flat-leaf parsley, roughly chopped

What to do

1. Halve butternut squash lengthwise, scoop out seeds and place squash on a cutting board cut side down. Remove peel using a sharp knife or strong vegetable peeler. Cut flesh into 2½-centimeter cubes.

2. Peel sweet potato and cut into 2½-centimeter cubes.

3. Heat olive oil in a stockpot set over medium heat. Add onion and sauté until translucent, about 3 minutes.

4. Add squash and sweet potato and cook for 5 minutes. Stir in honey and cook for another 5 minutes. Add milk and water and bring to a simmer. Lower heat slightly and gently simmer until squash and potatoes are tender, about 30 minutes.

5. Working in batches, transfer the soup to a blender and purée until completely smooth.

6. Pour soup back into stockpot and bring it back up to a simmer. If the soup is too thick, loosen it with just enough water so the soup has the consistency of heavy cream. Taste and adjust the seasoning with some salt, a generous amount of black pepper and a bit of honey, if needed. Stir in butter and *crème fraîche*. Once melted, turn off the heat.

7. Just before serving, sauté bacon over medium heat for about 4 minutes, turning to brown on all sides. Stir in the *crème fraîche* and cook for 2-3 minutes longer, or until heated through. Season with pepper.

8. Ladle into warmed bowls and garnish with the bacon-cream and chopped parsley. Serve with thick slices of grilled country bread.

WSJ.com

ONLINE TODAY: See Daniel Rose's other Slow Food Fast columns at [WSJ.com](http://WSJ.com)

## FOOD &amp; DRINK



Ellert, L./StockFood

## Is French fare a spent force?

The debate continues to rage over the future

### [ Food ]

By BRUCE PALLING



The highlight of numerous gastronomic festivals and exhibitions currently under way in London was this week's debate on whether French cuisine is a spent force. The four panelists—food critic A. A. Gill, former newspaper editor Rosie Boycott and television personalities Janet Street-Porter and Jonathan Meades—played the subject for all of its chauvinistic possibilities, while a packed audience of several hundred laughed and jeered. Mr. Gill, speaking in defense of French cuisine, wondered if anyone would turn up in a Parisian meeting hall to discuss the fate of British cuisine. “Embarrassingly, this is a question being put by a developing, third-rate food nation,” he says. “The truth is that the French care about their food more than anyone else does and all of what we consider British cuisine originated there in the first place. There is no bit of civilization that is as indebted to one nation than the dinner on your plate is to France.”

Ms. Street-Porter, who likes to emphasize her working-class origins by speaking in a pronounced Cockney accent, drew the most laughs by claiming that “French food is now fussy food that is disconnected with the way we live now. The truth is that French cuisine is no longer sexy.” Ms. Boycott concurred and felt that the heart has gone out of French cuisine: “The French have given up and their markets are smaller than they used to be.”

In defense of France, Mr. Meades spoke from his first-hand experience as a resident of southwest France, saying that in his lo-

cal town of 4,000, “there are five butchers, three bakers and even a *traiteur* [a shop specializing in locally produced take-away food] and a *charcutier* [a butcher who specifically prepares preserved pork products]—a trade that doesn't exist in Britain.”

Despite this ribaldry and jocularity, it is indeed a serious question that even the French are asking, perhaps with more concern for the consequences than foreigners.

Raymond Blanc, the most renowned French-born chef in Britain, believes that French cuisine is, in fact, in a crisis, especially when viewed from across the Channel. Owner of the two-Michelin-starred Le Manoir aux Quat'Saisons, near Oxford, Mr. Blanc blames the rigidity of French labor laws, especially the imposition of the 35-hour work week. “This has murdered small businesses, and restaurants find it easier to close for three days of the week rather than pay huge amounts of overtime. It also kills ambition, which is why I hardly have any young French chefs in my kitchens.” But his litany of problems gets worse. “The biggest growth in France is in the *restaurant-rapide* [fast-food] sector; we are only second to the U.S. in the growth of hypermarkets [big supermarkets]; and we are also one of the biggest users of pesticides and fertilizers. And do not get me started on business laws. Here it takes two days to open a business, but in France, it is six months.”

However, he believes that France “is still a fortunate country because of all the produce, the microclimates and all the knowledge. We may have lost 80% of our artisan producers, but we still have 20% left, which is 50 times more than England has.”

Bruno Loubet, another successful French chef in Britain, thinks it is too easy to forget that most of the chefs doing interesting cuisine have been classically trained in France. “They have an under-

standing of how flavors work together and what ingredients go with what through their French training, so the roots of their cooking are still French.” He does have some reservations, though, about the French attitude: “I wish the French were more open to outside ideas, but they are not good travelers—although I have just spent eight years running restaurants in Australia, where I learned a great deal.” For the moment, the chef, who recently returned to the British capital to open Bistro Bruno Loubet, prefers to be in London. “It is such a cosmopolitan place; it is on everyone else's radar,” Mr. Loubet says. “Food people watch what is happening here, so this is very much where you want to be.”

Claude Bosi, chef and owner of London's two-star Michelin Hibiscus, thinks French cuisine is still stuck in its own bubble. “It hasn't moved forward, apart from the young *néo-bistrot* movement in Paris. Other countries, like Spain, Italy, Scandinavia, even Germany, have lightened up their cuisine and are improving. French cuisine is fantastic if it is done properly but people in the 21st century don't want to eat traditional, heavy French food, and if they don't do something about it soon, they really will be in trouble.”

But perhaps a spirit of pessimism isn't entirely called for—after all, three of the greatest chefs in the world are French—Alain Ducasse, Joël Robuchon and Alain Passard, while most other countries' great chefs are usually French trained. Mr. Blanc certainly doesn't despair about the future: “All those hundreds of thousands of young French people who currently work in restaurants throughout the world will one day return when conditions improve. They are a huge force, which will reinvigorate and reinvent cuisine in France. Yes, French cuisine is in a hole at the moment, but it is not dead.”

## Barolo still ‘king of wines’

### [ Wine ]

By WILL LYONS



Whenever I taste the dark, brooding, tannic red wines of northern Italy, I am reminded of my friend, the author Alexander McCall Smith, who features them regularly in his writing.

A couple of Christmases ago, Sandy wrote a short story that included an amusing passage featuring a man who hires a bulldozer to change the boundaries between Rosso di Montalcino and Brunello di Montalcino. I won't spoil it for you, but I do recall, despite the light, comic touch, a rather moving ending.

Sandy's love of Italian wines can be traced back to his years as a student at the University of Siena, when he was a frequent visitor to the village of Montalcino. “That was before it became really well known,” he fondly recalls. “I used to go for walks out of Montalcino on the road toward Grosseto, along those lovely, white, dusty unpaved paths, with beautiful, rather forgotten, farms that kept white oxen,” he says. “I would look over toward the hillside and there would be cypress trees in a long line; it was marvelous. At that time, there was only one hotel, and it was quite a sleepy place. Then it became a place for people to visit and it lost some of that isolation, but it is still a very nice place.”

For me, Italian red wine is all about food. The deep structure and bracing tannins of the Sangiovese and Nebbiolo grapes shine when served alongside local dishes such as hare, truffles and pasta, and, of course, braised beef. But served without food, they can taste overwhelmingly bitter and acidic. They are also best left to age. If any wines improve with cellaring, it is these; they undoubtedly improve with at least 10 years on the label.

One of my favorite meatier reds is the Barolo, found in the village of the same name in the northwest region of Piemonte. According to the “Oxford Companion to Wine,” Barolo was enjoyed by the nobility of Turin and the ruling House of Savoy, earning it the

title “the wine of kings, the king of wines.” A legacy that perhaps explains its exalted position today. The actual DOCG, the specific area where by law it can be produced, is an almost circular 1,500 hectares in the Langhe hills around the village of Barolo. Given the hilly terrain, there are countless meso- and subclimates. As a rule of thumb, the villages of Barolo and La Morra produce the most perfumed wines, while Monforte d'Alba and Serralunga produce more structured, powerful wines that require substantial cellaring.

In recent years, the style of the wine has become a little more open and expressive with the introduction of modern wine-making techniques, such as temperature-controlled fermentation. When I was working in the wine trade in the late '90s, the region experienced a run of sensational vintages from 1996 to 2001, which inevitably led to a large increase in price. The 2006 vintage has just come onto the market, and some producers have argued it is similar to the wines made in 1999, with attractive freshness and a nice amount of fleshy sweetness.

Azelia, located in the village of Castiglione, is a case in point. Attention to detail in the vineyard and using a little less new oak during the ageing process have produced wines that are marked by their freshness, intensity and complex nature. Their Barolo San Rocco 2006 is beautifully perfumed, with a nose full of dark fruits, spice and licorice, as well as cherries and cinnamon. If their Barolo is hard on the wallet, they also produce an attractive Dolcetto d'Alba Bricco Oriolo 2009. Dark red, it is very open, with a ripe, spicy, herbaceous character, with lots of juicy, bitter sweet fruit.

Elio Altare, in the village of Annunziata in La Morra, is another producer worth tracking down. His Barolo 2006 is a blend of fruit from La Morra and Castiglione vineyards and, although intense and concentrated, it is marked by its purity of fruit and freshness. Finally, Paolo Scavino, in Castiglione Falletto in the Langhe area, has produced a tighter wine in its Barolo Bric del Fiasc 2006, with an increased minerality, with intense black cherry and damson. I'm seeing Sandy in December; I must remember to take him a bottle.

### Drinking Now

**Barolo, Azelia**  
Castiglione Falletto, Italy  
Vintage: 2006  
Price: about £25 or €28  
Alcohol content: 14.5%

Luigi Scavino's estate has been described as the rising star of Piemonte. Having tasted his wines, I wouldn't disagree. As I have written before, what I am looking for in red wines that have a deep structure, with plenty of heavy tannins, is freshness. After all, these wines are designed to accompany food as opposed to being drunk on their own. The Azelia 2006 Barolo is aged for two years in a mixture of large Slavonian oak botti and smaller barriques, importantly with no new oak. The 2006 is classic in style, offering a richly perfumed nose, with top notes of blackcurrant fruit and fine, fruity tannins. In the mouth, there is a much fuller bite, with a firm grip, good structure, complex minerals and a ripe sweetness.



## TRAVEL



Alamy (t); Hotel Heredad Mas Collet (b)

# Venturing into Catalonia's remote Priorat

As the region opens up to wine and hiking tourism, preserving traditions and the environment is key

BY KATI KRAUSE

It all began with wine. In 1989, a group of wine connoisseurs visited the Priorat, an impoverished, mountainous rural area inland from Tarragona, in the Spanish province of Catalonia. They had heard of the region's unique conditions for growing grapes, although the wine being produced was unrefined and usually sold in canisters rather than bottles.

The group was led by René Barbier, the veteran winemaker from La Rioja. The others were Álvaro Palacios, also the son of winemakers in La Rioja; Carles Pastrana, a Spanish journalist and wine lover from Tarragona; and Daphne Glorian, a Swiss-French lawyer. With them was Josep Lluís Pérez, a local professor of enology and founder of the Enology School in Falset, the Priorat's capital. They must have liked what

they saw, for each started buying land, rehabilitating old vineyards, planting new ones, and making wine under names such as Clos de l'Obac, Clos Erasmus and L'Ermita that have since elicited praise from wine pundits all over the world.

"We don't deserve any merit," Mr. Palacios says. "The merit is all with the Priorat. If we went there, it was because of the quality of the wine. When I first tried it, it was like a diamond in the rough. The area has an exclusive personality. It's so beautiful and at the same time so difficult; it requires a lot of effort, but it's worth it."

Dominated by the impressive, flat-topped mountain range of the Montsant natural reserve, the landscape is rough and striking. Vineyards and olive groves cover the terraced slopes that rise from unblemished valleys. The medieval villages dotting the hilltops have escaped the urban atrocities committed on the nearby coast. And the wine is produced in a traditional manner, with grapes picked by hand and irrigation systems rare. The Priorat feels like a remnant from another age that has been magically preserved in these mountains.

"When we first arrived, some people wanted to innovate, introduce new types of grapes and

change the cultivation system," Mr. Palacios recalls. "They were disappointed. We found centuries' worth of wine-growing tradition, and people were doing it this way because it worked. So the traditional methods are being preserved, even though it sometimes means using horses instead of tractors. But the mentality here is to preserve."

Twenty years after the winemakers arrived, the Priorat is again

**'It's the reverse of glitz and party. The Priorat is for people who are looking for an active, mentally stimulating and physically rewarding holiday.'**

making the balancing act between economic development and the preservation of traditions and the environment. The area is opening up to tourism, with a focus on wine and hiking. One of the people spearheading this effort is Cristina Beltran, the 38-year-old manager of the Falset tourism office. A native of the small village of Masroig, she witnessed the transformation of the

Priorat from destitute backwater to flourishing wine country. And she is happy with the progress they're making. "When I started, in 2001, there were a few restaurants but practically no hotels, no wineries that received visitors, and no organized activities," Ms. Beltran recalls. In 2003, the tourism office convinced six wineries to open their doors to visitors; today, there are 46 that offer tours.

It wasn't until 2004 that a road was built, offering a comfortable journey from Tarragona to the region's two biggest towns, Falset and Cornudella. The real breakthrough, however, came in 2006, when the Catalan government awarded the region funding to promote tourism. Suddenly, there were five people working in Ms. Beltran's office, a professional website was launched, and the team came up with ideas such as the recuperation of the old trails that connected the villages before roads were built, and their promotion as a lighter form of hiking. The strategy worked. "Tourism is now the second source of income in the region, after wine," Ms. Beltran says proudly.

The effect has been felt nowhere more than in Siurana, a tiny village of 35 inhabitants in the northeast of the Priorat. Formerly the seat of





## TRAVEL



Clockwise from top left, the Romanesque church of Santa Maria in the village of Siurana, which is in the Priorat region; hiking through the Priorat mountains; terraced vineyards; and a room at the boutique hotel La Heredad Mas Collet.

Moorish regents, Siurana was the last fiefdom in the area to fall into the hands of Christian conquerors in the 12th century, after what is believed to be an arduous siege. Contemplating its location, it seems surprising that it fell at all: Perched on the edge of a cliff, the village is surrounded on three sides by deep falls and on the fourth, by the towering rocks of the Montsant.

Andreu Bartolomé, a descendant of one of Siurana's original families who left the village for the coast, recalls the dire situation of the 1970s and '80s. "At some point, there were only three families left. One could only get by foot to Cornudella. There was no future," he says. In 1992, a road was finally built, and a few years later Mr. Bartolomé decided to return to Siurana to take over the family's winery and goat farm—"to become a shepherd," as he puts it. He met his wife and the two took over the family restaurant, which served home cooking to Catalan hikers. Then the boom happened, and now the couple has built a six-room luxury hotel with gourmet restaurant, called Mirador de Siurana. "I'm still a shepherd, but I'm also a businessman," he laughs.

Today there are five families in Siurana, and everybody is living off tourism in one way or another, according to Mr. Bartolomé, who un-

derstands that the charm of the region lies in a focus on small scale and high quality. "Our visitors are quite demanding. This is a quiet region, and the people who come here are very different from those who go to the coast," he says.

Martin Kirby, an Englishman who moved his family a decade ago to a farmhouse near Marçà, in the south of the Priorat concurs. "It's the reverse of glitz and party," he says. "The Priorat is for people who are looking for an active, mentally stimulating and physically rewarding holiday."

Mr. Kirby, a journalist and writer, came to the region in search of a simpler, less materialistic life. He doesn't see this threatened by tourism. "Here in the Priorat, families and communities are still very closely knit. Of course the region has evolved; it's opening up and tourism is growing. But it's sensitively done and very well handled. There are no ugly hotels; people are building very beautiful places. They want to preserve its beauty and its culture."

Like the region's traditional wine industry, the Priorat itself may survive its encounter with the rest of the world unscathed. "We were just a circumstance," Mr. Palacios says about the pioneer winemakers. "The most important factor was the region itself."

## Trip planner

The Priorat Tourism website, [www.turismepriorat.org](http://www.turismepriorat.org), is very well organized and offers a complete list of accommodation, restaurants, activities and sights.

## WHERE TO STAY

**La Vinya del Pare** is the Kirby family's homely self-catering three-bedroom holiday cottage near Marçà. House from €135.

☎+34 977 178 346;

[www.mothersgarden.org](http://www.mothersgarden.org)

**Mas Ardèvol**, between Falset y Porrera, is a privately run, remote country inn that rents out rooms and offers all the amenities of a small hotel. Rooms from €85.

☎+34 630 324 578;

[www.masardevol.net](http://www.masardevol.net)

**La Heredad Mas Collet** near Capçanes is a modern boutique hotel with pool, wine bar and a squash court. Rooms from €100.

☎+34 977 262 455;

[www.grupolhh.com](http://www.grupolhh.com).

## WHERE TO EAT

At **Restaurant Siurana**, the Bartolomé's serve hearty meat dishes with the produce from their own farm. ☎+34 977 821 027;

[www.restaurantsiurana.com](http://www.restaurantsiurana.com)

**Cellers del Gratallops** is the lunch-only gourmet restaurant of the Costers de Siurana winery.

☎+34 977 839 036;

[www.costersdelsiurana.com](http://www.costersdelsiurana.com)

**Celler de Montsant**, in Cornudella, is where locals go for a traditional Sunday meal. ☎+34 977 821 350

## WHAT TO DO

For sights, visit **Siurana**, the remains of the Scala Dei monastery. A visit to a winery is a must, and if you speak some Spanish you could do worse than choosing the 200-year-old family-run **Celler Cal Pla in Porrera** (☎+34 977 828 125).

For a professional tour in English, visit the **Celler del Capçanes** cooperative (☎+34 977 178 319) in Capçanes, producer of one of the most famous kosher wines in the world. Finally, don't forget to bring your hiking gear: whether it's the challenge of the Montsant or a light stroll from one village to another, the Priorat's landscape is highly rewarding, with hikes for every level. The Priorat tourism website ([www.turismepriorat.org](http://www.turismepriorat.org)) has a list of hikes. You can obtain maps at the tourism office in Falset (Bonaventura Pascó s/n. Castell.)

—Kati Krause

## The Italian Riviera

## [ Off the Beaten Track ]

Reporter **Daniel Michaels** on what to do, where to eat and where to stay along the Italian Riviera.

**What to do:** Enjoy the same Mediterranean sun, sand and seafood as in Cannes and Monaco, but without the glitz or princely prices.

The 137 kilometers of Italy's coast from the French border to Genoa mixes user-friendly beaches with the rugged beauty of Alpine foothills reaching inland toward the region of Piedmont, Italy's agricultural heartland. The Riviera is a big draw for French, German and Swiss vacationers, so don't expect to hear much English. A good Italian phrase book is handy.

The coast of Liguria, the region nearest France, is naturally rocky. Most coastal towns have a free beach, but these can be pretty rugged and choked with seaweed. Fortunately, just a few euros per day buys access to beautifully maintained private beaches, called *bagni*, which truck in tons of fine sand every year.

Almost every town divides its seafront into a series of *bagni* (literally, "baths") where you can rent a lounge chair with umbrella for several euros a day. A cabana for changing and locking up possessions is usually also available for a few euros more. Most *bagni* have a snack bar, which can offer everything from light refreshments to full meals.

Local trains and buses run along the coast, eliminating the need for a rental car—and an aspirin for the headache induced by the frantic local traffic.

Aside from beaches, the faded but still bustling small cities of Sanremo and Imperia give a feel for how Italy's wealthy used to live. The villas they built a century or more ago dot the steep hillsides and appear in varying playful styles, pastel colors and states of repair. From the hilltops there are dramatic views down to the sea.

Just a few kilometers inland, switchback mountain roads are lined with olive trees that have made the region an oil center for centuries. Olives are now pro-

cessed in modern facilities, but the history of their cultivation and use is evident in and around the compact hillside town of Dolcedo, eight kilometers inland from Imperia: Disused mills with decaying water wheels still cling to the banks of the narrow Prino River.

In Dolcedo, a medieval stone bridge spans a dramatic gorge, and the town is home to five chapels built in a range of architectural styles, including the baroque.

**Where to eat:** It's hard to get a bad meal on the Italian Riviera, particularly if you stick with fresh seafood. Enjoy it with wines from the nearby hills, such as Barolo, Barbaresco and Dolcetto.

A satisfying waterfront tourist spot is Hobo's Pizzeria in Imperia (☎+39-0183-64-205). For €13, you can eat fried squid so delicate they're almost unrecognizable compared to the rubbery rings that often pass as calamari. The seafood spaghetti and risotto, also both €13, use the same local catch as the fish of the day.

In Dolcedo, Casa Della Rocca (☎+39-0183-280-138) features live music and seasonal food of the region, including a mixed grill with frogs from the Prino River. Fixed-price menus range from €15 to €35.

And since no Italian vacation would be complete without *dolci*, visit the stately Balzola bakery and café (☎+39-0182-640-209) in Alassio for *baci*, or "kisses." These chocolate-meringue and hazelnut-cream cookies are addictive.

**Where to stay:** Alassio is the region's toniest beach town. The understatedly elegant Hotel Ligure, in the middle of town, faces Alassio's boardwalk and has its own beach access (☎+39-0182-640-653). A room for two facing the town starts at €200 per night, while a suite with sea view runs at about €400 per night in the high season. The hotel's Solaria Spa offers a brine bath.

In Imperia, the Miramare (☎+39-0183-667-120) is a 19th-century villa uphill from the waterfront that has been converted into serviced apartments. A suite with small kitchen starts at about €150 per night. The coastline train station is one minute away, which is convenient but can be a bit noisy.



A beach on Italy's Ligurian coast, southeast of the border with France.

## TRAVEL



# A new New Yorker is born

When a young boy from Toronto visited Manhattan in 1970, it was to be the start of a love affair

BY DAVID RAKOFF

Forgive me in advance. Any travelogue with a 6-year-old narrator necessarily leans toward the micro and juvenile, unless one was one of J.D. Salinger's super-genius Glass family prodigies, which I, in a word, wasn't. But even I understood that our New York trip over Christmas in 1970 would be different. Our annual visits were generally spent out on Long Island, at the home of our only other relatives in North America, worshipping our older cousins. But this time we were staying in Manhattan, at the Americana Hotel, now the Sheraton, on Seventh Avenue. The comparative excitement at the very center of the steam-pipe-venting, animatronic-Christmas-window winter bustle of it all was palpable. And it's an odd thing to say about New York City in 1970, but everything just worked so perfectly during that visit. There was not a portal that did not open upon approach, not a remote possibility that didn't fulfill its promise beyond all expectation.

Case in point: Back in Toronto, my neighbor Willy had a round muddy rock on his bookshelf at home; an unprepossessing half-sphere whose cut side revealed a concave center carpeted with pale lavender crystals. I was uncoupled with envy. Even armed with the name of such a thing—a geode—it seemed impossible that there should be another one out there, let alone be affordable. It was made of

jewels, after all. And lo, in a mineral shop on Madison Avenue and 34th Street that is still in business, I was given my own, the purchase of which did not seem to bankrupt my parents. For the duration of the trip, I alternated between peering into the dark hand-held cavern of almost black amethyst, like hundreds of small animal teeth shining brilliantly—fierce, sharp, intoxicating—and inhaling the dusty geranium scent of earth and my own breath. What a remarkable city!

A preshow supper at Mamma

**'There was not a portal that did not open upon approach, not a remote possibility that didn't fulfill its promise beyond all expectation.'**

Leone's on 48th Street seemed theater enough in and of itself. There was a plaster chef with toque and moustache stirring a pot of spaghetti that turned around and around. Our waiter addressed my 8-year-old sister as "Beautiful" and remarked upon our table manners and the size of all three of the Rakoff siblings' goose-egg eyes, a not terribly rare occurrence when we were children. We did have big eyes and good manners, neither of which has really lasted. Our waiter was so funny. Our lasagna placed before

us, it was a veritable bed quilt of layered pasta. The stars were among us, after all.

We were on our way to see Danny Kaye in "Two by Two," the Richard Rodgers musical about Noah and the Ark. And, as promised, there he was, the Court Jester, Walter Mitty himself, off the screen and in the flesh. Also in the cast, a hilarious young woman with brilliant comic timing and a roof-raising operatic voice: Madeline Kahn. It was her Broadway debut. As we were walking up the aisle at the end, Danny Kaye broke the fourth wall to wish us all a Happy New Year. I remember turning back toward the stage and waving, as if he had spoken directly to me, and thinking: Yes, yes I will.

It wasn't my first trip to New York, and it certainly wasn't the last. But it was *the* trip, like one of those scenes where the gorgeous secretary whose beauty had barely been concealed behind a pair of men-don't-make-passes spectacles and a nonsense bun finally lets loose her stays in a cascade of perfumed hair and reveals her limpid eyes. And all of a sudden—there she is!

Indeed there she was, the whole time: ready, waiting, the only logical recipient of a love from the newly smitten hero. In the movies he says, astonished, "How could I have been such a fool? Darling, it was you, you all along." In real life, I've essentially spent the four decades since trying to prove myself worthy of that ardor.

David Rakoff lives in New York. His latest book is "Half Empty."



Top, vintage postcard showing three views of New York City; above, Danny Kaye as Noah in "Two By Two" at the Imperial Theatre, New York, 1970.

## GOLF

# Can we have some more match play?

The format is fun to play and great to watch, but don't expect to see more of it on television

## [ Golf Journal ]

BY JOHN PAUL NEWPORT



As the Ryder Cup proved again, there's nothing more compelling in golf than a tense match-play duel. When Rickie Fowler birdied his last four holes in the singles competition to tie Edoardo Molinari of Italy, it was a two-minute drill ending with a touchdown. When Graeme McDowell of Northern Ireland sank his twisting 15-foot birdie putt on the 16th hole to effectively put away Hunter Mahan and win the Cup for Europe, it was Michael Jordan hitting a nothing-but-net three-pointer at the buzzer.

Given that match play so often produces this kind of drama, especially at Ryder Cups, it might seem a puzzlement that we golf fans don't see more of it. The match-play format, in which players compete hole by hole instead of adding up their cumulative strokes over a round, is by far the dominant style of golf played recreationally in the U.S. and around the world. It's more enjoyable and exciting than stroke play because an awful hole here or there doesn't spoil the day (you lose only that hole and move on) and thus encourages more daring, aggressive shots.

Match play is, in fact, the oldest and most natural form of golf. If a couple of aliens arrived from outer space and stumbled upon a set of clubs and some balls sitting on the first tee of a golf course, they would pretty quickly figure out how to hit the balls a pleasingly long way. Noticing a flagstick in the distance, one would challenge the other and off they'd go, with whoever got there in the fewest strokes declared the winner (they would certainly figure out what the hole was for, too). The loser would point to the next flagstick for a chance to win his money back, and match play is born.

Sooner or later, no doubt, someone would propose keeping a running tally of every stroke, but historically all the early recorded competitions—King James IV of Scotland in 1503, for example, or the Duke of York, later King James II, in 1681—were match play. Not until the mid-18th century are there records of stroke-play competitions, introduced to make tournaments involving larger numbers of golfers feasible. Single-elimination match play competitions with dozens of players could take days or even a week to complete. At the early Scottish and English golf clubs, the golfers in such special, large events competed for a medal. Thus stroke play came to be called medal play.

The basic rules of golf developed around match play, but some of those rules didn't work in medal play. For example, at various times in the past, the punishment for losing a ball in match play was forfeiting the hole. In stroke play, however, individual holes are not lost or won, so an alternative, stroke-and-distance



penalty developed. Another match-play convention that didn't work in stroke play was the stymie, whereby on the putting green one player's ball blocks his opponent's path to the hole. When the competition is only between the players on that hole, stymies are quirky but fair, an accepted condition of the match. In a stroke-play tournament against players all across the course, a stymie (in particular, a deliberate stymie) is not fair to the player being stymied.

Not until relatively recently, in 1946, did the U.S. Golf Association eliminate most of the differences between match-play and stroke-play rules. These days the remedy for a lost ball is the same in match play as in medal play (stroke and distance) and stymies are not allowed anywhere. A few differences remain, however. Most general breaches that in medal play invoke a two-stroke penalty, such as playing a wrong ball (as Mr. Fowler did in a foursomes match at the Ryder Cup), result in match play in loss of the hole.

Another key difference is that, in match play only, when a player hits out of turn his opponent may (but doesn't have to) ask him to replay the shot. At the 2000 Solheim Cup, American Kelly Robbins required Annika Sörenstam of Sweden to do just that after Ms. Sörenstam chipped in for a birdie. Ms. Robbins and her partner won the hole (and later the match) after Ms. Sörenstam predictably missed the birdie chip with her second attempt.

Despite the *mano a mano* appeal of match play, stroke play dominates in professional golf for several practical reasons and one philosophical one.

"You can never predict how long the individual matches will go," said Tyler Dennis, head of competition for the PGA Tour. The Tour administers two match-play events, the WGC-Accenture Match Play Championship in February and the biennial Presidents Cup, but the rest are stroke-play events



Top, a detail from 'The Golfers,' by Charles Lees (1847). The painting depicts a foursomes match at St. Andrews. Stroke play existed at that time, but was rare. Above, the bracketed leaderboard at the 2010 WGC-Accenture Match Play Championship at the Ritz-Carlton Golf Club in Marana, Ariz. Each of the four brackets is named after an iconic golfer.

with easier-to-schedule outcomes (weather being the only wild card). "In a knockout tournament like the Accenture, one match could be over on the 11th hole and the next one could go 22 holes. That's a problem for television," Mr. Dennis said.

The other big match-play limitation is that the elite players golf fans most want to watch can easily bite the dust early. Ernie Els washed out in the first round of three consecutive Accenture events from 2006 to 2008. In the 2002 Accenture, journeyman Kevin Sutherland beat journeyman Scott McCarron in the long 36-hole final. Morose network executives cheered up the next year when Tiger Woods won and the ratings soared.

Team-match-play events like the Ryder Cup, the Presidents Cup and the women's Solheim Cup, on the other hand, avoid these problems. All 12 players on each team are superstars and nobody gets eliminated. The loser in a morning match may well play that afternoon. Matches unresolved after 18 holes are declared a half; they don't go into extra innings. And

they use three interesting variations of the match-play format: fourball, foursomes (alternate shot) and singles.

The philosophical problem with individual-match-play events is that they don't necessarily identify the best champion. "If all you are trying to do is determine who is playing the best over a relatively short period of time, 72 holes of stroke play is more equitable," said Mike Davis, the head of rules and competition at the USGA. "One player could shoot 67 but lose to a 66 and not advance to the next round, while in the next group a player could shoot 71 and advance because he beat a guy who shot 72."

Primarily because of that perceived inequity, the U.S. Amateur, which began in 1895 as a match-play event, switched to stroke play in 1965. Eight years later it switched back, mostly because of the lure of tradition. "Stroke play may have been fairer, but we lost some mystique with it," Mr. Davis said. Most of the USGA's big events remain match play. Of the 16 tournaments it runs, only the U.S. Open, the U.S.

Women's Open, the U.S. Senior Open and the U.S. Men's State Team Championship are entirely medal-play events.

At that elite level, however, match play is not the comfortable game it is on the local muni. Buddy Marucci, the lifelong amateur who narrowly lost to Tiger Woods in the finals of the 1995 U.S. Amateur and who won the U.S. Senior Amateur in 2008, has won tournaments in both formats but finds match play to be far more difficult and stressful.

"It wears you down, because each match could be your final round. You're always on the verge of elimination," he said. It's harder to stay in your routine, just playing the course, because you sometimes have to respond to what your opponent does. And losses are harder to take. "If I'm off one day and shoot 75 in stroke play, it's not the end of the world. Maybe I can come back and shoot a good score the next day. But in match play, if I lose a match 3-and-2, that hurts for a long time."

Email John Paul at [golfjournal@wsj.com](mailto:golfjournal@wsj.com).

## COVER STORY



# The smartest hotel in the world

An Oscar-winning author returns to the renovated Savoy and asks if the refit was money well spent

By JULIAN FELLOWES

When I was a little boy, I once asked my mother what was the smartest hotel in the world. She looked at me for a moment, thinking before she spoke. "You mean, apart from the Savoy?" she said. And it is true that one cannot easily imagine another hotel whose very name seems to conjure up glamour, chic, riches, fashion and romance in a single word. There are other hotels where one might expect to find movie stars or aristocrats or wits, but somehow only the Savoy can boast Lily Langtry, Noël Coward, George Gershwin, Fred Astaire, King Edward VII, Caruso, Winston Churchill and Marilyn Monroe, along with Rand millionaires, dukes, crooks and cabinet ministers, all squeezed into the Grill or waltzing round the ballroom. Yet somehow it has always retained an air of correctness, of cool gentility, of things *properly* done, and while it could, and did, feel exciting, it was never raffish or threadbare or thin.

From its distinctive entrance—the only place in England where it is legal to drive on the right—to its astonishing view of the Thames at the back, the Savoy is in a class of its own, and so it should be. It started life as a royal palace, built for Count Peter

of Savoy, an uncle of Henry III's queen, before being rebuilt with even more splendor by John of Gaunt and burned to the ground in the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, since when it has been a hospital and a prison and burned again in 1864. The site was bought by Richard D'Oyly Carte in 1880 to build the Savoy Theatre, but then the idea came to him that he might raise a hotel of such luxury and splendor as had never been seen before in these islands and, thanks to the profits from the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, that is what came to pass. Under the care of its first manager, César Ritz, and with the patronage of the fun-loving Prince of Wales, the hotel was a success from day one. Monsieur Ritz would leave in a cloud of financial jiggery-pokery and scandal in 1897, but nothing would tarnish the triumph of the new Savoy, not least because its provision of a bathroom for every bedroom (an almost other-worldly luxury in late 19th-century London) brought more or less every rich American bent on European travel to its wide and welcoming doors.

My first experience of the celebrated hotel was of being taken there for tea by ancient aunts, and that is part of its charm. It has always appealed to young and old, to the wildest and to the most strait-laced, and I would sit, eating delicious sandwiches, while they criticized my parents and ques-

tioned me about my school. My next era as a Savoy familiar came in my late teens when its River Room was a popular venue for coming out dances and debutante cocktail parties and I spent many evenings staring at the river, wishing I had a partner, pretending to be more grown-up than I felt and wondering what the future would bring. In my twenties, a rather disreputable cousin of my father's would take me to dinner as a counterweight to what he considered my simple and provincial upbringing. Rather confusingly, he shared my father's name, Peregrine Fellowes, and later, to my mother's embarrassment, figured in a sensational divorce featuring not one, but two, of London's bandleaders, cited as co-respondents in the case against his wife. Neither, I am fairly sure, led the band at the Savoy.

Once in show business, awards luncheons and dinners would bring me back to the hotel, and I would sit at tables with actors and directors, hiding their fury at not winning behind expensive smiles. I remember the old Savoy Grill from that time. It had been a favorite wartime haunt of our most famous prime minister, and I loved its distinctive murals before they were swept away in the last *tranche* of changes, which converted it into a sort of giant cigar box. I was back in the River Room in the 1990s, too, thanks to a generous cousin of my wife

who would take us to splendid dinners in our young-married, broke years, when one would dance like one danced before music got loud, between the courses.

And then, in December 2007, it closed. For a refit, we were told, and we went to the pre-sale gathering at Bonhams and saw the 1950s painted panels, the chandeliers, the ormolu light fittings, the fret-worked tables and the lattice chairs, all somehow sadder and more tatty away from their legendary surroundings, marking the end of an era. But the Savoy, like the proverbial phoenix, has a habit of being reborn, and now that time has come again. The hotel reopened its doors on Sunday, Oct. 10, 2010, and my wife and I were lucky enough to find ourselves staying there, two days later.

My taxi driver could not have been more pleased. "It's a long time since I've been asked for the Savoy," he said. "Too long." We arrived to find a brilliantly clean Art Deco fountain playing in the entrance court. "That's new," he said. Although I cannot swear to this. Maybe it was just that the whole place *seems* new, but in a good way. In fact, I was delighted to find that the curious mixture of Odéon and Belle Époque has survived in the entrance halls, giving it that same, distinctive air, grand and impressive, but the opposite of gloomy. The Wedgwood colors on the walls, the gilded

## COVER STORY



Opposite page; a doorman at the Savoy. Clockwise from top left; a barman prepares a drink in the American Bar; the refurbished Beaufort Bar; a woman walks through the hotel's upper Thames Foyer.

capitals, feel clean and bright and optimistic. Checking in has been complicated by the current vogue of taking you into an inner room, where someone nice sits behind a *bureau plat*. There is something about this arrangement that reminds me uncomfortably of those interviews with one's bank manager in the early years, but maybe everyone is used to it.

The great room at the heart of the hotel, now christened the Thames Foyer, has been vastly improved, with the tall and slightly flat landscapes of the 1980s banished, and a glass dome, loosely modelled on a scheme from the turn of the last century, letting in natural light and giving a terrific lift to the surrounding areas. And I was happy to find myself in one of the old lifts, restored to its original glory with glistening red 1920s *Chinoiserie* lacquer, which took me up to the Claude Monet Suite on the sixth floor. This, apparently, was the very room from which Monet painted his celebrated views of the Thames and the Houses of Parliament, hung in (acceptable) reproduction around the walls of the pretty, panelled sitting room. The view from the window confirmed this theory, which, I confess, rather overturned my image of Monet. If asked, I would have seen him as the usual garret-bound Impressionist, crumbling his bread into his gruel to give it a little thickness, not casually

staring from the windows of one of the world's great resorts, but I suppose it doesn't diminish the pictures to know they were painted after an excellent lunch.

The charming man who showed me my rooms informed me that although my telephone promised a thousand options, Con-

**One has the chance, for a limited period, to live a fantasy version of the way rich people lived a hundred years ago, or as only the super-rich live now ... before returning to the real world.**

cierge and Laundry and In-Room Dining and so on, all I really needed to do was to contact the butler service, of which he was a living representative, and all my needs would be taken care of. He couldn't have been nicer and I believed him, even if his pin-striped morning coat was faintly reminiscent of a Broadway revival of "Oh, Kay!" And in a way this is the key to the pleasure of hotel life, at least life in the great hotels: One has the chance, for a limited period, to live a fantasy version of the way

rich people lived a hundred years ago, or as only the super-rich live now. Just for a few days, maybe, or in my case for one night only, but it is nevertheless a pleasant place to take one's rest, before returning to the real world.

Emma arrived in time to change for dinner and as she is the expert on hotel bathrooms, having made an exhaustive study of the genus around the globe, I defer to her opinion that the bathroom of the Claude Monet Suite was perfectly marvelous, with its shining whiteness and huge, wide shower head and sloping tub and an endless supply of cleansers and unguents from Miller Harris. Actually, I thought it was all rather marvellous, the little sitting room, with its 'traditional-but-new' bright and chintzy cleanliness, the enormous and comfortable bed, draped for the Emperor Napoleon, the dressing area with its gleaming black-and-white marble floor, the mini-bar (slightly pointlessly renamed "the refreshment centre," but even so), the wide televisions, the easy-listening radio, the absolute night-time silence, the pretty lilac hall with a cloakroom for your guests, in fact, the *everything*.

At half past seven, we went downstairs to the American Bar and to our amazement there was an hour's wait for a seat. Two days after opening, this must mean they're

doing something right, so we repaired to the Beaufort Bar, painted dark black and filled with the tinkling of a piano. We had originally planned to dine in the famous Grill but when it came to it, we learned that the Grill's re-fit will not be complete until November and so, instead, we repaired to the River Restaurant. And now we come to my only criticism of the whole experience, if criticism there must be. This is partly because the wine list was minuscule, which mattered less to me than to our wine buff dinner companion, although I agree it seems odd that, after a three-year restoration, they should produce a selection with roughly the choice of a small chain hotel in the Midlands, and even if this was only an element of the teething process, it was impossible not to feel they had slightly missed a trick with the food.

It was not bad, not at all, but it was the same complicated, elaborate, over-decorated fare that we have been eating for the last decade, with sticky, reduced gravy and curious cages of ginger snaps built over tiny pieces of paté, that seemed oddly old hat in such a brilliant setting. None of which was made better by that infuriating custom, whereby the waiter, after delivering the plates, stands and describes what you are about to eat in sonorous and inter-

*Please turn to page W14*

COVER STORY



Clockwise from above; Coco Chanel in 1937; Fred and Adele Astaire in 1923; Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier in 1956; Prince Charles and Princess Diana in 1984; the Savoy's back entrance.

minable phrases. Why? Has anyone ever complained because the waiter did not tell them that they had been served exactly what they had just ordered? I suppose I'd hoped that this reincarnation might break from the immediate past and provide a newer, cleaner cuisine, where everything is not over- or under-cooked, and not drizzled or sizzled or otherwise engulfed by gastro-nomic fashion. The menus also dictated the vegetables for every dish instead of giving the customer the option—although, in fairness, when I objected, they were very accommodating in allowing me to select my own. The rider to this beef being that the service, throughout, was exemplary and the tablecloths, each held in place by a silver frame, were a high point for my wife.

Next morning Emma stayed in our room for breakfast and I went downstairs. Again, there were tiny issues. The marmalade wasn't marmalade at all but a sort of dense orange paste, chosen, one suspects, by a

non-British executive, and while canned music is just about acceptable at dinner, it really isn't, first thing. But Emma's experience, as she ate her Bircher muesli and carrot juice (yikes), overlooking the Thames and its busy water traffic, was apparently quite perfect. And on the whole, despite my caveats, that would be my verdict, too. The new owners have had the good sense to restore this famous hotel to itself, not to alter it to something else. It has been made new again, with a sense of present pleasures and not just lovely memories, but it is still the old and dear Savoy, a treat and a treasure in contemporary London. I am pretty sure that anyone who plans a visit will not be disappointed. And I, for one, will certainly return.

*"Downton Abbey" is on ITV1 Sunday nights at 9 p.m. and Julian Fellowes' film "From Time To Time" is showing at selected cinemas throughout the U.K. this autumn.*



The Savoy (4); Andrew Testa/Panos Pictures for The Wall Street Journal (bottom right)



## HOMES



# Shigeru Ban in the Hamptons

The architect's 'Furniture House V' in New York is snapped up by Intermix's Khajak Keledjian

By JULIET CHUNG

In 2007, Khajak Keledjian was so smitten with a Shigeru Ban-designed contemporary home at the Houses at Sagaponack development, he asked his broker to arrange a tour.

Three years and one housing bust later, Mr. Keledjian, co-founder of the Intermix boutique chain, is the home's proud new owner, buying the four-bedroom, 372-square-meter home after several price cuts for \$3 million (€2.1 million), records show (he says the furnishings cost more). In 2007, two homes in the development, initially envisioned as an enclave of modern architecture by some of the world's best-known architects, sold for \$3.8 million and \$4.3 million.

"I wish I was selling houses for that now," says Rich Reinhardt, part of a group of investors who bought the development in 2007.

Mr. Keledjian, whose chain of 24 stores is known for a carefully selected mix of top designer and casual wear, says he considered the price a "steal." "It's like a masterpiece," he says.

The home was designed by Mr. Ban—a Japanese architect known for innovative work that has included using recycled cardboard paper tubes to build a church, exhibition spaces and disaster relief housing—and his New York partner Dean Maltz. Called "Furniture House V," it is the latest version in a series of houses that rely on tall plywood cabinets as walls, providing structural support, as well as different kinds of storage. Its predecessors are in Japan and China; Mr. Maltz calls Furniture House V the "deluxe

version." "It's got the pool, it's got the sub-zero, it's got limestone floors, it's big."

Mr. Keledjian calls the home "Thunderball," after the James Bond movie. Hidden in an area north of Montauk Highway wooded by scrub oak, the approach to the home is quiet, a blue slate driveway transitioning to an expanse of yard made of smooth grey river stones. Like Mr. Keledjian's stores and his Manhattan apartment, the house is minimal and sleek, a single-story "U" of white stucco, blonde cedar and walls of glass doors that slide away, circling a pool on three sides. "All I had to bring with me was my own bed sheets and my toothbrush," says Mr. Keledjian, 37 years old, who was particularly attracted to the fact that the house was already decorated to his liking. "Who wants to deal with doing chores on the weekends?"

Most walls in the home are bare; Mr. Keledjian says he is still choosing artwork. One exception is a wall of the 11-meter-long living room, where dozens of soot-dirtied butterflies fashioned from beer cans hang—an installation by the artist Paul Villinski that Mr. Keledjian bought with the house.

On a recent Saturday morning, the fast-talking Mr. Keledjian, clad in a pair of wrinkled cargo shorts and a Dior tuxedo shirt, repeatedly proffered champagne and mimosas to visitors. Meticulous, he closed a door that was a hair ajar and adjusted a side table in an outdoor lounge area so it was at right angles to the nearby sofa. He checked his BlackBerry constantly. "In the city, he's always, always, always, going," says Mr. Keledjian's sister-in-law



Above, artist Paul Villinski's installation of soot-dirtied butterflies made from beer cans; top, Khajak Keledjian in his home.

Sari Sloane, Intermix's fashion director. "He turns into a really calm person once he gets out there."

The grandson of women's clothing retailers, Mr. Keledjian grew up in Beirut, immersed in fashion. By 1987, the Keledjians had immigrated to Manhattan, in part to escape Lebanon's continuing civil war. In 1993, Mr. Keledjian dropped out of his sophomore year at New York University to focus on his first Intermix, which he and his older brother Haro, then a manager at Barneys New York, had recently opened.

When he saw the Sagaponack home in 2007, Mr. Keledjian was planning to build a contemporary

barn on two acres in nearby Bridgehampton. Though he loved the home, he felt it was too late to scrap his plans, designed by the same firm he uses for his stores, and try to buy out the owners.

The crash intervened. Mr. Keledjian put his building plans on hold to focus on his business, which was hurt by the slowdown, and later learned the owner of the Sagaponack home was selling the house.

The crash has also had an impact on the development, in which only a few homes have been completed and sold. In addition to cutting prices on future spec-built homes to the \$3 million range, Mr. Reinhardt and his

investor partners are changing the mix of architects. Some of the original designs feel dated now, or are too risqué, he says. On the chopping block: a Philip Johnson-designed house that calls for parts of the home's façade to be green and orange that Mr. Reinhardt calls "kinda wacky." A 372-square-meter house nearby designed by Keenen/Riley Architects is asking \$3.2 million.

Mr. Keledjian says he wasn't aware of the changes planned for the development when he got the house but adds he would have bought anyway.

"When I like something, I don't linger on it," he says.

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Grand 23' wide townhouse between Madison and Fifth Avenue. 5 stories with 7,500 ± sf. Beautiful façade. Single family or commercial use. WEB: 0017305. **\$18,500,000.** Roger Erickson.

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243 East 82nd Street. Rebuilt first GOLD LEED certified townhouse with 4-5 BR, custom ceiling heights, 3 fireplaces, 3 outdoor spaces. WEB: 0016978. **\$7,350,000.** Michael Pellegrino.

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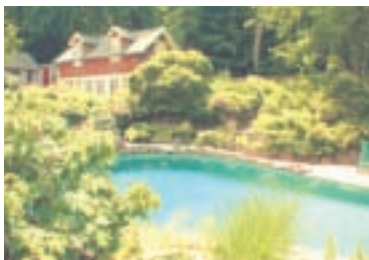
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799 Park Avenue. Bright and sunny 2 BR, 2 bath on a high floor with every spacious room facing Park Ave. Good condition. WEB: 0017215. **\$2,150,000.** Olga Neulist.

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Stunningly appointed waterfront residence on shy-2 acres. Pool, 2 master suites, elevator, 3 en-suite guest BR and more. Private dock on Burnett Creek to Mecox Bay. WEB: 0054665. **\$9,450,000.** Harald Grant.

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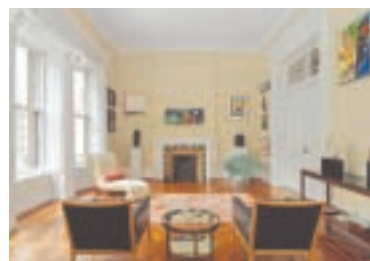
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860 Park Avenue. Rare offering. Full-floor 9-room prewar co-op with 4 exposures, excellent light and gorgeous views of Central Park and the city. WEB: 0017334. **\$12,900,000.** Royce Pinkwater.

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25 minutes from NYC. 5,800 sf old style barn conversion with new addition and overlooks Hudson River in bucolic setting on private lane. Classic style and modern amenities. 6 BR, 5.1 baths. Walk to river. Turnkey. **\$3,995,000.** Richard Ellis.

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## BOOKS

## The Scent of a Businesswoman

BY ROZALIND DINEEN

French Vogue celebrated its 90th anniversary last month. A celebratory issue of the magazine featured birthday cards from the world's largest fashion houses. One, a sketch by Chanel art director Karl Lagerfeld, showed him (dark glasses, long white pony tail) foregrounded by Mademoiselle herself, Coco Chanel (hair bobbed, hands deep in pockets).

Almost 30 years after her death—and a full century since she opened a milliner's shop on 21 Rue Cambon in Paris—Coco Chanel remains very much in the foreground of consciousness for the global brand that bears her name. It is a business based, even today, upon the propagation of her image.

The darker facets of this process

are subtly and carefully revealed by Justine Picardie in "Coco Chanel: The Legend and the Life." This biography leaves you with the knowledge that, yes, Chanel took women out of corsets and put them into clothes that allowed freedom of movement. But there's more to it than that. She also propagated a mode of dress that provided comfort with dignity; an important distinction. And she did so while quipping, "I know women. Give them chains. Women adore chains." Ms. Picardie points out that she probably wasn't just referring to the strap of the iconic Chanel bag design. The author is at her best in the analysis of these throw-away lines, picking up every discarded clue and using it suggestively.

The headquarters of Chanel stands today at 31 Rue Cambon, underneath Coco's apartment, which remains ex-

actly as she left it. She is alluring biography-fodder because she left so many trinkets of clues behind and so little in the way of believable backstory to tie them all together. Ms. Picardie's book adds a bit more cohesion to the remnants that Coco left, but also contributes to the confession that, "You could search forever for the whole truth about ... Chanel, and never find the last of the missing pieces; for when she cut up her history, she scattered it all around, losing some details, hiding others, covering her trail." Ms. Picardie's is a very chic shrug of acceptance.

Before she was Coco, she was Gabrielle and was born on Aug. 18, 1883, in a poorhouse in Saumur. But she changed her name and scratched the birth date out of the passports that she used in her life to travel to Scotland, to Switzerland, to Germany, to Hollywood. When she came to tell the story of her childhood, to friends and biographers Paul Morad and Claude Delay, she lied.

Ms. Picardie travels to where Chanel really spent her childhood; not with two wicked aunts, but in an abbey in Aubazine. On the floor of the abbey, Ms. Picardie finds mosaics of five-pointed stars, which, with other symbols in the building, become imbued with theological significance throughout the book and are noticed time and again in Chanel's designs. Can it really be coincidence, Ms. Picardie invites us to ask, that the stars have five points, that Chanel's star sign was the fifth in the zodiac, and the perfume was called No. 5?

Yes, it can, as Ms. Picardie concedes. "If Gabrielle Chanel believed in magic it was more likely to be of her own making." There is nothing cryptic or mystical about Chanel's success, during her own lifetime or since. Within Ms. Picardie's book are the hard facts; Chanel had an eye for what was needed, was unstinting—and, she had the Wertheimer

brothers.

Of all the relationships that Justine Picardie outlines with great clarity in the biography—including with Etienne Balsan and Boy Capel, (as portrayed in the recent film "Coco avant Chanel"), with the composer Igor Stravinsky (recent film title: "Coco Chanel and Igor Stravinsky") the Duke of Westminster (hence the interlocked Cs that decorate some lampposts in Mayfair) and Hans Gunther von Dincklage (as pointed to in the rumors, here defused, of Chanel's Nazi collaboration)—she makes the point that Chanel's most important, and most scandalous, relationship was with one Pierre Wertheimer.

The Wertheimers owned Bourjois, the large cosmetic company that took on the production of the Chanel No. 5 perfume in the 1920s. In a financial deal that Chanel never seemed to have forgiven herself for, she ended up with a 10% stake in the perfume that bore her name, against the Wertheimers' 70%. When the Wertheimers, who were Jewish, fled Paris in 1940 they left the business with a friend who they hoped would protect it against German requisition. In doing so they prevented Chanel from using the anti-Jewish laws of the German Occupation to declare the company abandoned and claim it entirely for herself. She tried nonetheless, which was "a strategy that proved unsuccessful and gravely tarnished her reputation."

Ms. Picardie contends that this had more to do with Chanel's desire for financial justice than anti-Semitism, an argument that she carries through to the tale's happy ending. Eventually, after the war, they struck a deal in which the Wertheimers underwrote Chanel (it is still under their private ownership today), making her "unassailably rich." Ms. Picardie notes that "Wertheimer was far more loyal to Chanel than any of her lovers." And this biography revels



Coco Chanel: The Legend and the Life  
By Justine Picardie  
(Harper Collins, 343 pages, £25)

in the irony that, "Although she had not taken his name, he took hers."

Chanel No. 5 and the subsequent perfumes that took on various forms of her name and image, proved to be the fashion house's financial insurance. Other designers followed suit, creating a structure in which to this day lipstick and perfume sales fund expensive couture houses come recession and depression.

Chanel No. 5 will be 90 years old next year, making it slightly younger than Vogue. But where Vogue would be without the perfume adverts, without Chanel's axiomatic instructions as to what is stylish, without her—as Marie Dmitri put it—"attitude of sublime contempt for the public taste," a taste that she nonetheless "catered for . . . assiduously," is unfathomable. It is a question that can only be answered with a very chic shrug of acceptance.

—Miss Dineen is a freelance writer and contributing editor at the *Periscope Post*.



Horst P. Horst/Conde Nast Archive/CORBIS

## A Country as Seen Through Its Crowns

BY TOBIAS GREY

In our modern age nothing or no one has done as much to maintain the mystique of the British royal family as television. Near the end of his spicily compelling history "Crown & Country," David Starkey describes the surge of excitement he felt as a youngster watching Queen Elizabeth II's coronation.

"On 2 June 1953, I, then a boy of eight in my Sunday best, gathered along with countless millions more to watch the coronation on a neighbour's television which had been bought especially for the occasion. It was the first time that I had seen television or a monarch. And I have never forgotten it."

For Mr. Starkey it was the beginning of a life-long obsession with the British monarchy and a special fascination with the court intrigues of the Tudor dynasty—a second volume of his entertaining history about Henry VIII, titled "Henry: Model of a Tyrant," will be published next year.

With "Crown & Country"—which brings together and updates two previously published volumes, "The Monarchy of England: The Beginnings" and "Monarchy: From the Middle Ages to Modernity"—Mr. Starkey re-examines the role of an institution, the British/English monarchy, that has been in existence for

nearly 2,000 years.

Starting with the first Roman invasions of Britain by Julius Caesar in 55 and 54 BC and ending with a chapter calling into question whether a future archbishop of Canterbury would be prepared to crown and consecrate Prince Charles and his wife Camilla Parker-Bowles, Mr. Starkey never ceases to wield a historian's greatest weapon: utter self confidence.

Crown & Country: A History of England Through the Monarchy  
By David Starkey  
(Harper Press, 488 pages, £25)

Rather than simply provide a straight, by-the-numbers biography of Britain's kings and queens down the years, Mr. Starkey has done something trickier and more ambitious by digging into the ideas underpinning monarchy and the philosophies of those who formulated them.

Ever the populist, Mr. Starkey describes these kingly advisers and publicists as "the shock troops of monarchy."

"When they were talented and imaginative, monarchy flourished; when they were not, the crown lost its sheen and the throne tottered."

So this is as much a history

about intelligent and ambitious priest-ministers like Thomas Wolsey (whom Mr. Starkey describes as "spin doctor in chief") or Roger of Salisbury, as it is about the kings under whom they served—Henry VIII in Wolsey's case and Henry I in Roger of Salisbury's.

But with Mr. Starkey controversy is never very far away, especially when he states that the Saxon Conquest, as opposed to the Norman Conquest, was the turning point in England's history. School teachers up and down the land will no doubt be pulling out their red pens in protest.

"They [the Anglo Saxons] would invent a new politics which depended on participation and consent, rather than the top down autocracy of Rome," Mr. Starkey argues by way of justification, before hailing the House of Wessex for producing a king such as Alfred "The Great."

"Like all Anglo-Saxon kings," Mr. Starkey writes, "Alfred was a man of action and a warrior. But he was also, uniquely for his own age and for long after, a true philosopher-king."

Indeed, it is a lack of intellectual rigor that Mr. Starkey finds most disappointing among British monarchs, though there are notable exceptions such as Edward I, Henry VIII and especially his daughter Elizabeth I.

In the English press Mr. Starkey



has been particularly scathing about Elizabeth II, whose coronation so enthralled him as a youngster. In "Crown & Country" he is rather more circumspect, though no less dismissive: "Her [the queen's] education, at the hands of a devoted governess, was modest and undemanding . . . riding, along with dogs became a lifelong passion. Books, on the other hand, remained alien: reading was for state papers."

Of course, the burning question is whether Mr. Starkey believes the monarchy has outlived its usefulness. Though he never comes right out and says it, this is certainly one

very disillusioned English historian.

For Mr. Starkey the rot set in at the beginning of the 18th century with the Hanoverians, the second wave of German-born kings to arrive in England after the Saxons.

Never one to mince his words, Mr. Starkey describes the Hanoverians, of which the current House of Windsor is really an extension, as "the least able and attractive house to sit on the British throne." He goes even further by declaring that "[it] was the awkward, unattractive personalities of the first two Hanoverian kings [George I and George II] which accelerated" the advent of the British premiership and "made it irreversible."

By the end of "Crown and Country" Mr. Starkey snaps that a civil inauguration for Charles might even be for the best. "It would be a recognition that the United Kingdom has become—as it has indeed—the Royal Republic of Britain." And while on the subject of sacred cows, Mr. Starkey muses that it is "America today which best embodies the ideas of freedom, power and empire which inspired that great denizen of Stowe, William Pitt, in the reign of George II."

Does such provocative rhetoric merely mean Mr. Starkey is planning his next book tour? Or is the writing really on the wall for the British monarchy? Only time will tell.

—Mr. Grey is a writer based in Paris.

## BOOKS

## Read This Review or . . .

By ANDREW FERGUSON

Forgive me if I open on a personal note: The other night I started laughing so hard I had to leave the room. My daughter was trying to study, and I could see she was getting alarmed. It was kind of scary to me, too, if you want to know the truth. For a moment there, as I made it into the bathroom and shut the door, I thought my body was approaching organ failure, not that I know what organ failure feels like, thank God. You hear people say things like "I laughed so hard I cried" and "I nearly fell out of my chair," but I had gone well beyond the crying stage by the time my metabolism began to return to equilibrium. And then I realized that I hadn't laughed so hard in 35 years, since I was a teenager, reading National Lampoon.

American men of a certain age will recall the feeling. What I'd been reading the other night was, no coincidence, National Lampoon—specifically the monologue of a fictional New York cabbie named Bernie X. He was the creation of Gerald Sussman, a writer and editor for the Lampoon from its early days in the 1970s to its sputtering death in 1998. Sussman, it is said, wrote more words for the magazine than any other contributor. I'm sorry I can't quote any of his pieces here. They're filthy.

If I'd gone ahead and died the other night, my wife would have known whom to sue. "Drunk Stoned Brilliant Dead," in which Bernie X appears, is the work of Rick Meyerowitz, himself a valued contributor to the Lampoon who had the bright idea to gather his favorite pieces from the magazine into a handsomely produced coffee-table book. Mr. Meyerowitz is best known as the man who painted Mona Gorilla, a shapely, primly dressed primate with come-hither eyes and a smile far more unsettling than Leonardo's original. That ape may be the most celebrated magazine illustration of the 1970s, its only competition being the Lampoon cover from Janu-

ary 1973. The photograph showed a cowering pup with a revolver to its head next to the timeless tagline: "If You Don't Buy This Magazine, We'll Kill This Dog."

As an illustrator, Mr. Meyerowitz has a bias toward pieces with a strong graphic element. This is also fitting. The production values of the earliest issues of National Lampoon were rag-tag, but with the hiring of the art director Michael Gross and gifted painters and designers like Mr. Meyerowitz and Bruce McCall, the presentation of a piece of writing on the page became as essential to the joke as the writing itself.

**Drunk Stoned Brilliant Dead: The Writers and Artists Who Made the National Lampoon Insanely Great**  
By Rick Meyerowitz  
Abrams, 320 pages, £24.99

In parodies of everything from comic books to Babylonian hieroglyphs, the Lampoon technique was a dead-on verisimilitude, exquisitely detailed. No matter how absurd the jokes were, how incongruous, abstract, whimsical or—I repeat myself—filthy, they were delivered with the straightest possible face. Great performers, old showfolk say, never let you see them sweat. National Lampoon writers never let you hear them chuckle.

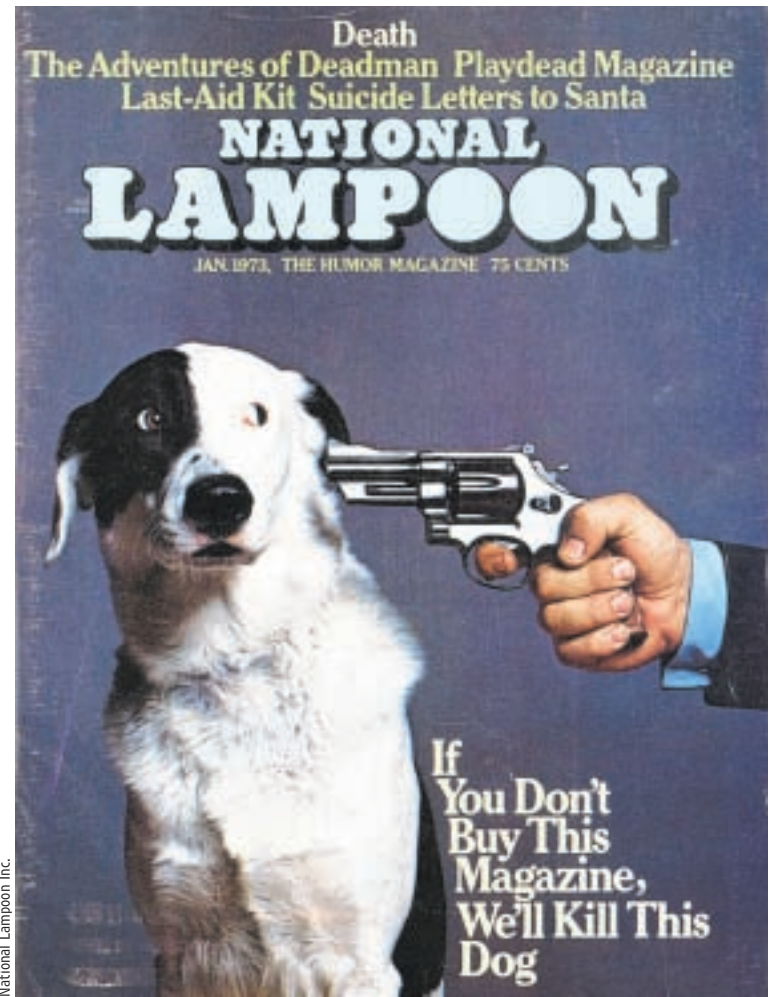
The classic marriage of word and picture, which Mr. Meyerowitz reprints in full, was a 10-page spoof of travel magazines titled "Stranger in Paradise." The soft-focus prose of the travel writer ("Wild fruits hang from the branches, waiting to be plucked") transports us to a lush South Sea island where a "modern day Robinson Crusoe" lives in idyllic retirement. Sumptuous, full-color photographs show him dodging the surf, frolicking with the natives, sunbathing nude on the beach. Our Crusoe is Adolf Hitler, complete with the toothbrush mustache, the penetrating stare and a bottom as pale as a baby's. No one who has

seen the sunbathing photograph has ever been able to forget it. I've tried.

Amid the belly laughs was an irony so cool that it could sink to absolute zero. "Making people laugh is the lowest form of humor," said Michael O'Donoghue, who founded the magazine with some Harvard pals in 1969 and later gained TV fame with "Saturday Night Live." And it's true that you—meaning me and my friends—sometimes had trouble finding the joke. Mr. Meyerowitz includes all 12,000 words of a parody by Henry Beard, another founding editor, of a typically grim law-review article. It's called "Law of the Jungle," by which he means the real law of the jungle, covering torts, trusts and property rights as understood by hippos and boa constrictors. With its high rhetoric, labyrinthine arguments and endless footnotes, it is as flawlessly rendered as any parody ever written—so precise that it becomes as tedious as the articles it was meant to send up.

You have to be very good to fail in this way, and nobody could have doubted the vast talent assembled behind that grinning gorilla. In the 1970s, however, old-fashioned moralists (soon to be extinct) complained about a deep vein of nihilism running through the magazine. Out in the suburbs we irony-soaked, pseudo-sophisticated teenage boys could only roll our eyes at the tut-tutting. We knew, or thought we did, that every sex joke in Bernie X's monologues was redeemed by the tonally perfect rendering of the cabbie's patois (I don't think we used the word patois).

But from this distance the justice of the moralists' charge looks glaringly obvious. In their more pompous moments, the Lampoon editors could have defended an appallingly tasteless joke about, say, the My Lai massacre or the Kennedy assassination as an effort to shake the bourgeois out of their complacency. Now it just looks tasteless or worse: an assault on the very notion of tastelessness, on our innate belief that



sometimes some subjects should be off-limits.

Tony Hendra, one of the most pretentious of the original editors—quite a distinction in an office full of Harvard boys—writes here of the magazine's "unique high-low style of comedy, incredible disgustiveness paired with intellectual and linguistic fireworks." The juxtaposition, as they proved every month and as Mr. Meyerowitz's collection reconfirms, can be side-splitting. The mix is hard to sustain, though, and it makes for a terrible legacy. The high, being so hard to pull off, inevitably fades away, leaving only the low. Gresham's Law—the bad

driving out the good—holds true for comedy too.

With a few exceptions—the Onion, a sitcom or two—this seems to be where American humor finds itself now. You have only to wade into the opening minutes of any Will Ferrell movie to be rendered numb by the body-part jokes, unredeemed by the Lampoon's intellectual or linguistic fireworks. The unhappy state of humor today gives this dazzling book the feel of a nostalgic excursion—back to a purer era, when all you had to do to make someone laugh was threaten to shoot a dog.

—Mr. Ferguson is a senior editor at the Weekly Standard.

## A Rare Swedish Triumph

By ERIC ORMSBY

The Swedish Academy doesn't always get it wrong. It just seems that way. Since 1901, when the first Nobel Prize in Literature was awarded to the French poet Sully Prudhomme—a name seldom on anyone's tongue, even then—the academy's choices have often been not just wrong-headed but capriciously so. Though the prize has gone to such universally acclaimed writers as Thomas Mann and William Butler Yeats, William Faulkner and T.S. Eliot, it's hard to understand how so many others have been passed over. To ignore Tolstoy, Henry James, Proust, Joyce, Rilke, Lorca, Robert Musil, Virginia Woolf, Borges, R.K. Narayan, Graham Greene, along with a few dozen others, argues a level of obtuseness rising almost to the sublime.

It's one thing to pass over great and worthy authors—often, apparently, for political or personal reasons, as in the cases of Borges or Greene—but quite another to pass them over for arrant mediocrities, as well as the occasional buffoon.



LAURELS TO COME Mario Vargas Llosa in 2009

The word isn't too strong. One symptom of decline came with the choice, in 1997, of Dario Fo, an Italian clown (literally) though one with impeccable Marxist credentials. Mr. Fo's award may account for the persistent rumors, in recent years, of Bob Dylan's candidacy. Mr. Dylan is a great singer and songwriter but

his contribution to literature, at least as usually understood, is zilch. Still, awarding him the prize would have been preferable to the 2004 choice of the Austrian misanthrope Elfriede Jelinek, a novelist incapable of creating a credible character or of writing a single shapely sentence. With this disastrous choice the

academy hit rock bottom.

You could claim, of course, that such decisions show how daring the Swedish Academy has become behind its solemn façade. But in some years the choices seem to be made by schnapps-befuddled academicians flinging darts blindly at a spinning globe. The academy has a soft spot for what might be called emigres—"portmanteau writers," you might call them—such as last year's winner Herta Müller, a German writer from Romania. The epitome of this came as far back as 1981 with the award to Elias Canetti, a Ladino-speaking Bulgarian-born German writer who resided in London. You can't get much more "multi-culti" than that. This isn't to say that such authors are unworthy but that the choices are made for reasons that aren't strictly literary. The academy is intensively lobbied by fans and supporters, often with nationalistic agendas—and sometimes by the hopefuls themselves. The Turkish novelist Yashar Kemal went so far as to rent an apartment directly across the street from the academy's headquarters where he displayed himself conspicuously at

opportune moments. Others engage in drawn-out and loudly publicized reading tours of the Swedish countryside.

This year, I'm glad to say, the Swedish Academy got it triumphantly right. The Peruvian novelist Mario Vargas Llosa is a great writer by any criterion. For 50 years, in over 30 novels, plays, memoirs and essays, he has created a fictional universe as unpredictable, exuberant and astonishing as those of Mann or Faulkner or his own South American contemporary (and rival) Gabriel García Márquez. "Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter" (1977) is a comic masterpiece, one of the funniest novels I've ever read. "The War of the End of the World" (1984) is an epic novel of Tolstoyan grandeur and sweep. His work is consistently brilliant.

A new Llosa novel, "El Sueño del Celta" ("The Celt's Dream"), is due out in Spanish next month. In awarding the 2010 Nobel Prize to Mario Vargas Llosa, the Swedish Academy brings genuine honor to the world of letters and in so doing restores some of its own tarnished lustre.

## ART



Picasso's 'Pitcher and Fruit Bowl,' (1931).

## Picasso's oeuvre, seen through his eyes

BY GORAN MIJUK

When Pablo Picasso exhibited his work in Switzerland for the first time in 1932, the Kunsthhaus in Zurich was able to draw on the expertise and connections of the artist himself. He picked all of the 225 paintings that were displayed for the show.

The exhibition, which drew a record crowd of more than 30,000 visitors during these recession-hit years and prompted Swiss psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung to chastise Picasso's "schizophrenic" art, was the first comprehensive retrospective of his oeuvre in a museum.

It included paintings from his melancholy blue and cheerful rose phase that were made during his early and often poverty-stricken years in Paris, works from his cubist and neo-classical period, as well as a flurry of his large and colorful still lifes and paintings that were reminiscent of the reigning surrealist style of the 1930s.

Nearly eight decades later, a retrospective of the oeuvre of Picasso—who was born in the southern Spanish port town of Malaga in 1881, and died in 1973 in the southern French village of Mougins, near Cannes—is a near impossible endeavor even if it promises huge success, such as the 1980 retrospective at the **Museum of Modern Art** in New York that attracted nearly one million visitors.

"When you try to organize a Picasso retrospective, you are usually laughed at," said Tobia Bezzola, a 49-year old Swiss art expert, who curated the show in Zurich, which opens today and will last until Jan. 30. "But our idea to restage the Zurich show from 1932 that was curated by Picasso himself, drew a lot of support as we can see Picasso through his own eyes."

Despite the general interest for his project, Mr. Bezzola struggled for almost five years to establish which works were exhibited back in

1932, consulting exhibition pictures and the fragmentary catalogue. This was followed by a painstaking voyage around the world to ask museum directors and private collectors to lend their treasured artefacts, many of which politely declined as "no one, including the Kunsthhaus, likes to part with a great piece of art," Mr. Bezzola said.

The last work and one of the centerpieces of the show, the 1927 oil canvas "The Painter and His Model," showing a contorted female figure, only arrived on Tuesday afternoon from the **Teheran Museum of Contemporary Art**, complementing the roughly 80 paintings and sculptures that will be shown during the exhibition, which is simply called "Picasso".

That the four-square-meter painting, that is held in grey tones and shows a horse-faced woman with hanging breast and a grotesquely opened mouth that is reminiscent in tone and style of the 1937 masterpiece "Guernica", should constitute the heart of the show—it hangs opposite the main entrance of the exhibition hall—is an homage to Picasso's own curatorial decision making.

Rather than focusing on his past successes, Picasso wanted to show the Swiss his most recent work in the best possible light, thus omitting to pick one of his most important paintings, "Les Femmes d'Alger" from 1907, which would later give rise to cubism and revolutionize modern art. "We wanted to follow in Picasso's footsteps," Mr. Bezzola said, "and thereby show that from the mid 1920s, Picasso worked with different styles and was at ease with all of them."

Although the effort to walk in Picasso's shoes may create the "pele-mele" impression about which C.G. Jung—one of the rare stern critics of Picasso—explained when he walked through the exhibition halls in Zurich in 1932, the 2010 show provides an el-

egant overview of Picasso's early phases and gives an inkling of how Picasso developed his various styles during his long career.

The 1902 canvas "Barcelona Rooftops," for example, sheds light on the beginnings of his blue period. The painting shows a deplorable view of the Spanish city, in which Picasso lived during his youth. The rooftops and windowless walls look mud-covered and the melancholy state of the artist is suggested in the still sparse use of the color blue,

**'When you try to organize a Picasso retrospective, you are usually laughed at' Tobia Bezzola says.**

which stretches into a thin horizon that works like an escape route from the apparent filth and depression of Barcelona captured at that time.

His later blue-period works already engage the classical human figures that will become more dominant in his rose period, which is characterized through his use of more mellow colors such as rose and yellow and often depicts idyllic scenes that remind the viewer of classical landscape renderings or romanticized visions of a long-lost past, such as in "Les Adolescents" from 1906. But a close look at the 1902 painting "Woman in a Blue Shawl"—a typical specimen of his blue period that is marked by somber blue tones and depictions of people burdened by poverty and sorrow—which shows a woman with a mask-like face, already points toward his later works, where Picasso would devote himself to stylized African tribal art, which is best exemplified in his 1908 canvas "Bust of a Man." The man's red face looks as if lit by a fire and his eyes and mouth, which have the same form and correspond to the oval shape of the

head, speak of a primeval force that is full of aggression and violence.

Even his cubist paintings, which are among his most popular, unveil qualities and tendencies of his art that would only later become important and a trademark of his style. While many of his cubist paintings such as "Le Poete" from 1912 dissect and reconnect a subject matter in a defamiliarized way, his "Seated Nude" (1909-10), stands out as it depicts a woman—seemingly out of glistening bronze, silver and gold—without eyes or mouth, a theme that would become more prominent in his women portraits some 20 years later.

Picasso's "Nude Standing by the Sea" from 1929, although held in a harmonious blue and grey, is so strange and dehumanized that her mysterious form seems forever shrouded in mystery. Although C.G. Jung believed that many of Picasso's violent women portraits such as "Sleeping Woman in a Mirror" from 1932, "showing a woman with a deformed face, correspond to the tendency of the unconscious to master emotional conflicts with violence," Picasso himself would ridicule such an interpretation since he was convinced that "if [my art] contains a truth, my work will be useful without my express wish. If it doesn't hold a truth, so much the worse."

It will be for the visitor to decide how Picasso still relates to our own time and whether he can still captivate and shock an audience as in 1932. Given his many startling paintings such as "Le Couple" from 1904, showing a poor man and woman who hold their heads close together as if in a "cubist" embrace, or the still life "Wine Bottle" from 1926, that seems to explode with color like a painting from his contemporary Henry Matisse, visitors might easily applaud Picasso for his selection of works, which, despite their age and world-renown status seem as fresh and unexplainable as eight decades ago.

## Picasso sales in Hong Kong

BY ALEXANDRA A. SENO

Picasso is set to make a splash in Hong Kong this autumn, with not one, but three sales in the city.

Two of the city's top galleries and auctioneer Sotheby's are hosting exhibitions of the Spanish artist's work that will also offer fans the chance to buy pieces from across Picasso's career.

Gallery owner Ben Brown says that while the market for Picassos in Asia is small right now, he is optimistic that it is set to grow. The Hong Kong branch of Mr. Brown's eponymous London-based gallery will hold a Picasso sale and show from the middle of November to Chinese New Year. "I'd be pleasantly surprised if I sold anything from my show to an Asian buyer, though it's an opportunity to educate people about Picasso, to see his paintings in person," says Mr. Brown. He plans to offer about 15 Picasso paintings for sale in Hong Kong, priced from \$2 million to \$15 million. They will mostly be works from the 1960s and 70s.

"The type of people who can afford a Picasso, (many) of them come through Hong Kong at least once a year, so Hong Kong is a good catchment (area)," Mr. Brown says.

There are only a handful of serious collectors of Picasso paintings in Asia, primarily in South Korea, Taiwan and Japan, according to art-market experts in the region. However, many dealers say they believe China in particular is emerging as an important market for a wide range of blue-chip Western art.

Mr. Brown's exhibition will follow closely on the heels of a Picasso event at Edouard Malingue's new, 150-square-meter Rem Koolhaas-designed space in the heart of Hong Kong's financial district. Since Sept. 27, the Malingue gallery has housed an all-Picasso show, which runs to Dec. 4. Works on display include a watercolor study for "Deux Femmes Nues"—the painting itself, created in 1906-07, hangs in the Museum of Modern Art in New York—and a 1962 portrait of the last Mrs. Picasso, Jacqueline Roque.

Hong Kong's run of Picasso-themed events is rounded out by Sotheby's. The auction house has announced a late November exhibition and sale of works by Impressionist and Modern painters, ranging in price from \$2 million to \$25 million. The sale will include pieces by Renoir, Chagall, Degas and Monet, though seven works by Picasso are expected to steal the spotlight. The star of the exhibition is "Jeune Fille aux Cheveux Noirs (Dora Maar)," a 1939 portrait of the artist's lover, Dora Maar.



Picasso's 'Jeune fille aux cheveux noirs (Dora Maar)'

## ART &amp; AUCTIONS



Laurent Grasso; below, Bouchra Ouizguen

## Touching the taboo

BY MARIANA SCHROEDER

Manifesta 8, the European Biennial of Contemporary Art, is monstrous in size, stunning in its scope and uncompromisingly experimental in its approach. It opened Oct. 9 in the two southern Spanish cities of Murcia and Cartagena, which are about 50 kilometers apart. The art, most of it commissioned for Manifesta 8, fills 15 exhibition venues ranging from an abandoned post office slated for demolition to a pavilion used in the 18th century to perform autopsies. If you walked it you would clock more kilometers than a marathon runner.

But aching feet and lack of taxis are nothing compared to the variety and excitement produced by the 150 artists who are exhibiting their works at Manifesta 8. Three curatorial teams (Alexandria Contemporary Arts Forum, Chamber of Public Secrets and tranzit.org) put together a show that leaves no taboo untouched. Art is life and life is integration or the lack of it in a Europe of increasing cultural conflict—a continent stretching its aesthetic boundaries.

Murcia's former Central Post Office (Antigua Oficina de Correos y Telégrafos) has been abandoned since the 1980s. Now, its crumbling walls and soaring skylight form a perfect setting for some of Manifesta's most exciting installations. In "For J&L" (1997-2010) Ann Veronica Janssens uses bright pink light and artificial fog in a sensory environment reminiscent of James Turrell's Ganzfeld pieces. The intense color and dense fog are disorienting, resulting in sensory deprivation that changes the viewer's perception.

A few rooms away, Norwegian filmmaker and artist Lene Berg pays homage to Man Ray and Marcel Duchamp in her video installation "Shaving the Baroness" (2010). The black-and-white video shows a startlingly white nude woman in her forties. A barber with slicked-back blond hair is shaving her pubic hair. The subject, Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven (1874-1927), was the Dada artist and poet who starred in the original film made by Man Ray and Marcel Duchamp in 1921. Only two stills remain. In Berg's video she reconstructs the legendary film. The Baroness stares impassively over the head of the barber, far less manic than the woman who originally inspired Man Ray and Marcel Duchamp.

Willie Doherty from Derry, Northern Ireland, shot "Segura" (2010) in one day and one night in Murcia. The video follows the lyric ebb and flow of the Segura River. Poetic shots of foliage and water are intercut with scenes of a motorway



Top, Laurent Grasso's 'The Batteria Project' (2010); above, Bouchra Ouizguen 'Madame Plaza' (2009).

bridge crossing the river, a place of refuge for the homeless. The two-time Turner Prize nominee manages to create a poetic film noir that embraces Manifesta's social and geographic concerns.

Underlying the choice of this year's Manifesta locations is the geopolitical positioning of southern Spain as an interface for cross-cultural influences. "The sub-title of the exhibition is in dialogue with northern Africa," says Manifesta founding director Hedwig Fijen. "Maybe we can learn a little bit from the coexistence which exists in Murcia. There are 800 years of Islamic presence here and this is interesting because the political situation is Europe is now changing."

Andalucía has assimilated Islamic, Judaic and Christian cultural influences, a source of inspiration that Manifesta 8 explores through the art commissioned for the Biennial. Moroccan choreographer Bouchra Ouizguen uses Aïta singers from Morocco in "Madame Plaza" (2009), her dance installation at Centro Párraga in Murcia. The traditional wailing songs are usually sung at weddings and feasts.

U.S. artist Michael Takeo Magruder takes up the theme of terrorism in his mixed media installation "11-M" (2010). He uses three minutes of closed circuit security video from Madrid's Atocha Station where terrorist bombings on March 11, 2004, killed 191 people and wounded 1,800. Magruder deconstructs the film changing its speed and color to create an abstract work of immense power.

French artist Laurent Grasso's "The Batteria Project" (2010) is the only work shown in Cartagena's Au-

topsy Pavilion. The 25-minute film examines the role Cartagena has played as a strategic harbor in the Mediterranean. Its archaic defense system is an iconic symbol of the centuries of conflict between Europe and North Africa.

Several artists focus on the mediated reality of life in Europe's prisons. In fact one venue is the former San Antón Prison in Cartagena. "We work with the prison system as a site of production and a site of change," explains Alfredo Camerotti, member of the curatorial team Chamber of Public Secrets. "The prison system is a place of mediation. If you are inside you mediate the reality which is outside. This is parallel to the media world—how information is generated and how it is received." At MUBAM—Museum of Fine Arts of Murcia—Austrian artist David Rych takes up the theme in "Encounter" (2010), a complex video installation in which six young men from a youth custody center meet six inmates serving long-term prison sentences.

Mediated violence is the subject of Boris Charmatz's dance installation, which premiered at Manifesta 8. In the work entitled "Levée des Conflicts" (2010) (Suspension of Conflict) 24 dancers perform a repertoire of gestures which the French choreographer calls "motionless choreography." It is motionless, he explains, because everybody is in motion and the dancers form a huge oscillating, hypnotic round.

Manifesta 8 is a feast for the mind but it's not fast food. It takes time to savor the many different works and locations. Bring a huge appetite for art and comfortable shoes.

## First-edition works awe

## [ Collecting ]

BY MARGARET STUDER



Antiquarian books retain their fascination in the Internet age.

On Oct. 28 in London, Sotheby's will hold the first in a series of sales devoted to the library of an anonymous English bibliophile. The total collection encompasses around 3,000 books with American and English literature at its heart. "I have enjoyed the last 45 years immensely," writes the bibliophile of his "vigorous" collecting days in a foreword to the catalog.

The first sale will have 149 lots, featuring greats such as William Shakespeare, Charles Dickens, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Wilkie Collins, Henry James, T.S. Eliot, Arthur Conan Doyle and Dashiell Hammett.

"It is thrilling to hold a book in your hands as it first came out years ago," says Sotheby's book specialist Peter Selley, describing what drives collectors. "The books in this collection are notable for first editions, best possible condition and interesting inscriptions."

Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" (1843), the ghost story telling of stingy Ebenezer Scrooge's moral transformation after supernatural visitations on Christmas Eve, leads the sale. The presentation copy of Dickens' instant bestseller is inscribed to his close friend William Charles Macready, one of the greatest British actors of the 19th century. "A copy in such amazing condition is very rare," says Mr. Selley (estimate: £150,000-£200,000).

Another highlight is an exceptional copy of the first collection of Shakespeare's shorter, non-dramatic poetry from 1640 (estimate: £80,000-£100,000).

A first edition in three volumes of Austen's most enduringly popular novel, "Pride and Prejudice" (1813), is estimated at £75,000-£100,000. Since 1975, only this and one other copy, intact in the original binding, has been auctioned.

One of 750 first-edition copies on handmade paper of James Joyce's "Ulysses" (1922) is estimated at £60,000-£80,000. Joyce inscribed the copy to French poet Raymonde Linossier, a friend who assisted him in typing his work.

Mary Shelley provides gothic

horror with a three-volume, first edition of her "Frankenstein" (1818). This tale is considered the first work of science fiction in English literature (estimate: £60,000-£80,000). In this genre is also a first edition of Bram Stoker's "Dracula" (1897), the world's most famous vampire story, (estimate: £8,000-£12,000).

A pre-publication presentation copy of Hammett's "The Maltese Falcon" (1930), one of the most influential novels in detective fiction, is expected to fetch £60,000-£70,000. Hammett inscribed the copy to his friend and fellow writer Raoul Whitfield and Whitfield's first wife, Prudence. The "Selected Letters of Dashiell Hammett 1921-1960," published in 2001, revealed that Hammett and Prudence had been sometime lovers.

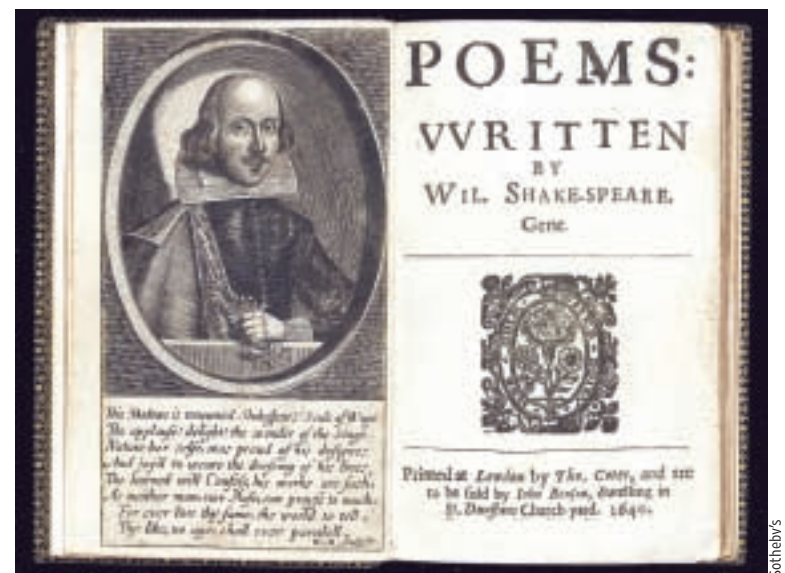
Meanwhile, on Oct. 27 in London, Christie's will hold the second sale of the Arcana Collection, an anonymous American collection of books and illuminated manuscripts originally owned by kings, bishops and the aristocracy.

Margaret Ford, Christie's book department director in London, notes that demand since the financial crisis has been for surethings, classical works from yesteryear in perfect condition. "The market is driven by tradition and quality," she notes.

A highlight will be Samuel Johnson's "A Dictionary of the English Language" (1755) in a first edition with original binding (estimate: £60,000-£80,000). The work took nine years to write, laying down a standard form of spelling for modern English. It has been described as one of the greatest single achievements in scholarship. Other highlights will be illustrated works by Theodor de Bry (1528-1598) who depicted in word and picture the expeditions of European explorers to America. A copy of his "Great Voyages" is estimated at £70,000-£100,000.

Separately, on Nov. 19 in London, Bloomsbury Auctions will offer the second part of the American Richard Harris Collection, strong in natural history and architecture. The first part was sold in New York Wednesday.

Bloomsbury has reduced the buyer's premium to 10%, from a usual 22%. A major highlight will be an illustrated work with 150 double-page engraved views of English palaces and seats of the nobility in the 18th century (estimate: £6,000-£8,000).



An exceptional copy of the first collection of Shakespeare's shorter, non-dramatic poetry from 1640 (estimate: £80,000-£100,000).

## REVIEWS

## Sunflower seeds blossom

London: From Carsten Höller's giddy slides to Doris Salcedo's scary cracks in the floor, Tate Modern's Unilever Series Turbine Hall installations have become some of London's landmark events. The current "Sunflower Seeds" by Beijing artist Ai Weiwei is firmly in this tradition, as large and liberal in conception as it's exciting in execution.

The vast floor of the Turbine Hall is covered in what appear to be millions of identical husks of stripy sunflower seeds. However, they're not seeds, but individual objects made from porcelain, each one different, because they're handcrafted by an army of 1,600 skilled artisans working in the city of Jingdezhen. You're invited to walk on them, a nervous-making experience when you think of the care that's gone into their manufacture—each one hand-sculpted and hand-painted—and about the precious nature of porcelain, especially in the traditions of Chinese art.

In fact, says Mr. Ai, there are more than one hundred million seeds in the installation, five times

the population of Beijing and, says the text that accompanies the piece, "nearly a quarter of China's internet users." The Internet plays a role here, as Mr. Ai says, "For me, the Internet is about how to act as an individual and at the same time to reach massive numbers of unknown people. ... I think this changes the structure of society all the time—this kind of massiveness made up of individuals."

Why seeds? It reminds us of the brief moment in the summer of 1957 when Chairman Mao relaxed the restrictions on China's cultural elite with his policy to "let a hundred flowers bloom" (usually misquoted as "a thousand," and quite possibly merely a ploy to get dissidents to reveal themselves).

They also, chillingly, recall the Cultural Revolution, when Mao was depicted as the sun and the masses as sunflowers turning toward him. On the other hand, sunflower seeds are a common Chinese snack—you can imagine the streets of Beijing littered with their husks. In the Tate's "interpretation text," Mr. Ai

"remembers the sharing of sunflower seeds as a gesture of human compassion, providing a space for pleasure, friendship and kindness during a time of extreme poverty, repression and uncertainty." He says, "For even the poorest people, the treat or the treasure we'd have would be the sunflower seeds in everybody's pockets."

Born in 1957, Mr. Ai is best known as a designer of the "Bird's Nest" for the 2008 Olympics, but we mustn't forget that he is also an activist. The next year he was beaten by the police in connection with his investigations of the Sichuan earthquake; he had emergency brain surgery and his health has suffered ever since. His father, the poet Ai Qing, and mother were sent to a labor camp during the Cultural Revolution. He left and lived in New York from 1981-93, returning to China when his father became ill. So "Sunflower Seeds" can be seen as a generous gesture of reconciliation.

—Paul Levy

Until May 2  
www.tate.org.uk



The Unilever Series: Ai Weiwei 'Sunflower Seeds' 2010.

## Faith just isn't believable for a modern-day Hamlet



Rory Kinnear as Hamlet and David Calder as Polonius.

London: The National Theatre's artistic director, Nicholas Hytner, has given us his vision of a Hamlet for today, our contemporary in dress and sensibility. Rory Kinnear is an almost perfect exponent of this vision of a 2010 black prince. He makes the familiar lines feel fresh, not through any tricks of timing or voice, but by the application of intelligence—he appears actually to be thinking about what the words and lines mean as he is saying them. This refreshes the soliloquies, and gives due weight to Shakespeare's verbal play.

This reflection is the backbone of Mr. Hytner's production (in the Traveler scheme, which means almost half the Olivier's seats are only £10). All the lines (save the 500 cut from the Second Quarto used for this staging, which reduces the playing time to three and a half hours) are given their full worth. This is a clear, straightforward Hamlet—the mysteries, puzzles and confusions that remain are in the text.

In the opening scenes, the political situation with Fortinbras is

given sufficient importance to justify the final scene. Fortinbras's claim to Denmark might be slim, but following the tragedy we have just seen there is no other political solution available. Elsinore, if not a police state, is a culture at least as reliant on surveillance of its citizens as our own, with electronic snooping, CCTV and routine bugging of private conversations.

Polonius (David Calder, who makes him both chilling and foolish) is the chief spy—as slippery as any Elizabethan courtier—and when he tells Laertes "to thine own self be true," he knows he himself is as false as any man can be. Clare Higgins's plump, sexy Gertrude is another self-deceiver. She's distressed, but really not at all surprised at the hint (in the sole deviation from the traditional treatment of the matter) that Patrick Malahide's slimy Claudius has had Ophelia bumped off. It's only a hint, though, like some cut-price Princess Diana conspiracy theory.

Unlike Shakespeare's audience, we have a hard time seeing the play of Hamlet as a revenger's tragedy

made interesting by the protagonist's indecision: we have difficulty believing that revenge can ever be a duty. But there's an even stronger reason for our inability to see Hamlet as one of us, as our contemporary.

In the Act 3, Scene 3 soliloquy, "Now might I do it pat," Hamlet postpones killing Claudius because his uncle is praying; "A villain kills my father; and for that, / I, his sole son, do this same villain send / To Heaven." Hamlet then thinks about how his father was far from being in a state of grace when he was killed, and enumerates the sins of Claudius that will be obliterated if he dispatches him while he's at prayer.

Whether Shakespeare believed in this religion or not, I don't buy it, and can't sympathize with anyone who does. It might be interesting to stage a fundamentalist Christian Hamlet, but this is not it. And in the end, for all its merits, it doesn't quite work.

—Paul Levy

Until Jan. 9  
www.nationaltheatre.org.uk

## Guggenheim Bilbao shows Dutch masterpieces

Bilbao: "The Golden Age of Dutch and Flemish Painting from the Städel Museum" and Frank O. Gehry's Deconstructivist architecture make for a heady mix. Among the challenges for curator Jochen Sander was how to hang the 130 masterpieces in the immense, sculpted space of the Guggenheim Bilbao. He solved the problem by painting the walls a soft nougat brown, forming the perfect background for the jewel-like colors of the paintings and by creating an intimate space to showcase the smaller "cabinet paintings."

Many of the works, arranged in five thematic sections, were never before exhibited in Spain. Still-life painting, which emerged as a pictorial genre in the late 16th century, reflects the economic bounty and exotic products of the Dutch East Indies trade. "Still Life with Fruit, Pie

and Drinking Vessels," by Jan Davidsz de Heem shows the luxury goods which symbolized the pretensions of Holland's wealthy merchant class. While Jacob van Es from Antwerp chose to depict simpler domestic goods like beer and fish in his monumental painting, "Fish on a Kitchen Bench." The most iconic work in this section is Peter Willebeeck's "Vanitas Still Life," evoking the perishable nature of earthly goods through his choice of symbolic objects like seashells, a tipped silver goblet and a skull.

Most Dutch artists also created small paintings, often on copper plates for display in specially designed art cabinets. These tiny gems line the walls of a specially constructed art cabinet inside a larger gallery. Jan Bruegel the Elder painted the jewel-like "Still Life with Bouquet of Flowers in a Glass Ves-

sel" between 1610 and 1625 using oil on copper.

This is an exhibition of masterpieces. Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn's "David Playing the Harp Before Saul" is one of the key works in the historic section, while Rembrandt's "Portrait of Maertgen van Bilderbeecq" shows a young woman in a lace-trimmed hat, flushed with the pride of portraiture.

"The Geographer" by Jan Vermeer has a room to itself. It symbolizes the Golden Age of Dutch painting by unifying science and art. Vermeer was a pioneer in the use of optical tools such as the *camera obscura*. Art historians still debate if he actually used it to produce the 35 paintings that survive.

—Mariana Schroeder

Guggenheim Bilbao  
Until Jan. 23  
www.guggenheim-bilbao.es



"Boas Assumes the Legacy of Elimelech" (circa 1651-53) by Jan Victors.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY MORNING

# Will Ramsay focuses on family and friends

*The owner of Will's Art Warehouse in London talks to The Wall Street Journal Europe about how he starts his weekend.*

Will Ramsay founded the Affordable Art Fair in 1999 as a venue for extending the art trade from exclusive collector circles to the general public. The fair has now spread to nine cities around the world, and will be held in London from Oct 21-24. When he's not hopping on a plane to Australia, Hong Kong or New York to promote more accessible contemporary art, Mr. Ramsay, 41, lives in Duns in Berwickshire, Scotland, with his wife and four daughters.

**How does your weekend start?**  
On Friday night, we give the kids a pizza or something, and then my wife Natasha and I usually take our eldest daughter, Tatiana, to see a film in Edinburgh. Our favorite cinema is in the Omni Centre at the top of Leith Walk; it has loads of screens and two fantastic giraffe sculptures by Helen Denerley outside.

**How about Saturday?**  
Saturday will hopefully start with a lie-in. ... But probably not because we've got four young daughters, aged 10, eight, four and two. The dogs need walking, so we bike them along the road to a wee pig farm. We're pretty much in the middle of nowhere and it's very safe for [the kids] to cycle. Berwickshire is great for bringing up kiddies. I tend to work at home about two-thirds of the time and the other third, I'll be on a plane or train;

there are eight offices dotted around the world and I run 14 art fairs, so I've got to travel around.

**Browsing for books**  
Great friends of ours own a book shop, The Mainstreet Trading Company in St. Boswells, which has a great collection of books and a very good café. Natasha loves taking the kiddies there. At the moment I'm reading "The Forgotten Highlander" about World War II; "The Scottish Enlightenment"; and a businessy book, "ReWork: Change the Way You Work Forever," which a couple of people highly recommended.

**Riding in the countryside**  
Sometimes we go riding together around the local area. The kids are getting braver and braver. We keep two ponies for the kiddies and three polo ponies. I play a bit of polo in the summer and I started up the Border Reivers Polo Club at my farm. The name harkens back to the Reivers, Northumbrians and Cumbrians who used to come up north of the border to reive—steal cattle, rape and pillage. Of course the Scots used to do the same to them.

**Practicing the bagpipes**  
I play the bagpipes, so I might practice at the weekend. I've played at weddings and the odd memorial service and birthday. It's a weekend of lots of noise and activity, and family time.

**Dinner out**  
On Saturday night, Natasha and I normally go to dinner parties at friends' houses, while the kids

stay at home with a babysitter. If we go out for dinner, it'll be at the Roxburghe Hotel near Kelso.

**Do you ever do anything art-related on the weekends?**  
I love going to the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh. It's one of the best small art museums in the world, I think, along with the Frick Collection in New York. There's also a fantastic new sculpture park near Edinburgh airport called Jupiter Artland that's only open in the summer. I think it's the best contemporary sculpture park in the U.K., with works by Andy Goldsworthy, Anish Kapoor, Cornelia Parker and Antony Gormley among others. It's a lovely place to go for a walk and be inspired by fantastic art—an undiscovered haven.

**What's the best thing about where you live?**  
The space and the lack of stress. I can think proactively and strategically about my business away from the hubbub, as I'm not being bothered about minutiae. The Internet enables me to run my international business from a farm in the middle of nowhere. It's great, and you don't see much traffic up here either.

**If you could change one thing about your weekend, what would it be?**  
It would be great just to do absolutely nothing for one weekend. Not have to get children up, not have to go anywhere, just to read and be able to wallow.

—Mr. Ramsay was speaking with Harriet Torry.



## THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

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### No Loose Ends / by Pancho Harrison

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| 62  | ...quail) 1990 Gibson/Hawn film (News...)                            |
| 66  | Form a merger  |
| 68  | Ltr. afterthoughts   |
| 69  | Aphrodite's son  |
| 70  | Offer a doughnut to a dieter, say                                    |
| 72  | Pres., militarily  |
| 74  | UFO crew   |
| 77  | Oscars org.  |
| 79  | ...agency) Tennis court boundary (Sharply batted...)                 |
| 84  | Chinese fruit with white flesh                                       |
| 86  | Facebook exchanges, for short  |
| 88  | Underlying principle of the universe                                 |
| 89  | Quit, slangily   |
| 90  | Indian nursemaid   |
| 91  | "Anything you want"  |
| 94  | "The Swedish Nightingale"  |
| 97  | Type of 125-Down   |
| 98  | Source of oats   |
| 100 | Bud  |
| 102 | Course for planes?   |
| 104 | ...baseball) Prime radio broadcasting hours (Subject of an H.G. ...) |
| 107 | ...Wells book) Drill press or lathe (Handyman's...)                  |
| 109 | Forever young  |
| 111 | ... Investments (Boston-based financial company)                     |
| 112 | Blues scores   |
| 115 | Akihito, for one   |
| 117 | Wedding reception highlights   |
| 122 | Buoy   |
| 124 | ...carryall) Huge blockbuster (Producer's...)                        |
| 127 | Component of some showers  |
| 128 | Donkey, in Dresden   |
| 129 | Memorable periods  |
| 130 | Shepherd's meal  |
| 131 | Author/illustrator Richard of the Busytown books                     |
| 132 | Rib-eye request  |
| 133 | General concern  |
| 134 | Irritating sort  |

- Down**
- Publisher Adolph
  - Knight's protection
  - Nick's dog
  - MLB league
  - Musical aptitude
  - Id counterpart
  - Like the winter sky, often
  - Lt. Col.'s underlings
  - Carne \_\_\_ (Mexican dish)
  - Antacid, for short
  - Language akin to Aleut
  - Call for help
  - Takes off
  - Underlying principle of the universe
  - "I smell \_\_\_!"
  - Really smelly
  - "That clears things up!"
  - Like Hebrew and Aramaic
  - Pueblo people
  - Get rid of
  - Spiral-horned African antelope
  - Each
  - The Brady Bill, e.g.
  - Like sachets
  - Do new voice-overs
  - Noted violin maker
  - Store employee
  - One who's gone platinum
  - Brooding mother
  - "There's many \_\_\_ 'twixt the cup and the lip"
  - Greedy monarch
  - Short jackets
  - Part of some costumes
  - "I'm okay with that"
  - Like Switzerland

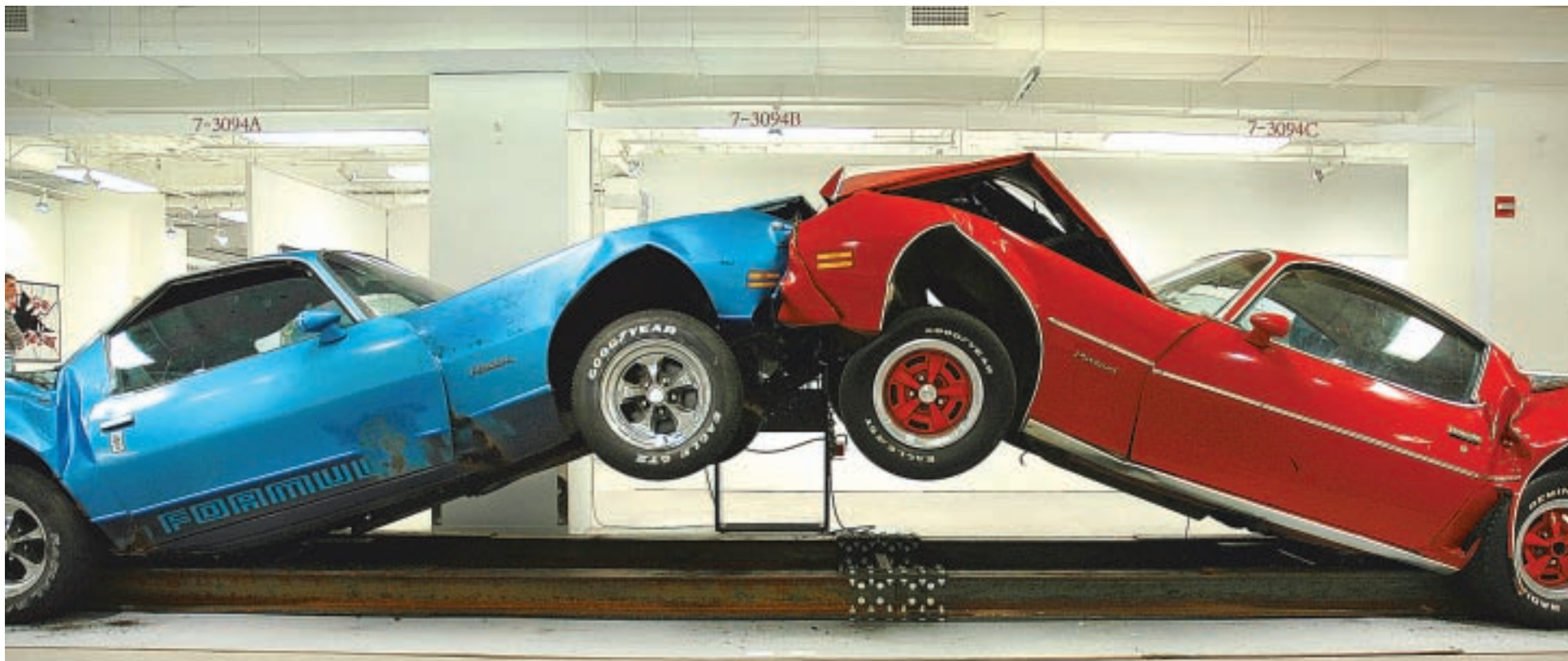
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|----|--|-----|------------------------------|
| 53 | Morn's opposite                        | 92  | Like gymnasts                |
| 56 | "Don't Know Why" singer Jones          | 93  | Scot's topper                |
| 58 | Rapping Dr.                            | 95  | Rheinland refusal            |
| 61 | Brightest star in Cygnus               | 96  | Shows generosity             |
| 63 | Put up for election                    | 99  | Requests humbly              |
| 64 | Egyptian cobra                         | 101 | ___ luxury                   |
| 65 | Ambulance abbr.                        | 103 | Notes from the boss          |
| 67 | Henri's here                           | 105 | Dues payer                   |
| 71 | Sulky state                            | 106 | Juan's wife                  |
| 73 | Wine from Bordeaux                     | 108 | Teen's deadline              |
| 74 | Spiral-horned African antelope         | 110 | Poultry farm worker          |
| 75 | Island north of Australia              | 112 | Periodontist's concern       |
| 76 | East German secret police              | 113 | Intl. cartel since 1960      |
| 78 | Intention                              | 114 | Utah ski resort              |
| 80 | Cosell's portrayer in "Ali"            | 116 | Play part                    |
| 81 | Billy Joel's "___ Extremes"            | 118 | "Do I need to draw you ___?" |
| 82 | Explosive stuff                        | 119 | Mall event                   |
| 83 | Kind of alcohol                        | 120 | Recipe amts.                 |
| 85 | "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" singer | 121 | No longer usable             |
| 87 | Tentative taste                        | 123 | Do one's best                |
|    |  | 125 | See 97-Across                |
|    |  | 126 | Train unit                   |

### Last Week's Solution

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

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

## CULTURAL CALENDAR



'The Slow Inevitable Death of American Muscle' (2007-08) by Jonathan Schipper is shown as part of the 'Under Destruction' exhibition in Basel.

### Athens

■ **ART**  
 "Politics of Art" celebrates 10 years of the museum with work including installations, drawings, photographs and video work by 38 international artists. National Museum of Contemporary Art  
 Until Jan. 30  
 ☎ 30-210-9242-111  
 www.emst.gr

### Barcelona

■ **ART**  
 "Anna Maria Maiolino" is a retrospective of the Brazilian artist, including displays of her poetry, photography, film, sculpture and drawings. Fundació Antoni Tàpies  
 Until Jan. 16  
 ☎ 34-93-4870-315  
 www.fundaciotapias.com

### Basel

■ **ART**  
 "Under Destruction" showcases contemporary art inspired by destruction, including work by Johannes Vogl, Arcangelo Sassolino, Ariel Orozco and Kris Martin. Museum Jean Tinguely  
 Oct. 15-Jan. 23  
 ☎ 41-6168-1932-0  
 www.tinguely.ch

### Berlin

■ **MUSIC**  
 Kelis tours Europe with her hip-hop and R'n'B infused dance music following the release of her latest album "Flesh Tone."  
 Oct. 16, Maria am Ostbahnhof, Berlin  
 Oct. 17, Neidklub, Hamburg  
 Oct. 19, Puerto Giesing, Munich  
 Oct. 20, Pratersauna, Vienna  
 More information at  
 www.iamkelis.com

■ **PHOTOGRAPHY**  
 "People, Objects, Works of Man" displays prints from "Deutsche Arbeit" documenting German rebuilding after World War II, alongside portraits by photographer Emil Otto Hoppé. Berlinische Galerie  
 Until Feb. 28  
 ☎ 49-3078-9026-00  
 www.berlinischegalerie.de

### Cambridge

■ **MUSIC**  
 KT Tunstall performs new folk and blues infused rock songs from her recent album "Tiger Suit."  
 Oct. 19, Junction, Cambridge

Oct. 20, O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire, London  
 Oct. 21, Ritz, Manchester  
 More information at  
 www.kttunstall.com

### Glasgow

■ **ART**  
 "Blue and Silver: Whistler and the Thames" explores the art generated through James McNeill Whistler's pre-occupation with the River Thames. Hunterian Museum and Art Gallery  
 Until Jan. 8  
 ☎ 44-1413-3054-31  
 www.hunterian.gla.ac.uk

### Graz

■ **ART**  
 "Robot Dreams" exhibits installation and video art exploring the idea of artificial intelligence and robotics with works by Jessica Field and others. Kunsthau Graz  
 Until Feb. 20  
 ☎ 43-316-8017-9200  
 www.museum-joanneum.at

### Helsinki

■ **ART**  
 "The Colors of Estonia" offers an in-depth review of Estonian painting with works by Johann Köler, Nikolai Triik and others. Taide Halli  
 Until Nov. 24  
 ☎ 358-9-4542-060  
 www.taidehalli.fi/

### DESIGN

"The Tzars Hunt—Treasures from the Kremlin" shows hunting wardrobes and weapons from the Armoury Chamber of the Moscow Kremlin Museum. Designmuseo  
 Until Dec. 12  
 ☎ 358-9622-0540  
 www.designmuseum.fi

### London

■ **DANCE**  
 "Rosas—The Song" is the U.K. premiere of Anne Teresa de Keersmaeker's contemporary dance piece, exploring the frenetic pace of our world. Sadler's Wells  
 Oct. 19-21  
 ☎ 44-0844-4124-300  
 www.sadlerswells.com

### FASHION

"Future Beauty: 30 Years of Japanese Fashion" presents a comprehensive survey of avant-garde Japanese fash-

ion, with works by Issey Miyake, Rei Kawakubo, Yohji Yamamoto and many others. Barbican Art Gallery  
 Until Feb. 6  
 ☎ 44-20-7638-8891  
 www.barbican.org.uk

### Madrid

■ **ART**  
 "Jose Val Del Omar: Overflow" explores film works and designs created by the Spanish artist.

Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía  
 Until Feb. 28  
 ☎ 34-91-7741-000  
 www.museoreinasofia.es

### Paris

■ **DANCE**  
 "Paquita" is a ballet in two acts featuring the music of Edouard Marie Deldevez and Ludwig Minkus. Palais Garnier  
 Oct. 18-Nov. 7

☎ 33-89-2899-090  
 www.operadeparis.fr

### Vienna

■ **FILM**  
 "Bruce Conner: The 70s" features the American artist's art works and iconic assemblage films. Kunsthalle Wien  
 Until Jan. 30  
 ☎ 43-1-52189-0  
 www.kunsthallewien.at

—Source: WSJ research

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