

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

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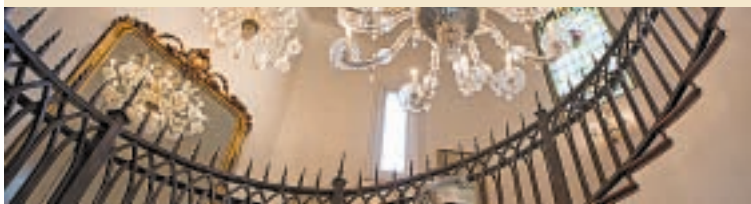
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Illustration by Jean-Manuel Duvivier

In Lisbon, writers die but art lives on

[European Life]

By J. S. MARCUS



José Saramago—the former Lisbon newspaper editor, acclaimed novelist, and lone Nobel laureate in the Portuguese

language—died this past June at 87. Tens of thousands of people turned out for his funeral here. But it's hard not to assume that at least some die-hard fans will save their private memorials for New Year's Eve, which plays a special role in two of his most important books.

"The Year of the Death of Ricardo Reis," the 1984 novel regarded as his masterpiece, begins with a lonely literary émigré returning home to Fascist Lisbon in time to see in 1936; the narrator juxtaposes disquisitions on the absurdities of New Year's resolutions with the petty account of an old man making his way through trash-strewn, party-clogged streets. And "Death with Interruptions" (2005) begins with the goddess of Death making a de facto New Year's resolution to go on strike.

Living in self-imposed Spanish exile, Saramago was one of world's few Portuguese celebrities. But finding a home in the wider world had somehow put him at odds with his country, where he had become an aged prodigal son in the years leading up to his death.

The Portuguese grumble about Saramago's arrogance and intransigence, but perhaps they are merely in awe of his ambitions. Saramago's voice, marked by universal concerns and dazzling technique, can seem too large for what he called the "timid voice" of Portugal. You can easily find people reading his books on the Lisbon underground, but you can just as easily get Portuguese of all persuasions to run down their laun-

dry list of his infractions.

Saramago's literary stature may grow after his death, but somehow his own personal Lisbon, marked by all-too-public political battles and literary feuds, seems smaller these days than the eccentric, private city conjured up in the work and person of his literary forerunner, Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935).

Pessoa—a clerk and autodidact, who died with apparently little to show beyond some books of poems and scattered journalism—is now celebrated as Portugal's most important modern writer, and one of the great literary figures of the 20th century.

The work published under his name during his life was just the tip of some enormous, uncanny iceberg: there was not just Pessoa, but a number of distinct literary identities, who also published books, and whom Pessoa endowed with whole biographies. Pessoa called these inventions "heteronyms," rather than pseudonyms, and there may have been as many as 70 or 80. Among the best known was none other than Ricardo Reis, Saramago's hero.

The modern world can trace its origins to 15th-century Portugal, from where those intrepid explorers, now national heroes, set sail around the world. Pessoa, now interred near the likes of Vasco da Gama in Lisbon's Jerónimos Monastery, was an explorer—of the minute reaches of the modern mind, which he revealed to be as densely populated as any European capital.

Tonight, citizens of Lisbon, in a scene straight out of Saramago's Ricardo Reis novel, will gather in the Praça do Comércio, the old city's arcade-lined main square, to watch a firework display. A favorite stomping ground of Pessoa, and an expansive, eerie survivor of Lisbon's imperial splendor, the square will regain its characteristic Pessoaan emptiness tomorrow, waiting, as it does every day, for a singular imagination to repopulate it.

Living artists

Like Greece and Spain, Portugal is now thought to be on the brink of fiscal catastrophe, but at least it has a certified art boom to take the edge off. One of the best artists now working here is Yonamine, a 35-year-old Angolan, with a Portuguese grandfather and a half-Portuguese girlfriend. His elegant mixed-media collages, which combine silk-screen-rendered street art with real newspaper, can be found in exhibitions from Luanda to São Paulo.

"There were no art schools or museums in Angola," he says, describing the "art education" he got from the propaganda-laced barracks of Cuba's military contingent, which intervened in support of Angola's leftist regime after the country's independence from Portugal in 1975.

He found his artistic footing without knowing about Andy Warhol's silk-screens or Jean-Michel Basquiat's use of graffiti, and takes comparisons in his stride. "Warhol and Basquiat are dead," he says. "I'm alive."

Looking ahead

Portugal was modern Europe's first and last colonial empire, starting in earnest in 1500, when Pedro Cabral reached Brazil, and ending 499 years later, when China gained formal sovereignty over Macau. The Portugal of 1999, on the brink of the age of the euro, was a hopeful place; a decade later, the euro has become a code word for rough economic waters as far as the eye can see. At year's end, the Portuguese take comfort in a rumored bailout heading their way from, of all places, Brazil and China.

Will Brazil buy up Portugal's debt? Will José Saramago follow Fernando Pessoa into the Jerónimos Monastery? Will Portuguese artists steal the show at next year's ARCO art fair in Madrid?

My resolution: to stay tuned.

Next week,
Sam Leith in London.

YEAR IN REVIEW: FASHION

A year of fashion highs and lows

Designers showcased attractive, wearable styles...and then there were jeggings

BY CHRISTINA BINKLEY

Don't let the popularity of jeggings and Lady Gaga confuse the issue.

It was actually a very good year in the style world.

The fashion industry largely embraced attractive and wearable styles in 2010—Charlie Girl suits, vintage-looking jeans, dresses that highlight the waist. No wonder people found it harder to resist shopping, and fashion sales at retail rose.

After several years in which designers were trying hard to grab attention with overwrought gimmicks and doodads (jumpsuits, anyone?), the fashion industry appeared to do an about-face.

Styles got more real—and more comfortable. Classics like the sweater vest and hiking boots came back.

Everything became more colorful. Even the models seemed to get a tiny bit rounder, possibly taking a step away from the painfully thin runway ideal of the past decade.

"There's been a lot of optimism expressed in fashion, not as much darkness as in the past," says Sharon Graubard, trend analyst for Stylesight, a fashion-industry consulting group.

Looks from 2010 that she lists among her favorites include androgynous menswear for women, such as those wide-lapeled suit jackets and loose slacks mimicking the wide-stride Yves St. Laurent look, and all the classicism and respect for heritage, such as "Jackie O" sunglasses.

Looking ahead, we can expect to see more classics return. Keep an eye out for handbags built around a frame—the kind your grandmother snapped shut and carried in the crook of her elbow. Kitten heels and flats will become even more popular.

Rain boots and hiking boots will continue to be big on city streets. And the skirt—sales are up 19% through October, according to NPD Group—will continue to replace the all-important dress in many women's closets.

Before we move into 2011, let's take a moment to savor the style highs and lows of 2010.

HIGHS

Katy Perry's Met Ball dress

The singer literally lit up the spring gala of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Costume Institute with a dress strung with colorful LED lights. Few of us would wear that in 2010, but we might wear it in 2020. The playful inclusion of technology in clothing is a reminder not to fear experimentation. Too few stars use the red carpet for that purpose these days. In the same vein, demi-couture British label Boudicca created a touch-sensitive dress called the "Science of Sequins." The sequins fold over as they're touched, making it possible to draw all over the dress, then brush it away and start again. At \$7,000, the dress isn't for everyone, but wearers will be the life of the party. Long live innovation.

The return of curves

Women everywhere, rejoice. Your curves came in again in 2010. Miuccia Prada was blamed, fairly or not, for bringing in the era of anorexic fashion models. Her Milan collection in February celebrated curves, espe-



cially bosoms. She went so far as to feature several non-models who looked positively Rubenesque next to the run-of-the-mill catwalkers. Meanwhile, Christina Hendricks, of "Mad Men," made news with her curves on television and the red carpet. A new look has taken hold.

Phoebe Philo

The designer is on fire, having rejuvenated Céline, the sleepy LVMH-owned brand, in just one year with her essential understanding of what so many women really want from clothes: Styles that are intriguing but not silly, respectable but not dowdy—and always with that indefinable spice of total coolness. Ms. Philo was named Designer of the Year at the 2010 British Fashion Awards. Natch.

Mongolian fur

I just love these dramatic lamb and goat skins—on vests, on coats, on scarves, on boots. A mink coat over jeans looks pretentious. Mongolian lamb and goat have a casual look, just the right balance of hippy-dippy and pampered luxury, whether used as trim or all over. The lamb has an added benefit: The sheep are mostly raised for meat.

LOWS

The death of Lee Alexander McQueen

He isn't a trend, but the year in fashion can't be summed up without mourning the loss of this talented couturier, whose suicide cast

a pall over the fashion industry. The man could cut a suit like no other.

Sadly for working women everywhere, he had a lot to teach other womenswear designers, who have such a hard time fathoming how to make women look simultaneously powerful and sexy. Mr. McQueen sometimes creeped people out with his showmanship.

But those who stepped into his showrooms found volumes of perfect clothes—such as suits that accomplished the impossible by being both draped and tailored. His assistant, Sarah Burton, is now at the creative helm of the brand. Here's hoping she continues to cut equally unmatched designs.

Jeggings

Sales of these leggings-jeans hybrids more than doubled in the third quarter of 2010 compared with the



Clockwise from top left: Christina Hendricks of 'Mad Men'; singer Katy Perry at the Costume Institute Gala Benefit; television host Conan O'Brien in jeggings; Alexander McQueen; model in drop-crotch pants by Osklen during the second day of the Sao Paulo Fashion Week Summer 2011; designer Phoebe Philo.

year-ago quarter, according to NPD Group. So those of you who have been saying they're over had better think again. Women between 12 and 29 are responsible for the lion's share of jeggings purchases, NPD says. This is a style better adopted by tweens and teens. Lycra, after all, is a privilege, not a right.

Balmain

How can a designer fall so quickly? Having brought in the wildly successful military-look band jacket and the motorcycle-leather look, Balmain designer Christophe Decarnin appeared to be on track to start another global fashion furor this fall in Paris. Instead, he rehashed many of his old looks, slashing them and stabbing them with rows of safety pins. I wasn't the only person looking at his shredded T-shirts, leather jackets and jeans

who thought, 'I could do that myself and save enough money on an outfit to pay for a Mediterranean cruise vacation. Only I really don't want to ruin my black leather motorcycle vest.' Here's hoping Mr. Decarnin clears his head and comes back to wow us in March.

Gimmicky styles

This year's beauties included giant, clompy Elton John-level platform shoes. Drop-crotch pants—the male equivalent of harem pants—left some trendy guys looking like Dick Van Dyke's dance-like-a-penguin moment in "Mary Poppins." Women were told to wear sequined dresses to the office, but those who did often looked more like fashion victims than haute dressers. More costume than clothing, these were styles most of us could do without.

YEAR IN REVIEW: FOOD & WINE

Here's to a strong 2011

[Wine]

By WILL LYONS



In the vineyard, the New Year begins with winter pruning. Across the Northern Hemisphere, wine regions are dotted with small fires burning freshly cut vines, as well-wrapped-up vineyard workers brave the freezing conditions to remove the small shoots that have grown in the previous year. The aim of this practice is to ensure the vine produces fewer but larger bunches of grapes, with more concentration and flavor; the idea being that the next vintage will be better than the last.

For the consumer and the wine trade, 2011 will begin with the Burgundy en primeur tastings, at which the 2009 vintage will be shown to the international press, consumers and buyers. In many regions, 2009 was a superb year with near-perfect viticultural conditions, and Burgundy was no exception. The few I have tasted from that vintage show great promise; the red wines are ripe, with soft tannins and very forward flavor. So, 2011 could either be the year wealthy Asian buyers wake up to the quality and style of Burgundy and push up the prices or, as I suspect, the last year when prices for good Burgundy remain in reach of the average buyer.

Looking forward, 2011 will also be another important year in Bordeaux as the 2010 vintage is tasted for the first time. Growers there are very hopeful that the quality of the 2010 could be as high as 2009. But whether the market can sustain another price hike from the region's châteaux remains to be seen.

Fine-wine sales saw a record year in 2010. Global sales through Sotheby's wine auctions totaled \$88.27 million, more than double last year's figure and the highest in the company's 40 years of wine auctions.

January will see the sale of part of Andrew Lloyd-Webber's cellar in Hong Kong, and some have predicted this could be the height of the boom. But brokers I speak to in Hong Kong say that in

terms of sales they have barely touched the surface and I'm predicting Asian demand for the very best wines will continue apace. A good tip both for Bordeaux and Burgundy during good vintages is to stock up on the cheaper wines and house blends, as their quality is considerably higher than other vintages but the prices hardly move.

Elsewhere, 2011 will continue to see an oversupply of grapes, particularly in countries that have experienced a sustained wine boom. Australia appears to have got on top of the situation but I fear some of those growers who planted vineyards in New Zealand to cash in on the phenomenon of Marlborough Sauvignon Blanc will realize the economics simply don't add up.

I also hope—probably in vain—that 2011 is the year winemakers across the globe realize alcohol levels need to be brought down. With the climate changing, a predisposition to ripeness and the fact that many of the wines we now drink are produced in semi-desert locations, alcohol levels of 14.5% aren't uncommon.

One of the trends I have observed at first hand is that the more attention a winemaker gives to viticultural practices and general vineyard husbandry such as canopy management, producing lower yields and growing better quality grapes, the higher the alcohol levels.

Master of Wine Jasper Morris says people originally worried only about sugar ripeness, which relates to the acid and sugar in the grapes. Then the buzzword became phenolic ripeness, which relates to tannins, pips and skins. So by waiting for phenolic ripeness, producers have sometimes ended up creating excessively alcoholic wines.

They are then obliged either to run with these high levels, or water the wine down, or else to use technology such as spinning cones to reduce the alcohol.

Despite this trend, one California winemaker has written to me saying that in 2010 grapes have been picked at 11.8% alcohol with perfect ripeness. In his words: "With the right focus in viticultural techniques, we do see a possibility of ripeness without relatively high grape sugars." Which is very good news.



Oaxen Krog's venison tartar flamed over juniper twigs served with fish roe, minced pickled fennel & chanterelle mayonnaise.

Foraging brings surprises

The arrival of Nordic cuisine was a welcome breakthrough

[Food]

By BRUCE PALLING



From the food perspective, this year has been far more interesting and ground-breaking than perhaps most diners had any reason to expect. With the economic gloom and shocking weather starting—and by the looks of it, finishing—2010 in Europe, there was no reason to be optimistic. Fortunately, 2010 heralded some tectonic shifts in approach, not just with the arrival of Nordic cuisine at the very top of the culinary tree, but also with a number of new developments at more affordable levels. There is the profusion of small-plate food, and chefs have been shedding their culinary straitjackets with the emergence of pop-up restaurants and supper clubs in Britain, and *Néo-Bistrot*s in France.

This diversity is both welcome and in tune with the times. The launch of Dock Kitchen in West London, with its stylish industrial decor and range of options from French classics, Asian menus and authentic country cooking, perfectly catches this new, eclectic approach. There is also a retreat from clumsy fusion cuisine and a growing recreation of authentic cuisine, whether the inspiration is Spain or Southern India.

In France, the *Gastro* or *Néo-Bistrot* movement means it is at last possible to eat superb dishes, sometimes created by French chefs who have worked abroad, for around €35 for four courses. My two favorites were *Frenchies* in Paris and *Le 126* in Lyon—places that produce sophisticated dishes for a fraction of the price at conventional restaurants. They are also part of a growing trend toward "menu surprise" establishments, with no choice and not even a menu.

The other memorable aspect of 2010 was the profusion of game,

especially grouse, both in record numbers and low prices.

But the year's real breakthrough was the emergence of Nordic, or forage, cuisine as the acknowledged "new new thing," after Copenhagen's Noma won first prize in the San Pellegrino World's Top 50 Restaurant Awards. This has had the beneficial result of ending molecular cuisine's stranglehold on haute cuisine, helped by Ferran Adrià's announcement that he is closing *el Bulli* as a conventional restaurant in the middle of 2011 and reopening it as a culinary think tank.

The Nordic trend, inspired by

Five hours at Oaxen Krog near Stockholm made me reassess what makes a great meal.

the diversity of foraged ingredients and a passion for minimal interference with raw products, had already started to spread beyond Scandinavia, with Belgium's *In De Wulf*, *Mirazur*, literally next to the Italian border in France, plus *Saturne*, an extraordinary, terroir-driven place just opened in Paris.

But what about my own highlights and disappointments for the year? Oaxen Krog, the Swedish restaurant on a small island west of Stockholm, was definitely my revelation of the year. After a lengthy journey from Stockholm through forests and farmland, you end up taking a small ferry to this magical location. The restaurant focuses entirely on local produce, which in addition to the 27 varieties of herbs and berries, could include half of a pig's head or venison tartare, lightly smoked with juniper twigs. Our five hours there made me reassess what makes a great meal. Then, there were two lunches at Alain Passard's *L'Arpège* in Paris, where deceptively simple dishes, such as a tomato emulsion with mustard ice cream or small cubes of cucumber in a saline

broth, managed to redefine the foods involved. It will also be difficult to forget two superb meals at *Le Petit Nice* in Marseille, the only three-Michelin-starred restaurant in Provence. Chef *Gérald Passédat* cooks fish with a delicate touch and even manages to deconstruct *bouillabaisse* and make it an intellectual as well as sensual experience. There was also a superb lunch at *Tantris*, Hans Haas's two-Michelin-starred establishment in Munich, where he turns out dishes with a lightness of touch that defies his Teutonic environment. And perhaps the most satisfying cheap culinary experience of 2010 was eating *steckerl fisch* (barbequed smoked mackerel on a stick) at *Lake Eibsee*, a hour or so south of Munich.

My award for the most consistently exciting food of the year has to go to Brett Graham and his two-Michelin-starred *Ledbury*, in London's Notting Hill. The fame of the *Ledbury* has spread beyond the highest score ever given by the *Zagat* Guide, or other awards; virtually every leading chef in Europe has been there in recent months to see what the fuss is all about. I can reveal it is a very simple formula—serve immaculately fresh and exotic vegetables and fish plus well-hung game in new and exciting ways. It is not just the signature dishes such as flame-grilled mackerel with cucumber and shiso that matter, but innovative approaches on a weekly basis.

I was going to end this piece with my most disappointing meals of the year, but in a spirit of Christmas-induced charity, I won't name any of them. Instead, I will simply observe that if restaurants aspire to remain at the highest level, they must avoid turning out dishes that have no flair or excitement. There is nothing worse than going to a famous place and being fed creations that have remained static for years or could be put together by any competent sous-chef. This year has been extraordinarily stimulating and satisfying—let's hope for a dazzling New Year to come.

Drinking Now

Domaine du Coulet

Cornas, Rhône Valley, France

Vintage: 2006

Price: About £25 or €30

This is one producer and domaine I will be looking out for in 2011. Mathieu Barret is a young winemaker who not only farms his estate organically but, keen to experiment, is also moving into biodynamics. I first tasted wines from his tiny estate in November and was impressed by their purity and elegance. Cornas isn't the easiest appellation to appreciate and the Syrah produced here can tannic and challenging when young. With age, the wines develop beautifully and offer real value compared with their neighbors in *Hermitage* and *Côte-Rôtie*. Mr. Barret's wines are characterized by an abundance of forward, juicy fruit and pinpoint purity. The 2006 is a little more mature, with blackberry, zippy acidity and very dry tannins.



YEAR IN REVIEW: FILM



Real and virtual kings rule over us

'The Social Network' and 'The King's Speech' lead the pack in what was a modest movie year

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

For better and worse, this is one of those movie years when there's widespread agreement among the early awards-givers and, presumably, among critics putting together their ritual 10-best lists. It's better because the movies winning consistent favor are really good, and worse because they're so few in number. While the pickings haven't been slim, they haven't been bountiful either.

My choice for the year's best movie is **"The Social Network."** If that means I've succumbed to a herd mentality, so be it; herds can stampede in the right direction. The film's ambition is what I admire most. It grabs onto a genuine phenomenon in contemporary life and tells us things we didn't know about it.

A whisker-close second is **"The King's Speech."** A pair of masterful performances by Colin Firth and Geoffrey Rush; a footnote to English history transformed into a resonant fable of challenge, achievement and friendship across class barriers; a period piece that speaks eloquently to the present—could anyone ask more of mainstream entertainment?

Few people will see **"Carlos"**—from here on these choices are in alphabetical order—as I saw it, all 5½ hours of it with only one short break. Relatively few people will see it at all. Yet this epic portrait of the international terrorist expands the notion of what film can do, and Edgar Ramírez, in the title role, is both terrifying and per-versely majestic.

The most obvious reason for picking **"The Fighter"** is the exceptional quality of the acting: Christian Bale, Mark Wahlberg, Amy Adams and Melissa Leo are the main attractions, but not the only ones. More than a boxing story, the film stays in memory for what it says about the nourishing and imprisoning nature of a close-knit family.



Top, Jesse Eisenberg stars as Mark Zuckerberg in 'The Social Network'; above, Annette Bening, left, and Julianne Moore, right, star as Nic and Jules in 'The Kids Are All Right'; right, Colin Firth as King George VI in 'The King's Speech.'

Several small films reminded us that art can still coexist with entertainment in American independent features. One of them, **"The Kids Are All Right,"** looks into an unconventional family headed by a mom and a mom—Annette Bening and Julianne Moore—and finds the classic, if not conventional, stuff of affecting comedy.

The word Mom doesn't leap to mind in connection with **"Mother,"** a remarkable Korean film with Kim Hye-ja as a mother obsessively devoted to her 27-year-old brain-damaged son. Among the story's many surprises is its droll humor. The heroine becomes, among other things, a detective who could have been played by Margaret Rutherford.

Small may describe the physical scale and the 90-minute running time of **"Please Give,"** but not the emotional power of this lovely comedy about empathy. The heroine, Catherine Keener's Kate, suffers from a surfeit of empathy, but the movie has suffered only from under-exposure. In an alternate universe, it

would have played as many theaters as **"TRON: Legacy."**

Several documentaries distinguished themselves this year, among them **"Client 9: The Rise and Fall of Eliot Spitzer"** and **"Inside Job."** Still, my favorite is **"Precious Life,"** the story of a Palestinian baby who was born in Gaza three years ago with a severe immune deficiency, then treated in Israel by Israeli doctors. It may sound sentimental, though it's anything but.

What is there to say about **"Toy Story 3"** except hail, farewell and endless thanks for all the pleasure? It's now a commonplace that Pixar has set the standard for excellence in all American films. In the process, they set almost impossible expectations for the end of the **"Toy Story"** trilogy, then managed to fulfill them.

Far from being a downer, **"Winter's Bone"** makes its way from harshness and hardship into hope. Jennifer Lawrence plays—to perfection, and no bones about it—the 17-year-old heroine, Ree Dolly, who must save her family by finding her



no-account, crank-cooking fugitive of a father, alive or dead.

Since space, like long-term memory, is at a premium, here are some other excellent films that didn't make the cut, listed without comment and in no particular order:

"A Prophet"; "127 Hours"; "The Ghost Writer"; "How to Train Your

Dragon"; "Fish Tank"; "Animal Kingdom"; "Tiny Furniture"; "Unstoppable"; "Nowhere Boy"; "Cyrus"; "The Father of My Children"; "Boxing Gym"; "Greenberg"; "It's Kind of a Funny Story"; "White Material"; "The Secret in Their Eyes"; "Easy A"; "The Illusionist"; "Soul Kitchen"; "Splice"; "The Town."

YEAR IN REVIEW: ART & AUCTIONS

Bumper prizes for some deep pockets

[Collecting]

BY MARGARET STUDER



Collectors dug into their pockets in a big way in 2010.

"We were expecting a tough time this year," says Matthew

Girling, Europe chief executive of auctioneer Bonhams. "Instead, 2010 was unbelievably buoyant."

Bumper prices were achieved across the board. "Uniqueness and rarity is driving collecting throughout regions and categories," Christie's Europe President Jussi Pylkkänen notes. "The focus is on pieces you may never have another chance to get, be it a great painting or a James Bond gun."

Auction-house executives appear almost puzzled by the breadth of collectors' buoyant mood: "Whether in Asia, North America or Europe, confidence has clearly returned to the market on both the buying and selling sides," says Sotheby's President and Chief Executive William F. Ruprecht.

It takes quality supply to attract buyers to pay high prices. And, Mr. Girling points out, once collectors realized early in the year that the market had turned favorable for sales, top pieces came out of the cupboard. In addition, collectors in China provided a boost to the market in 2010. "Spectacular growth is coming from new Chinese collectors; and that has helped to boost collector confidence world-wide," says Mr. Girling.

Chinese collectors aren't only buying their own cultural items, but are deeply committed to such areas as jewelry and wine, the auctioneers say. Mr. Pylkkänen predicts that the coming decade will be characterized by "Asians buying Western; and Western buying Asian."

Here is a look at major prices achieved in 10 categories in 2010.

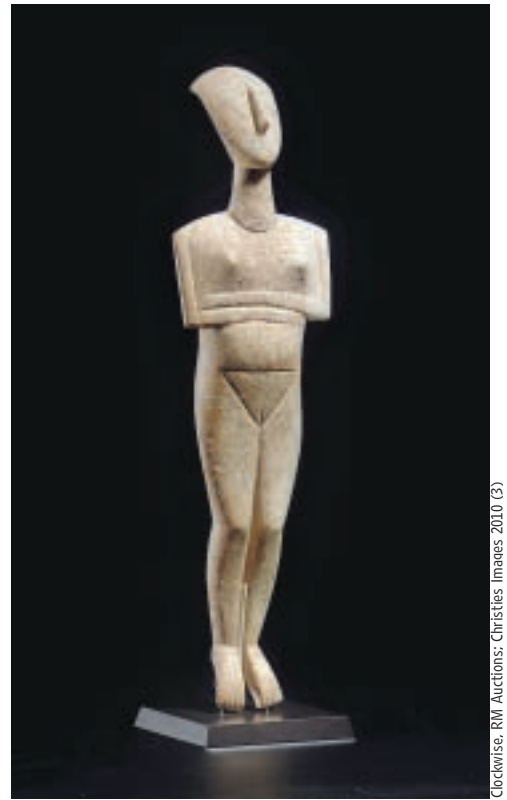
Painting: The highest price ever for any art work at auction was paid in May at Christie's New York when "Nude, Green Leaves, and Bust" (1932) by Pablo Picasso sold for \$106.5 million. The surrealist painting, depicting a sensual and youthful Marie-Thérèse Walter, one of Picasso's many lovers, came from the famed collection of U.S. real-estate developer Sidney F. Brody and his wife Frances Lasker Brody. They had acquired it for \$17,000 in 1950.

Sculpture: Alberto Giacometti's "L'homme qui marche I" (1960), a lifesize bronze figure of a painfully thin man walking alone, sold at Sotheby's London in February for £65 million. Bidding opened at £12 million and within eight minutes soared to the final price. It was a good year for the Swiss sculptor. This triumph was followed in New York at Christie's Brody Collection sale, with \$53.3 million realized for a monumental bust of a man, conceived by Giacometti in 1954.

Ancient art: A fascinating Cycladic marble sculpture of a reclining female figure from around 2400 B.C. sold for \$16.9 million this month at Christie's New York, charging above an estimate of \$3 million-\$5 million. The price was a record for these small, mysteri-



Clockwise from top: James Bond's Aston Martin DB5 sold at RM Auctions for £2.9 million; a Cycladic marble figure (circa 2400 B.C.) sold for \$16.9 million at Christie's New York; Pablo Picasso's 'Nude, Green Leaves, and Bust' (1932) set a record of \$106.5 million at Christie's New York; a Patek Philippe watch (1943) fetched 6.3 million Swiss francs at Christie's Geneva.



ous, exquisitely carved sculptures from the Cycladic islands in ancient Greece. At Christie's London in October, antiquities' collectors competed for a remarkable Roman bronze two-part helmet from the 1st-2nd century A.D. The helmet was discovered by a private metal detectorist in a field in Cumbria, U.K., in May. The piece was estimated at £200,000-£300,000 and went for £2.3 million.

Ceramics: The small London auction house of Bainbridge in Ruislip caused a sensation in November when it sold an 18th-century, porcelain Chinese vase decorated with fish for £51.6 million, the highest price ever paid at auction for any ceramic. The owners of the vase, who discovered it when clearing out their family home, had no idea of its value. The vase is now on the top 10 list of the most expensive works sold at auction.

Jewels and Watches: Sotheby's Geneva achieved a record for any jewel sold at auction when a ring with a fancy intense pink diamond

weighing 24.78 carats was sold in November for 45.4 million Swiss francs. Two weeks later in London, Sotheby's brought the highest price ever for a bracelet when a spectacular onyx and diamond piece shaped as a panther by Cartier, formerly owned by the Duchess of Windsor, fetched £4.5 million. The most expensive wristwatch at auction in 2010 was sold at Christie's Geneva in May, when a Patek Philippe chronograph from 1943 went for 6.3 million Swiss francs, soaring above an estimate of 1.5 million-2.5 million Swiss francs. This was the highest price ever achieved at auction for a yellow gold wristwatch.

Books: John James Audubon's "The Birds of America" (1827-38) smashed its own world record for a printed book sold at auction when it fetched £7.3 million at Sotheby's London earlier this month. The previous record for the four-volume work with 435 hand-colored, lifesize depictions of birds was \$8.8 million in New York in 2000.

Antique furniture: A gilt-lacquered, marquetry commode from circa 1770 that Sotheby's attributed almost certainly to Thomas Chippendale sold this month for £3.8 million (estimate: £600,000-1 million), an auction record for a piece of English furniture. Also this month, Bonhams London fetched the highest price at auction for a piece of Russian furniture when a 19th-century intricately designed circular table made from a range of materials, including coral, onyx and turquoise, went for £916,000 (estimate: £150,000-200,000). The table once stood in the Golden Drawing Room in the Winter Palace, the main residence of the Russian imperial family.

Oriental carpets: A Persian Kirman carpet with a striking pattern of intermingling leaves and blossoms brought £6.2 million at Christie's London. This was a record for any Islamic work sold at auction, and for any carpet sold at auction.

Memorabilia: James Bond hit the mark in 2010. In October,

Bond's 1964 Aston Martin DB5 movie car, driven by Sean Connery in "Goldfinger" (1964) and "Thunderball" (1965), sold in London at RM Auctions in association with Sotheby's for £2.9 million, the highest price ever paid for a Bond car at auction. The car was equipped with the full complement of gadgets required by Britain's most famous spy. In November at Christie's South Kensington, a record was achieved for a Bond gun when a Walther air pistol fetched £277,250.

Wine: Top European wines boomed at auction in 2010, thanks to intrepid Asian demand. At Sotheby's October auction in Hong Kong, a world auction record was set for a standard size bottle of wine (75cl) when three bottles of Château Lafite 1869 each fetched \$1.8 million Hong Kong dollars. In November at Christie's Geneva, a record was achieved for an imperial-size bottle (6 litre) when a Château Cheval Blanc 1947 sold for 298,500 Swiss francs.

COVER STORY

Resolutions 2011

Here's what dozens of the world's most creative writers, artists, musicians, chefs, architects and performers hope to accomplish next year.

Robert Redford

Actor, filmmaker, founder of the Sundance Film Festival

To spend more of my time creating art rather than supporting it. In recent years, Sundance had begun to reach a kind of stasis. It was flatlining and no longer seemed like the place I had started, with the ambush marketers, the fashion paparazzi and all the usual suspects. I spent some time reorganizing the concept to draw more attention to why we were there. Now it's more clean and lean with the focus on the films, where it always should be. The goal for me next year is to move back, to spend less time on the mission of Sundance.

"The Conspirator," about the trial surrounding Abraham Lincoln's assassination [directed by Mr. Redford], opens in April, around the 150th anniversary of the Civil War. I have three other projects, though I'm not sure in what order they'll get done. [An adaptation of the Appalachian Trail memoir] Bill Bryson's "A Walk in the Woods." Also, Jackie Robinson and [baseball executive] Branch Rickey—not many people know about the story of the partnership they had to form. Another project I'm working on is about the people who went underground in the '70s, when the Weather Underground broke into two halves. That's a story about what it's like to live like a fugitive without an identity and what that can do to you. There's a love story there.

As I've gotten older I've become intensely aware of the cost of wasting time. I don't want to be a Luddite, but I don't want to spend too much time looking at a piece of plastic and metal. I want to be free to look at the world around me because that's where my art comes from.

Lee Child

Author of the best-selling Jack Reacher thrillers

To write another book. The way I try to do that is to make it as if it is the first and last book I'll ever write. I assume nothing has been written before and nothing will be written later. Since this is the only evidence I'll leave behind, it had better be good.

My family wants me to travel and promote less. This is such a weird business. It's supposed to be about the book but it ends up being about personal appearances.

My resolution for 2011 is to go to the theater 52 times. Theater was my first job and in some ways is still my first love.

George Osborne

U.K. Chancellor of the Exchequer

My New Year's resolution as Chancellor is to borrow less and grow more.

Oprah Winfrey

Television host, chairman of production company Harpo Inc. and chairman of cable network OWN Oprah Winfrey has a lot of big goals for the coming year. She is creating a new cable-TV network. She is bringing her daytime talk show to an end after 25 years. But there's one thing she isn't doing to guide herself: making any New Year's resolutions.

"I don't make them, because I live in the space that I'm in right now," Ms. Winfrey says. "I move with the flow, live in the moment."

Instead, Ms. Winfrey describes herself as a "journaler." Every day since she was 15 years old, Ms. Winfrey says, she has taken time to write about her experiences. "I'm writing about what I could have done better, and how could I have improved what I was doing before," she says. "It's been my therapy for myself. You get to see who you were and who you've become, and actually whether you have improved."

Richard Meier

Architect

To design a building to be built in Brazil or India.

I would like to see a higher level of quality in architecture today; that goes for schools in China to high-rises in New York. Things need

to be built better.

Lucinda Williams

Singer-songwriter

To get back on the road. This was the first year I had off from touring in about five years and a lot of that time was spent writing and recording. I'm feeling kind of restless. I never thought I'd say that.

Ozzy Osbourne

Musician

I'm still alive, so I would say that I was successful with my one resolution last year.

Olafur Eliasson

Danish artist, best known in the U.S. for erecting man-made 'Waterfalls' around New York

One of my goals for the year is to create a work of art that only consists of a feeling. I'm trying to work out how to get at that, how to define it as a work of art. There are obviously many feelings, but the one I'd like to create is the feeling of community. Highly abstract, I know.

I bought this solar-powered airplane, but right now it's all in pieces in a garage. Before I got it, it flew, but I took it apart so I could see if I could also turn it into a work of art. But aesthetics and aerodynamics didn't work out so well with me, and now it won't fly. So if the engineers can help put it back together, my goal is to fly it from Berlin to London this summer.

Cyndi Lauper

Singer-songwriter, working on a new stage musical, 'Kinky Boots,' and nominated for a Grammy for her 2010 album 'Memphis Blues'

I was going to learn Pro Tools [for audio editing]. If you get an idea, you can just do it. Sometimes you sit up all night and you get an idea and you record it—"it needs a solo here, OK, I'm going to play it"—and you don't have to worry that some poor fellow or woman is there pressing "stop," because you can do that yourself.

I signed with [reality-TV producer] Mark Burnett last year and we're working on a show. It is supposed to start January. I will have cameras in my professional life, not in my home. I will save my son that. I think kids have a hard time with that. If he wants to do something, sure, but as much as you can, you've got to protect them, let them step out when they're ready and if they're ready and if they want to, and support them as much as you can without overshadowing them. It's tricky. I don't know, I'd have to talk to somebody famous and see what they did.

Jennifer Egan

Author of 'A Visit From the Goon Squad'

My top goals are to re-immense myself in a huge quantity of research I've done over the past few years on women who worked at the Brooklyn Navy Yard during World War II, and then to fling myself headlong into a novel set at least partly at that time. The deep creative challenge is to find a fresh and interesting way to negotiate the "historical" aspect of the work: something more complex, hopefully, than simply setting it in an earlier period.

Cloris Leachman

Actress

Have a baby and get married. Sing on "American Idol." Get my driver's license back and get my knee working properly after replacement last year.

Aron Ralston

Whose hiking accident in which he amputated part of his arm is depicted in the movie '127 Hours'

My first goal for 2011 is to write the outline for another book. At this point, my working title is "127 Months," because that's how long I've been procrastinating.

As my infant son grows up, my desire is to help teach him to explore the world, be a good steward of the earth and, hopefully, keep all his body parts. Also, maybe do some father-

son swim classes together.

Laura Ziskin

Film producer

I am producing the next "Spider-Man" movie and my goal is to keep it on track and make it a unique experience for the audience—those who have seen the first three and those who were 5 years old when the first one came out.

My last New Year's resolution was to give up Diet Coke—which I finally did. And to read a great book just for fun and not because there might be a movie in it. But my professional and personal goals converge around Stand Up to Cancer, an organization I co-founded with seven other women in Hollywood designed to make cancer the first-tier issue it needs to be. As someone living with cancer and in continual treatment myself, this goal kind of trumps everything else for me.

Selena Gomez

Actress and singer, star of Disney Channel's 'Wizards of Waverly Place'

Next summer will be my first headlining tour. I've been sketching ideas for the past year of outfits and themes that I want my tour to be like. As far as my relationship with Disney, I'm almost finished with my series and am almost graduating my Disney high school.

I would love to learn Spanish. I used to be fluent when I was younger.

Miguel Syjuco

Filipino author of the best-selling novel 'Illustrado' and 2008 Man Asian Literary Prize awardee

Finish the research for, and complete the next solid drafts of, my second novel, "I Was the President's Mistress," which will examine power, celebrity and third-world corruption. The final draft is due spring 2012. I need to quit reading the new reviews of my book, because I know enough now about how readers took what I had to say with "Illustrado," and I can consider the conversation done for now.

Personal resolutions: Read more plot-oriented books to learn narrative development, pacing, and tension. Take tango lessons again. Get more serious about yoga. Travel more in Asia. Smoke weed and listen to my vinyls. Read graphic novels, crime and detective books, and start the James Bond series from the very beginning.

Slash

Velvet Revolver guitarist, formerly of Guns N' Roses

I'm working on more solo material, and we should be making some sort of decision in January about who will replace Velvet Revolver singer Scott Weiland. We've probably auditioned about 15 or 20 people. For someone that's really talented, it doesn't matter where they come from. But you have to consider certain aspects: Have you played in front of a stadium audience? Or an audience at all? Better-known singers bring their own audience, which broadens ours. But in the end you just need someone that rings that bell when you hear it.

I quit smoking two years ago. On the surface it looks pretty valiant, but I have all kinds of nicotine supplements. I need to have some kind of vice.

David Shore

creator and executive producer, Fox's 'House'

This business is a business and it beats you down. "House" is fantastic but I want to find something else that inspires me. It's easy to lose track of the inspiring part of the job. I'm redoing "The Rockford Files," which is very cool, but I want something that's long-term.

'As I've gotten older I've become intensely aware of the cost of wasting time. I don't want to spend too much time looking at a piece of plastic and metal. I want to be free to look at the world around me because that's where my art comes from.'

—Robert Redford

'I'm still alive, so I would say that I was successful with my one resolution last year.'

—Ozzy Osbourne

'I don't make them [resolutions], because I live in the space that I'm in right now, I move with the flow, live in the moment.'

—Oprah Winfrey

COVER STORY



'My son advises me to pursue a career in basketball [but I've told him it's a long shot]. Concentrating on the bread and butter [Jane's Addiction and Lollapalooza] is what my family recommends, always.'

—Perry Farrell

'I'd like to become a better dresser.'

—Takashi Murakami

Takashi Murakami

Japanese artist

By the end of the year, I hope to have released a new animated work in America. Like everyone, I'm also still looking for a wider understanding of the meaning of art, an enlightenment if you will.

I'd like to become a better dresser.

Jason Wu

Fashion designer

Next year is about expanding each collection—more styles—and also about expanding our accessories collections. We have six bags now. We'll add for fall a full seasonal collection of bags. For pre-fall clothing, we had 55 pieces last year, and 95 pieces this year. Our goal is 120 pieces for next year.

I'm looking to move because I've been in my apartment for 10 years. I want a big dining room because I want to do dinner parties. I want to spend more time with my family because for the past three or four years, I've been building my business. I'd like to have balance. And I'd like to lose 5 pounds. I'd like to get back to the gym.

Tom Rachman

Author of 'The Imperfectionists'

To make significant progress on my second novel; and to improve my painting, a recent hobby for which I have no natural aptitude whatsoever.

Cee Lo Green

Singer, whose Grammy-nominated single 'F— You' became a feel-good viral hit last summer

My undivided attention will go to the next project, the Goodie Mob reunion album [of his former Atlanta hip-hop group], which is dear to my heart and long overdue. I also just brainstormed with Brian Burton [aka producer Danger Mouse, his partner in the band Gnarls Barkley] and he's wrapping up the U2 project.

Health is about to become my great priority. I've always said, "I'm not necessarily out of shape, it's just the shape I'm in." That's been cute for as long as it has been, but not anymore.

Malcolm Rogers

director of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston

My goal this year is to help the museum acquire a major contemporary art collection.

Sean Lennon

Musician in The Ghost of a Saber Tooth Tiger

I think the music industry as we knew it is finished. I think a similar fate awaits the book and film industries. Intellectual property, whether it's a song, or a classified government document, has become difficult to contain, and therefore difficult to own. Perhaps this will mean that people will no longer be drawn to the arts simply out of a desire to become famous, and that the result will be a higher standard of craftsmanship in every field. That's what I hope.

I would like to finally finish reading "Gravity's Rainbow" by Thomas Pynchon, and learn to play the sarod [a string instrument from India] that my girlfriend gave me.

Billy Corgan

Frontman of rock band Smashing Pumpkins

For me this will be a make-or-break year. We realize that we have to create an artistic body of work that will lend credibility to everything else. Without that, we're dead in the water. It's like in '92: You knew when Pearl Jam and Nirvana put out major records that either you made a big album or you were dead. I like that kind of clarity. We've set aside time to write between January and March, and stuff could come out late summer or fall.

Nostalgia is a death move. When Sonic Youth and Pavement are out there playing those old records, isn't that throwing up the white flag? The past is going to remain the past. I'm interested in cutting myself off from that temptation. I want to win for real, not with smoke and mirrors.

Jacques Pepin

Television host, cookbook author

My business partner is my wife. What she wants me to do is to be home more, relax, to go play bocce ball in a competition on Amelia Island. I have a literary agent who wants me

to finish another book, called "À La Minute," about the quick cooking we do in restaurants. I'm not that far in—I have tons and tons of notes.

I really want to finish a stone wall that I have around the boule court [Mr. Pepin in an avid player of petanque, similar to bocce ball]. I have done a lot of stonework around the house, including in the bathrooms. I had a hip replacement five weeks ago. I guess I am going to have to have someone younger and stronger to come in and help me on it.

I have two paintings I want to finish. One is a bunch of flowers, in acrylic. The other is an abstract painting that started as watercolor but I'm doing acrylic on top of it. I've been wanting to finish them for months.

Rene Redzepi

Chef and owner of Noma in Copenhagen, voted the 2010 world's best restaurant by Restaurant magazine

The ultimate goal is to cook without reference, where everything on the plate belongs only there, from that place and that set of brains, with no reference point to where the person worked before. [To achieve that goal] I hired a head chef for the first time ever, because I want to have more time to spend in our workshop. Not having to chop the onion or write the schedule will let me spend more time on developing.

Lorenzo Rudolf

Director of a new art fair, Art Stage Singapore, and creator of Art Basel Miami Beach

I'll just start the year with a big challenge: the launch of Art Stage Singapore. I want to make it a unique destination and get together of the [Asian] art world, a stunning and spectacular meeting point of artists, collectors, galleries, curators and art lovers from all over. I'm glad to be my own boss.

Elizabeth Mitchell

Star of ABC's 'V'

The theory is always, do something commercial and something for your heart. I would love to play one great role in the upcoming year, whether it be theater, TV, or film. Last year's role was [the not-yet-released] "Answers to Nothing," and I'm not sure for the upcoming year.

Alvin Leung

Owner of the Michelin-starred restaurant Bo Innovation in Hong Kong

You can always improve on your temper. Being in the fine dining business, if you do something wrong, you don't have a lot of time to redo it. Tempers will flare in restaurants because things are being done quickly and need to be corrected quickly. To say I'll be less angry might improve my health, but I know that's not going to happen because it's not me.

Perry Farrell

Singer for Jane's Addiction and founder of Lollapalooza

My son advises me to pursue a career in basketball [but I've told him it's a long shot]. Concentrating on the bread and butter [Jane's Addiction and Lollapalooza] is what my family recommends, always.

Resolution for the music industry: That all of a sudden, people start to buy music recordings again... I am not counting on this occurring. However, I do see the possibility of working with sponsorship [outside of the recording industry] in developing successful brands.

Apichatpong Weerasethakul

Director of the 2010 Cannes Palme d'Or-winning film 'Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives'

To spend time with an actress I've been working with, Jenjira, at Nong Khai, a city near a Mekong river, to be inspired. To finish my film impressions of Donald Richie. I also want to go to this hotel where everyone claims to see ghosts. At least to record something, even just a sound of them.

Monika Anderson, Christina Binkley, Amy Choizick, Kelly Crow, Jim Fusilli, Ellen Gartnerman, Candace Jackson, John Jurgensen, Nancy Keates, Katy McLaughlin, Lauren Mechling, Sam Schechner, Alexandra A. Seno, Stan Sesser and Jeffrey A. Trachtenberg contributed to this article.

GOLF



Left to right: Tiger Woods at the British Open; Dustin Johnson on the 18th hole of the PGA Championship; Phil Mickelson wins the Masters.

Even in defeat, Tiger overshadows golf

Woods's tumultuous storyline loomed as a crop of youngsters and Europeans stepped forward in 2010

[Golf Journal]

BY JOHN PAUL NEWPORT



Even though Tiger Woods's most notable achievement in 2010 was not winning a golf tournament—the first time that's happened since he turned pro in 1996—he was still the golf story of the year.

Following his famous fire hydrant collision in late 2009, the Woods Saga unfolded over the first half of 2010 like a Lifetime channel miniseries. First the serial exposés and/or confessions of interchangeable mistresses. Then the awkwardly staged public apology and paean to Buddhism in February. Then a succession of would-be sightings and rumors about Mr. Woods's whereabouts (in rehab, in Arnold Palmer's basement, sailing with a girlfriend aboard his yacht, named "Privacy").

The story had legs, and as long as it lasted, it overshadowed anything that happened on a golf course. Phil Mickelson won his third Masters in April with his breast cancer-surviving wife, Amy, by his side for the first time in months. Yet, the buzz was still mostly about Mr. Woods: his surprisingly warm reception by the fans, his surprisingly harsh dressing-down by Augusta National chairman Billy Payne, his terse

post-tournament remarks, after tying for fourth, that included no congratulations for Mr. Mickelson.

Not until August, when the divorce between Mr. Woods and his wife, Elin, was finalized, did he and pro golf return to normal. Or as normal as golf can be without its star attraction. The PGA Tour, in its promos for the upcoming season, has markedly reduced its addiction to Tiger in favor of promoting young stars like Dustin Johnson and Rickie Fowler. But Mr. Woods turns 35 on Thursday, which is not old for a champion golfer. (Ben Hogan won eight of his nine majors after that age.) And under new coach Sean Foley, he showed sparks of his old form at the Ryder Cup in October and in a playoff loss to Graeme McDowell at the Chevron World Challenge this month. Mr. Woods's success or failure at regaining his mojo will surely be the top early storyline for 2011, and TV ratings will continue to depend on his presence.

As for the rest of the PGA Tour, no one rose to replace Mr. Woods as numero uno. Jim Furyk, with three wins, won the FedEx Cup and Player of the Year honors (voted on by his peers), while Matt Kuchar, with 11 top 10s but only one victory, topped the money list and had the lowest scoring average. For the first time since 1998, the Tour's top five money winners (Messrs. Kuchar, Furyk and Johnson, plus Ernie Els and Steve Stricker) were within \$1 million of each other.

Mr. Mickelson, after his Masters win, teased us with the prospect of a breakthrough year. He could have deposed Mr. Woods as top dog in the world rankings with strong play. But he bobbled the ball.

Instead, on Oct. 31, it was Lee Westwood of England who finally snatched the crown from Mr. Woods, bolstering the argument that the European PGA Tour is ascendant. Eight of the world's top 12 players now belong to the Eu-

It's almost a given that China will be a power in the professional game within a decade.

ropean Tour, and its members won the year's three other majors: Mr. McDowell of Northern Ireland the U.S. Open, Louis Oosthuizen of South Africa the British Open and Martin Kaymer of Germany the PGA Championship. Europe also won the Ryder Cup, thanks to stellar play from Messrs. McDowell and Westwood, among others. The European Tour's top money winner, Mr. Kaymer, won nearly \$1 million more in official prize money than did the PGA Tour's top guy, Mr. Kuchar.

This could just be a blip, of course. In the late 1980s and early 1990s, European Tour players also shone. Seve Ballesteros, Nick Faldo, Bernhard Langer and Ian

Woosnam were born within a year of each other, in 1957 and 1958, and all had stints as world No. 1.

The truth is that men's professional golf these days is one big world tour, offering all the great competitors many places to play. Wait until golf becomes as widely popular in Asia as it is now in North America, Europe, Australia and South Africa. Golf in China is far from a mass sport, but it's growing faster there than anywhere else in the world. With the inclusion of golf in the 2016 and 2020 Olympics as motivation and with funding from the Chinese government, it's almost a given that the world's most populous nation will be a power in the professional game within a decade.

The LPGA is already more Asia-centric than most American fans and players would like it to be. But that's where the money is. The Tour shrank from 34 official money events in 2008, including 24 in the U.S., to 24 events in 2010, with only 14 in the U.S. As things stand now for 2011, the LPGA will have only 12 U.S. events, out of 24 total including two new ones in Asia.

First-year commissioner Michael Whan, a consumer marketing whiz, has earned the support of his troops and existing sponsors by his tireless travel and listening. His main challenge in a weak economy is to create more opportunities, both at home and abroad, for his members to earn money. But still, it was a good year for American players.

Paula Creamer won the U.S. Women's Open, Cristie Kerr briefly held the world No. 1 spot (she's now No. 2) and Michelle Wie finished ninth on the money list. Yani Tseng of Taiwan was the Tour's player of the year.

Among other 2010 highlights were the U.S. team's leaky rain-suits at the very rainy Ryder Cup; the Photoshopped Internet phenomenon of the gallery spectator known as Cigar Guy based off an image of Mr. Woods and the gallery; Fred Couples's must-have sneaker-like golf shoes; two 59s on the PGA Tour, by Paul Goydos and Stuart Appleby, among a slew of other shockingly low scores around the world; and young Rory McIlroy's runaway win, with a final round 62, at Quail Hollow.

But for generating drama, and heartbreak, nobody outdid Dustin Johnson. After staking himself to a three-shot 54-hole lead at the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach, he imploded on holes two through four in the final round, losing six strokes to par on his way to an 82. Two months later, on the final hole at the PGA Championship at Whistling Straits, he incurred a two-stroke penalty for grounding his club in a fairway bunker he didn't realize was a bunker, and fell out of a playoff. The long-bombing Mr. Johnson, with talent to spare and a surfer-dude mentality, could be the top story in 2011.

—E-mail John Paul at golfjournal@wsj.com

HOMES

From parking lot to castle

In downtown Albuquerque's skid row stands a very unlikely Paris-inspired estate

By JULIA FLYNN SILER

Looming over a barren industrial neighborhood in Albuquerque, N.M., that locals call skid row, stands Gertrude Zachary's castle.

Rising like a fortress between a rescue mission and the railroad tracks, the estate is encircled by a wall three meters high. Within is a pool, courtyard garden, guest home and a 790-square-meter main home with four turrets each rising 15 meters into the air.

The estate is a showcase for Ms. Zachary's collection of religious art, stained glass windows and antique arched doors purchased in Europe and elsewhere. The arched brick entryway echoes the transept of a Gothic church. On the first floor, several reception rooms flow together, under a 3.7-meter ceiling. An iron banister staircase leads to the second floor, with its two bedrooms and a playroom for Ms. Zachary's grandchildren. An adjacent bathroom is home to a large, wooden unicorn.

On the walls, Ms. Zachary has hung modern paintings alongside quirky framed collections, such as gun shell casings, sequined vintage purses and miniature crowns that once adorned religious statues. She has a particular affection for soft, glittering lights: She's hung 210 chandeliers, many of them hand-blown in Murano, Italy. To clean them takes four days of work on the part of the estate's caretaker.

Ms. Zachary's home, across from a shuttered restaurant and abutting the parking lot of a raucous bar, is the only residence in the desolate neighborhood. Lush blue-green velvet curtains and centuries-old door and window frames overlook parking lots, an overpass and a billboard advertising Ms. Zachary's antique and jewelry business. Ms. Zachary's daughter, Erica Hatchell, who lives in a more affluent area, said her mother couldn't be dissuaded from building a home here. "Nobody else would have made that decision," she said.

"I like downtown" said Ms. Zachary, 73, noting that cities such as Paris and New York have homes in industrial areas. Married and divorced three times, she lives in her estate with her Shih Tzu named Zipper.

There's no shortage of color to Ms. Zachary's life. Her father, Julius E. Witzky was the chief engineer at Mercedes-Benz. His family says he helped design the U-boat and the Hindenburg, the doomed airship. She received a jewelry manufacturing plant in a divorce settlement from her third husband in the mid-1970s, and her fortune grew as she expanded the business and making well-timed real estate investments.

In 2000, Ms. Zachary bought a half-acre parking lot adjacent to her downtown antiques store for \$250,000—a fraction of the price of a similar piece of land in the city's more desirable residential neighborhoods. It also boasted a 360-degree view of the Rio Grande valley and was a quick drive to her three nearby stores and a manufacturing plant. Because the quarter hectare lot was downtown, Ms. Zachary's plans—her home was inspired by one in Paris—won easy approval from the city, which makes new home construction dif-



Steven St. John for The Wall Street Journal (4)



ficult in most areas because of its stringent rules to protect historic neighborhoods.

When construction began in 2006, few believed it would become a house. Some thought it looked like a concrete castle; one wondered if it might be a new Scientology building. But the result, completed in 2008, drew praise from architects and builders alike. While Ms. Zachary said she spent \$2.1 million to build the mansion, a knowledgeable local expert estimates it cost perhaps double that amount. The assessed value of the home and land is \$1.3 million.

With her eye always on business, Ms. Zachary occasionally opens up her home for local fund-raisers. "People see how beautiful the chandeliers are and we usually end up selling a couple chandeliers the next day," she said. Indeed, some of the furnishings in the home still have tags on them.

But some items she'll never sell, such as the intricate wood-panel walls and cornices, purchased from a local men's furnishings store that went out of business. Ms. Zachary's builder fit the dark ash panels to

one of the walls of the home's large reception space.

Likewise, she purchased etched glass from Paris and soaring arched doors from an estate in Buenos Aires, and designed her home to fit them. After 10 years of collecting in Europe, she owns a wardrobe said to be from a Parisian brothel, where the girls used to hide, as well as a cradle said to have been made for Napoleon III's infant son, which now sits decoratively in the second floor bedroom of her guest house.

Does she truly believe it belonged to him? "It's a nice story," she said, her brown eyes looking amused.

Ms. Zachary has made a few unusual decisions, such as installing in her garage some arched stained glass panels sold from a de-sanctified church in Pittsburgh. She said she's not sure why she made that decision, but her daughter Erica explained that at night, when the garage lights are on, the windows are a beautiful way to welcome her home.

For her wardrobe, Ms. Zachary has devoted one clothes closet to dark colors and the other to light. "Anything to be unique," laughed Erica.



Clockwise from top, Gertrude Zachary in her home in downtown Albuquerque; a view of the stairway; a statue atop a table sits alongside pictures of Ms. Zachary's grandchildren; home is seen from a nearby rooftop parking structure.

BOOKS

Stories to Fill a 'Gaping Lack'

Best European Fiction 2011
Edited by Aleksandar Hemon

Dalkey Archive Press, £13.99, 512 pages

By PAUL GENDERS

For Aleksandar Hemon, the Sarajevo-born novelist now living in Chicago, and editor of this substantial anthology of current European fiction, there is a "gaping lack at the heart of the contemporary English-language literary domain." Anglophone readers, Mr. Hemon argues in an introductory essay, are too ignorant of fiction in translation, and not ashamed enough of it. The Swedish Academy agrees; several years ago, we are reminded, it accused America of failing to participate in "the big dialogue of literature," meaning the one taking place beyond the U.S. borders.

Complaints about American cultural insularity, and British too, are not new. But, as Mr. Hemon confirms, proper efforts are now under way to address them. Last year's Best European Fiction 2010, also edited by Mr. Hemon, was a "resounding success," the editor tells us. That collection sold better and was reviewed more widely than the Swedish Academy might have expected. "(H)ow could we," Mr. Hemon asks, "have ever called ourselves a literate culture without it?"

This year's installment—the publisher, Dalkey Archive Press, intends Best European Fiction to be an annual series—follows the format established by last year's inaugural

volume, with a short story or excerpt from a longer work representing each of the 38 countries included (though Spain, Ireland and Belgium get two works apiece, one for each of their official languages). All but the native English writers—Ireland's Kevin Barry and England's Hilary Mantel—appear in translation, in renderings commissioned for this collection and not previously published.

As before, only a few names have currency outside Continental Europe. The most familiar are the

Welcoming English-speaking readers to 'the big dialogue of literature.'

Booker Prize-winning Ms. Mantel, Spain's Enrique Vila-Matas, author of the celebrated *Bartleby and Co.*, and Ingo Schulze, known for chronicling post-reunification East Germany. In each of their contributions, there are hints of what these authors' reputations are founded on. Ms. Mantel's "The Heart Fails Without Warning," about a teenage anorexic, has the mood and pull of a vintage English ghost story. Mr. Vila-Matas's "Far From Here" works its way beguilingly from early 20th-century Siberia, and a portrait of a middle-class widower "caught between mediocrity (and) revolution," to modern day Malibu. In Mr.

Schulze's "Oranges and Angel," a family vacationing in Naples encounters violence, squalor and a series of odd objects that the author charges with profound, almost-graspable meaning.

Present in greater number are writers who, though translated before into English, will be recognized only by devoted seekers-out of Continental fiction. Among those who deserve to be better known, on the evidence provided here, are Hungary's László Krasznahorkai (a frequent collaborator with the cult film director Bela Tarr), the Slovenian former dissident Drago Jančar and the Czech magic realist Michal Ajvaz. Mr. Krasznahorkai's elegant single sentence story, a long letter to the Renaissance painter Palma Vecchio from the procurer of his models, is an inquiry into the base urges that bring forth complex art. In Mr. Jančar's "The Prophecy," set, as are many of this volume's Eastern European pieces, in the later days of communism, an obscene anti-government graffiti is discovered in a Serbian army barracks. This story, which has the force of an urban legend, draws us into a society held together by fear, and fragile for it. In Mr. Ajvaz's "The Wire Book," the novel of a martyred subversive becomes a sacred book to his disciples, despite being incomprehensible. "Its actual content was of no importance," says the narrator of this dreamlike, or nightmarish, fable about the power of literature.

Poland's Olga Tokarczuk, Portugal's Gonçalo M. Tavares and the



Flemish-language writer Dimitri Verhulst have also been published in English, but their standing in the Anglophone world remains far short of their garlanded status at home. Ms. Tokarczuk's "The Ugliest Woman in the World," a handsome and horrific love story about a circus freak, should encourage admirers of Angela Carter to investigate this author's work. Mr. Tavares is represented by a suite of six brief, fantastical narratives; while some simply baffle, others enchant, such as the tale of a land where "sadness was so prevalent that people were paid to smile." More down-to-earth is Mr. Verhulst's disgusting, hilarious account of a night out in a Belgian backwater; in this place of excessive drinking and eating, "all agree that reaching sixty [is] the ultimate sign of petit bourgeois banality."

Many authors here have in the past been translated only on a small scale, if at all, and several will be new even to their own countrymen. Notable among the least renowned voices are Icelander Kristín Eiríksdóttir, who contributes a rigorously cold-blooded story of family bereavement; Blaže Minevski, who shows that the spirit of formal playfulness is alive in Macedonia with a puzzle of a story about a superstitious scientist; and Turkey's Ersan Üldes, in whose offering a disgruntled translator "tampers" with texts to the extent of altering them completely. "I reconstructed all the structures that the postmodernist writers I translated had deconstructed," he confesses.

This last story is a tribute to the art of literary translation, which could be said of this volume as a whole. For one book to range so widely in geographical terms is a praiseworthy achievement in itself; to do so and encompass so many delightfully singular, fascinatingly overlapping talents is an achievement of another order. The occasional unremarkable piece is lost among the riches. "You will be astonished. . . with the depth and width and beauty of human experience contained within [these] pages," we are promised at the outset. The editor, who does a nice line in comic overstatement, is not overstating too greatly there.

—Mr. Genders is a freelance editor and writer based in London. His book reviews have appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement*.

A Flock Of Black Swans

When Money Dies: The Nightmare of Deficit Spending, Devaluation and Hyperinflation in Weimar Germany

By Adam Ferguson

(Old Street Publishing, 288 pages, £12.99)

By ANDREW STUTTAFFORD

It says something about present anxieties that a 35-year-old account of Weimar hyperinflation has come into vogue. In early 2010, Adam Ferguson's long-out-of-print volume was trading online for four-figure sums. There were (false) reports of kind words about it from Warren Buffett. Now back in print, this once obscure book from 1975 has been selling briskly. Just another manifes-

Rent was payable in butter, a ticket to the movies with a lump of coal.

tation of the financial millenarianism now sweeping the land? Perhaps, but "When Money Dies" remains a fascinating and disturbing book.

The death of the German mark (it took 20 of them to buy a British pound in 1914 but 310 billion in late 1923) plays a key part in the dark iconography of the 20th century: Images of kindling currency and economic chaos are an essential element in our understanding of the rise of Hitler. Mr. Ferguson adds valuable nuance to a familiar story. His tale begins not, as would be popularly assumed, in the aftermath of Germany's political and military collapse in 1918 (by which

point the mark had halved against the pound) but in the original decision to fund the war effort largely through debt—a decision with uncomfortable contemporary parallels (one of many in this book) tailor-made for today's end-timers.

Yet the parallels go only so far. The almost inevitably inflationary consequences of paying for a world war on credit were exacerbated by Germany's relatively shallow capital markets, the creation of "loan banks" funded solely by a printing press that was also at the disposal of the central bank; and the muffling of warning signals in a way unimaginable in our information age. The rise in prices was obvious to all. That it was due to more than wartime shortages was not. The country's stock markets were closed for the duration of the fighting. Foreign-exchange rates were not published.

And then there were the black swans. Early 20th-century Germany was savaged by a flock, including defeat in what was then the world's most destructive war, revolution, civil unrest, territorial loss, the imposition of punitive reparations, a fresh occupation of its industrial heartland and, as if these woes were not enough, a Reichsbank presided over by Rudolf Havenstein. Even in the era of Zimbabwe's Gideon Gono, Havenstein must be considered a strong contender for the title of worst central banker of all time. There seemed to be no limit to the amount of currency he was willing to print. Yes, America has its problems today, but by comparison . . .

"When Money Dies" was written in the early 1970s for a British audi-



Getty Images

The mark in Weimar Germany was really just play money.

ence. Inflation was accelerating fast, and London's political class was at a loss about what to do. Mr. Ferguson's book (which began as a series of newspaper articles) reflected the growing national alarm over inflation and hinted that price stability would not be won back without more focus on the quantity of money in circulation. With monetarist ideas just beginning to enter mainstream British political discourse, the Havenstein of "When Money Dies"—a printing-press banker supposedly unaware of the connection between soaring inflation and roaring money supply—made a useful villain.

Yet in all probability his behavior owed as much to desperation as ignorance. Mass unemployment seemed more of a threat to Weimar's dangerously fragile social order than rising prices. Devaluation was the other side of Germany's debased

coin. It kept the country's exports competitive and its factories (given an extra boost by generous subsidy regimes) humming.

But in the end the music stopped. Without a reliable pricing mechanism, much of the German economy eventually ceased to function, even at the most basic level. Rent was payable in butter, a ticket to the movies with a lump of coal. Farmers stopped sending food to the cities. Under such circumstances the harsh medicine of monetary reform (the return to a fixed parity against gold and the dollar, the imposition of strict budgetary discipline) found the political support it needed despite the pain it was bound to bring to German industry and its work force.

And so, in November 1923, a new quasi-currency, the Rentenmark, was launched. Its asset backing was little more than a conjuring trick, but with the population desperate to believe (and with the Reichsbank no longer financing the government) the magic worked. Despite the rickety nature of the recovery that eventually ensued, Germany might have arrived at a lasting turning point had not black swans—the Great Crash and a global depression—returned to bedevil its future once again.

Readers of Mr. Ferguson's melancholy chronicle can comfort themselves with the thought: That was then, and this is now. "When Money Dies" cannot be used to prove that the combination of rising deficits and the modern money manufacture euphemized as "Quantitative Easing" can only end up in near-apocalyptic disaster. (In a note to this new edition, Mr. Ferguson, who subsequently became a Conservative member of the European Par-

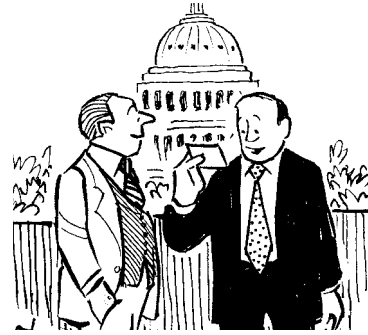
liament in the early Thatcher years, stresses that no "advanced economy is threatened with inflation approaching such severity as in post-Imperial Germany.") Nevertheless, to borrow his adjective, the book is a "sobering" warning of what could go wrong.

His examination of both the seductions of inflation and its devastatingly corrosive effect is merciless and horrifying. Most haunting are the depictions of those broken on inflation's wheel, the workers without a union to protect them, the retired trying to live on pensions that had lost all meaning, the once-proud bourgeois after the annihilation of their savings. A nation can recover from hyperinflation, but for these people time had run out. Everybody ought to read this book. But baby boomers must.

—Mr. Stuttaford, who writes frequently about culture and politics, works in the international financial markets.

Pepper . . . and Salt

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL



"That's really thoughtful—a gift card good for \$50 worth of lobbying."

BOOKS

The Burden Of Complicity

Billiards at Half-Past Nine

The Clown

The Safety Net

By Heinrich Böll

(Melville House, 295 pages, 248 pages, 324 pages, \$16.95 each)

By SAM SACKS

One name for the postwar era in West Germany portrayed by novelist Heinrich Böll might be the Age of Embarrassment. The country had started and lost two wars in barely 30 years. German culture, in which poetry and opera once flourished, had been abandoned for—or suborned by—the ideologies of militarism, totalitarianism and genocide. Now Germany was slashed in two, and even Germans west of the Iron Curtain were for a time the subjects of their conquerors.

Böll (1917-85) was himself among the defeated. He had courageously resisted joining the Hitler Youth and Waffen-SS but was nonetheless conscripted into the German army and sent into battle. By the war's end, when he returned to his native city of Cologne and found it reduced to rubble by Allied air raids, he had been shot four times and lost all his toes to frostbite.

Yet these physical wounds concerned Böll far less than the guilt he carried for having survived them. Tellingly, it was not defeat that he felt was shaming but his country's remarkable rise from the ruins. When he began writing fiction in the late 1940s, West Germany was

experiencing an extraordinary economic boom; it was solidly united behind a democratically elected government that would hold power for almost 20 years; the country was even on the verge of rearming. But Böll saw something terrible and even dehumanizing in all this sudden progress. For weren't the people rebuilding Germany the very same who had collaborated with the Nazi Party, and wasn't the zeal that led to such rapid advances the same animating force behind World War II and the Holocaust? To Böll, even such basic feelings as national pride

In these novels, national pride is tainted by an association with Nazism.

and personal satisfaction were tainted by their association with Nazism, and the honest German could only experience them again with a profound sense of apology.

Melville House has now reissued handsome paperbacks of three of Böll's most important novels, and in each we find the 1972 Nobel Prize winner, with a humanist's skepticism and tenderness, refusing to allow his fellow Germans to forgive themselves and move on.

In "Billiards at Half-Past Nine" (1959), Böll shows how the embarrassment of prosperity haunts a single family. The book takes place

over the course of one day, the 80th birthday of a celebrated architect named Heinrich Faehmel. But Heinrich's renown has become for him a badge of dishonor, evidence of his complicity with the Nazis' rise; as an architect, he helped build a country that would embrace evil.

Daringly and hypnotically written, the novel blends the streams of consciousness of Heinrich and his family, each chapter forming an extended soliloquy on memory, recrimination and tenuous hope. Heinrich's family members have painfully distanced themselves from him and have refused to participate in the urban resurgence of Cologne, which is spearheaded by men who were once drumbeating Nazis.

His outspoken wife, Johanna, was secreted away to an asylum during the war ("That's one way to give the murderers the slip," she thinks, "be certified insane"), and she has lived there ever since, brooding on revenge. Heinrich's only surviving son, Robert, finds an escape in the emotionless "formula" of billiards games. But he has also subverted his father's trade and become an expert in demolitions: "He wanted to erect a monument of dust and rubble for those who had not been historical monuments and whom no one had thought to spare."

Defiance takes the form of willful failure in the tragicomic novel "The Clown" (1963). The titular clown, Hans Schnier, injured in a performance, drags himself back to his



apartment, where he spends the afternoon calling his family and acquaintances, alternately hectoring them or pleading for money. "Financially embarrassed," in his bourgeois father's words, and brokenhearted at the grizzled age of 26, Hans rails against the hypocrisy of respectable, "realist" society. The woman he loves has left him because he won't accept Catholicism—he distrusts the promise of absolution. Nor will he let his father put him through school to become a financially viable clown. In the institutions of capitalism and religion he sees only "modern forms of pantomime."

"The Clown" is a concept book, but in it the abstractions of existentialism are manifested in vivid flesh-and-blood characters—even if Hans is a bit unusual. He has the ability to smell people over the phone, bringing to life the spectrum of the robust middle class, from the ciga-

rette and grease odors of well-fed hausfraus to the beery breath of Hans's grubbing talent agent.

There is less personality in "The Safety Net" (1979), in which defiance has curdled into nihilism and violence. The book is Böll's exploration of the student radicals led by the infamous Baader-Meinhof gang, who robbed banks and carried out political assassinations in the 1970s. But mostly Böll focuses on a fictional newly elected president, Fritz Tolm, a "white-haired, kindly, cultured" man who is so deeply enveloped in the system that he fears being "protected to death" by it. He never leaves his house and still envisions being murdered by a bomb in a birthday cake or perhaps by one of his numerous bodyguards.

"The Safety Net" offers some uncanny reverberations of today's invasive security measures, but it seems more topical than universal, and its cast of characters is so sprawling that the individuals remain sketchy and elusive. What carries over from the other novels is Böll's adamant sympathy for those who rebel against the German status quo—even, in this case, to the point of committing terrorism. In that way, the killers in "The Safety Net" share the plight of other characters in these welcome Böll reissues: To do justice to the sins of the past, they must refuse to participate in the present and so disavow the promise of the future.

—Mr. Sacks is an editor of the online review *Open Letters Monthly*.

Bloodlust and Britney Spears

Fame

By Tom Payne

(Vintage, 288 pages, £10)

BOOKSHELF | BY TOBY YOUNG

In the afterword to "The Frenzy of Renown," Leo Braudy's magisterial history of fame published in 1997, the author relates how a friend urged him to finish the book as quickly as possible after he began working on it in the 1970s. "If you don't hurry up," she said, "no one's going to be interested in fame anymore."

To Mr. Braudy, this was laughable. "If her fear seems unrealistic then, it seems unthinkable now," he wrote. As it turns out, her words were deeply prophetic. The subject of fame now seems tedious and over-familiar, like some moth-eaten old television actress who is forgotten but not gone. As the number of column inches devoted to celebrities increases every year, the phenomenon of stardom itself has become more and more routine, less and less interesting. The zeitgeist has moved on.

In "Fame," Tom Payne struggles manfully to inject some life into this moribund subject. Mr. Payne is a classics master at one of England's snootiest private schools, and his bright idea is to examine fame through the lens of the ancient world, exploring what light the Greeks and Romans can shine on our modern obsession with celebrities.

Mr. Payne's interest in contemporary fame is understandably quite limited. The vast litera-

ture on the subject, including Leo Braudy's own masterwork, has passed him by. His reading seems to be restricted to the occasional copy of *Grazia*, a British supermarket tabloid that his Eastern European au pair girl leaves lying around the house. He's like an amateur naturalist, marveling at all the exotic flora on some South Sea Island but without any grasp of botany.

The limitation does not prove to be much of a handicap because when Mr. Payne turns to modern fame, his primary concern is the often short life-span of today's

Citizens in modern societies have an almost insatiable thirst for seeing celebrities devoured by tabloid wolves.

celebrities (except for those who will linger, Cher-like, for decades). He's interested in stardom's parabolic trajectory, the tendency of the mass media to elevate certain individuals to the dizzy heights of fame and fortune, only to bring them crashing down to earth at the slightest sign of hubris. "We build 'em up and we knock 'em down," says the tabloid editor played by Michael Keaton in "The Paper." Mr. Payne wants to know why.

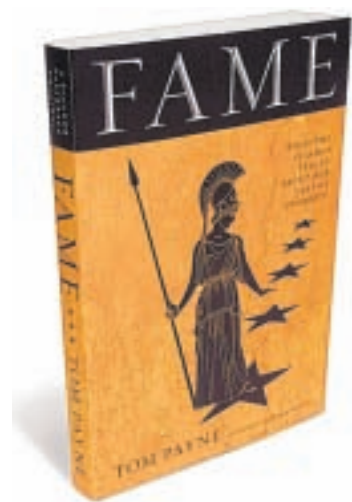
His answer is that the brutal treatment meted out to errant starlets like Britney Spears and Amy Winehouse is a form of human sacrifice. Just as the Greeks and

Romans would slaughter animals to propitiate the gods—a substitute for more primitive forms of sacrifice, according to the author—so the citizens of modern, democratic societies have an almost insatiable thirst for seeing celebrities devoured by the tabloid wolves.

To advance this analysis, the author relies heavily on the work of Walter Burkert, a classicist and the author of "Homo Necans" (1972), an account of sacrificial rituals in the ancient world. Mr. Burkert believes that the human psyche is irredeemably twisted and sadistic and that without a ceremonial outlet for its bloodlust, such as the pagan rituals of Greece and Rome, the appetite will inevitably find expression elsewhere.

"The modern world, whose pride is in the full emancipation of the individual, has gradually allowed the ritual tradition to break down," says Mr. Burkert, cited in the book. "As the idealistic tradition deteriorates, however, secret societies, ecstatic behavior, love of violence and death spring up all the more wildly and destructively amid seemingly rational orders. . . . In the end, societal forms in which man's archaic psyche will be granted its rights will presumably assert themselves."

This is an arresting theory, and Mr. Payne brings forth a wealth of examples from the ancient world to illustrate it. For instance, he compares the fate of modern sports superstars to that of the priests awarded the dubious honor of guarding the shrine of Diana at Lake Nemi. In order to take up the job, these holy men had to kill their predecessors, and they, in turn, could



expect to be killed. "So it is with sports," writes Mr. Payne. (Not literally, obviously.)

There are two problems with Mr. Payne's hypothesis. To begin with, there's little evidence that the Greeks and Romans ever indulged in human sacrifice. Consequently, it's stretching credulity to claim that there's a parallel between the tabloid defenestration of D-list celebrities and the ancient rites of pantheistic religions. Having said that, perhaps we should allow Mr. Payne some latitude: After all, there are plenty of less sophisticated pre-modern societies where human sacrifice was commonplace, and the impulse to destroy those whom we worship and adore, whether gods or men, may well be an ineradicable part of man's psyche.

A larger difficulty is that Mr. Payne doesn't slot these observations into a broader theoretical framework. He seems to think it's

enough to point out the similarities between the modern and ancient worlds without providing an overarching theory that would make sense of it all. What is it, exactly, that we're trying to achieve through ritual sacrifice? How does this primordial desire sit so comfortably alongside other, less destructive impulses? He shoehorns in a bit of guff from James Frazer's "The Golden Bough" about human sacrifice being necessary "for the continuation of life," but a couple of paragraphs on rebirth and renewal isn't enough. What should have been the heart of the book is missing. "Fame" is $E=MC^2$ without the theory of relativity.

Perhaps I am holding Mr. Payne to too high a standard, and it's unfair to complain that he isn't the Albert Einstein of Celebrity Studies. "Fame" is lively and well-written, and there is much to interest classicists here, if not the general reader. The problem is, another book on such a well-worn subject needs to be startlingly original to justify its existence. For all his cleverness and erudition, Tom Payne doesn't quite pull that off.

—Mr. Young is the author of "How to Lose Friends & Alienate People" and "The Sound of No Hands Clapping."

Comments? The Journal welcomes readers' responses to all articles and editorials. It is important to include your full name, address and telephone number. Please send letters to the editor to: Letters@WSJ.com

REVIEWS

Burlesque is back in Paris

Paris: In actor-director Mathieu Amalric's film "Tournée," which won the Best Director award at the Cannes Film Festival in May, a 40-ish, fading French television producer (played by Mr. Amalric) walks out on his Parisian life and flees to the U.S., where he discovers a troupe of New Burlesque striptease artists. Trying for a comeback, he brings them to France, touring the provinces while promising them a dream engagement in Paris. In the film, *les girls* never do get onto a Paris stage, but in real life, just in time to celebrate the New Year, they've made it.

The entire "Tournée" troupe—Mimi le Meaux, Dirty Martini, Kitten on the Keys, Julie Atlas Muz, Evie Lovelle and their token male, Roky Roulette—has just opened their bubbly, bawdy "Cabaret New Burlesque" for a three-week run at the small Théâtre de la Cité Internationale. It's an exuberant, fast-paced one-hour show, and nobody's clothes stay on for long, as mistress of ceremonies Kitten on the Keys sings, plays the piano and clowns her way through the introductions and an astonishing number of wardrobe changes, each

costume more extravagant and inventive than the one before.

The very, very generously endowed Dirty Martini, in the Mae West vein, is all big pink hair and plumes as she coquettishly unzips and rezips her purple satin gown, but no matter what else comes off, the oversized jewels stay put. Evie Lovelle, with long dark hair and a "corps sublime," is an ecystasiast in the classic Gypsy Rose Lee tradition, wearing hour-glass corsets, whipping off her long gloves à la Rita Hayworth in "Gilda," and playing hide-and-seek behind huge feather fans.

Julie Atlas Muz, lithe and perky with her signature red-glitter lipstick, first does a little horror-comic battle with a seemingly autonomous severed hand, and later returns to shimmy out of her slinky, sequined fishnet dress and slip into a giant, translucent balloon. Platinum blonde and buxom Mimi le Meaux, with strategically placed tattoos, brings the house down with a bump-and-grind Hawaiian War Dance hula. And if Roky Roulette's first appearance, looking like KFC's Colonel Sanders, ends in a torrent of multi-

colored feathers whisked out of his G-string—"It looks like a muppet exploded out here," says Miss Kitten afterward—his Cowboy routine, a bronco-busting ride on a pogo-stick horse, winds up in showers of multi-colored stardust glitter scooped out of the same prodigious source.

Except for Kitten's piano, the stage is bare, and it's all played with lights, well-chosen music and a trunkful of over-the-top accessories—outrageous wigs, striped stockings, jeweled garter belts, platform stilettos. There are pasties and twirling tassels galore, but never any full nudity here—as Mademoiselle le Meaux points out in the program, many sunbathers on French beaches wear less than she and her cohorts do. The boisterous humor is sometimes pretty gross, and the salty English peppered with some equally frank French. But then, new or old, it wouldn't be burlesque were it not nicely naughty.

—Judy Fayard

Until Jan. 15; at Centquatre in Paris Jan. 21-23; Rouen Jan. 23-29
www.theatredelacite.com
www.104.fr



Eve Saint-Ramon

Cabaret New Burlesque has a three-week run at Théâtre de la Cité Internationale.



Powder flask from the Momoyama period (circa 1573 to 1603) in Japan.

Jorge Welsh, Oriental Porcelain & Works of Art, London

A new look at Portugal's past

Lisbon: Portugal may now seem like a small country on the outer edges of the European Union, but in the early decades of European expansion, in the middle of the last millennium, it was the world's first truly global empire.

That empire reached a bloody end in the southern African wars of the 1970s, when Portugal's last colonies gained independence, and its remote origin and horrible conclusion have rendered it something of an ignored chapter, even in Portugal itself. However, a new museum in Lisbon, the Museu do Oriente, or Orient Museum, allows visitors to re-examine a key aspect of the empire—Portugal's centuries-long ties to Asia—with contemporary curatorial acumen.

By the 1540s, after establishing outposts in India and China, the Portuguese became the first Europeans to make contact with Japan, bringing with them Western guns, Counter-Reformation Christianity and Chinese silks. In return, they took away, among other things, a range of special Japanese handicrafts, known

as "Namban," whose very subject matter was often the Portuguese presence in Japan. This winter, the Museu do Oriente looks back on the period in a special exhibition called "Namban Commissions: The Portuguese in Modern Age Japan."

"Namban" is translated as "southern barbarians," referring not to Portugal's place in southern Europe, but to the Portuguese point of entry in southern Japan. In 1639, the last Portuguese were finally expelled, but for a century their introduction of European and Asian goods had a profound effect on certain aspects of Japanese life. Presenting some 55 rare objects, assembled largely from Portuguese collections, the exhibition is a blend of what could be called the anthropological and the dramaturgical. We see how everything from gun barrels to sake bottles become de facto canvasses for depicting mutual curiosity and suspicion.

The signature work of the show is a breathtaking 4-meter long painted screen, showing a meeting between a Portuguese cor-

tège—made up of soldiers, priests and slaves—and a Japanese delegation, led by black-clothed resident Jesuits. We associate the opening of Japan to the west with Commodore Perry's now mythical arrival in Tokyo Bay some two centuries later, but here is its foreshadowing, with Portuguese galleons instead of American frigates in the background.

Many Namban works were made for export to the European market, but one domestic piece, an early 17th-century Japanese military mask probably intended for ceremonial use, shows how the Namban style impacted Japanese taste. Instead of using the head of a mythical bird, which was the common motif, craftsmen gave the mask the strong facial features then associated with the Portuguese—enormous nose, arched eyebrows and a leering smile. This may be the face of a devil, but it is also the direct ancestor of the Walkman, the Toyota and your corner sushi bar.

—J. S. Marcus

Until May 31
www.museudooriente.pt

Energy pulses through Houseago's sculpture

Oxford: Leeds-born, Los Angeles-resident artist Thomas Houseago uses the media of traditional sculpture, clay, plaster, hemp, welded iron armatures, and casts some of his work in bronze. The 21 works exhibited at Modern Art Oxford have a close enough family resemblance with Classical figurative sculpture that the four additional works being shown at the same time, dotted around the permanent collection of the Oxford Ashmolean Museum, have the effect of making you look again at the traditions of three-dimensional art.

This is because though Mr. Houseago uses many of the same materials as did artists of Antiquity, he is also in the Modernist tradition of Picasso, Brancusi and Jacob Epstein, and even has affinities with the Minimalism of Carl André and Donald Judd.

His work is vigorous, sometimes brutal, because it displays the method of its making. Plaster edges are unfinished, the rebars in casting are crudely welded and left exposed, and sometimes dripped with plaster or paint, or even have plaster slathered around them. Larger pieces are cast in bronze, jagged, curly and lumpy. They all show explicitly—nakedly—exactly how they were made. That's why they challenge the highly finished work they're being shown with at the Ashmolean. It's not that Mr. Houseago's work is unfinished, but that the combination of bold drawing on huge plaster shield-like surfaces of limbs, with plaster and hemp faces, feet and hands splatted on the floor, combined with the iron rebars and wood of the massive "Baby" (2009-10), shown in splendid isolation at MAO, pulses with ur-

gent, energy-charged emotion.

Though not every piece has this vitality, and though Mr. Houseago's work actually benefits from being shown in the context of other work, as at the Ashmolean, the MAO installation is wondrous, breathtaking in its scale and ambition.

Also at MAO is London artist David Austen's film "End of Love," a series of monologues and one dialogue performed by Elliot Cowan, Joseph Mawle and Vicky McClure. Though Mr. Austen's words and situations are often sub-Samuel Beckett, the distinction of the actors really sets this apart from the usual art film, and makes fascinating, if not always comfortable viewing.

—Paul Levy

Until Feb. 20
www.modernartoxford.org.uk
www.ashmolean.org



David Austen

'End of Love' (2010) film still by David Austen.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY MORNING

Pete Irvine shies away from the street buzz

The organizer of Edinburgh's New Year's Eve Party and author talks to The Wall Street Journal Europe about how he starts his weekend.

Every year over a quarter of a million people visit Edinburgh's Hogmanay celebration—a four-day festival that over time has become one of the biggest New Year's celebrations in Europe. In keeping with tradition, this weekend partygoers are expected to make their way to the city in search of an open-air concert that will headline Scottish rock band Biffy Clyro, a street party and a carnival. Ironically, Pete Irvine, organizer of the event and author of independent guide "Scotland the Best," would rather spend his weekends in the comfort of his Edinburgh home or in the countryside than in the heart of the action. "I see the weekend as a retreat from the madness of the week," he says.

Do you have a typical weekend?

Every second year my weekend is spent in a different way because I'm the writer of the definitive guidebook to Scotland that comes out every two years. In any given year, if I am researching and writing the book, that's quite a different time than the year that I am not. I am coming to the end of a year when I traveled a great deal but [this wasn't] anything to do with the book. This year I have been all over the place in festivals in Delhi, Shanghai, France, the U.K., for fun but also to inform my work as an event producer.

How do you unwind generally then?

For my book I eat out a lot so

when I am here [in Scotland] I tend not to eat out on the weekend because it is hard to get a table and places are busier. I try to stay in on Fridays or go to the pub or gym.

What's your Friday night like?

I go to my local pub, the Barony in Edinburgh, and then have a night in. The Barony is a bar where lots of people in the media or in the arts go. It's right in the center of an area I call the East Village [after the New York neighborhood which bears that name]. The bar is on Broughton Street, a place with lots of small businesses so it's got everything from a great butcher shop to a gay scene, plus lots of coffee bars and pubs. [The establishments] are all funky, these are not chains but independent shops as you might find in a village. Just 150 yards from my house there's the Playhouse Theatre, a major cinema complex with a gym, Harvey Nichols and John Lewis. Everything is very central and all you need is within reach.

Working out on a Friday

I go to the gym on Fridays too. I go to the gym before going to the pub, and I may not even go to the pub. I was diagnosed with diabetes [type] 2 due to my lifestyle two years ago, so going to the gym is essential for me. You can take tablets to deal with it but I try to manage [the diabetes] by eating less sugar and doing exercise.

A Saturday morning treat

I usually have low-sugar granola cereal with blueberries and pome-

granate seeds, but on Saturday mornings I get this lovely, streaky, oak-smoked bacon from the butcher and some Poilâne bread—a soda-like bread that is just uniquely delicious—from a local épicerie. One tries to get the diet together during the week but I indulge at the weekend. I get up late at about 11 a.m. and brunch would usually involve having a couple of friends on Saturday mornings. It's not a fixed thing, though.

What else do you do on a Saturday?

I am probably out at about 2 p.m. and I might read the Scottish papers or listen to Radio 4, which is something I never do during the week. I would have Radio 4 in the background during the day while I read the papers to find out what's going on in the arts and in the news and in the world of restaurants, which I have to be continuously aware of.

Country walks

I also go walking in the countryside. We are very lucky to be near fabulous country walks within 20 minutes. Because of my guidebook, I know outdoor places of all kinds in Scotland. We gather a bunch of friends, mostly in the summer because I don't like starting early and nowadays it's dark by 4.30 p.m. How far we go will depend on the amount of time we have. If we have four or six hours, we might go to the Borders, or to Fife...or we might go to the southern part of the Highlands.

—Mr. Irvine was speaking with Javier Espinoza.



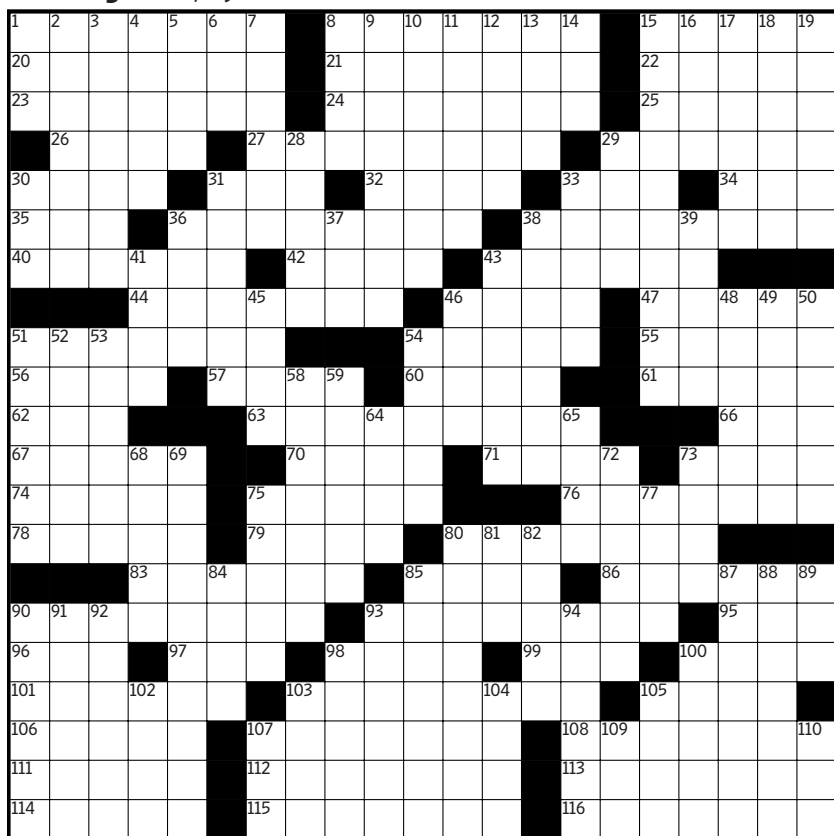
Janeanne Gilchrist, Unit Photographic

THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

Across

- 1 Current indicator
- 8 Drummer's punch line accentuation
- 15 Canine cap
- 20 Refuse
- 21 Red-hot
- 22 Soprano Fleming
- 23 One protected by Offissa Pupp
- 24 1982 Dudley Moore/Mary Tyler Moore drama
- 25 Of a small egg
- 26 "She Believes ___" (Kenny Rogers song)
- 27 Become an item
- 29 Have hopes
- 30 Operation, e.g.
- 31 Harbor sight
- 32 Kinds
- 33 Au ___ (how a French dip is served)
- 34 "There's ___ in team"
- 35 Andalusian article
- 36 Coupon site come-on
- 38 Sears buy of 2002
- 40 Prime minister before Harper
- 42 Tolkien's shepherds of the trees
- 43 ___ d'hôtel (headwaiter)
- 44 Make unstable
- 46 Hippocratic oath word
- 47 Secondary
- 51 Moves quickly from hiding

Doubling Back / by Derek Bowman



- 54 Drive shaft production
- 55 Fungi produce them
- 56 "The Time Machine" people
- 57 Spicy cuisine
- 60 Outspoken Don
- 61 1991 Wimbledon champ Michael
- 62 Arthur of TV
- 63 1980s attorney general
- 66 ___-de-Marne (department adjacent to Paris)
- 67 Radiating glows
- 70 Mitra of "Boston Legal"
- 71 Rank above viscount
- 73 River flowing into the Seine
- 74 Sheaf makeup
- 75 Vijay Singh, for one
- 76 Nickname of Doctorow's Billy Behan
- 78 Those ones, to Juan
- 79 Flees quickly
- 80 Rhoda's portrayer
- 83 1970s Chevrolet model
- 85 "___ No Angels"
- 86 Comprehend
- 90 Dish prepared with a soy sauce marinade
- 93 One in a bull session?
- 95 "Isn't ___ bit like you and me?" (Beatles lyric)
- 96 D.C. map line
- 97 Tax
- 98 "Driving Miss Daisy" playwright Alfred
- 99 Thousandth of a yen
- 100 Kutcher's "What Happens in Vegas" co-star
- 101 Jam producer?
- 103 Spending, with "out"
- 105 Remark with a smirk, say
- 106 Sticks, in a way
- 107 Black-and-white
- 108 Cryotherapy treatment
- 111 Vacant, as an apartment
- 112 Shaggy
- 113 Snitch
- 114 Spa treatments
- 115 Lost it
- 116 Glossy fabrics

Down

- 1 Set the price at
- 2 ___ Islands (Guam's group)
- 3 Country on the Bay of Bengal
- 4 Pancreas product
- 5 Potent puff
- 6 Bit of in-flight info
- 7 Cheap hooch
- 8 "Touch Me in the Morning" singer
- 9 Kick off
- 10 Early autos of which Jack Benny had one
- 11 Barbecue fare
- 12 Follows
- 13 Wine descriptor
- 14 ___-80 (early home computer)
- 15 Put on a camp uniform?
- 16 Escalate
- 17 Like some banking
- 18 Start to bother
- 19 Neptune's third-largest moon
- 28 Nash of poetic puns
- 29 Volunteer babysitter, often
- 30 Eclipse, for one
- 31 Sergeant's order
- 33 Lindsay's role on "The Bionic Woman"
- 36 Canadian singer Vannelli
- 37 One of the U.N.'s official languages
- 38 Cardinals manager Tony
- 39 Foxy one
- 41 "Hotel Rwanda" faction
- 43 Title holder
- 45 Spillane's "___ Jury"
- 46 Runner's goal
- 48 Material for pub quizzes
- 49 Hire new actors for
- 50 Jessica Simpson's little sister
- 51 Lower in value
- 52 Some seal hunters
- 53 Respond to with guffaws
- 54 Heartless character
- 58 Pope who sought Charlemagne's aid
- 59 Setting for two Eastwood movies
- 64 "The sickness gets ___ the liquor dies out": Kipling
- 65 Kathryn of "Law & Order: Criminal Intent"
- 68 High-pH substance
- 69 Some finals
- 72 "The Far Side" cartoonist
- 73 "Well, golly!"
- 75 Unpredictable
- 77 Level
- 80 Way past one's bedtime, say
- 81 Exist
- 82 Pick up
- 84 Keaton's "Mr. Mom" co-star
- 85 2010 event featuring vuvuzelas
- 87 Ref's need
- 88 Missionary's target
- 89 Bosox legend, familiarly
- 90 Put on the board
- 91 Tennis great Goolagong
- 92 Put in a new heap
- 93 Daddy Warbucks's right-hand man
- 94 There are ten in a billion
- 98 "Hailing frequencies open" speaker
- 100 Election year event
- 102 Words before "Pretty" and "Fine" in song
- 103 Newspaper ad meas.
- 104 Riled up
- 105 Rocker Joan
- 107 Stock units: Abbr.
- 109 Agcy. co-founded by Michael Ovitz
- 110 Fourth-yr. students

Last Week's Solution



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

CULTURAL CALENDAR

Time Off 2011

The cultural highlights of the next six months.

Brussels

■ ART

The exhibition "Luc Tuymans" offers the first European retrospective of work by the contemporary master of Belgian figurative painting.

Palais des Beaux-Arts

Feb. 18-May 8

☎ 32-2-5078-200

www.bozar.be

Frankfurt

■ ART

"Surreal Objects: Three-Dimensional Works from Dali to Man Ray" presents 150 items from the sculptural output of the Surrealist movement, including iconic pieces by Duchamp, Miró, Picasso and Magritte.

Schirn Kunsthalle

Feb. 11-May 29

☎ 49-69-2998-820

www.schirn-kunsthalle.de

Helsinki

■ DESIGN

"Marimekko—A Whole Life: 60 Years of Colors, Stripes and Shapes" explores the fashion and design contributions of the Finnish company.

Design Museum

March 17-May 29

☎ 358-9-6220-540

www.designmuseum.fi

London

■ ART

"Miró" stages a major retrospective of Joan Miró's works, including his Surrealist paintings, sculptures and prints from six decades of his career.

Tate Modern

April 14-Sept. 11

☎ 44-20-7887-8888

www.tate.org.uk/

■ ART

"The Cult of Beauty: The Aesthetic Movement 1860-1900" will examine the revolutionary shift between the artist and society in the works and philosophy of the Aesthetic movement in Britain.

Victoria & Albert Museum

April 2-July 17

Tel: 44-20-7942-2000

www.vam.ac.uk

Luxembourg

■ MUSIC

"Printemps Musical" stages a series of performances by renowned world music and jazz performers, including the Abdullah Ibrahim Trio, Tony Allen, Kurt Elling and Susana Baca.

Various locations

March 6-May 25

Tel: 352-2228-09

www.printempsmusical.lu

Milan

■ OPERA

"Tosca" by Puccini will represent one of the highlights at La Scala this spring, featuring staging by Luc Bondy and the voices of Oksana Dyka, Marco Berti and Zeljko Lucic.

Teatro alla Scala

Feb.15-March 25

Tel: 39-02-88-79-1

www.teatroallascala.org

Paris

■ ART

"Rembrandt and the Face of Jesus" will examine "The Pilgrims at Emmaus," by Rembrandt, juxtaposed and surrounded by different representations of Christ created by Rembrandt and his students.

Musée du Louvre



Take That begin their tour in 2011 with concerts around the U.K. and Ireland

April 20-July 18
Tel: 33-1-4020-5317
www.louvre.fr

Madrid

■ ART

"The Young Ribera" will show 30 paintings by José de Ribera alongside the recently acquired "The Raising of Lazarus," examining his life and influence on 15th-century Italian art.

Museo Nacional del Prado

April 5-July 31

Tel: 34-91-3302-800

www.museodelprado.es

■ ART

"Heroines" will examine the role of women in Western art, ranging from the Renaissance to the present day.

Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza

March 8-June 5

Tel: 34-91-3690-151

www.museothyssen.org

Salzburg

■ MUSIC

"Salzburg Easter Festival 2011" will stage the opera "Salome" by Richard Strauss, conducted by Sir Simon Rattle and directed by Stefan Herheim.

Großes Festspielhaus

April 16 and 25

Tel: 43-662-8045-361

www.osterfestspiele-salzburg.at

Sunderland

■ MUSIC

Take That begin their reunification tour, presenting their back catalog of pop hits as well as songs from their most recent album, "Progress."

May 27-31, Stadium of Light,

Sunderland

June 3-12, City of Manchester Stadium

June 14-15 Millennium Stadium, Cardiff

June 18,19 Croke Park, Dublin

June 22-24 Hampden Park, Glasgow

www.takethat.com/live

—Source: WSJ research

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