

Goodbye Mr. Terrail
Tasting Menus
Vaux on the Go
Musée des Carrosses
Champs-sur-Marne
Only in Paris

Euro June 14: .793
Euro May 12: .773
Rain Days: 12
High Temp: 76°F/24°C
Low Temp: 58°F/14°C
Nat'l Holidays: July 14, Aug 15

PARIS

n o t e s

JULY/AUGUST 2006

VOLUME 15 ISSUE 6

ORANGE RUSH

By Paul B. Franklin

After six years of anticipation, the Musée de l'Orangerie reopens—it's been worth the wait

Over the past decades, the renovation, and occasionally even the wholesale reinvention, of storied European and American art museums has become a major priority among local governments, a veritable rite of passage for municipalities interested in joining the competitive, ever lucrative tourist trade. If pressed to isolate the origin of this phenomenon, one might point to Paris, where the emergence of the Musée d'Orsay from a ramshackle train station in 1986 and I.M. Pei's full-blown 1989 modernization of the glum, dowdy Louvre set international standards for such architectural endeavors. The list of similar museological remodelings is myriad: 1997 witnessed the inauguration of both the Getty Museum in Los Angeles, designed by Richard Meier, and Frank Gehry's zany Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao. In 2000, the Tate Modern set up shop in a disaffected London power station, while the updated and expanded Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan greeted visitors anew in November 2004. Since the advent of museum makeovers, Paris has continued to blaze the trail, as the recent restorations of the Petit Palais, Grand Palais and Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris attest. The latest member of this illustrious cavalcade is none other than the Musée de l'Orangerie. Among Parisians and tourists alike, the reopening of that beloved museum in mid-May, after more than six years of top-to-bottom renovations, was one of the most highly anticipated events of the season.

The extensive overhaul will delight those previously familiar with the Orangerie. On display are the same extraordinary art offerings, that is to say Monet's celebrated cycle of "Water Lilies" (1914-26), as well as the trove of modern canvases comprising the Walter-Guillaume bequest. The project, costing almost 30E million, has successfully resuscitated the unpretentious building and its jewel-like collection, imbuing both with the prestige and honor they deserve. Like so many monuments dotting the City of Light, however, the

Orangerie has had a rather checkered past. On orders of Napoleon III, the stone edifice was hastily erected in 1852 atop a mound in the southwestern corner of the Tuileries gardens along the Seine and overlooking the Place de la Concorde. As its name implies, the Orangerie was conceived as a wintertime hothouse for the many potted, tropical citrus trees that decorated



the royal grounds during clement months. The original glazed south wall facing the river as well as the agricultural motifs over the Orangerie's monumental doorways are evidence of its initial function. With the demise of Napoleon in 1870 and, shortly thereafter, the Paris Commune, during which the neighboring Tuileries Palace was sacked and set ablaze, the complex's future became uncertain. The structure soon lost its identity, serving as host to a mishmash of local happenings, from scientific and art exhibitions, dog shows and patriotic assemblies to sporting and theatrical activities. During World War I, it was requisitioned as a garrison and depot for military supplies.

Not until 1921 did the Orangerie happen upon a new *raison d'être*. That year, bureaucrats fathomed turning the edifice over to the Musée du Luxembourg as an annex. The great French statesman Georges Clemenceau, however, had another idea, one involving his longtime comrade Claude Monet. On 12 November 1918,

the day after the Armistice, the artist had written then Prime Minister Clemenceau: "I am just about finished with two decorative panels that I want to sign the day of Victory and am asking you to offer them to the State on my behalf. It's nothing much, but it's the only way I have of taking part in the Victory." Following the announcement of the Impressionist's generous

donation to his country of these large-scale views of lush vegetation in and around his Giverny lagoon and garden, Clemenceau immediately assumed responsibility for finding them a home. After several false starts, the Orangerie was selected. "My dear friend," he informed Monet on 31 March 1921, "we thought back to the Orangerie ... which seems fine to me ... I advise you to consider it done." The painter accepted the proposal—the Orangerie being a decidedly coveted address—but not without conditions. Working in close collaboration with the Louvre's chief architect, whom he had handpicked, Monet methodically dictated the exact conditions under which his magnum opus would be installed and

exhibited. He imagined a total environment that would commune with the Seine and Tuileries: he intended his leafy, marine canvases to be mounted on bowed stretchers and unfurled in two specially designed oval galleries, the pitched glass roof of which would bathe the murals in natural light.

Enfeebled by cataracts and haunted by self-doubt regarding his talent, the perfectionist Monet managed to tinker with his series until his death in December 1926 at age eighty-six. For most of the last forty years of his life, in fact, the idyllic aquatic setting of water lilies, willow trees and other exotic flora that he so carefully cultivated at his estate in Giverny constituted his principal aesthetic preoccupation. "Suddenly I had the revelation of how magical my pond is," he admitted in the 1890s. "Since that time I have scarcely had any other model." In 1909, the artist-cum-horticulturist confided: "These landscapes of water and reflection have become an obsession for me." (continued on page 7)

é If you're going to Paris this summer and you haven't been in a while, boy, have you got some catching up to do. In the last year or so, all sorts of exciting places to visit have opened—or reopened.

In addition to the Orangerie (see cover), by the time you read this the newest Paris museum is to have opened: the Musée du Quai Branly (www.quaibrantly.fr), dedicated to primitive arts. This Jean Nouvel-designed museum should soon be one of Paris' most popular. Across the river, embedded in the Trocadéro hill, the CinéAqua aquarium has finally opened (and closed a few times due to technical problems). While admission is pretty expensive (19E), an aquarium in land-locked Paris seems too irresistible to pass up. We'll have articles on both these venues in the September issue of Paris Notes.

Just up the street from the aquarium is the newly renovated Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris (www.mam.paris.fr, PN April 06). The City has turned this into a first-class art exhibition space. Not too far a walk from the MAMVP are the newly renovated Grand Palais (www.rmn.fr, PN Dec 05/Jan 06) and Petit Palais (www.petitpalais.paris.fr, PN Feb 06). Getting both these venues back on line is a huge boost to the Paris cultural scene.

On the other side of town is the new Cinémathèque Française (www.cinemathequefrancaise.com, PN Dec 05/Jan 06) in Bercy. Catch an old movie and a fun cinema museum, and then stroll across Paris' newest bridge (see right). This part of town will increasingly be on your agenda.

Well, that should keep you busy for one trip. We hope you have a wonderful time in Paris this summer, and we'll see you in September.

—Mark Eversman, Editor
marke@parisnotes.com

Paris Notes Website Subscribers' Access
www.parisnotes.com
User ID/name: **sport**
Password: **hike**
Note: Passwords change each month.

Paris telephone numbers starting with (1) require a (01) when you dial from within France.

rédaction

CUSTOMER SERVICE/CHANGE OF ADDRESS

- Tel: 800-677-9660
- E-mail: pnocs@magserv.com
- One-year subscription (10 issues): \$44
- Paris Notes Subscription Services
P.O. Box 15818
North Hollywood, CA 91615-5818

Editorial Correspondence: Write the editor: Paris Notes, P.O. Box 3668, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266. Tel: 310-545-2735. E-mail: marke@parisnotes.com.

Editorial Staff: Publisher/Editor: Mark Eversman. Paris Editor: Linda Koike. Paris Contributor: Rosa Jackson. Copy Editor: Bonnie Trenga.

© Paris Notes, 2006. All Rights Reserved: Every effort is made to provide information that is reliable, accurate and timely; however, Paris Notes cannot be responsible for errors that may occur.

- On June 6 a legend of the Paris restaurant scene passed away. **Claude Terrail**, the always debonair and dapper, always kind and welcoming, owner and director of the famous La Tour d'Argent, was 88. Having taken the reins of La Tour from his father in 1947, he quickly earned three Michelin stars, which he kept for fifty-one years, the longest reign in Michelin history. Mr. Terrail's client list over the years included countless movie stars, royalty, business leaders and politicians, from Ava Gardner to Winston Churchill, most of whom he treated to La Tour's world-renowned duck. Each duck served since 1890 received a number. Mr. Terrail used the occasion of the millionth duck served to pass the baton to his son in 2003. Since then, La Tour has lost two of its Michelin stars, the second of which, unfortunately, was pulled just a few months before his death.

- Recently, an association called La Périphérique conducted a test called "Cœur ou Moteur" (Heart or Motor) to demonstrate how bad **traffic** has become on Paris' ring-road, the Périphérique. Starting at the Clichy Town Hall, just north of the city, four competitors set out at 8:30am to cross the city to the Gentilly Town Hall on the south side of town. One was on a bike, one rode roller blades, one was to take the Métro and another was to drive a car via the Périphérique. The winners were the biker and the roller blader, taking forty minutes; the Métro rider took forty-five minutes. The loser was the motorist, who arrived after one hour and fifteen minutes.

- On July 14 you'll be able to walk across Paris' thirty-seventh and newest bridge, a 1,000-foot-long walking bridge. The 27E million **Passerelle Simone-de-Beauvoir** (the first Paris bridge to be named after a woman) will connect the Bibliothèque Nationale de France François-Mitterrand (13th) to the Parc de Bercy (12th). The bridge has no stanchions in the Seine; its upward arching top section is for walkers and cyclists, while its downward arching lower section will be used as an exhibit space. This much-needed connection between two slowly up-and-coming neighborhoods is expected to invigorate both. For the summer months, another new addition to the area is sure to attract visitors: a floating pool complex. It includes a wading pool, a fifty-by-ten-meter swimming pool, jacuzzis, a weight room, a sauna and a hammam. What you'll be swimming in is authentic Seine water, albeit highly filtered and oxygenated water. Cost: 5E.

- Things are looking pretty good for the newly reopened **Grand Palais** (see PN Dec 05/Jan 06). While much work is still to be done on

its exterior, the Grand Palais is slowly but surely regaining its position as Paris' premier special events venue. The voluminous space beneath its stunning glass ceiling is booked for the rest of the year, and 2007 is rapidly filling up: conventions, art exhibitions, trade shows, entertainment spectacles, private bookings, fashion shows and more are clamoring to book their events. The fall will see the return of the Biennale des Antiquaires (Sept, www.biennaledesantiquaires.com), a major antiques fair; and FIAC, the popular art fair (Oct, www.fiacparis.com). In December, an exhibition of Egyptian artifacts recently found in lost underwater cities could be the event of the year. At this pace, the Grand Palais will be on your itinerary every time you visit Paris.

- After a particularly heated debate, the Paris City Council has passed a proposal to change the name of the large square in front of the Notre Dame Cathedral, which is called the Place Parvis de Notre Dame. A coalition of the major political parties, the PS (including Mayor Delanoë, who is openly gay), the UDF and the UMP, were for renaming the popular square **Place Jean-Paul-II**. Fringe parties were against the idea and said that the ex-pope was too controversial and too close to extreme-right dictators to merit the honor. They proposed that if the square was to be renamed after a person, it should be a woman. Their proposal for a new name: Esplanade des Religions et de la Conscience Universelle.

- The City of Paris is concerned. Its **shopkeepers** are getting old. There are about 10,600 shopkeepers in Paris over the age of 55—boulangers, fromagers, merceries, pâtisseries, restaurateurs, etc. Eighteen percent of these are scheduled to retire in five years or less. The "pappy-boom" is hurting Paris business. As shopkeepers are retiring they are shutting down their businesses rather than passing them on to their children. As of 2005 there were still around 62,000 stores in Paris (about 100 more than in 2003). However, the City believes small shops are in decline, which is a threat to Paris' "village" atmosphere, something it wants very much to preserve. In response to the plight of small shops, the City Council recently passed—barely—a package of laws, proposed by Mayor Delanoë, called the Plan Local d'Urbanisme (PLU). The small commerce part of the package sets aside about 150 miles of Paris streets that are rich in shops as a "zone de commerce protégée." Any shops on protected sections that close cannot be replaced by anything but a shop. That is, no offices, storage facilities, apartments or non-walk-in businesses. Good luck with that one!

• PARIS •
B I T E S
By Rosa Jackson



Either my appetite is growing or portions are shrinking in Paris restaurants. I used to struggle to finish my food, using a stray lettuce leaf or herb garnish to mask the remains for fear of offending the chef's fragile ego. Dessert required a superhuman effort, and I often resorted to the restaurant reviewer's secret weapon—the miracle medicine known as Oxyboldine (made up of bicarbonate of soda and anise essence). I preferred to go out for lunch rather than dinner as it gave me all afternoon to recover.

Rarely in the past year, however, have I been daunted by a restaurant meal. No, I will never polish off the five-pound terrine of harengs pomme à l'huile (herrings with warm potato salad) or humungous earthenware dish of cassoulet at Chez Dumonet-Josephine, but the average modern bistro suits my appetite just fine. It could be that I have simply hit my stride, like a long-distance runner in training, but my unchanged dress size suggests that chefs now have a lighter hand with the ingredients that once made French cuisine overwhelmingly rich. The fact that so many young bistro chefs are using top-notch products while trying to keep prices reasonable might explain why portions are also rather restrained.

Last week I set a new record by absorbing every morsel of three multi-course tasting menus in three days, with not a twinge of indigestion to show for it. My culinary marathon started at **L'Os à Moelle**, a well-established bistro with yellow walls and jacquard table runners that serves a constantly changing six-course menu for 39E. I made the mistake of showing up early—take it from me, there is not much to see in this neighborhood apart from La Cave de l'Os à Moelle, which serves a country-style buffet across the street from the original Os (a new branch, Les Symples de l'Os à Moelle, recently opened in Issy-les-Moulineaux).

The early dinner sitting on that Wednesday night attracted a room full of American, British and Japanese diners who looked pleased to have trekked to the outer edge of the 15th for a genuine, albeit tourist-friendly, bistro experience (the waiters automatically spoke to us in English). With just two choices for each course, decision-making is kept to a minimum. A red pepper mousse with Espelette pepper and fresh fava beans whetted our appetites before a thin yet rich-tasting mushroom and asparagus soup with hazelnut oil, served from a big white tureen. So far, so

The fact that so many young bistro chefs are using top-notch products while trying to keep prices reasonable might explain why portions are also rather restrained

good, but we were longing for our wine and had trouble flagging down a waitress. When one finally appeared, she poured our wine without suggesting that we taste it—perhaps too homey a touch when our bottle of Lalande de Pomerol cost 25E.

Next up, three Normandy oysters served warm with herb butter—the liquid had lost its vivid flavor in the heating—and a round slice of foie gras mi-cuit that my restaurant critic friend S. described as “ordinary,” though he enjoyed the accompanying grated beet salad. Neither of us could find fault with our fish courses, monkfish in a cream sauce flavored with mousseron mushrooms, cockles and tarragon, and snow-white cod with asparagus and morels. Meats were similarly satisfying—a pigeon leg and slices of slow-cooked shoulder of beef, both served with emerald green fava beans, peas and spring onions—but things fell apart slightly after this with an inedibly bitter fresh goat cheese (other diners didn't seem to mind) and a melon “mousse” that was really just a frothy fruit salad. When we sent back our cheese, the waitress asked if we had tasted goat cheese before, implying a certain jadedness towards foreigners. There was little time to breathe between courses and we left feeling that chef Thierry Faucher, along with the dining room staff, could benefit from slowing down a bit. Despite this we did not feel overstuffed, a sign that the meal was well balanced.

I was intrigued to see how the 40E tasting menu would compare at the newly opened **Chez Les Anges**. Jacques Lacipière of the bistro Au Bon Accueil in the 7th is behind the revival of this restaurant, which was known for its superb Burgundian cooking in the 1960s and 70s. It has been through a few incarnations since, including a stint as the Paul Minchelli fish restaurant, but Lacipière has brought back the original name (now written in frosted glass across the transparent facade) and the focus on Burgundy wines.

You can order à la carte, which is more expensive with main dishes priced at around 20E to 30E, but I had not seen my friend A. in a while and rather than spend time making up our minds we opted for the “menu surprise.” This takes a tapas-style approach, with each course arriving in sets of two or three tiny portions. Though the cooking wasn't on the level of, say, L'Atelier de Joël Robuchon, the chef was clearly making an effort and our waiter was full of good will, not

even frowning when we chose to drink a glass of wine each rather than ordering a bottle off the impressive wine list. He nearly fainted with joy when we told him that neither of us has an aversion or allergy to any food.

Among the highlights of our meal were a cauliflower bavarois—an original way of preparing this underdog vegetable—and little frogs' leg fritters (I hate to use the term baby frogs' legs, but I had never seen any this small). Veal sweetbreads with “wild asparagus” (actually hops) were also prepared with skill, and the dessert trio of cherries “jubilee,” a tiny chocolate cake and mint sorbet proved perfectly complementary. I liked the pale gray décor, too, with chocolate-brown curtains and a long rectangular bar that changes color with the lighting from green to pink to blue.

Much as I liked Chez Les Anges, my best meal of the three days was at **Les Papilles**, a crowded bistro/wine bar where I had previously found the tables in the main room a little too tightly packed for comfort. This time, though, I came with a group and was able to reserve the round table for up to seven people that is set apart in a bright little alcove with its own window onto the courtyard. Menus from Taillevent posted on the wall remind you of where the chef trained, and it shows in the quality of the cooking on the no-choice, four-course menu for 28E. Though most of the wines cost more than 15E, the 6E corkage charge means that for an equivalent price you can drink much better wine here than in an ordinary restaurant where the markup is usually 100 percent. Sent by the group to pick the wine off the shelves, I chose unusual bottles of red and white Burgundy at around 25E each plus corkage.

The food arrives, family style, in tureens or on big platters for diners to help themselves. Beet “gazpacho” with diced radish, bacon and croutons, roast cod with a caper and chili dressing and olive-oil mashed potatoes, fourme d'ambert cheese with a single wine-soaked prune and a chocolate cappuccino dessert were so good that I don't need to consult my notes to remember every detail—proof that sometimes simplest is best.

•L'Os à Moelle: 3 Rue Vasco-de-Gama, 15th. Tel: 1-45-57-27-27.

•Chez Les Anges: 54 Blvd de La-Tour-Maubourg, 7th. Tel: 1-47-05-89-86.

•Les Papilles: 30 Rue Gay-Lussac, 5th. Tel: 1-43-25-20-79.

VAUX ON THE GO

Vaux-le-Vicomte, the inspiration for Versailles, is better than ever

Of all the châteaux I've visited in France, and they are many, there's only one in which I could live happily ever after—Vaux-le-Vicomte. It's a storybook castle come to life, a graceful stone building encircled by a moat and surrounded by gardens that stretch to wooded hillsides, making it a world unto itself. Created by a remarkable man who surrounded himself with the greatest artists of his era, it remains magically alive today thanks to an entrepreneurial private owner who, with his family, keeps making it better and better.

The history of Vaux-le-Vicomte is the stuff of novels. This is the château that inspired Versailles. It was built by Nicolas Fouquet, an ambitious young bureaucrat who married money, entered Parliament at 20 and rose rapidly under the tutelage of Mazarin to become Minister of Finance under Louis XIV in 1653.

Celebrating his success, Fouquet bought property thirty-five miles southeast of Paris and brought together three brilliant artists: architect Louis Le Vau, painter-decorator Charles Le Brun and landscape designer André Le Nôtre. Together they worked for five years, flattening hills, leveling villages, redirecting a river and employing 18,000 workers to construct the château and garden in record time. Le Brun even installed a tapestry workshop in the nearby village of Maincy; later it became the Manufacture Royale des Gobelins in Paris. When all was completed in 1661, Fouquet showed off his masterpiece by inviting the king and court from Fontainebleau for the day.

No one had ever seen a house-warming party like it. The famous chef François Vatel surpassed himself on the dinner, which was served to the king's table on solid gold plate. Entertainment in the gardens included concerts, fountains, water jousts on the Grand Canal and a comédie-ballet by Molière. As the dazzled guests climbed into their carriages long after midnight to return to Fontainebleau, fireworks exploded above their heads in a brilliant finale.

But the king was not amused. He'd long suspected Fouquet of helping himself to public funds, and was furious at being upstaged. Colbert, who by then had replaced Mazarin, convinced Louis that the Finance Minister was not only dipping into the till, but also plotting against the king. Several weeks later, Fouquet was arrested by D'Artagnan, captain of the king's Musketeers. Found guilty of embezzlement, he was imprisoned in the fortress of Pignerol, high in the French Alps. His furniture, tapestries, statues and paintings

were confiscated and sent to Versailles, and the talent that had produced Vaux was hired to work on the king's new showplace.

After ten years of exile, Fouquet's wife, Marie-Madeleine, was finally allowed to return to Vaux, but she had to wait another five years before being allowed to visit her husband in prison, where he died in 1680. With her son, Marie-Madeleine took over the property, made it profitable and paid off her husband's debts. When the son died without an heir in 1705, she sold the property to the Maréchal de Villars.

Sixty years later, his son sold it to the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, who saved it from demolition during the Revolution. But following a family tragedy (the fifth duke murdered his



wife, then committed suicide in 1847) the castle was abandoned.

After nearly thirty years of neglect, the castle was in a sorry state when it went up for sale. It was rescued by Alfred Sommier, head of one of France's largest sugar refineries, who bought it in 1875 and spent twenty-five years restoring it. The château, outbuildings and gardens were declared historic monuments in 1927 and the entire estate was protected in 1965.

Today's château is as dazzling as it was that fateful day in 1661, and owes much of its luster to its current owner, Patrice de Vogüé, Sommier's descendant, who took possession in 1967 and opened it to the public the following year.

Fully furnished, the interior retains much of Le Brun's decoration and, if you know Versailles, you'll recognize many features. The beautifully detailed woodwork and remarkable ceiling paintings of the rooms, especially those in the Chambre des Muses, recall the "grands appartements" of the larger palace. But where Versailles is intentionally overwhelming, Vaux-le-Vicomte, while no less splendid, is on a more

human scale, and much more beautiful.

Perhaps because it is privately owned, Vaux-le-Vicomte projects a different personality than larger, government-run establishments. The welcome is warm, and the constant improvements being made invite return visits. Recent additions include a set of splendid period tapestries and a beautiful restoration of the Chambre du Roi. There's a treasure hunt to keep children amused, and, on Saturday afternoons, costumed actors perform Molière outdoors.

Candlelight tours, when the castle and gardens sparkle in the light of thousands of candles while classical music fills the air, are pure magic (shown). Even the gardens have been refurbished—the parterre des fleurs, a flower garden shown in an early engraving, was recreated several years ago, and it grows more beautiful every summer. And access was recently improved by the introduction of the Châteaubus, a shuttle linking the Melun train station to the château.

This year is a busy one: a major project to replace the slate roof was launched, the chapel is being reopened and, in September, the castle will host an open-air opera, Mozart's "The Magic Flute" (Sept 7-10). Finally, for the first time ever, Vaux-le-Vicomte will be open for the Christmas season, with illuminations in the château and gardens, a seasonal display in the kitchens and an immense, glittering Christmas tree in the Grand Salon. The future looks bright indeed.

—By Vivian Thomas

•Open daily until Nov 12, 10am-6pm (château closes weekdays 1-2pm). Entrance: 12.50E. Candlelight visits Sat until Oct 14, also Fri in July and Aug, 8pm-midnight, 15.50E. Tel: 1-64-14-41.90. Take SCNF or RER D trains from Gare de Lyon to Melun (45 min.), then taxi. Châteaubus shuttle (3.50E) runs on weekends; also Sat evenings in July and Aug. Christmas schedule: Dec 23-Jan 7, 10am-8pm except Dec 24 and 31, 10am-5pm; closed Dec 25 and Jan 1. Site: www.vaux-le-vicomte.com.

Ready to go electronic? When your Mailed Edition runs out, go to www.parisnotes.com and find out how. It's easy. What you'll be doing is purchasing passwords that will work for one year.

At the site: The Paris Notes website (www.parisnotes.com) is now a valuable extension of our newsletter. If you haven't visited recently, we encourage you to do so. There you'll find lots of great new Paris resources like: Top 20 Restaurants, Top 20 Museums, the Architecture Guide, Super Links, Hidden Paris and dozens of PDFs of brochures, maps and guides. And, there's lots more on the way. We invite you to visit often.

Musée des Carrosses

By Amanda MacKenzie

Until recently, I could never quite get myself to the Musée des Carrosses. With all the tra-la-la of a visit to Versailles, it was too easy to overlook the discreet sign opposite the château entrance on Place des Armes. Besides, we're talking about a museum devoted to carriages. Unforgivable, I know, but the word "plodding" sprang unbidden to mind.

In the end, a sudden downpour decided the matter. Two euros seemed a reasonable price to escape a drenching and, as my eyes adjusted to the lantern-light, the vaulted ceiling and cobbled floor of the old stables, it struck me what a cool haven this would make on sizzling summer days. That was when I realized that I'd stumbled into one of those unique little gems that help make the capital and its surroundings such incomparably nice places to explore.

I left my remaining prejudices at the doorway. In fact, the first exhibits aren't carriages at all, but sledges. On a good day, there are six of them, all dating to the 1720s-1740s, when racing along the snowy aisles of Versailles was all the rage among courtiers. It wasn't a sport for the faint-hearted. The sledge was towed by a single, crampon-shod horse decked with sleigh-bells, and the driver hung on precariously at the rear, while the passenger took his (or her) chances in the snug seat in between. Spills often followed thrills, and even the Dauphin wasn't spared a dunking when the solid ice of the Grand Canal turned out to be nothing of the sort.

Quite how these fragile speed machines survived is a miracle. Up to fifteen coats of original paint, gold-leaf and lacquer kept their papier-mâché reliefs from disintegrating forever. Painstakingly restored, exquisitely modeled—a shell, a tortoise, a leopard complete with ferocious snarl and writhing tail—they give a captivating glimpse into the golden days of the Versailles regime.

Among the other early oddities on show are sedan chairs, those up-

holstered boxes-on-poles that enabled courtiers to travel through the streets without fear of stepping in "ordures" (an idea that strikes me as having some merit today). It's surprising to learn that they were even used within Versailles itself, all the way up the Royal staircase: a low-tech forerunner of the elevator, if you like.



And, of course, there are the carriages. Ranked along the 210-foot-long gallery are seven of the sumptuous "berlins" deployed on the day of Napoleon's wedding to Eugenie. Impressive indeed—but to grasp the splendor of the day, try picturing fifty more, each as ornate as the last, drawn by a cavalcade of 240 horses along the Champs-Élysées. Even these carriages are overshadowed by the macabre pomp of Louis XVIII's funeral coach. Adorned with black velvet, gold fleur-de-lis and towering ostrich plumes, it looks set to embark for the Underworld at any moment. Pause, and shudder.

For poignancy's sake alone, the Dauphin's miniature carriage is not to be missed. Accurate in every detail, down to the shuttered window and upholstered interior, it was made for Louis XVI's delicate eldest son, the Dauphin, to ride around the grounds of Versailles. A valet took the vehicle's yoke, while one of the prince's young retinue took the office of coachman. It conjures an image of privilege and innocence, a world away from the ghastly, solitary cell where the boy spent his last days.

A little curiosity is all it takes to slot the Musée des Carrosses into a Versailles visit, and to be pleasantly repaid by the detour. Compared to the regal offerings nearby, it's a modest museum—but then, when did that stop anyone from getting carried away?

•Musée des Carrosses: 1 Rue Rockefeller, Versailles. Open: weekends from Apr-Oct, 9am-6.30pm. Site: www.chateauversailles.fr.

▲ PARIS VISITS ▼

Château de Champs-sur-Marne

By Maisie Wilhelm

An impressive mansion nestled amid sculpted gardens and serene forests awaits you in Champs-sur-Marne, just thirty minutes (13 miles) east of Paris. With a sprawling view of the countryside and splendidly decorated rooms, the Château de Champs-sur-Marne, nicknamed "Champs," is a stunning example of French-château architecture and garden landscaping. A short hop on the train, it provides Paris visitors with a pleasant respite from the bustling streets and hot summer days in the city.

The château, situated on 200 acres, was built in the early 1700s by Bullet de Chamblain; its pleasing proportions and subtle elegance were envied by many European aristocrats of the time, who incorporated its style in their own châteaux. Renowned for its remarkable gardens and magnificent interior, Champs feels grand and luxurious yet cozy. It is a building with a storied past. Over the years it has been lived in by a number of famous people, including the Duc de La Vallière and the Marquise de Pompadour.

In the 1880s the Comte Louis Cahen d'Anvers (a wealthy banker) bought the château, which by then was in a state of major disrepair. But Cahen d'Anvers and his wife Louise lovingly restored the aging château to its former glory, meticulously staying true to its eighteenth-century origins. Their loving efforts paid off. Today, Champs is one of the few eighteenth-century châteaux near Paris and it is a superb study of what life was like during those years.

In 1935, Cahen d'Anvers' son Charles, who had inherited Champs, donated the estate to France (it was promptly classified as a historical monument). While in his hands he had made every effort to preserve his parents' vision by maintaining the château's authentic eighteenth-century spirit. Today, this mission is the charge of Jean-Louis Charpentier, head "conservateur." He told me, "It's rare to find an eighteenth-century estate near Paris this well preserved. We don't want to transform it into a

museum. We want visitors to feel like they are in a house that is still lived in." A similar intimacy is present in Paris' Musée Nissim de Camondo. This is no coincidence—Irene, Louis Cahen d'Anvers' sister (famously painted by Renoir), married Moïse de Camondo and left her mark on his Paris home.



Champs is more than just a château; it's also an exquisite garden. The original gardens, with their ornate Louis XIV parterres, were abandoned during the Revolution, but were eventually restored by the famous Duchêne father/son team. Visitors can now stroll amid water basins, fountains, Greek-deity sculptures and an orangerie (flowers from which are cut and displayed in the château every Friday morning).

As in its early days, Champs' modern guest list has been impressive. After it was donated to the state, it served temporarily as a residence for the President of the Republic: its ornate setting and proximity to Paris were perfect for housing—and impressing—visiting VIPs, dignitaries and other heads of state. The list of visitors includes various kings of Africa, Isadora Duncan and Marcel Proust. It has also been used by filmmakers. Parts of "Dangerous Liaisons" were filmed at Champs, and, most recently, Sofia Coppola used it in "Marie Antoinette."

But you don't have to be an important person to visit Champs. Anyone who visits Château de Champs-sur-Marne can both observe how well-to-do eighteenth-century French families once lived in the countryside and enjoy a stroll in a beautiful rural setting.

•Château de Champs-sur-Marne: 31 Rue de Paris, Champs-sur-Marne. Take the RER A to Noisiel-Le Lizard. Then Bus 220 to Bry-sur-Marne. Open 9:45am-noon, 1:30-5pm. Site (Tourisme Seine-et-Marne): www.tourisme77.net.

ONLY IN PARIS

A search for unique things that you can buy only in Paris

We all know that Paris is a city of many charms. One of the city's most charming aspects, of course, is its wide array of specialty and artisanal shops and boutiques. These small establishments may offer handmade wares, simple but with a French twist, or, perhaps, more mass-produced items based on family secrets handed down over the years. Places to buy things that exist only in Paris abound but sometimes are elusive for visitors. These four shops fit the bill.

When Parisian Sophie Bastide opened **L'Écritoire** (61 Rue St-Martin, 4th) thirty years ago on a sleepy Right-Bank street she had no idea how fortuitous its location would become. Bastide's sales of old-fashioned fountain pens and colored inks skyrocketed when the Centre Pompidou opened just down the block. Suddenly, hundreds of people were visiting her shop every day. With her newfound success, she was able to expand her inventory to include fanciful cards and colorful envelopes of her own design, for which she is now well known.

Passersby, enticed by the calligraphic cards in her window, were lured into her shop in droves and were leaving with mounds of items. These included sacks of unique tools for craft projects (such as perforators that punch a narrow lattice through which you can thread a ribbon of another color paper), sticks of sealing wax and unusual seals, and squat glass pots of ink in a rainbow of colors—including “invisible” ink.

Over time, however, Bastide's self-designed colorful cards are what have become her best sellers. They come in five models, each with a different geometrical shape, which fold inwards like flower petals, and are held together in the center by a stamp. The cards are often used for birth or marriage announcements, and Bastide sells them in large packets of mix-and-match colors for this purpose. The popularity of Bastide's hand-designed cards caught the attention of other stores in France, such as Le Bon Marché, which occasionally stocks them, but the only place you can find them for sure is at L'Écritoire.

Across the Marais from L'Écritoire is a small shop called **Fabricant Celis** (72 Rue Vieille-du-Temple, 3rd). Here you'll find a limited but fascinating inventory of unique handmade sweaters, hats and mittens. But Fabricant Celis' specialty is, well, finger puppets. Pinned to the wall are hundreds of inventive puppets (6.90€) that will bring a smile to the face of any adult. They are irresistible to try on, as the store's owner, Roxana Pecquet, quickly encourages you to do.

Pecquet's imaginative themes are inspired by

the dolls in her children's bedroom. Safari puppets include giraffes whose necks extend beyond the height of a finger, elephants with floppy ears and lions with fringe manes. Sea creatures like blue sharks, mermaids with long braids, turtles and orcas swim across the shop's walls. Fairytale characters are the most popular: Goldilocks, Pinocchio, Snow White. Pecquet's favorite is the full cast (including costume changes) of Little Red Riding Hood: bespectacled grandmother, Little Red carrying her wicker basket, the wolf in overalls and, in another version, in Grandma's robe, bonneted, with glasses.

Pecquet, a Parisian of South American origin, learned knitting from her mother. Now she employs ten people to copy her prototypes. “It takes passion and patience, especially to capture



the facial expressions,” she says. The hand-knit puppets, made from machine-washable cotton and wool, are popular with children as well adults. Adults often buy in bulk to give puppets as party favors, while children want one of every character in the shop. Stock up because you can only get them in Paris.

Another woman who uses her hands to create unusual, one-of-a-kind “objets d’art” is Claude Jeantet. Jeantet works in a closet-sized shop called **Claude Jeantet** (10 Rue Thérèse, 1st), tucked away in a Japanese restaurant area near the Opéra Garnier. A soft-spoken woman with a sophisticated eye, she works by herself transforming cardboard—yes, cardboard—into decorative objects like picture and mirror frames, small boxes and little animals for children. Jeantet's expertise lies in her finesse with a razor and her intriguing designs. Her glue-drop-free cardboard objects are as fun to hold for their airy lightness as they are to look at.

A former architect, Jeantet's precision-oriented former work served her well when she got into working in crafts. She has made a name for herself in France for work she describes as

“cardboard carpentry.” Instead of working in large-scale wood or stone, she chose cardboard as a medium because, she says, “It was more interesting.” Nine years ago, Jeantet was creating do-it-yourself dollhouses, trains and mini-theaters for craft magazines. Designing those projects she honed her skills, and then went out on her own. After writing six books on crafts she opened her own shop, which is the only place you can buy her work.

Her stock includes reasonably priced do-it-yourself magazine boxes decorated to look like animals, nativity scenes and cuckoo clocks. These pack flat and will fit comfortably in your suitcase. She makes small decorative animals, jewelry boxes and frames of many sizes. And she will do larger custom-order frames and even furniture. An American recently ordered a rococo frame and it was ready to take home by the end of his trip.

Respite from maddening crowds of 6th arrondissement shoppers can be found in the calm haven of artisan **J. Pierre Heckmann's** unusual ivory store (57 Rue Bonaparte, 6th).

Heckmann, a jovial man in his seventies, is a fifth-generation carver, who was actually born in his shop. Now he works alongside his grown son, sculpting and repairing ivory. It is rare when passersby walk by his window without pausing to admire his exquisite Japanese netsuke, rosary beads, delicate earrings, miniature bible covers, baby rattles, envelope openers and antique miniature sailboats—all made of ivory.

Looking through the window of the shop, you can watch Heckmann's son as he repairs the likes of a nineteenth-century samurai sword with an ivory handle and other pieces of ivory in various stages of repair. It's mesmerizing to watch him in action. With his handful of metal tools,

he works from a well-worn wooden worktable illuminated by a curious lamp. The lamp's bulb shines through a glass globe full of blue liquid. Artificial light filtered through blue copper sulfate creates mock sunlight, which helps the carver see the fine grain of the ivory.

In 1913, when Heckmann's family moved from Dieppe to set up shop in Paris, they brought their Norman expertise with them. Dieppoise sailors were famous for shipping ivory from the African coast, and carving it at home. Today Heckmann mostly does repairs: ivory jewelry, old crucifixes, small sculptures. The Washington Convention of 1978 allows him to sell ivory that has already been imported; the family's hidden stash provides him with literally tons of scraps. Heckmann, repairing a crucifix three centuries old for a Parisian client, picks through the pieces to find one he can turn into the Christ's missing finger. He saws and sands, the years of study and practice evident in his easy manner. “In the absence of light,” he warns, “ivory yellows. You must keep it out,” or do what you must with precious things—“wear it every day.” Another Paris original!

—By Maisie Wilhelm

The twenty-two oils assembled into eight horizontal panels and installed frieze-like in the Orangerie form a prized sampling of the roughly 250 extant paintings exploring this theme. (Monet destroyed countless others.) They were initially unveiled to the public in May 1927 to critical acclaim. Artists, art historians and aficionados flocked to the Musée Claude Monet, as it was christened, to experience the atmospheric ensemble. Marc Chagall spoke for a generation when he declared, "Monet is the Michelangelo of our time."

In the years following 1927, Monet's "Water Lilies" occupied pride of place at the Orangerie, bolstering his posthumous reputation as the father of Impressionism and a harbinger of abstraction. This legacy almost came to an abrupt end in August 1944 during the Liberation of Paris, when the building endured shelling. The "Water Lilies" fell victim to a similarly cruel fate in the early 1960s, as the Orangerie was slated to house a competing collection. In two deeds of gift, in 1959 and 1963, Juliette "Domenica" Walter bequeathed to the Louvre the exceptional group of modern paintings amassed by her first husband, Paul Guillaume (1891-1934). Guillaume had made a name for himself around 1910 as one of the earliest French promoters of African sculpture. Owing to his friendship with Guillaume Apollinaire, the pope of modern poetry, he met many of the leading figures in the Parisian avant-garde. In 1914, he opened a gallery devoted solely to contemporary art and at the same moment commenced collecting. By the early 1920s, the youthful and prodigious Guillaume was one of the world's best-known merchants of cutting-edge French painting. He served, for instance, as principal supplier to Dr. Albert Barnes, that oddball but ravenous American medicine man turned collector. As Guillaume's reputation grew, so did his collection, stocked with superb examples of African sculpture as well as canvases by the very artists he represented and financially nurtured, among them Picasso, Matisse, André Derain, Chaïm Soutine and Modigliani. Guillaume always insisted on the pedagogical function of his collection and, therefore, allowed practitioners and specialists easy access. Plans for a private museum were even bandied about in the late 1920s. The Depression and Guillaume's untimely death, however, derailed the scheme. His widow eventually inherited the collection and, after marrying the moneyed architect and industrialist Jean Walter in 1941, continued to add to it.

The terms of the Guillaume-Walter bequest dictated that the artworks remain together as a single entity. Since no space was available in the Louvre, the Orangerie, officially part of the former since the end of World War II, was the venue chosen for the collection. To prepare for the unprecedented gift, the State once again refurbished the locale. An imposing upper story, stretching almost the length of the structure, was built of concrete, completely sabotaging the *mise en scène* Monet had choreographed for his "Water Lilies." Low-hung ceilings hovered over the murals, chocking off all natural light

and saddling the two elliptical galleries with measurable claustrophobia. At the museum's entrance, a grandiose staircase was also erected; it ushered visitors directly upstairs and obliged them to amble through the Walter-Guillaume collection before accessing the "Water Lilies." Despite these brutal architectural interventions, the Orangerie underwent a renaissance the moment the Walter-Guillaume collection was unveiled in 1984. Attendance soared.

By the late 1990s, museum officials realized that, in their resolve to satisfy Madame Walter and pay tribute to her two husbands, Monet had received short shrift. The pitiful re-presentation of the "Water Lilies" was nothing short of an embarrassment, especially when compared to more flattering displays of the artist's work at the Musée d'Orsay and Musée Marmottan. The director of the Orangerie launched a campaign to return the interior to its 1920s splendor. "We wanted to restore the original plan," head architect Olivier Brochet explains, and in the process impart "a new transparency" to the building. The daring venture was worth the wait.

Approaching the revamped museum, one grasps the scope of the undertaking straightaway. The entire roof has been rebuilt to resemble a greenhouse, its metal armature exposed and fitted with clear glass panes. Both exterior walls buttressing the west entrance have been similarly glazed, bringing the Orangerie into closer dialogue with its natural surroundings, à la Monet. From the lobby, awash in natural light, one can gaze skyward, look across the Tuileries or glimpse the Seine. To permit such communication with nature, the monstrous sixties stairs and unsightly second floor were dismantled entirely. In their place, a wooden ramp floats over a stairwell descending to the lower level and leads to a doorway in an arresting, gray concrete wall on which is carved "Les Nymphéas" ("Water Lilies"). This footpath recalls the famous Japanese-style bridge Monet installed at Giverny. The drab nakedness of the concrete echoes the simplicity of the other building materials (wood, metal, stone, glass) and contrasts with the vibrant plant life visible outdoors and in the "Water Lilies." Crossing the threshold, one penetrates an airy, domed vestibule recreated after the artist's design. Its ceiling porthole and a pair of rectangular windows offer more exterior views of foliage, foreshadowing the Monet galleries beyond. These two newly whitewashed rooms are flooded with natural light that pours (UV rays excepted) through the lofty glass roof. White translucent vellum scrims stretched cornice to cornice temper and diffuse the luminosity. The four oil panels in each gallery, ninety-one meters long in all, are Monet's lyrical ruminations on the landscape at Giverny as seen from dawn to dusk. Lacking horizon lines or any discernable sense of depth, the shimmering scenes of purples, greens, blues and pinks engulf and disorient the viewer. Are we on an island in Monet's pond or standing on his Japanese bridge? Perhaps we are underwater. As the painter anticipated, Paris' fickle weather, varying from season to season and hour to hour, ultimately determines one's visual experience of the environment, making every visit unique. The

mystical effect is of a sanctuary, say an ancient cloister. This is all the more startling when one learns that the "Water Lilies," too fragile to budge, remained in situ during the reconstruction, sheathed in made-to-measure enclosures and meticulously monitored against humidity, dust, vibrations and temperature fluctuations. Displayed in their former glory, Monet's murals are a *tour de force*.

To ensure the Walter-Guillaume collection due homage, the architect also designed an immense subterranean story that extends beneath the Tuileries along the north side of the building. At the bottom of the stairs, a modest gallery introduces visitors to Paul Guillaume and his legacy. Period photographs and documents are on view, along with Kees van Dongen's portrait of the collector and four pieces of African sculpture he acquired. Arranged chronologically and grouped according to their makers, an additional 143 stellar paintings hold court in the remaining space. The long, wide corridor off the stairwell, naturally lit via a glass ceiling, is home to fifteen Cézannes (his still lifes are magnificent), a Gauguin, a Monet, an Alfred Sisley and a whopping twenty-four Renoirs, including the blockbusters "Young Girls at the Piano" and "Claude Renoir in Clown Costume." Off the hall unfold several smaller galleries painted different hues to complement the palette of the artworks exhibited against them. Five deceptively girlish canvases by Marie Laurencin hang amid robin-egg's blue. Her portrait of Coco Chanel is especially stunning. Henri Rousseau's nine folk-art-yet surreal paintings share claret-colored walls with five portraits by Modigliani. The Italian's likeness of Guillaume depicts the dapper, visionary dealer-collector with the words "novo pilota" (new pilot) inscribed in the lower left. The white walls of the subsequent gallery welcome ten majestic Matisse's, twelve Picassos (ranging from his Blue and Pink Periods to the Neoclassical twenties) and twenty-three Derain portraits, nudes, still lifes and genre scenes. Particularly noteworthy are Derain's "The Kitchen Table," "Harlequin and Pierrot" and his elegant rendering of Madame Guillaume sporting a wide-brimmed hat. Six of his Corot-inspired Provence landscapes hang in their own butter-yellow room. The final gallery, dressed in forest green, is reserved for ten Utrillos and twenty-two dazzling Soutines. Arguably the most significant compilation anywhere of the latter's output, these include the inscrutable "Little Pastry Cook" and several vertiginous landscapes. Throughout the galleries, paintings are often clustered in twos and threes to circumvent visual boredom. Informative wall texts (alas, only in French) contextualize the work of each artist and his or her relationship to Guillaume. This highly personal, coherent collection is a testament to the enterprising art merchant's incomparable taste and audacity.

The radical reinvention of the Orangerie is a resounding triumph. With Monet's "Water Lilies" and the Walter-Guillaume collection finally on equal footing, its beautifully reappointed galleries guarantee visitors a focused but matchless museum-going experience.

• Site: www.musee-orangerie.fr.

PICK OF THE MONTH

Godard

A show and tell self-portrait presented by the iconoclastic filmmaker Jean-Luc Godard. In a series of provocative images and installations he reveals his creative sources, concerns and dreams. The expo is divided into three parts ("the day before yesterday," "yesterday" and "today"), with no other explanatory notes or titles. Visitors are thus free to explore and interpret as they wish. •Centre Pompidou. Until Aug 14. Site: www.centrepompidou.fr.

ON THIS MONTH

Musée du Quai Branly Opening

It's the public opening of the much-anticipated museum for the "primitive arts," the Musée du Quai Branly (promised at press time for June 23), designed by famed French architect Jean Nouvel. •Site: www.quaibrantly.fr.

Medieval Treasures

In a tribute to the museum's late curator, Viviane Huchard, this expo displays treasures acquired under her ten-year direction (1995-2005). Stained glass, textiles, sculptures, illuminated texts—both sacred and profane—dating from the tenth to sixteenth centuries. •Musée National du Moyen Age (Cluny). Until Sept 25. Site: www.musee-moyenage.fr.

Cindy Sherman

Self-portraits of a multifaceted personality. The work shown here covers thirty years in the life of an artist. Amazing. •Jeu de Paume. Until Sept 3. Site: www.jeudepaume.org.

The Art of Los Angeles: 1960-1985

Paintings, sculptures, installations, photos, films and videos present twenty-five years of art in Los Angeles. •Centre Pompidou. Until July 17. Site: www.centrepompidou.fr.

Balenciaga

A tribute to the work and influence of the master couturier Cristobal Balenciaga. 160 pieces show the evolution of design. •Musée de la Mode et du Textile, 1st. Until Jan 28. Site: www.ucad.fr.

Dreyfus

In memory of Dreyfus' victory against a false accusation of treason, on July 12, 1906. This expo traces the history of the infamous Dreyfus Affair. Guided visits are available in English. •Musée d'Art et d'Histoire du Judaïsme. Until Oct 1. Site: www.mahj.org.

Paris: 1945-1956

"L'Envolée Lyrique"—waxing lyrical—presents paintings from the fertile decade following WWII in Paris: Serge Poliakoff, Nicolas de Staël, Pierre Soulages, et al. As always, the Luxembourg Museum puts on a glorious show—a profusion of light and color. •Musée du Luxembourg. Until Aug 6. Site: www.museeduluxembourg.fr.

Space in the City

The theme of this expo is urban space, but the real star is the city of Paris. Photos by Daniel Boudinet, Denise Colomb, André Kertész, François Kollar, Roger Parry, René-Jacques and Raymond Voinquel. •Hôtel de Sully, 4th. Until Sept 17. Site: www.jeudepaume.org.

Glass

The art and science of glass in first-century Rome. Lamps, bottles, dishes, tiles, jewelry and even green houses show the many ways in which glass was used in daily life. •Cité des Sciences. Until Aug 27. Site: www.cite-sciences.fr.

American Artists at the Louvre

This is the first time that American artists are shown at the Louvre. Whistler, Hopper, George Catlin and others open the "American Season." •Louvre. Until Sept 18. Site: www.louvre.fr.

Almodovar

The life and work of the eccentric Spanish filmmaker Pedro Almodovar in seven "sets." Film extracts, photos, posters and much more. •Cinémathèque Française. Until July 31. Site: www.cinemathequefrancaise.com.

Dragons

Dragons, the myths, the legends and the creatures that inspired them. •Museum National d'Histoire Naturelle. Jardin des Plantes. Until Nov 6. Site: www.mnhn.fr.

Défilé de Mode

This expo shows the complicated organization of the fabulous Parisian fashion parades, from the nineteenth century to the present. 300 videos, films, haute couture clothes, revues and objects. •Musée Galliera. Until July 30. Site: www.galliera.paris.fr.

From Symbolism to Expressionism

The work of Danish artist Jens Willumsen (1863-1958). •Musée d'Orsay. Until Sept 17. Site: www.musee-orsay.fr.

Music in the Park

Each weekend there will be concerts in the Parc Floral in the Bois de Vincennes on the east side of Paris. •First jazz, until July 30, then classical music Aug 5-Sept 24. Site: www.jardins.paris.fr.

Bastille Day

A full program of events, with the July 14 parade on the Champs-Élysées and fireworks, picnics, dances and other activities throughout Paris. •Site: www.paris.fr.

Paris Plage

The banks of the Seine become a beach. Palm trees, deck chairs, parasols, music and sports will be offered from the Louvre to the Pont de Sully on the Right Bank and in front of the Bibliothèque Nationale de France on the Left Bank. •July 20-Aug 20. Site: www.paris.fr.

Free Flicks

Films will be shown in numerous gardens and squares throughout Paris. •Aug 2-20. Site: www.cinema.paris.fr. Free.

On Sale

Summer sales in the shops and department stores. •Until Aug 5.

COMING SOON

Walt Disney

The art and influence of the Disney "animated-art" studios. •Grand Palais. Sept 16-Jan 15.

Hogarth

A major retrospective of English painter, sculptor and pictorial satirist William Hogarth. •Louvre. Oct 17-Jan 8. Site: www.louvre.fr.

PRESORTED
FIRST CLASS MAIL
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
LOS ANGELES, CA
PERMIT NO. 2377

PARIS
notes
PO Box 3668
Manhattan Beach CA
90266 USA