AQA Qualifications

AS and A-level
English Language and Literature
Anthology: Paris (SAMPLE)

Version 1.1
February 2015

Contents

Introduction

This updated sample of the *AQA Anthology: Paris* includes a great majority of the texts that will form the final published anthology.

The *AQA Anthology: Paris* has been designed to support the *Remembered places* topic of both AS component 2 and A-level component 1. In this area of the course, students explore speech and writing from a variety of genres. They study a wide range of linguistic and generic features, as well as related issues around questions of representation and viewpoint in texts, taken from a range of time periods. The anthology offers opportunities for detailed exploration of the ubiquitous nature of narrative and systematic study of the representation of place.

This anthology offers a varied collection of text types with a particular emphasis on non-fiction & non literary material. The anthology includes:

- examples of travel writing from different eras and perspectives, from memoirs and personal reflections of life in Paris, to guidebooks written for different purposes and audiences
- transcripts of natural speech such as the personal narratives of individuals who have lived in or visited Paris
- digital texts that will provide examples of represented speech including video travel guides, news reels, adverts and podcast tours
- web based resources such as forums and blogs.

The anthology will be available in both traditional print format but also as a digital resource in our AQA English e-Library. Our new English e-Library, developed with Cambridge University Press, will bring literary authors and non-fiction texts to life in your classroom by providing a wealth of ways to access texts, whatever the learning preferences of your students.

To learn more about our new English e-Library visit our website:

http://www.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/teach/english-e-library

The following key is used for transcriptions:

Key

(.)	indicates a pause of less than a second
(2)	indicates a longer pause (number of seconds indicated)
Bold	indicates stressed syllables or words
: :	indicates elongation of a word
((italics))	indicates contextual or additional information
[ ]	indicates the start and end points of simultaneous speech

Brief contextualisations for each text

Text 1 ‘Stories are Waiting in Paris’, Eurostar advert (video)

‘Stories are Waiting in Paris’ is a video advertisement for Eurostar that appeared on the company's official YouTube channel. The narrator is male with a French accent.

Text 2 from *Mile by Mile London to Paris*, Reginald Piggott and Matt Thompson

Reginald Pigott is a book cartographer and Matt Thompson is a researcher at the National Railway Museum in York. *Mile By Mile London to Paris* outlines the routes taken by the Golden Arrow train service that ran from both sides of the English Channel, from London to Dover and from Calais to Paris, between 1926 and 1971, and the current Eurostar service that has linked the UK to France since 1994.

Text 3 from *Neither Here Nor There: Travels in Europe*, Bill Bryson

Bill Bryson is an American author who has written a number of travel memoirs, as well as popular books on science and languages. *Neither Here Nor There: Travels in Europe* tells the story of his journey through Europe in 1990. The chapter on Paris includes memories of an earlier trip he made to the city in the 1970s.

Text 4 from *The Most Beautiful Walk in the World: A Pedestrian in Paris*, John Baxter

John Baxter is an Australian author, who has published work in science fiction and film studies. He has lived in Paris since 1989. *The Most Beautiful Walk in the World: A Pedestrian in Paris* is part-memoir, part tour of the city, describing various walks that can be taken through Paris, and telling the story of the city's places and people who lived and live there.

Text 5 ‘Paris City Guide’, Lonely Planet travel video

'Paris City Guide' is a video travel guide produced by Lonely Planet, which appeared on their official YouTube channel. The guide gives brief background information about Paris, explores what the city is famed for and suggests what visitors might do and see during their stay. The narrator is female with a north American accent.

Text 6 Personal narrative: Anna (transcript)

This text is part of a set of personal narratives from a mother (Anna) and her daughter (Zara) about their time spent in Paris. Anna moved to Paris with her family in 1968 and lived there for twenty years.

Text 7 Personal narrative: Zara (transcript)

This text is part of a set of personal narratives from a mother (Anna) and her daughter (Zara) about their time spent in Paris. Anna moved to Paris with her family in 1968 and lived there for twenty years.

Text 8 from *Breathless: An American Girl in Paris*, Nancy Miller

Nancy Miller is an American academic who has written a number of autobiographical works. *Breathless: An American Girl in Paris* is an account of her time in Paris, where she lived and studied, during the 1960s.

Text 9 'Around the World in 80 Dates' by Jennifer Cox, from *City-lit Paris*

Jennifer Cox is a British TV presenter and travel writer. *Around the World in 80 Dates* is an account of how she left her job as head of public relations for Lonely Planet and travelled round the world in search of a soul-mate.

Text 10 'What do you wish someone had told you – Paris Île de France', Trip Advisor travel forum

This text is taken from the Paris forum on Trip Advisor, a message board where individuals can plan trips, place reviews and contribute to message board posts. This is a selection from a post on 'What do you wish someone had told you Paris Île de France?'.

Text 11 'Visiting Paris', Mike and Sophia (transcript)

This text is part of a set of multi-speaker and one-speaker discourse involving three speakers Isabelle, Mike and Sophia talking about their memories of visiting or living in Paris. All three are students at a university in the East Midlands. Mike and Sophia were born in the UK but Isabelle was born in France and lived there until she was a teenager.

Text 12 Rick Steves' Walking Tour of the Louvre Museum (podcast and maps)

This text is taken from the website of Rick Steves, an American author and TV presenter famous for his guidebooks, radio and TV shows and podcasts on travelling in Europe. His website www.ricksteves.com offers free guides and downloads. Along with the podcast transcript are maps produced by Rick Steves to support his Louvre museum tour.

Text 13 from *French Milk*, Lucy Knisley

Lucy Knisley is an American comic artist and author. She has worked as a freelance writer and teacher for many years, and maintains a website and blog www.lucyknisley.com. *French Milk* is an illustrated and photographic journal of a six week trip she took to Paris with her mother.

Text 14 'Understanding Chic' from *Paris was Ours*, Natasha Fraser-Cavassoni

Natasha Fraser-Cavassoni is a British author, biographer, journalist and magazine editor. She has written on a range of subjects including film, fashion and architecture. She initially lived in Paris in her twenties and now permanently resides there with her husband and children. 'Understanding Chic' tells the story of her first visit to Paris as a teenager.

Text 15 'Memories of places in Paris', Isabelle and Sophia (transcript)

This text is part of a set of multi-speaker and one-speaker discourse involving three speakers Isabelle, Mike and Sophia talking about their memories of visiting or living in Paris. All three are students at a university in the East Midlands. Mike and Sophia were born in the UK but Isabelle was born in France and lived there until she was a teenager.

Text 16 'Ten Things My Kids Say They Will Miss About Paris' from *Just Another American in Paris* blog

This post is from a blog *Just Another American in Paris*. The blogger, an American named Anne, lived in Paris with her family for four years before returning to Washington DC. In this post, Anne recounts what her children will miss about Paris when they return to the USA.

Text 17 '18 Months Later…' from *Just Another American in Paris* blog

This post is from a blog *Just Another American in Paris*. The blogger, an American named Anne, lived in Paris with her family for four years before returning to Washington DC. In this post, Anne recounts her family's first trip back to Paris after they had returned to the USA.

Text 18 'Encore Une Fois' from *Just Another American in Paris* blog

This post is from a blog *Just Another American in Paris*. The blogger, an American named Anne, lived in Paris with her family for four years before returning to Washington DC. In this post, Anne recounts another family trip to Paris during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Text 19 'Travelling to Paris with a grandchild', Gransnet forum

This text is taken from a forum on Gransnet, a website dedicated to grandparents, featuring news, features and advice on being a grandparent. The forum offers users the opportunity to share their experiences of grandparenting. This extract is from a post on 'Travelling to Paris with a grandchild'.

Text 20 ‘Paris for Children’ from *The Rough Guide to Paris*, Rough Guides

This text is an extract from the 'Paris for Children' section of *The Rough Guide to Paris*, a guide to visiting Paris. It includes maps, details of places to visit, and information about the city.

Text 21 ‘Introduction’ from *Not for Parents: Paris Everything You Ever Wanted to Know*, Klay Lamprell

This text is an extract from a 'Not for Parents' guidebook published by Lonely Planet and aimed at children from the age of 7+. It includes details of places to visit in Paris, facts about them, and a range of information about the history and culture of the city.

Text 22 ‘Inside Out and Upside Down’ from *Not for Parents: Paris Everything You Ever Wanted to Know*, Klay Lamprell

This text is an extract from a 'Not for Parents' guidebook published by Lonely Planet and aimed at children from the age of 7+. It includes details of places to visit in Paris, facts about them, and a range of information about the history and culture of the city. The section titled ‘Inside Out and Upside Down’ gives information about the famous Pompidou centre.

Text 23 ‘Dem Bones’ from *Not for Parents: Paris Everything You Ever Wanted to Know*, Klay Lamprell

This text is an extract from a 'Not for Parents' guidebook published by Lonely Planet and aimed at children from the age of 7+. It includes details of places to visit in Paris, facts about them, and a range of information about the history and culture of the city. The section titled ‘Dem Bones’ is about the catacombs that lay below the surface of the city.

Text 24 ‘Cruise the Carousels’ from *Not for Parents: Paris Everything You Ever Wanted to Know*, Klay Lamprell

This text is an extract from a 'Not for Parents' guidebook published by Lonely Planet and aimed at children from the age of 7+. It includes details of places to visit in Paris, facts about them, and a range of information about the history and culture of the city. The section titled ‘Cruise the Carousels’ gives historical information on carousels and how they came about.

Text 25 from *On Paris*, Ernest Hemingway

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961) was an American author and journalist who moved to Paris in the 1920s. Whilst there he worked as a foreign correspondent for the Toronto Star Weekly. This text contains a selection of pieces he wrote for the paper on aspects of life in Paris.

Text 26 from *Foreign Correspondent: Paris in the Sixties,* Peter Lennon

Peter Lennon (1930-2011) was an Irish journalist, who moved to Paris and covered events from there for The Guardian newspaper throughout the 1960s. He was also a short story writer, and wrote and directed the film Rocky Road to Dublin, a documentary on politics and the government in the Republic of Ireland. *Foreign Correspondent: Paris in the Sixties* is his account of leaving Ireland for Paris, and his reflections on his time there.

Text 27 'Paris Riots 1968', British Pathé (video)

This is a news report of the Paris riots in 1968, taken from the website of British Pathé, a news and film archive. The narrator is male and speaks with a Received Pronunciation accent.

Text 28 from *Seven Ages of Paris*, Alistair Horne

Alastair Horne is a British historian and biographer. Initially a journalist, he has written extensively on the history of nineteenth-century France. *Seven Ages of Paris* is a history of Paris from 1160-1969.

Text 29 'Letters from France 1790–1796', from *Travel Writing 1700–1830: An Anthology*, Helen Maria Williams

Helen Maria Williams (1759-1827) was an English writer who supported the principles of the French Revolution and moved to Paris in 1790. From that time until 1796, she published a series of letters in support of the revolutionary movement in France. This text contains a selection of those letters.

Text 30 'Paris: Fine French Food', Lonely Planet travel video

'Paris: Fine French Food' is a video travel guide produced by Lonely Planet, which appeared on their official YouTube channel. The video explores the Parisian obsession with food and wine and Paris' role as the gastronomic capital of the world. The narrator is male with an antipodean accent.

Text 31 from *The Sweet Life in Paris: Delicious Adventures in the World's Most Glorious and Perplexing City*, David Lebowitz

David Lebowitz is a professional chef turned full time writer, who left the United States to live in Paris in 2004. He publishes books on baking and maintains a blog at http://www.davidlebovitz.com. *The Sweet Life in Paris* is his story of moving to Paris and his observations on the place and its culture. Each chapter in the book is followed by a recipe.

Text 32 ‘Eating in Paris’, Isabelle, Mike and Sophia (transcript)

This text is part of a set of multi-speaker and one-speaker discourse involving three speakers Isabelle, Mike and Sophia talking about their memories of visiting or living in Paris. All three are students at a university in the East Midlands. Mike and Sophia were born in the UK but Isabelle was born in France and lived there until she was a teenager.

Text 1: ‘Stories are Waiting in Paris’, Eurostar advert

Transcript

((*hurdy-gurdy style music plays*))

Narrator: maybe (.) **maybe** you’ll go left ((*footsteps*)) (1) **maybe** you’ll go right ((*rollerblading*)) ((*clattering sound, pigeons scatter*)) (1) maybe you’ll go **up** ((*footsteps, skipping sound*)) (1) **down** ((*wooshing sound*)) (.) round and round ((*mechanical clicking sound*, *child's yell*)) (1) **maybe** you’ll go here (1) or **there** (1) to **this place** ((*live music*)) (1) **that place** (.) maybe you’ll meet **him** ((*arrow appears on screen pointing to man*)) (.) **her** ((*kissing sound*)) (.) perhaps them (.) hopefully not him. (.) maybe you see **this** (1) ((*dog barks*)) **hear that** ((*parrot squawks, siren*)) (1) **eat this** (1) **maybe** you’ll get lost (1) maybe it will **rain** ((*rain*)) (.) you shelter here and **this** will happen (2) but **maybe** it won’t rain (.) instead you’ll go **there** (.) and **fall** in love (.) with **this** ((*car starts, door shuts*)) (2) stories are waiting ((*written text appears on screen: ‘STORIES ARE WAITING’*)) ((*music fades, train door slides shut*)) ((*written texts appears on screen: ‘Eurostar, #wheninparis*’))

The Gare du Nord

The ultimate destination of both the Golden Arrow and the Eurostar is the beautiful city of Paris. However, in reality, the first place that the traveller by rail from London really encounters is the Gare du Nord. It is from this station that the tourist, businessman or lover sets out to explore the city and, like its counterparts in London, it has a long and interesting history.

Originally the station was opened in 1846 and served the railway company Chemin de Fer du Nord. However, the building was not considered large enough to accommodate all of the traffic coming into the city and rebuilding began in 1860. The original façade of the station was saved from the demolition that accompanied the rebuilding and was shipped, stone by stone, to the city of Lille, where it was reinstated on the station building there, from where it can still be seen.

By 1865 the station had been significantly enlarged and was fully open for traffic. The new façade was bigger and much grander than before and was modelled on a triumphal arch. Architecturally, it was well suited to the pomp and grandeur of the Paris at the time. It was decorated with a series of statues, each one of which represented one of the major cities served by the Chemin de Fer du Nord. These included Brussels, Amsterdam, Frankfurt and Berlin.

However, by the 1890s the station was once again considered to be too small to accommodate all the traffic that went through it. It was once more enlarged and rebuilt. The periodic extension of the station was to continue right up to the 1960s.

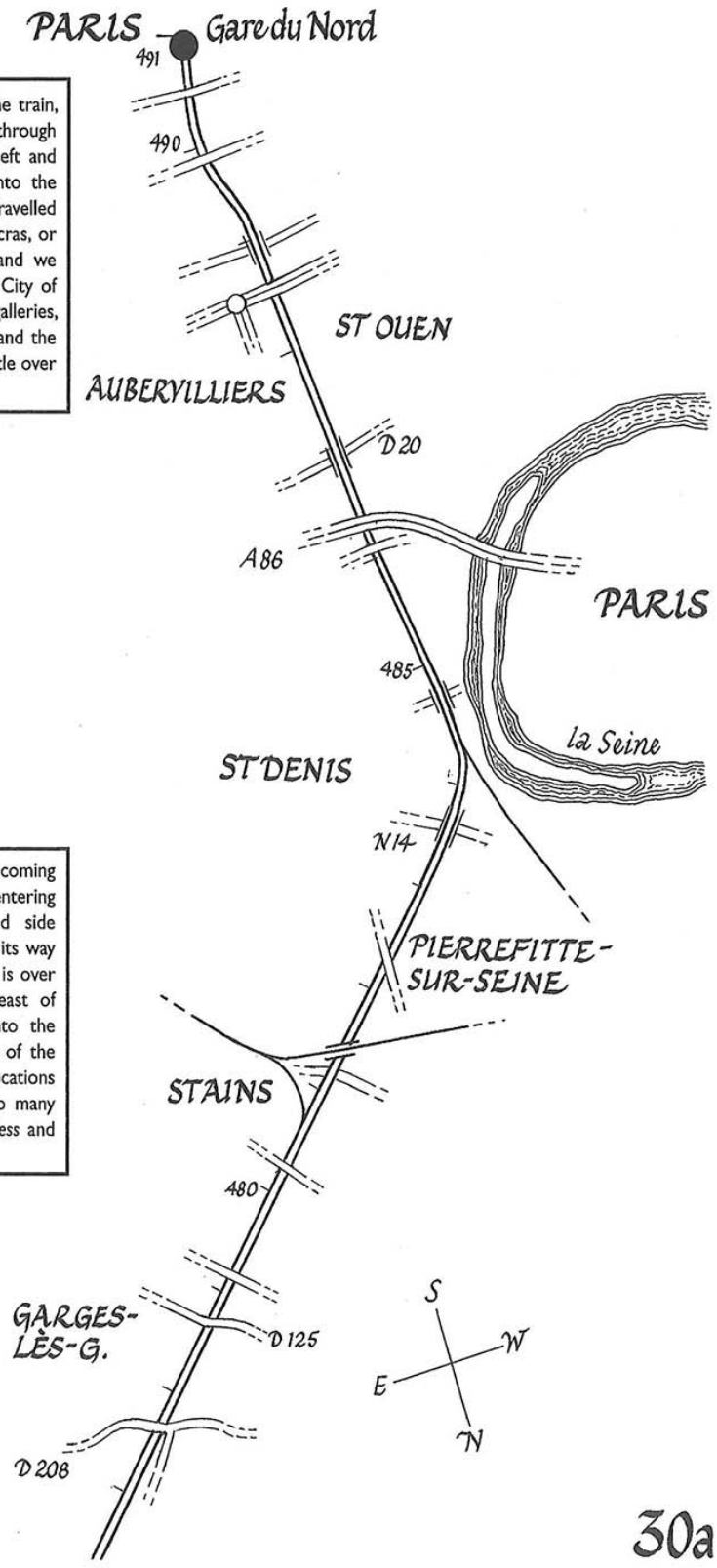
The next major overhaul of the station came about as a result of the Eurostar itself. Tracks and platforms were altered once again to accommodate the new high-speed line. The Eurostar speeds into Paris, having passed through Lille – only a short distance from the station frontage that used to grace the Gare du Nord when it first opened over 160 years ago. One traveller, arriving in Paris on the Golden Arrow, described seeing the station as he neared his journey's end as nothing more than 'A black dome'. Its massive train shed certainly seems to swallow up with apparent ease all

the trains that terminate there. But it is also more than just a station: it carries with it the symbols of the far-flung cities it joins together and stands for the connections which the railways made possible. While it is a terminus, one of the six major termini of the city, it is also a gateway. A gateway not only to the city, but also to the continent beyond it.

Opposite: Crates containing items destined for the Great Exhibition at Crystal Palace, London, 1851
Above: Gare du Nord, Paris in 1903. Within 100 years, trains would arrive direct from London in under 2 hours and 30 minutes

EUROSTAR

The city of Paris is all around us and the train, travelling more slowly now, passes through the communes of Aubervilliers to the left and St Ouen on the right before pulling into the platform at the Gare du Nord. We have travelled a total of 491 km from London St Pancras, or in English terms just over 300 miles, and we have now arrived into the heart of the City of Light. All of Paris is before us now – the galleries, museums, boulevards and restaurants – and the journey from London has taken only a little over two-and-a-quarter hours.



We now enter the suburbs of Paris, first coming through the commune of Stains before entering Pierrefitte-sur-Seine. On the right-hand side the River Seine can be seen as it winds its way through the heart of the city. This river is over 770 km long and rises in the Northeast of France near Dijon before emptying into the English Channel at le Havre. The banks of the Seine are among the most picturesque locations in Paris and have been the backdrop to many films including Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* and *The Pink Panther*.

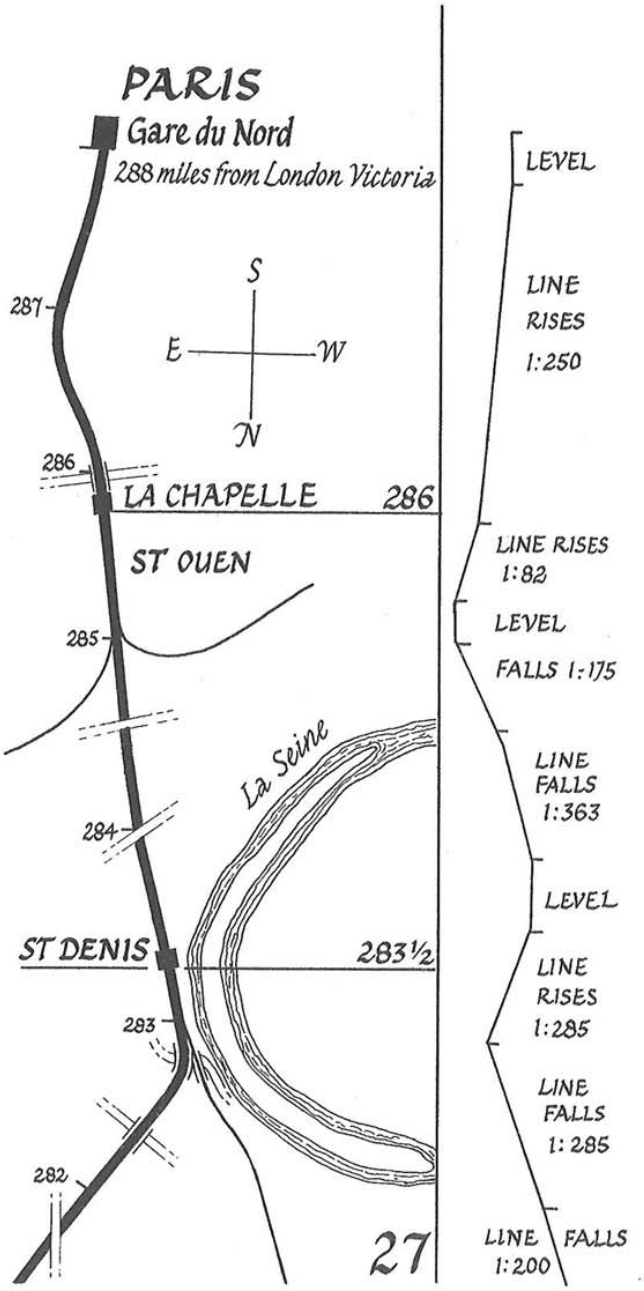
30a

FLÈCHE D'OR

As the train rounds the corner, the Seine can be seen for the first time. It curves gracefully off to the right as the train is swallowed up by the city, which appears almost untouched by the conflicts that have raged all around it over the past century. Paris is undoubtedly among the most cosmopolitan places in the world, although its long history has been marked by unrest and conflict.

The approach to the centre of Paris in the inter-war period would have been far from dull as the train moved past tenements, coal yards, railway sidings and the backs of grand buildings. Along the sides of buildings were advertising hoardings for pastis and wines, which would perhaps have inspired the traveller as they thought about what to do once they arrived in the City of Light.

The train would pull in to the platform at 5.35, all being well, a perfect time for an aperitif; 288 miles had been travelled from London to this point. The channel had been crossed on a steam ship dedicated to the service and only open to those who carried a ticket for the Golden Arrow. The Flèche d'Or, as the French named it, was designed to be luxurious and elegant, a perfect way to enter one of the most luxurious and elegant cities in the world.



the book on its shelf before scowling at me and departing into the night). It all had an engagingly clubby atmosphere, but how it stays in business I have no idea. Not only was the guy on the till conspicuously underemployed – only at the most considerable of intervals did he have to stir from his own book to transact a small sale – but its location, on the banks of the Seine in the very shadow of Notre-Dame, surely must push its rent into the stratosphere.

Anywhere else in the world Shakespeare & Co would be a souvenir emporium, selling die-cast models of the cathedral, Quasimodo ashtrays, slide strips, postcards and OO LA LA T-shirts, or else one of those high-speed cafés where the waiters dash around frantically, leave you waiting forty minutes before taking your order and then make it clear that you have twenty-five seconds to drink your coffee and eat your rum baba and piss off, and don't even *think* about asking for a glass of water if you don't want spit in it. How it has managed to escape this dismal fate is a miracle to me, but it left me in the right admiring frame of mind, as I wandered back to my hotel through the dark streets, to think that Paris was a very fine place indeed.

In the morning I got up early and went for a long walk through the sleeping streets. I love to watch cities wake up, and Paris wakes up more abruptly, more startlingly, than any place I know. One minute you have the city to yourself: it's just you and a guy delivering crates of bread, and a couple of droning street-cleaning machines. (It might be worth noting here that Paris spends £58 a year a head on street-cleaning compared with £17 a head in London, which explains why Paris gleams and London is a toilet.) Then all at once it's frantic: cars and buses swishing past in sudden abundance, cafés and kiosks opening, people

flying out of Metro stations like flocks of startled birds, movement everywhere, thousands and thousands of pairs of hurrying legs.

By half-past eight Paris is a terrible place for walking. There's too much traffic. A blue haze of uncombusted diesel hangs over every boulevard. I know Baron Haussmann made Paris a grand place to look at, but the man had no concept of traffic flow. At the Arc de Triomphe alone thirteen roads come together. Can you imagine that? I mean to say, here you have a city with the world's most pathologically aggressive drivers – drivers who in other circumstances would be given injections of thorazine from syringes the size of bicycle pumps and confined to their beds with leather straps – and you give them an open space where they can all try to go in any of thirteen directions at once. Is that asking for trouble or what?

It's interesting to note that the French have had this reputation for bad driving since long before the invention of the internal combustion engine. Even in the eighteenth century British travellers to Paris were remarking on what lunatic drivers the French were, on 'the astonishing speed with which the carriages and people moved through the streets . . . It was not an uncommon sight to see a child run over and probably killed.' I quote from *The Grand Tour* by Christopher Hibbert, a book whose great virtue is in pointing out that the peoples of Europe have for at least 300 years been living up to their stereotypes. As long ago as the sixteenth century, travellers were describing the Italians as voluble, unreliable and hopelessly corrupt, the Germans as gluttonous, the Swiss as irritatingly officious and tidy, the French as, well, insufferably French.

You also constantly keep coming up against these monumental squares and open spaces that are all but

impossible to cross on foot. My wife and I went to Paris on our honeymoon and foolishly tried to cross the Place de la Concorde without first leaving our names at the embassy. Somehow she managed to get to the obelisk in the centre, but I was stranded in the midst of a circus maximus of killer automobiles, waving weakly to my dear spouse of two days and whimpering softly while hundreds and hundreds of little buff-coloured Renaults were bearing down on me with their drivers all wearing expressions like Jack Nicholson in *Batman*.

It still happens now. At the Place de la Bastille, a vast open space dominated on its north-eastern side by a glossy new structure that I supposed to be the Paris branch of the Bradford and Bingley Building Society but which proved upon closer inspection to be the new Paris opera house, I spent three-quarters of an hour trying to get from the Rue de Lyon to the Rue de St-Antoine. The problem is that the pedestrian-crossing lights have been designed with the clear purpose of leaving the foreign visitor confused, humiliated and, if all goes to plan, dead.

This is what happens: you arrive at a square to find all the traffic stopped, but the pedestrian light is red and you know that if you venture so much as a foot off the kerb all the cars will surge forward and turn you into a gooey crêpe. So you wait. After a minute, a blind person comes along and crosses the great cobbled plain without hesitating. Then a ninety-year-old lady in a motorized wheelchair trundles past and wobbles across the cobbles to the other side of the square a quarter of a mile away.

You are uncomfortably aware that all the drivers within 150 yards are sitting with moistened lips watching you expectantly, so you pretend that you don't really want to cross the street at all, that actually you've come over here to look at this interesting fin-de-siècle

lamppost. After another minute 150 pre-school children are herded across by their teachers, and then the blind man returns from the other direction with two bags of shopping. Finally, the pedestrian light turns green and you step off the kerb and all the cars come charging at you. And I don't care how paranoid and irrational this sounds, but I know for a fact that the people of Paris want me dead.

Eventually I gave up trying to cross streets in any kind of methodical way and instead just followed whatever route looked least threatening. So it was with some difficulty and not a little surprise that I managed to pick my way by early afternoon to the Louvre, where I found a long immobile queue curled around the entrance courtyard like an abandoned garden hose.

I hovered, undecided whether to join the queue, come back later in the faint hope that it would have shrunk, or act like a Frenchman and jump it. The French were remarkably shameless about this. Every few minutes one would approach the front of the queue, affect to look at his wristwatch and then duck under the barrier and disappear through the door with the people at the front. No one protested, which surprised me. In New York, from where many of these people came, judging by their accents and the bullet holes in their trench coats, the queue jumpers would have been seized by the crowd and had their limbs torn from their sockets. I actually saw this happen to a man once at Shea Stadium. It was ugly, but you couldn't help but cheer. Even in London the miscreants would have received a various rebuke – 'I say, kindly take your place at the back of the queue, there's a good fellow' – but here there was not a peep of protest.

I couldn't bring myself to jump the queue, but equally I couldn't stand among so much motionless humanity while others were flouting the rule of order

and getting away with it. So I passed on, and was rather relieved. The last time I went to the Louvre, in 1973 with Katz, it was swarming with visitors and impossible to see anything. The 'Mona Lisa' was like a postage stamp viewed through a crowd of heads from another building and clearly things had not improved since then.

Besides, there was only one painting I especially wanted to see and that was a remarkable eighteenth-century work, evidently unnoticed by any visitor but me for 200 years among the Louvre's endless corridors. I almost walked past it myself but something about it nicked the edge of my gaze and made me turn. It was a painting of two aristocratic ladies, young and not terribly attractive, standing side by side and wearing nothing at all but their jewels and sly smiles. And here's the thing: one of them had her finger plugged casually – one might almost say absent-mindedly – into the other's fundament. I can say with some certainty that this was an activity quite unknown in Iowa, even among the wealthy and well-travelled, and I went straight off to find Katz, who had cried in dismay fifteen minutes after entering the Louvre, 'There's nothing but pictures and shit in this place,' and departed moodily for the coffee shop, saying he would wait there for me for thirty minutes and no more. I found him sitting with a Coke, complaining bitterly that he had had to pay two francs for it *and* give a handful of centimes to an old crone for the privilege of peeing in the men's room ('*and* she watched me the whole time').

'Never mind about that,' I said. 'You've got to come and see this painting.'

'What for?'

'It's very special.'

'Why?'

'It just is, believe me. You'll be thanking me in a minute.'

'What's so special about it?'

I told him. He refused to believe it. No such picture had ever been painted, and if it had been painted it wouldn't be hanging in a public gallery. But he came. And the thing is, I couldn't for the life of me find it. Katz was convinced it was just a cruel joke, designed to waste his time and deprive him of the last two ounces of his Coke, and he spent the rest of the day in a tetchy frame of mind.

Katz was in a tetchy frame of mind throughout most of our stay in Paris. He was convinced everything was out to get him. On the morning of our second day, we were strolling down the Champs-Elysées when a bird shit on his head. 'Did you know a bird's shit on your head?' I asked a block or two later.

Instinctively Katz put a hand to his head, looked at it in horror – he was always something of a sissy where excrement was concerned; I once saw him running through Greenwood Park in Des Moines like the figure in Edvard Munch's 'The Scream' just because he had inadvertently probed some dog shit with the tip of his finger – and with only a mumbled 'Wait here' walked with ramrod stiffness in the direction of our hotel. When he reappeared twenty minutes later he smelled overpoweringly of Brut aftershave and his hair was plastered down like a third-rate Spanish gigolo's, but he appeared to have regained his composure. 'I'm ready now,' he announced.

Almost immediately another bird shit on his head. Only this time it *really* shit. I don't want to get too graphic, in case you're snacking or anything, but if you can imagine a pot of yoghurt upended onto his scalp, I think you'll get the picture. 'Gosh, Steve, that was one sick bird,' I observed helpfully.

Katz was literally speechless. Without a word he turned and walked stiffly back to the hotel, ignoring the turning heads of passers-by. He was gone for nearly an hour. When at last he returned, he was wearing a windcheater with the hood up. 'Just don't say a word,' he warned me and strode past. He never really warmed to Paris after that.

With the Louvre packed I went instead to the new – new to me, at any rate – Musée d'Orsay, on the Left Bank opposite the Tuileries. When I had last passed it, sixteen years before, it had been a derelict hulk, the shell of the old Gare d'Orsay, but some person of vision had decided to restore the old station as a museum and it is simply wonderful, both as a building and as a collection of pictures. I spent two happy hours there, and afterwards checked out the situation at the Louvre – still hopelessly crowded – and instead went to the Pompidou Centre, which I was determined to try to like, but I couldn't. Everything about it seemed wrong. For one thing it was a bit weathered and faded, like a child's toy that has been left out over winter, which surprised me because it is only a dozen years old and the government had just spent £40 million refurbishing it, but I guess that's what you get when you build with plastic. And it seemed much too overbearing a structure for its cramped neighbourhood. It would be an altogether different building in a park.

But what I really dislike about buildings like the Pompidou Centre, and Paris is choking on them, is that they are just showing off. Here's Richard Rogers saying to the world, 'Look, I put all the pipes on the *outside*. Am I cute enough to kiss?' I could excuse that if some consideration were given to function. No one seems to have thought what the Pompidou Centre should do – that it should be a gathering place, a haven, because

inside it's just crowded and confusing. It has none of the sense of space and light and majestic calm of the Musée d'Orsay. It's like a department store on the first day of a big sale. There's hardly any place to sit and no focal point – no big clock or anything – at which to meet someone. It has no heart.

Outside it's no better. The main plaza on the Rue St-Martin is in the shade during the best part of the day and is built on a slope, so it's dark and the rain never dries and again there's no place to sit. If they had made the slope into a kind of amphitheatre, people could sit on the steps, but now if you sit down you feel as if you are going to slide to the bottom.

I have nothing against novelty in buildings – I am quite taken with the glass pyramid at the Louvre and those buildings at La Défense that have the huge holes in the middle – but I just hate the way architects and city planners and everyone else responsible for urban life seems to have lost sight of what cities are for. They are for people. That seems obvious enough, but for half a century we have been building cities that are for almost anything else: for cars, for businesses, for developers, for people with money and bold visions who refuse to see cities from ground level, as places in which people must live and function and get around. Why should I have to walk through a damp tunnel and negotiate two sets of stairs to get across a busy street? Why should cars be given priority over me? How can we be so rich and so stupid at the same time? It is the curse of our century – too much money, too little sense – and the Pompidou seems to me a kind of celebration of that in plastic.

One evening I walked over to the Place de la République and had a nostalgic dinner at a bistro called Le Thermomètre. My wife and I spent our honeymoon in

the Hotel Moderne across the way (now a Holiday Inn, alas, alas) and dined nightly at the Thermomètre because it was cheap and we had next to no money. I had spent the whole of my savings, some £18, on a suit for the wedding – a remarkable piece of apparel with lapels that had been modelled on the tail fins of a 1957 Coupe de Ville and trousers so copiously flared that when I walked you didn't see my legs move – and had to borrow £12 spending money from my father-in-law in order, as I pointed out, to keep his daughter from starving during her first week of married life.

I expected the Thermomètre to be full of happy memories, but I couldn't remember anything about it at all, except that it had the fiercest toilet attendant in Paris, a woman who looked like a Russian wrestler – a male Russian wrestler – and who sat at a table in the basement with a pink dish full of small coins and craned her head to watch you while you had a pee to make sure you didn't dribble on the tiles or pocket any of the urinal cakes. It is hard enough to pee when you are aware that someone's eyes are on you, but when you fear that at any moment you will be felled by a rabbit chop to the kidneys for taking too much time, you seize up altogether. My urine turned solid. You couldn't have cleared my system with Draino. So eventually I would hoist up my zip and return unrelieved to the table, and spend the night doing a series of Niagara Falls impressions back at the hotel. The toilet attendant, I'm pleased to say, was no longer there. There was no toilet attendant at all these days. No urinal cakes either, come to that.

It took me two or three days to notice it, but the people of Paris have become polite over the last twenty years. They don't exactly rush up and embrace you and thank you for winning the war for them, but they have

certainly become more patient and accommodating. The cab drivers are still complete jerks, but everyone else – shopkeepers, waiters, the police – seemed almost friendly. I even saw a waiter smile once. And somebody held open a door for me instead of letting it bang in my face.

It began to unsettle me. Then on my last night, as I was strolling near the Seine, a well-dressed family of two adults and two teenage children swept past me on the narrow pavement and without breaking stride or interrupting their animated conversation flicked me into the gutter. I could have hugged them.

On the morning of my departure I trudged through a grey rain to the Gare de Lyon to get a cab to the Gare du Nord and a train to Brussels. Because of the rain, there were no cabs so I stood and waited. For five minutes I was the only person there, but gradually other people came along and took places behind me.

When at last a cab arrived and pulled up directly in front of me, I was astonished to discover that seventeen grown men and women believed they had a perfect right to try to get in ahead of me. A middle-aged man in a cashmere coat who was obviously wealthy and well-educated actually laid hands on me. I maintained possession by making a series of aggrieved Gallic honking noises – 'Mais non! Mais non!' – and using my bulk to block the door. I leaped in, resisting the chance to catch the pushy man's tie in the door and let him trot along with us to the Gare du Nord, and just told the driver to get me the hell out of there. He looked at me as if I were a large, imperfectly formed piece of shit, and with a disgusted sigh engaged first gear. I was glad to see some things never change.

--CHAPTER 1--

TO WALK THE WALK

Nobody has yet found a better way to travel slowly than to walk. It requires two legs; nothing more. Want to go faster? Don't bother walking—roll, slide or fly: don't walk. But once you are walking, it's not performance that counts but the intensity of the sky, the splendour of the landscape. Walking is not a sport.

CHARLES GROS, *Walking: A Philosophy*

Every day, heading down rue de l'Odéon toward Café Danton on the corner of boulevard Saint-Germain or toward the market on rue Buci, I pass them.

The walkers.

Not all are walking, however. They'd *like* to be—but their stroll around Paris isn't working out as they hoped.

Uncertain, they loiter at the foot of our street, at the corner of boulevard Saint-Germain, one of the busiest on this side of the Seine. Couples, usually, they're dressed in the seasonal variation of what is almost a uniform—beige raincoat or jacket, cotton or corduroy trousers, and sensible shoes. Huddling over a folded map or guidebook, they look up and around every few seconds, hopeful that the street signs and architecture will have transformed themselves into something more like Brooklyn or Brentwood or Birmingham.

Sometimes they appear in groups. We see a lot of these because our street, rue de l'Odéon, is to literature what Yankee Stadium is to baseball and Lord's is to cricket. At number 12, Sylvia Beach ran Shakespeare and Company, the English-language bookshop that published James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Sylvia and her companion, Adrienne Monnier, lived in our building at number 18. Joyce visited them there often. So did Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, and of course Ernest Hemingway.

Most days, when I step out of the building, a group stands on the opposite sidewalk while someone lectures them in any one of a dozen languages about the history of our street. They regard me with curiosity, even respect. But often I feel like a fraud. Instead of thinking

lofty literary thoughts, I'm compiling my shopping list. *Eggs, onions, a baguette . . .*

After that, they set off again, a straggling column, following the guide's flag or, in bad weather, her umbrella. Few take their eyes off this object. They've learned that Paris for the pedestrian is both fascinating and deceptive. What if they did pause—to browse that basket of books outside *une librairie,* or take a closer look at a dress in the window of a boutique? The tour might turn a corner, disappearing from sight, casting them adrift in this baffling town. They would be forced to buttonhole a passing Parisian and stammer, *"Excusez-moi, monsieur, mais . . . parlez-vous anglais?"* Or worse, surrender to the mysteries of *le métro.* A few lost souls are always hovering at the entrance to the Odéon station. Staring up at the green serpentine art nouveau curlicues of Hector Guimard's cast-iron archway, they may read *Métropolitain* but they *see* what Dante saw over the gate to hell: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

What most frustrates the visitor walking in Paris is the presence all around of others who share none of their hesitation. Confident, casual, the locals breeze past, as careless as birds in a tree. For them, the métro holds no terrors. They know exactly when to pause as a bus

roars by on what appears to be the wrong side of the road. They make abrupt turns into alleys, at the foot of which one glimpses the most interesting-looking little market . . .

How do they *know*?

Well, this is their habitat, their *quartier,* as familiar to them as their own living room. Because that's how Parisians regard the city—as an extension of their homes. The concept of public space doesn't exist here. People don't step out of their front door into their car, then drive across town to the office or some air-conditioned mall. No Parisian drives around Paris. A few cycle. Others take the métro or a bus, but most walk. Paris belongs to its *piétons*—the pedestrians. One goes naturally *à pied*—on foot. And it's only on foot that you discover its richness and variety. As another out-of-town Paris lover, the writer Edmund White, says in his elegant little book *The Flâneur*, "Paris is a world meant to be seen by the walker alone, for only the pace of strolling can take in all the rich (if muted) detail."

Another writer, Adam Gopnik, calls a stroll down rue de Seine, just around the corner from our apartment, "the most beautiful walk in the world". And so it is—for him. But every Parisian, and everyone who comes to know Paris, discovers his or her own "most

beautiful walk". A walk is not a parade or a race. It's a succession of instants, any one of which can illuminate a lifetime. What about the glance, the scent, the glimpse, the way the light just falls . . . the "beautiful" part ? No tour guide or guidebook tells you that. Prepared itineraries remind me of those PHOTO POINT signs at Disneyland. Yes, that angle gives you an attractive picture. But why not just buy a postcard?

Nor is there a single Paris. The city exists as a blank page on which each person scribbles what the French call a *griffe*—literally "a claw" but more precisely a signature; a choice of favourite cafés, shops, parks, and the routes that link them. "I discovered that Paris did not exist," wrote Colette on her arrival from the country. "It was no more than a cluster of provinces held together by the most tenuous of threads. There was nothing to prevent me from reconstructing my own province or any other my imagination should choose to fix in outline."

In a way that isn't possible with London or New York or Berlin, one can speak of "Colette's Paris" or "Hemingway's Paris" or "Scott Fitzgerald's Paris," or your own Paris. We all go through a similar process: finding the only café, the perfect park, the loveliest view, the most beautiful walk.

Nobody can say precisely which they will be. But

maybe my experiences of a year of walking in Paris will suggest how and where you might start to find the succession of arrivals and departures that leaves one with memories that can never be erased, the moments one recounts all one's life, prefaced by the words, "I remember . . . once . . . in Paris . . ."

Walk with me.

Text 5: ‘Paris City Guide’, Lonely Planet travel video

Transcript

((*French-style, beat-heavy music plays*))

((*written appears across screen: Lonely Planet logo*)) (4)

((*written text appears across screen: ‘PARIS CITY GUIDE’*)) (4)

Narrator: the **city** of light is the capital of France (.) and the **epitome** of romance (.) culture (.) and beauty (2) home to over **two** million people (.) Paris straddles the river Seine (.) and is divided into twenty districts called arrondissements (.) each with its own personality (2) ((*whooshing sound, new, more traditional French music starts*)) the **heart** of Paris has changed little since the mid nineteenth century (.) when its **grand** boulevards and art nouveau apartments were built (1) strict planning regulations have preserved its layout (.) and ensured an **almost total** absence of high-rises (1) to fully appreciate the city's charms (1.) you're best exploring Paris on foot (1) take a leisurely stroll along the Seine (.) or wander the cobblestone streets of Montmartre ((*written text appears across screen: ‘Clos Monmatre, near the junction of Rue des Saules and Rue Saint-Vincent is the last remaining vineyard in Paris.’*)) (6)

((*music stops, whooshing sound, new, jauntier French music starts*))

Narrator: Paris probably has **more** familiar landmarks than **any other city on Earth** (1) once a fortress and royal residence (.) the iconic **Louvre** is the city's greatest gallery (.) specialising in art from the **Middle Ages** (.) to the 1848 Revolution (3) ((*music continues, whooshing sound*)) stroll the Champs-Élysées to reach the **mighty** Arc de Triomphe (2) commissioned by Napoleon to celebrate his **greatest military victories** (4) ((*music stops, whooshing sound, new music starts*)) the Eiffel Tower is the most **famous** fixture on the city's skyline (.) built for the World Fair in 1889 ((*written text appears on screen: 'The Eiffel Tower changes height with the seasons. It expands in summer and shrinks in winter.'*)) (8)

((*music stops*, w*hooshing sound, contemporary dance music starts*))

Narrator: Parisians live and breathe fashion (.) have an innate sense of style (.) and dress with meticulous care (1) **you** can get the look (.) and max your credit card (.) in the boutiques of the **Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré** (.) often cited as the world's most **fashionable** address (2) ((*music stops, whooshing sound, new, more traditional French music starts*)) the side streets of Paris are full of quirky boutiques and specialty stores (1) ((*ambient street-level sounds begin*)) **locals** buy their pastries at the patisserie (.) **bread** at the boulangerie (.) and **cheese** from the fromagerie (.) **this** style of shopping not only offers a wealth of expertise (.) but a **per**fect excuse for Parisians to talk about their favourite subject (1) food (.) fresh ingredients ((*louder ambient sounds begin*)) (.) great chefs (.) and the refined style of French cooking (.) make Paris one of the **best** places on Earth to be hungry (.) ((*street level sounds*)) and if you subscribe to even **half** of the superlatives thrown at this city (.) it's one of the best places to be (.) full stop

((*written text appears across screen: 'Lonely Planet logo'*)) (4)

((*ambient street sounds fade*, *music stops*))

Text 6: Personal Narrative: Anna (transcript)

Anna: (3) I feel like I should say “hi” (.) so (.) hi (.) this is Anna here (.) and I’m going to talk about Paris (.) I (.) in fact lived there a long time ago (.) I moved there with my family in 1968 (.) and (.) my family moved away back to England in 1989 (1)

but erm (1) what I like about Paris architecturally is (.) erm (.) unlike London which is built around high streets and (.) lots of houses where people live and nothing much goes on (.) erm everywhere in Paris has shops and bars and cafes and residential (.) buildings and so when you walk around Paris (.) erm y-you’re never in the middle of nowhere (1) you’re always somewhere really interesting (.) erm and I like that (2)

also cause (.) erm all the buildings (.) are sort of all different (.) so you don’t get the rows and rows of terraced houses which are quite monotonous like you get in London (.) erm (.) so (.) I like that (.) I like the (.) erm the fact that streets all go off in different directions (1) you get big wide avenues and little cobbled streets with lots of character (.) and streets that go up into big hills (.) that cross over other streets over bridges underneath and yeah it’s just got lots of character (.) and (.) I think the buildings (.) erm also have lots of interesting (.) architectural detail (.) and when you go inside the buildings you often discover really lovely interior courtyards and secret gardens hidden and (.) lots of lovely art deco (.) iron (1) fences and detail and things (.) erm (1)

what else architecturally obviously there’s (.) erm everything is (1) erm (.) centred around the river (.) the Seine which runs through the middle of it (.) so you’re always erm either on the left bank or the right bank and that (.) has a very distinct flavour and (.) erm (1) and let’s see (1)

travel (1) the metro is very good and easy to use and (.) probably the quickest way to get around (.) in Paris (.) also (.) erm I think when you’re in the (.) London underground (1) it feels very different (.) than the Paris metro (1) it feels definitely like all kinds of people use the Paris metro (1) erm (1)

well generally the difference erm I don't know if this fits in place but (.) a big difference in Paris and London there's (.) a big culture difference in Paris (.) everybody looks at everybody (1) so when you pass people you look at each other (.) in the eyes and (1) some people might find that unsettling (.) cause you can go everywhere in London and nobody looks at anyone (1) but the nice thing I think is people feel noticed and recognised and (1) I don't know (.) there's (.) maybe feels like there's more connection (1)

I always think (1) maybe it also explains a little bit why the French culture is a bit more conservative in terms of (.) how people look and dress (1) I think they're very (.) conscious of (.) doing their fashion in the right way because they're being scrutinised all the time (.) as opposed to in America or in Britain where people tend to be a bit louder and a bit more eccentric with what they wear because (.) that way maybe people will look at them (2)

but anyway erm (.) so that (.) is erm hmmhmm (.) so (.) shops (.) and weather hmm erm (1) what you notice is I think when you go to different places is (.) I love looking in food shops (.) cause food always looks more exciting in different countries Boulangeries and patisseries and the different types of cakes and breads (.) erm and everything is always **so** nicely presented (1)

actually the other thing I noticed, we were working in Paris last week and I remembered (.) I think there's a very different way of presenting things in shop windows and I've always loved (.) French erm toy shops and kid shops I think they have a really really (.) great way of presenting toys and baby clothes somehow (1) I'm not sure what the difference is but it makes you want to go in and (.) and (.) look at them all (.) the weather is pretty much the same as in London so I don't think there's much to say about that (1) it rains and it's sunny (.) and personal experience is meeting friends erm (.) my (.) oh the other yeah (1) something about Paris which again is very different (.) to London is that social life is very much centred around people's homes and families and friends (1) which makes it (.) I

think tough for people who come from abroad (.) it makes it maybe a little bit harder to meet (.) Parisians because you need to be invited to dinners and to (.) weekends away and things like that and people (.) get together (.) they play cards and although that's probably not the case anymore that everything's (.) computer games (1)

but erm people do (.) their social life seems to be much more about gathering together in people's homes (.) and less about going to pubs and erm (.) although of course café culture is quite big (.) as well but it maybe is just a little bit harder (.) for an outsider to come and meet people (.) er in that kind of way (.) but (.) erm (.) but yeah (.) when I'm away from Paris I-I really miss cafes (.) when I'm away from London I miss pubs so I don't know (1) erm (1)

and going out definitely cinemas (.) I miss (.) I miss the cinemas er from Paris where there is a huge (.) film culture and you can see (1) any time of day (1) any time of year (.) you can see the brand new films (1) you can see them in French (.) you can see them in English with subtitles (.) you can see old black and white films (.) you can see art films (.) and a film that comes out will stay out for quite a long time (.) so you don't have to rush to see it in its first week (.) erm so (.) I love that about Paris and it's also quite a bit cheaper (.) erm (.) than in London (1) and I'm going to stop talking now and let Zara speak (3)

I didn't know if erm (1) if it was good to mention specific places in Paris as well (.) and the places I love (.) I **love** erm going to the Galerie Vivienne (.) in Paris which is near the Bourse (.) and all those old (.) galleries where you go in a bit like in Hugo Cabret, (.) and they've got (.) antique bookshops and they've got (.) tea rooms and they've got (.) all kinds of things (1) actually a lot of (.) people then have modern offices in these places and they're vaulted (.) ceilings and beautiful architecture and tiles (.) and you go through and you're like in a different (.) world (1) they're beautiful (2)

and in fact (.) erm when I go to Paris nowadays I stay (.) with a friend (.) one of my friends I grew up with (.) who has a flat on the Rue Lafayette

which is very close to the Gare Du Nord so perfect when you come in from London on the Eurostar (.) and the walk between hers (.) which is in the tenth arrondissement (.) down to the maree (.) erm (.) is just an amazingly great walk and you walk through (.) you can walk through all these galleries (.) which go through (.) masses of buildings that you don't necessarily (.) see and then you go through them and you (.) find these amazing old book shops and we found this great (.) bookshop that was mainly just graphic novels and comics (.) and (.) just amazing place anyway so I thought I'd mention that (.) if you walk down all the way to the Palais Royale which is lovely (.) and erm yeah (1) voilà

Text 7: Personal Narrative: Zara (transcript)

Zara: erm (.) hi. (.) this is Zara (.) erm talking about (.) Parisian culture. (.) erm (1) I (1) am younger than my mum so I haven't (.) spent as many years in Paris as she has (.) erm but I do find (.) that I keep going back there (.) because I do love it a lot (.) erm (1)

so (1) I kind of (.) I guess my first memories of going there (.) is (.) as a very small child and (.) I guess being a bit underwhelmed because it just feels like you're in London but you're not (.) like it doesn't (.) I don't know (.) I (.) there was a time when we (.) went on holiday and my parents heard me saying in the night to my sister (1) What is this this isn't the real Paris. his isn't Disneyland Paris (.) erm (.) so (.) I think it just (.) I guess as a small child it's a bit (1) you don't get as excited in the same way by things unless they're (.) rollercoasters or something (.) erm (1)

but (.) going back (.) I just (.) really really fell in love with it in that kind of clichéd way that people love Paris (.) erm. (.) and (.) I love it for all sorts of things (.) erm (1) the (.) I'm talking about the fashion (.) erm I think (.) Paris has a very big reputation for being very chic and trendy and fashionable (.) erm (1) but (.) it is (.) like it's (1) you can be a bit disappointed if you go thinking that and you walk around the streets and people look quite (.) plain (.) and people wear very (.) long conservative clothes (.) and (.) I think they're less outlandish with their fashion than here (.) but (.) generally with that they are very (.) chic and very classic I think is the look gone for by people (.) and you get (.) I guess you get (.) as you get anywhere (.) people who will dress more or less excitingly than others and different age groups will (.) have different (.) styles but (1) I feel like there is always an aim for very kind of classic (1) I don't know (1) erm (.) almost kind of traditional but (.) very chic and tailored things. I don't know (1)

erm (1) and (1) err (.) art (.) I've (.) been (.) to (1) quite a few galleries in Paris (.) Paris has many many art galleries and (.) famous painters and (1) erm an historical (1) reputation for (.) great art (.) erm (.) you get places

like the Louvre and the Musee d'Orsay which have very kind of classic (1) they take you through all the great painters and (1) erm (.) sculpture and (.) I don't know (.) some of my favourites are (.) painters that I actually kind of discovered how much I loved them (.) when seeing (.) their art in Paris. (.) people like Manet. (.) erm he's got some amazing paintings in the Louvre and they're just so, (.) **so** amazing to see in person (1)

erm (.) and then you get things like (.) erm where you get a million people gathered round some (.) big famous painting and it (.) can never live up to (.) what it's meant to be, such as the Mona Lisa (.) which I don't know how easy it is to see it ever because I think the crowds are so (.) **huge** (1) so (.) I think (.) reputations like that can put people off going to actually see the art because (.) I mean everyone knows what the Mona Lisa is and what's the difference in going to see it when it's just full of crowds (1)

but (.) definitely there is something about seeing those amazing paintings that you hear so much about and maybe see little (.) versions of on postcards and then when you see them in real life they're (.) so much more exciting (.) erm (.) and then you get places like (.) I think it's called the erm (.) I don't know (.) here they've got all of Monet's Water Lilies (1) and there's just a massive, (.) well a small room of like eight or something **massive** canvasses on (.) each of the walls of all the water lilies (.) it's really really great place and it's so tiny (.) and the Musee is much smaller but (.) I mean he's amazing so it's got (.) so many great stuff (1)

erm (.) and then you get the very modern art galleries (.) like the Pompidou which everyone knows what it looks like with all it's kind of tunnely escalator things on the outside and (.) that's a really great place to go around as well and it just looks so nice from the outside (.) erm (.) what's in it is great as well but ((*laughs*)) erm (.) and the Palais de Tokyo which has great stuff always (.) well, I say always (.) I think I've been twice (.) I went one time when it was (.) I was doing work experience at a magazine and they took me to this ghost train (.) exhibition which was (.) fun (.) erm (.) and (2) so yeah (.) art good (.) erm ((*laughs*)) (1)

and (.) food (.) Paris has a (1) big food reputation (1) erm (1) and (.) it's such a great place to go just (.) I went in the summer (.) by myself and it was just great to be able to get up and go and get a baguette (.) and cheese and like (.) just the most simple things and they have it everywhere **so** cheap (.) and hot and delicious (1) and it just feels like your living the Parisian lifestyle so that's very fun (1)

erm (1) and where I was staying was in Montparnasse and it's (1) got a lot of erm (.) people from Brittany so there's loads of creperies (.) and one of my best meals ever (.) ever (.) I don't know if it's ever in Paris or just ever was at a creperie (.) erm called Jocelyn where (.) it's quite small and it's so friendly and really fun and there's a massive queue outside (.) but I think people (.) the queue moves quite fast but it's long and everyone seems to have heard of this place which I didn't realise (1) and you just go in (.) and just had (.) I had ham and cheese and it was simple but delicious and it was very cheap and it just felt like (.) cause I feel like there's a lot of (.) worry and things about how expensive Paris is (.) which it is and it can be **very** expensive to eat (1) but that was just such a good meal (.) and it can be so cheap if you're getting things like baguette and eating them at home (.) erm (2) yeah (1)

I think (1) sport (.) I don't really know much about (.) it's not very in your face (1) there's nothing like (.) football matches in London where you'll get (.) all the tube stations shut down (.) well not really but (.) Finsbury Park gets a bit crowded and policed and fans roaming the streets (1) I've never seen it.

Waiting for Godard

I HAD LEFT NEW YORK for Paris still under the spell of *Breathless*. Godard's new wave movie, which my boyfriend David had taken me to see on my twentieth birthday, had made everything French infinitely desirable, as if I needed any persuading. Jean Seberg's character, Patricia, seemed self-possessed, independent, and unafraid, three things I desperately wanted to be. Patricia looked as if she had happily traded innocence for experience some time ago. She had cropped hair, a tight tee-shirt over capri pants, and lovers she wasn't even sure she loved.

Playing a girl from New York on her own in Paris, Jean Seberg was the quintessential gamine, and then there was her bad boyfriend. Within minutes of seeing them on the screen, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg eclipsed the Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir couple ideal I had nourished in college: the template for the intellectual life that included sex while excluding marriage. Belmondo's character

Michel was the opposite of intellectual, of course, but I was attracted to the danger he brought to their relations.

Patricia was enrolled in courses at the Sorbonne as I would be (the price of parental financial support), but it was obvious from the start that going to school didn't take up much of her time. She was too busy trying to be a journalist. I loved the idea of the girl in the black-and-white-striped (Dior) shirtwaist dress jumping out of a stolen car and rushing off to a press conference for a celebrity novelist at Orly. During the interview with the great man, who sported dark glasses and a hat, Seberg veiled her ambition behind her own sunglasses, chewing nervously on her pencil, before daring to ask the writer whether he thought women had a role to play in the modern world. But when asked what she was doing in Paris, Patricia replied that she was writing a novel. I studied my expression in the bathroom mirror as she did and, holding my breath, rehearsed her answer. I discovered that if the words went by fast enough, I almost believed them. If I didn't write a novel, at least I would live one.

In Paris, I would leave my boring Barnard-girl self behind in Manhattan along with my parents. France was my hedge against the Marjorie Morningstar destiny that haunted American girls in the 1950s: marriage to a successful man and then the suburbs with children. In exchange for financing the year in Paris, my parents had exacted their particular pound of flesh: an account of my comings and goings in the form of a weekly letter. Letter writing seemed a small enough price to pay for the thrill of being in Europe. The harder part was the promise, in their words, not to hide anything from them. I promised, figuring that there was no way for them to ferret out any hidden items now that I wasn't living under their roof. Besides, I was a literary girl. I had read epistolary novels. I could easily turn out the kinds of letters that would dazzle with detail while omitting the truth. I had written enough of them from summer camp where the weekly letter home was obligatory, considering how much it had cost the parents to pack the kids off to the Adirondacks for eight weeks.

When I emptied my parents' apartment after their deaths, I found my letters from Paris tied in a little bundle sitting in a drawer next to the letters from my years at Camp Severance. Seeing the two packets

of epistolary history, arranged in chronological order, adjacent to each other in my mother's dresser, made me think that for her the two correspondences were comparable objects—and perhaps they were, even if in my mind the experiences, each lasting six years, belonged to entirely different eras, not to say selves. Both sets of letters home seemed designed to produce a certain effect—to make my parents think their daughter was having a good time, and that beyond the long string of items necessary to further survival that only they could supply, I didn't need them or miss them. I was away: a happy camper. Happy at age nine, or twenty.

When I reread the Paris letters, I quickly saw the fatal flaw in my decision to hide what my parents wanted to know. What exactly was I concealing from scrutiny? I sensed, hidden in the landscape of elaborate detail, the traces of the very feelings I passionately wanted to recover in order to reconstruct my past. Naturally, as a writer I loved the documentation: the pale blue sweater I bought at the Galeries Lafayette ("I feel so authentic when I wear it!"); the play by Brecht, the Resnais movie I saw (so avant-garde); the new, darker, "Russian" color of my hair. But if I wanted to know what the hyperbole (wonderful, marvelous, fantastic!!!) and the exclamation marks—my favorite form of punctuation—were masking, I would have to reimagine my life as the American girl I was, except in my own eyes.

I HAD BEEN DESPERATE TO leave home for college and live on campus as most of my friends were planning to do. But with their uniquely Jewish brand of casuistry, their uncanny ability to make me disbelieve my own reality, my parents conned me into accepting their bargain: rather than buy into the expensive clichés of dormitory life—how American!—with the money they would be saving for me, I could study in France after graduation. Wasn't Europe the dream? (Yes.) Didn't that make more sense? (Not really.)

I lived at home and attended Barnard.

How did they convince me that I didn't want what I wanted? The pattern had set in when I was young, and years of being talked out of my

desires (patent leather Mary Janes were vulgar; so was tap dancing) had produced the desired effect. Together my parents had planted the seed of self-doubt in me so deeply, that no sooner did they question my wishes than I self-sabotaged. Was going away to school a waste of money? Was I too young? I no longer knew. I was suffering from a kind of Jewish Stockholm syndrome. I had to get away but somehow could not leave my captors, my parents to whom I was overly attached.

Paris was the consolation prize for four years of bitter daily skirmishes over the limits to my freedom.

The fact that only girls lived in Le Foyer International des Ètudiantes made the arrangement acceptable to my parents, who seemed to hope I might still be a virgin, even though they talked as if I were already beyond the pale. Inspired in part by foreign movies and in part by *Les Liaisons Dangereuses,* the eighteenth-century libertine novel that the more literary boys at Columbia considered a handbook for seduction, I scorned the demi-vierges of our acquaintance, who at Barnard were majoring in virginity, as the phrase went. I set out to lose mine with David in my sophomore year, when I read the novel and declared my major in French. Still, there was a lot to learn. What counted after graduating from virginity was going further. I couldn't have said why—or how.

That was part of the plan for Paris. Finding out.

When I crossed the iron-gated threshold of the Le Foyer, carrying my pale blue matching suitcases, I quickly realized that I could redeem the time of my captivity by becoming someone I could not have become, doing what I could never have done—then.

Roommates

I WAS ASSIGNED A ROOMMATE, Monique Nataf, who came from a small seaport city in Tunisia.

"It's true that Mademoiselle Nataf is a foreigner," Madame la Directrice admitted reluctantly when I told her I would have preferred a French girl, "but she speaks French perfectly. In North Africa they do, you know," she added in a low voice.

Monique arrived a few days after I had settled into the room. Her first gesture was to cover her side of the room with reproductions of Renaissance paintings, portraits of women, mainly madonnas, looking inward and melancholy.

"Bellini?" I asked.

"I love Bellini, and you?"

"And me?"

"Who is your favorite painter?"

"Chagall," I said, anxious about the madonnas, and wishing I had said Matisse.

"I'm Jewish, too," she said, reading the question behind my answer. I blushed, but it was the first thing my parents had asked about Monique.

Monique had been born in France and lived in the Pyrenees during the Occupation. Her mother was Polish and grew up in Berlin; her father was from North Africa. Because she was born in France, Monique had a French passport, but in the eyes of the French French, we were both foreigners.

We were the same size and wore each other's clothing, playing at being sisters or even twins, despite the fact that Monique was as blonde as I was dark. It was the game of identification we liked. Monique's mother had been a *petite main,* an apprentice to a famous designer, when she was young. The dresses she made for Monique were a step above what my mother knocked out on the Singer sewing machine that provided the white noise to my childhood, and I coveted them.

One chilly afternoon, a street photographer snapped a picture of the two of us arm in arm. In the photograph, we are strolling down from the Foyer along the boulevard Saint-Michel, where girls were regularly pursued by relentless young men. "Vous êtes seules?" they would ask rhetorically, oblivious to our self-sufficiency. Alone! We're with each other! In the snapshot, Monique is wearing a double-breasted blazer, a straight skirt that falls just below the knee, sheer stockings that show off her slender legs, black pumps, leather gloves, and a perfectly tied scarf. She looks Parisian already and, like French girls, doesn't seem to feel the cold. Our arms are linked, but I'm dressed for another season, wearing the brown tweed wool dress with velvet piping that her mother made that fall (for both of us, we joked) and a beige, baggy corduroy coat I had still not realized was completely out of style in Paris.

The Foyer cast itself as the custodian of our virtue, the guardian of future wives and mothers. Madame Carnot, the cleaning woman, shared the Foyer's mission. One morning she knocked at the door at 7:30 while we were sitting on our beds, facing each other in our long flannel nightgowns. Monique opened the door, cigarette in hand.

Plunging her hands into the pockets of her smock, as she looked past Monique at the books and papers strewn across the floor, Madame Carnot threatened to report us to Madame la Directrice for bad conduct. She shook her head gravely to emphasize her point, and adjusted the little gray scarf she always wore to protect her hair.

I conjured up Jane Eyre's little friend Helen Burns wearing the sign for "slattern" in punishment for her untidy room.

"We are trying to form *femmes d'intérieur*," Madame Carnot added, unembarrassed by her identification with the *directrice*, who would have shuddered to share the pronoun. *Femmes d'intérieur* was one of those expressions that sounded better in French, more glamorous and seductive, but wasn't when you thought about it. We didn't want to be perfect housewives.

"Merci, madame." Monique shut the door, thanking the cleaning woman for the warning.

We didn't want to stay home and receive our husbands' guests. We wanted to read books during the day and go out every night. We wanted to have orgasms when we had sex. We didn't share that desire with Madame Carnot, of course. We barely admitted it to ourselves. But that was the only way in which either of us wanted to be women of the interior.

Text 9: 'Around the World in 80 Dates', from City-lit Paris

* * *

One of the most famous residents of the Père-Lachaise cemetery is Doors' singer Jim Morrison. At one

time the authorities even had to provide a permanent guard for it. Travel writer and broadcaster Jennifer Cox makes a date with the singer, who died in Paris in 1971, still in his twenties.

I've always been fascinated that Jim Morrison – a parallel Elvis: sexy, iconoclast gone to seed – ended his days in Paris. Erotic and playful as he, Paris was also cultured and subtle. As the Lizard King became the Lard King and tired of himself, maybe that was what drew him there.

I suspect that as a boyfriend Jim Morrison would have been an absolute nightmare: unfaithful, self-indulgent and often cruel. But he was also a lithe sex god who created the soundtrack to my teen years, and the affinity I felt with him ran deep. I decided to spend the day with him at his grave in the stately Père Lachaise cemetery, to try and pinpoint the attraction.

Père Lachaise was the most visited cemetery in the world and has been a fashionable address for the afterlife since its inception in 1804. It was Napoleon who converted what was originally a slum neighbourhood into a vast cemetery, arranging to have Molière reburied here at the 'launch party'. Its reputation as the 'in' place for the 'over' crowd thus established, its million residents now included Gertrude Stein, Edith Piaf, Oscar Wilde, Pissarro and Proust. But as you made your way up from the metro, the proliferation of signs, maps and memorabilia overwhelmingly pointed to Jim Morrison being the grave célèb here.

Finding Jim Morrison's grave was quite tricky: Père Lachaise still had all the winding avenues and tree-lined boulevards from the days when people lived (rather than died) here and it was easy to get lost. Getting lost wasn't such a hardship though, as the cemetery was a moving and beautiful site: tombs varied from Art Deco Egyptian pharaohs and larger-than-life muscular bronze angels to austere black granite obelisks, painstakingly scrubbed mirror-clean by stooped middle-aged women every single day.

Like Cemetery Number 1 in New Orleans, this was a place

where the living had an ongoing relationship with their dead. And nowhere was this more true than at Jim Morrison's grave. [...]

Turning the corner of a wide boulevard, hidden amongst the headstones and next to a large tree trunk, I found Jim. Or rather the crowd around Jim.

Three nineteen-year-old boys were camped on one of the tombs, the ubiquitous backpackers' banquet of plain French bread and Orangina spread before them, plus an assortment of boxed CDs and Walkmans. Two were baseball-capped, fresh-faced Americans, the other a baggy-jumpered, straggly-haired Frenchman. They had one set of headphones between them and were taking turns, passing it round like a joint.

'"LA Woman" ... that's my favourite song. Maaan this song is amazing,' said the first young American, transported by the music in his headset. [...]

But their discussion was suddenly disrupted by a furious Frenchman bursting from between the trees and marching over: '*Ce que faites-vous ici?*' he bellowed. 'What is wrong with you that you are sitting on the burial place of the dead eating your lunch? Have you no respect?' [...]

In the five hours I stayed by or near the grave, around a hundred people visited. The Frenchman was right to say that the tourists were insensitive but he was wrong to say they lacked respect. It was the very reason they were there: out of love and respect.

Jim Morrison's grave was unimposing. A plain, squat headstone stated without fuss that James Douglas Morrison lived from 1943 to 1971. The grave itself was a shallow granite frame around a sandy pit, maybe 3ft by 6 ft.

Every mourner stepped up to the grave with a sense of the theatrical, individual players each featuring in their own one-act drama. A group of Latino boys in gang insignia, silently regarding the grave, their heads bowed in fresh grief as if Jim Morrison had died yesterday, not 30 years ago. The tallest of the group

took a bottle of bourbon from his bag. Passing it between them, they each took a swallow. Taking an extra swallow, the leader then poured a measure directly onto the grave before placing the bottle gently on the headstone. Standing straight, he touched two fingers to his heart, his lips, then onto the headstone. One by one each of the gang repeated the sequence. Ritual completed, without a word they turned and walked away.

A Midwestern couple in their forties pointed to the grave and poignantly told their three teenage children: 'When we were your age, he meant everything to us. We wanted you to meet him.'

A woman in her twenties, dreadlocked and comprehensively tattooed, stood in the shadows, looking angry and smoking a joint. With each deep inhalation she stared moodily at Jim's grave, her face a furious mask of intimate thoughts. Watching disdainfully as the latest group left, with an angry sigh she stalked over to the deserted grave. Standing before it thoughtfully, she took one last drag on the joint then flicked it burning into the grave. It landed on a single red rose and immediately melted through the plastic wrapping, coming to rest amongst the fragile petals. It glowed for a moment, one amongst the litter of cigarettes and half-smoked joints that already made the grave resemble a pub ashtray at closing time. She watched until it dimmed and died, then, muttering something inaudible, slunk off into the maze of graves.

Finding a lull in the mourners, I put down my bag and walked over to the grave myself. It wasn't just bourbon bottles and cigarettes, the grave was full of poems and dedications, some written on purple metro tickets: [...]

As I read the dedications, I wondered why I – and all these other people – nurtured such enduring love for Jim Morrison? The Love professor had described successful, healthy relationships as ones in which our positive traits are reflected back by our chosen partner. By choosing Jim Morrison, were we claiming some part of his creative, sexual vitality as our own? By liking Jim were we saying we were like Jim?

Or could it simply be that we didn't want to forget how good it felt to be young, passionate, misunderstood and alive? Music is a powerful memory and mood trigger and Jim Morrison was a Door that took us back to that time and state.

Jennifer Cox, *Around the World in 80 Dates*

Text 10: 'What Do You Wish Someone Had Told You – Paris Île de France', Trip Advisor travel forum

7. Re: What do you wish someone had told you?
15 August 2011, 20:35

Wow,, so many little tips, many of them learned here. You don't have to get a Musuem pass to avoid long lines in many places, there are alternate entrances and online tickets and a bunch of other tricks.

Having a pen and paper easy to get to is handy if you want to write down a number or have a shop keeper do so,, I know french numbers up to a hundred or so , but when they speak quickly I can get confused.

Ignore ignore ignore,, I knew this one from relatives, but I really think its something that every first time visitor should learn to do when confronted by strangers wanting to "chat" have you sign a clip board, or give you a ring.. lol.People from big cities usually know this, but people from smaller cities and towns may feel they are being rude. They are not, they are being smart .

Hotel rooms with shower only usually have the type of shower I am used to, the mounted one in a stall,, ones with tub and shower often have a hand held shower and no shower curtain, so you have to sit in tub and "shower" or get room soaking. I try to reserve shower only rooms.

French people are not cold or rude, but, they are not bubbly "hi I'm Jeff your waiter for tonight " types either,, they are warm and wonderful with family and close friends, but there is a reserve that is cultural and does not mean they hate you,, just like you are not crazy cause you smile at passerbys(they think its weird there) ,, they are not mean cause they don't. Showing respect is important there, always greet(bonjour madame or monsieur) shopkeeper or clerk before asking for anything,, they are not your servants and feel very much to be at same standing as you,, the revolution meant something to them,, lol so just walking up and demanding something is a no no.. (hey they will likely give it to you, but there will be an air about it),, and metro kiosk workers can actually just ignore you (I have seen them close a window on a rude demanding tourist once,, he just kept yelling at them louder and louder in english,, thinking that would help,, lol)

Try the stinky cheeses(being from Netherlands you probaly know this one) , they are often the tastiest.

Pops and juices are expensive in restos.. get house wine and tap water.

Its worth the metro trip out to St Denis, I guess I should be happy its not a crowded place like Notre Dame, but its so worth seeing if you have any interest in French history.. I loved my day there.

You can't just sit on the grass anywhere in Luxembourg gardens,, there are signs everywhere , but I just thought this was weird,, so plan to picnic on a bench,, there is sitting grass, but on hot days its crowded.

Text 11: 'Visiting Paris', Mike and Sophia (transcript)

Sophia: have you been to Paris

Mike: yeah actually (.) I went to Paris (.) er (.) about two years ago with my friend (.) erm (1) I (.) was doing my placement [year]

Sophia: [yeah]

Mike: and I took the train up (.) erm (.) it took about an hour (1) I was living in Limoges

Sophia: oh yeah

Mike: so I went to Paris (.) about two years ago (.) have you been

Sophia: yeah (.) I think I've been (.) once this year and then twice (.) last year

Mike: okay

Sophia: but it was always a really short amount of time (.) so I felt like I had to pack (.) [loads]

Mike: [yeah]

Sophia: [of stuff into]

Mike: [yeah (.) so much to do]

Sophia: to one weekend (.) or

Mike: yeah

Sophia: I think I was there for one day (.) so (.) but we d- we did lots of stuff (.) did you (.) go to the Eiffel Tower

Mike: yeah (.) I went erm (.) I was actually (.) **freezing cold** (.) went up the Eiffel Tower (.) erm (.) took about half an hour to queue

Sophia: yeah

Mike: [Just to get]

Sophia: [that's not very much time is it]

Mike: no (.) but it took half an hour to queue to get (.) because it's so busy (.) because there's obviously so many tourists

Sophia: yeah

Mike: it took half an hour to queue just to go and get our tickets (.) and then after that it took us about two hours to actually get (.) onto it (.) to get in the lift

Sophia: oh you went up with the lift

Mike: we went to the lift instead of the stairs

Sophia: yeah

Mike: cause it was really cold

Sophia: I think I went up (.) once in the lift (.) and **next** time I was like (.) **no** I'm going to have a **challenge** (.) I'm going to climb it

Mike: yeah

((*laughter*))

Sophia: but it was (.) quite tiring

Mike: yeah (.) so many stairs (.) isn't there

Sophia: so many stairs (.) yeah (.) what time (.) did you go (1) Cause (.) we went (.) right in the morning (.) so we thought we would beat the queues (1) but it was a really foggy day (.) so when we got to the top

Mike: yeah

Sophia: you couldn't see **anything** (.) so it was a complete waste really

Mike: yeah (.) yeah (.) I (.) I went in November

Sophia: yeah

Mike: an- and it was just **so cold** (.) I didn't bring a coat

Sophia: hmm

Mike: so I was **freezing** (.) absolutely **freezing** cold

Sophia: yeah

Mike: it was such a bad idea ((*laughs*)) (.) I don't know why I did it

Sophia: yeah (.) oh no (.) do you (.) what kind of tourists did you see there

Mike: what do you mean

Sophia: from (.) er (.) from **all** countries (.) yeah

Mike: **everywhere** (2) absolutely (.) there are **so** many different people in Paris

Sophia: yeah

Mike: you never know who you're going to see

Sophia: but I've always felt like you can **tell** (.) which people are actually Parisian and which are tourists

Mike: yeah

Sophia: usually cause they've got like (.) erm (.) camera around their necks

Mike: yeah (.) selfie stick

Sophia: yeah ((*laughs*)) selfie sticks I saw those

Mike: I love those

Sophia: that's brilliant (.) but I always thought like (.) Parisians stand out (.) they (.) they dress so smartly and chic

Mike: yeah (.) you can tell (1) and it's like (.) there's a lot of different languages that you hear (.) going round as well (.) like

Sophia: in Paris (.) yeah (.) yeah (.)

Mike: yeah (.) there's a lot of people you don't understand

Sophia: yeah

Mike: I mean like there's (.) the majority of people (.) don't really (.) aren't really speaking English when you're there (.) I find

Sophia: yeah (.) yeah (.) true (1) what was your impression of erm (.) the Paris (.) Parisian waiters

Mike: erm (.) like I find them a little bit rude sometimes

Sophia: did you

Mike: yeah (.) like sometimes (.) when they know that you're **English**

Sophia: hmm

Mike: if you say (.) sometimes they'll (.) realise that you're English (.) and they'll start trying to speak to you in English (.) and then if you try to speak to them sometimes in French (.) they don't like it

Sophia: oh really

Mike: yeah

Sophia: cause I (.) I thought (.) I always thought that if you (.) tried to speak French to them that they (.) they'd appreciate it much more than you'd be like (.) hoy (1) speak English

Mike: I (.) yeah (.) I feel like sometimes (.) you get looked down at because of your accent (.) if your accent isn't it

Sophia: oh really

Mike: yeah (.) that's what I felt anyway when I was in Paris

Sophia: yeah (.) I'm not sure (.) I think I had a good experience (1) well (.) at least when I **tried** to speak French it was (1)

Mike: yeah

Sophia: if it went well (.) yeah (.) Oh nice (1) and er (.) have you (.) been to (.) did you go to the (.) see the Mona (.) Mona Lisa

Mike: no (.) I haven't been (.) inside the (.) Louvre (.) I've (.) just been outside it (.) I haven't actually been inside (.) have you seen it

Sophia: yeah but the queues were **huge** (1) really off-putting

Mike: were they

Sophia: **but** (.) they move really quickly

Mike: weren't you saying the other day that it's (.) the Mona Lisa's like (1) barred off with like a

Sophia: it's got (.) it's got bullet (.) proof glass round it

Mike: bullet-proof glass (.) yeah

Sophia: yeah (.) but it kind of it was **so** packed there were **so** many people around it (.) it took away [the experience]

Mike: [it is really busy] (.) I found all of the (.) like attractions are **so** busy aren't they

Sophia: yeah where else did you go

Mike: er I went (.) to the (.) Sacré-Cœur. I went inside it

Sophia: is that the one on the hill (.) when you can (.) see over

Mike: yeah (.) right on the top (.) yeah

Sophia: all of Paris (.) oh yeah there was a man playing a harp when I went there

Mike: yeah

Sophia: it's (.) it was really (.) quite romantic

Mike: yeah

Sophia: that would be the (.) ideal (.) [Paris]

Mike: [th- there's a] lot of pickpockets around that area that's the thing I found most (.) about France

Sophia: ah

Mike: well (.) Paris is that there are so many pickpockets and you have to be **so careful**

Sophia: is that why they come up to you [and they put]

Mike: [And they]

Sophia: like a bracelet on your hand

Mike: yeah (.) they sometimes (.) they make like a ring with like string around your finger

Sophia: and then they say (.) they put it on you

Mike: yeah

Sophia: and then they say **€10**

Mike: yeah (.) and meanwhile someone is (.) **behind** you stealing your stuff

Sophia: **really**

Mike: y**eah** (.) that's sometimes what they do (.)I've seen videos of it happening

Sophia: oh I'll have to look out for that

Mike: yeah it's quite **scary** actually (1) I remember (.) I was walking down the (.) s-steps of the Sacré-Cœur and (1) these **four guys** stood in front of me

Sophia: hmm

Mike: I think they were French (.) or I think they might have been Turkish or something (.) four guys stood in front of me (.) so I couldn't get down (.) the bottom of the steps

Sophia: right

Mike: and one of them put his hand on my chest

Sophia: oh

Mike: and he (.) like stopped me from moving

Sophia: [really]

Mike: [and it was] just really scary yeah (.) and he said (.) you've (.) erm (.) I've got to tie this thing around your hand otherwise I'm not letting you walk down the stairs

Sophia: right

Mike: and I was like (.) **no** (.) so my friend just like **pushed** them all out of the way and

Sophia: really

Mike: it was really scary actually

Sophia: do you think they were going to (.) take your money

Mike: yeah that's what I thought so I just had my hands in my pockets

Sophia: hmm

Mike: and I just thought I just need to get away and it was really scary

Sophia: well that's (.) really scary

Mike: yeah (.) that was the main (.) like (.) negative thing that I found about Paris

Sophia: did you and did you go up to the Montmartre the area surrounding the Sacré-Cœur

Mike: er yeah (.) I went round there (.) but I didn't really (.) look a lot because we had a bit of a tight schedule

Sophia: d- s- th- they even did it with the portraits (.) like a man came up to me and (.) had a (.) a (.) a sketch pad

Mike: yeah

Sophia: and he started **drawing** me

Mike: yeah

Sophia: and I said oh I don't want that cause I knew he was going to ask me for money once he (.) did it

Mike: yeah

Sophia: but I (.) I saw a lot of tourists getting like (.) lulled in and (.) did actually end up paying for a picture

Mike: yeah sometimes they'll do it (.) won't they

Sophia: yeah

Mike: I just think **I don't want that** so I'm **not** (.) going to pay for it

Sophia: you've just got (.) I think you've got to be firm as a tourist

Mike: you've got to be firm and just say **no** and walk off

Sophia: because they probably prey on tourists don't they

Mike: yeah

Mike: how did you like (.) **get around** did you go on the Métro

Sophia: yeah we well we walked a bit cause we wanted to see some (.) some of the sites

Mike: yeah

Sophia: it's easier if you're not on the Métro **packed** in

Mike: yeah the Métro (.) it's so packed

Sophia: like **sardines**

Mike: yeah (.) it's ridiculous

Sophia: but it was (.) yeah (.) did you ever hear those blokes playing (.) well not always blokes (.) I think there was a woman once (1) erm (.) playing like (.) it was kind of like folk music on the Métro

Mike: what (.) like an accordion

Sophia: yeah (.) yeah

Mike: yeah (.) yeah (.) they do that (.) don't they

Sophia: I **loved** that

Mike: it's really like (.) you think about stereotypical French people playing an accordion

Sophia: yeah (.) yeah

Mike: but you actually do do (.) you do see that.

Sophia: but then again they come round with the hats and they expect you to give them money for it.

Mike: to give them money (.) it's like

Sophia: if you (.) you have to like pretend not to [dance]

Mike: ((*laughs*)) [yeah]

Sophia: or to enjoy it cause otherwise they'll come up to you with the hat

Mike: just don't give them eye contact cause otherwise ((*laughs*)) they'll make you pay

Sophia: yeah (.) ((*laughs*)) oh it's brilliant

Text 12: Rick Steves' Walking Tour of the Louvre Museum (podcast and maps)

Due to copyright restrictions this text is not available. However, the podcast can be accessed from the following website:

http://podcasts.ricksteves.com/walkingtours/Louvre_Museum.mp3

In the full anthology, a transcript of the first six minutes (approximately) of the podcast will be available. The transcript will be accompanied by maps which can be viewed on the following website:

http://www.ricksteves.com/watch-read-listen/audio/audio-tours/map-audiotours-paris-louvre.pdf

Text 13: French Milk

Due to copyright restrictions this text is not available. For information, Text 13 will include pages 43 – 51, from *French Milk* by Lucy Knisley.

Text 14: 'Understanding Chic', from Paris Was Ours

NATASHA FRASER-CAVASSONI

Understanding Chic

PARIS WAS MY first taste of a Latin country. I was thirteen and went with my godmother, Marigold Johnson, and her three teenage children. We traveled by car. I cannot remember crossing the channel — we were coming from England — but I do recall a noisy traffic jam caused by a motor bike accident. It was a hazy afternoon, our car windows were rolled down, and I was struck by the smell of baked baguettes wafting along the street, the feisty honking of cars, and a toddler with a blunt fringe catching my eye and slowly sucking on her lollipop. The Parisians were different, I quickly registered.

A FEW HOURS later, I poured water and shook sugar into my first *citron pressé.* The next morning, I found myself admiring the clipped lawns of the jardins du Luxembourg. Topping everything off was the discovery of school notebooks packed with cubed pages as opposed to lined ones. I remember gliding my hand down their brightly colored covers and liking the rainbowlike array they formed in my suitcase.

Ten days later, I returned to my family and became a Paris Bore. Every conversation became an occasion to slip in tales

from my Parisian adventure. Someone adult pointed out that I had been to Paris in August and that "no one chic ever stays there then." I refused to give the woman's remark much credence. Besides, what on earth was "chic"? Undaunted, I bounced along in my enthusiasm. Paris was hard to fault. Unlike London of the mid-1970s, it basked in the beauty of tradition — the ritual and order were an indication of that — and there was a respect for vegetables. In shop windows, polished tomatoes were lined up like jewels. French civic pride.

Visiting the château de Versailles, I briefly stepped on the cordoned-off lawn, an easy enough mistake that had a shocking consequence. A Frenchman — not a guard — came forward and slapped me full in the face. Whatever prompted him to *gifler* (slap) an ungainly teenager was his problem — but it became briefly mine. I burst into quick, embarrassed tears. My godmother quickly admonished him, as did the rest of the family, a brave brood when tangled with. Apparently, we all hugged afterward. I write "apparently" because I mentally zapped this drama from start to finish, only to be reminded of it thirty-three years later. (No doubt I did this because the horrible man and his offending *gifle* did not fit into my perfect, picture-postcard memories.)

In retrospect, I doubt whether the experience would have put me off. Still, it might have prepared me for how tricky the French can be. Am I suggesting that behind every French person lies an unexpected slap? That would be unfair. But my experience with the Parisians is that, mentally, there is a slap instinct — mild in some, more fervent in others. Defensive, they tend to attack. The briefest grasp of their city's history offers

reason for this: being besieged several times leaves its mark. Yet that very "slap instinct" is both the Parisians' strength and their weakness.

It also explains why Paris remains the fashion capital. Fashion, when exciting, is all about the shock of the new — the equivalent of a swift slap. And being chic can be viewed as a visual slap enforced by the wearer's character, taste, eye. It's being au courant and yet daring to be different.

When I announced my decision to move to Paris in 1989 — I was then living in New York — my acquaintances were surprisingly negative. Indeed, apart from my mother and my then boss Shelley Wanger, there was underlined outrage and a hint of resentment. It showed in a sequence of questions: Did I speak French? Where would I live? What would I do? I was well armed for all three. I had been taking lessons at the Alliance française, I had found an apartment in the Marais, and thanks to *Vogue*'s Anna Wintour, I had letters of introduction to all the top couture houses. Surely, this should have satisfied, but the mention of fashion led to their trump card. "Oh my God, but aren't you terrified?" I can still hear the feline malevolence to certain voices. "No, why should I be terrified?" I asked, already geared up by the energy of the upcoming move. "Because the women running those places are both terrifying and terrifyingly chic," was the gist of their answers.

I was too rebellious to be terrified. Besides, I knew about chic. Well, I could recognize it even if I could not yet personally express it, clotheswise. Antonia Fraser, my mother, helped matters. In the public eye and much photographed, she had a clear image of herself. Her cupboards were spare. "Endless choice confuses" was her style philosophy. She wore only dresses by

Jean Muir but was zany with jewelery, sporting prominent rings and necklaces, often made of lapis lazuli or coral. She believed in being different. Two of her girlfriends — Diana Phipps and Grace, Lady Dudley — also had strong, individualistic taste. Both were tall, both wore Saint Laurent, and although their styles were incomparable, whether they were wearing wool crepe, taffeta, or velvet, it always looked effortless. My mother and her two friends understood their bodies, were womanly, and brave: three essential ingredients in achieving chic. Yet it was from attending a convent school that I really learned the most.

I thought then, and continue to think, that nothing is as elegant as a nun's habit. On a daily level, the sacred sisters instilled the importance of discipline, from learning to make beds with hospital corners to collecting that week's laundry in designated hours — or facing the consequences. The nuns were tough and unforgiving about sloppy behavior. So are Parisians. The sacred sisters' rules and regulations were perfect preparation for braving the City of Light.

I also possessed personal pluck. After I moved here, a famous director, a playboy ex-boyfriend, and an heiress girlfriend all separately decided to fly in and treat me to expensive restaurants in order to give his or her version of the following advice: "You're penniless and will never survive in Paris." I went from being surprised to being hurt to gratefully remembering something my late father used to say: "An adventurous spirit tends to irk others."

Fortunately, Parisians find an adventurous spirit intriguing. In general, they are too canny or conventional to be fearless themselves, but they do notice courage. Just as they dismiss

someone who apologizes too often as being victimlike, they are quietly amused by someone with character who doubts their rules and dares to do otherwise. Not that they are big at handing out bravos — power animals, they recognize the need to withhold — but when dealing with foreigners, they respect authenticity. They will admire someone more for being authentic than for playing at being Parisian.

STILL, THEY ARE deeply unwelcoming. Or politely put, they are born cynics who lack an Anglo-Saxon's curiosity about strangers. On that level, I was not remotely prepared for moving to the City of Light. I had jumped from London to Los Angeles with great ease and, obviously, with even greater ease when leaving the West Coast for the East. But Paris, it paralyzed. The daily humiliations I encountered until I realized that the accepted protocol is to bite back! How the endless *non*s morph into a honeyed *oui* when you stand your ground! And learning to accept the acerbic humor even if it stings! Imagine asking a middle-aged man for directions — it was my very first day — and being served with, "Mademoiselle, do I look like a map?"

Although accustomed to licking my wounds in private, I never felt compelled to pack it all in and leave. Instead, it made me determined to dig in my heels further. To win over the chic savages was impossible, I reckoned. But to find a comfortable even ground remained a goal.

OF COURSE, I had been warned — "Paris is great apart from the people" and other tired sayings. I was determined to see otherwise. Why be negative about a race when you are attempt-

Text 15: ‘Memories of places in Paris’, Isabelle and Sophia (transcript)

Isabella: ‘Le Parc Monceau’ (recounted to a friend in England)

one of the places in Paris that's always meant a lot to me and has changed quite a bit is a (.) beautiful park called le Parc Monceau it's (.) um (.) it's always been relatively close to where I've lived because even though I've moved around quite a bit (.) I've always stayed in the same sort of area (1)

and it started off as just where I went to play (.) it was near a bilingual school my friends went to (.) so we used to go and play in the park there (1) and they had these ponies that you could get rides on and go all the way around the park (1) now (.) looking back (.) I feel a bit sorry for them because they were probably not treated very well (.) but it was nice back then to be able to sit on a pony and go riding (1)

later on (1) it's where we were taken after school by our nanny to go and (1) usually play on the swings (1) but the guy (.) who manned the swings (.) he was so mean (.) so we (.) sort of (.) stayed away from that and just went back to the green areas and played in the park (1)

after (.) when I went to school (.) because my school was only (.) sort of (.) about 10-minutes' walk from this park (.) we used to have all our lunch breaks there (1) **occasionally** skive off during the afternoon and go and chill there in summer (.) mainly (.) it was just really nice to have an area that had a bit of everything (.) because there were parks (.) er (1) there was (.) an area with benches where you could sit quite comfortably (.) with a lot of people and do group work (1)

there were some sort of old ruins that were scattered there (2) I'm not sure how legitimate they were (1) I think they were probably just placed there (.) but they were fun to climb on and just (1) be near (1) or you could be near the waterfall (.) and listen to the sound of water rushing down (.) it made it a nice er comfortable spot for hanging out with friends (1)

and even though the park closed quite early (.) it was easy to get back into later because (1) there were (.) erm (1) beautiful Haussmanian buildings all the way round (.) and we had friends who lived there (.) so they still had access to the park and would be able to come there later in the evening (.) and just enjoy (1) a meal later at night (.) with some candles or something like that (1)

so (1) yeah (1) it's interesting how from (1) the place I'd have gone to (.) as (1) a really small child just to ride around on a pony (1) to the place where I finished some of my most important assessments (.) to (1) yeah (.) finish college (.) all in the same areas (.) some of them in the exact same place by the exact same waterfall (1)

and (1) yeah (.) got a lot of people there (.) a lot of variety because it was by the bilingual school (1) really all sorts of nationalities (1) from the really elegant French women (.) pushing (.) sort of (.) manicured (.) manicured babies in pushchairs (.) cigarette in hand (.) you could smell the cigarettes (1) and [literally storming through the park (1) to people who (.) just (.) sort of (.) just wandering through not entirely sure where they are (.) thinking (.) maybe we should take pictures of this (1) maybe it's relevant (.) is it very Parisian? I'm sure it's very chic (.) let's take a picture anyway (1) go stand there (1)

and you've just got a whole lot of variety (.) it was really fun to people watch

Sophia: 'The train into Paris' (told to a friend while on a train journey from Charles de Gaulle airport to the centre of Paris)

so when I got the train from (.) Charles de Gaulle Airport into (.) Central Paris (.) I took the, erm, (.) the regional train service we're on (.) that (.) like (.) goes through these (.) suburbs (1) and it was quite interesting to see these (1) quite deprived areas (1) erm (.) with high-rise (1) flats (.) and (1) you just could tell it was completely different to the (1) much more (1) the rich areas of Paris (.) with these huge mansions and (1) the kind of people that were there in comparison to these suburbs (1)

and this is all just so amazing to see (.) how quickly (.) I mean (.) one minute you're (1) going through this area ((*points out of the train window*)) (1) to the complete opposite (1) in the next minute (.) so (1) I even saw a family (.) a whole family (1) living (1) in the streets over there ((*points*)) (1) they had a (.) a double-bed mattress (.) and there was (1) a grandma (.) the mother (1) a baby (.) a tiny baby crying (1) and it was just extreme (.) poverty within this (1) this beautiful city and (2) just shocking really

Text 16: ‘Ten Things My Kids Say They Will Miss About Paris’, from Just Another American in Paris (blog)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 2011

Ten Things My Kids Say They Will Miss About Paris

I've asked my kids many times to reflect on their experiences and it's a little bit like pulling teeth. And now that school is out, while they're happy to read for pleasure, writing is not high on their list of priorities. I'm sure one day they'll look back on this experience and be amazed by their good fortune. Perhaps, they'll even be moved to write about it. But for the moment, when asked what they'll most miss about Paris, the best I could do is this.

1. Bread, bread, bread
2. The métro
3. Watching the searchlight of the Eiffel Tower reflected in the courtyard outside my bedroom window when I'm falling asleep
4. Going to movies on the Champs-Élysées
5. Salted butter and speculoos spread
6. Being able to walk everywhere
7. Shopping on rue de Passy
8. Pastries
9. Going out to eat at L'Entrecôte
10. My friends

Rough life, huh?

Text 17: ‘18 Months Later…’, from Just Another American in Paris (blog)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 2013

18 Months Later.....

The United flight from Washington, DC to Paris arrives at 6:30 in the morning, a time at which, in late December, Paris skies are still pitch black and the only cafe customers are men taking their little cups of coffee at the counter. By nine, the key to our friend's apartment retrieved, codes entered and small elevators crammed with suitcases, teeth brushed and faces washed, the desire to take a good long nap put on hold, we made it to Trocadero to see a blinding sun peeking out from behind the Eiffel Tower. Ah Paris.

Being back in Paris as visitors was every bit as magical as I had hoped for in the long months since I paid big bucks for plane tickets for our family of four. Even though many of our friends were off on their own holidays, Paris showed us her best face with relatively mild temperatures and relatively little rain that allowed me to walk the quartiers almost to my heart's content, replaying favorite memories and revisiting favorite haunts. It was a greatest hits tour of Paris, a Paris where the sometimes frustrating rhythms and routines faced by residents were all but nonexistent.

grafitti (5)
health (13)
history (66)
holidays (36)
movies (24)
moving back home (12)
obama (13)
oh la la (4)
other places in France (14)
politics (39)
romance (3)
seasons (30)
smoking (11)
social marketing (10)
sports (11)
street scenes (186)
strikes (12)
technology (5)
television (6)
things to buy (4)
things to do in Paris (83)
tips for tourists (21)
travel outside France (23)
vehicles (38)
weather (48)

VISITORS TO THIS PAGE

There was one quick visit to the Orsay, newly renovated since our departure in 2011, a spin through Victor Hugo's apartment in the Place des Vosges to gear up for seeing the new Les Miserables film, and a morning at normally closed Musée des Arts Forains with Mary Kay of Out and About in Paris. But mostly, I was in the mode of absorbing the sights, sounds, and smells of Paris -- the click made by a big wooden street door once the proper code is entered, the delicious odor of baking bread and roasting chickens, the white and black of limestone and wrought iron silhouetted against blue skies. We had lovely meals at L'Entredgeu in the 17th and Abri in the 10th, ate more than our fill of fresh baguettes with salted butter, and went through carnets of Metro tickets like Kleenex. There was delightful banter with a salesman at the Marché Saint-Pierre, Lebanese crepes at the Wilson Market, rides along the Seine on the 63 bus, and the musical sound of French being spoken ringing in our ears.

In the end, I'd say that Thomas Wolfe got it completely wrong. You can go home again, as we did 18 months ago to the land of 24 hour drug stores, fresh bagels and hot salsa, lawns to be mowed and careers to be jumpstarted. And to Paris too, our second home forever more, the only question being --how soon until we can go back?

Text 18: ‘Encore Une Fois’, from Just Another American in Paris (blog)

JUST ANOTHER AMERICAN IN PARIS

STRAY THOUGHTS FROM 1 OF THE 50,000

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 2014

Encore Une Fois

I love the wooosh that my iPhone makes when I send an email. But the wooosh of a week gone by in Paris, not so much. Anticipated for months and all of a sudden it's over and I'm back to the routines of my DC life.

Paris at Thanksgiving seemed like a great idea - a week with school holidays so my kids wouldn't fall too far behind, but more importantly, a week when the people who meant so much to our Paris experience, and whom we missed during our last trip at Christmas 2012, would be around.

And as it turned out, Paris at Thanksgiving gave us a few days of blue skies, others gray but dry, temperatures in the 50s and the right mix of sightseeing and hanging out with friends. Inspired in part by my 15 year old daughter's plan to spend the week walking and eating, I logged 123,262 steps on my Fitbit wandering the streets. It was a rush of the familiar -- rattan café chairs lining the sidewalks, the sound of klaxons, the taciturn cashiers in Monoprix demanding exact change, the tangy taste of Poilâne's small rye loaf studded with raisins -- and sights I'd almost forgotten: men in their scarves, adults on scooters, women whose hair was dyed an unnatural shade of red, the fact that a 5 centime piece is bigger than a 10. I loved just letting it all wash over me: the din of the dinner service at busy Crêperie Josselin in Montparnasse with its crispy galettes laden with cheese, butter, eggs, and ham, the crush of the outdoor market on a Sunday morning with lines forming for the best vegetables, cheeses, and meats, the yeasty smell of the neighborhood boulangerie and the trilled "Bonjour madame" from the lady behind the counter.

ABOUT ME

For a long time, we were just another typical Washington, DC family: two policy-oriented jobs, two kids, and two cars. Out of the blue, my husband got a new assignment; we ditched the old jobs and the cars (but kept the kids) and headed to Paris for what started out to be a three-year, and eventually became a four-year tour.

1340:12:22:09
days hours min sec
since we left Paris

STUFF THAT PEOPLE ASK ME ABOUT

How to Contact Me
Visiting Paris
Moving to Paris

BLOGS I ENJOY

An American Mom in Paris
David Lebovitz
Deux ou trois choses vues d'Amérique
John Talbott's Paris
Out and About in Paris
Paris Avant

And there was plenty new to savor as well. The delightful Jardin des Rosiers-Joseph Migneret off a passageway from the rue des Rosiers in the Marais, the perfect spot to savor the 6 euro lunch from L'As du Fallafel. Frank Gehry's Fondation LV, galleries still almost empty but the building seemingly ready to set sail in the Bois de Boulogne. Steak frites at Le Severo in the 14th. The treasure trove of work (albeit poorly organized) at the Musée Picasso which had been shuttered throughout the four years we lived in Paris. Walking along Les berges de Seine on a Sunday afternoon where we encountered an exuberant group doing Zumba. Splurging on a special dinner for two with wine pairings at Verjus.

Then there were the visits with friends -- coffee perched on an antique chair in the salon of an elderly lady in the 17th, a tour of an apartment under renovation in the 6th where my friend's parents, grandparents, and great grandparents had all lived, and a day spent marketing, cooking, and catching up with a group of women with whom I'd spent so many days exploring Paris. They seemed delighted with the canned pumpkin, cranberries, and chipotle peppers I had packed as gifts, And to be honest, I didn't miss the turkey, stuffing, and sweet potatoes one bit.

On our last night in Paris, after dinner at a friend's apartment in the 8th, we made our way back on Metro line 6 to the apartment we had rented in the 15th. At midnight, as the train passed over the Seine on the Pont de Bir-Hakeim, the Eiffel Tower lit up and twinkled at us. It was pure magic.

A thousand thanks to the folks at Haven in Paris for providing such a fabulous base for our visit. I wasn't sure that we could afford a HiP property but the off-season discount made our two bedroom, two bath flat a steal. Well located, clean, and comfortable. I couldn't have asked for more.

I'll close with something I've always wanted to do -- share a snippet of the sounds that mean Paris to me. So take a listen. Beneath the accordion, you can hear passengers conversing, the subway car doors opening and closing, the rush of the train on the tracks.

PARIS BY MOUTH «
Paris Through My Lens
Peter's Paris
Polly-Vous Francais?
Posted in Paris
The Paris Blog

I WOULD BE LOST WITHOUT THESE

RATP Itinerary Tool
Parisian Markets
Paris Walks
Free Museum Sundays
Figaroscope
American Library in Paris

Text 19: 'Travelling to Paris with a grandchild', Gransnet forum

Gransnet forums

Active | I'm on | Watching | Unanswered | Last hour | Last day | FAQs | Acronyms

Travel

Page 1 of 1 **Flip | Customise**

Travelling to Paris with a grandchild (47 Posts)

JaneAnn Mon 20-May-13 16:30:46 Add comment | Report | Private message

Hello everyone

I am planning to take my grandchildren to Paris - singly - starting with the 12 year old. I thought we would stay for three nights, in the centre somewhere and I would love to hear about other people's experience and to have some advice about things to do, places to stay, places to go etc. We'd probably fly as it would be from Newcastle.

HildaW Mon 20-May-13 16:37:09 Add comment | Report | Private message

We had a week in Paris recently, but without any children!
However, I'd still say get a 3 day Riverboat pass....like a hop on hop off bus but on the Seine...brilliant. The Louvre is wonderfull as is the d'Orsay if art is an interest. I'd watch out for some very creative pick pocketing though. They usually use diversionary tactics, so have EVERYTHING zipped up in inside pockets.

grannyactivist Mon 20-May-13 16:43:41 Add comment | Report | Private message

HI **JaneAnn** it's worth posting the same query on Fodor's website; or check out answers to similar queries: www.fodors.com/community/europe/ideas-for-paris-with-12-year-old-daughter.cfm

JaneAnn Mon 20-May-13 16:46:22 Add comment | Report | Private message

Thank you grannyactivist - will do.

JaneAnn Mon 20-May-13 16:47:27 Add comment | Report | Private message

Many thanks HildaW Riverboat pass sounds fun.

HappyNanna Mon 20-May-13 16:54:37 Add comment | Report | Private message

My granddaughter aged 12 has recently been to Paris on a school trip.
Some of the things they did: the Science & Industry museum, Arc de Triomphe, Pompidou centre, Louvre, Montmatre, Sacre Coeur, River Seine and the Eiffel Tower. Also they had a trip to Versailles for the day.

Bez Mon 20-May-13 17:36:39 Add comment | Report | Private message

I always look on Late rooms or booking.com for hotels and have had some bargains. The nearer to places like the Eiffel Tower etc the more expensive they are. We usually stayed in the. 8th or 17 th arrondissement which are next to each other and not too far from the Sacre Coeur area. There are a number of Metro stations there and it is not too far from the big stores like Galleries Laffayette. Incase you don't know it is cheaper to buy carnets (books) of metro tickets from a tabac shop - most of them sell them - and then you are sorted for a few trips.
There is another train system RNR I think which goes deeper than the Metro and to different stations and of course I imagine you need different tickets. Normal train tickets need to be validated at a machine before you start your journey but the Metro ones you just put i to the machine at the gate. The Metro is so easy to use - you can download a map before you go too.
There is a big Geodome there but I forget where. There are open top bus rides which are good - we did one a year or so ago and it does give you a good perspective of places.

Have a good trip.

HildaW Mon 20-May-13 19:00:52 Add comment | Report | Private message

The river boat thingy is called the 'Batobus' you can google it for details.

Tegan Mon 20-May-13 19:10:37 Add comment | Report | Private message

The latest pickpocket type thing is for someone to point to a ring on the floor and say 'did you drop that ring?' When you pick it up a gang of heavies appear and say you've stolen it and demand money.

Tegan Mon 20-May-13 19:11:56 Add comment | Report | Private message

Oh; might be an idea to watch the film Hugo with the child before you go [if they haven't seen it already] and you could take in a trip to the station [a bit Harry Potter'ish, stations].

CariGransnet (GNHQ) Mon 20-May-13 19:21:18 Add comment | Report | Private message

My best tip for a younger one (I did it with a 4yo) is Luxembourg gardens - there is a lake/pond and for a couple of Euro you can hire a little wooden sailing boat and a long pole to push it about when needed - we had a great time watching our pirate ship race about for an hour 😂

JaneAnn Mon 20-May-13 19:55:41 Add comment | Report | Private message

Fantastic advice coming in - many thanks everyone. Keep going!

JaneAnn Mon 20-May-13 19:56:31 Add comment | Report | Private message

Fantastic advice coming in - many thanks everyone. Keep going!

Tegan Mon 20-May-13 20:20:12 Add comment | Report | Private message

I've just googled the Luxembourg Gardens and it looks fabulous [they do pony rides as well]. We're having a few days in Paris soon and I'm trying to work out an itinerary. There are trips included but I don't want to go to Versailles again so I'm hoping to take in the Louvre. Not the sort of thing to take a child to I know but I've always wanted to got to the animal cemetary in Paris [where Rin Tin Tin is buried]; we tend not to think of the French as animal lovers, but they are.

annodomini Mon 20-May-13 20:32:12 Add comment | Report | Private message

The RER system runs from the airport into the city centre and you can buy a ticket that's also valid for the metro. I've been to some 'quaint' hotels in the Marais and Left Bank, but Late Rooms or and equivalent booking site will find you what you are looking for. Bonne Chance!

Tegan Mon 20-May-13 20:39:19 Add comment | Report | Private message

I think we should have a gransnet meet up in Paris one day .

CariGransnet (GNHQ) Mon 20-May-13 20:42:23 Add comment | Report | Private message

Tegan I will volunteer to be the Gransnet rep

We didn't do the pony ride but there was a lovely carousel and a fab play park (you have to pay to get in but not much) but the boat was our favourite bit. We did an actual boat ride too and she was also very taken with the Eiffel Tower. Other than that mainly mooching but she got far more out of it than I'd though she would at 4.

annodomini Mon 20-May-13 21:41:31 Add comment | Report | Private message

We could take over an entire bateau mouche if there were enough of us...

JaneAnn Tue 21-May-13 16:55:21 Add comment | Report | Private message

Brilliant idea Tegan!

jeanie99 Wed 22-May-13 08:56:01 Add comment | Report | Private message

Paris is one of the cities you walk round and just soak up the atmosphere calling in at the cafes along the way.
A visit to Paris for me is a visit to the Louvre museum I could walk round there for hours.

Museum website
http://www.louvre.fr/en

check this out the Official Paris website
http://en.parisinfo.com/

Free walking tours
http://www.newparistours.com/

Have a great time.

Gally Wed 22-May-13 09:27:09 Add comment | Report | Private message

Start with the hop on/off bus and then decide where to visit although it's a good idea to have a *plan* before you go so not to waste any valuable time - there's so much to do. I used to take the small children to the Tuileries to sail boats on the Bassin Rond. Wandering round markets, would be a good bet - e.g. Rue Mouffetard; Musee d'Orsay is great and for a ghoulish teenage grandson, a visit to Pere Lachaise cemetery where the good, the bad and the great are buried 😁. Slog up the hill to Sacre Coeur for the views. Apart from a look, I wouldn't bother with all the 'touristy' places - far too expensive and busy. Enjoy the trip!

Butty Wed 22-May-13 10:14:14 Add comment | Report | Private message

Tegan I love the idea of a Paris meet-up!

JaneAnn - You had some wonderful suggestions and I'd definitely recommend one of the many boat trips that are available. Enjoy.

Tegan Wed 22-May-13 13:50:04 Add comment | Report | Private message

Is Pere Lachaise where Jim Morrison is buried?

Gally Wed 22-May-13 14:08:47 Add comment | Report | Private message

Tegan Yes he's buried there as is Oscar Wilde whose grave was covered in lipstick 'kisses' but I understand they have now been cleaned off and a glass partition put round the grave so no more kisses for Oscar 😁

Eloethan Wed 22-May-13 15:20:54 Add comment | Report | Private message

I agree with others - Pere Lachaise is well worth visiting - we just found it by accident and were very glad we did. Also the Tuileries Gardens.

I agree with **Tegan** and **Hilda** re street thefts. We went up the steps to the top of the Arc de Triomphe and somebody stepped on the back of my sandal, holding me back for a moment. I turned immediately and a young man moved away quickly. I saw that my bag had been opened - luckily nothing was missing.

JaneAnn Sat 25-May-13 11:09:57 Add comment | Report | Private message

I've booked for the end of July so we should also be able to go on the "beach" - I imagine it gets very crowded?

Stansgran Sat 25-May-13 17:57:52 Add comment | Report | Private message

I often collect my French DGCs from Paris. If you take them to eurodisney there is a bus from the airportCDG. The train into Paris can be crowded dirty and graffiti covered. The bus to me seems a better option. Anything popular is best done as soon as it opens before the coach parties arrive. There used to be a hospital on the ile de la cite(where Notre dame is) which became a very good value hotel. Bertillon on the ile St. Louis produce the best ice creams.

granjura Sun 26-May-13 12:02:39 Add comment | Report | Private message

Going to Paris on Tuesday for a few days- for our 42nd wedding anniv. Much prefer going by train than plane- arriving at Gare de Lyon with TGV, right in the centre and 2 Metro stops from our rented studio in the Marais. Can't wait, even if the weather forecast is not so good 🙂. The Marais is such a nice place to stay - we will be at the Citadines Bastille - great to have a little kitchen where we can make hot drinks, soups, etc. Will report back.

Stansgran Sun 26-May-13 12:44:58 Add comment | Report | Private message

Citadines or Novotel suites are ideal with children. We celebrate 44 years of marriage this year but not doing anything as glamorous . Have a lovely time.

granjura Sun 26-May-13 12:53:09 Add comment | Report | Private message

Thanks - we've never used those studios, but the reviews were good, price great and location perfect, as I love the Marais. They have twin bedrooms, and the kitchenettes are great with kids, so you can have breakfast there and make snacks, light meals if wanted. Really looking forward to it - hope you find something nice to do for your 44th Stansgran - no need to go far to have a lovely day 🙂

annodomini Sun 26-May-13 13:12:09 Add comment | Report | Private message

I like the sound of those studios, **granjura**. I am also very fond of the Marais and have twice stayed in small hotels there on my own and with my sister. I hope you have a good time - and good weather.

granjura Sun 26-May-13 14:27:56 Add comment | Report | Private message

Thanks Anno - friends told us today that the Marais is the gay quarter of Paris. Never knew or noticed - but I've never been there at night. Not a problem for me though ...

annodomini Sun 26-May-13 23:10:43 Add comment | Report | Private message

Can't say it bothers me either, **granjura**. I have fond memories of buying a snack from a Lebanese takeaway in the Rue des Rosiers and eating it on a bench in the Place des Vosges. I also enjoyed the Picasso Museum in the Marais.

JaneAnn Thu 18-Jul-13 16:34:26 Add comment | Report | Private message

Getting excited now - Paris next weekend... Have bought a Paris Pass for grandson and myself... I'll report back on the trip.

JaneAnn Tue 30-Jul-13 18:08:44 Add comment | Report | Private message

We are just back - my twelve-year-old grandson and myself. We had a wonderful time.

We travelled by Eurostar and stayed in a Best Western hotel in the Saint Cloud area - Best Western Auteuil Eiffel - for three nights. The weather was very hot and the air conditioning was not very effective but after the first night we were given a fan and slept well after that (my grandson slept like a log every night!). The people who worked there were terrific, very kind and helpful (even ironing my linen trousers and top for me). It had been newly decorated and was clean.

We could catch the 72 and the 22 buses outside the hotel to the Hotel de Ville. We had Paris Passes which were very convenient though we have worked out they actually cost more than paying separately for things would have done. If we had managed to get to the Musee d'Orsay (no time) and up to the top of Notre Dame (huge queues..) then it would have been a bargain.

We went to the top of the Eiffel Tower (as it turns out 3 hours after it had been struck by lightning!!), up the Arc de Triomphe, on the Bateaux Parisians, on the On/Off bus, to Notre Dame, the Pompidou Centre, the Louvre, the Orangerie, the Tuileries, Sacre Coeur, walked all the way down the Champs Elysees. We used buses a lot and the metro only a couple of times: once to go to the Catacombs - when we got there the wait in the queue was 2 to 3 hours and as they stop entries at 4 and it was already 2 we decided not to wait.

There is nothing I shan't do on my next trip, with my twelve-year-old granddaughter (assuming she wants to do these things) though I might try to find a hotel nearer the centre and I would certainly book early to ensure tickets for the Eiffel Tower, though as it turned out we didn't have to wait long.

At no stage did I feel anything but safe, I kept my bag very securely tucked under my arm and did not respond to any of the people with "petitions" who accost you. There are warnings about pickpockets everywhere.

Thank you all for the great advice. Let me have any more you have.

Nonu Wed 31-Jul-13 09:48:24 Add comment | Report | Private message

Janeanne , glad you and your GS back safe & sound , it sounds as though you had a first rate time . !!!!

Tegan Wed 31-Jul-13 10:01:02 Add comment | Report | Private message

We stayed quite close to the catacombs so I'm almost relieved to hear that the queue was so great as I'd planned to get up early on my last day and go there [but glad that I didn't now]. A lady on out coach trip did have her purse stolen in Versailles. There's so much more I want to do there I can't wait to go back. I want to spend more time walking round Ile de la Cite, and we couldn't face the queue to get into Notre Dame, so that's unfinished business. Glad you had a great time, JaneAnn. It was wonderful watching the end of the Tour de France and recognising all the places they showed. It's even magical leaving St Pancras [just imagine if the HAD pulled it down] and arriving at Gare du Nord . I've still got to rewatch Amelie [the S.O. has never seen it].

JaneAnn Thu 01-Aug-13 15:40:48 Add comment | Report | Private message

Hi Tegan

We too failed to go up Notre Dame - the queues were very very long! Maybe next time - 5 more trips with each grandchild so opportunities there. I like the idea about walking round the Ile de la Cite.

Tegan Thu 01-Aug-13 16:28:11 Add comment | Report | Private message

I got to the top of Sacre Coeur [dragged up by someone much much younger than me which made me join a gym when I got home so I now need to go back to see how much I've improved!]. I got a bit bored on the boat [I'm not a boat person] but am glad that I went on it as it somehow helped me to piece together where everything was, and I understood more that Ile de la Cite is actually an island. I loved all the little flower markets and the art nouveau metro stations.

JaneAnn Fri 09-Aug-13 08:25:07 Add comment | Report | Private message

Hi Tegan

We went on the boat on the Sunday early evening and saw people dancing on the banks (tango and ballroom), lying reading on the various sun loungers and on the "beach" - it gave us an idea of how some Parisians spend Sunday evening. Of course, it also gave me a chance to sit down!!

I'm very interested in your joining a gym and look forward to hearing how that goes on those pesky Sacre Coeur steps. I go to a gym specifically to be fit to run after grandchildren....

Linda1952 Thu 22-Aug-13 12:08:59 Add comment | Report | Private message

So glad to have found these comments, as I have promised No.1 grand-daughter,10, a trip to Paris if she passes 11+!! and she is already anticipating the trip! Thanks for all the tips, will let you know how we get on.

j08 Thu 22-Aug-13 13:13:45 Add comment | Report | Private message

You *must* be by the river near the eiffel tower when they make it sparkle! It is *so* pretty. And everyone claps.

It happens for about five minutes every night at 10 and 11. (not sure about that. We went home)

And *do* try driving your car round the Arc de Triomphe. It's very exciting. (we only got one rude gesticulation)

j08 Thu 22-Aug-13 13:14:14 Add comment | Report | Private message

I meant not sure about *after* that

Tegan Thu 22-Aug-13 14:45:32 Add comment | Report | Private message

I would never drive a car round the Arc de Triomphe. There seem to be no rules whatsover and it's just a case of survival of the fittest. Jane; not sure about getting to the top of another cathedral but I can now walk up the steps at my cinema without stopping. If I duplicated it many times over I might get an idea of how fit I now am [but it's a good excuse to go back to Paris].

annodomini Thu 22-Aug-13 15:32:37 Add comment | Report | Private message

I wouldn't have the guts to take a car anywhere nearer to Paris than Dover.

Tegan Thu 22-Aug-13 16:11:12 Add comment | Report | Private message

You take your life in your hands crossing a road in Paris [even at a crossing]....

j08 Thu 22-Aug-13 16:26:03 Add comment | Report | Private message

I wasn't driving, son was. He was the only one not to see the rude guesticulation.

It was their idea, not mine!

Paris for children

The French are extremely welcoming to children on the whole, and Paris's vibrant atmosphere, with its street performers, lively pavement cafés and merry-go-rounds, is certainly family-friendly. The obvious pull of Disneyland aside (covered in Chapter 17), there are plenty of attractions and activities to keep kids happy, from circuses to rollerblading. As you'd expect, museum-hopping with youngsters in Paris can be as tedious as in any other big city, but remember that while the Louvre and Musée d'Orsay cater to more acquired tastes, the Musée des Arts et Métiers, the Pompidou Centre, Parc de la Villette and some of the other attractions listed here will interest children and adults alike. Travelling with a child also provides the perfect excuse to enjoy some of the simpler pleasures of city life – the playgrounds, ice-cream cones and toy shops that Paris seems to offer in abundance.

ESSENTIALS

Peak times It's worth remembering that Wednesday afternoons, when primary school children have free time, and Saturdays are the peak times for children's activities; Wednesdays continue to be child-centred even during the school holidays.

Listings The most useful sources of information for current shows, exhibitions and events are the special sections in the listings magazines: "Enfants" in *Pariscope* and "Pour les jeunes" in *L'Officiel des Spectacles*. The bimonthly *Paris Mômes – môme* is French for "kid" – provides the lowdown on current festivals, concerts, films and other activities for children up to age 12; it's available for free from the tourist office and libraries, or check the website, parismomes.fr. The tourist office also publishes a free booklet in French, *Paris-Ile-de-France avec des Yeux d'Enfants*, with lots of ideas and contacts, and there's a children's section on its website parisinfo.com. It's worth checking the festivals calendar (pp.318–320), as there are a number of annual events perfect for children, including Paris Plage, Bastille Day, the Tour de France and the Course des Garçons de Café.

Discounts Many cafés, bars or restaurants offer *menus enfants* (special children's set menus) or are often willing to cook simpler food on request, and hotels tack only a small supplement for an additional bed or cot onto the regular room rate. Throughout the city the RATP (Paris Transport) charges half-fares for 4–10s; under-4s travel free on public transport.

Babysitting Many hotels can organize babysitting; just check when you book. Otherwise, reliable babysitting agencies include Baby Sitting Services, 4 rue Nationale, Boulogne Billancourt 92100 (01 46 21 33 16, babysittingservices.com; from €7 per hour – minimum of two consecutive hours – plus €12.90–15.90 fees). You can also try individual notices at the American Church, 65 quai d'Orsay, 6e (Invalides; acparis.org), the Alliance Française, 101 bd Raspail, 6e (St-Placide; www.alliancefr.org), or CIDJ, 101 quai Branly, 15e (Bir-Hakeim; 01 44 49 12 00, cidj.com).

26

PARKS, GARDENS AND ZOOS

Younger kids in particular are well catered for by the parks and gardens within the city. Although there aren't, on the whole, any open spaces for spontaneous games of football, baseball or cricket, most parks have an enclosed playground with swings, climbing frames and a sandpit, while there's usually a netted enclosure for older children to play casual **ball games**. The most standard forms of entertainment in parks and gardens are puppet shows and **Guignol**, the French equivalent of Punch and Judy; these usually last about 45 minutes, cost around €3 and take place on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons (more frequently during school holidays). Children under 8 seem to appreciate these shows most, with the puppeteers eliciting an enthusiastic verbal response from them; even though it's all in French, the excitement is contagious and the stories are easy enough to follow.

MAJOR PARKS

The Jardin d'Acclimatation In the Bois de Boulogne, by Porte des Sablons 01 40 67 90 82, jardindacclimatation.fr; Les Sablons/Porte-Maillot. Daily: May–Sept 10am–7pm; Oct–April 10am–6pm. Adults and children €2.90, under-3s free; rides €2.70, or buy a carnet of 15 tickets for €32. The Jardin d'Acclimatation is a cross between a funfair, zoo and amusement park, with temptations ranging from bumper cars, go-karts, pony and camel rides, sea lions, birds, bears and monkeys, to a magical mini-canal ride ("*la rivière enchantée*"), distorting mirrors, a huge trampoline, scaled-down farm buildings, a puppet theatre and a golf driving range. Also in the park is the Théâtre du Jardin pour l'Enfance et la Jeunesse, which puts on musicals, ballets and poetry readings. There are special attractions on Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday and all week during school holidays, including a little train to take you to the park from Porte-Maillot (behind *L'Orée du Bois* restaurant; every 15min, 11am–6pm; €5.60 return, includes admission). Outside the Jardin, in the Bois de Boulogne (see p.218), older children can amuse themselves with mini-golf and bowling, or boating on the Lac Inférieur. The park offers babysitting services in the summer.

Parc de la Villette In the 19e between avs Jean-Jaurès and Corentin-Cariou 01 40 03 75 75, villette.com; Porte-de-Pantin/Porte-de-la-Villette. Daily 6am–1am; admission free. As well as the Cité des Enfants (see p.354) and wide-open spaces to run around or picnic in, the Parc de la Villette has a series of ten themed gardens, some specially designed for kids. All are linked by a walkway called the Promenade des Jardins, indicated on the park's free map. Most popular with children are the Jardin du Dragon, with its huge slide in the shape of a dragon, and the Jardin des Vents et des Dunes (April–Oct daily 10am–8pm; Nov–March Wed, Sat, Sun & school hols 10am till dusk; under-13s only and their accompanying adults), with sandpits, large air-filled cushions that roll like waves and are great for bouncing on, climbing frames, zip wires and tunnels. The park also holds regular workshops and activities for children, such as music, baking and gardening. Full details are given on the website or at the information centre at the Porte de Pantin entrance.

Parc Floral In the Bois de Vincennes, on route du Champ de Manoeuvre 01 49 57 24 84, parcfloral.com;

PARIS WITH BABIES AND TODDLERS

You will have little problem in getting hold of **essentials for babies** in Paris. Familiar brands of baby food are available in the supermarkets, as well as disposable nappies (*couches à jeter*), etc. After hours, you can get most goods from late-night pharmacies, though they are slightly more expensive.

Getting around with a pushchair poses the same problems as in most big cities. The métro is especially awkward, with its endless flights of stairs (and few escalators). Buses are much easier, with seats near the front for passengers with young children.

Unfortunately, many of the lawns in Parisian **parks** are out of bounds ("*pelouse interdite*"), so sprawling on the grass with toddlers and napping babies is often out of the question. That said, more and more parks are now opening the odd grassy area to the public, and there are two central spaces that offer complete freedom to sit on the grass: place des Vosges and Parc des Buttes-Chaumont.

Finding a place to **change and feed** a baby is especially challenging. While most of the major museums and some department stores have areas within the women's toilets equipped with a shelf and sink for changing a baby, most restaurants do not. Breastfeeding in public, though not especially common among French women, is, for the most part, tolerated if done discreetly. Few restaurants have high-chairs available for babies and toddlers.

Ⓜ Château-de-Vincennes, then bus #112 or a 10min walk past the Château de Vincennes. April to mid-Sept 9.30am–8pm; mid-Sept to mid-Oct 9.30am–7pm; mid-Oct to March 9.30am–5/6pm; free except from June to Sept Wed, Sat & Sun when entry is €5, €2.50 for 7–26-year-olds, under-7s free. The excellent playground at the Parc Floral has a new attraction, Evasion Verte (see below), as well as slides, swings, ping-pong, quadricycles (from 2pm), mini-golf modelled on Paris monuments (from 2pm), an electric car circuit, and a little train touring all the gardens (April–Oct daily 1–5pm). Tickets for the paying activities are sold at the playground between 2pm and 5.30pm weekdays and until 7pm at weekends; activities stop fifteen minutes afterwards. Note that many of these activities are available from March/April to August only and on Wed and weekends only in Sept and Oct. On Wed at 2.30pm (May–Sept) there are free performances by clowns, puppets and magicians at the Delta amphitheatre. Also in the park is a children's theatre, the Théâtre Astral, which has mime, clowns and other not-too-verbal shows for small children aged 3 to 8, for which you're best off calling ahead and making reservations, as they're popular with school groups (Wed & Sun 3pm, school hols Mon–Fri & Sun 3pm; €7; ⓣ 01 43 71 31 10). There is also a series of pavilions with child-friendly educational exhibitions (free), which look at nature in Paris; the best is the butterfly garden (mid-May to mid-Oct Mon–Fri 1.30–5.15pm, Sat & Sun 1.30–6pm).

Evasion Verte Parc Floral ⓦ evasion-verte.fr. April–June & Sept–Nov Wed, Easter & Nov hols 1–5pm, Sat & Sun 10am–5pm; July & Aug daily 10am–5pm. Children aged 6 and under 1.40m in height €10, adults and children over 1.40m in height €15; ticket valid for two hours. The Parc Floral's new attraction, "Green Escape", allows you to explore the treetops by walking along rope ladders, swinging on ropes, etc, from tree to tree. You're attached to a harness and given a brief introduction; you then choose one of three walkways of varying height and difficulty. It's suitable for children over 6; all children under 16 have to be accompanied by an adult.

OTHER PARKS, SQUARES AND PUBLIC GARDENS

All of these assorted open spaces can offer play areas, puppets or, at the very least, a bit of room to run around in, and are open from 7.30 or 8am till dusk, unless otherwise stated.

Arènes de Lutèce Rue des Arènes, 5e; Ⓜ Place Monge. This great public park, built on what used to be a Roman theatre, has a fountain, sandpit and jungle gyms.

Buttes-Chaumont 19e ⓣ 01 42 40 88 66; Ⓜ Buttes-Chaumont/Botzaris. Built on a former quarry, these grassy slopes are perfect for rolling down and offer great views. Unusually for Paris there are no "keep off the grass" signs. You'll also find a lake, a waterfall and Guignol shows (see p.349).

Champs-de-Mars 7e ⓣ 01 48 56 01 44; Ⓜ Ecole-Militaire. Puppet shows Wed, Sat & Sun at 3.15pm & 4.15pm.

Jardin du Luxembourg 6e ⓣ 01 43 26 46 47; Ⓜ St-Placide/Notre-Dame-des-Champs/RER Luxembourg. A large playground, pony rides, toy boat rental (Wed & Sun), bicycle track, rollerblading rink and puppets. A 45min marionette show takes place Wed & Sat at 3.30pm, Sun at 11am & 3.30pm.

Jardin des Plantes 57 rue Cuvier, 5e; Ⓜ Jussieu/Monge. Open from 7.30/8am until dusk, it contains a small zoo, the Ménagerie (Mon–Sat 9am–6pm, Sun till 6.30pm; €9, 4–16s, students and under-26s €7, under-4s free), a playground, hothouses and plenty of greenery (see p.128).

Jardins du Ranelagh Av Ingres, 16e; Ⓜ Muette. Marionettes, cycle track, rollerblading rink and playground.

website often has special offers. Parking €8. Disneyland Paris (see Chapter 17) has put all Paris's other **theme parks** into the shade, though **Parc Astérix** (see p.351) – better mind-fodder, less crowded and cheaper – is well worth considering. Interesting historical-themed sections like Ancient Greece, Roman Empire, Gallic Village, the Middle Ages and Old Paris are sure to spark curiosity in your children. A Via Antiqua shopping street, with buildings from every country in the Roman Empire, leads to a Roman town where gladiators play comic battles and dodgem chariots line up for races. In another area, street scenes of Paris show the city changing from Roman Lutetia to the present-day capital. All sorts of rides are on offer, including the Trace du Hourra, a bobsled that descends very fast from high above. Dolphins and sea lions perform tricks for the crowds; there are parades and jugglers; restaurants for every budget; and most of the actors speak English. The easiest way to get here is to take the shuttle bus from the Louvre or Eiffel Tower, which runs in the summer; check website for times (€20, under-12s €16). Alternatively, take the half-hourly shuttle bus (9.30am–6/7pm; €7.50, under-12s €5.50) from RER Roissy-Charles-de-Gaulle (line B).

26

CIRCUSES AND THEATRE

Language being less of a barrier for smaller children, the younger your kids, the more likely they are to appreciate Paris's many special **theatre** shows and **films**. There's also **mime** and the **circus**, which need no translation.

CIRCUS (CIRQUE)

Circuses, unlike funfairs, are taken seriously in France. They come under the heading of culture as performance art (and there are no qualms about performing animals). Some circuses have permanent venues, of which the most beautiful in Paris is the nineteenth-century Cirque d'Hiver Bouglione (see below). You'll find details of the seasonal ones under "Cirques" in the "Pour les Jeunes" section of *L'Officiel des Spectacles* and under the same heading in the "Enfants" section of *Pariscope*, and there may well be visiting circuses from Warsaw or Moscow.

Cirque Diana Moreno Bormann 112 rue de la Haie Coq, 19e ⓣ06 10 71 83 50, ⓦcirquedianamoreno.com; Bus #65 (direction Mairie d'Aubervilliers). A traditional circus, with lion-tamers, elephants, zebras, acrobats, jugglers, trapeze artists – the lot. From €10, children under 4 free. Performances on Wed, Sat and Sun at 3pm throughout the year.

Cirque d'Hiver Bouglione 110 rue Amelot, 11e ⓣ01 47 00 28 81, ⓦcirquedhiver.com; Ⓜ Filles-du-Calvaire. This rather splendid, recently restored Second Empire building decorated with pilasters, bas-reliefs and sculpted panels, is the setting for dazzling acrobatic feats, juggling, lion-taming and much else. From the end of October to early March (and TV and fashion shows the rest of the year). The Christmas shows are extremely popular. Tickets €20–50. Shows Wed 2pm, Sat & Sun 2pm & 5pm.

Cirque de Paris Parc des Chantereines, 115 bd Charles-de-Gaulle, Villeneuve-La-Garenne ⓣ01 47 99 40 40, ⓦjourneeaucirque.com; RER Gennevilliers/St-Denis. This dream day out allows you to spend an entire day at the circus (Oct–June Wed, Sun & school hols 10am–5pm; €35, children aged 3–11 from €30, including show and lunch). In the morning you are initiated into the arts of juggling, walking the tightrope, clowning and make-up. You have lunch in the ring with your artist tutors, then join the spectators for the show, after which, if you're lucky, you might be taken round to meet the animals. You can, if you prefer, just attend the show at 2pm (from €20, under-12s from €15), but you'd better not let the kids know what they've missed.

SWIMMING, ROLLERBLADING AND OTHER FAMILY ACTIVITIES

One of the most fun things a child can do in Paris – and as enjoyable for the minders – is to have a wet and wild day at **Aquaboulevard**, a giant leisure complex with a landscaped wave pool, slides and a grassy outdoor park. In addition, many municipal **swimming pools** (see p.343) in Paris have dedicated children's pools.

Cycling and **rollerblading** are other fun undertakings for the whole family. Sunday is the favoured day to be *en famille* on wheels in Paris, when the central *quais* of the Seine and the Canal St-Martin are closed to traffic. One of the most thrilling wheelie experiences is the **mass rollerblading** (see p.344) that takes place on Friday nights and Sunday afternoons (the Sunday outings tend to be family affairs and the pace is a bit slower). Paris à Vélo C'est Sympa (see p.345) has a good range of kid-sized bikes as well as baby carriers and tandems, and they also offer bicycle tours of Paris.

Boules (see p.345) and **billiards** (see p.346) are both popular in Paris and might amuse your teenagers.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION (P.349); CIRQUE D'HIVER BOUGLIONE; CRANE, JARDIN DES PLANTES (P.350) >

Cirque Pinder Pelouse Reuilly Bois de Vincennes ⓣ01 45 90 21 25, ⓦcirquepinder.com; Ⓜ Porte de Charenton/Porte Dorée. This travelling circus has been entertaining French audiences since 1854 with acts featuring performing lions, elephants and camels, clowns and trapeze artists. €15–50. End of Nov to early Jan.

THEATRE AND MAGIC

The "Spectacles" section under "Enfants" in *Pariscope* lists details of magic, mime, dance and music shows. Several **theatres**, in addition to the ones in the Parc Floral and the Jardin d'Acclimatation, specialize in shows for children, and a few occasionally have shows in English.

Au Bec Fin, 6 rue Thérèse, 1er (ⓣ01 42 96 29 35; Ⓜ Pyramides), Blancs-Manteaux, 15 rue des Blancs-Manteaux, 4e (ⓣ01 48 87 15 84; Ⓜ Hôtel-de-Ville), and Point Virgule, 7 rue Ste-Croix-de-la-Bretonnerie, 4e (ⓣ01 42 78 67 03; Ⓜ Hôtel-de-Ville) in the Marais have excellent reputations for occasional programming for kids, while Théâtre Dunois, 7 rue Louise Weiss, 13e (ⓣ01 45 84 72 00, ⓦtheatredunois.org), is dedicated almost solely to children's theatre.

The **magicians' venue**, Le Double-Fond, 1 place du Marché Ste-Catherine, 4e (ⓣ01 42 71 40 20, ⓦdoublefond.com), has a special children's magic show (€10) every Saturday at 2.30pm and Wednesdays and Sundays at 4.30pm, though there's a lot of chat in French along with the sleight of hand. If your kids are really into magic they should visit the **Musée de la Magie** (see p.105), where a magician performs throughout the day.

CINEMA

There are many **cinemas** showing cartoons and children's films, but if they're foreign they are usually dubbed into French. The Cinémathèque Française (see p.114) screens films for children on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Listings of the main Parisian cinemas are given in Chapter 21. At La Villette (see p.201), the Géode IMAX cinema and Cinaxe 3-D cinema will appeal to most children.

MUSEUMS AND SIGHTS

Cité des Enfants Cité des Sciences, Parc de la Villette, 30 av Corentin-Cariou, 19e ⓦcite-sciences.fr; Ⓜ Porte-de-la-Villette. Ninety-minute sessions; check online for times; €6 (€8 for over-25s); as sessions are very popular, advance booking online is recommended, or you can book a place (for weekday sessions only) on ⓣ08 92 69 70 72. The Cité des Enfants, the Cité des Science's special section for children, with sessions for 2–7s and 5–12s, is totally engaging. Kids can touch, smell and feel inside things, play about with water (it's best to bring a change of clothes), construct buildings on a miniature site (complete with cranes, hard hats and barrows), experiment with sound and light, manipulate robots, race their own shadows, and superimpose their image on a landscape. They can listen to different languages by inserting telephones into the appropriate country on a globe, and put together their own television news. Everything, including the butterfly park, is on an appropriate scale, and the whole area is beautifully organized and managed. If you haven't got a child, it's worth borrowing one to get in here. The rest of the museum is also pretty good for kids, particularly the planetarium, the various film shows, the Argonaute submarine, children's *médiathèque* (Tues noon–7.45pm, Wed–Sun noon–6.45pm; free) and the frequent temporary exhibitions designed for the young. In the Parc de la Villette (see pp. 201–205), there's lots of wide-open green space and a number of playgrounds.

Le Musée en Herbe 21 rue Hérold, 1er ⓣ01 40 67 97 66, ⓦmusee-en-herbe.com; Ⓜ Les Halles/Palais-Royal. Daily 10am–7pm; €10. The Musée en Herbe puts on fun, interactive art exhibitions, using jigsaws, dressing-up clothes, etc, designed for children from as young as 2; recent exhibitions have included Keith Haring and Surrealism. They also run popular art workshops that chime in with the exhibitions – some are for toddlers (aged 2 and a half to 4; €10), others for children aged from 5 to 12 (€10).

CHILDREN'S WORKSHOPS

Many museums organize children's **workshops** on Wednesdays, Saturdays and daily throughout the school holidays. The **Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris** (see p.156) has special exhibitions and workshops in its children's section (Wed & Sat; entrance 14 av de New-York). Other museums with sessions for kids include the **Musée Carnavalet** (see p.94), **Musée d'Orsay** (see p.142), **Musée de la Mode et du Textile** (see p.59), **Musée des Arts Décoratifs** (see p.58), **Institut du Monde Arabe** (see p.130), **Musée du Quai Branly** (see p.147) and the **Petit Palais** (see p.65).

For the current programme of workshops, look under "Animations" in the "Pour les Jeunes" section of *L'Officiel des Spectacles*, or pick up a copy of Objectif Musée, available from museums.

TOP TEN CHILD-FRIENDLY PARIS SIGHTS

The best treat for children of every age from 2 upwards is undoubtedly the **Cité des Enfants** (see opposite) within the Cité des Sciences, and the Cité des Sciences museum itself, in the Parc de la Villette. However, lots of Paris's main attractions, although not exclusively aimed at children, have much to offer young visitors; here are our top ten recommendations.

Catacombs (see p.165) Older children will probably relish the creepiness of the catacombs, stacked with millions of bones from the city's old charnel houses and cemeteries.

Cinéaqua (see p.154) An impressive new aquarium in the Jardins du Trocadéro, with thousands of exotic fish, and sharks too, in giant fishtanks.

Grande Galerie de l'Evolution (see p.129) Includes a children's discovery room on the first floor with child-level microscopes, glass cases with live caterpillars and moths and a burrow of Mongolian rodents.

Musée d'Art Moderne (p.84) The collections of cutting-edge furniture and gadgets here may well appeal to some teenagers.

Musée Grévin (see p.71) Kids will enjoy the mock-ups here of key events in French history, especially the more grisly ones.

Musée de la Magie (see p.105) Children can have lots of hands-on fun operating quirky automata, experiment with optical illusions and enjoy a magic show.

Musée de la Poupée (see p.87) A must for children who love dolls.

Pompidou Centre (p.84) Includes a special gallery with fun exhibits designed to appeal to children; workshops are also held most Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for kids aged 6 to 12, and sometimes for the whole family.

Planetariums If outer space is your child's prime interest, then bear in mind the planetariums in the Palais de la Découverte (see p.65) and the Cité des Sciences (see p.201).

Sewers (see p.150) Some 500m down, *les égouts* are dank, damp, dripping, claustrophobic and filled with echoes. Entered through a large square manhole, it's a fascinating way to explore the city.

SHOPS

The fact that Paris is filled with beautiful, enticing, delicious and expensive things all artfully displayed is not lost on most children. Toys, gadgets and clothing are all bright, colourful and appealing, while the sheer amount of ice cream, chocolate, biscuits and sweets of all shapes and sizes is almost overwhelming. The only goodies you are safe from are high-tech toys, of which France seems to offer a particularly poor range. A good place to head is rue Vavin, just north of boulevard Montparnasse, in the St-Germain district, and rue de la Villette, in the Parc des Buttes-Chaumont area, both of which have a good concentration of children's shops.

ENGLISH-LANGUAGE BOOKS

Chantelivre 13 rue de Sèvres, 6e ⓦ chantelivre.com; Ⓜ Sèvres-Babylone; map p.134. A huge selection of everything to do with and for children, including good picture books for the younger ones, an English section, and a play area. Mon 1–7.30pm, Tues–Sat 10am–7.30pm; closed mid-Aug.

Galignani 224 rue de Rivoli, 1er; ⓦ galignani.fr; Ⓜ Tuileries; map p.72. This long-established English bookshop stocks a decent range of children's books. Mon–Sat 10am–7pm.

Shakespeare & Co 37 rue de la Boucherie, 5e ⓦ shakespeareandcompany.com; Ⓜ Maubert-Mutualité; map p.120. Upstairs there's a comfy children's classics area. Daily noon–midnight.

WH Smith 248 rue de Rivoli, 1er; Ⓜ Concorde; map p.72. The first floor of this British bookseller has a very good children's section. Mon–Sat 9am–7.30pm, Sun 1–7.30pm.

TOYS AND GAMES

In addition to the shops below, be sure to check out the superb selection of toys at Le Bon Marché department store (see p.323).

Le Bonhomme de Bois 141 rue d'Alésia, 14e ⓦ bonhommedebois.com; Ⓜ Alésia; map p.160. Perfect little shop with classic wooden cars and dolls, and plush, colourful, floppy-eared stuffed animals. Mon–Sat 10am–7.30pm.

Le Ciel Est à Tout le Monde 10 rue Gay-Lussac, 5e, RER Luxembourg; map p.120; also 7 av Trudaine, 9e ⓦ cielestatoutlemonde.free.fr; Ⓜ Anvers. The best kite shop in Europe also sells frisbees and boomerangs, and, next door, books, slippers, mobiles and traditional wooden toys. Mon 1–7pm, Tues–Sat 10.30am–7pm.

Les Cousins d'Alice 36 rue Daguerre, 14e; Ⓜ Gaîté/Edgar-Quinet; map p.160. *Alice in Wonderland* decorations, toys, games, puzzles and mobiles, plus a

general range of books and records. Tues–Sat 10am–1pm & 3–5pm, Sun 11am–1pm; closed Aug.

Amuzilo 34 rue Dauphine, 6e; Ⓜ Odéon; map p.134. Small, friendly toy shop with a nice selection of wooden toys (some handcrafted in France) for toddlers; marionettes, dolls' house furniture and games for primary-school-aged children. Mon–Sat 10.30am–7.30pm.

Au Nain Bleu 5 bd Malesherbes, 8e @ aunainbleu.com; Ⓜ St-Augustin; map p.62. Around since the 1830s, this shop is expert at delighting children with wooden toys, dolls and faux-china tea sets galore. Mon–Sat 10am–6.30pm; closed Mon in Aug.

Puzzles Michèle Wilson 116 rue du Château, 14e @ pmw.fr; Ⓜ Pernéty; map p.160. Puzzles galore, with workshop on the premises. Tues–Fri 10am–8pm, Sat 10am–7pm.

Tout s'arrange 11 rue Vavin, 6e; Ⓜ Notre-Dame-des-Champs; map p.160. A delightfully idiosyncratic miniature boutique selling inexpensive tiny treasures (jewellery, decorations, micro-dollies) handmade using objects found or recycled by the owner, who also makes toys and bags. Mon–Sat 10.30am–7pm.

CLOTHES

Besides the specialist shops listed here, most of the big department and discount stores have children's sections (see Chapter 24). Of the latter, Tati is the cheapest, while Monoprix has decent prices and quality.

Alice à Paris 9 rue de l'Odéon, 6e @ aliceaparis.com; Ⓜ Odéon; map p.134. Beautiful, elegant clothes to make your children perfect little Parisians. From babies upward, but best for toddlers and older children. Expensive, but not overpriced. Mon 2–7pm, Tues–Sat 11am–7pm.

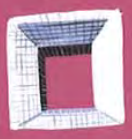
Bonpoint 50 rue Etienne-Marcel, 2e @ bonpoint.fr; Ⓜ Etienne-Marcel; map p.72. Insanely expensive but utterly elegant outfits for the 0-to-6-year-old going on 24. These are elegant, well-designed clothes mixing traditional children's outfitting with contemporary touches. Prices in the €50–100 range. A half-dozen other branches around the city, and available at Le Bon Marché (see p.323). Mon–Sat 10am–7pm.

Du Pareil au Même 122 rue du Faubourg-St-Antoine, 12e @ dpam.fr; Ⓜ Ledru-Rollin; map p.108. Beautiful kids' clothing at very good prices. Gorgeous floral dresses, cute jogging suits and brightly coloured basics. Branches all over Paris. Mon–Sat 10am–7pm.

La Petite Maison dans la Villette 33 rue de la Villette, 19e; Ⓜ Jourdain; map p.196. A charming shop, with lots of chic little outfits, knitted hats and scarves, floral bags, quilts, children's cutlery sets and little sewing kits. Mon–Sat 10am–7pm.

Les P'tits Bo'Bo 7 rue Clauzel, 9e; Ⓜ St-Georges; map p.180. A treasure-trove of secondhand but top-quality children's clothing for newborns to 12-year-olds, stocking leading "bourgeois-bohemian" brands like Bonpoint, Bonton, IKKS and Luco, plus internationals Burberry and Finger in the Nose. Also sells used toys and accessories. Tues–Sat 11am–2pm & 3–7pm.

Text 21: 'Introduction', Not for Parents:
Paris Everything You Ever Wanted to Know



NOT-FOR-PARENTS

THIS IS NOT A GUIDEBOOK. And it is definitely Not-for-parents.

IT IS THE REAL, INSIDE STORY about one of the world's most famous cities – Paris. In this book you'll hear fascinating tales about **creepy stone gargoyles**, ghostly railway stations, huge castles and amazingly **pampered** pets.

Check out cool stories about stuffed animals, caves filled with **bones** and the deadly **guillotine**. You'll find cyclists, junk collectors and musicians, and **snails** on the menu for dinner.

This book shows you a **PARIS** your parents probably don't even know about.

Text 22: 'Inside Out and Upside Down', Not for Parents: Paris Everything You Ever Wanted to Know

INSIDE OUT AND UPSIDE DOWN

The Pompidou Centre disgusted some people when it opened in 1977. This building has all its service pipes, ducts and wires attached to the exterior – like a body with all its veins and nerves visible on the outside. Many thought it didn't belong in the middle of the city surrounded by elegant old buildings. Now it's one of the most popular places in Paris.

Pompiwho?
The actual name is the 'Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou'! Pompidou was president of France. It was his idea to create a centre for modern art in the heart of Paris.

The Centre is known locally as 'Beaubourg'.

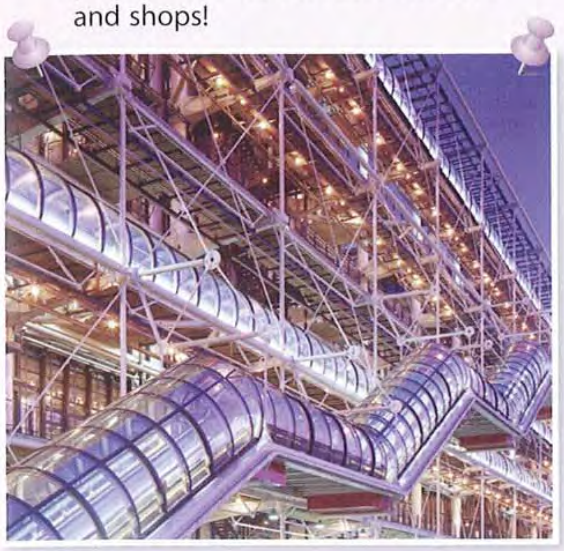
IS THAT A FACTORY?

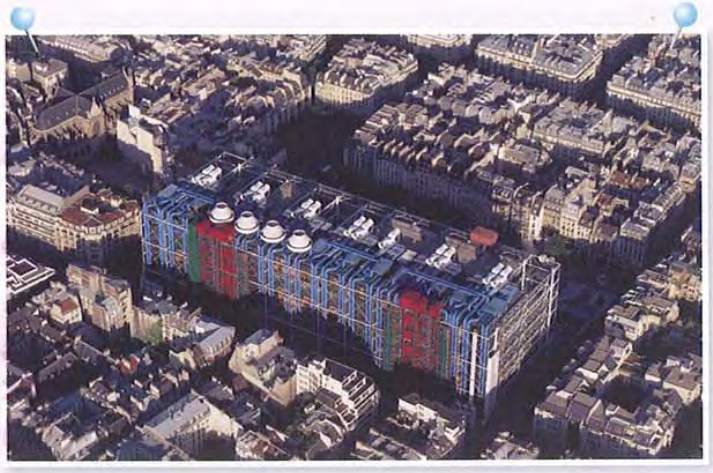
WHAT'S WHAT

It's no secret how the building works – the pipes, tunnels and ducts for the buildings' services and systems are attached to the outside and colour-coded.

- Air
- Liquids
- Electricity
- Escalators and lifts

Packing it in
Putting the escalators and other services on the outside means there is more space inside for the art museum, public library, cinema, performance halls, music institute and shops!

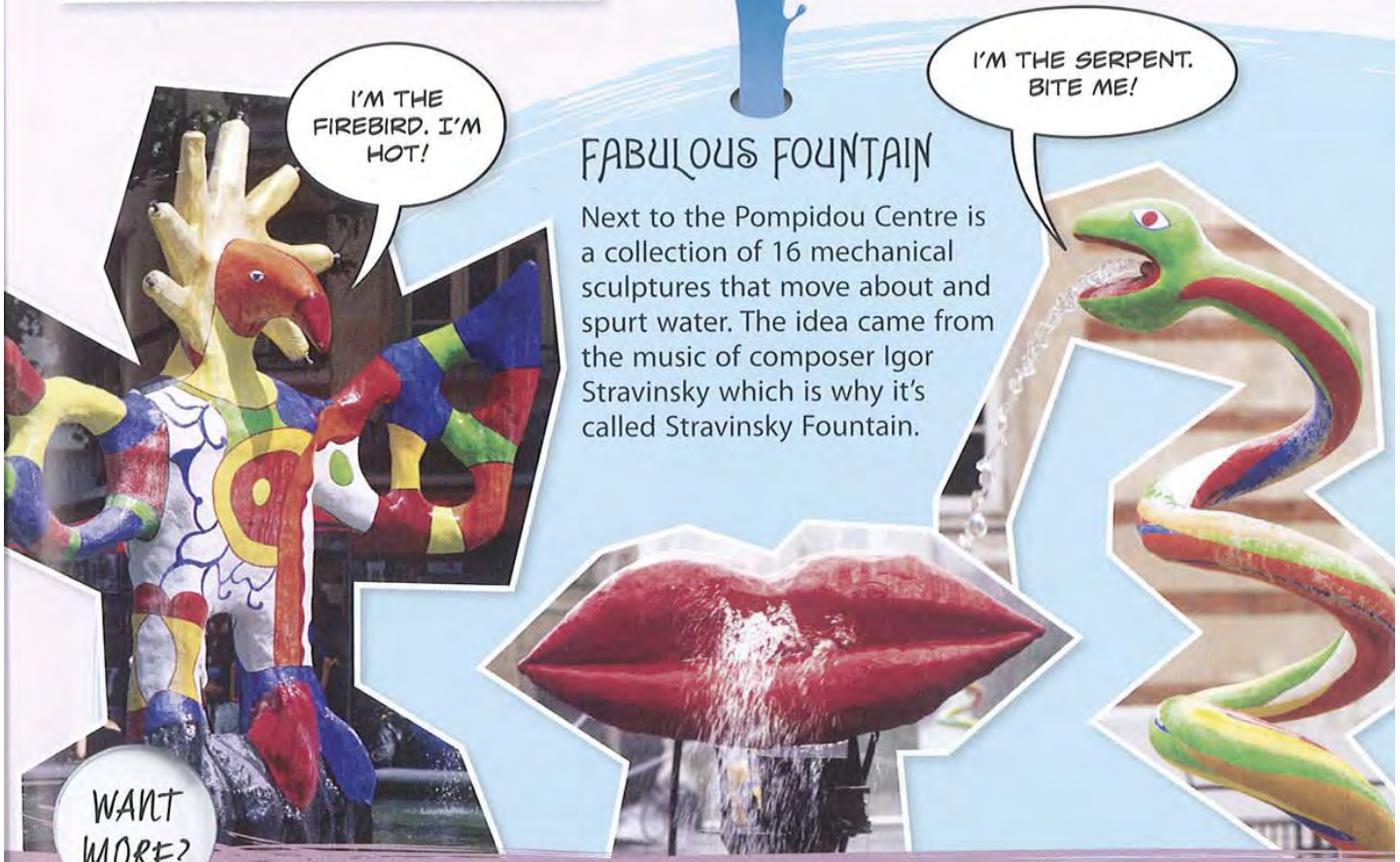




Loved to bits
The Centre attracts about five times as many visitors as the designers expected. All those people wore out the building and it had to be completely renovated within 20 years.

FABULOUS FOUNTAIN

Next to the Pompidou Centre is a collection of 16 mechanical sculptures that move about and spurt water. The idea came from the music of composer Igor Stravinsky which is why it's called Stravinsky Fountain.

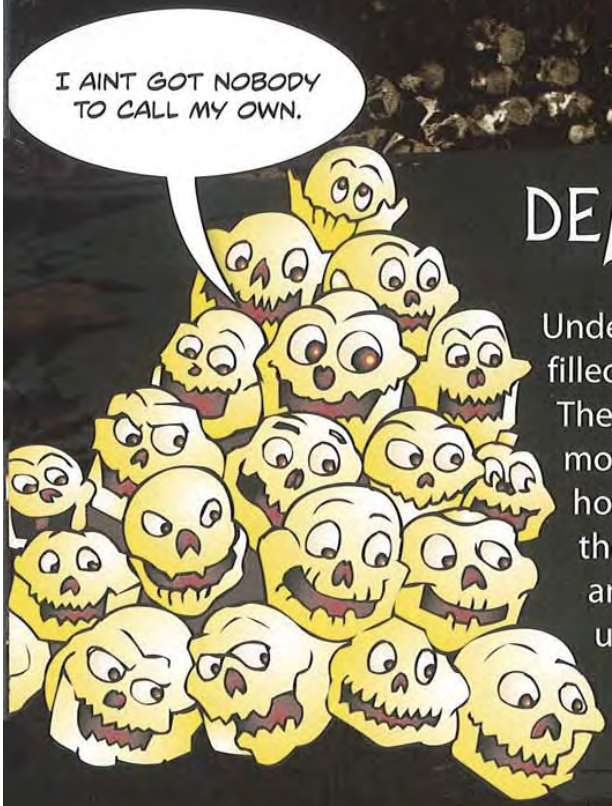


Pompidou Centre – www.centrepompidou.fr

Text 23: 'Dem Bones', Not for Parents:
Paris Everything You Ever Wanted to Know

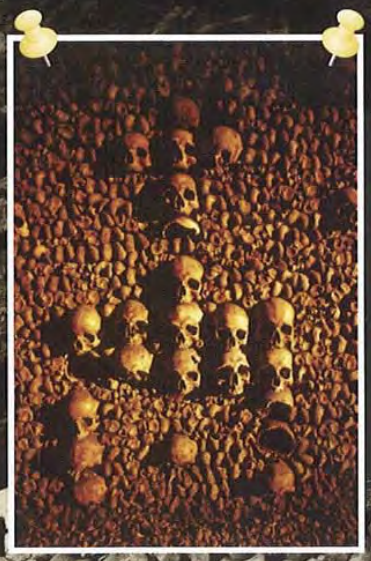
Going to ground
To get to the catacombs you have to go 20m (65ft) below the surface of the city, down a spiral staircase with 130 steps. At the entrance is a sign that reads: 'Stop! Here is the empire of death.'

What else is down there?
The catacombs take up only a small part of the old mines beneath Paris. As well as 300km (185mi) of mine tunnels, there are 2000km (1200mi) of sewer tunnels and 200km (120mi) of rail tracks!



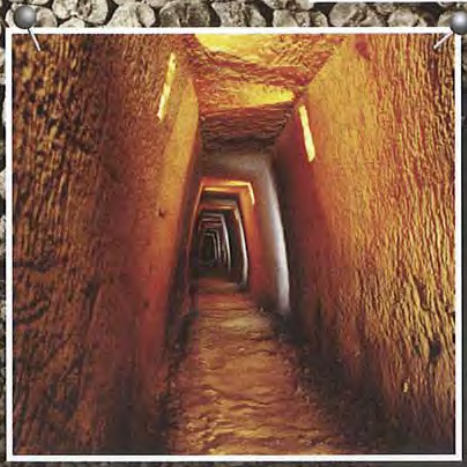
DEM BONES

Under Paris are the catacombs – tunnels filled with the bones of six million people. They were put there around 200 years ago, moved from cemeteries that had become horribly overcrowded, causing bad smells and the spread of disease. The bones were dug up and moved into old limestone mines underneath the city.



Bone art
Most of the bones have been carefully arranged, stacked in rows of arms, legs and skulls. Some are arranged in artistic shapes like hearts and crosses. In some areas, though, bones are shoved in with little thought given to presentation.

Tourists and spies
Tours of the catacombs have been popular for about 150 years, though for a while during World War II the tunnels were used by members of the French Resistance as a hiding place from the Germans.



Carts to the catacombs
Priests blessed the bones as they were moved at night from the cemeteries to the catacombs in carts covered with black cloth. The work started in 1786 and took over 70 years to complete.

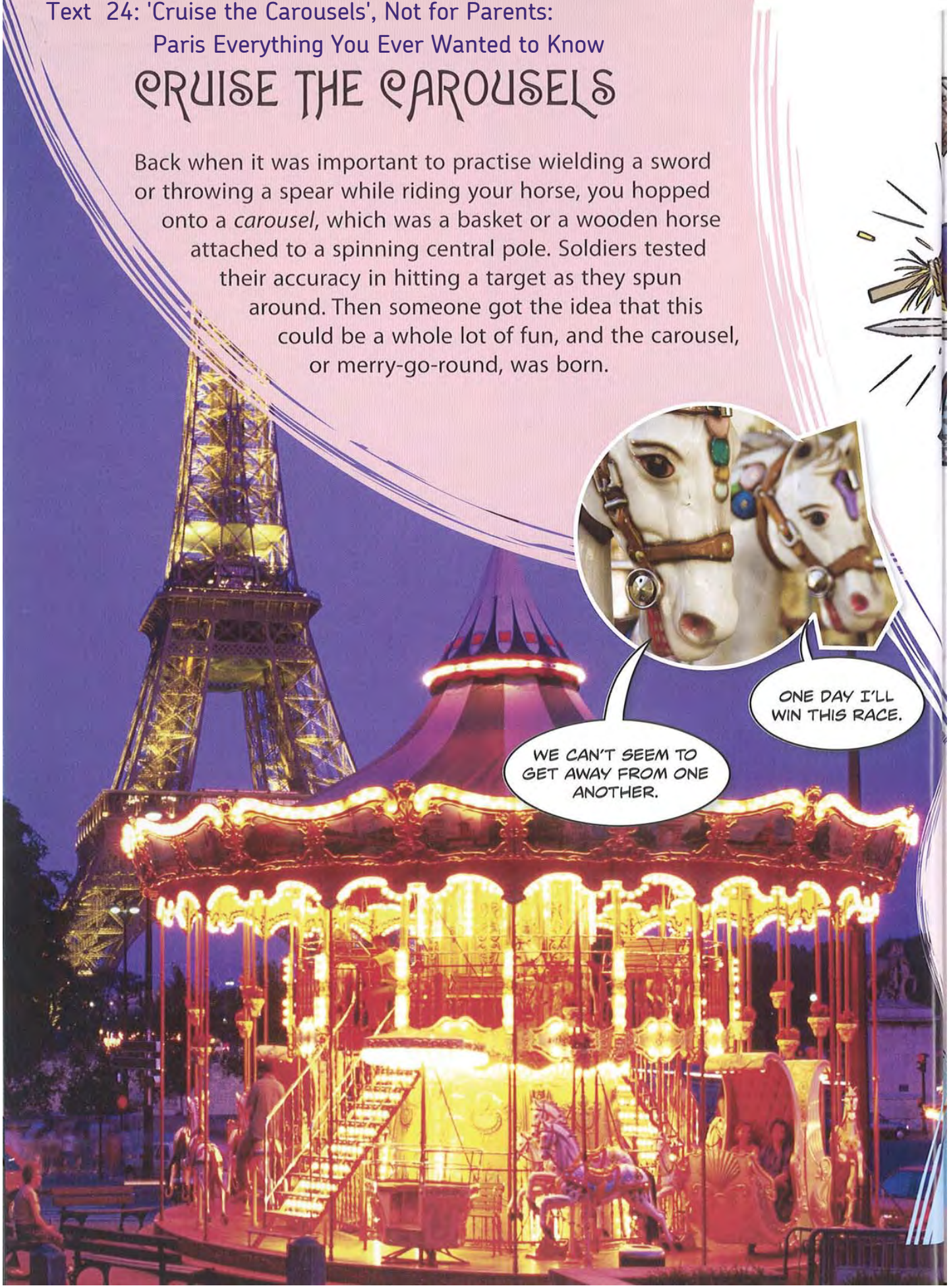
WANT MORE?

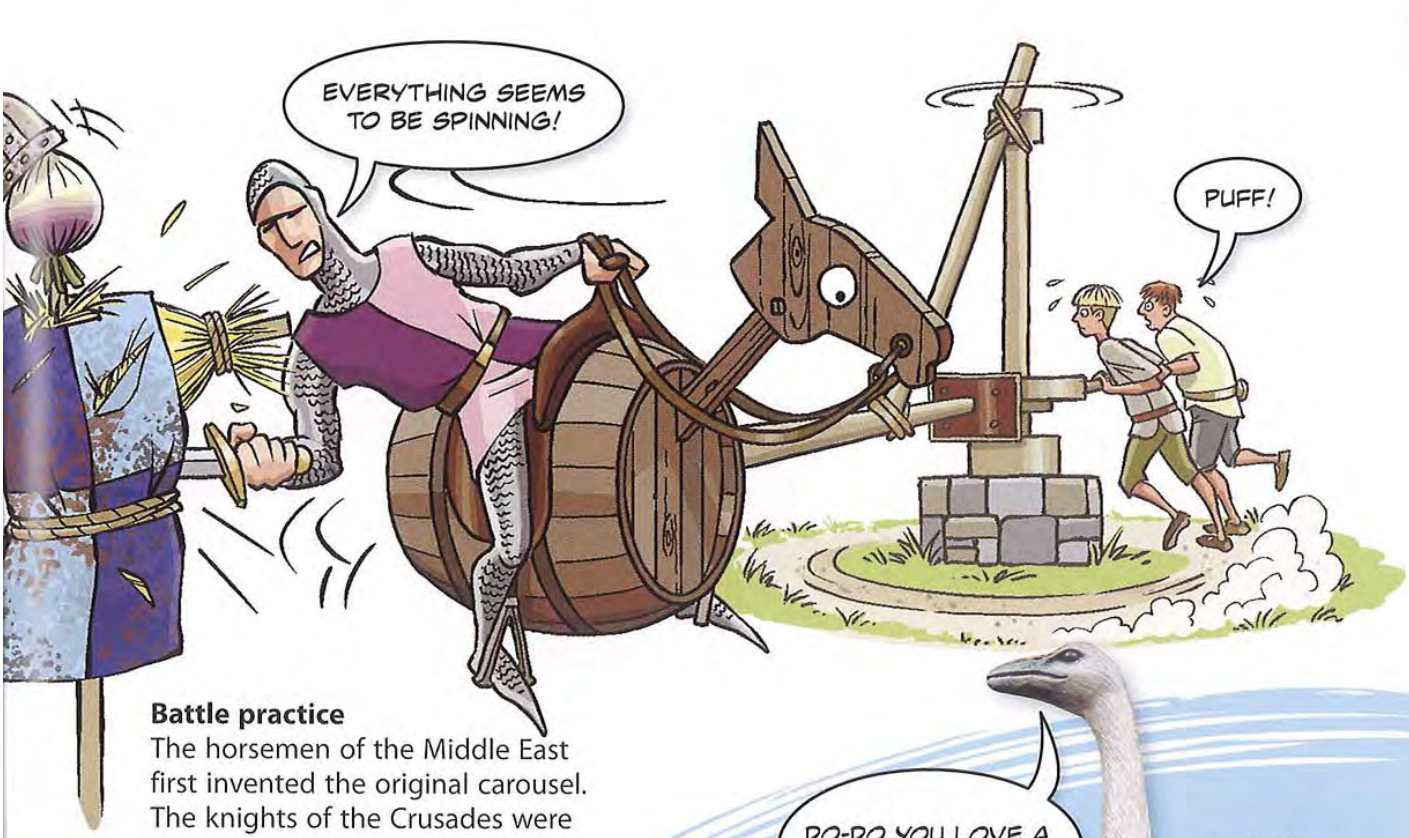
Catacombs of Paris Museum – www.catacombes-de-paris.fr

Text 24: 'Cruise the Carousels', Not for Parents:
Paris Everything You Ever Wanted to Know

CRUISE THE CAROUSELS

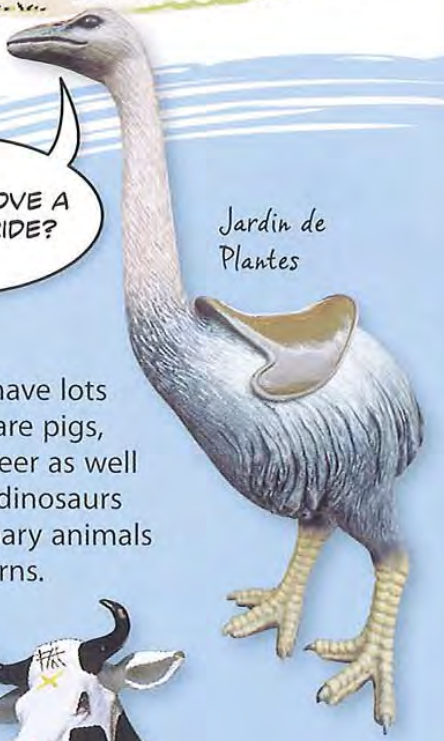
Back when it was important to practise wielding a sword or throwing a spear while riding your horse, you hopped onto a *carousel*, which was a basket or a wooden horse attached to a spinning central pole. Soldiers tested their accuracy in hitting a target as they spun around. Then someone got the idea that this could be a whole lot of fun, and the carousel, or merry-go-round, was born.





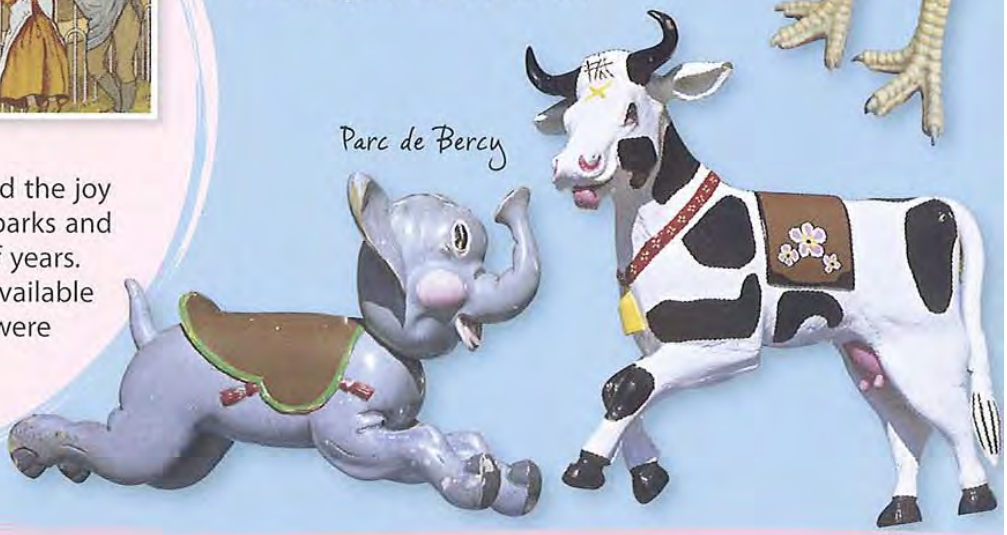
Battle practice
The horsemen of the Middle East first invented the original carousel. The knights of the Crusades were impressed and brought the idea back to Europe.

Back in the day
The children of Paris have had the joy of merry-go-rounds in their parks and local squares for hundreds of years. Before steam engines were available to provide power, carousels were spun by hand.



SADDLE UP

The carousels of Paris have lots of cool mounts. There are pigs, elephants, zebra and deer as well as extinct animals like dinosaurs and dodos, and imaginary animals like dragons and unicorns.



WANT MORE?

National Carousel Association – www.nationalcarousel.org/european.html

Text 25: On Paris

Due to copyright restrictions this text is not available. For information, Text 25 will include pages 16 – 22, from *On Paris* by Ernest Hemingway

Text 26: Foreign Correspondent: Paris in the Sixties

Due to copyright restrictions this text is not available. For information, Text 26 will include pages 12 – 28, from *Foreign Correspondent: Paris in the Sixties* by Peter Lennon.

Text 27: ‘Paris Riots 1968’, British Pathé

Transcript

((*Dramatic newsreel style music*))

Narrator: France (.) May 1968 (.) a nation of **strikes** (.) of violence (.) a country paralysed across its length and breadth (.) the simmering of unrest amongst its student population rapidly boiled (.) then boiled over (.) citizens from **every walk of life** from **every class** became involved (.) unrest which had lurked beneath the surface spilled into the open (.) France had been brought to its **knees** by a disenchanted majority who wanted more money better working conditions and a **shake-up** in the social system (.) **chaos** ruled the streets (2) while the banks took stock of their reserves and eventually closed (.) housewives **hunted** for food as supplies dwindled (3) earlier at the Assembly the French parliament **leading** politicians from all parties arrived for a motion of censure against the government (.) ((*music stops*, *Monsieur Pompidou speaks*)) Monsieur Pompidou, the Prime Minister spoke convincingly against the motion he won by a majority of eleven votes (.) but the dispute was gaining ground in the streets (.) ((*sounds of mass chanting*)) even before it had reached this stage the government had set up urgent talks to control the conflict (.) it was too late (3) ((*chanting reaches a crescendo*)) that night, the Latin Quarter of Paris became a battleground (5) ((*shouting, dramatic music begins again*)) the Prime Minister and leading government

members (.) **desperately** tried to stem the flood of dissent but it was **no use** (9)

((*music stops, concerted chanting*))

Narrator: ((*background noise of chanting*)) despite appeals for discipline and calm from less militant, demonstrating leaders (.) **big** trouble was looming (5) ((*booming sound*)) the mob was **incensed** by the sight of riot police (.) sanity and social ((*sounds of gunshot*)) **responsibility** were forgotten (28)

((*sounds of commotion and rioting: tree falling, whistles, gunshots and sirens*))

Narrator: during this dramatic night of bloodshed and terror, there were similar scenes in many centres of provincial France (.) ((*dramatic music begins again*)) workers were already talking of victory (.) but **still** General de Gaulle remained silent (2) on the French-German border more than five hundred students from both countries waited for left wing student leader Daniel Cohn-Bendit (1) Red Danny as he is known had been expelled from France (.) he refused to acknowledge his expulsion and told his supporters

Narrator speaking as Daniel Cohn-Bendit: my expulsion will **not solve** the problems of France (.) I will come back (3)

Narrator: Red Danny was eventually escorted out of France (3)

((*music stops, chanting starts*))

Narrator: on the day that General de Gaulle at last agreed to address the nation (.) members of trade union movements marched peacefully and with order through the streets of the capital (7) ((*concerted chanting, General de Gaulle speaks*)) **could** the general President of the French Republic, solve his country's turmoil (.) he said he recognised the necessity for social changes and promised there would be reform (.) **but** he emphasised (.) there **must** be law and order (.) the country must come first (.) in so many words he said the strikes must end (.) negotiations must begin quickly to get France moving once more (.) his speech ended ((*booming sound*)) **long live France** (1) ((*gunshots))* it was a typically stirring speech but it failed (.) the unrest and violence had spread rapidly (.) in Paris (.) it was a night of **wild** disorder (12)

((*sounds of commotion and rioting: gunshots, mortar fire, and vehicles*))

Narrator: the Latin Quarter was rocked with a violence such as it had **never** known before (44)

((*increased sounds of commotion and rioting: gunshots, mortar fire, vehicles and sirens*))

Narrator: during this terrible night that Paris will **never** forget there were four hundred casualties among the demonstrators (.) a hundred and fifty police were injured (25)

((*sounds of commotion and rioting continue: gunshots, vehicles and sirens*))

((*dramatic music starts again*))

Narrator: in the early hours of the morning (.) a **stunned** France was counting its wounds (.) Paris looked like a **blitz** city (.) General de Gaulle's personal strength had failed to bring the nation back into line (.) he had called for a referendum on his leadership for June 16th (.) but had said that he might retire at the end of the year (.) an indication that he expects to win that referendum (.) but **still** very much under the pall and tension of the unbridled violence (.) discussions between the government employers and unions go on (8) ((*music reaches a crescendo*)) as spectators from across the channel **we** can only hope that reason is quickly restored

((*music continues for a few seconds, then stops abruptly*))

Text 28: Seven Ages of Paris

THE PROFILE OF RESTORATION PARIS

Compared with what preceded it under Napoleon and what was to follow under Baron Haussmann, during the years of the Restoration and of Louis-Philippe the profile of Paris changed but little. Its population had risen to over 700,000 (by 1844 it would reach one million, as more and more hopefuls flooded in from the provinces, enticed by the questionable blandishments of city life). These hordes were still crammed into a web of narrow, ill-paved and filthy streets. Among the few novelties was the Chapelle Expiatoire, built – first things first – for Parisians to atone for the murder of Louis XVI and his queen, on the exact place where they had originally been buried; and, with fine irony, the Rue Napoléon was renamed the Rue de la Paix. Uncompleted Napoleonic projects such as the Bourse – fundamental to the *enrichissez-vous* era on which Paris was about to embark – were completed. But lack of financial resources and of the absolutist power to project bold new commissions left its mark on the city. Stylistically, it was revived Louis XVI. New apartment buildings were lower and smaller, more spartan and utilitarian in style, with less spacious rooms. Most were swept aside by later and less ephemeral buildings. Many were erected, speculatively, at such high cost that they could be neither rented nor sold and the result left many houses empty. In the 1820s there were schemes launched to develop peripheral areas like the Batignolles on the Right Bank and Grenelle on the Left, which encouraged the speculators as wealth increased. Outside the old Octroi (customs) wall the delayed industrial revolution began implanting major manufacturing industries, years after London had done the same.

With more money came splendid galleries and covered passages constructed – by private speculators – around the Rue Vivienne and other Right Bank areas, for bourgeois shoppers to spend what was being accreted in the new counting houses constructed by financiers around Mme Récamier's Chaussée d'Antin. The aim of these opulent new

arcades was not merely to 'protect the passer-by from the dangers of the streets; they had to hold him, enslave him, body and soul ... he was supposed to feel so enchanted that he forgot everything: his wife, his children, the office, and dinner.' Heinrich Heine particularly enjoyed strolling through the Passage des Panoramas, though a contemporary German biographer observed that it was 'a place one avoids walking through in the evening if accompanied by a lady' – for here the elegant and affluent jostled shoulders, as they always had, with the underworld, pickpockets and tricksters, prostitutes and beggars.

Otherwise, little changed. The residential areas around the Louvre and Marais had fallen into decrepitude, and the revolutionary poor continued to exist, and seethe, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. By 1830, the western limit of the city was still the Place de la Concorde, while the Champs-Elysées continued to be bordered by ditches and hovels, with strange subterranean cabarets. An incomplete Arc de Triomphe stood in a forest glade, while the equally incomplete Madeleine rose out of a piece of *terrain vague* – though its unfinished beauty was to arouse the romantic sensibilities of Mrs Trollope, who on a moonlit night in 1835 thought this 'pale spectre of a Grecian temple ... was the most beautiful object of art I ever looked at'. In place of Napoleon's decaying elephant monstrosity at the Bastille, Louis-Philippe erected the July Column, crowned by a statue with broken chains and a torch, as a symbol (unsuccessful) of reconciliation after the 1830 Revolution that brought him to power;* while that earlier symbol, the Concorde, was reorganized around the vast obelisk filched from Egypt (a suitably neutral device, politically).

As a consequence of the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars the industrial revolution came late to Paris. By 1844, France still had only one-third as much railway line as Britain, and just over half as much as backward Prussia; the fastest mail-coach, carrying only four passengers in some discomfort, reached Bordeaux from Paris in forty-five hours, Lyons in forty-seven. Instead of appreciating its economic significance, many Parisians regarded the railway as an object of frivolity, with even the enlightened Adolphe Thiers remarking that a line from Paris to Saint-Germain would have amusement value only. When it was finally opened it reached no more than halfway. But in 1837 a momentous decision, unique in Europe, was taken to link Paris by rail with all the

* Within a year of its completion in 1840, it became a favourite jumping-off place for the unreconcilable and broken hearted.

nation's frontiers. That same year – though it was considered too dangerous for King Louis-Philippe – Queen Amélie took the first train in Paris. Working girls could now go and dance in the Forest of Loges, once the favoured retreat of Diane de Poitiers, for only seventy-five centimes. The enterprise was backed by a banker from Vienna, James de Rothschild, who had arrived as Austrian consul-general in 1810, liked what he saw and swiftly become naturalized. Five years later those fearful for the King's safety found justification when a terrible accident occurred as an engine axle fractured on a fast train returning from Versailles. Of 700 Parisians who had been on a jaunt to see the fountains, 48 were killed and 110 injured.

Nevertheless, the railways continued to spread outward, with lines to Orléans and Rouen both opened in 1843, and it was soon possible to reach Calais from Paris in nine hours. At the same time, to accommodate the passengers a new form of architecture began to manifest itself in Paris – the *gare du chemin de fer*. Some, like the Gare Saint-Lazare, the city's first (built in 1836, and immortalized by the Impressionists), and the Gare d'Orsay (built in 1898, and one day to house those painters' works), were structures of considerable beauty in their own right.

As the money began to flow again, a whole new smart area began to be created south of the Champs-Elysées, around a country house which had once belonged to François I; so all the streets were given Renaissance names like Jean Goujon, Bayard, Cérisoles, Clément Marot and, of course, François I. But they were no safer at night than before. On the Left Bank, the Faubourg Saint-Germain ended just short of the Invalides, 'at a terrace and a ditch'. Emptied of its inhabitants by the Revolution, and with many of its grand houses still left vacant during the Napoleonic era, life now came slowly back to the *status quo ante* as the émigrés crept home during the Restoration. Once again, the stately *portes-cochères* of the Rue de Grenelles protected the same grand names – the Hôtels de Berwick, de Maurepas, de la Motte-Houdancourt, d'Harcourt, de la Salle, d'Avaray, de Lamoignon. The owners would be seen driving down the Rue du Bac, the principal artery linking the two banks, on their way to pay court at the Tuileries, or to the Opéra on Mondays, the Comédie Italienne on Thursdays.

Slowly the grandeur of the Left Bank became overshadowed in Saint-Germain by new breeds of Parisian – the Romantics and, further east, the Bohemians, the 'Mimis' freezing in their garrets in the Latin Quarter. One of the most important undertakings of the new regime was the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, set up in 1819 on the Quai Malaquais.

Swiftly it re-established Paris's pre-eminence in architectural education, attracting student architects from abroad, while the 'Beaux-Arts style' was to influence public building until as late as the First World War. Here the students laboured away in *ateliers*, cramped studios to which twenty or thirty of them would be attached, often directed by independent architects of distinction.

'E FOR THE POOR

One of the most remarkable features in all the history of France is the way in which, following two crushing nineteenth-century military disasters – Waterloo in 1815 and the capitulation to Prussia and the Commune of 1871 – each time there was an extraordinary blossoming in the gentler and more enduring works of humanity. It was almost as if they came in direct response to catastrophe on the military plane. Following 1871, it would be the burst of liberating colour and joy that was Impressionism; in 1815, it was the unique flowering of the great French novel, from Balzac and Hugo to Gautier, Flaubert and Daudet, from Dumas *père* and *fils* to Zola, Maupassant and Anatole France. Once the great dead hand of Napoleonic censorship was lifted from the arts, literature, and most especially the novel, began to flourish as never before. Founders of *romantisme*, the literature of revolt, artistic as well as political – Germaine de Staël (living just long enough to rejoice in the final fall of her arch-enemy), Chateaubriand, Stendhal and the poetic geniuses of Lamartine and Vigny – were followed closely by giants like Balzac (1799–1850) and later Hugo (1802–85).

Balzac and Hugo took it upon themselves, virtually for the first time, to tell of poverty in Paris, to describe what it was like to be really poor, in debt, pursued by the police, struggling to emerge from the underclass. The very stink of the Paris of the poor, the stale cabbage and untuned plumbing, with her hollow-cheeked, pale and sallow denizens, seeps out from Balzac's *Père Goriot* in this description of the *quartier* where Goriot himself, a once prosperous vermicelli merchant, lives in abject poverty:

> that illustrious valley of flaking plasterwork and gutters black with mud; a valley full of suffering that is real, and of joy that is often

> false, where life is so hectic that it takes something quite extraordinary to produce feelings that last ... the houses are gloomy, the walls like a prison ... washed in that shade of yellow which so demeans all the houses in Paris ...

Balzac's preoccupation with the belief that 'wealth is virtue', and with the corruption that went hand in hand with it, was to run throughout his vast work, the *Comédie Humaine* and its ninety-odd novels and tales. Dumas *père* would echo the theme in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, portraying a society where everything – whether social standing or revenge – can be bought at a price. It would pick up speed during the bourgeois era of Louis-Philippe, reaching its apogee there, and on through the Paris of the Second Empire, finding revival under the Third Republic, and with echoes even down to the Paris of Pompidou, Giscard d'Estaing, Mitterrand and Chirac. As the Restoration took root, much of the positive social gains achieved during the Revolution and under Napoleon evaporated. Gradually as the gaps between Parisian classes widened, the poor becoming poorer, the rich becoming infinitely richer, it was not long before the politician–historian Guizot was codifying the principle of *enrichissez-vous* – with the unspoken rider, 'and leave politics to me'. During the early days of the Restoration, there were reckoned (by Eugène Sue) to be 30,000 thieves in Paris, their numbers swollen in the first instance by the thousands of impoverished ex-officers of the Grande Armée conducting dubious card games and ever on the look-out for an easy touch. Then came the fresh influx from the provinces. The immense pull of Paris at that time is well described by Balzac in *Le Cabinet des antiques* as:

> a city that swallows up gifted individuals born everywhere in the kingdom, makes them part of its strange population, and dries out the intellectual capacities of the nation for its own benefit. The provinces themselves are responsible for the force that plunders them ... And as soon as a merchant has amassed a fortune, he thinks only of taking it to Paris, the city that thus comes to epitomize all of France.

Inevitably, living conditions became far worse in the fastest-growing sections of the city where the poorest people lived, while the baneful consequences of overcrowding cause Balzac's lawyer Derville in *Le Colonel Chabert* to exclaim, after listing all the variants of despicable human behaviour he has witnessed in the city, 'I shall move to the

country with my wife; Paris frightens me.' A report by the *département* of the Seine in 1829 found that of 'the 224,000 households in Paris at least 136,000 must be described as being poor, and a further 32,000 households as living on the edge of poverty'. Within the areas where the over-populous *classes laborieuses* eked out a wretched existence, there was – initially – an ominous quietness; but all the time there was building up a new *classe dangereuse* that would one day erupt and spew out once again like lava into bourgeois Paris.

As before, these *quartiers* of the poor often lay cheek by jowl with those of the new rich. Behind the glitter of the Champs-Elysées and the *grands boulevards* marched rows of mean hovels, while a notable district for prostitutes lay between the elegant Avenue de l'Opéra and the Rue Richelieu. These 'unfortunates', as they were euphemistically called, proliferated; in the Palais Royal area their numbers were put at one for every sixty-three inhabitants, and in the Saint-Honoré *quartier* at one for every forty-two. The labyrinth of narrow streets, where vice and crime flourished, remained places of gloom and terror until the days of Haussmann, particularly at night – and in general the streets of Paris were just as squalid, malodorous and overcrowded as they always had been.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

Under the Restoration and Louis-Philippe, health and hygiene in Paris lagged disgracefully, despite all Napoleon had done to improve the city's drains. If anything, with the surging population increase, the situation had worsened. There was no efficient, centralized means of collecting rubbish and filth, still deposited daily on the streets by the 224,000 households. One contemporary report describes how the dirt would:

> remain lying there for an indeterminate time ... Hardly has half of it been swept up when the rest is scattered in the gutters, blocking the water from draining away; it only disappears when strong rains flood the drains ...
>
> Bad gases and pestilential miasmas rise up to the place where the trash collects, not to mention that the sludge gets stuck between

> the paving stones. But that is not all. A far worse and unhealthier stench streams from the underground sewers that benumbs passers-by, and forces residents to leave their houses.

Still running directly and untreated into the Seine, the sewage 'creates a swamp on the banks that pollutes the water used for washing or drinking by half the inhabitants of Paris'.

By comparison with Paris – even though the drains of Windsor would kill off Prince Albert – London was a sweet-smelling city. Households had a flush-sewage system working, while the Paris sewers still served mainly as street drains. Cesspools had to be emptied periodically, resulting in a disgusting and insalubrious smell. While Parisians would 'barely consume seven litres of water per day', according to Balzac, 'every citizen of London has the use of sixty-two litres'. Even by 1848 only 5,300 Parisian households were connected to the rudimentary and clogged-up sewage system, and would have to await Haussmann, and beyond, for better things.

Just outside the city things were worse. Up at Montfaucon (now in the 10th arrondissement), the former site of the hideous gibbets, fallen into disuse since the early seventeenth century, had become revolting knackers' yards and the depots of collected sewage. Out of them highly infectious streams trickled back down into the city and into her water reservoirs. From all this it was hardly surprising that, in 1832, Paris would be stricken with a major cholera epidemic, one of the worst in her history, its spread helped by the filthy streets. The first victim was claimed on 19 February; by 5 April there were 503 cases; on the 12th, as many as 1,020. The Opéra Comique was turned into an emergency hospital, and the hard-line Prime Minister, Casimir Périer, died of the disease, after visiting the Hôtel Dieu.

Day after day carts rattled through the disease-bearing streets piled high with corpses. Inevitably, the government was accused of having poisoned the wine supply and when the heir to Louis-Philippe's throne courageously visited the hospital wards he was denounced by the opposition for wanting to inspect the misery of the people. By the time the ravages of the epidemic were over, 18,402 Parisians had died. From a sociological point of view, the spread of its victims was pointed: in rich areas like the Chaussée d'Antin only eight per thousand succumbed, whereas in the poor districts such as the Hôtel de Ville fifty-three per thousand perished. Thus cholera was manifestly a disease of poverty and overcrowding. Clearly something radical had to be done.

In June 1833 a new, energetic Prefect of the Seine – Claude-Philibert Barthelot, Comte de Rambuteau – was appointed. But his plan for Paris was a continuation of Napoleon's *embellissement*, and little else. Stately monuments and beautiful public gardens, and some thirty new streets and a few bridges were built. But Rambuteau prided himself on being thrifty and, during most of his fifteen years in office, on average only 15 per cent of the total city expenditure went on the upkeep and improvement of the infrastructure. In September 1837, Balzac – incurably optimistic – wrote to his lover, Mme Hanska, 'In ten years we shall be clean, we shall no longer talk of the mud of Paris, and then we shall be so magnificent that Paris will truly be seen as a lady of the world, the first among queens, wreathed in walls.' But it was not to be. In 1849, Paris would be struck by yet another plague of cholera, this time claiming more than 19,000 victims.

BREAD AND CIRCUSES

For all the grimness of Restoration Paris, there was much to make life worth while and attractive – for most of the populace. The city began to throb with the new innovations which science and the industrial revolution had to offer. Apart from the new invention of the bicycle, there was a new light vehicle called the fiacre, as one way of dealing with the problems of transport, and soon there were steamboats plying the Seine. There were medical advances like the first successful cataract operation (though it would have taken a brave man to risk it), performed by Dupuytren, chief surgeon in the Hôtel Dieu. The state of medicine was reflected in increasing longevity (for the better off): Victor Hugo, Thiers and that veteran of revolutions, Lafayette, all lived into their eighties or late seventies. Then there was Jacques Daguerre with the novelty of his pivoted 'Diorama' – and, in 1838, the first photographs, or *daguerréotypes*. The first horse-drawn omnibus made its clip-clopping appearance on the clogged streets. And at last there was gas lighting (though a French invention, it was pioneered in London), accompanied in 1822 by the marvel of the vast gasometer in the Poissonnière district. As it gradually replaced flickering oil lamps the gentle glow of the gas lighting excitingly threw up the outline of a new city by

night. It was also soft enough to mask most of the horrors of crime, poverty and filth, cladding the terrors of the night with a certain romantic charm.

Among the unchanging distractions that Paris life habitually offered, there was always the theatre – now returned to its old unfettered, unbridled rowdiness of pre-revolutionary days. In 1817, at the Comédie Française where Mlle Mars, alias Anne Boutet, resumed its great tradition, there was a reminder of the uninhibited days of Louis XIV when Ultras and leftists came to serious blows over a piece which, lampooning one faction, was cheered by the other. In the ensuing rumpus, a number of prominent citizens were injured. Thereafter theatre managers insisted that canes, umbrellas and other weapons be deposited at the door, giving rise to the present-day theatre cloakroom. Up on the unchic Boulevard du Temple the Théâtre des Funambules (literally, 'tightrope-walkers'), founded in 1816, achieved enormous popularity with its performances of mime, vaudeville and melodrama, playing to even noisier audiences, and with an always more financially precarious company. Here the great tragic clown Jean Deburau held sway as the lovelorn and pathetic Pierrot, ever hopeful but always disappointed. Deburau died in 1846 as tragically as he had lived, falling during a performance and dying of his injuries. But he and the Funambules were to live for ever in Carné's' immortal black-and-white film of a century later, *Les Enfants du paradis*, starring Jean-Louis Barrault.

Once more the comic opera, called the Italien after the adjacent boulevard, also thrived – home of the new Romantic music. It was an epoch when concert-goers could hear Luigi Cherubini (Director of the Conservatoire de Paris), Frédéric Chopin, Franz Liszt and Hector Berlioz perform their works. Berlioz, who wrote his magical Symphonie Fantastique for his Irish paramour while he was still only thirty – its lilting Romanticism offset by sombre reminders of the guillotine that seemed to typify the age – remained unacknowledged. He died in 1869, crushed by the critics at the apogee of the Second Empire, while lesser musicians like Offenbach carried off the laurels.

Parisians, declared Prefect Rambuteau, with just a touch of condescension:

> are like children; one constantly has to fill their imagination, and if one cannot give them a victory in battle every month, or a new constitution every year, then one has to offer them daily some new building sites to visit, projects that serve to beautify the city.

If Rambuteau was not up to the job of providing sufficient *embellissement* projects in the capital, neither were the variety of distractions and the great cultural efflorescence that had been offered by the Restoration sufficient to avert a renewal of that age-old Parisian disease, ennui, now apostrophized by the Romantic poet Lamartine. Not for the first time nor for the last, French regimes sought to divert dissatisfaction at home – growing by the year – by the pursuit of *la Gloire* abroad. Once it had been Italy, now it was Algeria.

In 1827, the Dey of Algiers lost his temper with the French Consul, Deval, struck him in the face with a fly-whisk and called him a 'wicked, faithless, idol-worshipping rascal'. Here was a perfect pretext for the increasingly unpopular government of Charles X to launch a foreign adventure. Though they waited for three years before avenging the terrible insult, in May 1830 a French expeditionary force landed on a beach at Sidi Ferruch, thirty kilometres west of Algiers, and began the annexation of the world's tenth biggest nation, several times the size of France. It was under the liberal regime of Louis-Philippe rather than of Charles X that the often savage pacification of Algeria took place, but the adventure would not suffice to preserve the thrones of either.

Nonetheless, this most blatant example of 'bread and circuses' would help gain France 124 years of prosperity and power, but would end in eight years of hell that would bring down the Fourth Republic. The immediate benefits of the Algerian annexation were swift to arrive in the mother country: there were glamorous silk cloths, reaching even to provincial Rouen to help assuage the desperate ennui suffered by poor Emma Bovary; in Paris there was the can-can, the bizarre and shocking new dance first seen in the cholera year of 1832, and said to be based on something discovered in barbaric Algeria.

THE JULY MONARCHY

'La France s'ennuit!' In fact, most of France and most Frenchmen were reasonably contented with life under the restored monarchy. It was, once more, turbulent Paris where the trouble lay. There the reactionary Charles X had become progressively more unpopular, especially after he had expressed his intention of scrapping the Charter, to which the

Text 29: 'Letters from France 1790–1796', from Travel Writing 1700 - 1830: An Anthology

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, *Letters from France* (1790–1796)

Helen Maria Williams (1761–1827), poet and dissenter, shared the euphoria with which most liberal Britons greeted the French Revolution. Accompanied by her sister Cecilia, she travelled to Paris in July 1790 to witness the anniversary celebrations of the fall of the Bastille. Over the next few years Williams published a series of *Letters from France* extolling

the Revolution in the teeth of increasing British hostility. Following the execution of Louis XVI and the onset of war with Britain (1793), Williams saw her Girondist (moderate) friends outmanœuvred and persecuted by the rival Jacobin party. After a spell in prison she fled with her family to Switzerland in June 1794. Williams's subsequent volumes of letters deplore the Jacobin Terror as a betrayal of the Revolution's founding principles, which she continued to defend.

Letters Written in France, in the Summer 1790, to a Friend in England. Containing Various Anecdotes Relative to the French Revolution; and Memoirs of Mons. and Madame de F— (1790), *Letter II*

I promised to send you a description of the Federation;* but it is not to be described! One must have been present, to form any judgment of a scene, the sublimity of which depended much less on its external magnificence than on the effect it produced on the minds of the spectators. 'The people, sure, the people were the sight!'* I may tell you of pavilions, of triumphal arches, of altars on which incense was burnt, of two hundred thousand men walking in procession; but how am I to give you an adequate idea of the behaviour of the spectators? How am I to paint the impetuous feelings of that immense, that exulting multitude? Half a million of people assembled at a spectacle which furnished every image that can elevate the mind of man; which connected the enthusiasm of moral sentiment with the solemn pomp of religious ceremonies; which addressed itself at once to the imagination, the understanding, and the heart.

The Champ de Mars* was formed into an immense amphitheatre round which were erected forty rows of seats, raised one above another with earth, on which wooden forms were placed. Twenty days labour, animated by the enthusiasm of the people, accomplished what seemed to require the toil of years. Already in the Champ de Mars the distinctions of rank were forgotten; and, inspired by the same spirit, the highest and lowest orders of citizens gloried in taking up the spade, and assisting the persons employed in a work on which the common welfare of the State depended. Ladies took the instruments of labour in their hands, and removed a little of the earth, that they might be able to boast that they also had assisted in the preparations at the Champ de Mars; and a number of old soldiers were seen voluntarily bestowing on their country the last remains of their strength . . .

In the streets, at the windows, and on the roofs of the houses, the people, transported with joy, shouted and wept as the procession passed. Old men were seen kneeling in the streets, blessing God that they had lived to witness that happy moment. The people ran to the doors of their houses, loaded with refreshments, which they offered to the troops; and crowds of women surrounded the soldiers, and holding up their infants in their arms, and melting into tears, promised to make their children imbibe, from their earliest age, an inviolable attachment to the principles of the new constitution. . . .

The procession, which was formed with eight persons abreast, entered the Champ de Mars beneath the triumphal arches, with a discharge of cannon. The deputies placed themselves round the inside of the amphitheatre. Between them and the seats of the spectators, the national guard of Paris were ranged; and the seats round the amphitheatre were filled with four hundred thousand people. The middle of the amphitheatre was crowded with an immense multitude of soldiers. The National Assembly* walked towards the pavilion, where they placed themselves with the King, the Queen, the Royal Family, and their attendants; and opposite this group, rose in perspective the hills of Passy and Chaillot, covered with people. The standards, of which one was presented to each department of the kingdom, as a mark of brotherhood, by the citizens of Paris, were carried to the altar, to be consecrated by the bishop. High mass was performed, after which Mons. de la Fayette,* who had been appointed by the king Major-General of the Federation, ascended the altar, gave the signal, and himself took the national oath. In an instant every sword was drawn, and every arm lifted up. The King pronounced the oath, which the President of the National Assembly repeated, and the solemn words were re-echoed by six hundred thousand voices; while the Queen raised the Dauphin* in her arms, showing him to the people and the army. At the moment the consecrated banners were obscured, the sun, which had been displayed, by frequent showers in the course of the morning, burst forth; while the people lifted their eyes to heaven, and called upon the Deity to look down and witness the sacred engagement into which they entered. A respectful silence was succeeded by the cries, the shouts, the acclamations of the multitude: they wept, they embraced each other, and then dispersed.

You will not suspect that I was an indifferent witness of such a

scene. Oh, no! this was not a time in which the distinctions of country were remembered. (It was the triumph of humankind; it was man asserting the noblest privilege of his nature; and it required but the common feelings of humanity, to become in that moment a citizen of the world.) For myself, I acknowledge that my heart caught with enthusiasm the general sympathy; my eyes were filled with tears: and I shall never forget the sensations of that day, 'while memory holds her seat in my bosom'.*

The weather proved very unfavourable during the morning of the Federation; but the minds of the people were too much elevated by ideas of moral good, to attend to the physical evils of the day. Several heavy showers were far from interrupting the general gaiety. The people, when drenched by the rain, called out, with exultation, rather than regret, 'Nous sommes mouillés à la nation.'* Some exclaimed, 'La révolution Française est cimentée avec de l'eau, au lieu de sang.'* The national guard, during the hours which preceded the arrival of the procession, amused the spectators *d'une danse ronde*,* and with a thousand whimsical and playful evolutions, highly expressive of that gaiety which distinguishes the French character. I believe none but Frenchmen would have diverted themselves, and half a million of people who were waiting in expectation of a scene the most solemn upon record, by circles of ten thousand men galloping *en danse ronde*. But if you are disposed to think of this gaiety with the contempt of superior gravity, for I will not call it wisdom, recollect that these dancers were the very men whose bravery formed the great epocha of French liberty; the heroes who demolished the towers of the Bastille, and whose fame will descend to the latest posterity.

Such was the admirable order with which this august spectacle was conducted, that no accident interrupted the universal festivity. All carriages were forbidden during that day, and the entrances to the Champ de Mars were so numerous that half a million of people were collected together without a crowd.

Letter IV

Before I suffered my friends at Paris to conduct me through the usual routine of convents, churches, and palaces, I requested to visit the Bastille;* feeling a much stronger desire to contemplate the ruins of that building than the most perfect edifices of Paris. When we got into the carriage, our French servant called to the coachman, with an

air of triumph, 'A la Bastille—mais nous n'y resterons pas.'* We drove under that porch which so many wretches have entered never to repass, and, alighting from the carriage, descended with difficulty into the dungeons, which were too low to admit of our standing upright, and so dark that we were obliged at noon-day to visit them with the light of a candle. We saw the hooks of those chains by which the prisoners were fastened, round the neck, to the walls of their cells; many of which, being below the level of the water, are in a constant state of humidity; and a noxious vapour issued from them, which more than once extinguished the candle, and was so insufferable that it required a strong spirit of curiosity to tempt one to enter. Good God! And to these regions of horror were human creatures dragged at the caprice of despotic power. What a melancholy consideration, that

> Man! proud man,
> Dressed in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep.*

There appears to be a greater number of these dungeons than one could have imagined the hard heart of tyranny itself would contrive; for, since the destruction of the building, many subterraneous cells have been discovered underneath a piece of ground which was enclosed within the walls of the Bastille, but which seemed a bank of solid earth before the horrid secrets of this prison-house were disclosed. Some skeletons were found in these recesses, with irons still fastened on their decaying bones.

After having visited the Bastille, we may indeed be surprised that a nation so enlightened as the French submitted so long to the oppressions of their government; but we must cease to wonder that their indignant spirits at length shook off the galling yoke.

Those who have contemplated the dungeons of the Bastille, without rejoicing in the French revolution, may, for aught I know, be very respectable persons, and very agreeable companions in the hours of prosperity; but if my heart were sinking with anguish, I should not fly to those persons for consolation. Sterne says* that a man is incapable of loving one woman as he ought who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex; and as little should I look for particular sympathy from those who have no feelings of general philanthropy.

If the splendour of a despotic throne can only shine like the radiance of lightning, while all around is involved in gloom and horror, in the name of heaven let its baleful lustre be extinguished forever. May no such strong contrast of light and shade again exist in the political system of France! But may the beams of liberty, like the beams of day, shed their benign influence on the cottage of the peasant, as well as on the palace of the monarch! May Liberty, which for so many ages past has taken pleasure in softening the evils of the bleak and rugged climates of the North, in fertilizing a barren soil, in clearing the swamp, in lifting mounds against the inundations of the tempest, diffuse her blessings also on the genial land of France, and bid the husbandman rejoice under the shade of the olive and the vine!

Letters Containing a Sketch of the Politics of France, From the Thirty-first of May 1793, till the twenty-eighth of July 1794, and of the Scenes which have Passed in the Prisons of Paris (1795), *Letter I*

Williams and her mother and sister were imprisoned in October 1793, in the state of emergency that followed the assassination of Marat, but released the following month. In April 1794 the Committee of Public Safety issued a decree expelling foreigners from the capital.

While far along the moral horizon of France the tempest became every hour more black and turbulent, the spring, earlier and more profuse of graces than in the climate of England, arose in its unsullied freshness, and formed a contrast at which humanity sickened. The lovely environs of Paris are not, like those of London, so encumbered with houses and buildings that you must travel ten or twelve miles from town to find the country, but, the moment you have passed the barriers of the city, present you with all the charming variety of vine-clad hills, and fields, and woods, and lawns. Immediately after our release from prison we quitted our apartments in the centre of the town, and tried to shelter ourselves from observation in an habitation situated in the most remote part of the faubourg Germain. From thence a few minutes' walk led us to the country. But we no longer dared, as we had done the preceding year, to forget awhile the horrors of our situation by wandering occasionally amidst the noble parks of St Cloud, the wild woods of Meudon, or the elegant gardens of Bellevue, all within an hour's ride of Paris. Those seats, once the residence of fallen royalty, were now haunted by vulgar despots, by revolutionary commissaries, by spies of the

police, and sometimes by the sanguinary decemvirs* themselves. Often they held their festive orgies in those scenes of beauty, where they dared to cast their polluting glance on nature, and tread with profane steps her hallowed recesses. Even the revolutionary jury used sometimes on a decade,* the only day of suspension from their work of death, to go to Marly or Versailles; and, steeped as they were to the very lips in blood, without being haunted by the mangled spectres of those whom they had murdered the preceding day, they saw nature in her most benign aspect, pleading the cause of humanity and mercy, and returned to feast upon the groans of those whom they were to murder on the morrow.

Those regions of decorated beauty being now forbidden ground, we confined our walks to some pasturage lands near the town, which were interspersed with a few scattered hamlets, and skirted by hills, and were so unfrequented that we heard no sounds except the sheep-bell, and the nightingales, and saw no human figure but an old peasant with a white beard, who together with a large black dog took care of the flock. It was in these walks that the soul, which the scenes of Paris petrified with terror, melted at the view of the soothing landscape, and that the eye was lifted up to heaven with tears of resignation mingled with hope. I have no words to paint the strong feeling of reluctance with which I always returned from our walks to Paris, that den of carnage, that slaughter-house of man. How I envied the peasant his lonely hut! For I had now almost lost the idea of social happiness. My disturbed imagination divided the communities of men but into two classes, the oppressor and the oppressed; and peace seemed only to exist with solitude.

On the 15th of Germinal* (the beginning of April), the committee of public safety,* or rather of public extermination, caused a law to be passed, ordering all the former nobility and strangers to leave Paris within ten days, under the penalty of being put out of the law; which meant that, if found in Paris after that period, they were to be led to the scaffold without a trial, as soon as their persons were identified. This law, to which my family and myself were subject, was a part of the plan of general proscription that Robespierre had formed against nobles and foreigners and which he was now impatient to put in force. We were ordered by the decree, after choosing the place of our retreat, to present ourselves at the revolutionary committee of our respective sections, who delivered to each of us not a passport, but

what was called a pass, on which was written a declaration that we left Paris in conformity to the law of the 26th of Germinal. Thus were we condemned to wander into the country with this pass, which was the mark of Cain* upon our foreheads, and which under pain of imprisonment we were to deposit at the municipality where we bent our course; and we were also condemned to present ourselves every twenty-four hours before the municipality and inscribe our names on a list, which was to be dispatched every decade to the committee of public safety. And lest the country municipalities should mistake the intentions of the committee, and treat particular individuals with lenity upon their producing testimonies of their attachment to the cause of the revolution, these devoted victims were ordered by a decree to burn every certificate of civism* of which they might happen to be in possession. We chose for the place of our retreat a little village half a mile distant from Marly, and with hearts overwhelmed with anguish bade adieu to my sister, who, being married to a Frenchman, was exempted from the law; and we were once more driven from our home, not to return under the penalty of death. Our neighbours came weeping to our gate to take leave of us; and the poor, who were the only class which now dared to utter a complaint, murmured loudly at the injustice of the decree. We were obliged to pass the square of the revolution, where we saw the guillotine erected, the crowd assembled for the bloody tragedy, and the gens d'armes on horseback, followed by victims who were to be sacrificed, entering the square. Such was the daily spectacle which had succeeded the painted shows, the itinerant theatres, the mountebank, the dance, the song, the shifting scenes of harmless gaiety, which used to attract the cheerful crowd as they passed from the Tuilleries to the Champs Elysées.

When we reached the barrier we were stopped by a concourse of carriages filled with former nobles, and were obliged to wait till our passes were examined in our turn. The procession at the gate was singular and affecting. Most of the fugitives having, like ourselves, deferred their departure till the last day, and it being the forfeiture of our heads to be found in Paris the day following, the demand for carriages was so great, and the price exacted by those who let them out, and who knew the urgency of the case, so exorbitant, that a coach or chariot was a luxury which fell only to the lot of a favoured few. The greater number were furnished with cabriolets,* which

seemed from their tottering condition somewhat emblematical of decayed nobility; and many who found even these crazy vehicles too costly, journeyed in the carts which transported their furniture, seated upon the chairs they were conveying to their new abodes.

We reached our little dwelling at the hour of sunset. The hills were fringed with clouds, which still reflected the fading colours of the day; the woods were in deep shadow; a soft veil was thrown over nature, and objects indistinctly seen were decorated by imagination with those graces which were most congenial to the feelings of the moment. The air was full of delicious fragrance, and the stillness of the scene was only disturbed by sounds the most soothing in nature, the soft rustling of the leaves, or the plaintive notes of the wood-pigeon. The tears which the spectacle of the guillotine had petrified with horror, now flowed again with melancholy luxury. Our habitation was situated within a few paces of the noble park of Marly; and the deserted alleys overgrown with long grass—the encumbering fragments of rock, over which once fell the mimic cascades, whose streams no longer murmur—the piles of marble which once formed the bed of crystal basins—the scattered machinery of the jets d'eaux, whose sources are dried—the fallen statues—the defaced symbols of feudality—the weeds springing between the stone steps of the ascent to the deserted palace—the cobwebbed windows of the gay pavilions, were all in union with that pensiveness of mind which our present circumstances naturally excited. And here, where we could see nothing of Paris but the distant dome of the Pantheon, we should have been less unhappy, if we had not too well known that the committee of public safety had not sent nobles and foreigners into the country to enjoy the freshness of rural gales, or the beauty of the opening spring, but as the first step towards a general proscription; and as we passed every evening through the park of Marly, in order to appear before the municipality, that appalling idea 'breathed a browner horror over the woods'.* We were again rescued from the general danger by the two benevolent commissaries of the revolutionary committee of our section, who when they came to conduct us to prison had treated us with so much gentleness, who had afterwards reclaimed us of the administration of police, and who now, unsolicited and even unasked, went to the committee of public safety, declared they would answer for us with their lives, and caused us to be put into requisition; a form which enabled us to return to

Paris, and thus snatched us from the class of the suspected and the proscribed. To their humanity we probably owe our existence; and I shall ever recollect with gratitude that noble courage which led them amidst the cruel impulse of revolutionary government, the movement of which was accelerated as it went on, to pause and succour the unfortunate.

Text 30: ‘Paris: Fine French Food’, Lonely Planet travel video

Transcript

((*French style music plays: violin, double-bass and percussion.*))

((*written appears across screen: Lonely Planet logo*)) (4)

((*written text appears across the screen: ‘Paris Fine French Food’*))

Narrator: in Paris food and wine is an **obsession** and the city stands as the culinary centre of the most gastronomic country in the world (1) **here** the restaurant comes in many guises and price ranges (.) from ultra-budget canteens to three-star Michelin gourmet (.) choose wisely and you'll be rewarded with fresh local ingredients (.) a reliance on natural flavours and a flamboyant display of **expert** techniques

((*written text appears across the screen: ‘The restaurant as we know it was born in Paris in 1765, with a small business selling soups and other restaurants (restoratives).’*))

((*music stops, whooshing sound, new accordion-centric music plays*))

Narrator: (7) there are dozens of premium wine-producing regions throughout France (.) and the country's refinement of viticultural skills have made French wine a benchmark for quality

((*conversations in French in the background*))

Narrator: (.) France also boasts over 500 varieties of **cheese** (.) so there's plenty on offer from the local fromagerie (.) merchants often let you sample what's on offer before you buy (.) and they're pretty generous with their advice

((*written text appears across the screen: 'The blue-green veins running through Roquefort cheese are the seeds of microscopic mushrooms*.'))

((*music ends, whooshing sound, new music starts: violin, double bass and percussion*))

Narrator: (7) the baguette is a French national **icon** with over 80% of the population tucking into one at every meal (1) the recipe for baguette dough is **even** strictly defined under French law (2) Parisians **love** their desserts (.) and judging by the eye-catching displays at patisseries across the city (.) they can't get enough of them (.) the most **common** house specialities are fruit tarts éclairs (.) and pastries **stacked** with cream (1) wherever you go in Paris (.) if you approach food and wine with even **half** the enthusiasm that the French do (.) you'll be welcomed encouraged (.) and **very** well fed

((*written text appears across screen: Lonely Planet logo*)) (4)

((*music stops*))

Text 31: The Sweet Life in Paris: Delicious Adventures in the World's Most Glorious and Perplexing City

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE— BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY

If you ever peered closely into the brackish water of the Seine, you'd probably lose your thirst in Paris. Because that's where most of the drinking water comes from. Yuck!

Over the past few years, the city of Paris has been making a big push to get Parisians to use less of those environmentally unfriendly plastic bottles and head back to the tap. Not only is the tap water safe to drink, or so they say, but its high calcium content is supposedly good for preventing osteoporosis. One thing they did gloss over was the fact that the heavy doses of chalky *calcaire* ruin our wine

glasses and block our shower heads. And good wineglasses are as important as good posture in Paris. The calcium requires us to add a dash of environmentally unfriendly *anti-calcaire* to the laundry so that for those of us who bathe regularly, our towels don't scrape off a couple of layers of skin. (Unlike my neighbor down the hall, who evidently doesn't consider showering all that important.)

In response, scare tactics were employed by bottler Cristaline in ads showing a toilet bowl with a big red *X* across it accompanied by the words *Je ne bois pas l'eau que j'utilise* ("I don't drink water that I use"), a campaign intended as a response to our green-spirited Mayor Bertrand Delanoë's attempts to wean us off plastic.

To encourage consumption of *l'eau du robinet*, thirty thousand fashionable glass carafes were given away at a highly orchestrated publicity event at the Hôtel de Ville, the city hall. Styled by some hot-shot French designer and emblazoned with the logo in blocky blue letters, *EAU DE PARIS*, the carafes garnered a lot of publicity because of their sleek design and the massive giveaway. I've yet to see one anywhere—except on eBay.fr.

Paris has always had a pretty close relationship with water, which runs through it and around it. Paris, or Lutetia, as it was originally called, actually began as an island surrounded by the Seine, which explains why the symbol of Paris is a boat. As the city grew larger, Paris spiraled outward and the water continued to shape the city: the name of the trendy Marais refers to its history as a mucky swamp, and there's still a puddle of water in the basement of the Opéra Garnier, although nothing nowadays resembling the deep lake depicted in the popular musical.

With water all around and beneath us, you'd think it would be easy to get a glass of the stuff. But it can take a daunting amount of effort to get a sip. Unlike their American counterparts, who live under some decree that one *must* drink eight 8-ounce glasses per day, you'll never see a Parisian gulping down a tumbler full or chugging a bottle of water. Water for drinking is parsimoniously rationed in tiny shotlike glasses in restaurants and cafés, meant to be consumed in carefully controlled, measured doses. If

you're invited to a private home for dinner, water usually won't be offered until the very end of the meal, if at all.

I attended a dinner party where the hostess kept the bottle of water sequestered under the table, guarded by her feet during the entire meal. Midway through dinner, completely dessicated, I could hold out no longer and summoned up the last bit of moisture in my mouth to form the words to ask for a sip. With some reluctance, she reached down to extract the bottle and poured a tiny trickle into my glass. Right after my ration was doled out, she screwed the top back on and stowed away the bottle.

There's a French aesthetic about drinking glasses, whether for wine or water: they're small and they're never filled more than halfway. It's not that everyone is being so parsimonious with wine, it's just that smaller glasses look nicer on the table. Big glasses are considered *pas jolis* (not beautiful), a term the French use to justify any cultural quirk that can't easily be explained. And I agree. After all, what's the point of being in Paris if you're going to be *pas joli*? And you don't want to ruin things for the rest of us by drinking water, do you?

It can be tricky to order water in France, since there's a panopoly of options. Simply saying, "I'd like water," in a café or restaurant is like going into Starbucks and saying, "I'd like coffee," or going to a multiplex cinema and telling the cashier, "I'd like a ticket to see a movie." An online search revealed there are 214 brands of bottled water available in France, versus 179 in America, which has five times the population of France.

Before ordering, you need to decide whether you want a bottle, or *eau du robinet* from the tap. If bottled is your choice, do you want still or sparkling? San Pellegrino or Perrier? Châteldon or Salvetat? Badoit or Evian? If Badoit, do you want *verte* or hyper-bubbly *rouge*? There's also Volvic, Vichy, and Vittel. But wait, you're not done yet! *Demie* or *grande*?

Unless you specify, you're likely to get the biggest and priciest of the

lot, since no waiter anywhere enjoys playing twenty questions in his non-native language and that's your punishment. If you're terribly thirsty, spring for a bottle. Ordering *eau du robinet* means you may need to ask the waiter two—perhaps three—times before you get it, if you get it at all. They seem to have no trouble remembering those money-making bottles, but free carafes are somehow easily forgotten.

Yet there's relief for the parched palates walking the streets: a law on the books dictates that all cafés in France have to give anyone who comes in a glass of tap water upon request. Unless they have a sign posted somewhere saying they don't do that. I haven't built up the courage to ask anywhere to see if it's true, but I wish they'd pass a similar law when it comes to another urgent need around here.

The flip side of finding a drink of water is finding a place to get rid of it. This is nearly impossible if you're out and about, so it's easy to understand why the French avoid drinking it in the first place.

While *la loi* does give you *le droit* to ask for water in a café, there's no law that gives you the right to demand to get rid of it thereafter. Cafés are notoriously less than accommodating about allowing you to use their often shabby accommodations *sans* purchase, unless you're pregnant or can distend your stomach and rub it lovingly to make a convincing demonstration that you might be. Considering how many *macarons* and *pains au chocolat* I tuck in, I may soon be able to pull it off. For the rest of you, if you want to use the bathroom, paradoxically, you must drink something first, thus perpetuating a vicious cycle that works for the café owners, but not so well their patrons.

I used to buy my weekly *carnet* of Métro tickets at a grubby local *tabac* on the rue Faubourg Saint-Antoine. One day I headed to the back of the place to relieve myself of the excitement from making such a transaction. I didn't think it'd be a problem since I was a steady, paying customer.

As I reached for the doorknob, the proprietor hollered across the room, his voice booming to all the patrons (who stopped what they were doing to turn and watch), yelling that that room was off-limits unless I had a drink. He clarified the verbal assault by making a drinking motion, rocking his extended thumb and little finger toward and away from his mouth, in case I didn't get the point.

I got it. But he almost got my middle finger back, and I never got my Métro tickets there again.

He wasn't acting alone, though. Parisians have little sympathy for those who have to go to the bathroom because they don't ever have to go themselves. They have no idea what it's like. I've spent eight to nine uninterrupted hours with my partner, Romain, and not once did he excuse himself to go. I guess they know better, and lay off the water.

When men do get the urge, they simply pull up to a little corner of *la belle France* and take a break. If you've searched your guidebook to find the historical significance of those corners of semicircular iron bars guarding historic buildings, now you know: they're to discourage men from relieving themselves on history.

The problem's gotten so bad that the authorities in Paris came up with *le mur anti-pipi*, a sloping wall designed to "water the waterer" by redirecting the stream, soaking the offender's trousers. The prototype is now being tested on the most *pipi*-soaked street: the cour des Petites-Ecuries. (Don't ask me how they figured that one out. I don't want to know.)

Perhaps you remember the old solution, the city-sanctioned open-air *pissotières*, where men were allowed to do their business *en plein air*. In the early '90s, though, Paris started replacing those stinky yet terribly convenient (for us men) outdoor *pissotières* with Sanisettes, the automated self-cleaning toilets that are installed at various spots around the city. If you're feeling nostalgic, there's one *pissotière* left, the last malodorous holdout, way out on the boulevard Arago.

Some give kudos to the Sanisettes for giving women equal opportunity to use the streets. Except every woman I know refuses to go in one. They're also overclustered in the touristed neighborhoods instead of where the rest

of us need them most. No matter where you are, it seems the more urgent the need, the more likely you'll find that the little illuminated button says the cabin is unfortunately *Hors Service.*

So why is it the French never feel the need to go? I searched for the answer from Romain's mother, who raised four children in an apartment that has four bedrooms, but only one *toilette.* That means six people—plus the au pair—shared one bathroom for twenty years.

"*C'est pas possible!*" I exclaimed. She shrugged off my incredulity and said there were never any problems. I guess they coach 'em right from the start, because if I had to share one bathroom with my two parents, three siblings, and a live-in sitter, I'd probably be better trained than I currently am, too.

Although we find it funny, and at times excruciating, that French bathrooms are few and far between, they think it's *très bizarre* that we drag guests on grand tours of our homes, which include the bedrooms and bathroom as part of the itinerary. And when you think about it, isn't it a little odd that we invite strangers for a look at where we conduct our most intimate business?

The French keep those rooms discreetly off-limits and there's no "Come! See the rest of the house!" when you visit someone. Which is great, since you're never subjected to people bragging about their wok burners or $6,800 state-of-the-art wine refrigerators stocked with California Chardonnay. Or maybe I'm just jealous, since I have nothing to brag about in my kitchen but a half-empty jar of molasses and a few bags of dried onion soup mix.

It sure is nice not having to make your bed or scrub the toilet when company's coming, though. Unfortunately, I have a few American friends who have the nerve to use the bathroom when they come over. And admittedly when I visit friends, even though I know the WC is off-limits, if I haven't stopped first at a nearby building (inside or out), I sometimes do need to ask permission to go. Which is, I think, the least embarrassing of my options.

MOLE AU CHOCOLAT

CHOCOLATE MOLE

MAKES 1 QUART (1 L)

Aside from a seemingly endless quest for water, one of our other cultural differences is Americans' love of Mexican food. Authentic Mexican products aren't available here. So like many Americans, I lug dried chiles, hot sauce, and corn tortillas back from trips to the States. Then I prepare elaborate Mexican meals that I hope will impress my Parisian friends.

And how can you not love mole? Here's my version, which everyone seems to like whenever I make it. Parisians seem to love anything that has chocolate in it just as much as Americans do.

For any of those "If-it-doesn't-take-ten-hours-to-make-it's-not-mole" folks out there, give me a break since some of the items aren't available in Paris. I'm doing the best I can with what I've got. Because of that, this recipe has about sixty-seven fewer ingredients than the normal recipe and takes a fraction of the time to put together. But it tastes just like the real thing. So if you're the mole police, please put away your handcuffs.

10 dried ancho or poblano chiles
3/4 cup (120 g) raisins
3 ounces (85 g) unsweetened chocolate, chopped
1 1/4 cups (310 ml) water or chicken stock
1 tablespoon canola or neutral-flavored oil
1 large onion, peeled and chopped
3 garlic cloves, peeled and thinly sliced
3 tablespoons (35 g) sesame seeds (reserve a few to sprinkle over the finished dish)
3/4 cup (60 g) sliced almonds, toasted

3 tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped (see Note),
or 1 1/2 cups (375 ml) canned tomatoes and their juice
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
1/2 teaspoon dried oregano
1/2 teaspoon ground cumin
1/2 teaspoon ground coriander seeds
1/2 teaspoon ground anise seeds
1 1/2 teaspoons coarse salt
Freshly ground black pepper
1/2 to 1 teaspoon chile powder, optional

1. Remove the stems from the chiles. Slice them in half lengthwise and scrape out most of the seeds. Put the chiles in a nonreactive pot, cover with water, set a small plate on top to keep the chiles submerged, and simmer for 10 minutes or until tender. Remove from heat and let stand until cool.

2. Put the raisins and chocolate in a blender. Heat the water, then pour it in the blender mixture and let stand for a few minutes to soften the chocolate.

3. In a nonstick skillet, heat the oil, then sauté the onion until limp and translucent, about 8 minutes. Add the garlic and cook a few more minutes, stirring frequently.

4. Drain the chiles and add them to the blender along with the onion and garlic, sesame seeds, almonds, tomatoes, all the spices, salt, and a few turns of pepper. Puree until smooth. Taste, and add more salt and chile powder if you wish to spice it up.

STORAGE: Mole can be covered and refrigerated for up to five days. The mole can also be frozen for up to three months in a freezer bag. I recommend dividing a batch in half and freezing some since this recipe makes quite a bit.

Text 32: 'Eating in Paris', Isabelle, Mike and Sophia (transcript)

Isabelle: I've spent about (.) 20 plus years eating (.) in sort of everyday settings and French restaurants and with French food so it's sort of become (.) not **banal** to me but very every day (1) what would be your sort of highlights and lowlights of (.) French cuisine

Mike: I'd have to say that (1) a highlight would be that you get to try (.) loads of stuff that's completely different to anything you'd eat in England, so I had snails (.) [in a rest]

Sophia: [did you]

Mike: yeah (.) I had snails

Sophia **eugh**

Mike: they were **garlic** (.) **snails** (.) and (.) I'm not going to lie (.) it tasted like (.) **mud** (.) mixed with

Sophia: **what** have you ever eaten mud before

Mike: no but it tasted like what I imagine (.) earth to taste like

((*laughter*))

Sophia: really

Mike: yeah

Sophia: so it wasn't an enjoyable experience

Mike: no (.) it was just (.) it was basically it tasted like mud mixed with garlic

((*laughter*))

Isabelle: it (.) used to be my favourite (.) meal

Sophia: **really**

Isabelle: I literally (.) I would ask for my birthday to have (.) snails, escargot (.) and (.) chips

Sophia: [so you'd]

Mike: [snails and chips]

Isabelle: snails and chips (1) it was my birthday meal

Sophia: is that what they come as standard in a restaurant

Isabelle: **no** (.) in a restaurant (1) I mean all the restaurants I went to in Paris that had snails you'd have a- a little dish with snails (.) some extra garlic (.) and then some bread for the sauce

Sophia: right

Isabelle: that you'd (.) **dip** into (.) the garlic

Sophia: okay

Mike: hmm

Isabelle: to sort of (.) sauce it up

Sophia: would you say a lot of people will pick that on the menu (1) more French people or tourists

Isabelle: I don't know (.) I feel that it's more for the tourists because only (.) only very (.) in my experience only the very nice restaurants would have nice snails

Sophia: really

Isabelle: otherwise it's just sort of something to (.) pull people in

Mike: what do you mean by **nice** s- snails

((*laughter*))

Isabelle: nicely **done** (1) well (.) you know they can be a bit chewy and gummy if they're not (.) made properly

Mike: yeah

Isabelle: It's the same thing with frog legs

Mike: **eugh**

Isabelle: you don't really get frog legs in restaurants (.) it's just

Mike: have you eaten those

Sophia: I've never had them (.) I've never even

Mike: no me neither

Sophia: yeah (.) I think (.) they were on the menu some (.) in **some** restaurants in Paris

Mike: yeah

Sophia: but (.) yeah. I don't know (.) maybe (.) I'd be more inclined to eat (.) frogs legs than (.) snails though

Isabelle: that's **so** weird because snails smell so good because of the garlic (.) and (.) you know actually the texture's not that bad (.) you kind of just swallow it

Mike: hmm

Sophia: how long do they cook them for

Isabelle: **I'm** not sure

Sophia: no

Isabelle: not (.) not very long

Sophia: well (.) talking about (.) length of cooking (.) I think I had some dodgy (.) moules frites ((*laughs)),* so mussels and chips (.) in a restaurant (.) I don't know if they cooked them long enough because (.) I got pretty ill after that

experience (.) but I was brave and I went back and (.) like six months later and (.) tried it again and was fine

Mike: but did they, did they taste nice (.) Did you like the taste of them

Sophia: **yeah** (.) really nice

Mike: yeah

Sophia: I liked the idea of it as well (.) It felt very (1) French

Mike: yeah

Isabelle: there's a restaurant chain in Paris called Leon de Bruxelles (.) which just specialises in mussels and chips

Sophia: do they (.) what (.) they just sell that

Isabelle: they do other stuff (.) but their **main** appeal is we do mussels and chips

Mike: hmm

Isabelle: I don't know (.) I remember going to it and being fascinated by it even though I hated mussels

Sophia: hmm

Isabelle: ah they just (.) eugh they don't taste nice

Mike: yeah

Isabelle: and they look weird

Sophia: aeah

Isabelle: they (.) I was there for the chips (.) [I'll be honest]

Mike: [just the **chips**]

((*laughter*))

Isabelle: just the – I was there for the chips

((*laughter*))

Sophia: It's quite expensive though isn't it because I (.) I find (.) well (.) Paris prices (.) [they are]

Mike: [**really expensive**] you don't get much food at all as well

Sophia: no

Mike: but you get free bread

Isabelle: yeah (.) you get the bread

Mike: and it (.) it's the **best** bread in the world as well

Sophia: and I love the fact that there's about (.) like five or [six courses]

Mike: [yeah]

Sophia: when you go out (.) [to eat]

Mike: [yeah]

Sophia: in Paris or in (.) France

Isabelle: so for you moules frites was the worst (.) what was your worst restaurant experience in Paris

Mike: oh I (.) didn't know how to (.) ask for (.) like you know (.) when you get a (.) steak cooked

Isabelle: [yeah]

Sophia: [yeah]

Mike: someone (.) told me that erm (1) like (.) **cooked** was (.) you know the one where they don't actually cook

Isabelle: ((*laughs*)) oh (.) bleu

Sophia: what's it called

Mike: the bleu (.) yeah

Sophia: bleu

Mike: yeah (.) and it's basically just (1) mince (.) beef with an egg on top

Sophia: **eugh** (.) oh no I've seen that

Mike: that's all it is ((*laughter*))

Sophia: it looked disgusting

Mike: and I got it and I was like (1) "what is this" ((*laughter*)) "don't want that"

Sophia: what's that (.) what's that other stuff it's called like Andouille

Isabelle: Andouille (.) Andou-ille (.) ah (.) yeah

Mike: yeah (.) what's that (.) we saw that (.) yeah

Sophia: it (.) it's like (.) 27 layers of intestines

Mike: from what

Sophia: I think [it's pork]

Isabelle: [pork]

Sophia: I think it's pork

Mike: that's disgusting

Sophia: and you can get it in a sausage as well

Mike: why would you eat that

Isabelle: it's **fine cuisine** I mean (.) it's not necessarily right down my alley

Sophia: **eugh**

Isabelle: but where they make

Mike: but **why** would you want to eat that [that's disgust]

Isabelle: [you have the] blood and guts on one side but then you have (.) all the lovely patisseries on the other

Sophia: yeah (.) okay

Isabelle: you take the good with the bad

Sophia: the smell of those in the streets it's just (.) especially in the morning when I'm a bit (.) peckish (.) but I don't want something too much (.) I just go and (.) get myself a croissant

Mike: yeah croissants

Isabelle: ah it's **chouquettes** (.) I miss (.) the most

Sophia: are those those little things (.) like (.) like little balls of (.) kind of air but they've got sugar on (.) the outside

Isabelle: yeah (.) they're (.) tiny little choux balls

Mike: oh I've had those before (.) yeah

Isabelle: and they've got sugar (.) and they're so crunchy

Sophia: are they like (.) for a **specific** time of **year** (.) in France

Isabelle: **all** year round

Sophia: **all** year round

Isabelle: **oh yeah** ((*laughter*))

Acknowledgement of copyright-holders and publishers

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements in future papers if notified.

Text 1:	Eurostar International Ltd. Abbott Mead Vickers BBDO. Arena Media. HLA. The Mill. Wave Sound.
Text 2:	© Reginald Piggott and Matt Thompson 2012. An Aurum Press publication.
Text 3:	From **NEITHER HERE NOR THERE: TRAVELS IN EUROPE** by **Bill Bryson**. Published by ***Transworld***. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Limited.
Text 4:	© Short Books 2012.
Text 5:	Reproduced with permission from Lonely Planet © 2012 Lonely Planet. https://www.youtube.com/user/LonelyPlanet
Text 6:	Private Data.
Text 7:	Private Data.
Text 8:	From Breathless by Nancy Miller, copyright © 2013. Reprinted by permission of Seal Press, a member of the Perseus Books Group.
Text 9:	From ***AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DATES*** by ***Jennifer Cox***. Published by ***Arrow***. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Limited.
Text 10:	© TRIPADVISOR 2014.
Text 11:	Private Data.
Text 12:	CONTENT AND MAPS COPYRIGHT 2010, RICK STEVES' EUROPE, INC. USED WITH PERMISSION FROM THE AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.
Text 13:	Reprinted with the permission of Scriber Publishing Group, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc. from Touchstone edition of FRENCH MILK by Lucy Knisley. All rights reserved.
Text 14:	THANKS TO NATASHA FRASER CAVASSONI FOR HER USE OF TEXT.
Text 15:	Private Data.
Texts16 – 18:	from *Just Another American in Paris* blog by Anne Schwartz. www.justanotheramericaninparis.blogspot.com © Anne Schwartz.
Text 19:	Copyright of Gransnet.
Text 20:	The Rough Guide to Paris by Ruth Blackmore & James McConnachie, 2012 London, pp 108-112. Copyright © Rough Guides Ltd. Reproduced by permission of Penguin Books Ltd.
Texts 21 – 24:	Material produced here by permission of Weldon Owen Publishing and Lonely Planet Publications, and not to be reproduced elsewhere. It originally appeared in the city guidebook, Not-for-Parents: Paris – Everything you ever wanted to know, published by Lonely Planet Publications Pty Ltd, copyright © 2011 Weldon Own Pty Ltd, ISBN 978-174220-500-7.
Text 25:	Reprinted with the permission of Scribner Publishing Group, a division of Simon and Schuster, Inc from ERNEST HEMINGWAY; DATELINE: TORONTO by William White, editor. Copyright © 1985 Mary Hemingway, Patrick Hemingway and Gregory Hemingway. All rights reserved.
Text 26:	Extract from Foreign Correspondent: Paris in the Sixties by Peter Lennon reprinted by permission of Peters Fraser and Dunlop (www.petersfraserdunlop.com) on behalf of the Estate of Peter Lennon.
Text 27:	Footage supplied by British Pathé.
Text 28:	Seven Ages of Paris by Alistair Horne, published by Pan MacMillan. *Copyright © Alistair Horne, 2002*.
Text 29:	Travel Writing 1700-1830: An Anthology edited by Bohls and Duncan (2006) pp. 48-57.
Text 30:	Reproduced with permission from Lonely Planet © 2012 Lonely Planet. https://www.youtube.com/user/LonelyPlanet.
Text 31:	Photographs, copyright © 2009 by David Lebovitz; Excert(s) and "Chocolate Mole" from THE SWEET LIFE IN PARIS: DELICIOUS ADVENTURE IN THE WORLD'S MOST GLORIOUS – AND PERPLEXING – CITY by David Lebovitz, © 2009 David Lebovitz. Used by permission of Broadway Books, an imprint of the Crown Publishing Group, a division of Random House LLC. All rights reserved.
Text 31	Private Data.

AQA Education (AQA) is a registered charity (number 1073334) and a company limited by guarantee registered in England and Wales (number 3644723). Our registered address is AQA, Devas Street, Manchester M15 6EX.