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SEPTEMBER 15, 2016 The Book About Paris Yesterday VOL. XL, NO. 1

THE PARIS METRO

40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

EDITED BY
PATSI BENTER KRAKOFF
AND
JOEL STRATTE-McCLURE

THE PARIS METRO
40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:
THE BOOK ABOUT PARIS YESTERDAY

Edited by

Patsi Benter Krakoff

Joel Stratte-McClure

Cover Photo: *The Paris Metro* offices (1976-79)
Photo by Christina de Liagre

The Paris Metro 40th Anniversary Issue:
The Book About Paris Yesterday

Published by
Freelance Ink Books

PO Box 994547
Redding, California 96099-4547

ISBN-13: 978-1535166485
ISBN-10: 1535166487

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Patsi Benter Krakoff and Joel Stratte-McClure

This book is dedicated to the memory of *The Paris Metro*
(June 23, 1976-November 22, 1978).

The Magical And Mythical Paris Metro

Why throw a 40th anniversary party and publish a commemorative book for a fortnightly magazine that published sixty-four issues in Paris between June 1976 and December 1978?

Why even bother trying to top the first anniversary of *The Paris Metro* held in the Porte de Neuilly metro terminus on June 9, 1977? That celebrated champagne-and-balloons bash attracted almost 2,000 guests and was covered by *The New York Times*, the Associated Press and other French and international media.

Fortunately no one needs a good excuse or media attention to get together in Paris. Scores of editors, journalists, art directors, photographers, advertising salespeople and others associated with the magazine gathered at La Tour d'Argent and other haunts in September 2016. And dozens of well-seasoned writers submitted over fifty articles for *The Paris Metro 40th Anniversary Issue: The Book About Paris Yesterday*.

Published roughly in chronological order, these anecdotes, memoirs, reflections and vignettes provide a glimpse of *The Paris Metro's* then-magical presence and now-mythical stature. Numerous submissions, many by former *Metro* staff members and others by passionate readers from the magazine's devoted and eclectic audience, capture and exemplify the verve, vitality and vocation that existed four decades ago.

Although time can diminish or exaggerate the past, there seems to be agreement that there was something special and unique about *The Paris Metro* – and the creative people associated with it.

Was it a provocative example of American *new journalism* in the staid French media? Did it provide a taste of spirited American entrepreneurial risk-taking in a conservative French business environment? Was it the '70s version of the ongoing American love affair with Paris? Why were many so intimately involved with the tabloid publication?

This compilation provides some insight into the magazine's allure and includes scores of illustrations and extracts plucked from past issues. It also shows why many of the talented people involved with the venture went on to enjoy and/or endure a variety of exciting, challenging and rewarding exploits.

A round of merited applause and voluminous thanks go to the dozens of writers and photographers, from Australia and Thailand to Mexico and France, who graciously contributed to this publication, as well as the creative design team of Jenni and Aaron Patterson in Durango, Colorado.

Read all about it.

Patsi Benter Krakoff and Joel Stratte-McClure, Editors
Paris, September 2016

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THE PARIS METRO LIVES AGAIN

How on earth did *The Paris Metro* ever happen?

I guess I should start my story with a magazine called *New Times*. When it was launched in New York late in 1973, I was among the original editors. It was there that I met a writer/editor named Harry Stein.

On the face of it, Harry and I probably seemed pretty dissimilar. I was born in the Chicago suburbs and usually struck people as pretty reserved and somewhat self-contained. Harry, on the other hand, was classic New York Jewish, up to and including the frizzled hair and constant jokes. His father wrote *Fiddler on the Roof* and Harry, even though he couldn't sing a note, was given to suddenly breaking into numbers from musicals I'd never heard of while simultaneously coming up with wildly creative story ideas.

Not quite an odd couple, we became fast friends because we had some key things in common. We were both less self-serious than everyone else in the *New Times* office and were constantly trying to add a little fun (think dart boards and pool tables) to the mix. We both lived on Manhattan's West Side, we were both infielders on the *New Times* softball team, we were both in love with actress Jean Seberg following her appearance in Jean-Luc Godard's film *Breathless,* and, perhaps most importantly, we both had foreign girlfriends.

Mine, Anne-Marie, was French and was always telling stories that, while no one quite understood what she was saying, made us laugh. Harry's Lizzie was Swedish, a killer poker player who, cigarette dangling from her lips, regularly took everyone's money. As a result, we spent a lot of time talking about our foreign girlfriends and the idea of living abroad, specifically in Paris where Harry spent a year in the early '70s.

But what we mainly shared was the idea of creating our own magazine in Paris. We discussed it time and again over lunch in New York, even coming up with story ideas, like an interview with Jean Seberg or a piece about why the French like Jerry Lewis. We both loved the notion of being editorial expats in Paris, even if we had no idea how to get it done.

I'd put enough cash aside by late 1975 to leave *New Times* and, along with Anne-Marie, plunged into the Paris scene. Once there, the idea of launching a city magazine became even more irresistible and I bided my time doing research in a city where I still thought that all the women were amazingly beautiful and wonderful cooks.

Back then, the off-the-wall estimate of English-speaking people in Paris ranged widely from 50,000 to 300,000, not including the tourists. (It is still hard to get accurate numbers today but I found a 2012 Eurobarometer report claiming 39% of people living in Paris speak English.) In any case, I had no doubt there was a large potential audience for our new publication.

When Harry came for a visit, we hashed it over again, and decided we HAD to give it a shot. After that, there was no stopping us. Business plan? Details? Numbers? Financing? Who

cared? We were fueled by visions of Jean Seberg and Jerry Lewis and could imagine our English-language paper being hawked on every corner, from the Champs-Élysées to Boulevard Saint-Michel, by lithesome young students.

We pinched the magazine's name from the Metro café across the *place* from my apartment, stole our masthead from the subway logo, and were underway. I made myself editor-in-chief — how cool was that! — while Harry was content with a contributing editor post. He had just started writing for *Esquire* and decided that, for now, he'd jump back and forth between New York and Paris. Then he enlisted Craig Unger, a half-crazy Harvard grad like myself looking for adventure, to come aboard as another top editor and help make our mad dream a reality.

Photo by Christina de Liagre

I still remember our first issues in the early days, when we provocatively illustrated that we were fearless, feisty and ready to cover any story.


FIRST ISSUE

THE PARIS METRO

KANTERBRÄU BAR DES B.O.F KANTERBRÄU

New York chic takes over in Les Halles

Inside: How students have their strike and vacation too ■ Interview with Jean Seberg ■ Why the French love Jerry Lewis ■ Best films discos, bars ■■■ And a centerfold map of where it's at in Les Halles

Our first cover was *New York Chic Takes Over In Les Halles*, which I wrote to tell "the hole story" about urban development and chic boutiques. Because we were in the midst of a heat wave during the summer of 1976, our second cover was a classic service piece: *Keeping Cool: The 10 Best Ice Cream Places In Paris*. How did we choose and rank the ten winners? Well, we did eat a lot of ice cream for two weeks – but treating us nicely counted big (which was why the iconic Berthillon only made it to number four).

Other early covers included *Sex In Paris* (Harry's brain child), *An Interview With Henry Miller* (a photo of the aged author playing ping-pong with a naked blonde caused a stir), *Fashion in Paris: You Are What You Wear, The Herald Trib: How A Swashbuckling Newspaper Lost Its Swagger* and *Our Man In The Seine: Gets To The Bottom Of The Dirty River – And Comes Back Alive!* (Joel Stratte-McClure — an early partner, contributing editor and publisher-to-be — dared go where no mortal with any sense had ventured before).

The stories and profiles we ran in the early days were equally provocative. Harry interviewed Jean Seberg, Fred Misurella met with "the American ambassador nobody knows," and Georgina Oliver, our wonderful arts writer, talked with *The Monumental Henry Moore* (no relation).

We created long-lasting columns and regular features from the get go, including Joel's highly entertaining page on money and finance called *On The Money* (He wrote it with the

P.S. *by Pierre Salinger*

The Rise and Fall of the French Left

John F. Kennedy once coined (or stole) a Chinese proverb: «Victory has a thousand fathers, but defeat is an orphan.» A cruder friend of mine put it another way: «Winning isn't everything, but losing is shit.» Both of these phrases apply to the French Left after the events of the 12th and 19th of March, but perhaps we should turn to Adlai Stevenson for a more apt phrase. The French Left, to use his words, «managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.»

It was not easy. It could not have been done accidentally. In fact, it was not done accidentally.

During the Club de la Presse of Europe No. 1, Tuesday night, March 14 – the day after the surrealistic scene at the headquarters of the Socialist Party, where Georges Marchais, François Mitterrand, and Robert Fabre, all smiling broadly, announced that they had once again found joy and unity – I posed the following question to

Cartoon by Garry Apgar, after Michelangelo's «Creation of Adam.»

pseudonym Psmith to avoid getting fired from his day job at *Business Week*); Harry's humor column *Paris Was Last Week*; Craig's *Paris en Bref* with its special knack for knowing what was going on in Paris; and a column on politics by Pierre Salinger, once JFK's press secretary, called *P.S*. We formed an exceptional staff to cover film, the arts, music, restaurants and *Cheap Thrills*, a selection of good buys, places and events.

Little wonder that, for so many readers, *The Paris Metro* was soon indispensable.

Many unusual, wonderful, ridiculous stories and cover ideas came from people who just walked in off the street. And there was definitely no shortage of interesting (and weird) people (strange and weird, actually) who wandered into our ancient *hôtel particulier* at 31 rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

There were a lot more covers, stories, columns, writers, art directors, dramas, scandals, lawsuits and ecstatic moments before we published our last issue in November 1978. And during that period I encountered as talented and dedicated a group as I've been privileged to work with during my forty years in journalism.

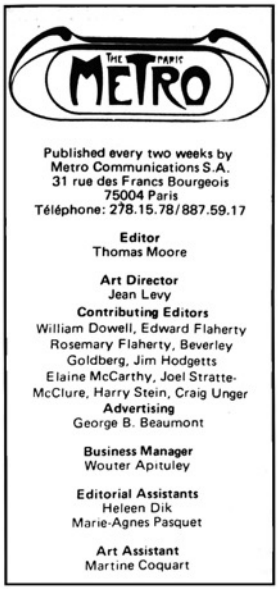
As all wonderful things come to an end, so too did *The Paris Metro*. But, as Edith Piaf sang it so wonderfully: *Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien!*

Thomas Moore was born in Illinois and served in the Peace Corps in Senegal between attending Harvard University and the Columbia University Journalism School. He worked for *Life* magazine and *New Times* before launching *The Paris Metro* and, after working for *Fortune* and a number of other publications in the United States, ended his career with Australian *Reader's Digest*. He's now retired in Sydney and having fun.

Maturing Mastheads

“I encountered as talented and dedicated a group as I’ve been privileged to work with during my forty years in journalism.” — Thomas Moore

1976



THE PARIS METRO

Published every two weeks by
Metro Communications S.A.
31 rue des Francs Bourgeois
75004 Paris
Téléphone: 278.15.78/887.59.17

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THE PARIS METRO

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31 rue des Francs-Bourgeois
75003 Paris
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The Metro: A magazine about Paris today.

How many English-speaking people live in Paris? Those who ought to know have given estimates that range as widely as 50,000 to 300,000 - not including the swarms of tourists who pass through town on any given day. (SVP, the information service, estimates that over 50,000 Americans and British are official residents in France and that over seven million Americans and British tourists visited France last year). Whatever, the number is substantial. They are not just Americans, British, Irish, and Australian ; but Dutch. Scandinavian, Japanese, Middle Easterners and, yes, even French. English has become the international language of business, travel and youth - and Paris is the place a lot of English-speaking people like to call home.

But foreigners in Paris have a problem. They tend to lead lives of outsiders, each going about his or her business, often out of touch with whatever else is going on. This is why most of the people we've talked to agree there is a need for a magazine to help bring things together.

What kind of magazine will the *Metro* be? To begin with, we will not be simply a community bulletin. Nor will we be an English language version of *Le Monde*, pontificating upon the weighty events and issues of the world. We will not attempt to duplicate *Time*, *Newsweek* or the *International Herald Tribune*, digesting world and American news for «the international businessman». Nor, for that matter, will we try to out-gonzo *Rolling Stone* on the European rock and roll scene.

Our idea is actually quite simple and as obvious as the notion of moving to Paris. The *Metro* will be about living in Paris. Every two weeks we will run a selective, up-to-date listing of the best events and places worth checking out around town. Every two weeks the *Metro* will run a lively arts section, not only with reviews of the current movies, exhibitions and concerts but also stories about the people behind the art. Every two weeks the Metro will run service stories on how to cope better with living in Paris. For instance, how to get an apartment, health care or a carte de travail ; where to find the best bargains in clothes or a three-star hamburger.

But above all, every two weeks the *Metro* will run stories about the people, scenes, ideas and issues that make Paris an exciting place to live. In each issue, we will have an interview or profile with somebody you have heard of or somebody you might like to hear more about. Jean Seberg, for instance, who first came to our attention as the *Herald Tribune* hawker in Godard's *Breathless* 17 years ago and has lived in Paris ever since. The *Metro* will focus on controversial centers of action in Paris today, such as the new Les Halles where the crusty old inhabitants of the former food market have been replaced by New York chic bars and boutiques. The *Metro* will probe the French way of life, from tiercé mania and food obsession to the revolution-obedience syndrome and the incredible telephone system.

A word on style. Obviously we intend to put out a professional magazine (though not a pretentious one), written, photographed, and illustrated by the best people we can find in Paris. We will also depend on our readers to steer us to good stories and give us feedback in our letters to the editor section. The ultimate character of the magazine is something that will grow with time as we try out new ideas, writers, and styles. We think it will be worth waiting for.

Paris has always been a place of dreams and romantic lifestyles, many of which are stubborn in their time of dying. Some of the English-speaking people we have talked to in the year this magazine has been in preparation have said they were disappointed to find that Paris isn't the place it used to be when people like Ernest Hemingway, Picasso, Gertrude Stein and, later, Henry Miller lived, wrote and painted here. No argument there. It isn't the same place. It's different now, with different problems, different things going on and different people doing them. But in it's own way, this town is as exciting as ever. And that's what the *Metro* is going to be about. Paris today.

FOUNDING AND RIDING THE PARIS METRO

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, as some other writer once said, also speaking of Paris. Looking back on the beginnings of *The Paris Metro*, I damn well know what he meant. What could possibly be better than being young and American and putting out the hippest publication in town? With every evening full of wine, women and song (if you count the caterwauling of Johnny Halliday).

Why the worst? Because we blew it — in less than three years, watching what was widely considered to be a roaring success, maybe even the foundation of the media empire we had the gall to envision, turn into nothing more than a set of exotic memories.

Indeed, from the perspective of today, almost every cliché about youth you can think of is applicable, from the one about its reckless self-certainty to the one about how it is wasted on the young. And, as I look back on the last four decades, the one that hits home hardest of all: how quickly it passes.

But, for all that, it's impossible to regret even a day of it. Leafing through bound volumes of *The Metro*, I recall not only the original and sometimes even daring journalism, but how it felt, however briefly, to be smack in the center of a culture so different from the one in which we'd grown up.

Photo by Joel Stratte-McClure

The dream itself – starting a newspaper in Paris – was, let's face it, a cliché, since it seemed to have been dreamt by pretty much every young journalist who'd ever spent a few days in the city. In our case, Tom Moore and I began discussing it in 1974 in New York, doing most of our conspiring in a handful of restaurants around Park Avenue and 33rd Street, where we worked as junior editors on a magazine called *New Times*. While ours were pretty good jobs, we both suspected there was more to life than this. I was twenty-five, Tom just a couple of years older.

What was the appeal of Paris? Okay, stupid question.

But we each also had more personal reasons. I'd actually lived in Paris several years earlier, right out of journalism school, freelancing, co-founding a news service called Continental Features Syndicate with Joel Stratte-McClure in 1972, watching a lot of movies and TV – supposedly to improve my French – and getting around enough on my moped to start believing I was in tune with the rhythms of the city.

Tom, for his part, was living on the Upper West Side with a very pretty French woman, and it was she who'd sparked his enthusiasm for getting over to Paris.

Still, since no one ever seemed to follow through on the pipe dream, even now I'm really not sure I ever took our conversations seriously. But Tom was of sterner stuff. One morning he walked into the office and announced he was quitting. It seemed an article he'd co-written at his previous place of employment, *Life* magazine, had sold to the movies, and he had a hefty payment coming his way – more than enough, he said, to move to Paris with his girlfriend. The article was about a bizarre bank robbery in Brooklyn, and the film would be *Dog Day Afternoon*.

Soon enough, I was getting letters from Paris with a Place Maubert return address, suggesting I stop by for a visit. By the time I did, six months after Tom's departure, the girlfriend was no longer in the picture, but Tom was as avid about our old idea as ever. In fact, he'd commissioned a study to determine how receptive the locals might be to such a publication.

"What'd you find out?" I asked.

"They said that since no one had ever tried it before, they couldn't say. That's what passes for research in this country. That's why no one ever risks doing anything." Tom paused, smiling. "But I know it will work. Are you in?"

"What will we do for money?" I asked.

"I'm ready to put in everything I have left. That'll get us through three or four months. If we're doing well, we can raise more then."

In fact, he'd already spoken to a potential art director and someone to handle distribution. As for the editorial side of *The Metro* – as he'd already dubbed it, after a café that could be seen across the *place* from his living room window on rue des Carmes – we decided to start with a classified ad in the *International Herald Tribune*.

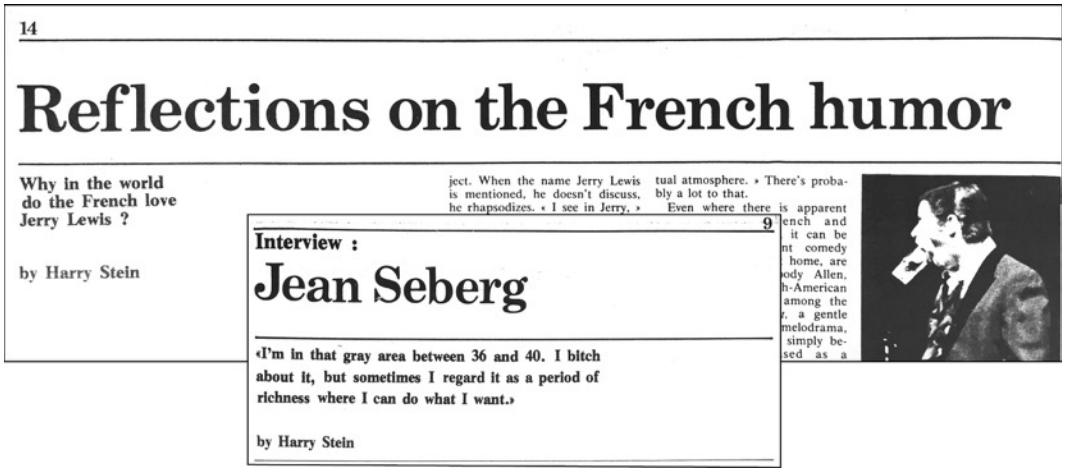
"*New English language publication in Paris seeks writers*," read the short and sweet ad that included Tom's home phone number.

The calls started around 7:00 a.m. the morning it appeared, rousing me from a deep sleep on Tom's living room couch, and they continued steadily through several days and nights. We ended up scheduling interviews two at a time, no more than ten minutes each, with me doing one in the living room, while Tom did another in the dining room. The plan was for no one to leave without an assignment – on spec, natch – so that if even a quarter of the pieces proved publishable, we'd start with both a stable of reliable writers and enough material to keep us going for months.

Most of those who came by were young, including college students spending a semester abroad, the rest being a motley assortment of expatriates and French people wanting to try their hand at English, including one guy who showed up in his army uniform.

Then there was a fellow in his mid-sixties, with a thick Transylvanian accent, who called himself 'The Boulevardier' and showed up in an opera cape, insisting we give him a society column. To make clear his enthusiasm for such an assignment, he rose from his chair and began frantically moving around the room, cape flying, declaiming, "You must hire The Boulevardier, you MUST!!"

"Hold on, Boulevardier," I said, realizing Tom would never forgive me – or more to the point, believe me – if he failed to see this with his own eyes, "let me get my partner."



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Reflections on the French humor

Why in the world do the French love Jerry Lewis ?

by Harry Stein

ject. When the name Jerry Lewis is mentioned, he doesn't discuss, he rhapsodizes. « I see in Jerry, »

tual atmosphere. » There's probably a lot to that.

Even where there is apparent

9

Interview :

Jean Seberg

«I'm in that gray area between 36 and 40. I bitch about it, but sometimes I regard it as a period of richness where I can do what I want.»

by Harry Stein

In any case, The Boulevardier ultimately got the same treatment as everyone else. For I'd quickly gotten it down to a science; or, given the eventual results, scientific quackery: after eliciting maybe a brief autobiography, I'd ask what it was in Paris that he or she might be interested in exploring in greater depth, and make the assignment.

When the interview marathon was at last over, Tom and I sat down and compared notes, going through the many 'writers' we'd seen, assigning each a letter grade reflecting our view of his or her potential, and making a list of the articles they would soon deliver.

In fact, only a tiny number of those pieces materialized – and most of those were on a single theme: *SEX IN PARIS*, which we would end up making the entire focus of our third issue. Big mistake. Who knew it would completely misbrand us and all but kill advertising for a year?

What, precisely, were we after? Our models were the city magazines that over the preceding decade had taken root and flourished in a number of American cities but which, as a journalistic form, remained unknown and untried over here. *The Metro* would cover Paris in a knowing, insider sort of way, to be of interest even to those who'd spent much of their lives there.

Of course, as was already evident, such a plan posed one serious problem: we were not insiders. We hardly knew the city at all, certainly not in anything that might be confused with depth. In fact, neither of us spoke more than serviceable French.

Yet, remarkable as it seems, none of that gave us even the slightest pause. If Mickey and Judy could put on a Broadway-caliber show in the barn, then, hey, why couldn't we put out a successful first-class magazine in a foreign city on a shoestring?

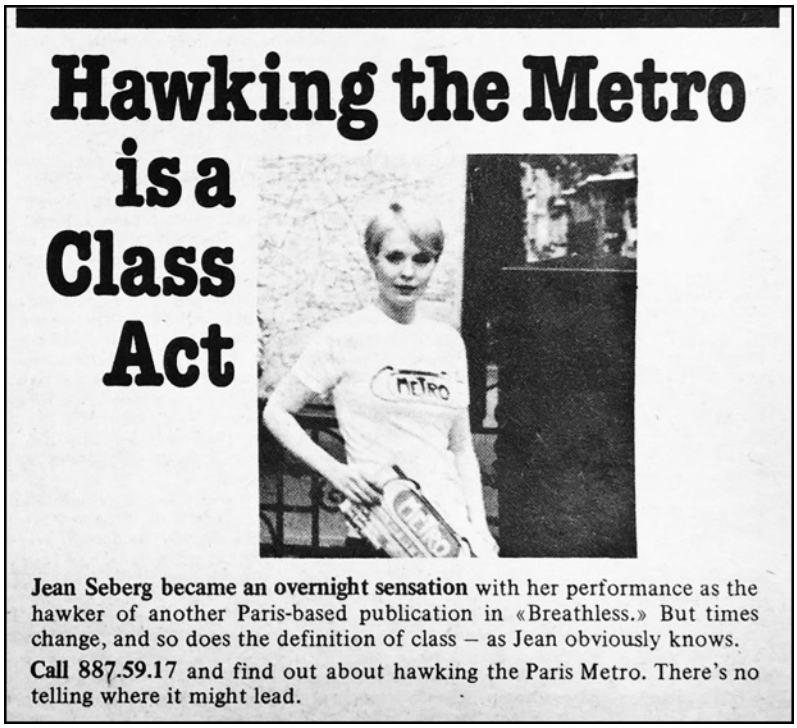
A quick word about Tom, for it was his sensibility that shaped *The Metro.* In a business full of insecure, raging narcissists, he was as close to the opposite as you can get. (For instance, we'd been friends for months before I

learned he'd gone to Harvard, and it was years before I found out he was the quarterback of his high school football team.) It was this easy confidence — or, if you prefer, lunatic fearlessness; see the roll of the financial dice that got us going in the first place — that in a media environment marked by timidity and self-censorship made *The Metro* so unique. We'd run anything, no matter how tough on the locals or our fellow Anglophones, if it was smart or important or funny enough. Where even today, *The New York Times* buries letters critical of its coverage, Tom would always make sure the ones that savaged us ran first.

We ended up writing most of the first issue ourselves; Tom doing the cover story – on the gentrification of Les Halles – while I did an interview with Jean Seberg, the prototypical American in Paris, and a feature on the French fixation on Jerry Lewis.

We had almost no advertising in that first issue, and it would have no presence on newsstands or almost anywhere else. It would take a while, and plenty of luck (mainly in the guise of terrific people walking in off the street), to begin fixing some of the problems.

But we were on our way, young and foolish but braver than we'd ever be again, and watching that inaugural issue fly off the presses early on the morning of June 23, l976, two weeks before America's bicentennial, we felt only elation.



At a New York screening of the film *A Little Romance* after the magazine's demise, Harry Stein was surprised to be asked by the gorgeous woman with the invitees list if he was the same guy who wrote for *The Paris Metro*. They've now been married 36 years.

HOW I LOST MY DAY JOB, MY VIRGINITY AND MY FIRST FORTUNE AT *THE PARIS METRO*

"Do you balance your checkbook?"
"*Of course, I'm a fanatic about it," I said.*
"*Would you like to be publisher?"*

Everything looked rosy when I flew north over the Equator on April 1, 1976.

A promotion, a first class flight to Paris, a salary hike, an expense account, my possessions shipped from Cape Town to an apartment on Île Saint-Louis, single, 27 and tan. I was being transferred to France from South Africa, where I'd been based for three years covering Africa for an American news service and writing stories for various international publications.

During the first week at my office off the Champs-Élysées, I received a mysterious telephone call that interrupted my work on a story about Cognac for *Business Week* (Or was it research about how to gauge the state of the French economy by the price of the prostitutes on rue Saint-Denis?).

"I'm with Westinghouse and have a fantastic scoop for you about a serious problem at a French nuclear plant," the voice said in American English with a slight Midwestern accent. "There could be a major accident, a gigantic disaster, and you're the first to know about it."

"Whoa, I just got to town," I said, momentarily forgetting about Cognac or hookers. "I'd love to kick things off with a serious story. Tell me more."

"I can't talk on the phone," Deep Throat continued. "Can we meet at the Hemingway Bar at the Ritz? In an hour?"

I hastily left the office for Place Vendôme (I'd helped write a guidebook to Paris for Pan American World Airways when I lived in Paris from 1971-73 and knew my way around). But then I immediately realized that I'd been punk'd when I saw my friend Harry Stein sitting next to Deep Throat, a tall, thin man who turned out to be Tom Moore.

Harry and I met as graduate students at the Columbia School of Journalism in New York and indulged in all sorts of low-paying journalistic endeavors in Paris after we graduated in June 1971.

My first stories in France that July involved investigating Jim Morrison's death for UPI and doing a feature on Père Lachaise Cemetery, where The Doors' lead singer would spend his afterlife. Besides writing guidebooks to Paris and Rome for Pan Am, and co-founding Continental Features Syndicate with Harry, I was also earning francs by running a gypsy taxi service to town from Orly Airport (I met the Pan Am flight from New York every morning), giving private guided tours of the city (I was driving a new red Simca given to me by my parents for completing my education), gigoloing without much success (don't ask me about the blind American I tried to seduce at the Hotel George V) and, later, working as one of the first waiters at Joe Allen (I was also the first American waiter to be fired).

Tom, I learned as we chatted, had also gone to the Columbia J School and I listened to them both describe the genesis of *The Paris Metro* while working in New York at *New Times*

magazine, where Harry had edited and run a piece I wrote in 1974 about the Muhammad Ali *Rumble in the Jungle* boxing match in Zaire.

Forget the serious scoop. Their presence and prank were a good enough reason to order an afternoon bottle of champagne as I told a few harrowing tales out of Africa and they regaled me with details concerning their soon-to-be publishing venture. By the time we left the Ritz, I was looking forward to writing about local rumbles and jungles for *The Paris Metro*.

My first story in the tabloid magazine, about Madame Billy's expensive and exclusive bordello (I first met Billy, who ran the second most popular brothel in town after Madame Claude's, in 1971 when I did "research" for the Pan Am guidebook), appeared in the *Sex in Paris* issue with the playful plug *They Try Harder At Madame Billy's*. The fourth issue had a piece I wrote about the Piscine Deligny, a swimming pool floating in the Seine ("I've never seen so many erections in my life," was the subtle subtitle), and the issue after that included my article about the French fixation with summer vacations called "*A chacun son août*." It was a hot summer.

My regular *On The Money* column was launched in the eighth issue and was written using the pseudonym Psmith, after the P.G. Wodehouse character, to avoid any conflict of interest with my employer. The first column discussed investing in wine, the second was about betting on the horses, the third gave instructions about how to be a successful translator/interpreter.

I made the cover of the magazine in November when I donned my wetsuit and jumped in the river as *Our Man In The Seine: Gets To The Bottom Of The Dirty River — And Comes Back Alive* and wrote a story called *Stalking The Holy Gargoyle*.

All of this was more fun than going to an office and writing about Cognac and hookers, or even nuclear disasters. It was so much fun, in fact, that I couldn't resist investing funds I had on hand after my attempt to purchase an apartment overlooking the Musée Carnavalet fell through when an American lawyer reneged on our handshake agreement.

A few months later Tom asked me a serious question.

"Do you balance your checkbook?"

"Of course, I'm a fanatic about it," I said.

"Would you like to be publisher?"

By then, I had left *Business Week* and McGraw-Hill World News to become bureau chief of Fairchild News Service and cover men's fashion and other less-exciting subjects, like footwear and supermarkets.

I quit and threw myself full-throttle into *The Paris Metro*.

There went my day job.

Besides writing for *The Metro*, and hosting Sunday champagne breakfasts at my place on Île Saint Louis, I started selling advertisements, wrote ad copy and created profitable advertising sections. I even used my charm to sweet-talk my grandmother in North Dakota, and other friends and family members, to invest in *The Metro*.

There went my journalistic virginity.

I did a couple of smart, and a few stupid, things as publisher, during the same period that Steve Jobs was sprouting Apple.

The smart things — reducing expenses, recruiting talented employees, cleverly marketing and promoting *Le Magazine Hot* at every opportunity, finding outside investors, dealing with the French media, selling ads — weren't enough to produce the revenue we required and are interred with my shamelessly self-promoted "too good to fail" reputation.

The stupid things were very instructive and longer lasting.

First, I believed all the cocktail party talk (and drank too much while listening to it) about how great *The Paris Metro* was and seriously over-estimated the monetary value of media, professional and social acclaim.

Second, I got in way over my financial head by using the same collateral as security for different loans, including one to purchase some ridiculously expensive state-of-the-art composition equipment just before we went out of business.

Third, I believed another American publication in town when they gave us a verbal agreement to buy *The Metro* and then preferred to let us go bankrupt and pick up the pieces, which, it turned out, they were too incompetent, frightened or intelligent to do.

There went my first fortune.

It took me a few months to begin psychologically and financially rebounding from our messy downfall.

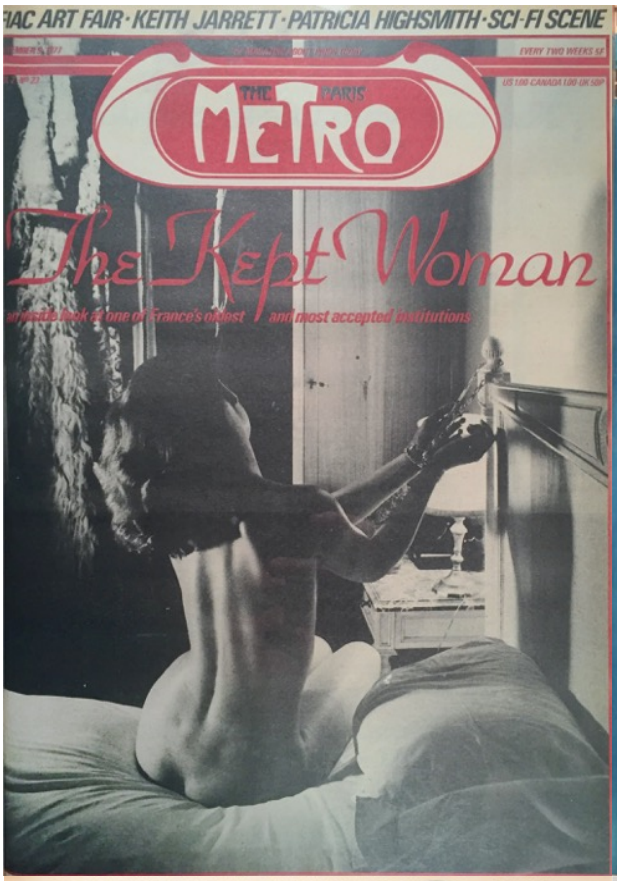
I wrote a forgettable economic thriller and produced a weekly column for the daily *Le Matin* called *Cris et Chuchotements*, or *Cries and Whispers*, to gradually pay back a six-figure loan that Tom and I had secured simply by scrawling «*lu et approuvé*» and our signatures on a piece of paper with lots of numbers on it. Then, armed with the humbling wisdom gained from a business failure, I became a full-fledged freelance journalist (I even wrote scores of stories for the Paris newspaper that screwed us) and author for the next four decades.

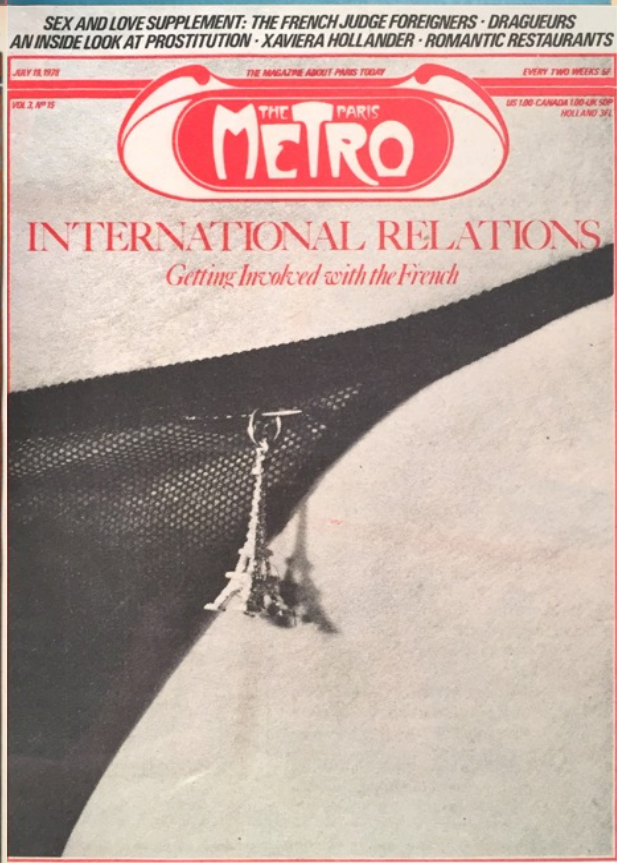
Losing my day job, virginity and first fortune at *The Paris Metro* was a small price to pay for the next part of the journey.

Joel Stratte-McClure lived in the south of France with his family from 1984-2004 when his articles appeared in over fifty publications, from *People, Time* and the *International Herald Tribune* to *Scientific American, Genetic Engineering News* and *The Times of London*. An editor and publisher of numerous newsletters, he ended his career as a journalist covering Hollywood and writing the *Tinseltown Spywitness* column for the *Los Angeles Daily News*. He is currently concluding a twenty-year trek around the Mediterranean Sea and completing *The Idiot and the Odyssey* trilogy of books about that exploit.

Metro Covers

Sex Sells





PARIS 1976: LIVING WELL ON NOTHING BUT A SMILE

To me, *The Paris Metro* was more than a magazine. It was a great adventure that started with a tiny classified advertisement in the *International Herald Tribune*. How many of us read that *Trib* ad and felt excited? Like so many expats, I was struggling to live in one of the world's most expensive cities on a few francs a day. That ad gave me hope!

And guess what? I was a writer. In those days weren't we all writers or artists or intellectuals? I wanted to write and was convinced of my burgeoning talent; after all, I had gone to college at Pepperdine and San Diego State universities on a journalism scholarship. I had even sold an article to a legitimate magazine in Paris. Never mind that the publication, *A Touch of Class,* didn't last more than a few issues.

So I asked myself, "Self, why wouldn't Tom Moore and Harry Stein want to hire me, pay me a salary, and print my stuff?"

Regrettably, it didn't take long for me to learn that I wasn't going to write for *The Metro* and the salary consisted of appreciation and an occasional beer and pinball tournament.

I had already been in Paris five years and spoke French *trés bien.* That linguistic achievement prompted Tom and Harry to suggest that "If you can speak French, you can try to sell ads, and you can earn lots of commissions."

Mon Dieu! Because I needed money to pay the rent, I launched my new career as publicity hound for *The Metro*.

Patsi Benter models *Metro* t-shirts with Ed Flaherty.

I wasn't in a complete panic. I had met some prominent marketing directors and CEOs when I was working as a model for *Cacharel* and *Daniel Hechter* fashion houses. With all the naive fearlessness of youth, I made cold calls and appointments to meet and sell ads for *The Metro*, visualizing half-page spreads for Moët & Chandon, Yves Saint Laurent, Maxim's and Bofinger.

These prospects loved the idea of an American publication in Paris and were initially very receptive. I remember one meeting with the head of the House of Dior.

"*Quelle merveille*! Why don't you run a front-page cover article revealing our wonderful Spring fashions? We'd love to show all the rich *americaines* in Paris our *chic designer mode*!"

That was probably the moment that I decided to downplay the editorial stance of the editors. To the traditional French businessman, the core ideas behind *The Paris Metro* - how many ways could we show the emperor *sans* clothes — bordered on *révolution.*

Even when I told my prospects that policy dictated we separate editorial content from publicity, it didn't matter. They weren't buying. They'd wait and see. *Nous verrons*, they said in unison.

Even worse were all the appointments I made with men in positions of power with *other* agendas. I wanted to sell ads. They wanted to buy me a drink or take me to dinner. Since I was hungry most of the time, I often accepted. But I got nowhere selling ads.

One night I'll never forget. I took the Metro (the one with tracks) to Bofinger, the history-rich restaurant near Bastille. The metro cars were so packed with people that it was suffocating...and repulsively intimate. Once I arrived, it turned out the manager was only interested in dinner and a drink. I said *non*, I had to get back to my tiny one-room walk-up. I had a dinner invitation at Frédéric Chandon's and Andy Warhol was going to be there.

Unfortunately a transport strike had begun and there wasn't any metro to take me anywhere. It was raining heavily; there were no taxis. I started walking from Bofinger to my place in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, knowing it would take more than an hour. I would probably miss my dinner with the champagne count.

The sidewalks were jammed with people walking in the rain, trying to get home. While walking in heels across the Seine, I just broke down and started to cry. Paris had really gotten to me this time. The adventure had ceased to be funny or fun. I wasn't writing; I wasn't even selling ads.

A kindly older man stopped to help me. He offered to take me home in a car parked on the other side of the street. I was so desperate I said *oui*, and off we went. Only after a few minutes did I stop to think about the risk. He could be any number of things I didn't want to imagine. I was just relieved to be out of the rain and on my way home.

And my intuitions were right. I didn't get mugged or raped. I arrived home in time to change and get to my dinner party.

That was the night my life took a fork in the road. I didn't sell an ad, and I knew I'd probably never sell an ad for *The Metro* or anyone else. Instead I decided to admit defeat and left the magazine after only a few months.

It struck me that I'd been very lucky to have encountered *The Metro* at all and met and known some pretty wonderful people, including Tom, Harry, Joel Stratte-McClure, Beverly Goldberg, Claude Vaujany, and Mary Russell. All talented and as interesting as people get. I found work at another magazine where I was in charge of organizing fashion photos.

That night, though, I did meet Andy Warhol and his entourage. And that night, I did fall for the charming host, le Comte Chandon de Brialles, and eventually became his girlfriend. At that dinner party, for at least a few hours, I felt the magic of Paris restored. After being in a miserable state one minute, I was transported into a fascinating world of beauty, witticisms and wealth the next.

During the next fifteen years doors opened, doors closed. At times I was down and out, at times I was up and in. I experienced all the mysteries, magic and misery of both the rich and poor sides of life in Paris. Living in Paris gave me the personal and practical exposure to material, people and emotions to use in my own writing.

Mostly, however, I followed the advice given to me by Michel Deon, French author of *Le Taxi Mauve* and other books:

"*If you want to become a good writer, you must experience life. Go out and live it.*"

As I look back forty years later, I have some beautiful memories, a few regrets, and a lot of gratitude for the grand adventure of *The Paris Metro* in the mid-70s. I was foolishly immature, but I began to learn a lot about myself and life. *The Paris Metro* was an unforgettable stop — and start — on my journey to self.

Today I live in Mexico, on the shores of Lake Chapala, in a small village full of expats called Ajijic. Paris is still with me as it is for the others who were lucky enough to have lived *The Paris Metro* adventure. May it continue well beyond the 40th reunion.

Patsi Benter Krakoff, Psy. D., is a retired psychologist who ghostwrites for executive coaches in the leadership development arena. Before joining *The Paris Metro*, she modeled for many French fashion houses and afterwards freelanced articles for *Vogue Hommes*. After 18 years in Paris, she returned home to San Diego, CA, where she studied psychology. She is married to Robert Krakoff, founder of Razer USA, a computer gaming hardware developer. Together they recently wrote *Senior Fitness 4 Life*, found on Amazon.

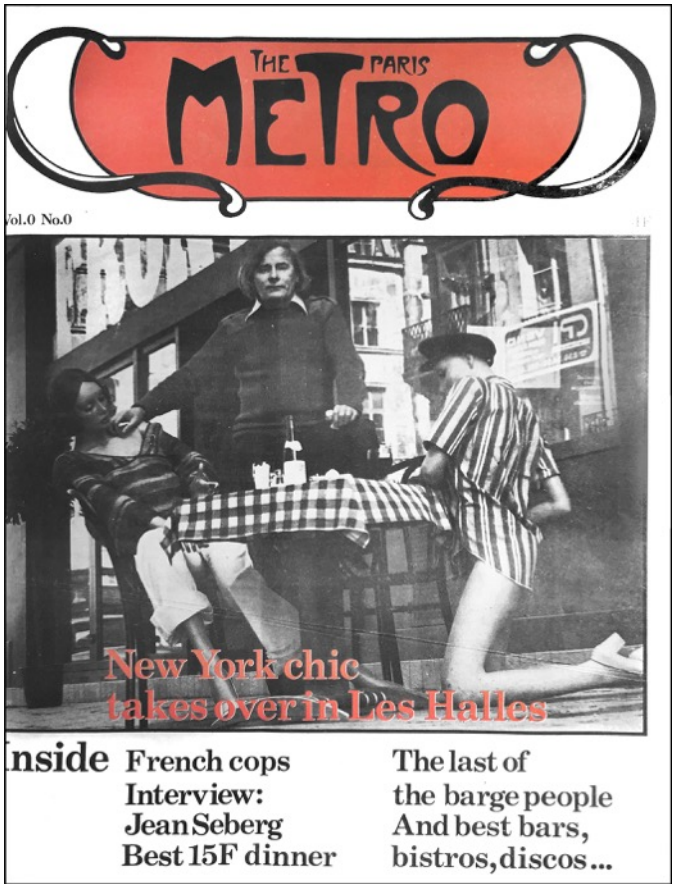
THE PARIS METRO: BEST. JOURNALISM. TEAM. EVER.

I wasn't exactly down and out in Paris – but my "final fling before settling down" had not gone well. My lover introduced me to a political dissident willing to sublet his studio to me for cash, because he had to leave the city in a hurry.

Yeah, I fell for the old "political dissident" scam.

So, I was broke.

I was a night clerk at the Hotel Britannique near Châtelet in exchange for a maid's room and was eating the bartender's free staff dinner at Mother Earth's every night before work. One day I arrived early and couldn't help but notice the beautiful woman talking to a man in a suit at the next table. No one wore a suit to Mother Earth's. Then I realized the newspaper the woman was unfolding was a dummy issue. Who else in the place would have known *that*?



A dummy issue of *The Paris Metro*

Patsi Benter was not happy with my interruption, but to get rid of me, gave me the address of *The Paris Metro* on rue des Francs-Bourgeois. I arrived to find Wouter Apituley and Tom Moore moving a massive armoire up the stone steps to the second floor. They didn't appreciate the interruption either.

I was buzzing around, annoyingly trying to give them a verbal CV. Tom patiently explained that they'd long ago placed an ad in the *International Herald Tribune* and already had editors, writers, even an art director. I think I insulted him by suggesting that he probably had no idea what happened to a manuscript after he put it in the "out" basket when he worked at *Life* magazine. Nevertheless, he called me two days later and asked me to make a production schedule and meet with the printer.

The printer took offense when I walked in with my schedule and questions about how fast his typesetters could set English text, but he was kind. He escorted me to the zinc bar downstairs, handed me a *pastis*, and schooled me: It was rude to enter the office without shaking hands with every single person in the room and worse to presume I could come straight to him, the *patron*, instead of to the office manager. And yes, there were workers in the room who spoke as much English as I did French. And no, you don't rush.

I don't remember how long it was before we started our own production office in the *cave* of the building next door to the main *Metro* offices, but I do remember sitting across from Tom in the café across the street when he asked me if I would "move up" from production editor to Arts Editor. I was completely thrilled. Really, what could be better than working "the back of the book" in Paris?

I was happy to leave the "hard news" to the boys. I had Movies, Music (Rock, Jazz, Classical), Art, Dance and Food! In Paris! With wonderful, knowledgeable writers!

It's possible I got the slot because I had championed fellow New Jerseyite and Mother Earth's hanger-on Robert Wiener for Rock Critic. Robert had covered the fall of Saigon and the troubles in Northern Ireland and was treating his PTSD by disguising himself as Hunter Thompson, complete with long cigarette holder, cammies and combat boots.

Managing Editor Craig Unger, an expert on Motown, probably could have written the column himself and he wasn't keen on Robert. All the "artsy" writers could be temperamental from time to time, but Robert and his sidekick Don Gardner were habitually very, very late. A couple of years later, when the shit hit the fan and the *huissier* locked our office doors, Robert was the only one who took any interest in what would happen to me. In fact, in 1981, he was instrumental in my getting a job at CNN. Full disclosure: eventually, I married him.

Robert got custody of *The Paris Metro* bound copies when we divorced nearly 20 years later, so I am not able to do proper research for this piece. But I do have strong memories of good times at *The Metro*:

- Interviewing Rudolph Nureyev with Harry Stein.
- Interviewing Joan Baez in the basement bar of L'Hotel.
- Having the brilliant idea of calling the back page "Last Tango."
- Writing a story on finding an apartment in Paris to justify a fabulously intricate cover cartoon.
- Testing ice cream to see if anyone was better than Berthillon for the "best of" series.

Partying with “cover boy” Karl Lagerfeld at Le Palace.

- Going backstage with Mike Zwerin to meet Bob Dylan.
- Partying with “cover boy” Karl Lagerfeld at Le Palace.
- Dancing at Le Sept with art director bill butt.
- Cocktailing with David Overbey and a blindingly blond German film star.
- Working crazy long hours.
- Having great neighborhood lunches.
- Running across the street for quick executive meetings at the pinball machine.
- Going next door to beg the typesetting *cave* dwellers for a correction I’d just remembered.

Ah, the days of energy and memory cells!

Of course, I also remember the end: how I wished I had preached earlier and more strenuously about the ad-to-edit ratio; how easily I assumed “the guys” knew better; how painful it was to have “labor disputes” when people began asking why they weren’t being paid more, since the magazine apparently was growing.

How foolhardy we all were (Full color! More pages!). We wanted to bank on the *International Herald Tribune* making us their Sunday supplement. Tom and I blithely went to check out potential new office space just days ahead of the closure, because we wanted enough room for day care (Georgina Oliver had a baby, and we were trying to take ourselves seriously as an alternative publication).

I was secretly hoping I’d be chosen to start up the Rome edition of *The Metro*. Instead, suddenly I was in New York and bill butt was introducing me to editor Anna Wintour at *Savvy*: “This is Elaine McCarthy, she used to be somebody…in Paris.”

No complaints. It was a great ride. I went from there to *Time*, to The New School for Media Studies, to CNN as a producer/director. When Robert and I came back to Paris with our two boys in 1991, it broke my heart to discover FUSAC, a successful English-language magazine founded in 1988 that contained hundreds of ads — and no editorial at all.

Oh, what our old *Metro* "Dream Team" could have done with *that* ad-to-edit ratio.

Elaine McCarthy was the editor of *Speakeasy*, an ESL magazine for lycée students published by Editions Nathan, from 1996 until she retired in 2010. She then taught English and worked for a legal education NGO in Vietnam, relocating to Chiang Mai, Thailand, in 2012. In 2013, she joined an NGO assisting Burmese women and retired again when they relocated to Myanmar at the end of 2014. She's trying to work her way back to Paris, but finds it difficult to give up Thailand's sunshine, tropical fruit and ridiculously low rent.

WHO IS THE UNSUNG HERO OF *THE PARIS METRO?*

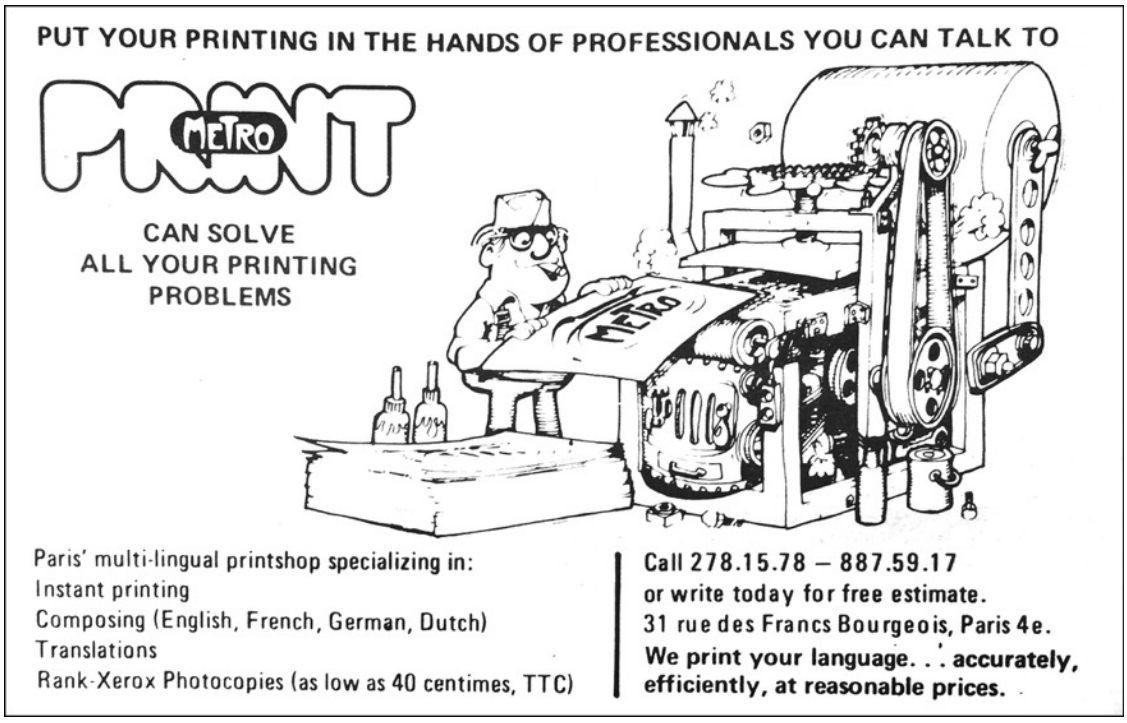
Not many people are aware that the initial popularity and financial success of *The Paris Metro* was the direct result of the hard work of a reserved and unheralded employee named Edward Flaherty. Faithful readers, and even anyone who visited the magazine's rundown offices in the Marais, probably never saw or heard of Ed. But this only perpetuates his myth as the unknown savior who got us off the starting line.

Who is this Ed Flaherty person?

I decided to find out how Ed, who spurned offers to write an article for this book, became *The Metro*'s initial guiding force. Here, just for the record, is his true story:

Ed and I both arrived in Paris in June 1975 and as his best friend, or at least the only friend who admits to being his best friend, I want to tell the world that Ed was the manager of *Metro Print* ("The Englishman's Printshop In Paris") and the founder and director of *Club Metro* (a members-only, dues-paying discount travel, party, activities and service organization).

Ed wasn't often in our main offices because he could always be found in an adjacent building where, down a flight of steps into a dark basement known by all of us as the cave, he and his trusty Dutch sidekick Wouter Apituley printed income-producing newsletters and brochures with a clattering outdated printer. His clients consisted of companies throughout Paris and *Metro Print* brought the first francs into the magazine's empty coffers.



Ed could have been content with that and gone on to found a company like Staples or Office Depot. But at a time when we needed to bond with the Paris community to promote the magazine, Ed also came up with the concept of Club Metro to enable readers to meet, date and even marry.

The diurnal (the first day trip was to a vineyard near Epernay and featured a gourmet champagne lunch on the banks of the Marne) and nocturnal outings and parties, often sold out weeks in advance, were both social and financial successes. Again, more money in the Metro Bank from a guy who appeared to be on the cusp of founding MetroMatch or MetroHarmonie before the internet got going.

take your pick:

Parties, travel, and movies. These are a few of the things Club Metro is getting together to help you make more out of life in Paris – for less. We also have 40 cinemas in which members save 25 to 30 percent off the regular admission price and are now lining up restaurants and stores that are willing to give out similar reductions to members. But more than the discounts, Club Metro brings people into touch with one another, whether at our parties or wine-tasting tours, weekends to London or Amsterdam or theatre, concert and bridge nights.
Obviously, not all of these things appeal to the same people.

So take your pick.
To join, send two photos and 60 francs to Club Metro at 31 rue des Francs Bourgeois, Paris 75004. Other persons at the same address may join for 30 francs each. Or call us at 277.99.58 or 278.15.78 and we'll send you next month's Bulletin.

PARTIES

VALENTINE'S DAY PARTY
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH

We'll be at the Boucanier Barbary Coast Saloon, where you can plug into three levels of different entertainment. There's dancing to live bands and records in the cave, an intimate bar with a guitarist on the middle level, or you can enjoy some quiet up-stairs with a violinist, female vocalist, a pianist and other performers. Mike, the fire-eater will give two performances. And there's always a friendly crowd and inexpensive drinks. Open from 8 pm to dawn with delicious food served all night. The 20 franc entry includes the first drink (10F for Club Metro members). 11, rue Jules Chaplain, Paris 6e. Mo: Vavin or Notre-Dame des Champs.

There's something in it for you.

TRAVEL

TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT
LONDON – NEW YORK ROUND-TRIP
FROM 1290 F

If you want to travel, we can arrange for low-cost flights virtually anywhere in the world at the lowest prices in Paris. Whether you want to spend a month in Athens, a week in Caracas or a weekend in Hong Kong, call us for times and prices. All flights are completely guaranteed by fully licensed tour operators.

Call now for our special Easter flights to the USA

And if you're interested in traveling by luxury coach to London, Birmingham, or Manchester, call us. Prices start as low as 195F return to London for students. Daily departures arrive in London by 6 pm GMT.

DIRECT REGULAR FLIGHT
PARIS – NEW YORK 1750F ROUND TRIP

There's something in it for you.

MOVIES

FRIDAY FEB. 11th MIDNIGHT CINE SPECIAL
3 TOUGH FILMS FOR THE PRICE OF 1
ALL V.O. – FRENCH SUBTITLES

1. **Scarecrow** with Al Pacino and Gene Hackman. Two marginal men burn their way West in a foredoomed attempt to realize the American Dream. Shared Palme D'Or at Cannes.
2. **The MacIntosh Man** with Paul Newman and James Mason, directed by John Huston. Spies, diamonds, and escape in a Cold War political thriller.
3. **Magnum Force** with Clint Eastwood. Sequel to «Dirty Harry.» Set in San Francisco, the toughest cop around shoots 'em up.

The program starts at Midnight at Le Seine Cinéma, 10 rue Frédéric Sauton, Paris 5e. Mo: Maubert/Mutualité. Live music and special acts between films. There are 2 salles, so you can choose the order in which you wish to see the films. Only 20F admission, 15F for members.

There's something in it for you.

Ed, from my perspective, succeeded in every endeavor he was involved in, including his present career in movies and television. Just ask Michael Moore, who could not have completed *Where To Invade Next* without Ed preparing the meals in the French school cafeteria segment featured in the film.

Ed, who decades ago toyed with the idea of creating startups called MetroFlix and Metrozon, recently spent a weekend at my home in Normandy with his two beautiful children, Anastasia and Max, from his marriage to a Russian Opera singer. He was scouting movie locations for a terrorist camp for an Egyptian James Bond movie and found an abandoned quarry at the end of the town where I live.

I now have to explain to the mayor of my small village that having a terrorist camp in his town will be a great public relations coup.

Stanley Hertzberg attended Brooklyn College with Bernie Sanders before going to Syracuse Law School. He practiced law, owned several unisex clothing stores and published *The N.Y. Better Apartment Guide* before moving to Paris with his family in 1975.

The New York Times

Sunday, July 3, 1977

THE OTHER METRO

PARIS—The Paris Metro, a biweekly tabloid in English that publishes articles and listings of entertainment and even[…] celeb[…] Paris […] for s[…] cham[…] salar[…] in th[…] told […] that […] some[…] lage […] of 32 […] finan[…]

Th[…] 15 p[…] of pr[…] yesti[…] The s[…] sprea[…] in o[…] when[…] lain; […] over[…] surp[…] same[…] of th[…] and […] half pages devoted to listing all the movies, broken down into "English," "Revivals" and other categories. There are also reviews on art, music, the dance and food.

American residents and visitors can study the Metro's items on bargain restaurants; bookstores (of one in the Ma-[…]

[…] something t[…]

METRO

Le Magazine Hot

Don't Try to Survive 1978 Without It

The Paris Metro
The magazine which is bringing new journalism to Paris.
The best show in town – in any language.

«Journal Américain de Paris, ultra-sophistiqué et insolent»
– *Le Nouvel Observateur*

«Un style de reportage nouveau pour les Français»
– *Nouvelles Littéraires*

«. . . n'hésite pas à s'attaquer aux sujets tabous»
– *Figaro*

«Paris Metro n'a aucun équivalent dans la presse française»
– *Le Matin*

Paris mit Ketchup:
Amerikaner machen das beste Magazin an der Seine»
– *Die Zeit*

«Etonnant que la première, la seule, feuille d'animation urbaine publiée à Paris le soit en anglais»
– *Libération*

«Des articles de fond sur la capitale»
– *Le Monde*

«C'est drôle»
– *Le Point*

«Was in den 20er und 30er Jahren für die amerikanische Künstlerkolonie in Paris die «Paris Tribune» war, ist heute Paris Metro»
– *Die Welt*

«Lively reviews»
– *The New York Times*

«Warm aanbevolen voor 5 francs!»
– *NRC Handelsblad (Pays Bas)*

«Le meilleur hebdo en France aujourd'hui»
– *Métal Hurlant*

«Pour apprendre l'anglais lisez le Paris Metro!»
– *RTL*

Subscribe Today
And join 20,000 other French readers who are seeing Paris for the first time – from the outside looking in.
The Paris Metro.
The magazine about Paris today.

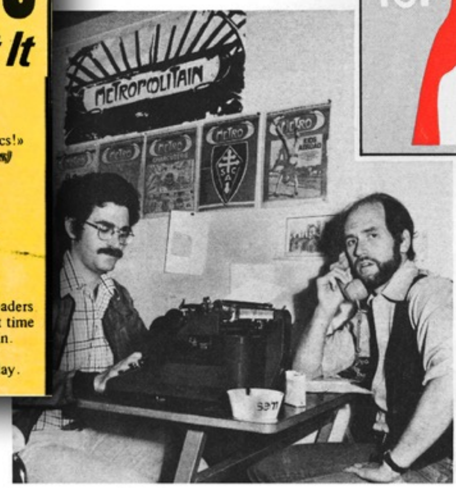
Sixteen months later, the scoffers are quieter. The press run of the Metro has doubled to 32,000. Overall ad space has grown from 16 pages per 32-page issue in September, 1976, to 64 pages in September this year, while the […]

Newsweek

NEWS MEDIA

'A Moveable Snack'

If Paris was "a moveable feast" to […]riate Ernest Hemingway in the […], it's "a moveable snack" for Harry […] today. Part-time expatriate Stein, […]kes endless fun at the French—for […]ing Jerry Lewis is funny and for […] most everything else, including […] Malraux, their livers, the New […]sophy, and their own language, too […]usly. He does all this in a column he […] for The Paris Metro, a biweekly



Stein (left), Moore: Being serious lightly

York as editors at New Times magazine. When Moore sold the film rights to an article he wrote about a local bank robbery, which became the basis for "Dog Day Afternoon," he took his small windfall and headed for Paris. Stein visited him there several months later and it was then that Moore convinced him that they ought […]

Advertising Age

Copy; $25 a Year — The National Newspaper of Marketing — October 17, 1977

ity. Says co-found[…]

Paris' 'Metro' now lures wait-and-see advertisers

San Francisco Chronicle

In Paris: Journalism American-Style

By Joan Chatfield-Taylor

Tourists in Paris this summer will find an upstart, English-speaking rival to the familiar Herald-Tribune on newspaper kiosks. It's a biweekly, tabloid-style

LA PRESSE

Libération

[…]n magazine américain «about Paris today»

THE PARIS METRO

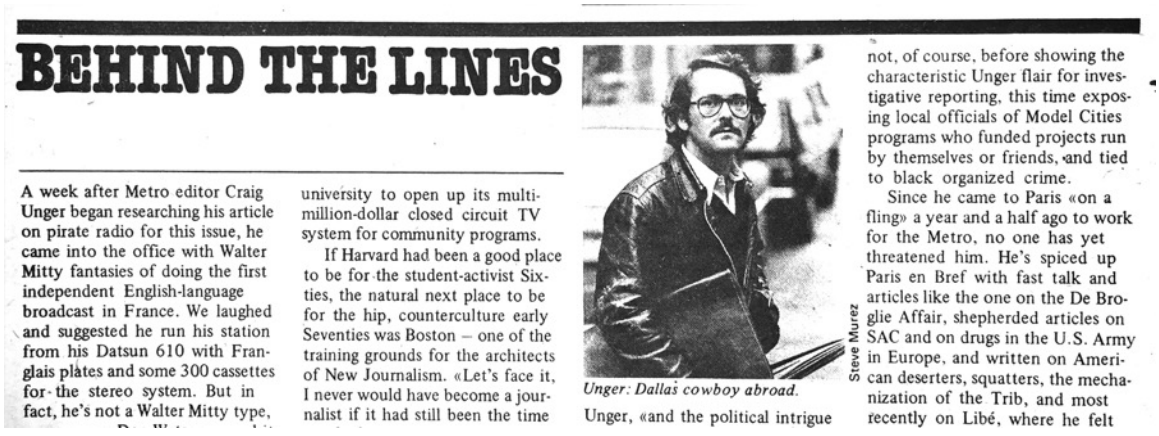
L'équipe de Paris Metro : les enfants de l'Amérique et des années soixante.

FLYING HIGH AT THE PARIS METRO

On a sunny afternoon in June 1976, I arrived in Paris with considerable trepidation. I had flown in from New York after friends suggested I work for a new magazine being started up by Tom Moore. We had friends in common, we had both gone to Harvard, and I had written for *New Times* magazine, where Tom had been an editor. But I had never met him and didn't know what I was in for.

I first heard of Tom when he wrote a story for *Life* magazine about a bank robbery in Brooklyn committed by a guy who wanted to pay for his boyfriend's sex change operation. A hot young actor named Al Pacino thought it would make a great movie. Pacino was right. But even more astonishing was the fact that a journalist actually got money from the movie called *Dog Day Afternoon* — enough, it turned out, to launch *The Metro.* Harry Stein was a co-founder and Joel Stratte-McClure had come on as a partner by the time I arrived to see firsthand what all the fuss was about. At worst, I figured, I'd spend six weeks or so in Paris, and then go home.

But what happened next were among the best three years of my life. Tom had played quarterback in high school, and, like a good quarterback, he knew how to put together a team and how to make smart decisions in the moment. And he had an uncanny sense of direction. Thanks to his time at *Life*, he figured out we needed fabulous photography, which we got from Sergio Gaudenti, Claude Vaujany, Derek Hudson and Steve Murez. We had great stories like our parody of *Le Monde*, Blair Sabol's *Bernie at the Pret* and Harry's *Why the French Love Jerry Lewis*; breaking news stories, like Joel Rogers' revelations of stolen nuclear weapons from the U.S. base in Germany, our take on L'Affaire de Broglie and Roger Cohen on the monstrous Les Halles shopping mall development; interesting columns by Joel, Harry and Pierre Salinger; creative service stuff, an eclectic Calendar and much more.



BEHIND THE LINES

A week after Metro editor Craig Unger began researching his article on pirate radio for this issue, he came into the office with Walter Mitty fantasies of doing the first independent English-language broadcast in France. We laughed and suggested he run his station from his Datsun 610 with Franglais plates and some 300 cassettes for the stereo system. But in fact, he's not a Walter Mitty type,

university to open up its multi-million-dollar closed circuit TV system for community programs.

If Harvard had been a good place to be for the student-activist Sixties, the natural next place to be for the hip, counterculture early Seventies was Boston – one of the training grounds for the architects of New Journalism. «Let's face it, I never would have become a journalist if it had still been the time

Steve Murez

Unger: Dallas cowboy abroad.

Unger, «and the political intrigue

not, of course, before showing the characteristic Unger flair for investigative reporting, this time exposing local officials of Model Cities programs who funded projects run by themselves or friends, and tied to black organized crime.

Since he came to Paris «on a fling» a year and a half ago to work for the Metro, no one has yet threatened him. He's spiced up Paris en Bref with fast talk and articles like the one on the De Broglie Affair, shepherded articles on SAC and on drugs in the U.S. Army in Europe, and written on American deserters, squatters, the mechanization of the Trib, and most recently on Libé, where he felt

Craig Unger profiled in *The Paris Metro*'s regular *Behind The Lines* section.

We were amateurish in the best sense of the word — that we loved our work. And sometimes the worst: I still have nightmares about one of our hideous covers.

When *The Metro* ended, I returned to the States and, over the next 40 odd years, worked as a staffer, op-ed writer, talking head, author, contributor and sometimes as editor-in-chief at *New York Magazine, Vanity Fair, Esquire, The New Yorker, Boston Magazine,* CNN, MSNBC, Scribner, Houghton Mifflin and a dozen or so other places.

But I never had more fun at any of them than I did at *The Metro*, and I never worked with anyone better than Tom.

Today, when the news has devolved to zillions of atomized tweets and chyrons crawling across a screen, it's great to remember a time when we all worked together, shared a vision and did a helluva job of capturing the spirit of the times.

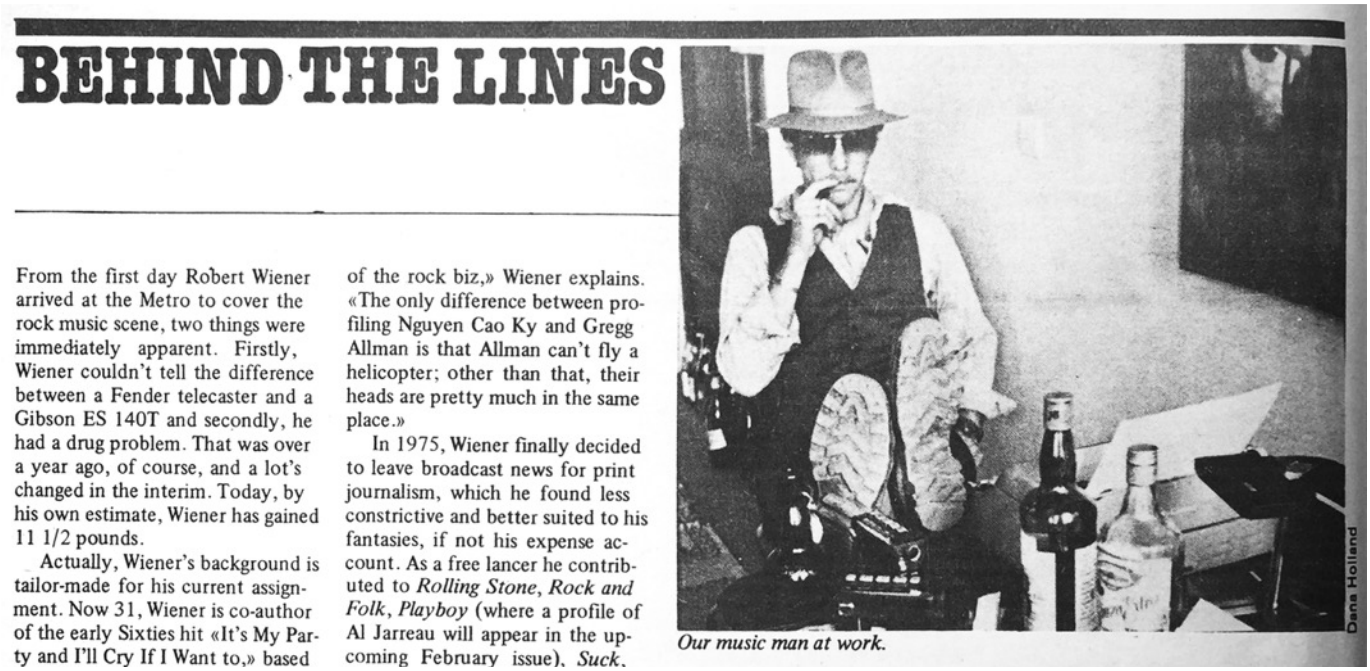
Thanks a million, Tom.

* * *

I remember when our Hunter S. Thompsonesque rock critic Robert M. M. Wiener turned in his copy late at night — as usual, w-a-a-ay after his deadline — apparently under the illusion that a semi-exclusive interview with Stinky Toys, whoever they were, was the kind of scoop for which an editor should hold the presses until 3 a.m.

As usual, I read Wiener's copy and told him his latest attempt to bring gonzo journalism to Paris still needed some work. Then Wiener — who had perfected the art of putting his finger up one nostril, through his famously perforated septum, and down the other nostril — ceremoniously laid down a few lines of Bolivian marching powder on my desk.

Then, suddenly, on this night in 1977, it all became clear to me, and I realized that R. M. M. Wiener's copy never needed editing at all.



BEHIND THE LINES

From the first day Robert Wiener arrived at the Metro to cover the rock music scene, two things were immediately apparent. Firstly, Wiener couldn't tell the difference between a Fender telecaster and a Gibson ES 140T and secondly, he had a drug problem. That was over a year ago, of course, and a lot's changed in the interim. Today, by his own estimate, Wiener has gained 11 1/2 pounds.

Actually, Wiener's background is tailor-made for his current assignment. Now 31, Wiener is co-author of the early Sixties hit «It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want to,» based

of the rock biz,» Wiener explains. «The only difference between profiling Nguyen Cao Ky and Gregg Allman is that Allman can't fly a helicopter; other than that, their heads are pretty much in the same place.»

In 1975, Wiener finally decided to leave broadcast news for print journalism, which he found less constrictive and better suited to his fantasies, if not his expense account. As a free lancer he contributed to *Rolling Stone*, *Rock and Folk*, *Playboy* (where a profile of Al Jarreau will appear in the upcoming February issue), *Suck*,

Dana Holland

Our music man at work.

Robert Wiener profiled in *Behind the Lines*.

* * *

It was a crisp weekend in 1978. A bunch of Metro staffers had rented a small cottage on Belle-Île-en-Mer off the coast of Brittany and repaired there for summer weekends.

On this particular weekend in late July, Joel's 22-year-old brother Lars was in town and offered to fly a bunch of us out to the island on a small private plane for Joel's 30th birthday party. Before takeoff, Tina de Liagre backed out, saying she didn't think it looked too safe.

But I laughed it off and hopped in the tiny four-seater. Tom Moore and Elizabeth Johns, pregnant with their first child, got in the back seat. Lars was the pilot, and I sat next to him in the front, a wholly inexperienced co-pilot with exactly zero hours of flight time under my belt.

About forty minutes after take off, when we were up at about 6,000 feet, Lars' door came ajar —and Elizabeth had freezing cold wind blowing in on her at about 150 mph. Then, everything went to hell.

I remember Lars thinking he could open and close his door, much as one would in a car — using only one hand.

I remember Lars becoming extremely agitated after he realized he was wrong.

I remember Lars promoting me to pilot shortly thereafter so he could confront the door with both hands.

I remember having profoundly mixed feelings about said promotion, coming as it did, when I had amassed roughly 43 minutes of flight time.

I remember seeing a cloud and wondering if I should A) go right through it in our tiny four-seater or B) go around it.

I remember learning the hard way that B was the correct answer.

I remember flying over the racetrack at Le Mans and wondering if we should land there.

I remember wisely deciding to look for an alternative.

I remember Lars frantically radioing control towers and discovering he didn't speak French and they didn't speak English.

I remember learning that, at one remote air traffic control tower, the guys were leaving for a lunch break but would be back in three hours.

I remember flying over a French military air base, seeing a landing strip and presuming that it was illegal to land there.

Exactly what happened next, I don't remember. But I have to assume that Lars took over the controls and landed the plane.

In any case, today, Jesse Moore, then in gestation, is almost forty years old.

* * *

In early 1979, not long after *The Metro* folded, ace photographer Sergio Gaudenti gave me a call. *The Metro* had been dead for two months, and even though I was still reeling from its demise, I was up for a new adventure. Nevertheless, Sergio's latest brainstorm seemed completely unhinged.

According to Sergio, friends of his — or maybe it was friends of friends of friends — knew some Iranian religious nut in the *banlieue* who said he was going back to Iran to overthrow the Shah and take over the country. Sergio assured me this guy might be certifiably insane, but he

was for real. He was going to start a revolution, really — and we could be on the same plane with him and get the scoop.

After listening politely for a few minutes I then proceeded to make the worst editorial decision of my entire life.

"Are you out of your mind?" I told Sergio. "He's going to overthrow the Shah? Do you know how powerful SAVAK, the Shah's secret police force and security service, is?"

And so, on February 1, 1979, Ayatollah Khomeini returned to Iran — without me.


PARIS EN BREF

Edited by Craig Unger

The Man Who Knew Too Much:
the Latest Chapter in the de Broglie Affair

A contributing editor of *Vanity Fair,* Craig Unger is the *New York Times* best-selling author of *House of Bush, House of Saud*, and *Boss Rove*, among other books. He lives in New York.

EARLY ADVENTURES IN THE CITY OF LIGHT

Paris is a complicated mistress, beautiful, delightful, and at times, frustrating — in short, everything that you would expect from a 21st century city trapped in an exquisite but dysfunctional 19th century setting.

Armed with third-year high school French, I had spent the summer of 1958 in Paris at the end of my junior year at Westfield Senior High School in Westfield, New Jersey. It was the height of the Algerian War. Gendarmes carried submachine guns and truck loads of police periodically cleared everyone out of the buildings along Boulevard Saint-Michel.

My next visit occurred almost a decade later after I was drafted into the U.S. Army and dispatched to Vietnam. I had spent six months in an intensive French language course at the U.S. Foreign Service Institute in Arlington, Virginia, before being assigned to an advisory team next to a small Special Forces base on the border between Vietnam and Cambodia. It turned out that I'd luckily been stationed in the only provincial capital not overrun during the Têt offensive in early 1968.

When the situation in Vietnam calmed down a bit, I took a month's leave. Clouds of smoke from fires hovered over Saigon and there was a constant sound of not-too-distant artillery fire. A giant billboard at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Air Base displayed the remnants of an ad with smiling airline stewardesses standing in front of a gleaming plane. Perforated with shell holes from artillery and rocket fire, it resembled a concrete Swiss cheese. The caption read: "Pan Am Makes The Going Great."

Feeling relief at getting out of an overly active war zone, I flew to New York and then to Paris only to discover that I had stumbled into the middle of the May 1968 student protests. Piles of uncollected garbage stood on every street corner, but interspersed in the crowds of onlookers were extraordinarily beautiful girls.

I strolled through the Latin Quarter and naïvely entered a ramshackle bookstore, Shakespeare & Company. The owner, George Whitman, was under some typically incomprehensible restriction that kept him from actually selling books. Whitman retaliated by turning the store into an "open university" populated by all-night discussion groups espousing non-conformist ideas. Revolution was in the air. It was exhilarating and I was hooked.

For the moment though, I was concerned about developments in Vietnam. The Army discharged me in February 1969 and I went back to Saigon in May, this time as an aspiring journalist. Armed with a letter of accreditation from UPI, where I'd worked as a copy boy before the Army, I managed to land a job as a radio reporter with Metromedia Broadcasting. Then NBC News hired me after I reduced a U.S. Air Force officer to incoherence at a session of The Five O'Clock Follies, as military press briefings were known. I began to make a decent pay

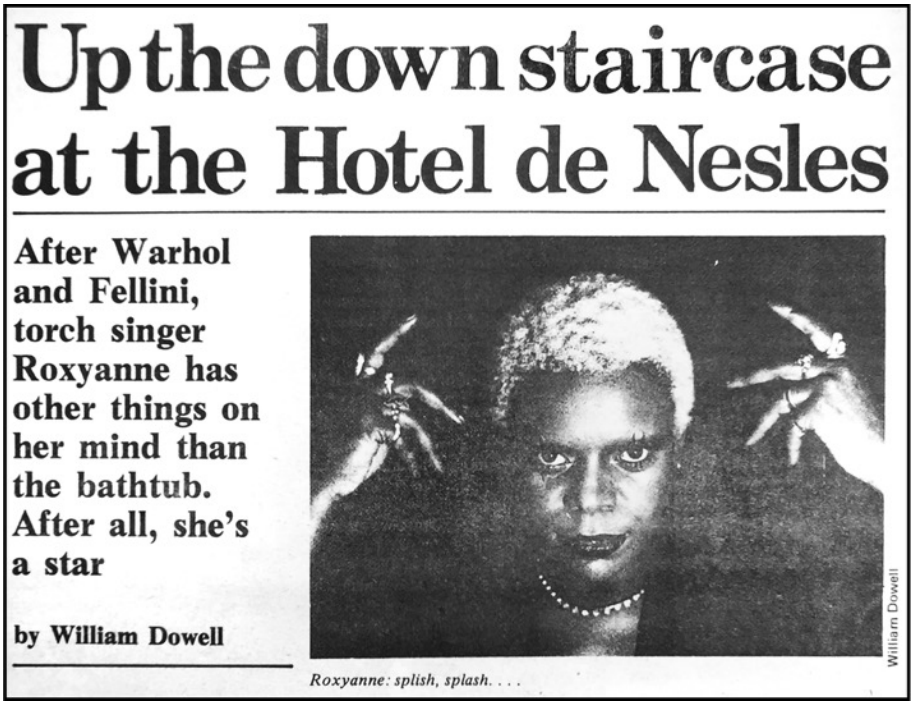
check and, in the words of NBC's Hong Kong bureau chief, "live in a style that I would have liked to have become accustomed to, but did not really deserve."

After almost five years in Vietnam, I'd had enough. I returned to the U.S. where NBC offered me a temporary job as a utility desk editor in the network's Washington news bureau. Before long, someone mentioned that there was a slot for a radio stringer in Paris. Accepting it meant leaving the fast track at NBC, but I took the chance. The retainer was $300 a week and if I could stir up enough stories to interest the editors in New York, I just might survive.

I scoured the Left Bank looking for hotels with no stars out front. I figured I had to find the cheapest room possible if I was going to make it. Eventually, I found a small beat hangout, the Hôtel de Nesle. It was run by two Algerian Jewish sisters, Renée and Huguette and described in *Let's Go Europe* as "a cross between a Moroccan hash parlor and Alice's Restaurant."

One of the regulars was a German sadist, who wore heavy chains around his neck when he showed up for breakfast in the morning. He rarely spoke. Next to my room, a black African merchant from Mali slept with his light on, his walls covered with terrifying African masks that he hoped to sell in third-string Left Bank art galleries. His six wives or concubines would regularly stay with him in the crowded room.

Then there was the gay chief of a Brazilian dance troupe, appalled at the excesses of the "phantom crapper" who regularly left small mementos on the toilet down the hall. Out front, an American hippie, who survived by smuggling marijuana from Amsterdam, lived in a decrepit Volkswagen van and only came into the hotel to take an occasional shower. There was also a Turkish immigrant, who claimed that he knew who killed Christ, while a silent and taciturn Frenchman infrequently changed the sheets in the rooms and did odd jobs for Renée and Huguette. I assumed that he was a charity case but later learned that he had inherited a small fortune and provided financial support for the hotel. His parents had kept him locked in an apartment for the first 16 years of his life and the routine of working in the Hôtel de Nesle kept him from going completely off his rocker.



Up the down staircase at the Hotel de Nesles

After Warhol and Fellini, torch singer Roxyanne has other things on her mind than the bathtub. After all, she's a star

by William Dowell

Roxyanne: splish, splash. . . .

William Dowell

William Dowell recounted some of his personal experiences in *The Paris Metro*.

Last but not least, one of the Nesle's most flamboyant guests was a statuesque American black woman, the countess, Roxyanne. She had, she told everyone, briefly married a French count who dumped her when his father threatened to disinherit him. She kept a black cat in her room and seemed to think he was a better partner than her former husband. She dreamed of becoming a jazz singer, but to make ends meet, she starred in porno films, including the recently released *Romance in Hong Kong*. She showed me a clip, and bragged, "I was the romance." To someone who had grown up reading Hemingway and Kerouac, the Nesle was nothing short of a palace of marvels.

I mentioned the denizens of the hotel to a friend, who said he'd like to check the place out. When I introduced him to Roxyanne, she proudly pulled out a porno magazine. The centerfold showed her splayed on a bed while an unidentified man performed cunnilingus. My friend coughed politely. Roxyanne finally got her opening night, singing at a jazz club across the street, but the owner hadn't paid off the mob and an assassin shot him dead during her performance. The murder ended that gig.

As for myself, the Hôtel de Nesle offered me the cheapest room I could find in Paris at fifteen Francs a night, or roughly $90 a month. I reckoned that it measured two square meters. I could touch one wall with my left shoulder and reach over and touch the other with my right hand. I'd asked a girl friend up to the room one night. We sat on the side of the bed and it started to flip over.

I lost the NBC radio stringer job after a few months when I carelessly called the European news director an asshole. I didn't mind leaving NBC, but I knew I had to find a job quick somewhere. It soon became apparent that *The Paris Metro* was the only game in town.

William Dowell visited Paris in 1959 and again in 1968. After spending six years in Vietnam, where he was first in the U.S. Army and later freelanced for Metromedia Broadcasting and NBC, he returned to Paris in 1974 to work as a radio stringer for NBC News.

Christina de Liagre

THE PARIS METRO: A NEW TRAIN OF THOUGHT

The joy ride with *The Paris Metro* began at the first stop: 31 rue des Francs-Bourgeois, our headquarters, our hub, our hip hangout.

In the heart of the Marais, the Hôtel d'Albret was a *monument historique* dating to the sixteenth century. The noble footsteps of the Marquise de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon, favorites of Louis XIV, still echoed in these majestic premises. But since the glory days, the Hôtel d'Albret had been left to rack and ruin over the centuries. Finally bought by the City of Paris in 1975, *The Paris Metro* slipped into those premises just before renovation was scheduled to take place.

Nobody was home. Except, *la concierge*.

Historically known to be informants, our *concierge* was overwhelmed by such an Allied invasion of her territory! In a benign mood, she called us Yankees. Her other epithets were beyond our command of French.

True to the great tradition of her calling, our *concierge* would answer every knock on the door with the same warm: "*Mais qu'est-ce que vous voulez encore!"* When erstwhile publisher Joel Stratte-McClure had the audacity to knock, a year after *The Metro* folded, her response was: "*Mais qu'est-ce que vous voulez ENCORE!"*

Under Madame's watchful eye, *The Metro* got up to speed in no time flat, in spite of the odds. In 1976, our installation and decoration were bare bones, first on the ground floor, before expanding upstairs. Subscriptions were initially addressed by hand, packed into mail sacks and toted off to the local *Poste* by anyone who could be trapped into doing so. At first, the magazine was hand delivered to newsstands, with hawkers fleshing out the sales on street corners and in restaurants and cafés.

IS YOUR CONCIERGE WATCHING YOU?

With an aim to attract more of these indispensable hawkers, *The Metro* chose to advertise the most famous face among them: screen idol Jean Seberg from *Breathless*. Instead of selling the *New York Herald Tribune,* Seberg posed as a hawker for *The Paris Metro,* with a T-shirt to match, after being interviewed for the magazine's first issue by Harry Stein. A cheeky remake of the iconic scene in Godard's classic film.

On my first day of work at *The Metro,* I was greeted by a leftover ham sandwich on my desk, dense smoke of distinct origins, and music blaring from a transistor. Alongside *Metro* covers, there was a French candy wrapper pinned to the wall. It set the tone:

SMARTIES

I knew I was in the right place!

The Metro was not only a breeding ground for talent; it was a breeding ground *tout court*. Starting with editor Tom Moore and art assistant Elizabeth Johns, *The Metro* began to produce an unexpected legacy. Among the future procreators: Kate Chabot, in advertising, and publisher/columnist Joel Stratte-McClure; arts editor Elaine McCarthy and contributing editor Robert Wiener; not to mention art critic Georgina Oliver, who literally gave birth on our pages.

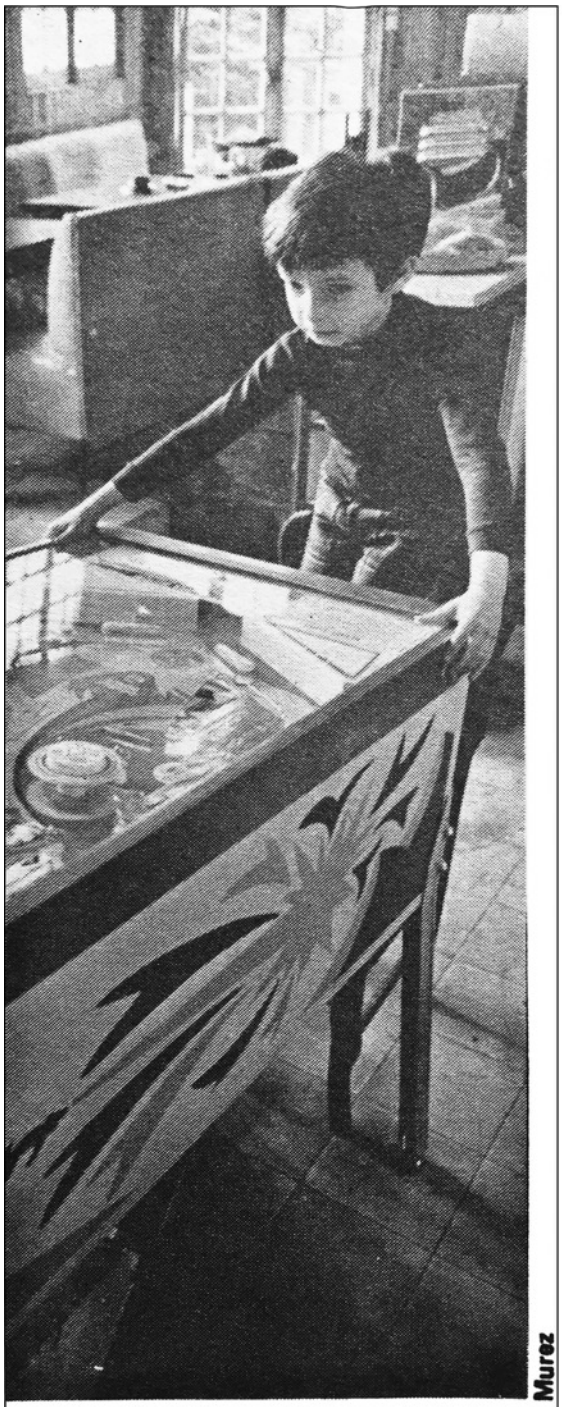
The Paris Metro was our *Streetcar Named Desire* and we were all on board for *liaisons dangereuses.* Some irresistible proposals came from the classifieds:

WIFE JUST DIED – *looking for attractive woman dress size 36, between 20 & 31.*

Our dilapidated, but grand, *hôtel particulier* was our studio, our salon, our casting couch…without the couch! Throughout our pages, the masthead became a tableau vivant. *The Factory* had Warhol's *superstars*, *The Paris Metro* had us.

We loved our fifteen minutes!

At *The Metro*, there were no hours, no Big Brother watching. We were free! Aside from sex, drugs, and rock & roll, the team sport was pinball. Across the street, at the *café tabac* Le Fontenoy, daily matches were fought to wrest the "*Flipper*" championship title from Jean-Marc. The *patron's* son, in a league of his own, Jean-Marc stood on a chair in order to see the playing field. He was six years old.


Jean-Marc stands tall.

Pinball addict Harry Stein was forced to confess in his *Paris Was Last Week* column that *le petit* could even beat him blind, without standing on his chair! The shame of defeat was washed away with liters of *bière pression*.

In those pioneering days, we were lucky. We had a phone! Even two!! Most people in France did not have the privilege of saying *ALLO, ALLO*, which were the words used on our cover story describing the lamentable state of telephonic non-communication in France. In fact, only 28% of the French were entitled to pick up the receiver. The adage: "half of France is waiting for a telephone and the other half is waiting for a dial tone" was no joke. Routine newspaper tasks were daunting. Assembling film listings singlehandedly, a job often held by a staff of five, had me on the verge of collapse. Think of it: only 57% of local calls actually went through!

And then there were the buggers! Eavesdropping on newspapers was a hallowed tradition in France with "buggers" either listening in directly or taping conversations. On *Metro* phone lines, there was an unmistakable background noise of recording machinery. Admittedly, we continually crashed the gates of convention with investigative reporting that gave "them" ample reason to lend an ear.

English-speaking eavesdroppers, however, were not easy to find. So much so, a male voice, claiming to be the police, burst in on editor Craig Unger's telephone conversation one day, exhorting him to speak French!

Speak French? They must be kidding! We didn't even have a French dictionary in the office, much less *Le Petit Robert*. We got our cheeses right, but our Republics wrong. Third? Fourth? *Merde alors!* It was hard enough remembering we were in the Fifth!

Faulty grammar led to colorful mistakes. When pop star Claude François was electrocuted in his bathtub, we understood the singer had turned blue, his favorite color, when in fact it was his bathroom that was *bleue, la couleur qu'il préferait.!*

When you can't look it up, you make it up! We rechristened Jane AUSTIN, inciting one of our British readers to lambast: "*You misspelled the name of Jane Austen. Austin indeed! She wrote novels, my dear Sir, not produced vulgar motorcars!*

Though chided for our "*tragic phlaws,"* we went headlong into controversy. Remember the *pflack* from our cover story *Who's Voting for Who!* Or should we have used *Whom*? To err is human, but to transgress was divine!

We never played by the rules. Just when the government was officially clamping down on the use of Franglais, we came out in support of the bastard tongue, promoting it with bumper stickers sent free to anyone who asked:

SUPPORT FRANGLAIS, READ THE PARIS METRO

We thought we were humming along, only to discover we were about to derail, careening into the void. At the peak of success, our lease was running out — as was our money. Our time was up. Stan Hertzberg started placing classifieds in May 1978: *The Paris Metro is looking for new offices, area between Bastille/Les Halles.*

We had reached the end of the line. Our palatial place, the Hôtel d'Albret, was to become the headquarters of Paris City Hall, Division of Cultural Affairs. Across the street, the ding of the *Flipper* machine went quiet. Le Fontenoy would disappear to make way for a boutique, one of scores to crop up on the once lonely and romantic road leading to the Place des Vosges.

Our favorite bistrot, Chez Robert et Louise ("Bob and Louise" to us) on the rue Vieille du Temple, cashed in with the influx of bobos (*bourgeois bohèmes*) and tourists. They opened up the *sous-sol*, put in air conditioning, and joined Facebook! Since Robert's death, one of his three daughters, Pascale, stokes the fire, but it does not give the same lovely light.

La Tartine, on the rue de Rivoli, also lost its soul. The tobacco-stained watering hole was sold, expanded, and cleaned up – sacrilege to old Monsieur Bouscarel who prided himself in never having done *le ménage* in some sixty years of ownership!

Jo Goldenberg, whose delicatessen on the rue des Rosiers was victim to a terrorist attack in 1982, later threw up his arms and gave up. Hungry hordes, falafel in hand, continue to trample the street's long history into extinction.

And the Hammam Saint-Paul became a clothing store.

In December 1978, the great courtyard doors of 31 rue des Francs-Bourgeois closed behind us. Pressed against our heavy hearts were armfuls of back issues — testimony to two and a half years of inspiration and one helluva ride.

And Knock, Knock! The concierge is gone too.

Associate Editor Christina de Liagre moved to Paris upon graduation from Sarah Lawrence College in New York where she was led to believe, like all of her fellow classmates, that she was a new genus of genius: a beatific blend of Emily Dickinson, Simone de Beauvoir and Veruschka. After *The Paris Metro*, where she did "just about everything, but clean the loo," Tina joined *Sipa Press* as a writer and photo editor and was involved in several iconoclastic publishing initiatives that failed to come to term.

Photos by Christina de Liagre

***The Metro* neighborhood in 2016.**

HOW DID MY REPORTING IN *THE PARIS METRO* SHAPE MY CAREER?

Writer and journalist Edward Girardet was one of those young Americans who came to Paris with the romantic notion of becoming the new Hemingway or Henry Miller. He never quite found his moveable feast, but managed to embrace the scrape-a-basic-living role. He also discovered a passion for real reporting with The Paris Metro, an experience, he says, which has marked his approach to journalism ever since.

When I first came to France, an aspiring young author in search of my moveable feast, just days after completing my studies at Nottingham University in the U.K., I spent a couple of months living in Provence.

I travelled around by *Deux Chevaux*, an ambling and extremely basic vehicle which President Charles de Gaulle once described as an "umbrella-on-wheels," researching and crafting short stories. I rented cheap rooms over village cafes, swam at the Pont du Gard and in Saint-Raphaël, and met beautiful women well beyond my means at luncheons in elaborate Cote d'Azur villas hosted by wealthy European bankers and artists. I imagined myself as a sort of rough-hewn Scott Fitzgerald or a subdued Hemingway about to embark on an exciting career of foreign reporting and novel writing.

It didn't quite happen that way.

Apart from one or two small publishers, no one was interested in my short stories. I racked up the rejection letters and soon ran out of money. I headed to Paris, where, still determined to embrace a romantic Paris lifestyle, I stayed in a *hôtel de passe,* a polite word for brothel, in the rue des Martyrs near Henry Miller's old Clichy haunts. I also found a job teaching English.

Eventually, United Press International took me on as a cub reporter, first in Brussels, then back in Paris. For UPI, "cub reporting" meant low wages, long hours and doing stories with little or no budget. I didn't care. For me, it was simply a privilege to be in Paris.

I covered everything from the Élysée Palace to hijackings at Orly airport. I would often finish at one or two in the morning and walk back to my apartment in the 17th, *arrondissement* savoring the empty streets, sometimes stopping off at a late night café for a drink with the drunks and prostitutes. I felt that Paris was mine.

On my days off, usually back-to-back "mid-week weekends," I would meander around France by car writing features and, inspired by Alain-Fournier, dreaming of finding my own *Le Grand Meaulnes* chateau with some stunning young woman who would whisk me off my feet. (That didn't happen either.)

I eventually decided that I could earn more as a freelancer. The wire service experience was probably one of the best ways to learn the art of reporting and quick writing; even today, I can write anywhere – in a traffic jam, in a crowded hotel foyer or at the airport — oblivious of

my surroundings. But as a freelancer, I could focus on more substantive projects, such as radio and documentary film reports, plus magazine writing.

From Bill Dowell, a U.S. foreign correspondent who had covered Vietnam and then Washington, only to end up in Paris, I heard about a group of Americans who were setting up a new English-language publication in Paris. I went to see them. Their approach sounded intriguing, notably a "city magazine," a sort of mix between *The Village Voice* and *Rolling Stone*, that embraced the “new journalism” with an emphasis on investigative reporting, something that the French press always liked to talk about but rarely dared.

The two editors, Tom Moore and Craig Unger, were looking for writers, particularly those who knew Paris well and could come up with fresh or unusual story ideas based on good reporting. Not only did they want to reach out to the English-speaking community in Paris, but they wanted coverage that would appeal to, if not shock, the French.

In its short, magnificent lifespan, this is precisely what the *The Paris Metro* did. By the end of its days, maybe 30 percent or more of its readers were French. There was nothing more stylish than to be seen walking the streets of Paris with a copy of *The Paris Metro* under your arm, even if you couldn’t read it.

I started with a few pieces and soon joined the masthead as a contributing editor. The writing fees were not that great, but who cared? What *The Paris Metro* provided was an identity, a sense that all of us – writers, photographers, designers, editors, cartoonists – were all part of an extraordinary journey. For the first time, too, I found myself able to write in a manner that most international news outlets were not particularly interested in. We could do subjects that would stimulate people’s interest in what was really happening behind the scenes in Paris and France as a whole.

One of my stories was about the foreign correspondents of Paris. In those days, most major North American and European newspapers, magazines, photo agencies and broadcast networks all had bureaus or correspondents based in the city. Many did not just cover France, but served as roving correspondents for big stories elsewhere, including wars and humanitarian crises in Africa, Asia and Central America. You could go to *La Coupole*, the *Cloiserie de Lilas* or the *Terminus Nord* at midnight and find them hovering around tables piled with empty bottles of wine telling tales and lies about their experiences.

One of those mentioned in my piece was Flora Lewis of *The New York Times*. I felt nervous about interviewing her because she had been such a formidable figure on the international reporting scene for so many years. I deigned to refer to her as a “tough cookie,” which really upset her. She had gone through a number of personal tragedies in her life and clearly did not see herself as such a harsh human being. But she also had some interesting approaches to reporting from France, which I later sought to accommodate in my own writing when I became the Paris correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor.* The way to report this country, she explained, was to write about different aspects with every article, like adding pieces to a puzzle. In this manner, after a year or so, the reader had an overall picture of what France was really about.

Other stories included a piece, following somewhat in the footsteps of George Orwell, on the down and outs of Paris, about a special bus service run by the police known as *Les Gris*. I spent a night with them driving around Paris to pick up vagrants and homeless to bring to Vincennes where they were given the options of a free hot meal, a shower and clean clothes.

Then, next morning, they were all dropped off again at different points in Paris. The service did not resolve the problems of the city's derelicts, but at least it gave them a chance – and, as one policeman pointed out, ensured that they remained clean at least some of the time.

The boys in the bus

Alcoholism, the winter cold, and now a rash of clochard murders make the life of the modern-day tramp a far cry from the colorful tales of hobo folklore

by Ed Girardet

He is a mere social excrescence, tolerated because we live in a human age, but essentially despicable . . .
George Orwell, Down and Out in Paris and London

«Qu'est-ce que tu veux?» The old man stared at me unsteadily. He was unshaven and had bloodshot eyes. «There's nothing to see here. Fous-le-camp, mais vite.» Nervously, he rubbed the open bottle of cheap table wine entrenched between his knees.

«Et alors . . . what are you waiting for . . . that I smash in your gueule?» he growled.

A cold drizzle was falling. The three clochards – the old man and his two younger mates who were perhaps in their middle 30s – eyed me suspiciously as they huddled around

Les «Bleus» rounding up «volunteers.»

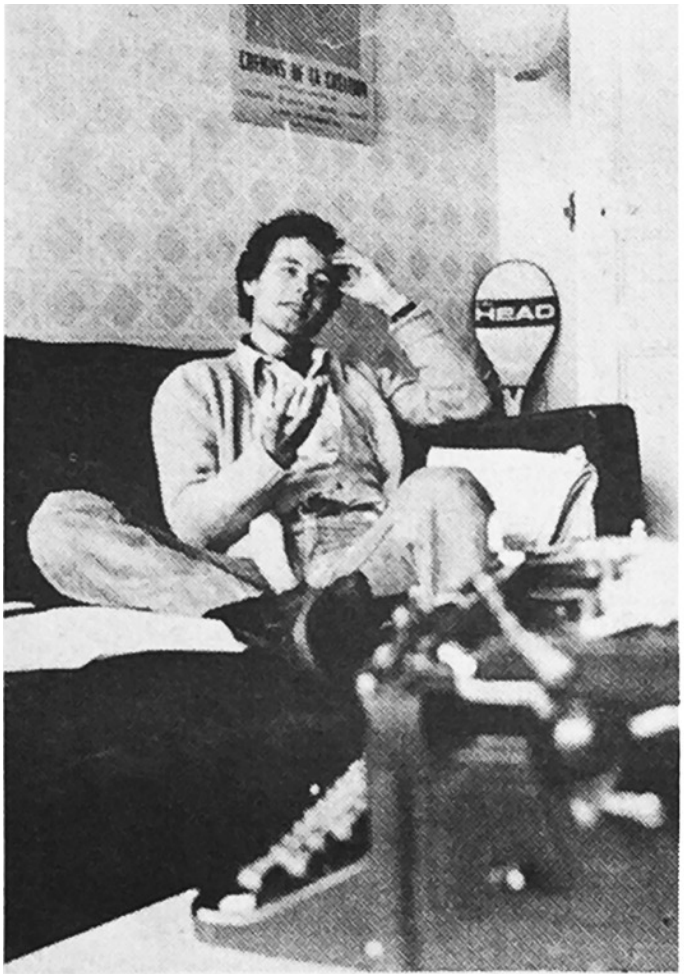
"The Paris Metro editors wanted coverage that would appeal to, if not shock, the French," writes Ed Girardet.

Such stories were relatively tame, however, when compared to what writers Bill Dowell and Jacques Gauchey did in a joint investigative piece on the SAC, or the *Service d'Action Civique*, a Gaullist militia active during the Algerian war which had gone rogue. The French press were reluctant to touch this story and it created quite a furor when it came out in *The Paris Metro*. It also drew French readers who realized that *The Metro* was not exactly a run-of-the-mill publication, but a new form of journalism. In fact, years later, I heard some French journalists talking about how their newspapers or magazines needed to be more like *The Paris Metro.*

The great thing about *The Paris Metro* was that many of us learned from each other. We discussed ideas and stories, and even if paper did not last, we were all part of something very special. And then, there were the parties, particularly the one at the Pont de Neuilly in the

vintage metro train with jazz bands playing. And yes, I did unabashedly use my *Paris Metro* affiliation as a pick-up line. (It worked, at least sometimes.)

Looking back, my experience with *The Paris Metro* is something that touches me again and again in whatever I do. Having written and edited a number of books about Afghanistan and Africa, I am now writing a factual novel, my first, called *The American Club*. This is a thriller about Peshawar in Pakistan as being the Casablanca of the 1980s. The central character is a young American reporter from Paris, who investigates the murder of a friend, a French fashion photographer-turned-spy, by an Afghan fundamentalist supported by the CIA and ISI, Pakistan's devious military secret service. And *The Paris Metro* features in it. All true, of course.



Patrick De Noirmant

"And yes, I did unabashedly use my Paris Metro affiliation as a pick-up line," admitted Girardet.

Edward Girardet lives with his family in Cessy, a small French village near the Swiss border with Geneva. He now writes books and is editing a new magazine, *Global Geneva*.

HOW *THE PARIS METRO* DERAILED MY CAREER PATH

If the best adventures are unplanned, then my *Metr*o experience is an extreme example.

I arrived in Paris on the second half of a round-the-world work/study/travel year devoted to urban planning. I came from Hong Kong, where I worked as a city planner. I'd been in France for a month at 21 and, like all of us, loved it. This time I came to Paris to do some urban planning and improve my French. That was it.

I had an undergrad degree in comparative literature from Fairhaven College in Washington and was editor of a *Wall Street Journal*-recognized high school newspaper in Seattle, but writing and publishing were the furthest thing from my mind. My intention was to spend six months in France and return to the U.S. for law school at the University of Washington. *The Metro* not only threw me off track, but changed my career and life path forever.

An urban planning job with government had been vaguely promised by the French. I kept waiting and running out of money. I was so broke I was living with 14 Laotian refugees in a one-room apartment near Clichy. My penury extended to quitting smoking and I found some part-time illegal work at the Bataclan as a waiter for Jewish weddings. Yes, the Bataclan of recent terrorist tragedy in an earlier, shabby guise.

One day in a café I spotted a copy of *The Metro*, read it and was intrigued…curious about what was surely an American group of renegades. A week later, I wandered down rue des Francs-Bourgeois in the Marais. All of the buildings were black then, stained with centuries of coal smoke, and the Marais was an isolated, forgotten *quartier*, half abandoned, semi-derelict.

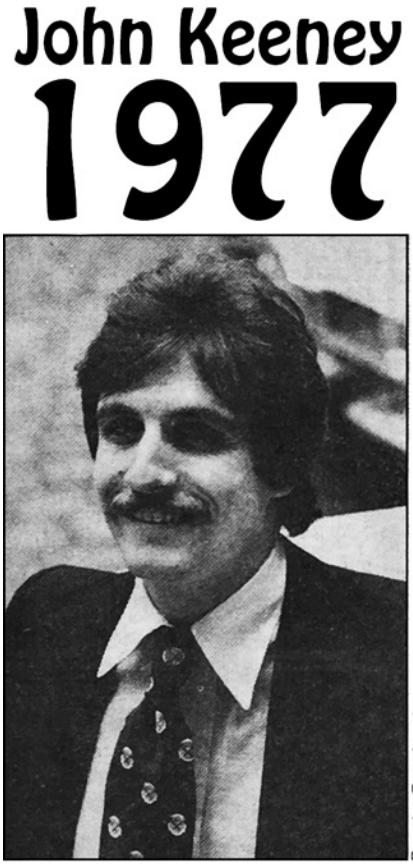
I walked into a once magnificent *hôtel particulier* built around 1650 as an aristocrat's sumptuous residence, with ten-foot high carriage doors and a large time-worn cobblestone courtyard where carriages had once rolled. The place was smothered by two centuries of coal dust and neglect.

I trundled in, up very wide, cracked wooden steps. Ed Flaherty was there, an earnest guy who, trying to handle two telephone calls at once in halting French, looked overworked and overwrought, doing everything everywhere amid paper and dust.

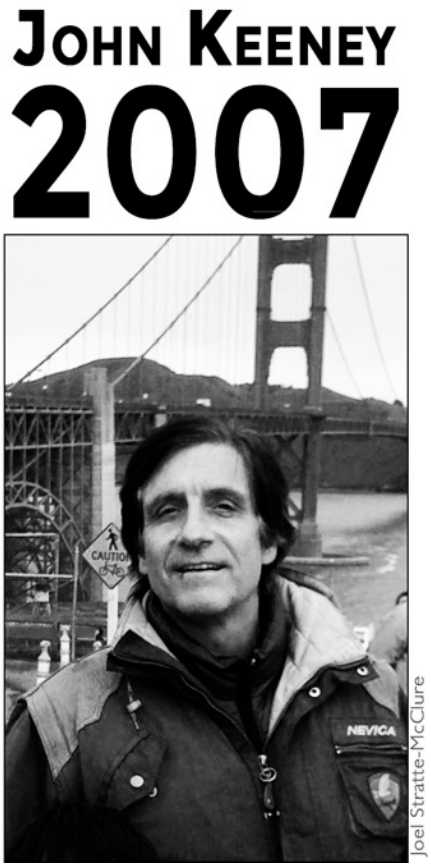
A very short, trim French lady named Aline Ducros was theoretically engaged in advertising sales and seemed manically attached to the mission of *The Metro*. I said I had some sales experience and she almost immediately pitched me on joining the non-existent advertising team. It was weird, this abrupt job offer.

I left. But was drawn back: the place, some of the people, and the idea had grown on me, beyond its scrappiness. Soon I met Stanley Hertzberg, one of the "adults." Dressed in a pea coat and Greek sailor cap, his calm appraisal and the fact he had been a lawyer impressed me as a guy who understood business and knew what he was doing.

There's something essential about the spirit of this time, perhaps easy to forget, that I felt when I got to know *The Metro*. We all grew up in the 60s, an era of revolution and hippie thinking. Adventure and idealism were the Zeitgeist before money became a god for many. Though largely peopled by well-educated upper middle class "kids," we lived in an era imbued by certain attitudes: be free, do what you want, be bold, question authority. That was our generation.



Sergio Gaudenti



Joel Stratte-McClure

I remember Tom Moore, a rather serious, conservative guy draped one day in a white, wide-knitted shawl with long, absurd tassels – pure *faux* hippie garb. As an editor, he was a New York sophisticate, a thinker. So too was co-founder Harry Stein, whose frequent arrivals from New York were always a bright event. He'd smoke a couple of very small cigars in the café and talk story ideas. Craig Unger provided a steady background intelligence as deputy editor, another keen observer and idea maker. Elaine McCarthy was the cohesive glue of the edit team, a quiet tireless worker.

Writers of all kinds were drawn to the place. Mainly American, but two outstanding Brits, Roger Cohen and Georgina Oliver, became permanent fixtures. I remember an animated conversation about politics with Roger slumped in a chair wearing a black leather jacket and Bill Dowell, who was writing for *Time,* and Eddie Girardet, a freelance writer with bright, intelligent eyes and curly hair.

Joan Dupont, another "adult," exerted a steady influence and Ying Ying Wu from San Francisco, who lived on Île St-Louis, frequently discussed her book collection and love of literature. I caught Wouter Apituley, *The Metro's directeur de la publication*, playing classical flute in the courtyard to inspire everyone and attract Irish Tom and other amusing miscreants to work-part time or simply hang out.

The place vibed.

I became increasingly immersed, until the time I invested some savings and became a shareholder because I believed in *The Metro*'s success, and thought, maybe egotistically, that I was too central a revenue producer not to own shares. This was in early year two. I continued to take night classes in urban planning and law was still on my mind, but I put it off for another year. *The Metro*, Paris and the people there held me fast.

I couldn't imagine leaving Paris, and I sustained the delay and allowed the formative influences of *The Metro* — publishing, creating something new, working with words, advertising, positioning a new media production — to change my life. I can't imagine a better place to start – it was a running thrill of a dynamic circus, organized anarchy and a great place to learn amongst people who have become lifelong friends.

After *The Metro* folded, John Keeney became sales director of Fairchild Publications in Paris before joining *Scientific American* in London. He married and moved to Sydney in 1984 and has been involved in an array of successful media ventures in magazines, fine books, television and the web in Asia and Australia.


THE PARIS METRO

The Latest in Anti-Chic

St. Laurent they're not.

A DOORMAN BIGGER THAN THE RITZ OU LES ERREURS DE JEUNESSE

C'était la fin d'un mois d'aout bien chaud de l'été 1976 et j'ai eu 18 ans.

Sur les tables du grand hall du très sélecte Hôtel Ritz à Paris, le journal *Paris Metro* s'exposait à la vue de tous les clients.

En neuvième page ma photo et le titre *A Doorman Bigger Than The Ritz*.

Que j'étais fier!

En contre plongée, en haut des marches du palace, je trônais avec mon habit de groom et en arrière plan les portes tambours que j'avais pendant un mois tournées avec assiduité.

J'avais "accordé" une interview au célèbre journaliste du *Paris Metro:* Joël Stratte-McClure.

Il ne me restait plus que deux ou trois jours à faire pour terminer mon job d'été mais ma carrière de groom s'est arrêté dans les minutes qui suivirent la diffusion du journal. Renvoyé sur le champs par la petite porte!

J'avais choisi de travailler le mois d'août plutôt que de partir en vacances au Brésil avec mes parents. C'était déjà une gosse erreur.

La deuxième erreur c'était d'être à la jeunesse communiste et de suivre un stage après le travail.

Et enfin la dernière erreur de jeunesse était de raconter à un journaliste, même si c'était un très grand ami, la réalité subjective de mon environnement de travail.

Il y a - comme partout à Paris - des rats. Dans les plus grands hôtels et les plus grands restaurants les rats côtoient les hommes.

Il y a - comme partout dans le monde - des gens qui sont des rats. Des radins qui ne donneront même pas une pièce de 1 franc au pauvre groom qui tournent les portes toute la journée.

L'article que tous les clients du Ritz pouvaient lire était saignant.

Le jeune communiste, fils de patron, faisait un portrait horrible du plus célèbre palace Parisien.

L'eau a coulé sous les ponts.

Joël m'a invité plusieurs fois aux célèbres restaurants La Tour d'Argent et à La Méditerranée. Même si les rats sont dans les coulisses, j'adore la gastronomie et le luxe.

Qui sait, peut-être que le grand chef du Ritz est comme dans le film *Ratatouille* un rat.

J'attends que mon journaliste préféré m'invite à L'Espadon, le fameux restaurant du Ritz!

On pourra écrire ensemble un nouvel article dans *The Paris Metro.*

Le 3 aout 1976, c'était l'anniversaire de mes 18 ans. J'avais les cheveux bouclés et longs mais le lendemain pour mon investigation à mon poste de groom, il a fallu que je ne laisse qu'un centimètre sur mon crane afin que le petit chapeau de groom tienne sur ma tête. Même en *Spirou*, j'étais rempli d'espoir de pouvoir changer le monde, plein d'utopie et de révolte. Le 31 aout 1976, j'étais heureux de savoir que mes cheveux commençaient à repousser et que plus jamais je ne serais obligé de les couper si court.

40 ans plus tard, il me reste quelques cheveux blancs mais toujours autant d'utopies et de désir de changer le monde. La preuve, c'est que le vidéo-club que j'ai créé il y a 23 ans existe toujours. Vidéosphère est à présent le plus grand vidéo-club d'Europe et le second au monde. N'est ce pas une belle utopie, à l'époque du téléchargement, de continuer à louer et à vendre des K7 VHS et des DVD au 105 boulevard Saint Michel à Paris? Je continue parallèlement mon métier d'accessoiriste plateau dans le cinéma qui me permet d'imaginer d' autres mondes.

A doorman bigger than the Ritz

« You don't even like famous people if they don't tip you, » says Henri, 18, Communist, and former Ritz doorman

by Joel Stratte-McClure

When Cesar Ritz died earlier this year, the myths of the hotel started by his father Charles in 1898 did not die with him. The bartender who catered to Hemingway retired over a year ago and the hotel recently completed a three-million-dollar face lift, but fables of yesteryear's Ritz live on.

When you talk to people in the Ritz management, they discuss the hotel as though Escoffier were still cooking in the kitchen – though Michelin sees fit to give the restaurant at the Ritz only one star. And many contend that the Ritz serves the best Bloody Mary in town (at 18F), though most of the Ritz bartenders today have ignored Vodka as a necessary ingredient of that drink.

In its day the Ritz did apparently have itself a time. Scott and Zelda would return from the Closerie des Lilas for a boisterous drunken argument, Hemingway once shot a gun at a toilet bowl and damaged the plumbing and Hermann Goering chose the hotel as his residence when the Nazis sojourned in Paris. The Place Vendome was indeed the scene for *Love in the Afternoon*. And today Mrs. Marcos, wife of the Philippine president, takes all the suites overlooking the Place Vendome when she visits town.

The Ritz foyer and rooms still have a decor dominated by Louis XV and XVI motifs. Chandeliers glitter, carriages are in waiting. Even though the Ritz now tempts more businessmen than aristocrats (managing director Bernard Penche recently told a visitor that 80 percent of the Ritz's clientele are businessmen), it still makes a go at justifying its reputation. The Ritz will serve a banquet with waiters dressed in 17th century garb, they'll illuminate the Place Vendome at 2:00 a.m. for honeymooning guests, and there's no problem getting a Rolls at the door each morning. With Kissinger aides filling the Crillon, the Ritz must still rate as one of the better, albeit overrated, hostels in midtown.

But none of this expense nor extravaganza tells the story of the Ritz today. As George Orwell told the tales of Paris dishwashers, it takes someone like Henri Moisan to tell the tale of the Ritz. Moisan, 18 years of age and a professed member of the French Communist Party, spent the month of August doormanning at the Ritz – a position which required him to trim his curly hair, don white gloves, and turn the revolving door at the Ritz's Place Vendome entrance whenever anyone entered or egressed. Moisan, an aspiring actor, took the job to earn a monthly salary of just over 1,800 francs – less than Mme. Marcos spends on a suite in one night.

Joël Stratte-McClure

Moisan: attached to his gloves.

«The Ritz is not the same for employees as it is for guests,» he laments. «We are not treated particularly well. The basement has the smell of dead rats and the breakfasts they fed us were terrible – the croissants were those the guests didn't eat the day before and the coffee tasted like water. At lunch we had a self-service but they only let you take one yogurt.»

One time Moisan walked out the revolving door in front of a guest and was severely reprimanded. But some of the older grooms and employees at the Ritz treat the hotel as a home (indeed some employees, like the electrician, sleep on the sixth floor to be available at all times) and would obviously be offended by Moisan's accusations. Others, who commute from the suburbs to work, complain that the hotel's wages are hardly in proportion to its room charges.

With good reason the workers try to get the most out of their position. Though its against Ritz rules, porters will wake up clients when they deliver newspapers in the morning in hopes of getting a tip. The telephone operator at the reception desk, says Moisan, will often charge unsuspecting guests double for a phone call and pocket the difference.

Some employees at the Ritz, particularly the elevator operator and the man opening the doors of the arriving automobiles, earn hefty tips. But Moisan earned a mere 18 francs during his month's tenure and, despite inherent beliefs in brotherhood, came to detest the clients. «You don't even like famous people if they don't tip you,» he says. «Most of the guests feel hard-pressed to smile and say thank you. They don't realize I sit on a wooden stool all day and am not even allowed to cross my legs. I'd be afraid to sit on the antique furniture in other parts of the hotel.»

Despite its liberal tendencies, the Ritz is still a bit concerned about its guests' appearances. «A rock band came in while I was there,» recounts the former Ritz doorman, «and instantly realized they were not going to fit in. The Ritz just isn't right for everyone. The band took one look around and left. It was embarassing for everyone.»

Nor is it easy being a student at the Ritz. Moisan attended the Lycée Louis le Grand – as did Giscard d'Estaing and Georges Pompidou. «If the other workers get the idea you're not there for a long time, it takes a while before they'll even talk to you. They don't like students. They don't like Communists. I will keep going to school to avoid ending up at the Ritz.»

The Ritz does supply its workers with a tunic, pants, a cap, and gloves. When he left, as a souvenir, Moisan kept the gloves. «They're looking for me now,» he says. «I've left them trying to solve *le scandale des gants blancs. L'hotel est mort, vive l'hotel.*»

English Translation:

A Doorman Bigger Than The Ritz Or The Errors Of Our Youth

It was the end of a very hot summer in August 1976 and I was 18 years old.

There it was, lying on one of the tables in the luxurious lobby of the Hotel Ritz in Paris, a copy of *The Paris Metro,* just waiting for all the Ritz clients to see. And there *I* was, my photo at the top of page nine, with a headline proclaiming me to be *A Doorman Bigger than the Ritz.*

Oh, how I was proud!

Shot from a low angle, I was looking down from the top steps of my palace, decked out in elegant uniform, with the rotating doors of the Ritz in the background, the very doors I had opened and closed with great care during my month-long summer job.

I had granted an exclusive interview with the famous American journalist for *The Paris Metro*, one Joel Stratte-McClure.

I only had three days left of employment for the summer, but my career ended abruptly as soon as *The Metro* was published. Alas! I was sent packing through the back doors!

It all started when I had chosen to work the month of August rather than go on vacation with my parents to Brazil. Therein lies my first mistake.

My second error was to become a young communist and attend meetings after work.

My third and last error of youth was to confide in a journalist, even though he was a good friend, about all the harsh realities of working at the Ritz.

You see, even in Paris, there are rats. In the grandest hotels, the most elegant of five-star restaurants, everywhere there are men, there are rats.

I didn't hold back. Certainly, the world over, there are also people who are rats. Cheapskates who won't give even one franc to a poor baggage handler who turns the doors all day long.

My interview, which all of the clients of the Ritz (as well as my boss) would read, was brutal. As a young communist, albeit son of a CEO, I painted a most horrible portrait of the celebrated Parisian palace, the Hotel Ritz.

A lot of water has passed under the bridge since that time.

Joel has invited me several times to famous restaurants, such as La Tour d'Argent and La Méditerranée. In spite of the fact that there are most certainly rats behind the scenes, I love the *gastronomie de luxe*.

Who knows? Maybe the head chef of the Ritz is like the one in the film *Ratatouille*? I'm just waiting for my favorite ex-pat journalist to invite me to L'Espadon, the famous restaurant at the Ritz!

And, maybe, just maybe, we could write another article together for *The Paris Metro.*

Photo by Sabine Moisan

The doorman and the reporter at La Méditerranée in 2009.

It was my 18th birthday on August 3, 1976, and I had long curly hair. But the very next day, to apply for the position of baggage handler at the Ritz, I had to get it all cut off, so short that the hat for the uniform would stay on my head.

Just like the French animated character Spirou, I was full of idealism and hope to change the world, full of visions of utopia and revolution. By August 31, 1976, I was happy to see that my hair was already starting to grow out and I vowed to never again let anyone force me to cut it short.

Forty years later, I've only got a few white hairs left, but I'm still full of idealism and desire to change the world. The proof lies in the fact that the video club I created 23 years ago still exists. Vidéosphère is currently the biggest video-club in Europe and the second largest in the world.

For me, it's an accomplishment, in a time of downloads, to stay true to my utopic ideas and to still offer rental or sale of K7VHS and DVDs at my store at 105 blvd. St. Michel in Paris. I continue to practice my career working on movie shoots that allows me, from time to time, to imagine other worlds.

Translation by Patsi Benter Krakoff

PING-PONG DAYS AT THE PARIS METRO

I had been stringing as a picture researcher at *Time-Life Books* in Paris in the 1970s before becoming a back-up researcher at *Time Europe*. That's where I met Tom Moore, a bright star of new journalism and the soon-to-be co-founder of *The Paris Metro*. When *Time Europe* moved its offices back to New York, I was over 40, practically unemployable, a divorced woman without a college degree or real experience. Then I heard there was a new magazine in town. I called *The Metro* and got Tom.

"We met when I was at *Time* working in photo research," I said.

"Hum," he replied. "I remember you, you can come in, we'll see."

"You need a photo researcher?"

"Maybe, and a couple of other things."

The "other things" turned out to be editing *The Metro*'s exacting and grueling what's on Calendar, monitoring

36 Edited by Joan Dupont

THE METRO PARIS

CALENDAR

JULY 21-AUGUST 3

Agouman.

Friday 21

Just as most everybody skips town, two lively clubs have opened, so while we still may not have sun, summer nights in Paris will bring music.

Agouman – a fine Afro-Antilles jazz group gets things going at the Chapelle des Lombards which used to be the Swing Hall punk club. And with a little luck, saxophonist Dudu Pukwana & bassist Johnny Dyani – two of South Africa's greatest jazz musicians. La Chapelle des Lombards, 62 rue des Lombards, 1er. 236.65.11. Mo: Chatelet. Agouman at 10.30 pm. Pukwana & Dyani at 8 pm tonight & tomorrow.

Vic Henderson – American singer – whose «Just a Gigolo» is a disco hit all over France – starts tonight in the elbowing rooms cier of this nice little restaurant opening up to rock, reggae, and jazz. Last week his visibility was so high he was seen twice the same day on TV: on A 2 and in Bob Swaim's *La Nuit de St. Germain des Près*. Le Jardin de Beaubourg, 27 rue Quincampoix. 4e. 277.52.34. 10 pm. Drinks start at 18F.

Paul Thomas – this very young man posed as a shop window dummy on Third Avenue, giving pedestrians quite a jolt. Now he has taken his mime off the streets and into the cabaret circuit. Great stuff. Palais des Arts, 102 bd de Sébastopol, 3e. 272.62.08. Mo: Strasbourg St. Denis. 10.30 pm.

Saturday 22

Cézanne – the last years (1895-1906) of the master from Aix. This splendid show comes to us from New York's MOMA. Last day tomorrow. Grand Palais, ave. Winston Churchill, 8e. 261.54.10. Mo: Champs-Elysées-Clémenceau.

Humphrey Bogart Festival – Bogey is back, thru mid-August. Today: *The Maltese Falcon* (vo). A nice nostalgia trip at **Action Lafayette**, 9 rue Buffault, 9e.

Bogart in Across the Pacific.

878.80.50. Mo: Le Peletier. And at Action Christine, 4 rue Christine, 6e. 325.85.78. Mo: Odeon, *They Drive By Night*, a rare reprise with Bogart, George Raft & Ida Lupino.

Les Troqueurs – one of the first examples of Opera Bouffon, Antoine d'Auvergne's 1753 creation is revived by American Alice Pole. Pole, who is a painter and has been an antique dealer, directed and painted the delightful sets herself. The musical quality is top notch and critics have been complimentary. Thru tomorrow only at the Cour du Commerce Saint André, 130 bd. St. Germain, 6e. Mo: Odéon. 8 & 10 pm.

Sunday 23

Tour de France – watch the winners wheel in from St. Germain-en-Laye and wend their way down the Champs-Elysées today. Also, an exhibit on the Tours. Hôtel Mérodien, 81 bd. Gouvion St. Cyr, 17e. 758.12.30. Mo: Porte Maillot.

Eugène Ionesco – does his auto-portrait on L'Homme en Question. For Ionesco aficionados & amateurs of the «absurd.» FR 3, 9.35 pm.

A little night music – from the Vienna Festival, broadcast by France-Musique. Pianist Joseph Kalichstein interprets Schubert's «Wanderers fantasy.» France-Musique, 8.30 pm.

Monday 24

Architectures – a Franco-American photo exhibit that unveils hidden aspects of the monuments we live in. From the U.S.: Judith Turner, Lewis Baltz & Paul Baron. From France: André Bellegueule, Joachim Bonnemaison & Patrick Tosani. Bibliothèque Nationale, Galerie de Photographie, 4 rue de Louvois, 2e. 266.62.62. Mo: Bourse. Thru August 26.

Gil Evans Big Band – in from the Antibes Festival for three very special Paris nights. A rare opportunity to hear this most prestigious band leader and jazz arranger, the man who started his career with Miles Davis. La Chapelle des Lombards, 62 rue des Lombards, 1er. 236.65.11. Mo: Chatelet. 9 pm.

Tuesday 25

Victor Baltard – the original plans for Les Halles from Baltard's 1844-1853 project. As we know, his scheme was a success and Parisians were heartbroken when the wonderful pavilions were torn down under Pompidou. No fancy Forum shopping center will make up for them. Bibliothèque historique de la Ville de Paris, 24 rue Pavée, 4e. 272.10.18. Mo: St. Paul. Thru July 29.

John Ford Festival – Today: *Mogambo*, with Clark Gable as a wild game hunter finding feline Ava Gardner strewn across his path. Grace Kelly too gets in the way for awhile. Action Lafayette, 9 rue Buffault, 9e. 878.80.50. Mo: Le Peletier.

Wednesday 26

Jacques Lipchitz – 35 sculptures, donated by the artist's family and exhibited for the first time at the Pompidou Center. From cubism to sensual modern monumental works. While you're there catch the special Saltimbanques show at 5 & 7 pm daily on the piazza. Centre Pompidou, Musée National d'Art Moderne, 4e. 277.12.33. Mo: Rambuteau.

La chaucroute au Cap Horn – an astonishing one woman tour de force by Catherine Monnot: a lone survivor of the atomic explosion tries to appease the male forces in her life; her acting-out steams with anguish, and humor. Palais des Arts, 102 bd. de Sébastopol, 3e. 278.04.68. Mo: Réaumur-Sébastopol. 8.30 pm.

Thursday 27

Les Barbus – an amusing show tracing the history of beards – from papal & regal to the perfumed beards of dandies, before they became the symbol of flaming revolutionaries. Musée Bourdelle, 16 rue Antoine Bourdelle, 15e. 548.67.27. Mo: Montparnasse.

Renaud Fontanarosa – solo cello suites by Bach in the charmed cell of the Conciergerie prison. Conciergerie, 2 bd. du Palais, 1er. Mo: Cité. 6:30 pm.

Friday 28

Nouvel Orchestre Philharmonique – conductor & musicologist Raymond Leppard leads the orchestra and mezzo soloist Hanna Schaer through a lively program of Scarlatti and Vivaldi. Tonight only. Eglise de St. Germain des Près, pl. & Mo: St. Germain-des-Près, 6e. 8.30 pm.

Melodrama Festival – a melodramatic tour down memory lane with movies by Charlie Chaplin & Hitchcock. Today: Fassbinder's *The Merchant of Four Seasons*, a strange tale of adultery with Ingrid Caven, not dressed by Saint Laurent, but in the nude. German with French subtitles. Cinéma Action République, 18 rue du Fg. du Temple, 11e. 805.51.33. Mo: République.

Saturday 29

Dom Juan – the famed Théâtre du Soleil's rousing interpretation of Molière in the fantastic setting of an old munitions factory. Théâtre du Soleil, Cartoucherie de Vincennes, ave. de la Pyramide, 12e. 374.24.08. Mo: Château-de-Vincennes, then bus 306 to «Champ-de-manoeuvres.» 8.30 pm. Thru July only.

Giselle – closing night for the Paris Opera's summer season. Noella Pontois as prima ballerina with Cyril Atanassof in the role of the prince. The Corps de Ballet is costumed sumptuously with painterly effects. Palais des Sports, pl. & Mo: Porte Maillot, 17e. 758.27.01. 8.45 pm.

Sunday 30

From Renoir to Matisse – The Grand Palais new exhibit shows off treasures from French & Soviet museums; an impressive collection of Impressionism from the Hermitage. Grand Palais, ave. Winston Churchill, 8e. 261.54.10. Mo: Champs-Elysées-Clémenceau.

David Murray Quartet – last night for the rising star of tenor sax. Théâtre Campagne-Première, 19 rue Campagne-Première, 14e. 322.75.93. 8 & 10 pm.

Dave Murray.

Monday 31

Kodak prize winners – John Batho, Bernard Plossu, Olivier Mantel & Yves Aubry are the four laureates of color photography for Kodak's 40,000 francs award. Batho's abstract reveries are stunning. Le Passage, 38 ave. George V, 8e. Info: 347.90.00. Mo: George V.

Bayreuth Festival – Wagner's «Rings» cycle direct from Bayreuth, conducted by Pierre Boulez. This evening, Siegfried with René Kollo in the title role and Gertrun Wenkel as Erda. France-Musique, 4.55 pm.

Tuesday 1

All about lutes – Festival Estival offers an annual program to lute lovers and amateur carpenters. The aim is to build your own Renaissance lute from such luscious materials as maple, pear & cherrywood. A historical survey of the lute is also part of the works. Festival Estival de Paris, 5 pl. des Ternes, 17e. 227.12.68. Mo: Ternes.

Douby – an extraordinary human marionnette who studied with Jacques Lecoq, did 10 years of classical piano and managed to pick up some tap dancing on the way. Douby's disarming sketches are deceptive, under the Pierrot mask lurks a true subversive who takes French institutions to task with biting humor. Théâtre de la Gaîté Montparnasse, 26 rue de la Gaîté, 14e. 322.16.18. Mo: Gaîté. 10 p.m.

Wednesday 2

Sugar Blue – is back among us for all August, with his sweet blues harmonica. La Vieille Grille, 1 rue du Puits-de-l'Ermite, 5e. 707.60.93. Mo: Monge. 11 p.m.

Musical echoes from the Avignon Festival – transmitted by France-Culture nightly for all us forlorn souls who hanker to be there. Tonight, Le Nom d'Oedipe with music by André Boucourechliev to Hélène Cixous' text. France-Culture, 8-10.30 p.m.

Thursday 3

La Fiancée du Pirate – A revival of Nelly Kaplan's abrasive comedy. On the eve of Women's Lib, a drop out from society takes her revenge on a bunch of rural dignitaries and lords. Bernadette Lafont is nothing less than devastating Barbara's cool refrain. «Mon. je m'en balance.» makes buoyant background music. Movie theaters to be announced.

Human Arts Ensemble – A St. Louis version of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM), with the best in free jazz by young black musicians. La Chapelle des Lombards, 62 rue des Lombards, 1er. 236.65.11. Mo: Chatelet. 8 p.m.

The grueling calendar section edited by Joan Dupont

features and writing profiles. It seemed that everyone working at the paper had at least three jobs.

Our cinema guru and film critic David Overbey prodded me to do my first interview with Patricia Highsmith, the reclusive author of psychological crime novels, including *Strangers On A Train* and *The Talented Mr. Ripley.* Highsmith liked my profile and didn't mind that I had quoted her slings at Philip Roth, James Baldwin, and even her own mother.

Then I interviewed Mary McCarthy, the celebrated author of *The Group*.

When Tom read the first draft, he said, "Hmm, fine, but what did you really think of her?"

I grimaced. "She had a bad cold, she seemed haughty and disdainful."

He asked, "Can you put that up front?"

My detailed three-page article, a kind of recoil before an iconic figure known at 65 as "the grand old lady of letters," was entitled *Mary McCarthy: Portrait of a Lady* and ran in *The Paris Metro* in February 1978.

Mary McCarthy: Portrait of a Lady

While Mary McCarthy bridles at being called "the grand old lady of letters" at 65 she knows she is no longer the stubborn militant, the randy adventuress, or the hard-hitting critic who flew off to Saigon and Hanoi only 10 years ago

by Joan Dupont

Carlos Freire

Here's an excerpt from the first paragraph:

"...I saw Mary McCarthy standing at the Place de la Concorde at high noon, a Sulka shopping bag clutched to her side, her face powdered pale, dressed in pearl-grey, like a widow, hair and handsome chin set. She stepped cautiously, feet splayed in sober pumps, as if she might fall unless she took it very easy...Has age chastened her?"

McCarthy disliked the piece so much that she let it be known she would leave any event, any party, any anything, if I were present. For months McCarthy's distain echoed back via her friends and her husband James West, a career diplomat with ties to the U.S. Embassy. It was a kind of Royal ban.

My unflattering portrait of McCarthy was indicative of *The Metro*'s brash new journalism, a wind that blew in from New York's *Village Voice* brushing through *Libération*, and the rest of the French press. *The Metro* coincided with an age of exuberant experimentation, including the Pompidou Center's 1977 debut exhibit Paris-New York that celebrated the ping-pong cultural exchange between the United States and France.

This was our Jazz Age, a time of political and sexual audacity; it was not yet the age of AIDS or the gossipy exposés of *People* magazine. We were, for the most part, single, and saw ourselves as lone rangers on the loose in Paris — poets, writers, rebels and renegades. We went to the movies and out on the town to hear Ingrid Caven, who David Overbey called The New Dietrich, sing at a club called Pigalle. We smoked, drank late and frequently closed every night spot. We slept little. We had fun and, of course, no notion of time or budgets; we only knew we weren't paid much, and not what anything cost.

It looked as if everybody who came to Paris dropped by *The Metro*'s magnificent Marais squat. Helmut Newton, who lived around the corner, shot the cover photo for Beverley Goldberg's *The Kept Woman* cover and Karl Lagerfeld posed for our *Disco Fever Paris* front page. Movies were shot in our historic courtyard and we got sneak previews, glimpses of Romy Schneider and Catherine Deneuve, visits by Frederic Mitterrand. Everybody, rock stars and fans, dropped by *The Metro*. It was the place to be.

I worked with terrific photographers — including Steve Murez, Sergio Gaudenti and Claude Vaujany — and met Elaine McCarthy, Christina de Liagre and the boys (Harry Stein, Craig Unger, Joel Stratte-McClure and Stan Hertzberg). My friend Sharon O'Connell wrote on dance and Sophie Reinauld, fresh out of journalism school, joined the gang to manage production.

Cohorts from the more sober press, companions in arms, novelists and essayists stopped by to contribute a story or two. Yves Ajchenbaum and Meg Bortin produced *A Handbook To The French Elections*, Rodger Kamenetz wrote an hilarious spoof on *Le Monde* called *Le World,* Jack Monet took on the Paris police and Dolores Pala reflected on May '68 a decade after.

The music scene was regularly covered by three writers: Mike Zwerin aka Dr Jazz, Robert Weiner on rock, and Judith Karp on classical music. Tina's *Cheap Thrills* and Elaine's *Last Tango* spiced up the back of the book. Art directors Jean Levy, Jean La Garrigue and bill butt gave *The Metro* its evolving "look" over the years.

And there were so many others!

Unfortunately our ping-pong publishing venture didn't make it into the '80s. But we did.

So, despite some misadventures and with thanks to the entire gang, *The Paris Metro* was my launching pad. I got to visit Patricia Highsmith again, this time in Switzerland for the *New York Times Magazine*, and went on to profile celebrated people in the arts. David, who had become a chief programmer for the Toronto International Film Festival, took me with him to Vietnam, Hong Kong and Taipei where we met the magical filmmakers of the day and opened new paths.

I'll never forget that Tom Moore encouraged me, encouraged all of us, to brazenly put it all upfront.

I, and many other veterans of *The Paris Metro*, continue to do so today.

Joan Dupont, long-time contributor to the *International Herald Tribune* and *The New York Times*, writes on film and filmmakers for *Film Comment*. Her book for children, *Philippe The Black Sheep*, will be published in autumn 2016 by Filsinger & Co.

Hawk the Paris METRO

Mary Russell

NOT JUST ANOTHER AMERICAN IN PARIS

Studying at *Les Arts Decoratifs* in Nice, I constantly dreamed, like so many Americans, of living in Paris.

It took a while. It wasn't until, after a modeling career in New York, that I was appointed editor in Paris for *Glamour* in the mid-1960s and began to cut my teeth and learn the real business of reporting and photographing fashion.

I spent a few years in the late '60s at the Paris Bureau of *Women's Wear Daily* under the tutelage of founder John Fairchild. Days and nights were a continual education and I was fortunate to meet up-and-coming fashion greats — among them Yves Saint Laurent, who became a close friend.

Only then did I truly feel a part of the City of Lights.

Later in the 1970s I was back with Condé Nast at their elegant Place du Palais Bourbon offices working under the great Diana Vreeland for American *Vogue*.

The Paris Metro was on the newsstands. I loved picking it up to read stories of Paris as seen by other Americans or *autres* who had adopted the city as their own. It reminded me of George Plimpton's *Paris Review,* though much edgier.

There were only a few of us doing runway photos in those days, including Bill Cunningham, a *Women's Wear Daily* photographer, and Jean-Luce Huré from the *International Herald Tribune*. Ready-to-wear collections were in their infancy. How times have changed!

At the time, it seemed as if we owned Paris and my world revolved around the doings of the fashion and social scene. There was no megamedia, no paparazzi, no internet. Everything was definitely more intimate. It was an insider's *club des chic*.

As ordered by Mrs. Vreeland, I reported on everything I saw and did. I styled photo shoots with Helmut Newton, Henry Clark, Oliviero Toscani, David Bailey, Lord Snowdon and scores of others; covered the fashion collections; ferreted out new talent; wined and dined and dined and wined with the elite and not so elite — as long as they were beautiful and talented, or rich and famous, or all these things at the same time.

I spent many late nights out at *Le Sept, Le Palace,* and *Regine's* where everyone outdid themselves with *outré* behavior, drinking champagne, dancing till dawn, dressing up with clothes borrowed from Saint Laurent, Thierry Mugler or Claude Montana.

Work was play and play was work, though how we got to work the next day was another matter. Somehow we did. We were all in it together for better, and sometimes worse, by day and by night.

I photographed the fledgling runway shows, when there were only a few of us. And I always had my Nikon at the ready during photo shoots, and snapped everyone I met as often as I could. Most of these photos, many of them now collectors' items, were featured in my *Vogue's View* column…others carefully kept and forgotten until recently.

That magical time vanished with the onslaught of the 1980s — death and sickness, the results of too much sex, drugs and rock and roll.

The world of fashion exploded, but not in a pretty way.

I moved back to New York in the early '80s and continued working for *Vogue*, then with the new edition of American *Elle*, then became editor-in-chief at *Taxi*. In the 1990s I was a freelance fashion editor, consultant, photographer and stylist in New York, Miami and Paris.

I've kept my photos in boxes until recently and am now working on a photo scrapbook of those amazing years.

Yes, from Paris, which I never really left.

Massachusetts-born Mary Russell now lives between Paris and Miami and is putting together a book with an extensive collection of her photographs and stories from the 1970s. Mary spends most of her time between Miami and Paris with her daughter and three French grandsons.

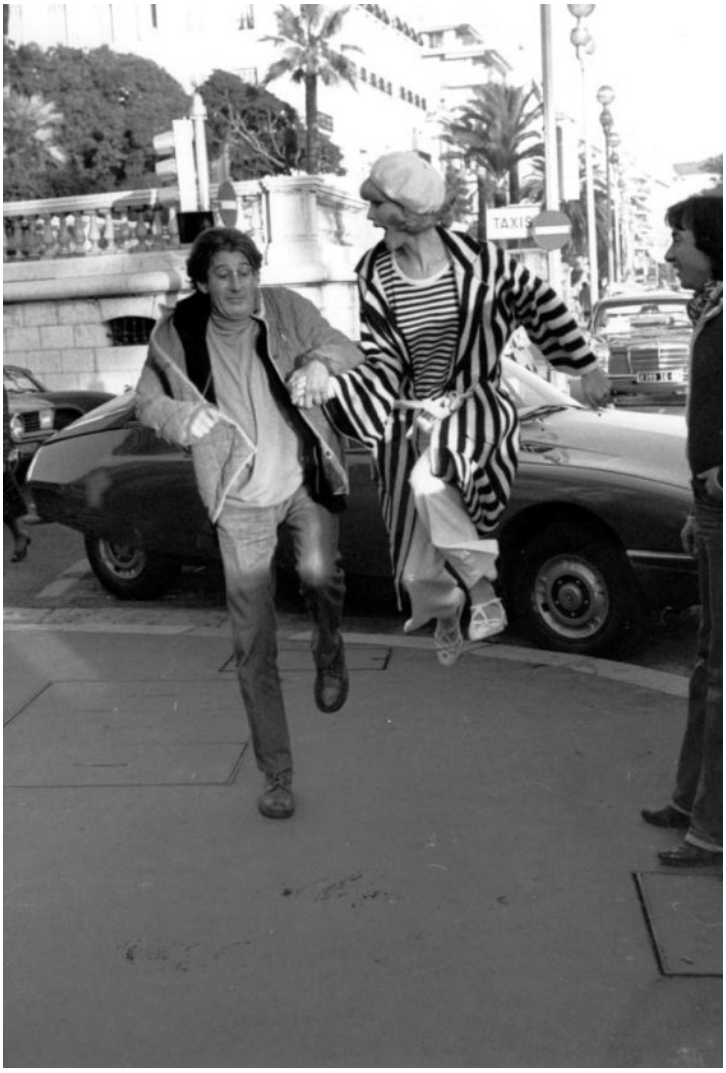


Photo by Mary Russell

Helmut Newton with model Gunilla Lindblad cutting it up on La Croisette in Cannes after a Vogue photo shoot.

Photo by Mary Russell

Johnny Casablanca was an old pal I met in Switzerland years before his notorious love for women led to the creation of the Elite Model Management International agency in Paris. He was a true genius, devastatingly attractive. The secret of how many of his models he seduced most probably went with him to his grave when he passed away a few years ago.

Salvador Dalí held ribald fetes in his suite at the Hotel Meurice in Paris. Here I am (third from right, back row) next to notorious rake Paul-Louis Weiller, various young play toy gigolos, and a few hangers-on, including French ambassador to the United States Hervé Alphand and his wife Nicole, who later worked at Pierre Cardin.

Photo by Mary Russell

Keith Richards and Mick Jagger would hang out at Catherine Harlé's model agency during the day to check out the new talent before joining the rest of us late at night at the Club Sept. Fame hadn't ruined them. Yet...

Photo by Mary Russell

David Hockney had an important exhibition at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs at the Palais du Louvre in 1974. He was renting an apartment in St. Germain dès Près and, like everyone we knew, would be at Club Sept every night.

Photo by Mary Russell

Fashion muse Loulou de la Falaise had just arrived from London, her belongings in a pillow case. She stayed at my house in Montparnasse before meeting Fernando Sanchez, Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé. The rest is history! Here she is with brother Alexis. Loved her dearly.

Photo by Mary Russell

Whenever Andy Warhol came to Paris with his gang we would all meet at the Café Flore for drinks and then have lunch across the street at Brasserie Lipp. He was working on portraits of the rich and famous, meeting and greeting. Under his seemingly quiet demeanor lived a shrewd business man. Loved him...He was very sweet and shy.

Yves Saint-Laurent with me...He was so much fun! Devilish! Gave me so many beautiful clothes. I donated my couture dresses to the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. We were out on the town almost every night for most of the '70's.

NEVER TOO OLD FOR *THE PARIS METRO*

How did I, an “older” woman, get mixed up with the kids at *The Paris Metro*?

I'm still bemused by the answer to that the question.

It was primarily because of Harry Stein. I was verging on 40 at the time so my crowd was not *The Metro* crowd at all. My people were middle-aged ex-pats with only a few natives helping us speak French. Most of us were just a little bit disillusioned with Paris after being unable to find literary stars like Zelda and Scott, Henry and Anaïs, or even Gertrude and Alice. No such luck.

Actually, one day a friend did take me down to meet Sterling Hayden, who had rented a barge on the Seine – my only brush with the jet set. He was monosyllabic. All of the glamorous people seemed to have gone home. Instead we had President Giscard d'Estaing on all three of the government-run TV channels. “*Nous n'avons pas de petrole, mais nous avons des idees.” “Faites un troisieme enfant pour la France*.” This, the 1970s, was the time of the oil price shocks, and the decade when Wall Street couldn't move above 1000 points. Boring.

So you can just imagine the excitement when *The Paris Metro* started appearing on the newsstands. The ex-pats were fascinated. Gosh, who were these young kids? Where did the money come from? Rumors circulated about a guy who had written a magazine article that was so fascinating it was sold to Hollywood and resulted in the movie called *Dog Day Afternoon*. None of our crowd had read the article or seen the movie.

And these kids called Tom and Craig and Harry and Joel seemed to know everything about Paris that we didn't. They were obviously having a hell of a time. Apparently for them, it was *A Moveable Feast* all over again. We snatched up our copies of *The Paris Metro* every fortnight to see how the other half was living.

My particular favorite was Harry, who wrote a very funny column that was always good for a laugh, if not several laughs. In one issue Harry wrote about girls in Paris...about how they walked just so, how they tied a scarf, made up their eyes, how they put it all together, so irresistible were they that he had to clutch at lamp posts when one of these creatures went by. (Actually, I must ask him if he would write this today. It seems to me the young girls now are all wearing the same dead straight long hair and jeans with outrageous holes. You can't tell one from another. We Oldies have to remember not to fall into the trap of lamenting. “The world has gone mad today and good's bad today...” as Cole Porter wrote in his 1934 hit *Anything Goes*. Even 80 years later, it seems quite pertinent.)

Harry's column inspired me to write a letter that I dug out of the closet the other day. It was entitled “You think you've got problems with French women!” It's rather snappily written, I have to say. I begin by identifying myself as an ample-pelvissed, *Passages*-passing person who moved to Paris from the U.S. of A. I remember this description infuriated my husband, author and *The New Yorker* columnist William Pfaff, who adamantly objected to this depiction and told

me not to send the letter. But, of course, I did send it, it was published, and Harry Stein suggested I might like to write something else for *The Paris Metro,* which I also did.

Paris was last week

by Harry Stein

Getting over French women

The first thing I ever heard about French women was this:

«On the sunny side of France,

The girls don't wear no pants.»

I believed it. I believed it the way Eastern European immigrants once believed the streets of New York were paved with gold.

Well, it turned out not to be true. Sure, the girls on the sunny side of France wear tiny bathing suits, and quite a few of them don't wear no tops. But it is very difficult indeed to find one who don't wear no pants. And when it comes to the northern side of France – including Paris – you can just forget it. Here everyone wears everything.

But I'll tell you something, this discovery hasn't changed my fascination for French women in the least. As a matter of fact, it's heightened it. I mean, damn, they wear everything so well. On an average day, depending upon the weather, my mood, and the part of town in which I find myself, I fall in love with between four and eleven women I pass on the street. (This is horribly sexist, I know. I admit it. I feel guilty about it. But what can I tell you? Sometimes, when one of these people strolls by, I must clutch my chest and grab a lamppost to keep from going into a dead faint.)

Richard Erickson

Some of them I love for their angel faces; others for their loping gaits; more than a few for the elegant sweep of their backs into their butts. But one thing they all have in common is style. No matter what a French woman (or a French man, for that matter,) has (or hasn't,) she (he) knows how best to display it (or hide it.) Cultures have been called great for less.

It is no problem whatever for the careful observer to discern a French person of either sex from an American or a Briton or a German, even at a distance of a thousand feet; the French person steps purposefully forward, head high, gaze direct; we foreigners, generally done up in baggy jeans and earth shoes or baggy suits and clodhoppers, schlep along like refugees from *Night of the Living Dead*. Let's face it, we'll never have what they have.

But look at the bright side; no one expects anything from us. The French, on the other hand, have so widespread a reputation for chic and romantic competence that they are doomed to disappoint most anyone who happens into intimacy with them.

French men are all too aware of the syndrome. One guy I know, let's call him Jean-Marc, did the whole number – pretty words, flowers, expensive wine, ardent hand-kissing – on a wide-eyed brunette fresh off Icelandic Airlines. Finally they retired to his studio for the payoff, which, alas, petered out all too quickly. Jean-Marc reports that the girl looked him straight in the eye. «Jeez,» she said, «I might as well have stayed in Indianapolis.»

Things are even tougher for French women. Legions of foreign men assume that every française they pass in the street is as knowing as Bardot and as eager as Mademoiselle From Armentiers. In fact, in this society chock full of graduates of convent schools, many people lack the social skill of the average gum-chomping secretary from Chelsea. Often as not, that look of crystal indifference and unapproachability that French women don at puberty has nothing at all to do with coldness; it hides blind terror.

French women are sometimes forced to absurd lengths to maintain the veneer of savoir-faire. I once spent a pleasant introductory evening with a charming French woman which, after the standard preliminaries, ended in her bed. The next morning, after rising early to redo her make-up, she greeted me with a question. «Do Americans always make love the first night they meet?»

«Why no,» I said, «of course not.»

«Oh,» and she dropped the subject. Months later a friend of hers informed me that she'd only gone through with that first night's business to avoid appearing foolish.

All in all, this level of candor is probably not the healthiest way in the world to conduct human relations. «I know a lot of American men who marry French women because they're so captivated by their charm and mystery,» reports an American woman journalist who has lived here since the Fifties. «Five years later, when they work past all the layers of charm and mystery to the person underneath, half the time they don't even like her.»

I listen to what this journalist and other clear-headed observers of the French social scene say, and it makes perfect sense to me. So last week I reached a decision. «Enough is enough,» I thought. «I'm going to stop this insane preoccupation with French women.»

Thus resolved, I strolled outside, pleased as punch with myself. Then I saw her – tight jeans, Frye boots, a jaunty bandana around her neck. I groped for a lamppost. «Oh God,» I said softly, «I don't ask for much. Please, just let me get a whiff of her draft as she passes.»

The column that inspired Carolyn Pfaff to contact *The Paris Metro.*

Reading this letter again is like a Madeleine moment, a glimpse of a Paris *perdue*. In it, I chronicled my futile attempts to compete with French women. There was the first trip to Paris as young marrieds — the year of the of wild dyed furs and long leather legs – the first time I caught my husband clutching at lampposts. The next trip was during "the year of the midi." On the train from Vienna to Paris, *voila,* a vision in green knit "midi" skirt, boots, long sweater, shoulder bag, cloche cap crammed down on escaping red curls. Later, I tried the look at the Garden Club in Connecticut. It was not a success.

Then we moved to Paris for one year and stayed forever. There I am picking up my daughter at the local Catholic school in the 16th, observing the French mothers dressed fit to kill at 8:30 a.m. These days there's a line of Filipino babysitting *nounous*. In another vignette I've been convinced by a French girlfriend to trade my Grace Kelly look for a *dernier cri* geometric cut at Maniatis — *le must* coiffeur at the time. Geometric looked great on the girls

then but the lank-haired young ladies today would be aghast. It took me ages to grow back my hair.

Next I go to Guerlain to try my first Paris skin treatment. I'm shown into a little hospital-like room as though it's an abortion and not a facial they'll give me. After the make-up application, I leave on a dead run in search of the nearest washroom. Even today most Parisian women still have a *soin de peau* at least once a month.

And so I go on, and on, in this letter – about the challenge of trying on clothes without a curtain at Sonia Rykiel sales, about trying to keep up with "the look" as defined by the late, great Hebe Dorsey in the now-defunct *Trib*. Finally I conclude that no matter how hard I try, the sight of me will not drive men to clutch at lampposts, because "it's not what you wear, but the way that you wear it. And those damned French women..."

Today, we have sadly learned to do without *The Paris Metro*. As for competitive me, I am picking up my grandchildren instead of my children from school, waiting along with the Filipino *nounous* and an amazing number of grey-haired grandmas and grandpas. Most mothers are off at work, either by choice or necessity.

The other day, my grandson, Jason, gave me a perfunctory kiss at the school gate and then said suddenly "Why are you wearing funny green stuff around your eyes, grandma?"

I looked at him reprovingly. Actually, I'd thought this flashy eyeliner was rather attractive. Maybe I'd better go back to Guerlain and get some tips on make-up for the older woman to please the younger man.

Elegant grandma.

Carolyn Pfaff wrote a regular *Letter from Paris* for *Advertising Age* in the 1980s before launching and directing a pan-European marketing directory. In the '90s she created a global register to rate brands in Europe while continuing to contribute feature articles to magazines and newspapers. She was better known as *la femme de*, or wife of, *International Herald Tribune* political columnist and *New Yorker* writer, William Pfaff, who died in 2015 at 86, much missed.

AN ALABAMA ARTIST BECOMES SALVADOR DALÍ'S PAWN

Nall's sketch of Dalí.

Being an artist in Paris is like being a football player in Alabama. Everybody says they're one but few actually play the game.

My first days in the Paris of the 1970s began with painting on the Seine, sketching in the parks, drawing nude models at the École des Beaux-Arts, being born into a new life where I finally fit.

Working in the studio, eyeing the Louvre across the river, the smells of the printmaking department, being Salvador Dalí's pawn for three years, doing posters for the first Women's Liberation Movement, promoting my first one-man exhibit, topping it off with a smorgasbord of international lovers.

Paris then was freedom in every way, my addictions in the making.

- Living at the Fondation des États-Unis.
- Reading many books on many metros.
- Wandering around and noticing architectural details.
- Scavenging at the Porte de Clignancourt flea market.
- Walking down rue de Seine with its art galleries.
- Sitting at James Baldwin's table at the Café de Flore.
- Opening Le Flore en l'Île with an exhibit of my broken dolls and lace.
- Schmoozing with Madame Pompidou and the Duchess of Bedford.
- Reading *The Paris Metro*.
- Taking many honeymoon train rides to Honfleur.
- Tasting varied apartments and *quartiers* during an itchy seven-year stint.

“Paris then was freedom in every way.”

Alabama-born Nall survived as an artist in Paris in the 1970s, when he studied at the École des Beaux-Arts, and now has a thriving international career with studios in the south of France and Fairhope, Alabama.

HOW DID DOCTOR JAZZ ARRIVE AT *THE PARIS METRO*?

Doctor Jazz with his wife Martine and son Ben in the 1980s.

Mike Zwerin didn't only write about jazz. He WAS jazz!

So when the *International Herald Tribune* wouldn't let him write for *The Paris Metro* under his own name, my dad did what all creative jazz musicians do. He improvised.

That's how *Doctor Jazz*, the pseudonym for *The Metro*'s jazz column written by Mike, was born.

Mike managed to always write about what he wanted to write about. He couldn't be called a "critic" because he wasn't interested in criticizing anyone. He just wanted to keep an open mind and experience as much as possible in his writing and in his life.

That open mind meant he would get just as excited when he listened to John Coltrane as he did when listening to Jimi Hendrix, Miles Davis (who was a recurrent character in Mike's life) or Bob Dylan.

And, of course, he loved playing the trombone and bass trumpet. He kept on playing his whole life after a stellar start with Miles Davis' Birth of the Cool and with the John Lewis Orchestra USA. Mike's own album of Kurt Weill theater music featured an all-star cast borrowed

from that orchestra, including John Lewis, Eric Dolphy, Thad Jones, Jerome Richardson, Jimmy Raney, Richard Davis and Connie Kay

Among the many different bands that Mike played with over the years was a trio with Christian Escudé and Gus Nemeth called Not Much Noise. He also recorded with a young Michel Petrucciani, toured with the French rock band Telephone, and played around with experimental music and electronics with the trio ZIP.

These, and many other experiences, are documented in Mike's two autobiographies, *Close Enough For Jazz* and *The Parisian Jazz Chronicles: An Improvisational Memoir*.

The books reveal that Mike, who passed away in April 2010, always loved the world of jazz and constantly kept an ear to the street, which is how he found an exiled Timothy Leary in Algeria before anyone else did.

Coming up with a pseudonym to get to write for *The Paris Metro* was a typical move for Mike *Doctor Jazz* Zwerin.

The Zwerins in 1978 photographed for an article in *The Paris Metro.*

Ben Zwerin was a toddler when his father wrote the *Doctor Jazz* column for *The Paris Metro*. He's currently a bass-playing musician, record producer and TV writer based in Brooklyn, NY.

BECOMING INDEPENDENT AT THE PARIS METRO

Among the *cave* dwellers, I was the youngest. An American raised in France, my mother insisted I learn typing and thanks to that I got an underground job setting type in the basement at *The Paris Metro.* My first "real" job, and even my own small flat in Montmartre, added new skills to my short CV after attending the American College in Paris.

I enjoyed being around Americans living the expatriate dream. I learned a lot from them, made long-time friends. Working in the *Marais* at the time, before its gentrification, was also very special. I loved to buy pastrami and fresh rye bread from Goldenberg's restaurant on the rue des Rosiers near the office.


Sergio Gaudenti

Cave dwellers Diana Tummons, Bill Mahder, and Jennifer Burford.

One day a strange woman dressed in black appeared out of nowhere. Pierre Zucca was shooting *Roberte ce soir* in parts of the *hôtel particuli*er that housed *The Metro* offices. The woman in black in the courtyard was actress Denise Morin-Sinclaire, French writer Pierre Klossowski's wife who later became known as *Roberte* because of her stunning performance in the film, which is unusual because it stages *tableaux vivants* inspired by the idea that eroticism is a path to knowledge.

Besides working in the *cave*, I was also studying at the Conservatoire Libre du Cinéma Français. After devoting my first year of film studies to editing, I decided the moment I saw Denise to switch to filmmaking for the second year. I needed to be more exposed, more involved.

The Paris Metro features editor Joan Dupont introduced me to her teenage son Alex and we had a long and interesting conversation about filmmaking in the café across the street from the *cave*. Alex already knew exactly what he wanted to do. That was to make films without any intermediate phases, such as schools or internships. He was inspired and determined. Later, he did exactly what he had decided to do and became known as Leos Carax.

I remember that quite a few people at *The Metro* were writing, doing art. People like arts editor Elaine McCarthy seemed more concerned by the experience itself than by success. I think they encouraged me to pursue a personal quest rather than worry about achieving a material goal.

After studying filmmaking, Jennifer Burford made mostly abstract films with Light Cone, an experimental film cooperative founded in Paris in 1982.Teaching has been her main job and she taught film and English at the University of Le Havre for several years. She loves being near the sea and today lives and teaches in Caen, only 12 minutes from the Côte de Nacre beaches. She plans to move to Marseilles when she retires in 2019.

Foreign Affairs

Falling in love in France is easy. The hard part happens when you move in, and learning the language is the least of it

by Joan Dupont

adrift in Paris, did not realize was that she was brushing shoulders with an international establishment. And that she rubbed it the wrong way.

Now the festivities have flagged and the company tastes the champagne with a wary expression. Who invited this bad fairy to the fête?

«I invited her,» Nelly excuses herself afterward, «because she re-

MEMORABLE METRO MOMENTS

During my first decade in Paris I wrote articles, columns, critiques, essays, fiction, guidebooks, reviews and stories about absolutely everything in town. From bars to bordellos, elegant restaurants to inexpensive dives, swimming pools to ornate fountains, hot addresses to shabby slums, chic boutiques to flea markets. I visited each of the *Histoire de Paris* plaques on every building in town and selected the ten most romantic spots in the world's most romantic city.

I had the best *feel* for the city during *The Paris Metro* era and, when I thumb through back issues, I'm amazed how many of the places, and some of the people, are still around today. Here, out of 12,358 Paris exploits, is a random selection of eleven memorable moments that I discovered, covered or revisited during *The Metro* years.

Shakespeare and Company

When I arrived in Paris in March 1970 I immediately looked in the *annuaire*, or telephone book, to find Shakespeare and Company. I went to the address — 109, boulevard Haussmann — only to find a chic *papeterie* called À Shakespeare selling stationery.

I felt more at home the same afternoon when I found the *real* Shakespeare and Company on rue de la Bûcherie. I met George Whitman, who opened the bookstore in 1951 and changed its name to Shakespeare and Company in 1964 as a tribute to Sylvia Beach's legendary *librairie* of the same name. I bought my first first edition of Oscar Wilde, met a few visiting authors and

CHEAP THRILLS

A selection of good buys, places, and events around Paris by Beverley Goldberg

The new Shakespeare & Co. is 25 years old

Every day is open-house at Shakespeare and Company ; but June 16th is special. This familiar Left Bank Anglo-American bookstore is celebrating its 25th anniversary and everyone and anyone is invited to tea. In fact, Shakespeare and Co is a lot older than a quarter of a century. Sylvia Beach, the famous publisher of Joyce's *Ulysses* and constant friend of Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, opened its doors near Odéon in 1919 ; the German occupation closed them in 1942 ; and George Whitman, friend of latter-day writers like Ginsberg, Silitoe, and Eldridge Cleaver, reopened them opposite Notre Dame in 1951. Today the bookstore's still a refuge, a literary rendez-vous, youth hostel, reference library, and general warehouse of good books.

■ *Shakespeare and Company/ 37, rue de la Bûcherie. Paris 5è/ Métro St. Michel/ Open house/ June 16, Noon to midnight.*

Beverley Goldberg mentions Shakespeare and Co. in the first issue of *The Paris Metro*.

just hung out during an era when my goal was to vaguely “write, drink and live off women.”

Whitman was an early fan of *The Paris Metro*, whose pages often chronicled the action at his bookstore, and copies of the magazine could always be found in his shop. I was gratified that his daughter, Sylvia Beach Whitman, who took over after George died at 98 in 2011, put first editions of my book, *The Idiot and the Odyssey: Walking the Mediterranean,* on the hallowed shelves.

Hippodrome de Longchamp

I started going to the daily horse races in Paris, and reading *Paris-Turf* each morning, during the summer of 1970. I have regularly bet on the *tiercé* for over forty years and, though I did win over 52,000 francs on a *quarté* in 1985, continue to play the horses for the love and fun of the game, not the money. It was a no brainer that my second *On The Money* column in *The Metro* concerned prognosticating and betting at the track or in a *tabac*.

One memorable feature in *The Metro* was an article entitled *Drawing Mental Maps* with illustrations of maps drawn, very crudely in my case, by people to provide a mental perception (as opposed to concrete reality) of where they lived in Paris.

I wrote that I left Île Saint-Louis, where I lived for six years, “only when touched by the muse of love or I have a hot tip on a nag.” My bland mental map consisted primarily of the addresses of the six women I was dating and Longchamp.

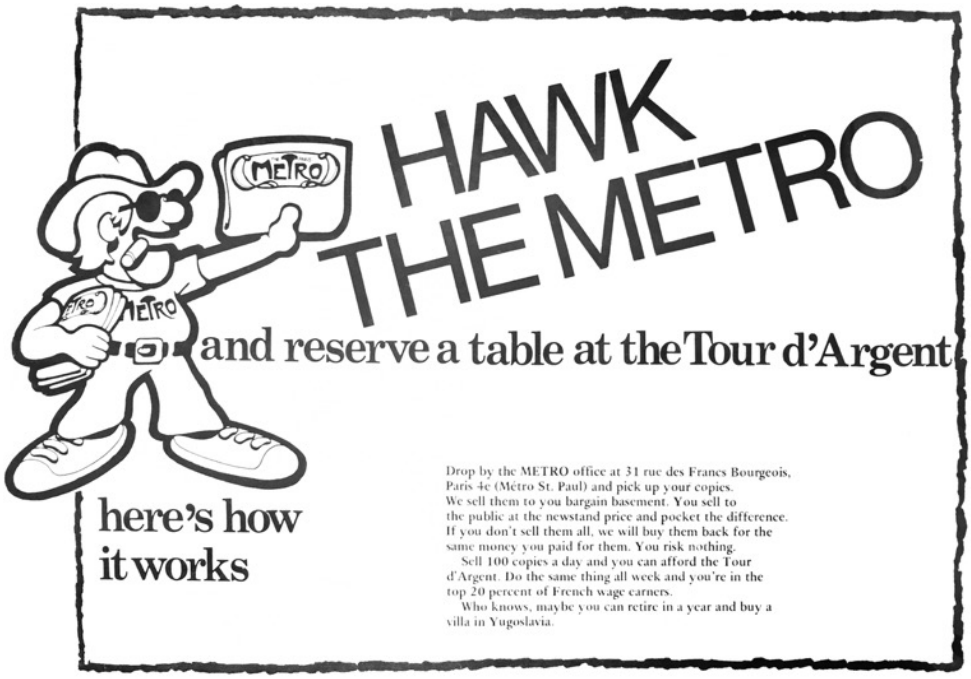
The women are gone; *Vive* Longchamp.

La Tour d’Argent

I first met Claude Terrail, the owner and impresario of La Tour d’Argent, in 1971 when I was writing a guidebook to Paris for Pan American World Airways. The center table at the window overlooking Notre Dame is still one of my favorite places to dine.

The Tour was featured in ads to attract hawkers to sell *The Paris Metro* and Terrail and I were good friends, frequently going out on the town on Monday nights when La Tour was closed. An exhilarated Claude called me when his son André was born in 1980. And when André and my daughter Sonia took *bébés nageurs* lessons together in 1983 I figured they’d get married, I’d be given an apartment in La Tour building, and they’d name a duck dish after me.

That didn’t happen, but André has been at the helm of La Tour since his father died at 88 in 2006 and we’re toasting *The Metro*’s 40th reunion in the bar.



Hammam Saint-Paul

I became an habitué of the Hammam Saint-Paul on rue des Rosiers when I lived in the then-not-so-chic Marais during the early ‘70s. It was a relaxing spot for an inexpensive Turkish bath, sauna and massage by Henri, a former wrestler.

The hammam, my favorite place in Paris for a naked lunch, became a regular hangout for *The Metro* staff and we occasionally hosted private co-ed evenings. I knew the neighborhood had gone completely downhill when Chevignon Trading Post opened a retail outlet in the hammam building in 1991.

Hôtel Ritz

I shyly entered the imperial and imposing Hôtel Ritz when I was doing research for the Pan Am guide in 1971 and it was there, at the Hemingway Bar, that I met with Tom Moore and Harry Stein in 1976 to learn about *The Paris Metro*.

But it was a story I wrote called *The Doorman Bigger Than The Ritz* — a young communist doorman spilled the dirty beans on the condition of the hotel kitchen (think rats) and described how the staff viewed the guests (think rats again) — that ran in *The Metro* and led to disrupted friendships, furious letters to the editor and one of our first lawsuits.

I’m almost as shy about going into the place today as I was forty-five years ago.

Joe Allen

I had numerous odd jobs when I first came to Paris and felt I’d arrived when I was hired as a waiter at Joe Allen when it opened in January 1972. We made serious money and I enjoyed waiting on Françoise Hardy and other celebs.

Although I was eventually fired for hitting (it was actually “pushing”) a customer, my waiter friend Christian Briaud-Drain was featured in a *Metro* subscription ad and Joe made a donation to “Save *The Paris Metro*” when we were going broke. We held an event there during the magazine’s 20th anniversary and I’m still a customer.

Karl Lagerfeld

I mentioned Karl Lagerfeld in my *Metro* column and a few days later received a handwritten note thanking me in KL’s familiar scrawl. Karl invited me to lunch at his home on rue de l'Université and later posed for our *Disco Fever Paris* cover. He also wrote a 500-word essay — and produced an amusing sketch of a dinner with other top designers of the day — for a special fashion section I put together.

I profiled him in the *International Herald Tribune* in 1979 — *What’s Karl Lagerfeld’s Finest Creation? Karl Lagerfeld* — and consider him one of the most savvy, disciplined, eclectic and productive human beings I know.

Le Bernardin

The Paris Metro story I wrote about Le Bernardin restaurant and its owner Gilbert Le Coze was called *The Early Chef Catches The Oursin*. It recounted our 2:30-6:00 a.m. odyssey to buy fish at the Rungis market from people, Gilbert said, “I’ve known since my childhood.“

Gilbert prepared, in his inimitable innovative fashion, some of the fish we bought and I predicted that the restaurant, which opened in 1972, "will probably be getting the maximum number of *etoiles* in Michelin (it has one)."

This was almost a decade before Le Bernardin became one of the best-known restaurants in the world after opening in New York in 1986. I still think Gilbert, who died too young in 1994, was the most passionate chef I've encountered.

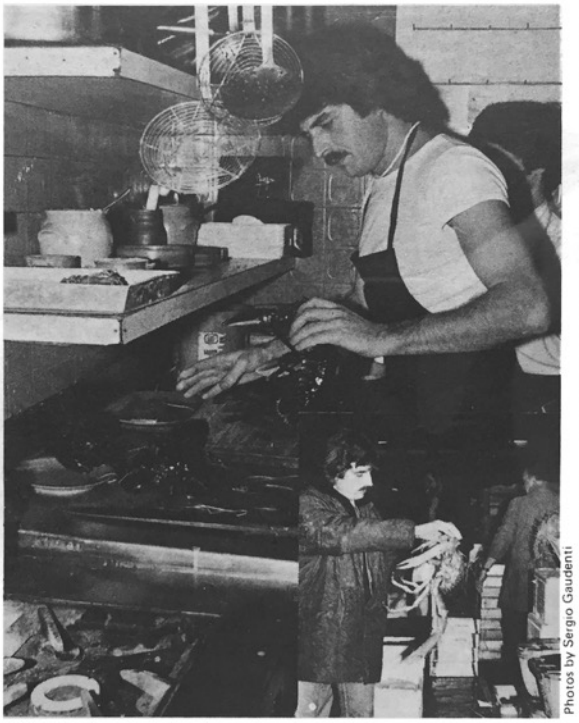
The Early Chef Catches the "Oursin"

This is not an attempt to tell you where you can find the best fish dishes in Paris. If you're a sensible cook you probably don't think any restaurant can outdo the *rouget grillé au fenouil* you cook at home in June when they are small and tasty. I feel the same way myself.

But it is the time of year to point out that any chef in town who does not personally purchase his fish at the markets in Rungis on a daily basis is probably not worth his weight in cod. Rungis, near Orly Airport, is where all the marketing, for meat and vegetables and flowers and fish, goes on for Paris retailers and restaurants. It is the successor of Les Halles with newly built large pavilions, lacking the color one still over-romantically associates with Le Hole, selling freshly arrived produce, open from two a.m., now the proverbial stomach of Paris.

I try to purchase everything I buy in Paris only from persons who have actually done their shopping at Rungis, who take the time and patience to stay up all night and do some sensible buying. My flower lady goes to Rungis every day, the vegetable store I frequent does the same and even 75-year-old Jules Bourdeau, who runs Au Gourmet de l'Isle, still has the energy to buy his *boudin* and *andouillette* at Rungis three times a week.

It can be impractical to associate yourself only with chefs who are diligent enough to personally visit Rungis. But it is a valid criterion one night with Le Coze than you would taking a year long course in *poissonology*. There are a number of reasons, besides the daily Rungis run, that I like Le Bernardin. (1) There are nothing but fish dishes on the menu. No meat. You go there to eat only fish and this shows the kind of cuisine confidence I like displayed by a chef. (2) It is run by Gilbert and his sister Maguy, whom Gault-Millau calls simply *la belle Maguy* but who is actually the pinnacle of Breton wit and beauty in Paris if not France. Maguy does the vegetable shopping at Rungis at mid-morning and between them the Le Coze team probably spend 49 hours a day concentrating on serving the best seafood and its accessories in town. A laudable sense of dedication. In addition, I propose marriage to Maguy after every dinner, which provides the proper romantic setting for the restaurant. (3) Gilbert knows the ocean and its fish and this knowledge has been translated into the respect he has when he cooks. I like a man who knows his fish. I started flyfishing for trout and illegally snagging salmon when I was a kid and now spend my spare time spearfishing or diving for lobsters whenever I am near the sea. Gilbert can tell me, for example, about the best fishing holes on Belle Ile. This is good for after dinner talk. (4) This restaurant is already well-known but it will probably be getting the maximum number of *étoiles* in Michelin



Photos by Sergio Gaudenti

Gilbert Le Coze in the kitchen and at the market.

of tortoises and lobsters, play with the *crevettes* to make sure they're spry.

You learn something from Gil- customers paying an average of 140 francs each for a meal at Le Bernardin it is easy to see how he can afford the daily shopping spree.

bother to look at the menu. Maguy decides what I eat, mixing courses and dishes based on my past sessions, and present demeanor, and never disappoints me. If I were going there for the first time I would ask her to make a representative selection. But be careful how you treat her. I'm not sure she believes me when I tell her I'm proposing marriage out of sincere affection and not because of her brother's cooking.

Le Bernardin, 35 quai de la Tournelle, Paris 5e. 633.36.42. Kitchen open until 11:30 p.m. Closed Sundays and Mondays. Call two days in advance for reservations. The restaurant has just been rebuilt inside, presumably to help Michelin make up its mind to come up with another star.

Speaking of Fish: I was in La Rochelle recently and dined at the well-known *Chez Serge* where owner Serge Coulon is earning a reputation as the Julia Child of France due to his Sunday appearances on TF 1. He gets his fish straight from the sea, insists on serving a red wine (Haut Poitou '76) with every meal and I had an excellent seafood salad with green beans, crab soup, and Porée Marine Henri Clos Jouve.

Serge was kind enough to supply me with the recipe for the Porée Marine, which is an excellent fish dish for the winter. The fish you can easily cook at home. The following is for six persons.

Ingredients: 1 kg 800 of leeks, 400

Grande Randonnées

I discovered France's marvelous *Sentiers de Grande Randonnées*, the blazed hiking trails known as GRs found throughout the country, well before *The Metro* ran Judith Karp's article about them entitled *The Seduction of the City-Dweller*.

During *The Metro* epoch, advertising director John Keeney and I often went for day hikes on the GR1, aka the *Tour de Paris* that consists of 577 kilometers of easy walking trails around the capital.

Ardent *Metro* reader Judy Fayard, the *Women's Wear Daily* Paris bureau chief, came with us on the 23-kilometer Maisse-to-Malesherbes hike one Saturday and, used to wearing high heels, went lame and we had to carry her for the last few kilometers.

Swimming

Besides being *The Metro's* publisher, columnist and reporter, I was also the swimming correspondent. I swam to the bottom of the Seine, surveyed the near-nude bodies at Piscine Deligny and got caught skinny-dipping at the Sofitel. I also encouraged other Metroites to join me every morning at the Piscine Pontoise, Piscine Ledru-Rollin and other municipal pools.

Swimming in Paris can be a battle, often physical, of styles and strokes because most French pools didn't have lane lines. The boisterous, hard-swimming *Metro* team definitely made a loud splash.

Amitiés

I'm still in touch with friends I met on arrival in Paris in 1970 including co-workers on the Pan Am Guide, former waiters at Joe Allen, erstwhile journalists and numerous people from before, during and after *The Metro* era.

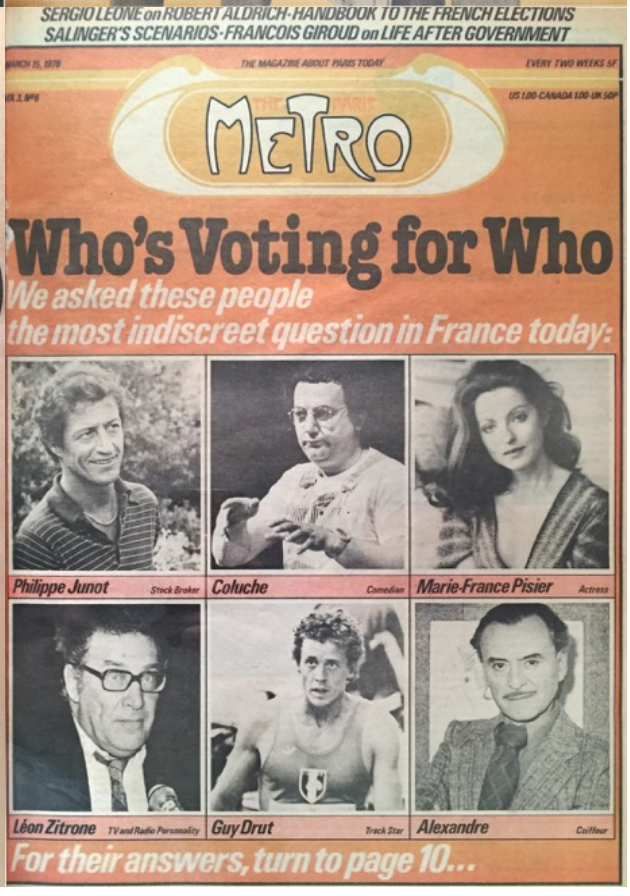
When I come back to town — and this is a key aspect of the allure, beauty, charm and seduction of Paris — I still know enough people to feel like I live there. And one of the long-term payoffs of *The Paris Metro* has been to observe the successful careers and exciting lives that many associated with the magazine have had since its demise.

Joel Stratte-McClure, who now lives in California, has not forgotten Oscar Wilde's aphorism that "when good Americans die they go to Paris."

Sign of the times

Metro Covers

Memorable Issues



MEMORIES OF A *PARIS METRO* COVER GIRL

It all began in 1976 when I thought my stay in Paris was coming to an end.

After four years in the city, first as a student, then as a *jeune fille au pair,* and finally as a bartender at the American Legion, the adventure I'd been living seemed to have become more of a routine. After much deliberation, I finally made the painful decision to leave Paris at the end of the year when, quite by chance, I made the acquaintance of Joel Stratte-McClure and the recently launched *The Paris Metro.* A new chapter of my life in Paris began.

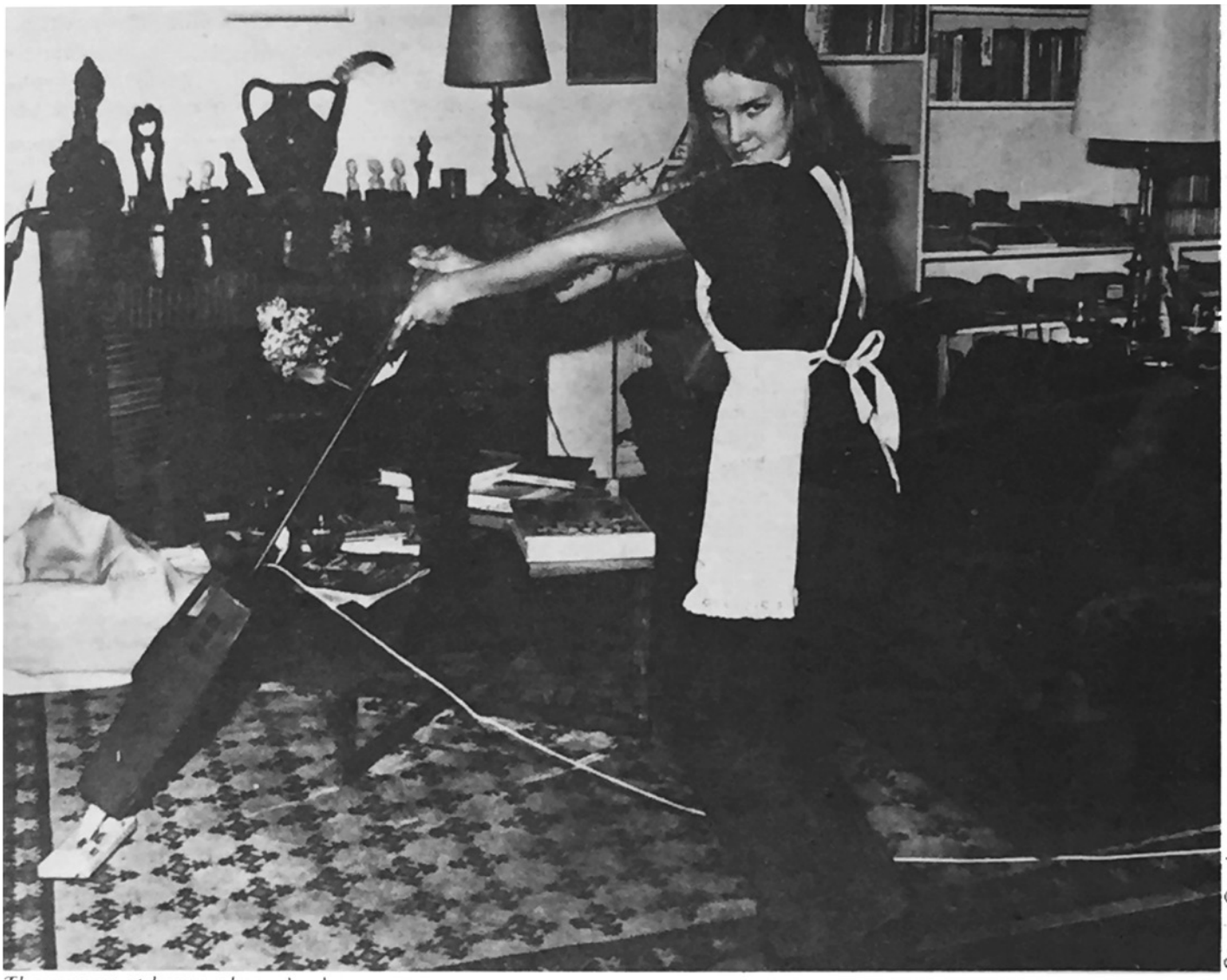
Late one summer evening while I was having dinner at Le Flore en l'Île, a small hip café on the Île Saint-Louis, Joel and two of the other Founding Fathers of *The Paris Metro* walked in. Joel, being Joel, spotted the young blond at the corner table, came over, introduced himself, and asked me to join them. As we talked, Joel and I discovered we'd both grown up in northern California in similar small-town environments (think *American Graffiti*). This coincidence was, of course, just too much for us to ignore and by the time I left the café that night, I'd been asked out on my first date with Joel, to a Linda Ronstadt concert at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. (Actually, Joel already had a date for the concert so he arranged for me to go with his friend Craig Unger, though we all knew I was really there to be with Joel.)

By the fall I was settled into Joel's apartment, a charming fourth-floor walk-up in a 17th-century building on Île Saint-Louis, with beamed ceilings, polished tile floors, a fireplace — and a bathtub. Never mind that the bathroom was carpeted in a 70s-style brown shag rug. For a girl who lived in an attic room with a sink the size of a soup bowl and the W.C. down the hall, this was the epitome of *luxe*. On our next date (shortly after Linda), I asked Joel if I could take a bath. After that, there was no going back.

As the girlfriend of a Founding Father, I was by mere association initiated into the inner circle of *The Paris Metro*. As a *Metro* groupie, I felt a part of what was happening, shared in the incredible energy and got to join in much of the excessive celebrating that went on during the early days of the then-revolutionary magazine. There were long, intoxicated meals at Au Beaujolais, client dinners at Bofinger, photo shoots on the Seine, and heated late-night staff discussions fueled by wine and beer in our apartment. During that time, I never wrote an article for *The Metro*, never took a photograph or edited any copy — but I was a cover girl.

The cover story in the March 1977 issue of *The Metro* focused on the lives of foreign *au pairs* working in Paris. I was asked to pose as one of these innocent young caregivers in the clutches of an employer of dubious intention — nothing like my own extraordinary *au pair* experience, but I knew I could rise to the occasion and play the part. The cover photo was taken in our apartment — me curled up on the couch with a *bourgeois*, middle-aged Frenchman (actually *The Metro*'s insurance broker) in a three-piece suit. What fun! And how thrilling to think that I didn't get left on the editing room floor, but actually made the front page.

Needless to say, this *Metro* life brought marvelous adventures and mishaps (one with a belligerent taxi driver and a can of mace that put Joel out of action for an evening comes to mind), and my year in the inner circle was one of the most memorable of my life. As other colorful characters entered *The Metro* orbit, some remarkable people became my friends. Some have since scattered to the ends of the earth and I haven't seen them since the late '70s



The au pair at home: sheer drudgery

in Paris. A few I have reunited with in recent years, which has been a little strange and surprisingly comfortable — picking up in many ways, right where we left off. The beginning of yet another chapter in the continuing saga of *The Paris Metro*.

Following five years in Paris, Gloria planned to return to her home state of California to find a real job. On her way west, she stopped over in New York to visit Manhattan for the first time — and decided to stay. She landed a job at the Air France offices on Fifth Avenue and eventually married a New Yorker. Now, with over 20 years in the travel business, Gloria makes it a point to return to her first love, Paris, every year.

THE FRONTIER ROOM: PANDEMONIUM IN THE PARIS METRO'S ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

When I became advertising director of *The Paris Metro,* I found a trail of martyred amateurs who had "sold" a clutch of tiny bistro and provocative massage advertisements in the first few issues. Most of the ads hadn't been paid for and one maniacal salesperson disappeared after she printed a full-page ad for a well-known department store without a *bon de command*, or order. The store denied purchasing the ad.

The sales team was a circus act with lovable performers.

Ed Flaherty was severely overworked and had developed a '70s version of PTSD. Stanley Hertzberg's French made him sound like a deranged Dane with a speech impediment. One high society French woman did nothing apart from tend to her two constantly yapping toy poodles, sparking plots about their accidental disappearance. Wouter Apituley would only handle massage ads and I was so unaccustomed to ad biz behavior and jargon that I was forcibly evicted from my first meeting with an agency on the rue de Rivoli. I thought the discussion about the standard 10% agency commission was an attempted demand for a bribe.

Our Canadian consultant George Beaumont, a tall 50ish gentleman with a ginger mustache and endless patience, had run an ad agency and knew the game. But he was somewhat distrusted by our editors, who were typically clueless when it came to advertising and didn't want to tarnish *The Metro's* independent and feisty editorial image.

George somehow managed to sell ads to exclusive clients, like Chanel and Air France, astonishing feats for a magazine that initially offered no color printing and looked like a feral goat when positioned next to glossy thoroughbreds like *Vogue, Le Nouvelle Observateur* and even the *International Herald Tribune*.

He also hosted advertising seminars with our ragged sales force in his apartment near Place des Vosges and under his tutelage my slender sales and commercial background matured. I resolved to improve my French and get things moving. I figured we needed to play a radical chic angle and promote the perception that we were rich, classy Americans ahead of the curve on what was hip. This strategy began to have an effect and, with a spiffy used suit and spit-polished shoes, I made some sales.

I hired a pair of 23-year-old women, both gorgeous and exceptionally able. Kate Chabot was a lovely bilingual blonde with a never-say-die fighting spirit and Aline Ordronneau a suave Bretonne beauty rarely seen without a Gitanes cigarette hanging between her lovely lips or long fingers. Their charm and humor worked wonders in staid French ad agencies.

Then I recruited publisher Joel Stratte-McClure, a successful journalist who came on like a combination of P.T. Barnum and a drunk Will Rogers, to get involved in sales. JS-M was writing the *On The Money* column, using the pseudonym Psmith, and was one of the first writers and investors on the magazine. He had every incentive to work his ass off. But in our first meeting, when I took issue with his pretentious pontificating about how to sell advertising, he took a swing at me. I ducked and responded with a mid-section tackle. After that, we

formed a great good guy/bad guy team, though the French thought we resembled Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid on an intoxicated bank-robbing binge.

If JS-M hated anything, it was obscurity. He set out to make the *Metro* famous. Our MO consisted of constant appearances across the upper reaches of Paris society, long boozy lunches, outrageous stunts, frequent interviews, elephantine schmoozing, attendance at any kind of event and interminable soirees, all threaded with some generally outrageous promotion and ad selling. Often derided, this tactic actually worked and contrary to persistent rumors, we were only arrested twice for disturbing the peace.

Publisher Stratte-McClure (right) with reader Pierre Cardin.

One of our smartest moves was to take over the largest room in our 17th century office building in the Marais.

We transformed a once-elegant wreck with reject desks by painting the ceiling white and getting rid of some of the ubiquitous dust. We dubbed our creation The Frontier Room, perhaps because JS-M was originally from North Dakota and I from Seattle, or because of the hand-to-hand combat required to get ads. But from my perspective it was because JS-M had just thrown a hapless candidate for employment out the first floor window.

A few days later the well-groomed associate editor Tina de Liagre looked in, threw a whiplash glance and shrieked, “This place looks like shit!”

“Yeah, but you should have seen it last week,” I responded.

The Frontier Room was as much a state of mind as an office. It meant US vs. Them, commando tactics, adventure, challenge. And it was balls-to-the-walls American in attitude. The spirit infused anyone bold enough to stay. If they couldn't take it, there was always the window exit.

The Frontier Room Gang expanded and became a tight team in a buzzing semi-organized place of business, if you allow that sheer anarchy can be organized.

Our members included Patricia Lissillour, the administrator who held the place together, and Michelle le Chanjour who, while cowering amidst the American madness around her, took on the classified ads department. Kansas-born Richard Seamster added more heft to the team while Yves Guillot, the self-proclaimed Arthur Rimbaud of Photography, a wraithlike character of unsettling calm given to weird non-sequiturs, made the rest of us look somewhat sane and stable.

I was exceptionally impressed with our Rimbaud when he placidly told a client on the phone: “*Madame*, *allez vous faire foutre."* This act, within bounds of The Frontier Room ethos, was not cause for his dismissal. Rimbaud's undoing was repeatedly answering the telephone with: “*International Herald Tribune*.” Finally, I showed him the window.

Another key person popped up, though he never had any known job description. This was the timid, sports coat-clad Harry Rebeiro from Accra, Ghana, one of the best street hawkers in *Metro* history. The Frontier Room esprit transformed quiet and shy Harry into an outrageous soul brother, brightly dressed, dancing wildly, and blowing his ever-present whistle, in imitation of the Village People. He changed his name to Harry Flowers, and was wheeled into sales meetings for, well, Metro color.

We were on a roll.

We worked like rutting boars at all hours. Deals were closed in between and during long boozy lunches. Evenings were spent visiting a dozen cocktail parties, gallery openings and fashion events. Then we would party, often all night. We'd sometimes be last to leave Le Palace, often going directly to the municipal Piscine, either Ledru-Rollin or Jean Taris, to swim a mile and go straight to work. For relaxation and occasional sleep, we'd hit the ultra-clean steam and sweat rooms at the Hammam Saint Paul.

I did some exquisite barter deals with fine restaurants which enabled us to eat, drink and sell ads while dining at the Golestan, La Maison de Caviar, the Hotel Meurice and La Méditerranée. Our team sold advertisements to companies — like Darty, Freres Lissac, Sony and FNAC — who logically had no place in a magazine of our repute and we even started publishing lucrative advertising sections.

I continued my unusual tactics, often lubricated by wine. At Kenzo I

Sygma

Harry the Hawker: more powerful than a locomotive, able to sell Metros with a single bound.

greeted the gruff, bearded general manager who had given me a bit of guff at a *défilé* a few weeks before, with a flying body tackle upon entrance to his Place des Victoires office. Apparently this impressed, or shocked, him into submission. We got the business.

None of the advertising game was easy, and nobody could succeed without a thick hide. Along with any success, came a string of humiliating refusals and put-downs. But in the end, The Frontier Room embodied the same esprit and gusto as the newsroom downstairs.

John Keeney, despite or because of his Frontier Room sales experience at *The Paris Metro*, is a successful book, magazine and innovative digital publisher based in Sydney, Australia.

ILLUSIONS - EXCERPT FROM A MEMOIR

February 1977, on the border between Germany and Czechoslovakia

The border guard marched right out of my dreams and into the harsh, metallic corridor outside our compartment, banging on the glass door. “Papers!” he said in German, Czech, and then French. “*Papiers*!”

The train had come to a halt during the night in a pine forest at the edge of West Germany. Now the sun was beginning to turn the patches of sky between the trees a sullen grey and I watched the border guards outside, shuffling between military trucks parked parallel to the train tracks. It was dark, dreary, and cold. In the sodium lights you could see swamps of mud from melting snow.

Suddenly, the door to our compartment slammed open and the border guard filled the entire space. I was holding out my American passport and his eye caught it right away.

“Get up!” he said brusquely. “Who are you hiding behind your seat?”

I got up obediently, turning to look behind me. Then the guard burst into laughter and several of the other passengers in the compartment joined him.

“Welcome to Czechoslovakia,” he said.

I was teaching English in Paris at the time, and had just launched an expatriate literary journal called *Paris Voices*. This was my first foray behind the Iron Curtain, and I had no real world guidance about what to expect.

My girlfriend’s parents had given me the Prague address of a family friend named Olga, who had worked for them as an *au pair* in the early 1960s. Olga was now in her mid-30s and was married to a signatory of Charter 77, the civic movement led by Vaclav Havel that was calling for an end to Communist rule.

Solange, my girlfriend’s mother, had given me presents for Olga and Jiri: a washable table cloth, paper napkins, stockings, chocolate, and an inexpensive French pullover. When I arrived at their large apartment and saw the polished antiques, the telephone, the hand-blown crystal goblets, the dark bookshelves crammed with books and records, I felt foolish.

“Sshh!” she said, when I started to ask her about Charter 77. “Not here.”

She pointed to the walls, and then to her ears. “The walls have ears, even for silly things like chocolate and stockings,” she said.

A thick haze of coal smoke choked the streets. It entered your lungs like a fist that opened and closed against your will. Olga took me down to a local tavern just off the Staroměstské náměstí, the Old Town square, not far from the Charles Bridge. At 4 p.m. on a Saturday afternoon, it was absolutely packed. People were eating sausages, drinking beer and *slivovic,* and talking at volumes that rivaled those of a Washington, DC, bar at happy hour. I

could barely hear Olga, let alone what anyone at the next table was saying. I got it. Even if the walls had ears, all they could hear here would be gobbledygook.

A while later, her husband joined us.

“In 1968, we all believed,” Jiri said. “Soviet Communism was like an old coat we had outgrown. It was springtime, we were young, all we saw were possibilities. Just the thought of freedom was a drug that loosened our tongues.”

“After the crackdown,” Olga said, “we were just waiting for the police to show up at our door. The Soviet tanks were everywhere. I wondered if I would ever smell the sea again.”

An army Colonel came in through the door, and the wave of cold air he brought in with him seemed to chill the entire room. For a few moments, as he approached the bar and ordered a beer, no one spoke. He exchanged a few pleasantries with the barman, echoing off the walls like broken crystal. Then he downed his beer quickly, dropping a large bill. The barman returned the change; when the Colonel tried to leave it as a tip, the barman pushed it back at him, Queen’s pawn to QP4.

“Things are different now,” Jiri said once the Colonel left. “It’s only a matter of time. They think they are winning, but they have lost.”

“But we will get a call later on, asking us what we were speaking to you about,” Olga added.

Later, I met a young music teacher, who unlike Olga and Jiri had made his peace with the regime. He claimed to have studied the West and found our system wanting.

“Here I have everything I need,” he told me. “I have a job, an apartment, even a house in the country. I have economic security but have to watch what I say. In the West, you can say what you wish but you have to struggle to live. Which is better?”

In the magazine article I eventually wrote about this trip for *The Paris Metro (Report from Prague*, April 13, 1977), a new expat magazine, I compared the vision of these two, as if they represented a fair choice.

How wrong I was. And how little did I understand the sweetness of freedom, or its cost.

But I would learn.

Report from Prague

Despite glimmers of resistance, such as the Charter 77, Prague remains more than ever the city of Kafka

by Ken Timmerman

The road was very narrow between the German and Czech frontiers. We arrived at the first barrier in a gray winter dawn. We had to stop at a small bridge before climbing up to the border station. It was an ominous low bridge with no guard rail and no other barrier except a large sign in five languages commanding all vehicles to wait until a guard signalled them to advance. There were no guards.

A mist clung to the low, marshy ground. After ten or fifteen minutes, a soldier walked down the hill and waved us forward with his rifle. Our bus advanced. Everyone was a bit tense. Someone joked that the bridge was mined. We climbed the hill to the border station, passing two more armed guards, who were very young and who turned and stared at us as though we were strange creatures from another world.

An officer mounted and collected our passports in silence, glancing at the pictures, then stacking them perfunctorily in a wooden box. We waited, talking in hushed tones, after he went back to the office. One French fellow was worried because he had a beard on his passport photo. Another one was worried because he was clean-shaven on his photo and had since grown a beard. We waited half an hour. We could hear birds. The sun appeared through the mist of the damp pine wood. Large trucks and juggernauts arriving from the Czech side waited in line for the soldiers to search them. We were all looking for the Russian tanks, but there were only the trucks and a handful of soldiers.

Finally, the officer reappeared with our passports, and after a rudimentary check through the luggage compartment, he waved us on up the hill on the road to Prague.

We had the address of a woman whom we intended to visit, a distant friend of my girlfriend’s family who, along with 256 other intellectuals, signed the controversial Charter 77, asking that the human rights clause of the Helsinki Accords be applied to their country. Since then, we had heard the signers had been harassed by the police. The family had not heard from her for over six months. They were worried that she was no longer receiving mail. We had directions to her building and directions also to avoid the concierge, as it was known that the government frequently used them to keep tabs on people of suspicious tendencies.

When we got off the tram at the Nam Republiky, we were surprised at the number of people along the boulevard. The broad sidewalks were absolutely packed. People stopped in front of shop windows, looking over the wide selections of clothes, shoes, food-stuffs, cloth. The crowd advanced at a decidedly un-Germanic pace. Except for the cold and the drab color of the winter clothes, you might think yourself in a Mediterranean city. But people rarely stopped for idle conversation; as they walked, they talked quietly among themselves.

Soldiers carrying briefcases walked along at the same unhurried pace as the crowd. Their long, olive-brown overcoats bore no insignia. None of them carried any weapons. Unlike French or American soldiers at leave to wander through a city, they did not eye up women or appear self-conscious in any way. No one seemed to take notice of them.

In the large, open central square of the old city, we were approached four times by young Czech men who addressed us first in German, then in English, then French, asking us if we wanted to change money. This was our first contact with the black market. They offered us 400 crowns for 100 French francs. At the border, the Czech officials had given us 180. We thought at first that the foreign money was bought for people who wanted to leave the country, as the Czech currency was non-exchangeable outside. Later we found out that most of these young men are entrepreneurs and fashion hounds, who use the foreign money to buy blue-jeans and foreign goods at the Tuzecs, a large department store run by the state for foreign visitors and inhabitants of Prague.

Marina poked her head out into the dark hallway and, hearing our French, let us in. Though she was a small woman, she had an aura of nimble strength. With her wind-ridden visage and heavily wrinkled hands, the short gray hair that framed her face like a sketch, you could see her at home at the gunwhales of an old sea-going vessel, head into the wind, swallowing huge gulps of the rough salty air.

«My only regret,» she said, «is that I may never see the sea again.»

KT. Is it that difficult to travel?

M. Impossible. (She waved her hands and gave us a weary smile.) If you want to travel you must first apply for a visa. Then you must get a special card which permits you to change so many Czech crowns at the State Bank. If you succeed in getting the card — which is rare — you still can’t change the money right away. You have to go to the Commissariat and clear it with the police, and if they see that you’ve been involved in this or that they automatically turn you down. Since 1969 none of us even try. The process is too long and you know before you’ve started how it will turn out. Instead we make jokes — we Czechs are good at that.

(We had, of course, heard of the housing shortage in the East, and thus were quite surprised by her apartment. She had a kitchen, a bath, a good-sized bedroom, and an enormous main room that gave onto the cobbled square. At one window she had set up her paints and canvases.

Charter 77 signer and playwright Vaclav Havel in prison.

Jiri Hasek, Charter 77 leader.

Brock Peyton

Ken Timmerman (kentimmerman.com) went on from *The Paris Metro* to work as a war correspondent in Lebanon, Syria, and Iraq. He has published 10 books of non-fiction, including two *New York Times* best sellers, and three novels. He was nominated for the Nobel Peace prize in 2006 for his work investigating Iran’s nuclear weapons program.

Georgina Oliver

KRONOFOBIA

OR HOW THE *PARIS METRO*'S CRAZY DEADLINES LEFT ME *BREATHLESS*

Photo by Felix Rozen

The Paris Metro **art critic Georgina Oliver at the Hertfordshire studio of "monumental" English sculptor and artist Henry Moore in the spring of 1977.**

Once, just before the summer recess, better known as the "silly season" in my native England, I really, really missed a deadline, or to be more precise, The Metro.

"*This time, Georgina, your story will quite simply not be published," admonished arts editor Elaine McCarthy. "You have to realize that a magazine is like a train. With or without you, it goes to the printer, on schedule."*

Fast-rewind to a hair-raising bi-monthly ritual... Memories of almost missing deadlines come flashing back. In my mind's eye, I see tall, skinny, long-legged, 20-something me leaping out of the exit Métro Saint-Paul two steps at a time, typewritten copy in hand, en route for *The Paris Metro's* office in the heart of the Marais.

In the same gravity-defying sweep, I cross the rue de Rivoli before lunging into the rue Pavée, a narrow cobblestoned street (amongst the first paved alleyways in Paris), renowned for its art nouveau synagogue designed by Hector Guimard. This quintessentially *Belle Époque* architect's curvy cast-iron METROPOLITAIN subway entrances were the natural choice for the visual identity of our city magazine "for English-reading Parisians."

Edging past camera happy *flâneurs*, stopped in their tracks by mouthwatering portions of cheesecake and apple strudel stacked on baking trays in the window of the Jewish pastry shop adjacent to the synagogue, was well, err...'no piece of cake'! (The pastry shop is now a chic patisserie named *L'éclair de génie*, and is hailed by gourmet food bloggers as 'The Place' to get that bite-sized éclair fix, which has supplanted the macaroon that-replaced-the-cupcake, as *le dernier cri* in sweet thrills).

Then as now, the rue Pavée was full of fun distractions, which I resisted in my *Breathless* race against time.

France's future *grande dame* of interior architecture, Andrée Putman, set up shop in that same street in 1978. Specializing in re-editions of furniture by prominent 1930s architects and designers, such as Eileen Gray and Robert Mallet-Stevens, the Ecart studio showroom soon became a thriving practice.

I remember Deidi Von Schaewen, then Ecart's in-house photographer, a keen *Metro* reader valued for her critical input, once inviting me to "stop by for a coffee" to show me a portfolio of conceptual photos she took in her own time. But, normally, I never stopped.

Putting together a punchy arty package every two weeks, composed of a profile of a mainstream artist, curator or other key player, plus an art scene roundup, ruled out any socializing not directly linked to that objective.

Each time – alas, *Je n'ai pas changé* – I raced to meet a deadline.

Keep going, kid! Cross over. Breeze past the too-tempting-for-words secondhand bookstore. Bear left, and continue straight ahead. My sights were now riveted on the post office at the corner of rue des Francs-Bourgeois. Having negotiated that bend, I was well-nigh at my destination! Within steps of No. 31, our "(stately) home," the Hôtel d'Albret. Today, a Google search reveals that the City of Paris acquired the building, turning it into its cultural HQ, before toying with the idea of selling it.

On the 9th of February, 1978, an additional deadline impediment entered the world. Finishing on time what Elaine called my "art-icles" – in a *Behind The Lines* contributor spotlight describing my "sweating process" – turned into a balancing act.

"How can I meet the deadline?" gasped first-time mama Georgina, in a *telling it like it is* account, featured in a special issue of *The Metro* focusing on *Giving Birth in France:*

"Between one-and-a-half-hour-long breast/bottle feeds every three hours, complete with diaper change, I am finding out that more than anyone else on earth a baby needs time... All without the least grudge, for Marina Sabine makes everything else seem like a waste of time."

Do I begrudge the 'midwife' of *The Metro* team for resorting to tough love parenting techniques in an attempt to cure me of my chronic chronophobia? *Au contraire!* We've become firm 'friends' (on Facebook), following a real-life reencounter.

Predictably, when Elaine and I bumped into each other a couple of years ago, at an annual 'Christmas Dinner' hosted by the Paris Branch of the *très* British NUJ (National Union of

Journalists) –- of which I'm now a Life Member, having been a bona fide cardholder for over 40 years — the passage of time was a prime topic.

We small-talked, sipping at our *kir de bienvenue*, before evoking the delicious 'committee luncheons' held in her Paris apartment in the buildup to the 20th Anniversary Reunion of *The Paris Metro* in 1996 and the possibility of a 40th in 2016 ("Would be great, but these things require a lot of time and effort…"), and reflecting upon the twists and turns of destiny. In my case, I was on the point of starting anew, after losing my artist husband of nearly 40 years to an incurable illness.

More than mere fellow journalists, Elaine and I go back a long way (slightly less than four decades), so naturally we exchanged anecdotes about her 'ex' and 'my Felix': "*Remember when you let us sleep on your floor in the East Village, when we were traveling in the U.S. with little Marina, not quite 2-years-old, soon after The Metro folded…? You wanted to cook us something special. You asked Felix if he liked roast chicken, in French. To which he replied* «Oui, beaucoup!» *with a huge grin on his face. Then, you grabbed a spoon, which remained in mid-air, above the chicken…Why? Because that's when he exclaimed,* «Non, pas de miel…!» . *Was it honey or chocolate? Dunno, but…Suddenly, I saw your eyes glaze over; I thought, 'Damn it…I bet that was Elaine's too-scrumptious-for-words Mexican chicken recipe!' and, incredible as this may seem, the memory of that honey, mole or whatever recipe that didn't enter our mouths, just because Felix said* «Non!» *is still 'there', suspended in time, nagging my taste buds, after all these years!"*

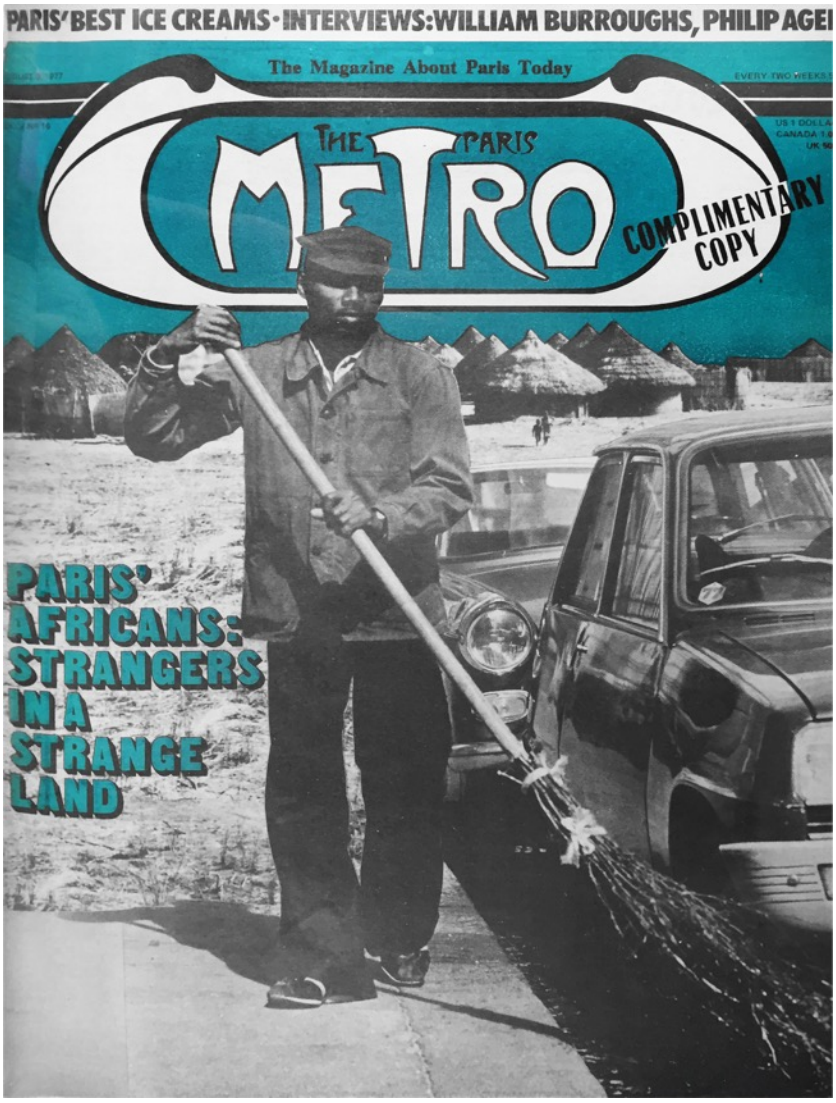
Photo by Felix Rozen

By the time the *hors-d'œuvre* was served, we had moved on to the artist in my life at present. Among the 'key words' on my lips, as we reached the dinner table: "Passion, young love…" / "Economics student, dreamed of becoming an artist" / "Franco's Spain" / "Angry family" / "Discovered in a very embarrassing posture indeed!" / "*Romeo and Juliet* situation" / "Reunited in Paris" / "40-year separation erased by a French kiss" / "He paints, I write" / "Time was on our side" / "Whatever happens next, nobody can take that away from us" / "Feels like a miracle" (…)

"You absolutely must write about all of that!" exclaimed Elaine, always 'The Pro,' and, at the same time, such a precious friend, *40 Years After*!

A former President of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris, Georgina Oliver covered the visual arts for *The Paris Metro*. Now on the masthead of the cutting-edge glossy quarterly *Citizen K International* as "Roving Editor/South of France, Spain & Portugal," she describes her "seriously varied anti-career," which includes 10 years of hard and fast reporting for *Time-Life*, as *desigual*.

HOW DID *THE PARIS METRO* GET ME BACK INTO JOURNALISM



"24 May 1977 Paris (general strike)" reads the entry in the yellowed pages of my journal: "Our home in Paris is a campground on the western edge of the Bois de Boulogne; we're parked directly on the Seine, and the only noise is the rush of water at a small dam beside us."

There we were, at the end of 13 magical months roaming Africa and Europe. We'd spent the two previous years working in Kinshasa, Zaire (Congo). Now, on the little table in our VW bus, sat two tickets for a Polish Ocean Lines freighter to home across the Atlantic, and we were tending to details. Could we get the bus on the boat? Would it pass inspection on arrival in the U.S.?

We'd stayed up the night before, furiously writing job-query letters to send to potential employers in the states. And I'd been turning over in my mind two conflicting compulsions:

1) We wanted to start a family, soon. (I'd just gone through a health scare that focused our minds on that question.)

2) I was aching to get back into writing and journalism, the work I loved but had hardly been able to pursue over the past three years.

Meanwhile, we were wrestling with something else, too: a yearning to stay in Europe — to stay, specifically, in Paris.

"Gone are the days of total absorption in Europe," I wrote that Tuesday morning, the city around me paralyzed by striking workers. "Gone the relaxing morning in some nice free-camping spot in a forest, maybe a mystical mass in a monastery, some driving, some

sightseeing, and a long evening of reading. Our sightseeing here, in this (to me) greatest city of them all, has so far been incidental to business."

Incidental it may have seemed then, but it hardly does in retrospect: "Montmartre at dusk before the cold Sacré Coeur, with Paris lying softly below us, and young Japanese singing John Denver and Cat Stevens.

"From the Louvre through the Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde, up to the Arc de Triomphe with a lingering *café au lait* along the way. On the Left Bank from Saint-Séverin up and down the winding foreign-restaurant streets, to the Panthéon and the Luxembourg Gardens; on the Île de la Cité with lunch at the 'helm,' the Square du Vert-Galant under the bearded Pont Neuf heads.

"From the Ecole Militaire up the wide park to the Eiffel Tower at night, standing under the center, looking straight up through miles of metal; from the Pont Alexander III to and through the imposing Invalides, by the Rodin museum, among the cool and quiet grand hotels, past the chic boutiques to Saint-Germain-des-Prés, up and down the rue St. Honoré, Rue Royale, Place Vendôme, shades of elegance leading to the Opéra, around it, and past the huge department stores; and, at night, along the *grand boulevards*, with their *crêpe* stands and their constant show of movie marquees."

My journal tells of onion soup and *croques monsieurs*, of "*du lait au sirop de menthe*," and "eating in converted wood-paneled libraries beside old men in black berets." Of "the exquisite Sainte-Chapelle, the raunchy Place Pigalle, the new and strange and fascinating Centre National Georges Pompidou, the Opéra, the Comédie Française with Molière and mass at Notre Dame, all candles and blue-stained-glass beauty and swelling organ and crimson robes and striking black-haired priests warbling and rolling their beautiful language." Or, "at the parks, watching mothers and children and laughing old grandfathers while we drink our Beaujolais and eat *brie* and green grapes and lush *pâté*; reading *Le Monde* on the Metro, walking all the way through the Bois de Boulogne and seeing five sleek horses and five sleek riders."

"I'm in love with this race of varied, colorful, alive, sophisticated people, speaking their beautiful language," I wrote, intemperately. "Sigh."

Within a few days, we got news of possible jobs back in Colorado. We doubled down on our preparations to return. And then suddenly, this: "Mike has been offered a job at the American School of Paris. We decided I should inquire about journalism possibilities here, impossible as they might seem."

Dutifully, I made the rounds — the IHT and *Newsweek*, AP, UPI, the *Washington Post*, *Time* – and, dutifully, I received the response I expected: "Nothing now."

And *then:*

"We ran into a newsman in that horrible Hôtel des Postes telephone room. He was phoning a story to CBC in Toronto. I approached him (he made it easier by asking for our IHT for a few minutes). Within fifteen minutes, he'd convinced me there is more here to do than I can possibly find time for, and given me his hotel address so I could stop by and pick up an invitation to a party to be given the following night by *The Paris Metro*."

I didn't record how long after the party it was that I walked into *Metro's* offices to propose a story to Harry Stein on black African workers in Paris. I did record what happened after:

"I came out of the *Metro* office, approached the first African I saw, and ended up having lunch with him (courtesy of his purchase of a can of sardines) at the Hôtel de Ville refectory for moving workers. That night I went to his apartment, met another fellow, and the story was rolling.

"I'm thrilled we'll be living in Paris. Now, if we can find the perfect apartment, I'm ready to settle in blissfully."

The apartment wasn't perfect, but it turns out a baby can sleep just fine in a closet.

Paris WAS just about perfect (sigh).

"Paris' Africans: Strangers In A Strange Land" was *The Metro*'s cover story in August 1977.

And I did get back into journalism.

Strangers in a strange land

Paris' Africans are not all streetsweepers and street vendors, but they do all have the same object in coming here: to make money and get out

by Geneva Overholser

Kayes, Mali – It's 118 degrees. The sky is a flat blue-grey. Everything appears to be on the other side of a finely dusted windshield, the colors washed out, the buildings more distant than they are, the hills barely visible on the horizon.

The road, where it tilts upward, has a gully down the middle, the sign of a rain now difficult to imagine. Running parallel with the train tracks, it passes the Hotel du Rail, a massive old building now boarded up. The other houses are small and square and made of an adobe with more straw in it than usual, leaving an irregular surface of dry daubs on the walls.

There is no one walking along the road, but there is one sheep under a tree, panting slowly, and a horse twitching flies from trickles of sweat across its back. Even the lizards seek the shade here, burrowing deep under the scorching upper layer of sand.

One dull concrete colonial building which used to house the Citroen dealer marks the center of town. Everywhere the doors are open, but it looks like a fairy tale where someone sprinkles a golden dust and all fall asleep as they are: the tailors with their chests arched over their sewing machines, old men stretched in the shade of the eaves on the sand or on X-shaped plank chairs, heads to the side, mouths open.

Kayes, 700 kilometers from the end of the rail line at Dakar, is the center of the «three frontiers» region of the upper Senegal River valley, where Mali meets Senegal and Mauritania. This area is the home of eight out of ten black African workers in Paris.

in France. Typically, the workers are men between 20 and 30 years old who have come alone, without their families.

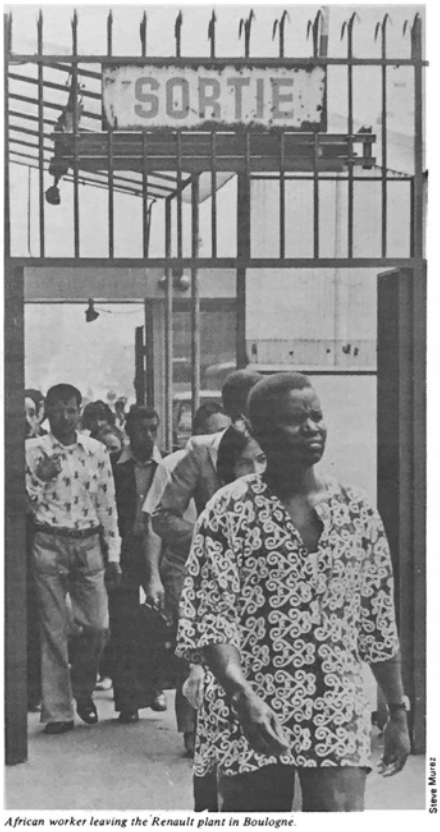
Most of them are on repeat visits. Every two or three years, they go home and take with them whatever savings they have accumulated. But, after a year or so, the savings are gone, and there is little means of replenishing them without returning to France.

The land in the three frontiers area is parched nine months out of the year. During the other three, when the Senegal River floods its banks, the millet raised along it may bring 30 centimes a kilo, the maize or peanuts little more. There's no choice but to look elsewhere for the money to buy cloth or kitchen utensils, to pay a dowry or a local tax.

Though they began to come to France in large numbers only after 1960, the men of the three frontiers have been looking elsewhere for centuries, ever since the interruption of the ancient trans-Saharan trade in salt, gold, ivory, and gum arabic that made them rich and gave them prestige.

When the Europeans came, they took over what trade remained and turned the area into a manpower pool for their push farther into Africa. Later, sons of the men who had served the French army as sharpshooters or servants, set out to trade in kola nuts throughout West and Central Africa, to work the peanut or cotton plantations of Gambia, or to mine diamonds in Zaire.

But when the 1960s brought independence to these countries, the new presidents wanted the work to



Steve Muretz

African worker leaving the Renault plant in Boulogne.

it forms the border between France and Spain. In the same month, 70 African immigrants were found in a sheep pen in the Basque region. In July 1972, border officials discovered 58 Malian stowaways in a goods truck. In April 1973, three Africans died of cold and hunger on a trail in the Pyrénées.

The misery is relieved for the more fortunate immigrants who reach Paris knowing an address memorized from childhood: the address of their «village bis,» the Parisian outpost where the new arrival will find a home among the «brothers» from his native village who made it possible for him to come.

This home is called a «foyer.» There are scores of them scattered throughout the Paris area, especially in the near western suburbs, where many of the immigrants work. Préfecture surveys indicate that about a fourth of the working populations of Boulogne-Billancourt and Clichy, for example, are African.

In good weather, especially, the foyers are easy to spot because Africans, at home or in Paris, are likely to be outdoors. In Courbevoie, on any pretty Sunday, you can find a slice of Africa just behind the climate control plant for La Défense. There, under the shadow of all those futuristic skyscrapers, sits a squat, solid-looking, white building with a courtyard straight out of an old colonial hotel in Tambacounda or Bamako.

In the courtyard are a hundred or so of the foyer residents, dressed in light-colored flowing robes with embroidered pockets in the front center, or bloomer-like pants gathered at the knee. They wear turbans or neat pillboxes threaded with fine designs. And they are engaged in that venerable African institution of enthusiastic banter, the *palaver*.

The foyer residents, sometimes numbering more than 700, share the traditional communal life imported from the valley – and also the difficulties presented by Paris.

It is the new arrival's «brothers» in the foyer who sent him the money

Geneva Overholser is reaping the wonderful experience of four decades in newspapering by serving on boards (CUNY Graduate School of Journalism, Women's Media Center, Academy of American Poets, Rita Allen Foundation) and consulting/ leading projects with the Democracy Fund on journalism and public engagement, and with the American Academy of Arts and Sciences on the Public Face of Science. She's living in New York, and loving it — almost as much as she did Paris.

MEMORIES OF A METRO LINE FROM CAPE TOWN TO PARIS

When I first met Joel Stratte-McClure in 1974, I was the Africa correspondent of *The Times of London* and he was 25 and had just hiked and hitched his way from Paris to Cape Town, wearing the same T-shirt and jeans throughout the length of the continent.

"Mike," yelled Peter Younghusband, the Africa correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* and *The Washington Post*, from the office next door to mine at News Services Limited, the unofficial international press center in Cape Town. "Can you take this young fellow to your tailor and get him togged up."

This was in the South Africa of the early 1970s when women wore long dresses to see a movie, men wore a collar and tie to dinner, and even I was inclined to wear a suit to the office despite the summer heat. I sent Joel to my tailor on Adderly Street, got him a line of credit and transformed him into working journalist who then began to strike it rich covering Africa for *Business Week* and other publications in the U.S. and throughout the world. Tutored by Younghusband, the doyen of journalists in Africa, Joel sold the same stories — and submitted the same expense accounts — to newspapers and magazines on four different continents.

And so began a friendship that blossomed in both the dubious pleasures of apartheid-South Africa — think *Whites Only* beaches, bars and birds — and the more adventurous and occasionally exotic freedoms of black Africa. It was a friendship that has enlivened my professional and social life, spasmodically, ever since.

Joel and I enjoyed a last long lunch together on the day I left Cape Town to take up a new assignment in Lisbon to cover the aftermath of the overthrow of the dictatorial regime in Portugal. That was in 1975 and, as this was pre-internet, we more or less lost contact with each other for the next two years.

However, in May 1977, after being back in Africa to report on the last days of white minority rule in what was to become Zimbabwe, I was heading to London on home leave when I heard, through the journalistic grapevine, that Joel was publisher, columnist and reporter for a magazine in Paris.

Springtime in Paris? That seemed like a good idea. A change from covering wars and revolutions on the "dark continent." I contacted Joel and arranged to travel to London via Paris.

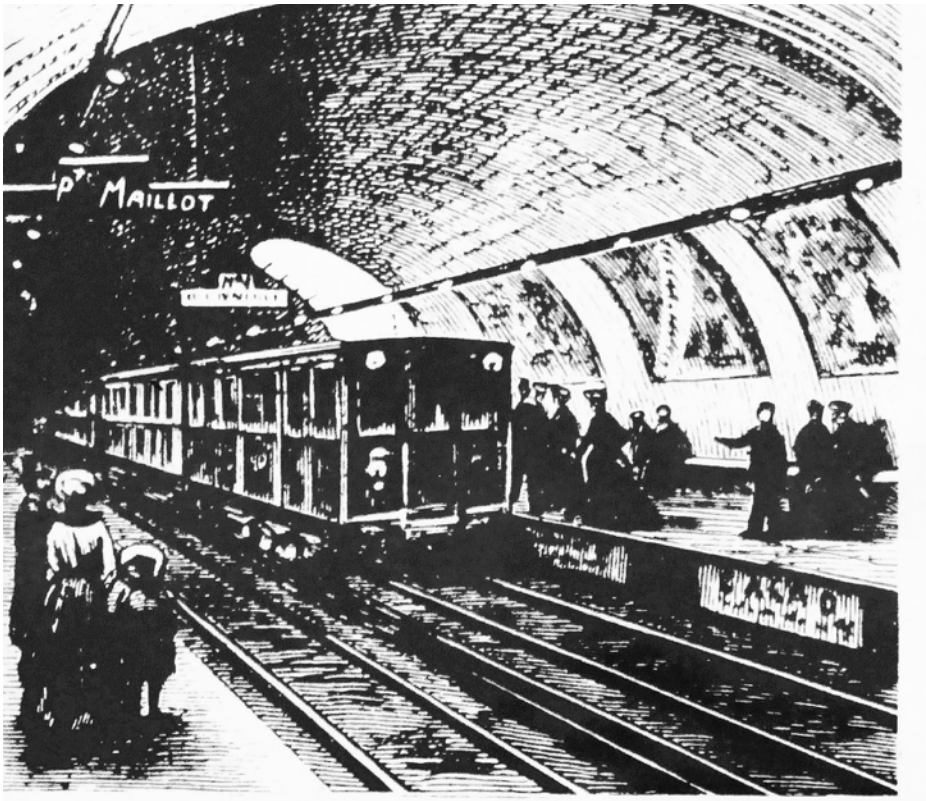
Joel had told me there was going to be a party in Paris. And as this was Joel, it did not surprise me. However, when he mentioned *The Paris Metro,* I presumed that this would be merely the method of getting to the said party venue.

Remember, all of this was almost 40 years ago. Elvis Presley had just performed for the last time before his death and France had carried out its last execution by guillotine. *Ain't Gonna Bump No More* by Joe Tex was 12th on the Billboard Hot 100 chart and *Never Mind The Bollocks, Here's The Sex Pistols* was released.

Apple was shipping the first of its computers and Djibouti gained independence from France. *Beatlemania* was opening on Broadway, American newspapers revealed that the U.S. had developed a neutron bomb, and former White House chief of staff H.R. Haldeman and former Attorney General John Mitchell were being locked up.

While all this was going on, I was on my way to the Metro station to catch a train to Joel's party. To my amazement, the station itself was filled with balloons and champagne, as well as people celebrating in high spirits. Being an Englishman, my first thought was that the Parisians were joining the British to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth's reign as monarch.

That very day, more than one million people lined the streets of London to watch the Royal Family on their way to St. Paul's Cathedral. The Queen, and Prince Philip, led the procession in the golden state coach. Despite the rain, thousands had camped out overnight to try to get a better view of the procession as it made its way down the Mall and through Trafalgar Square. Across Britain millions of people had tuned in to watch events on the television and many more were celebrating with their own street parties. To me, it seemed quite probable



THE PARIS METRO FIRST ANNIVERSARY

THE PARIS METRO INVITES

TO CELEBRATE ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY
IN THE PARIS METRO
THURSDAY JUNE 9, 1977 18H-20H

AT STATION: PORTE MAILLOT QUAI 1 BIS

ENTREES: AVE. DE LA GRANDE ARMEE AND
PARKING DU PALAIS DES CONGRES

AVEC LE CONCOURS GRACIEUX DE LA RATP

THIS INVITATION REQUIRED FOR ENTRY
VALID FOR 2 PERSONS.

that the Parisians, not having a queen of their own, would want to join in these festivities.

But what can I remember about the party celebrating the first anniversary of *The Paris Metro*? I have a hazy mental image of Joel's charming apartment on the Île Saint-Louis, strolling with him on the cobblestone streets of Paris, enjoying brunch each day at — what was it's name? Le Flore en l'Île? Most vividly, I have a captivating memory of Joel's girlfriend at the time, the glorious Gloria.

But of *The Metro* Metro party? Not a lot.

So, a couple of days ago I climbed the steps up to my London attic to locate my 1977 diary which, like hundreds of others, is filled with a record of my daily wanderings and mental meanderings. I hunted through the jumble of possessions assembled during 38 years of journalistic travels through 85 different countries – assorted African drums, newspaper cuttings, Arab hookah pipes, reference books, American Indian trinkets, photo albums, traditional Arabian Jambiya daggers from Yemen, and a long knife collected from the one-time headhunting Dayak tribesmen of Borneo.

After some hours of searching I found a dog-eared 1977 desk diary. Eagerly, I thumbed through the pages, learning that in January I visited a village in Angola where a raid by the African nationalist guerrillas had made a thousand villagers homeless. In March, I was at Victoria Falls, where I noted that middle-class African ladies joined white ones in enjoying Ivor Novello show tunes played by a military band.

My thumb met the month of June. This was it! Success! I'd find my usual detailed daily account of my time in Paris. But Thursday June 2nd was blank! Empty. Not a word. So were Friday 3rd, Saturday 4th and Sunday 5th.

Must have been a great party (Joel insists that many of us went to La Coupole for a late dinner afterwards), though it has left me feeling as though I'm the character played by Ray Milland in the 1945 film *The Lost Weekend*.

What can I contribute to *The Paris Metro 40th Anniversary Issue*? What do I remember of my time in Paris?

Nothing, except a fond memory of the glamorous Gloria.

But I'm sure I enjoyed the party.

And that memory of Gloria is a treasure.

Michael Knipe was a foreign correspondent for *The Times of London* from 1969 to 1979 before becoming foreign news editor, diplomatic correspondent and editor of foreign economic surveys. He is now a semi-retired, London-based freelance journalist, editorial consultant, and the editor of *The Idiot and the Odyssey II: Myth, Magic and Madness on the Mediterranean* by Joel Stratte-McClure.

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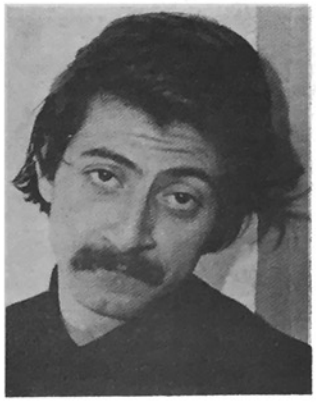
COVER: Photos by Sergio Gaudenti and Patrick Vappereau; montage by Jean Levy.

Behind the lines



Sergio Gaudenti

composed shot of striking workers at a meeting, his camera caught something of the anguish and determination of those assembly line workers trying to grab a shred of control over their lives. One gently caresses the arm of his neighbor in a brotherly gesture. Made into a widely distributed poster at the time, Sergio's photo generated howls of outrage by those who felt it might be perceived as suggesting homosexuality. «People have been trained to expect certain images,» Sergio explains, «and in the case of workers on strike, they expect virility, strength, hands raised in clenched fists. But things aren't always like that. Workers aren't necessarily pretty. Some are ugly, worn, tired, dirty, frightened, obsessed with emulating the bourgeoisie. The same ly described in those terms. Anti-heroin community organizing in Milan and an enormous underground media seem to provide the seeds of a new, if chaotic, society which suggests enormous change is on the way.

In addition to work with Italian photo agencies and magazines like *Le Nouvel Observateur*, Sergio has been freelancing for the Metro since our second issue. While becoming one of our most prolific photographers – the current issue marks his sixth cover for us – he has carefully cultivated a sophisticated style all his own. Artfully composed still lifes, an eye for the significant detail, photos full of motion, rich, grainy textures, and an uncanny ability to capture the dynamics of odd human relation-

Memory refresher: the table of contents for *The Metro*'s first anniversary issue.

HOW DID SCOOPS FROM GERMANY MAKE IT INTO *THE PARIS METRO*?

In the old days, a mere four decades ago, we kept in touch with typewritten letters — few and far between. Forget telephones, unless you were in a city where you knew someone or had the patience to trudge to the usually crowded central post office. That's why, in the late 1970s, we didn't know that Joel Stratte-McClure and Harry Stein, who graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism with us in 1971, were in Paris. And they didn't know we were in Munich, where Pat was freelancing and Alex worked for Radio Free Europe.

Serendipity intervened at some point in 1977 when we took the night train from Munich to Paris for a romantic jaunt. We arrived at the Gare du Nord, set out for some friends' apartment and stumbled over a copy of *The Paris Metro*. I distinctly remember that we tucked it away for several hours before sitting down to read it at a fashionable cafe where we both jumped up unfashionably with a start: "My God, it's Joel and Harry! Here! Now."

We tracked them down to a dusty, dirty office in the Marais, not far from Place des Vosges.

"Fresh talent!" they said in unison after we brought them up to speed on our activities since we left grad school. "We really *NEED* correspondents in Germany."

Within minutes, they had Alex committing to a story about his fascination with the *Kinderfeindlich* German society, or the hostility with which Germans tend to treat their children.

"They hate kids and there is almost nothing in Germany for the amusement of children," Alex explained as we drank more than one *kir royale* each at a café on nearby rue des Archives. "'*Zey must be dizipliniert!'* (Alex can do a very convincing German accent!) and not heard anywhere — by neighbors, out on the street or in school — except perhaps on a playground, and then only during certain hours."

The result, Alex told *The Metro* boys, is that Germany had one of the lowest birth rates in the world. It wasn't even replacing its population. It was going out of business. *The Metro* story had the not-so-subtle headline:

The Amazing Disappearing Germans!

And some irreverent wit inserted a photo of Hitler with the caption:

Adolf: There goes the master race.

Those were the days of the notorious Baader-Meinhof gang and Red Army faction terrorists (aka *Hitlerkinder* grown up not so *dizipliniert*) that produced repressive restraints on civil liberties by the German government. Pat wrote a story for *The Metro* about all the political and anti-political activity that mentioned everything from the discovery of Hitler's long lost son and the kidnapping of Hanns Martin Schleyer, a former SS Untersturmführer and the head of the German Employers Confederation, to the hijacking of a Lufthansa flight to Mogadishu and a McCarthy-like witch hunt by the government.

Once again, *The Metro* promoted the story with a not-too-subtle title…

The Hitler Complex

…and subtitle:

Hitler rising from the grave? Maybe not. But to both the Right and the Left, Germany's current political psychodrama is raising the spectre of the Third Reich.

Looking back, those headlines don't seem too outlandish and the stunned German reaction was not unlike that in the U.S. after 9/11: security fanatics flexed their muscles and the German Parliament passed a law that forbade imprisoned terrorist suspects from consulting with lawyers. The handful of legislators who dared oppose the drastic measure were pictured on the front page of the liberal *Süddeutsche Zeitung* with one word above their photos:

Abweichler ***(Deviants)***

It was an exciting era and fun to convey a little bit about it in *The Metro*, which had the nerve and verve to casually take on *Kinderfeindlich,* Hitler, terrorists and the German government.

Now we've come full circle to discover through Joel that David Chazan, a journalist we knew in Nairobi in the 1990's, was also plugged into *Paris Metro* frivolity.

Perhaps it's just enough to bring us to Paris for the 40th reunion and suggest some political stories from our current base near Washington, DC.

Anyone thinking Master Race or Hitler Complex these days?

Pat Reber and Alex Belida attended the Columbia School of Journalism in 1971 and were married in 1976. Pat was a freelance writer for various publications in Germany from 1974 to 1985 and, after a period as a newspaper reporter in the U.S., wrote for *USA Today*, People and other publications in Nairobi from 1993-1996. She reported for the Associated Press from Johannesburg until she returned to Washington, DC, in 2000 to join the German Press Agency (DPA) as reporter and editor for North and South America coverage. She retired in 2015.

Alex Belida worked for Radio Free Europe in Munich from 1974 to 1982, when he became a European correspondent for the Voice of America. VOA appointed him Senior White House correspondent in 1985 and from 1993-2000 he was their East Africa correspondent in Nairobi and Southern Africa bureau chief in Johannesburg. He returned to Washington in 2000 as Pentagon correspondent and became managing editor of VOA News in 2004. He retired in 2011 and is working on two novels.

HOW DID *THE PARIS METRO* DISCOVER THE BEST BREAD IN TOWN

From Desperate to Be a Housewife*, a memoir by Meg Bortin (Mirabelle Books, 2013): This episode takes place in the summer of 1977, when I had returned to Paris to be with my French boyfriend, Yves. In the memoir, I changed the names of all the characters – to protect the guilty. Here I have restored the real names.*

I'd been back in France only a couple of days when I heard about a new *Village Voice*-style newspaper in English that had started up while I'd been in the States.

"It's called *The Paris Metro*," Yves said. "I've heard it's pretty good. Why don't you take a look? Maybe you could write for them."

"What could a bunch of expat Americans know about Paris?" I replied, forgetting that I was an expat American myself.

When I finally saw the paper, I was impressed. It had an edgy cover story, a hip cast of critics, a terrific back-page going-out guide and plenty of listings. But could I write for them?

August in Paris was gray that year, with one rainy day after another. A week or so into this gloom, I slipped on my poncho and headed toward the Marais. *The Metro's* headquarters was on the rue des Francs-Bourgeois. As the rain sluiced down I found myself in front of a 17th-century building that opened onto a cobblestone courtyard. I checked out the dilapidated premises, evidently once a stately home, now coated in black soot. In the courtyard, a youngish man in a helmet was trying to get his motorcycle running. He looked like he could be American. I took a deep breath.

"Hi," I said, "is this *The Paris Metro*?" He looked up.

"Yeah. Why?"

"I think I want to write for them. Do you work there?"

"Yeah. I'm the editor."

He returned his attention to the bike.

"Oh, right." I tried to smile. "Well, my name is Meg Bortin and I'd like to write for you."

"Yeah?" he said as the motorcycle again sputtered and died. "Do you know how to write?"

"Of course."

"What do you write?"

"Letters."

"Letters?"

"Yes."

He looked up dubiously.

"Letters home, full of color. Long letters."

"Okay. You don't write. What do you read?"

"Um, books?" I said, fumbling for the right answer.

“No, no. What periodicals do you read?”

“I read *Le Monde*.”

“What else?”

“Well, I read *The New York Review of Books*, and the *International Herald Tribune* when I can afford it.”

“Do you read *Harper’s*?”

“No.”

“Do you read *The Atlantic*?”

“No.”

“Do you read *Esquire*?”

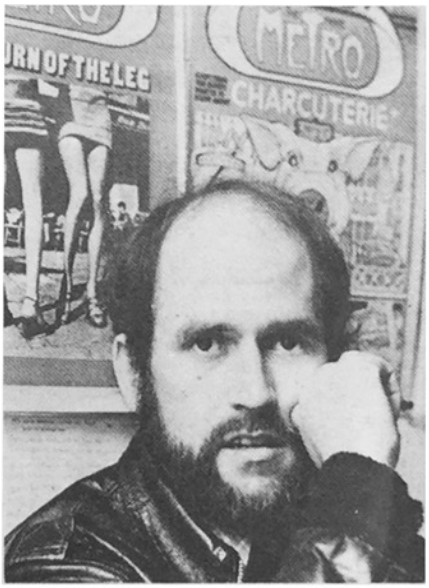
“Certainly not!”

“Well then, what makes you think you can write for *The Metro*?”

My heart was sinking faster than the Titanic.

“Well – I know Paris like the back of my hand. I’m fluent in French. People talk to me. And I think I can tell a good story.”

Meg Bortin...



...meets Tom Moore.

“Yes, but you don’t write...”

This was going nowhere. I was about to leave when a voice boomed down into the courtyard.

“Tom! Send her up to me!”

The *deus ex machina* was a curly-haired man leaning out of a top story window. He had apparently heard the entire conversation.

“Who’s that?” I asked the motorcycle man.

“He’s another editor. Harry.”

“Thanks!” I said gratefully, bounding into the building, up four winding flights of stairs and into a grubby corridor.

Harry ushered me into his office and gave me a cup of coffee.

“So what do you want to write?” he asked.

“I’m open to ideas. Please try me out. Suggest something. I swear you won’t be disappointed.”

“Well, we’ve been looking for someone to write a piece on where to find the best French bread in Paris. A survey piece. But I’d rather try you out on something simpler.”

“No, no, I could do that,” I replied. “In fact, until I came back to Paris last month, I was working at a French-style café in the States where I had to bake 12 loaves a day. So I do know something about bread.”

“Fine,” said Harry. “You can have 1,500 words. Bring me the story two weeks from today.”

I left in a flutter. Where to begin? There were more than a thousand bakeries in Paris and I couldn’t visit all of them. But I started asking around and soon I was wallowing in bread.

The way to handle the situation, I decided, would be *le taste test.* I brought home a few *baguettes* a day for blind tastings, and we graded the bread from 1 to 5. It was fun, but it didn't solve the problem. I'd have to do more legwork.

At the French Bakers Confederation, I learned that many bakers were now adding bean flour to their baguettes, which was legal but made the bread dry and tasteless. The best bakeries still used a sourdough-like yeast, which gave a moister, chewier consistency. Fine. It still wasn't enough for a story.

My next stop was Poilâne in the chic 6th *arrondissement.* It was famous for its huge delicious wheels of beige country bread. The boss, Lionel Poilâne, gave me a tour of his ancient stone cellar, where loaves were rising in linen-lined baskets and baking in wood-fired brick ovens. We went back upstairs to his office, where he showed me a curvy chandelier fashioned from bread dough. Intrigued, I followed him to the back office where Monsieur Poilâne opened the door to reveal an ornate four-poster bedstead that he had sculpted out of bread dough – for Salvador Dalí!

This is it, I said to myself, deciding on the spot to become a journalist. What profession could possibly be more amusing? Now all I had to do was write the story.

The *Give Us Our Daily Bread* piece finally ran in the October 27 issue as a double-page spread with a teaser out front. Writing it had been harder work than I'd imagined, but Harry was pleased with the result. Readers wrote in with their comments, I was given a new assignment and it felt like the start of something big.

16

Though industrialization threatens France's most stable staple, you can bet your brioche that some of the finest bread in the world can still be found in Paris

by Meg Bortin

give us our daily bread

It's morning in Paris. Still half asleep, you throw on a coat and run downstairs for fresh bread to have with your morning coffee. As you approach the neighborhood boulangerie, you are greeted by the delectable aroma of bread baking. Your mouth waters as you walk back up the stairs, baguette tucked under your arm, anticipating the pleasure of the first crusty mouthful.

A familiar scene, and no wonder. Whether with cheese, pâté, or simply fresh butter, there's nothing as good – nor as French – as French bread. Yet the French are each year consuming less per person of this most classic element of their renowned cuisine: 135 grams per day for the average Parisian, less than 180 grams per person per day for France as a whole in 1977. Relative to the amount of bread consumed per person per day in France in 1960 (260 grams), or during the 19th century (750 to 1000 grams), there's been a sizeable drop! And while there are no doubt many reasons for this seeming loss of interest in bread as a basic foodstuff – the most notable being the more diversified diet which has accompanied the gradual rise in France's standard of living – one thing is certain: the quality of the bread here is going downhill. As any *grand mère* can tell you, *le pain n'a plus de goût.*

Hard as it is to believe that modern times could be affecting as timeless an institution as French bread (surely some things must be sacred?) the increasing industrialization of the breadbaking trade can be readily discerned at your dinner table. For example, let's take another close look at that early morning scene. Just how sure are you that what you smelled was the bread actually baking? Reheating of pre-baked frozen loaves is becoming an increasingly widespread practice these days, even at the quaint little bakery shop down the street. As a consequence of this and other time-saving techniques, what's left of one's morning baguette is rarely still tasty in the evening. All too often it has become stale and inedible.

However, despite what seems to be overwhelming acceptance of this miserable situation on the part of the French, excellent bread is still to be found in Paris. While I was, of course, unable to visit all of the 1500-odd Parisian boulangeries, I did manage to come up with some notable addresses offering bread of superior quality and some where out-of-the-ordinary (for Paris) kinds of bread can be found. But by all means don't let this list limit your own searching, for in every quartier there's a *maître boulanger* to be discovered. To begin with, here are some things to keep in mind while you taste and test.

CLASSIC FRENCH BREAD

Although the job of *Grand Panetier*, or Royal Officer of the Bread, was abolished in 1719, the French to this day keep strict control over what goes into their bread. Far superior, nutritionally speaking, to its U.S. counterpart, French bread is legally defined as a product composed exclusively of flour, water, salt, and yeast. Minimal quantities of four relatively harmless additives are authorized: broadbean flour (2 percent), malt (0.3 percent), ascorbic acid, and gluten. (In the U.S., on the other hand, bread may legally contain up to 0.5 percent of such chemical additives as potassium bromate, ammonium chloride, stearyl tartrate, etc., as well as chemically bleached flour and yeast that has a base of aluminum compounds.)

But while France has so far resisted the onslaught of chemical «improvers» – at least where bread is concerned – other modernizing techniques are becoming more and more common here. For example, although only unbleached flour may legally be used for bread production in France, two other methods for «whitening» the bread are quite widely used these days: a lengthened kneading time at an accelerated speed, and the addition of broadbean flour. Unfortunately, the lighter, whiter bread produced by these techniques, which is generally more esteemed these days than the more compact version of yore, loses a good part of its flavor in the process. Together with speed-ups in bread-rising time and increases in the amount of leavening used, the bread's fragile equilibrium can easily be broken. What's more, freezing of partially or fully baked loaves – more economical for the baker in terms of both time and money – results in crumbly bread which dries out soon after being defrosted.

Another singular feature of French bread is, of course, that most current varieties are price-controlled. Thus, after the price hike of last August, a *pain parisien* is still your best buy, at 1.75 francs for 400 grams of bread, 4.40 francs per kilo. The *baguette* comes next at 1.15 francs for 250 grams, or 4.60 francs per kilo, and the *squat batard* is the same. Slightly more expensive (taxed) breads are the *facile* at 0,80 francs for 125 grams, or 6,40 per kilo, and the *petit pain* at 0,55 francs for 62 grams, or 8,80 francs per kilo.

To understate these rising prices – or for that homemade touch – there is still another possibility: many boulangers will sell you *pate a pain*, or uncooked bread dough, which you can then bake at home. A quick check of pricing showed 3 francs per kilo to be a pretty average price.

Nothin' sayz lovin' like something from the oven

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

Pain de campagne: Popular yet undefinable, this is the most common French bread after the classic white. However, while *pain de campagne* can be delicious and keep better than standard French bread, the huge variation in quality from one shop to another makes it a classic case of «let the buyer beware.» Esteemed more for its rustic appearance than for any more tangible quality, this expensive «country bread» is often indistinguishable from its more reasonably priced equivalent. In fact, selling for up to three times the price of a *pain taxé* of the same weight, it is often nothing more than the classic baguette in disguise, as a recently published survey in *Que Choisir* has shown. Happily, though, there are some signs by which you can tell the real thing. Look for bread made from stone-ground flour: *mouture à meules de pierre avec le germe entier.* This older and gentler way of milling the wheat produces a more complete flour which is richer in protein and contains less starch than the industrially milled flour most commonly used in Paris. In theory, all bread could be made with stone-ground flour, but the unhappy side of price-controlling is that most bakers buy the cheapest flour available in order to make the highest profit per baguette. As a general rule, the more complete the flour used, the better the bread will be. Thus, country bread made with a mixture of white and whole-wheat or rye flour (*farine complète* or *de seigle*) will be better than that made from just white

Pain au levain. Clearly superior to bread made with *levure*, or yeast, this is naturally fermented bread. Not only is *pain au levain* a more flavorful and nutritious bread, but it keeps considerably longer than yeast-based bread: up to eight days, compared to a baguette's typical 12 hours. However, using *levain* – is more costly and time-consuming, as well as a more delicate process than using yeast. For this reason, many bakers advertising *pain au levain* actually use a mixture of *levain* and *levure*, which allows for more predictable results but does not produce as high-quality bread as that made strictly *au levain*.

Pain cuit au feu de bois: Parallel to ecology and «back to the land,» has been an upsurge in interest in bread *fait à l'ancienne*. Unfortunately, as one baker told me, it's often more a matter of *le coup du décor*, or good salesmanship, than any improvement in the quality of the bread. Watch out for the devious *«pain cuit dans un four chauffé au bois,»* i.e., wood heat but of the sort where the heating element is isolated from the oven, giving essentially the same result as electric or gas heat. This is different from *«pain cuit au feu de bois,»* where the wood fire is in direct contact with the oven.

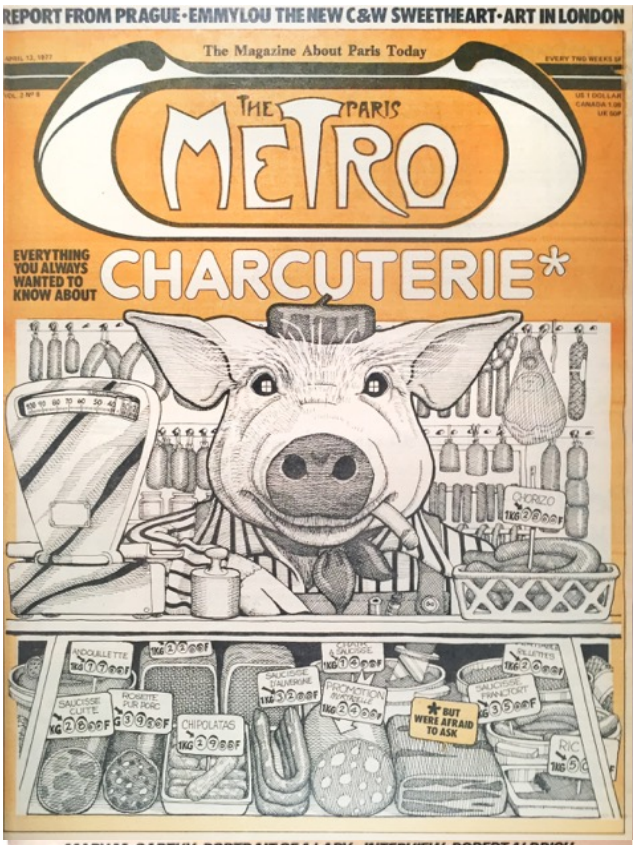
Pain biologique: Another result of the «nature» vogue is the increase in both the availability and quality of baguette in disguise, as a recently published survey in *Que Choisir* has shown. Happily, though, there are some signs by which you can tell the real thing. Look for bread made from stone-ground flour: *mouture à meules de pierre avec le germe entier.* This older and gentler way of milling the wheat produces a more complete flour which is richer in protein and contains less starch than the industrially milled flour most commonly used in Paris. In theory, all bread could be made with stone-ground flour, but the unhappy side of price-controlling is that most bakers buy the cheapest flour available in order to make the highest profit per baguette. As a general rule, the more complete the flour used, the better the bread will be. Thus, country bread made with a mixture of white and whole-wheat or rye flour (*farine complète* or *de seigle*) will be better than that made from just white

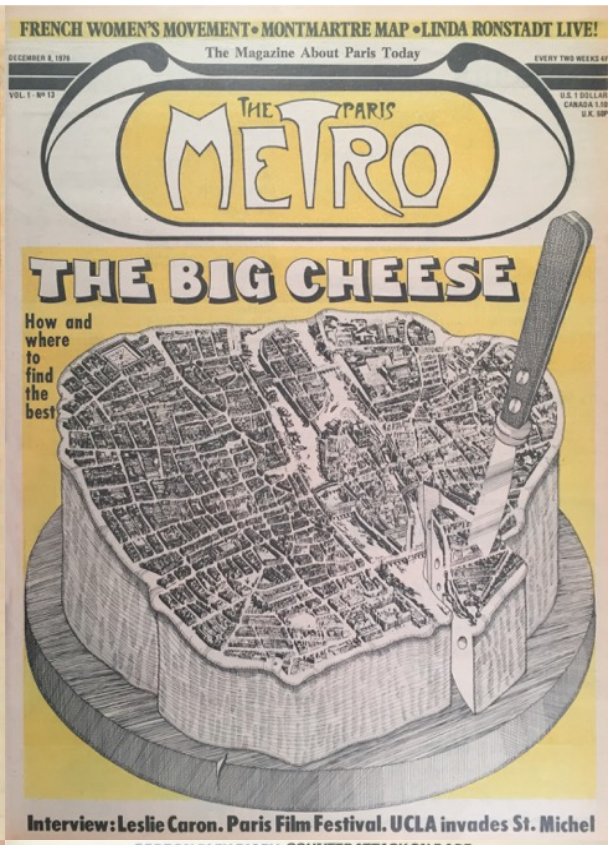
Setting out on my search for the ultimate in French bread, I used the above information as a guide, discovering along the way that places following the older methods for making country bread often produce the best baguettes as well. What follow, in alphabetical order, are some of my best finds.

After getting her start at *The Paris Metro*, Meg Bortin worked as a reporter and editor in Paris, London and Moscow, most recently for the *International Herald Tribune*. In the 1990s, she was the founding editor of Russia's first independent English-language daily, *The Moscow Times*. She is the author of two memoirs and writes a culinary blog, *The Everyday French Chef*. She lives in Paris with her teenage daughter, Djeneba.

Metro Covers

Paris Connection





DID *THE PARIS METRO* INVENT *WHAT'S IN/WHAT'S OUT?*

"It's true, right, no one had ever done anything like this before?" my friend Dominique put it to me not long ago.

"Absolutely not," I reassured her.

"Because when I tell people that we were the first, in *The Metro*, they don't believe it."

"I know, I get the same thing."

In fact, if anything the skepticism is even more pronounced in the New World than the Old. And why wouldn't it be?

These days the *What's In/What's Out* feature is a staple of middlebrow journalism around the world, as ubiquitous as the Ten Best Movies list. Why would anyone believe that it got its start in a defunct English-language city magazine in Paris – and that it was intended not as a style guide, but as tongue-in-cheek commentary on the slavish conformity of the locals?

The truth is, sometimes even I have to wonder. After all, my memory is tricky these days; watching Jeopardy, I'll know the answer is the Rosetta Stone, yet sit there mute, unable to access it. Could it be we really did rip off the *What's In/What's Out* idea?

***What's In/What's Out* centerfold from *The Paris Metro*, September 28th, 1977.**

But, no. For there is nothing I recall so vividly from those years as the very instant of inspiration.

The scene (for we're building a case here): July 1977, 4 rue Leon Blum, Jouy-en-Josas, 33 kilometers southwest of Paris. Now a museum (not for *What's In/What's Out*, but as the last home of Blum, the renowned Socialist prime minister) where my pal Dominique Torres, a reporter for Antenne 2 TV and Blum's step-granddaughter, lived with her family.

The most energetic person I've ever known, before or since, as well as the most opinionated, Dominique was six months pregnant and confined to bed with a broken leg, so deeply bored. I'd gone out to see her that Saturday afternoon to cheer her up

“Why don’t you write something for *The Metro*?” I suggested.

“About what,” she said, grabbing a handful of bedding, “*this*?”

“Well…”

“I do adore this quilt though!” she mused.

“Yeah, it’s nice.”

“What I *can’t* stand are those ridiculous Indian fabrics so many people put on their beds!”

Thus, like that, the idea was hatched.

With Dominique as sole, unquestioned and totally subjective arbiter, we would declare commercial products, people, trends, opinions and modes of behavior either ‘in’ or ‘out.’

I spent the next hour taking notes as she thought up categories and made pronouncements – Actresses, Underwear, Radio programs, Political positions, Lifestyles (In: Living outside Paris in a big house and working in town). At one point she had me run into her kitchen to jog her memory. Result: Kitchenware: In — Wire salad baskets, oil cloth, metal plates, and mugs (especially Chinese and Hungarian). Out — Paper tablecloths, unbreakable plates, Danish table wear. And also, Pre-prepared foods: In — Frozen. Out — Anything in a can.

Over the next several days, she called me at the office with new categories – Eyeglasses, Dinner guests, Soaps, Stimulants. Birth control methods. Some were legit and carefully considered, others just off the top of her head; some (Illness: In – Colitis, spasms. Out – Nervous breakdown, *crises de foie*; Dictators: In – Hitler, Out – Khaddaffi) were flat out ridiculous.

These last, actually, got closest to the point. The whole thing was a riff on the insecurity of the locals that left them desperate to be trendy in all conceivable ways. As if this wasn’t clear enough, we stuck on an introduction that said so explicitly. It observed that “if it suddenly became chic to wear a paper bag over one’s head, there’d instantly be four million people falling over one another in the streets;” and, for historical context, we went on to quote Benjamin Franklin to the effect that “being in Paris where the Mode is to be sacredly followed, I was once very near to making Love to my Friend’s Wife.”

(Speaking of which, and in the *plus ça change* department, under Sexual Lifestyles we offered In: *Partouzing* with one’s spouse. Out: Having affairs on the sly.)

We considered putting the piece on the cover, but since that appeared to give it too much weight, made it a two-page centerfold instead.

And that seemed to be the end of it. Except that within a couple of days, we started hearing people, and *lots* of them, were taping it to the wall and actually using it as a guide.

Then, a few months after that, there appeared a *What’s In/What’s Out* feature in French *Elle*.

And when I got back to the States, variations on it started popping up all over the place.

For all that, I’m willing to concede the possibility that someone else might have conceived the idea around the same time; they say that’s what happened with the telephone, the airplane and differential calculus.

But I’d have to see a date before September 28, 1977.

What's In/What's Out Then And Now

by Dominique Torres

ACTORS

1977

IN

Gerard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Alain Delon (back in).

OUT

Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean-Lous Trintignant.

2016

IN

Omar Sy (*Chocolat*), Guillaume Gallienne (writer, director, star of *Les Garçons et Guillaume à Table*), Gerard Depardieu (was out, but back in), Sean Penn.

OUT

Woody Allen, Clint Eastwood, Philippe Torreton.

CARS

1977

IN

Land Rovers (for the city).

OUT

American cars.

2016

IN

Fiat 500, Deux Cheveaux (very, very), old mini 'woodies.'

OUT

Land Rovers (in the city).

DINNER GUESTS

1977

IN

Homosexuals, Arabs. For celebrity bashes: Claire Bretecher, Regis Debray.

OUT

White collar types. Among celebrities: Roger Peyrefitte, David Hamilton.

2016

IN

Zineb el Rhazani (of *Charlie Hebdo*), the singer Renauld (again, now that he has stopped drinking), Boris Cyrulnik (best-selling neuropsychiatrist), the Pope (if he'll come).

OUT

Cecile Duflot (former leader of les Verts).

PARIS *QUARTIERS*

1977

IN

Bastille area, the Marais, unrenovated 14th.

OUT

Urban renewal condominiums anywhere.

2016

IN

The 18th (especially small houses with gardens), the 11th.

OUT

The 7th, the 16th and (soon, thanks to a glut of chi-chi boutiques) the Marais.

POLITICAL FIGURES

1977

IN

Brice Lalonde (the ecologist).

OUT

All party big shots – Left, Right, Center – and especially ex-premiers Debre, Chaban-Delmas, Messmer.

2016

IN

Kamel Daoud, Boualem Sansal and other Arab intellectuals who since the attacks have defended traditional French values and culture.

OUT

Melenchon, Montebourg, Sarkozy.

RESTAURANTS

1977

IN

La Ciboulette, Dodin Bouffant, Ta Yen, Le Train Bleu (still in: La Coupole, Lipp and Chez Edgar).

OUT

Coupe Chou, Julien, Laperouse.

2016

IN

Monteverdi, Brasserie du Beaujolais, Le Paul Bert, French bistros that feature Japanese chefs, and the three restaurants in the 11th attacked by terrorists.

OUT

All of those on the ’77 list (especially Edgar, who is dead), La Maison Blanche.

SINGERS

1977	2016
IN Anyone punk, Elvis (very).	**IN** Renaud (since he stopped drinking), Carla Bruni (for her compositions as well as her voice), Louana, Zaz.
OUT The Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd.	**OUT** Raphael.

Dominique Torres is a veteran French TV journalist (Antenne 2), writer (latest book, *Un Si Cher Ami,* on President François Mitterrand's complicated relationship with his closest friend) and founder of the anti-slavery organization *Comité Contre L'esclavage Moderne*, for which she was awarded the *Légion d'honneur*. Though she no longer helps Harry Stein shop for his clothes, they remain best buddies.

Dining out (side)

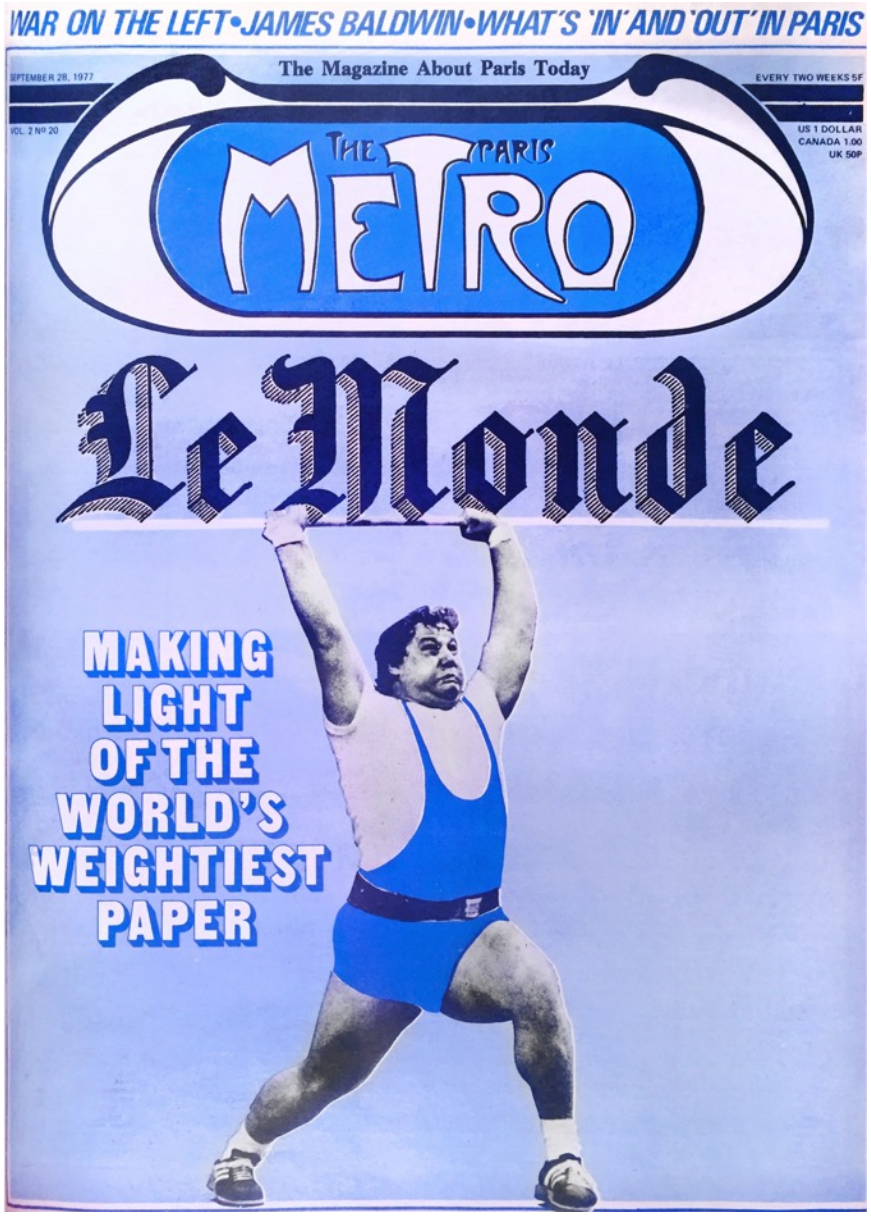
Pollution and pigeons along with the charm

by Justine De Lacy

THE PARIS METRO TAKES ON *LE MONDE*

The Paris Metro didn't just take on Paris and France. In September 1977 it even confronted the world, or *Le Monde*, the French daily at the peak of its influence with the reputation as the French "*quotidien de référence*." The battle was truly an American David pitting itself against a French Goliath.

Could *The Paris Metro* stand up to *Le Monde*?



As the editorial triumvirate of Tom Moore, Harry Stein and Craig Unger assigned the various stories that make up *The Metro*'s cover issue, it befell to me, then an editor at Hachette Jeunesse, to write the "serious" pieces that would explain why it was fair to "make light of the world's weightiest paper."

I set to work and, reading my piece today with the benefit of almost forty years of hindsight, I didn't miss any of the sore spots that were to bedevil the daily for years and ultimately develop into a full-blown crisis in 2003 when a book by Pierre Péan and Philppe Cohen — *La Face Cachée du Monde* (*The Dark Side of Le Monde*) — slammed the newspaper's pretense of neutrality and exposed it as an instrument of destabilization and intimidation with its own political and business agendas. The authors accused the paper's management and editors of concealing scandals, influencing French politics and hiding the paper's financial woes. *Le Monde* has never fully recovered from the turmoil that ensued.

But self-righteousness, arrogance, an inability to own up to its mistakes, double standards on human rights issues and other failings and shortcomings were already on display in 1977 when I tore into *Le Monde* with the chutzpah and bluster of my 27 years.

When my analysis, along with a couple of hilarious fabricated stories illustrating how *Le Monde* would cover the end of the world, hit the newsstands I sat tight, expecting to experience the wrath of the *Royalty of the French Press*, as my article was titled. For a while, nothing happened, much to my disappointment. Was *Le Monde* going to ignore the offense, in keeping with its well-established sense of superiority?

A few days later, I got a call from Nicole Bernheim, a friend of my mother's. She had been the *Le Monde* correspondent in New York and was the newspaper's resident expert on American society and politics.

"Care for a cup of coffee?" Nicole asked me.

When we met, she handed me what looked like a clipping

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR ALREADY — 2 PAGES NEXT TO LAST EDITION — —SUNDAY 25 – MONDAY 26 – TUESDAY 27 SEPTEMBER 1977

Clouds in the Southwest

Le World

Writer: Rodger Kamenetz — Designer: bill butt

1,50 F

The world seems to be coming to an end

Diplomatic maneuvers in Washington — strange silence in Moscow — disquiet at Le World

STRANGE BULLETIN

Pagopagopago: smouldering intrigue

M. Kakalaka- master of the game?

Report of the Commission on agriculture

Communism and cabbage

Neutralizing neutrons

Discomfort in Bern, indifference everywhere else

Le mal suisse

By our special correspondent, PIERRE ANGOISSE

The latest study, by Pierre Angoisse, author of *Le mal allemand*, *Le mal turkmène* etc.

LE MAL A DROIT

a scathing study of unease on the right. Be the first to find out what's wrong – before it's too late.

EDITIONS TROUBLES 25F

THE PARIS METRO SEPTEMBER 28, 1977

from *Le Monde*. It was a boxed, two-hundred word piece with her byline, printed in *Le Monde*'s distinctive font, that turned out to be the newspaper's reply to my impertinent attack.

Nicole's gentle service return to my slingshot slap was ironic but good natured. She poked fun at *The Metro,* and me, for using words like *mugwumpism* that smacked, she wrote, of "an elitism that would have been a bit over the top even for *Le Monde*."

But *Le Monde's* executive editor was not amused and scrapped the piece unceremoniously just before the day's edition went to press. My reminder of their starry-eyed reporting of the fall of Phnom Penh to the Khmer Rouge apparently rankled him more than anything else.

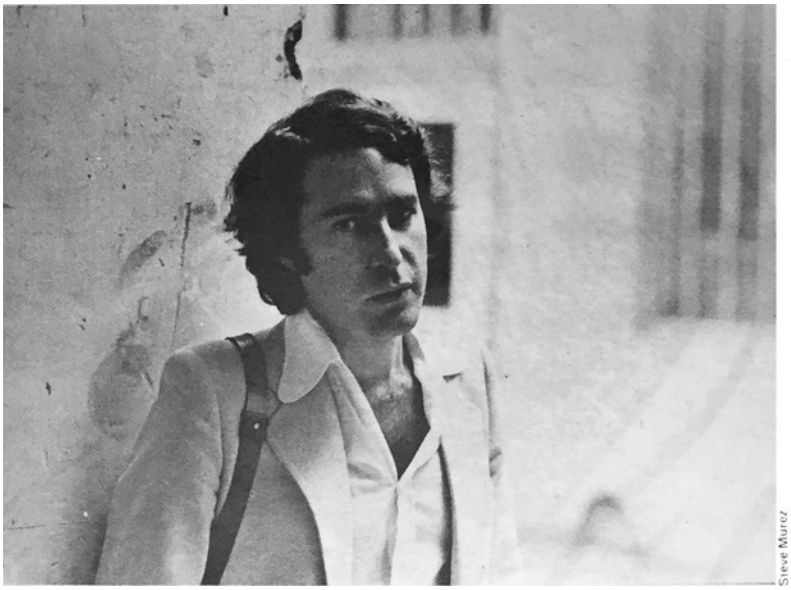
"We're not going to honor every little prick who comes after us with an official reply, are we?" Nicole told me he said. "Or if we do it had better be a strong-worded rebuttal," implying Nicole had been too benign.

"Keep it," she said as we parted.

For a couple of days, I agonized. Running a facsimile of *Le Monde*'s non-reply in the upcoming issue of *The Metro* would be quite a scoop. But wouldn't that compromise my source? Surely the leak could be easily traced to Nicole and she would be in trouble. *The Metro* deadline came and went, and then it was too late. My loyalty to my mother's friend had trumped my loyalty to *The Paris Metro*.

A few months later, I ran into Nicole and she expressed mild surprise that I hadn't put her gift to good use, inferring that publishing her piece was precisely what she hoped I would do. She was a battle-scarred reporter who had a few scores to settle and although she couldn't go as far as suggesting outright that *The Metro* run her rebuttal, she had assumed a brash young reporter working for a no-holds-barred publication would have no qualms.

Was I naïve? Was I principled? Was it naïve to be principled? Forty years later, the question lingers. The mere fact that I ponder it suggests that I haven't changed, for better or for worse.



"Was I naïve? Was I principled? Was it naïve to be principled?" asks Ronald Blunden.

Ronald Blunden is Senior Vice President for Corporate Communications of Hachette Livre, the global publishing company, and an editor-at-large with Calmann-Lévy, one of France's oldest imprints. He has recently completed editing and translating into American English a collection of French short stories by twenty different authors entitled *On the Existence of Porte de Champerret*.

Metro Covers

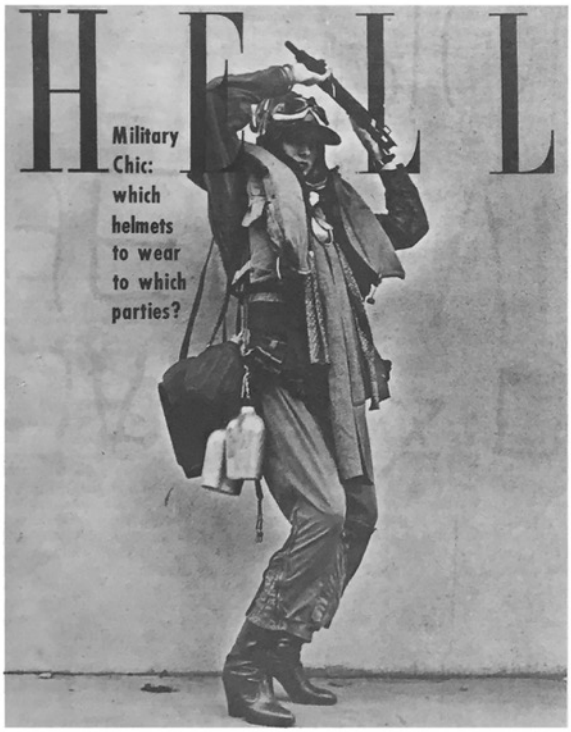
Not

THE PARIS METRO

Uncovers: the mags that make the mode

Model: Ing Marie (Models International)/Breasts: L'Amicale

Cosmopolitan: For the woman who lives for her breasts, her orgasms and her man.

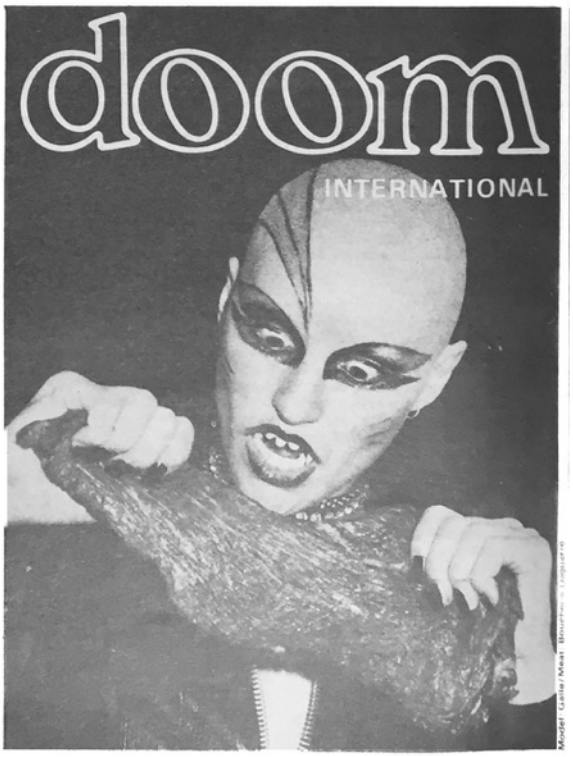


Model: Janet (Eliel)/Wardrobe: Optic/Machine gun: Armes Loki

Elle: The trendsetter. If it appears here today, they'll be wearing it at La Coupole tomorrow.

Photographed by Claude Vaujany

THE PARIS METRO OCTOBER 27, 1976



Mode International The woman as maneater and sado masochist

FROM THE PARIS METRO TO VOGUE: WORKING WITH JOE GAFFNEY

I picked up the copy of *The Paris Metro* aghast.

Beverly Goldberg, my best friend, had written a story about a young American girl becoming a "kept woman," a rich man's mistress, in Paris. Although not identified by name, I had shared with her a lot about my own love life that she used in the story, although much of it was exaggerated for journalistic effect.

In reality, I was actually pretty excited about my turn of luck. I had met and fallen for a debonair French count, head of an international Champagne brand. He had moved me into an apartment he owned. But at the time, I was pretty angry with Beverly who, it seemed to me, had portrayed my life as a cliché. In the end, that anger led to my writing for *Vogue Hommes*.

In February 1977, I had moved out of my tiny attic *chambre de bonne* to the rue du l'Université on the Left Bank, where my new boyfriend kept an elegantly furnished apartment. I no longer had to worry about rent, hot water, or where to hang my clothes. And, I had a telephone!

It didn't matter that my new friend was still married; after all, he and his wife had led separate lives for the last decade and I wasn't his first or only "girlfriend." But I was the only one who lived in his *garconnière*.

I was the one he took to dinner on his motorcycle to eat caviar at Petroussian, on ski trips to his chalet in Klosters, and to Mardi Gras in Brazil. For the next couple of years I accompanied him to events in Monte Carlo, Le Mans, and the Côte d'Azur.

But at the time of Beverly's article on the "kept woman," I felt insulted. Fortunately, it gave me the courage to call editor Gerard Asaria at *Vogue Hommes* and propose a story about the appeal of older French men to younger women. Over the next five years, the magazine asked me to write other pieces about the seductive ways of Paris.

I wrote about French men's bedrooms, their pick-up lines, their most seductive habits and French lingerie. One day I wrote about how Parisian men loved to pick up foreign tourists. Asaria suggested I work with Joe Gaffney who would create photographs to illustrate my articles.

Around that time, I had moved from the *garconnière* to a recently purchased penthouse apartment on avenue Pierre 1er de Serbie. My new friend was a Greek shipping tycoon. To me he was one of most unpretentious and down-to-earth people I would ever meet among the so-called "jet set." We were together for eight happy years. But that's another story...

Joe Gaffney wasn't like any of the other photographers I had met as a model. He was funny, intelligent, educated, had an amazing eye for lighting effects and what would look good on film. I enjoyed working with him and became great friends with Joe and his wife Ann Ogden, the fashion designer.

Joe told me the story of how he ended up living and working in Paris during the 70s:

“Studying at the Royal College of Art in London, I worked for Andy Warhol’s *Interview*, photographing people in London and Paris. I had been visiting Paris often, either to look at art and visit the museums or to shoot portraits for Andy's magazine.

In 1975 I went to Paris for the weekend to visit a friend who was a still-life photographer. His agent needed a portrait photographer to photograph the super chef Paul Bocuse for a *Vichy Celestin* ad campaign.

I took a room in a friend’s apartment and stayed to shoot the campaign…and stayed…and stayed. For twelve years.

One day early in 1977 I received a telegram (no one had phones) asking me to come to French *Vogue* and meet the editor and art director. Zandra Rhodes, the English fashion designer, had recommended me to Francine Crescent, *Vogue’s* editor-in-chief. My first job for them was to photograph Francois Truffaut. I did a couple of other portraits for *Vogue* and began shooting fashion for French *Vogue*."

Joe's career blossomed and he shot fashion, beauty and celebrity portraits for numerous European magazines. He also did many major advertising campaigns for Thierry Mugler, Givenchy, Cartier and others. He became known for his clean, graphic designs and intricate lighting.

Although Joe never worked for *The Paris Metro*, he was very much a part of that era. Here’s his look back at that period and some of the Paris celebrities and fashion icons of the time.

Patsi Benter Krakoff, a semi-retired writer/psychologist, co-authored *Senior Fitness 4 Life* with her husband Robert Krakoff. She lives and writes in Ajijic, Mexico, on the shores of Lake Chapala near Guadalajara, and also provides ghost-writing services for executive coaches through her online business ContentforCoaches.com.

Joe Gaffney lives and works in New York with his wife Ann Ogden, who wrote the award-winning and James Beard-nominated *Cook For Your Life*. He is working on a retrospective of his photos of celebrities and fashion during a career that spans over four decades.

©Joe Gaffney

Claude Montana

I had photographed Claude for Andy Warhol's *Interview* just after his first show in 1976. Beatrice Paul, who was integral to Claude's success in those early days, was a dear friend. This picture was taken for French *Vogue* in 1980.

©Joe Gaffney

Delphine Seyrig

Shot for French *Vogue* when she was performing in *La Bête dans la Jungle* directed by Alfredo Arias at Theatre Gerard Philipe.

©Joe Gaffney

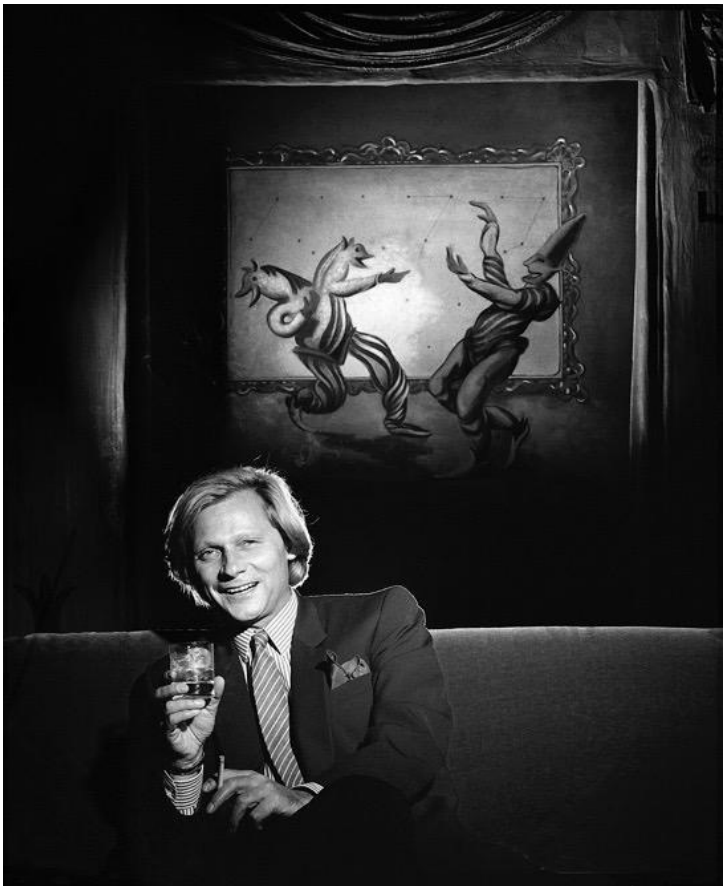
Dennis Hopper

Dennis was shagging a friend of mine in Paris. They were staying at the Intercontinental on the rue Scribe. This was shot on the staircase on the way to lunch. In those days it was smart to get a shot of Dennis before the first drink of the day.

©Joe Gaffney

Emmanuelle Khanh

Shot in her stunning Art Deco house in Garches when she was still married to Quasar Khanh. My wife, Ann Ogden, assisted Emmanuelle at the time, and designed the lingerie and the knitwear collections.



©Joe Gaffney

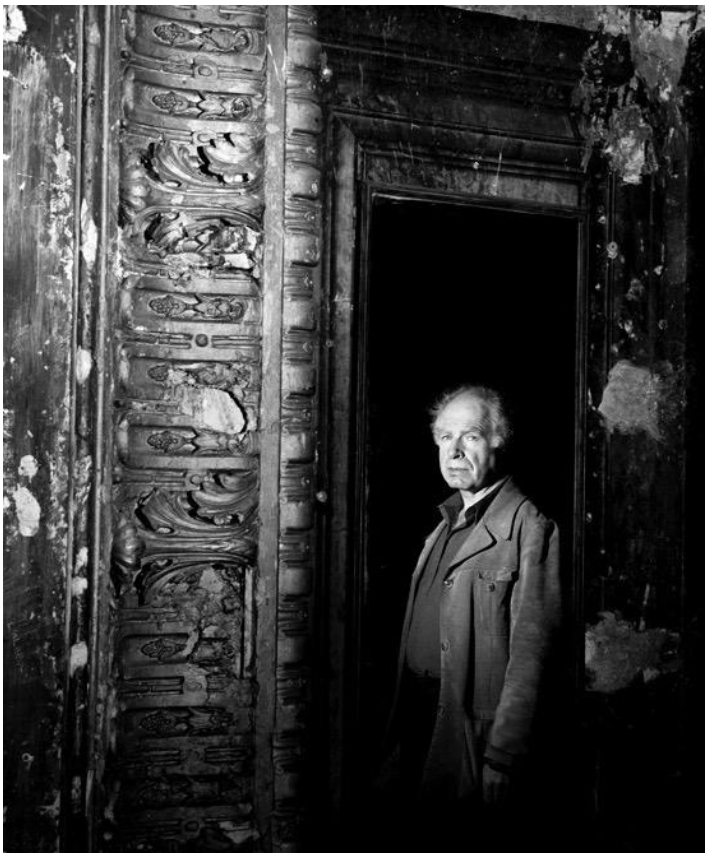
Fabrice Emaer

Fabrice owned *Club Sept, La Palace, Le Privilège*. Always positive, good humored, kind and FUNNY… even as he was dying.

©Joe Gaffney

Francois Truffaut

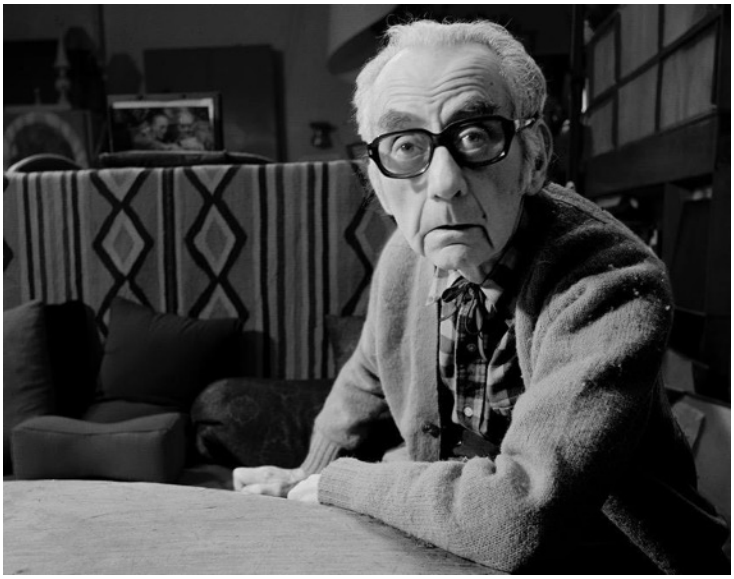
The was my first assignment for French *Vogue*. *Vogue Hommes*, actually. I had to photograph Truffaut for a cover. He was cutting *Le Dernier Metro* (I think) and was behind schedule and didn't have the time to come to *Vogue* Studios. We set up a studio in a large room in the building where he was working and shot the cover. When it was over, he was called away to the cutting room. He excused himself, saying he'd come out to say goodbye when we were leaving. We had packed up all our equipment and were waiting to say goodbye when he came out of the cutting room. That was it. That was the shot. I knew he was incredibly busy but I asked if I could do just one more shot. One roll. One light. He knew I knew. So he agreed, willingly. I love this picture.



©Joe Gaffney

Peter Brook

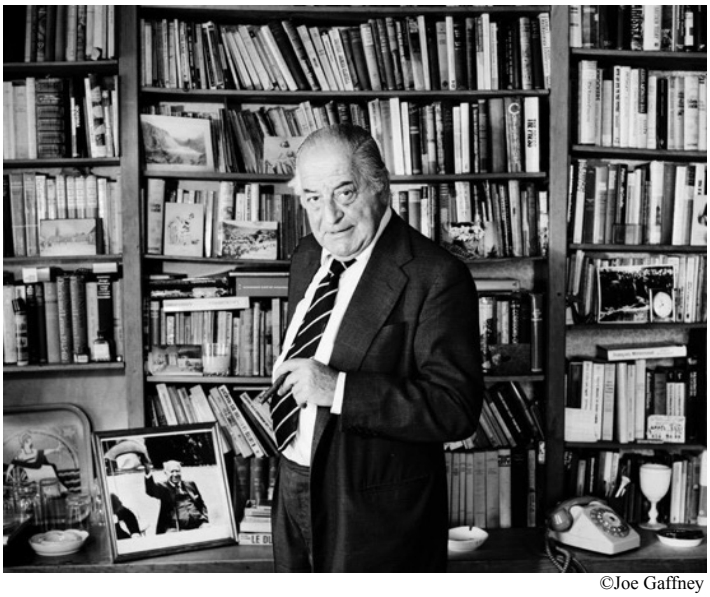
A genius and a sweetheart. This was shot for French *Vogue* in his theatre. He was doing *Carmen*...it was sold out sold out. He kindly gave me tickets...very hush-hush because everyone was after them.



©Joe Gaffney

Man Ray

One of the most influential photographers of all time. I'd say THE most influential non-documentary photographer. I was desperate to meet him. It took about eighteen months for him to agree to a portrait. He was paralyzed from the waist down and the angriest man I ever met. Since I couldn't move him, I moved the furniture. He got into it after a while and I ended up spending the entire afternoon with him. I only took one roll of film. I couldn't get enough of the stories he was telling me. This is the last picture ever taken of him.



©Joe Gaffney

Sam White

He had a column, *Sam White's Paris*, in the London *Evening Standard*. I shot this for the *Tatler*. In his apartment was a big slice of the bar of the *Hotel Crillon* complete with a bar stool. When they remodeled the *Crillon*, they gave him the piece of the bar where he did most of his writing.

©Joe Gaffney

Serge Gainsbourg

While still living in London I had gone to Paris with Peter Lester (the London/Paris correspondent for Andy Warhol's *Interview*). We had gone to his house to see Jane Birkin, who was a friend of Peter's, but she was at a rehearsal. Serge was very nice and made us feel at home. At the time, all I knew about him was that the fucking Pope had banned his record "*Je t'aime...moi non plus*". So while we were waiting for Jane, I asked if I could take a photo of him with his old bull terrier, who he loved. We stayed for the whole afternoon and shot a lot of pictures.

Metro Covers

Directions

THE PARIS METRO GIVES A NEW SPIN TO THE CITY OF LIGHT

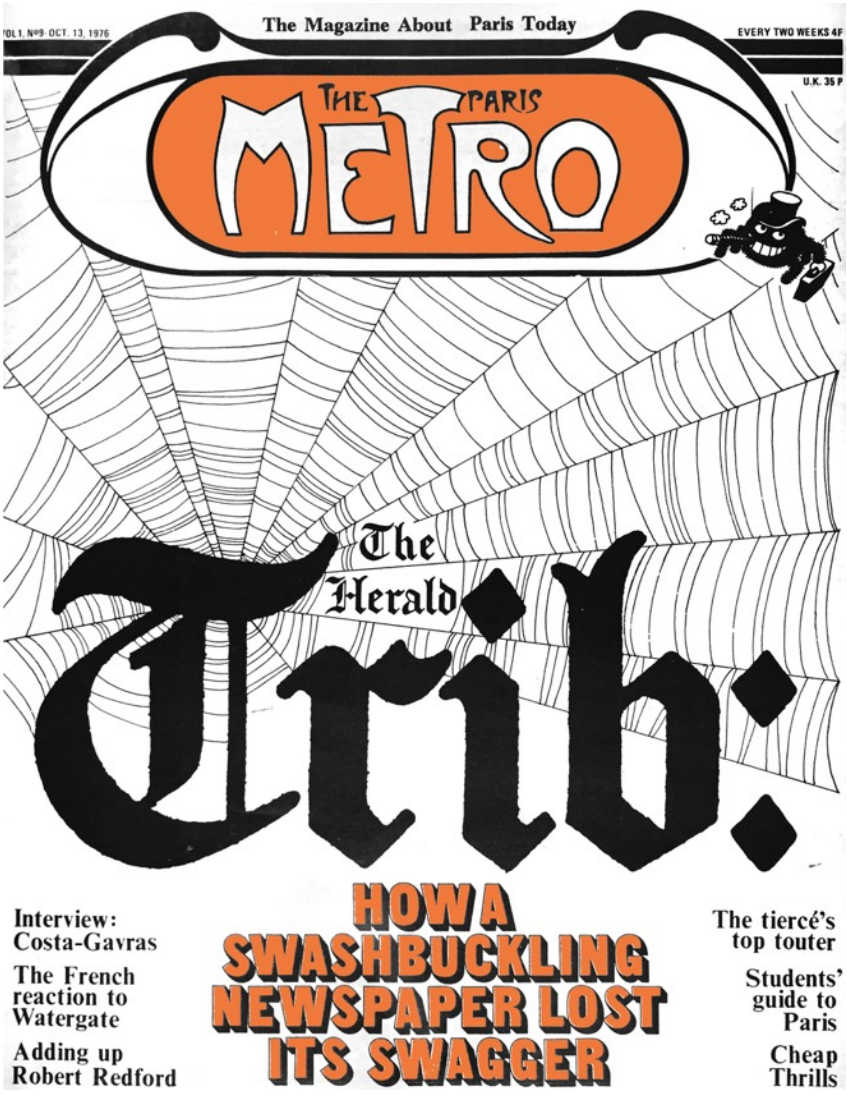
The key to breaking into journalism is to see yourself in print. I'd worked for a few years as a radio stringer for NBC News, but soon learned that broadcasting is pretty ephemeral. Scoops might be fascinating, but no one can remember what you actually said. Like for many aspiring young journalists struggling to survive in Paris in the mid-to-late 1970s, the choice for me was *The Paris Metro* or oblivion.

The pay was laughable, but the editors were more than willing to give new talent with good story ideas a chance and I was able to report and write a variety of intriguing articles that I could use to impress other publications. One problem, I soon discovered, was that *The Paris Metro*'s youthful editors and typesetters (almost everyone on the staff was under 30 and working for next to nothing) occasionally made editorial gaffes and, not surprisingly, the magazine elicited criticism from the establishment.

"I don't really think it's making it," a prominent literary agent told me in New York. "Somehow it doesn't look like it is hanging together."

But it was impossible not to notice that despite glitches and naysayers, *The Metro* quickly began to have a revolutionary impact on Paris.

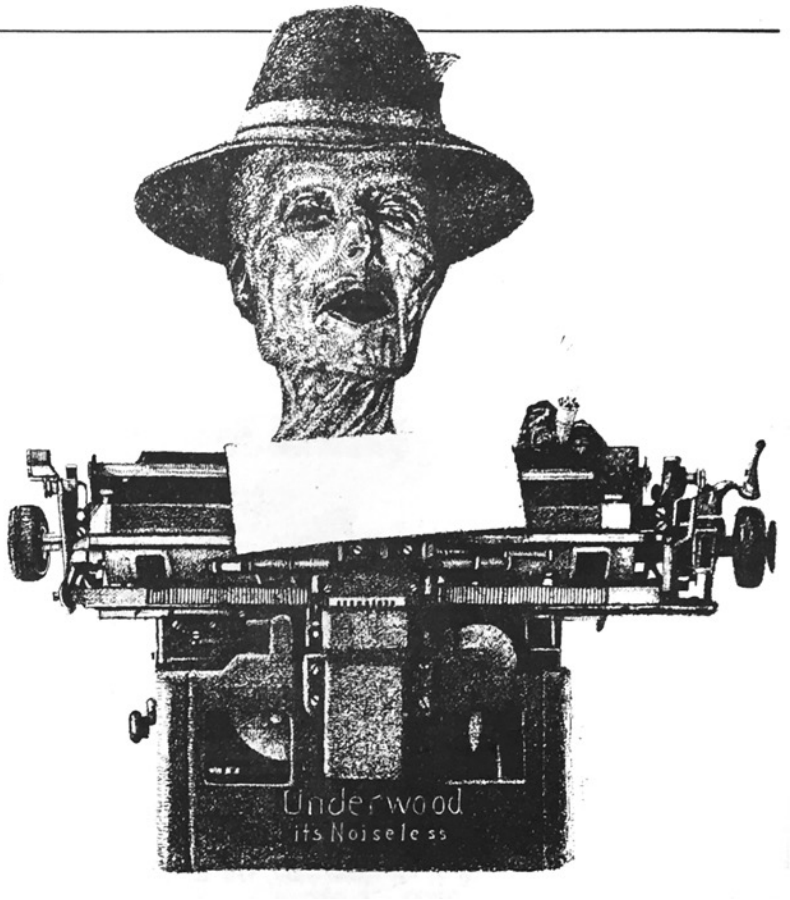
It wasn't exactly on the scale of May '68, but it was significant. *The Paris Metro* might not be leading the revolution, but it was proving extremely effective at identifying and documenting France's slow transformation into a modern society. French journalism had no spine and *The Metro,* despite (or perhaps because of) a lack of experience and absence of polish, was breaking new ground.



The graying of the Herald Tribune

How a swashbuckling newspaper lost its swagger

by William Dowell



A newspaper is not a piece of property to be bought and sold like a chunk of real estate, but the intangible creation of the men who write it. . .

– Waverly Root, last editor of the *Paris Tribune* and current food columnist of the *International Herald Tribune*.

In the mid-1930s, Paris Herald writer Elliott Paul noticed the statues of poets, statesmen, and philosophers that decorate the walls of the Palais de Louvre, and wrote a column about how they suddenly came to life during the night, jumped down from their niches, and did a wild dance along the Seine.

Fantastic as it may have been, the story so delighted the aunt of Lawrence Dame, a Herald deskman, that she gave her nephew 4000 francs to take Elliott Paul out to dinner. Together, Paul and Dame polished off several magnums of champagne at a posh hangout near the Champs-Elysée. When the time came to pay the bill, Paul paused and said, «Let us not be hurried. Don't you think we should have another bottle of champagne?»

Four hours later, Paul and Dame stumbled into the newsroom at the Herald. Dame sat down at his typewires by *The New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and *LA Times* news services. Even though the Trib may run the work of some of the best reporters in the world, it has lost some of the best qualities it once had: a sense of the absurd, the color in life, irreverence.

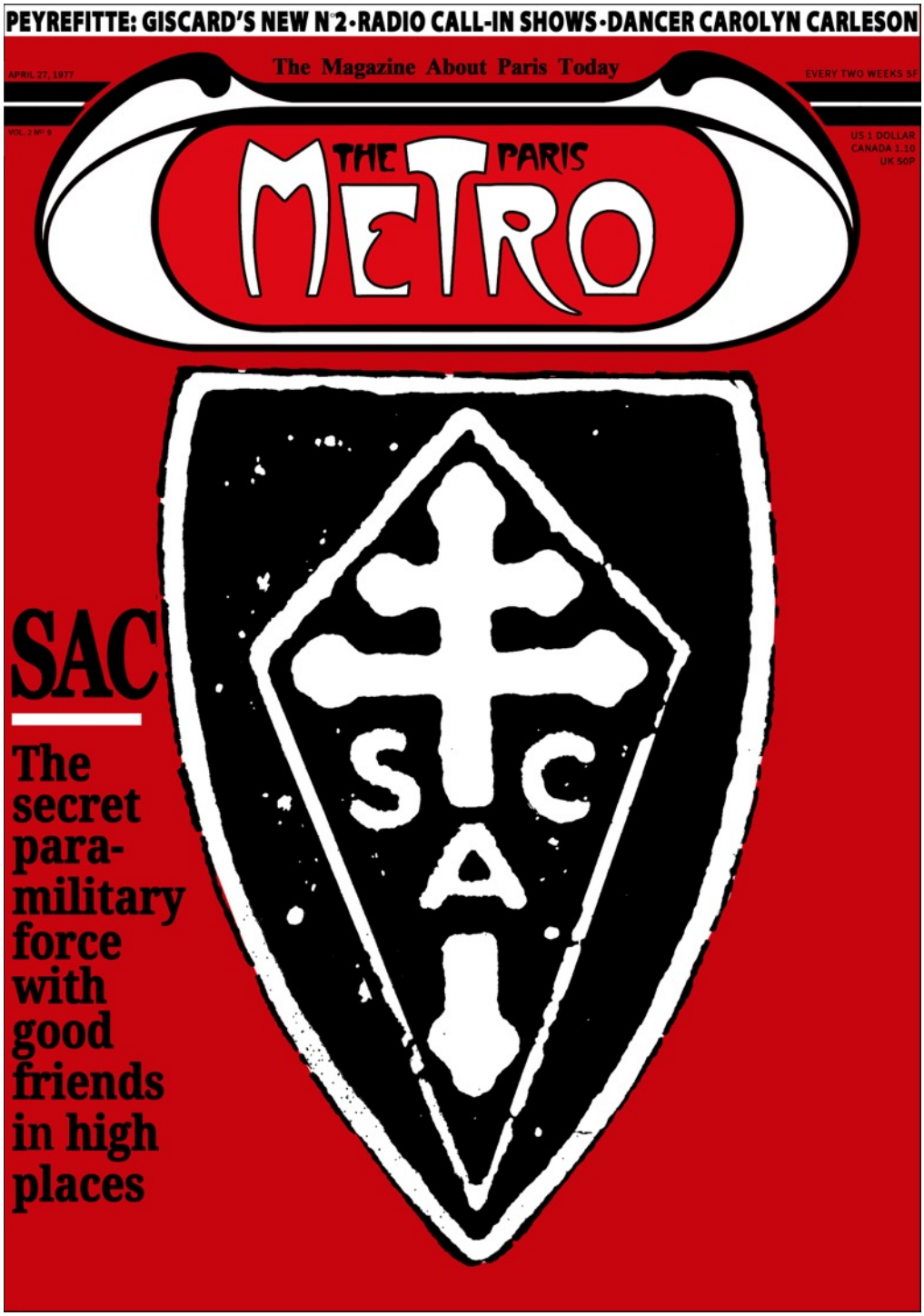
«It really used to be a lot of fun in the old days,» says Hebe Dorsey, a longtime staffer at the Trib who covers fashion. «The newsroom was run by a bunch of drunks. It was like ping pong between the Trib and the bar at the California Hotel. Nobody got paid much, but somehow everyone had a good time. Now we seem to spend the time counting up our Social Security and our retirement benefits. It's almost like we are insurance salesmen or in the civil service. In the old days I was always afraid to go into the editor's office, the door was always shut, and I never knew when the editor, Eric Hawkins, was going to have a girl sitting on his lap. He was a funny little old Englishman who liked chasing girls. Now, of course, all the doors at the Trib are open.»

It may be absurd to feel nostalgic about newsroom alcoholism, but there seems to something amiss at the Trib that goes much deeper than

And despite its flaws, readers loved it because it was adventurous, even heroic. To say that it developed a hyper loyal, if offbeat, audience was an understatement.

In the great, gaping hole that was Les Halles back then, a restaurant, Mother Earth's, launched by three divorcees, had become a place where a single woman could eat by herself without being harassed, or suspected of prostitution. One of *The Paris Metro's* greatest accolades came in the form of a letter from an American who had just gotten his divorce. "I want to make sure that you send the subscription for *The Paris Metro* to my new address," he said, "and not to hers. She can buy her own."

Subscriptions and faithful readers might not be enough to keep the publication and its writers afloat forever in a city as expensive as Paris, but in its own idiosyncratic way *The Metro* made it possible for me to have the bohemian life-style that any good journalist craves early in his career.



We all knew, nevertheless, that what the paper really needed was a story that would put it and us on the map. That's what led me into a firestorm called *L'Affaire SAC*.

Bertrand Tavernier had recently directed a film, *Juge Fayard, dit le sheriff,* which told the story of a prosecutor in Lyon who had uncovered a criminal network tied in with leading French right-wing politicians. The organization that linked both together was the *Service Action Civique*, or SAC for short.

In the film, when the prosecutor is killed, a police inspector speculates that it must have been the SAC. It turned out that the SAC, which had been created by Général de Gaulle when he faced an army revolt over Algerian independence, was still functioning. The operation in Lyon was led by a character named Jean Augé, nicknamed “Johnny The Spoon” because he’d used a teaspoon to gouge out the eyes of captured rebels during the Algerian war.

The leader of the group was a former Gaullist bodyguard named Pierre Debizet. He threatened to sue Tavernier for libel, and the director responded by bleeping over the reference in the film. When audiences heard the beep, which sounded like a buzzer going off on a TV quiz show, they shouted “SAC!” It was a story that was too good for me to pass up.

Jacques Gauchey, a reporter who had worked with *Le Figaro*, and I decided to find out what had really happened to SAC over the years. We traveled to Marseilles and Lyon to do the reporting, and when the story finally broke, it generated more than controversy. It turned out

SAC: the Right's last resort

If Jacques Chirac can't stop the Left in next year's elections, SAC, the Gaullist secret police with a long history of violence, is only too ready to enter the battle

by William Dowell and Jacques Gauchey

that nearly every French journalist knew about SAC in infinite detail, but everyone had been afraid to write about it. *The New York Times* ran *The Paris Metro*'s account practically word-for-word. There was hardly any mention of *The Metro* but that didn't really matter.

What did matter was that the psychological barrier that had held French reporters back from writing openly was beginning to crack, and *The Paris Metro* was at the forefront in showing the way. At its offices on rue des Francs-Bourgeois, a phone call threatened to blow the place up. During other phone conversations, both the publisher and an editor heard voices break into the line, telling them that they were in France and that they should speak in French, not English.

Most journalists take attempts at intimidation as proof that they must be doing something right, but I had decided that it might be a good idea to get out of town for a while. I went to celebrate the anniversary of Guernica in Spain, and ended up sitting at a giant farm table with a mingling of Basque separatists and Guardia Civil agents in plain clothes — and wrote about it for *The Metro*.

Every journalist dreams of starting his own newspaper and the team at *The Paris Metro* did just that, while providing the rest of us with a quick education concerning the possibilities and pitfalls of a publishing start-up in Paris.

Despite public acclaim, the advertisers on whom the investors were counting regularly explained that their budgets had already been decided for the next year. It was always either too early or too late. Unlike the French press, *The Metro* never avoided criticizing a potential advertiser or anyone else. The French were not used to publications refusing to kowtow to advertisers and *The Metro* set an example about the independence of the press.

The Paris Metro didn't pay anyone, including its founders, any money, but it accomplished more than that. It provided a platform for expression at a critical point in the transition of Paris and in the lives of the expat journalists who found themselves there.

Before long, I was offered a chance to freelance for *Time*. The buzz from my *Paris Metro* stories helped seal the deal. Shortly after that, ABC News called and asked if I wanted to do some radio stringing and I was offered a handsome contract to do street reporting for Pierre Salinger, who wrote a column for *The Metro* and soon became ABC's Paris bureau chief.

Not long after that I was married, had a son, and was offered a post as a staff correspondent operating out of Cairo for *Time* in the Middle East. Those positions offered front row seats at major world events and at times the experience was quite thrilling. The position and status paid quite handsomely (I certainly never had the generous salary, expense accounts or the employee benefits with *The Paris Metro* that I subsequently had with *Time*) but *The Metro* experience has always lingered in the back of my mind.

The Paris Metro didn't last for very long, but it was enormous fun while it did. It captured the spirit of Paris at a time when the City of Light was still genuinely delightful. We were young then, and there was no better place on this planet to be. It was a marvelous, gallant and at times heroic experiment, and if for no other reason than that, it will long live in the memory of those who worked so hard to make it a living example of trans-Atlantic journalism.

William Dowell credits *The Paris Metro* for launching his career in print journalism. He subsequently went on staff at *Time* and was the magazine's Middle East correspondent before becoming its Hong Kong bureau chief and, at the end of his career, a correspondent in the U.S. He now lives and writes in Philadelphia where he is working on a series of memoirs about the absurdity of life in the latter half of the last century, publishing a portfolio of his photographs, and learning bookbinding.

LAST TANGO

Birth

Learning to sing
The stomach growls a storm
Like hysterical laughter,
The acid-edged sound of the womb,

Nightsparks,
The rib-wide glare of birth
Streak-burnt music
Organ-chorused and vein-full.

Bloodcupped smell
A heat-stained taste of sweat,
The pulse-felt tears of the heart . . .
The womb-held parade of birth.

— Jerome Reese

Jerome Reese is Jazzbeat columnist for Metro.

I had photographed Mary when she was pregnant four years ago. She was beautiful in her long gown and her hand delicately resting on her belly. She was expecting either Malcolm or Sahara. Malcolm died at birth, choked by a prematurely detached placenta, plenty of pain without reward-ing joy.

I took another picture of Mary when she was pregnant again (8 1/2 months). This particular picture is void of all preconceived ideas, maybe it's a little over-dramatic, so I wished to balance it with Bastien's intensely mobile face. Bastien was photographed just as one would photograph an insect, technically. I mean, fixed camera and macro-lenses.

The mother was not pleased with the result, «and yet my son is superb.» That's what she meant but did not say. I too found him superb. Bastien is *not* Mary's son. Mary had twins.

— Sergio Gaudenti

Sergio Gaudenti is a contributing photographer for Metro

THE STORY BEHIND A PARIS ROOFTOP PHOTOGRAPH

My 1970s photograph of Paris rooftops was taken at 12 rue André Antoine in the 18th *arrondissement* from the home of *Life* magazine's legendary photographer Loomis Dean, who resided in Paris from 1956 to 1986.

Florida-born Loomis had a long and lively career. He shot 52 covers for *Life* and his renowned images included princes, popes and showbiz personalities. His most memorable photographs include a tuxedo-clad Noel Coward in a desert, the sinking SS *Andrea Doria*, Elvis Presley and Ernest Hemingway.

Loomis' career as photographer began in the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus when he rode the circus train across America, shooting clowns, acrobats and lion tamers while processing his film in hotel bathrooms along the way. During World War II, he was a United States Army Air Forces photographer in the Pacific and joined *Life* in 1948. When the magazine folded in 1972, he continued freelancing until he died at 88 in 2005.

I remember Loomis, and his warm and exuberant personality, fondly. He was a great cook too. I am still in touch with his son, Chris, in Santa Rosa, CA, where, among many other things, he tends to his father's photo collection (loomisdeanphotography.com). Chris spent two years of his boyhood in on rue André Antoine and remembers it, wistfully, as "a wonderful place, but my father was gone on assignments most of the time."

British photojournalist Marion Kaplan was based in Nairobi, Kenya, during the 1970s with her partner Eric Robins, a correspondent for *Time-Life*. The author of several books, she made a four-month voyage on board the last of the oceangoing Arab dhows for *National Geographic* and frequently photographed Idi Amin. She now lives in rural France and has recently taken photos in Bhutan, the Arctic and the Antarctic. Chris Dean, always enthralled by Africa, still likes to think she had a thing going with Idi Amin.

Photo: © Marion Kaplan

Iconic Paris rooftops seen from *Life* magazine photographer Loomis Dean's apartment during the era of *The Paris Metro*.

SWIMMING INTO THE PARIS METRO

I first learned about *The Paris Metro* when I met Joel Stratte-McClure and John Keeney creating havoc in the Lycée Henri IV swimming pool at the crack of dawn. They thrashed through the water and worked on their butterfly stroke while I, still half asleep because this *sportive* lifestyle got me up at 6 a.m., politely swam backstroke.

The pool near the Pantheon was only open to the public from 7 a.m. until 8 a.m., then it returned to the use of the school and we had to leave. Every day after swimming, our hair still wet, we went for coffee and played the pinball machine at a bar near the Place de la Contrescarpe.

I loved the gossip and the news about Paris personalities, events and philosophical trends that I got from these two athletes. They gave me their American opinions about everything French, from girls and movies to politics and restaurants. Their thoughts about what they liked, loved or criticized about my country opened my French eyes.

Because my travel bookshop, Ulysse on Île Saint-Louis, kept me on the move and brought me in touch with lots of local celebrities and news, I could sometimes tell them something they didn't know. But generally they were way ahead of the curve.

With a certain malice, I often reported these conversations to my father, who had a number of cement factories and was very much involved in politics. Most of the time he was surprised and puzzled.

At 9 a.m. the three of us — all fresh, clean and coffee'd — walked down the hill to Île Saint-Louis, where Joel (it's spelled Joël and pronounced Joelle in French) had a fourth floor apartment that he rented from my friend Marianne Lamour, just down the street from Ulysse. Joel and Keeney (no one calls him John) often went there to listen to the Rolling Stones and Lynyrd Skynyrd, playing loud music they considered inspirational, before continuing across the river to *The Paris Metro* offices in the Marais. I waited until a more appropriate hour to open my bookshop.

When *The Paris Metro* disappeared I stopped going to the swimming pool. I didn't have the courage to get up in the dark and walk to the pool by myself.

But our friendship has continued in the decades since and we've kept in touch through email and their occasional visit in Paris. I sold many copies of Joel's first travel narrative, *The Idiot and the Odyssey: Walking The Mediterranean,* at Ulysse and even more at a discussion and book signing in Paris organized by Terrance Gelenter, *Your American friend in Paris,* whose newsletter, literary salons and various events are about the closest thing to *The Paris Metro* these days.

And Joel, known simply as The Idiot in most places today, even helped me track down a Cadillac convertible in dangerously rural Northern California that once belonged to my ex-husband.

Catherine Domain, after traveling to more than 150 countries, opened Ulysse on Île Saint-Louis in 1971. It was one of the first bookshops to specialize in “travel and countries” and a summer sister shop opened in Hendaye, in the Basque Country, in 2006. Catherine is a member of a dozen juries awarding travel writing and she created the "Prix Pierre Loti" in 2005.

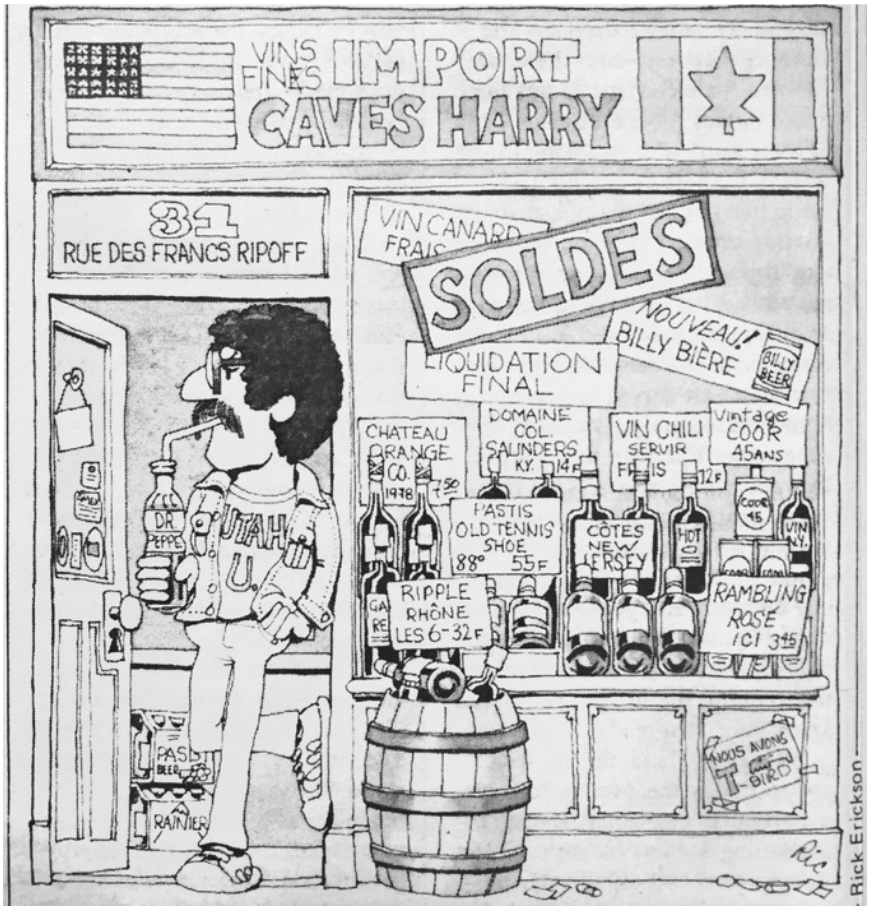
PARLEZ-VOUS FRENCH?

Whenever I get around to talking about my days at *The Metro*, invariably the question arises: How good was your French?

I'll usually answer something along the lines of "Good enough to get by," which it almost always was.

Except, that is, at French-only dinner parties. There my problems usually began about five minutes in, when the adjectives and adverbs and especially the verbs began flying without context. There are a LOT of strange verbs in French – like *ecailler*, to flake, or cover a dome with scale-like plates; or *pantoufler*, to act or talk in a silly way. Certain French people, in their depthless insecurity, live to impress others by dropping them all, *pantouflering,* as it were, all over the place. Alas, even in high school, French verbs were my Waterloo. On such occasions I was apt to lose the thread of the conversation pretty much as soon as it began.

The trouble was never my accent which, so I'm told, was, at minimum, a solid B-plus. I'd learned early on to convincingly roll my R's and, even more important, mastered some of the subtler traits of native speakers, like slurring certain words, or pursing my lips in disapproval while listening to someone of whom I disapproved, or, in response, blowing them out in distain. More than once, early in a conversation, it was clear the person to whom I was talking thought I, too, was French and then, picking up some odd mispronunciation that proved I wasn't, couldn't quite place where I was from. My friend Dominique, never one to mince words in any language, once told me I sounded like a very confident retarded person.



Perfecting his French at every opportunity.

In any case, by the time we

launched *The Metro,* my French was a helluva lot better than it had been five years earlier when, fresh out of journalism school, I first came to Paris as a freelancer. Through a lucky connection, I managed to snag an interview with General Jacques Massu, former commander of French forces in Algeria, which I quickly parlayed into an assignment for the *International Herald Tribune*. Massu had just published a memoir, where he readily acknowledged he'd used torture as one of the "necessary measures" to break the rebellion, and it had set Paris in an uproar, with students demonstrating in the streets and editorialists demanding he be tried as a war criminal.

The upside? Since Massu was refusing to cooperate with the French press, mine would be the sole — and definitive — story. The downside? My lousy French.

In the couple of days before the interview, I laboriously made my way through Massu's book, a French-English dictionary at the ready, composing a list of questions. But more importantly, I signed on as a wingman my fully bilingual friend Barbara, who would, at my signal, step in to incisively challenge Massu's more outrageous claims. For where I was limited to the basics — *torturer, blesser* — in a pinch, she could whip out the verb for "to administer electric shock to the genitals."

Then came reality. Massu's office was in Les Invalides, with its magnificent façade and imposing gold dome, and by the time we'd marched down a gleaming hallway a quarter mile long, past rifle-bearing soldiers snapping to attention to reach the tough-as-nails general, we were feeling all the confidence of luckless nobodies being trundled to the guillotine.

I set my tape recorder on his immense desk and took my list of questions from my pocket.

"General, *vous dites dans vôtre livre*..." "General, you say in your book that you used every means at your disposal against the Algerian rebels. How do you justify this?"

"*Il faut comprendre*..." he unhesitatingly replied, his voice deep and sonorous, so he sounded more like he was reciting Shakespeare than answering my stupid, obvious question: "You must understand what we were dealing with. Our job was to apprehend killers. This was a good thing. When one apprehends killers, one reassures the population."

I glanced expectantly at Barbara for a follow-up. But, frozen in terror, white knuckles clutching the armrests of her chair, she avoided my eyes.

So I looked down at my list and asked my next carefully worded question. "General, there are those who say the use of torture..."

"I do not use that word," he interrupted, not angry but emphatic. "The opponents of the military have used the word 'torture' to blacken the name of the army. I printed objectively what happened."

From here, Massu pretty much took command of the interview.

It was the other side, he said, that was barbaric, bombing marketplaces, killing civilians indiscriminately. It was to them the epithet 'terrorist' applied. His was the right side, the moral side.

Again I looked toward Barbara; there was a better chance she'd topple over with a coronary than come to my aid.

I guess I could've jumped in myself, but to say what? "*Non, monsieur, ce n'est pas vrai! Tortuer, ce n'est pas bon!"*

Instead, I looked down at my pad and asked my next carefully composed question.

Afterward, back in my cramped studio apartment, as I slowly translated and transcribed the tape, I was in despair; Massu seemed even more outrageous the second time, and my non-replies even more glaring.

Fortunately the human mind is a wondrously resourceful thing, and by the end of the day I'd convinced myself it wasn't so much of a problem, after all. What he'd said was so monstrous, I didn't need to challenge him, because he hung himself with his own words. So that's how I wrote it up, and that's how the *Trib* ran it, placing it on the back page, the slot reserved for the most important feature in that day's paper. Then the letters started pouring in. They can readily be summed up: What was wrong with your idiot reporter? Why was Massu allowed to say these things without a word of contradiction?

Happily I never had to endure anything like that during the *Metro* years. Certainly in interview situations, I was always comfortably in control.

There was just one dark day: the SYMPOSIUM!

The event focused on the French press — specifically, how lousy it is — and it was aimed at promoting our hot-off-the-press treatment of the subject. Under my direction, we'd had three reporters on various aspects of the story, with particular focus on what was known as the de Broglie Affair; a scandal that should have been the French Watergate, but because of the constraints under which the French media operate — as our subhead had it *No Time, No Money, No Guts* — was not.

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VOL. 2 #9 14 — US 1.00 CANADA 1.00 UK 50P

THE PARIS METRO

NOT FOR SALE COMPLIMENTARY COPY

Malaise in the French Press

Prince Jean de Broglie, and the murder scene at rue des Dardanelles. The case raised all kinds of questions. But the press has stopped looking for the answers.

The deBroglie Affair: A Case Study

by Yves Ajchenbaum and Jack Mohet

Prince Jean de Broglie's Christmas surprise came a day early in 1976.

At 9:22 a.m. on Dec. 24 a hired gunman shot and killed him in front of 2 rue des Dardanelles, in the 17th arrondissement of Paris.

The victim, 55, was a member of the prestigious de Broglie family, well-established in France's elite through its long line of high-ranking military officers, premiers, and academicians (including a Nobel laureate). More importantly, he was a political figure of some stature. A deputy in the National Assembly first elected in 1958, he's entered the national limelight in 1962 after helping to negotiate the Evian accord that led to the bloody separation of Algeria from France. He subsequently survived an assassination attempt by Algérie Française hardliners.)

In 1962, he was one of the funders and chief fund raisers of Président Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's political party, the Républicains Indépendants (now the Parti Républicain), and a vice-president of its parliamentary grouping. Four years later, he served as a deputy foreign minister.

Not surprisingly, the interest of the press in his murder was intense at the outset. An early motive advanced by the police for the killing was money, but the press was skeptical. The newsweekly *L'Express* reported that «Never before had a deputy been slain for money alone.» In fact, no deputy had been murdered at all since World War II.

In sum, the case seemed to be shaping up as a first-class news story — a renowned elected representative of the French people rubbed out gangland style on Christmas Eve for unknown reasons.

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No Time, No Money, No Guts

by Patricia Leroy

«In France, Watergate would have been forgotten in three days.» — Charles Gombault, former editor-in-chief of *France-Soir*.

«If the de Broglie affair had occurred in the United States, it would have been cleared up a long time ago.» — Michel Gordey, former *L'Express* staffer now working as special correspondent in Europe for the American daily *Newsday*.

Watergate is the guilty conscience of the French press. Talk to French journalists — in the course of this investigation we saw more than thirty, from eighteen different news organizations — and you hear the same conclusion again and again: it couldn't have happened here. The reasons are varied, some having as much to do with the French mentality and tradition as with actual restrictions on journalists, but the bottom line is that stories which might compromise important people — especially important *government* people — are almost never pursued to their natural conclusion. «The French press,» as Claude Angeli of *Le Canard Enchaine* puts it, «is just not interested in government scandals. It refrains from attacking government institutions.»

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GOVERNMENT MOVE

The Silent Coup d'Etat at AFP

by Yves Ajchenbaum

A quiet battle for autonomy in information gathering and diffusion was waged — and apparently lost — last month at France's major news service (AFP). Hardly a local affair, AFP ranks with UPI and AP in the United States and Reuters in Great Britain as one of the world's four largest news agencies. Its network covers 163 countries and employs 950 full-time journalists, 150 freelance correspondents, and 600 technicians who daily produce 600,000 words for more than 300 domestic and foreign news outlets. But AFP is not a profit-making venture; at present the French government subsidizes the agency to the tune of 60% of its total budget.

Not surprisingly, ever since AFP's creation in the post-Liberation '40s, successive French governments have been attracted by the possibility of managing the news it disperses. Indeed, that the AFP has remained as independent as it has until now is surprising.

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As masochistic and self-absorbed as journalists everywhere, the local press ate it up. Never mind that they themselves were the target, here was more evidence of these brash young Americans' fearlessness and pluck!

And — speaking of masochistic and self-absorbed! — in a flash of inspiration, it hit me that a symposium could only generate more favorable attention.

I quickly put together a panel of distinguished veteran journalists who'd been featured in our piece, among them Charles Gombault, the co-founder of *France-Soir*, and the equally celebrated Michel Gordey of *L'Express*. And who should serve as

moderator? The obvious choice: *moi.*

It was not until the discussion started that I thought to question the wisdom of that decision. The audience was large, and full of cultural heavyweights, and as the never-before-heard verbs started flying — and, worse, the references to obscure figures and fifty-year-old events — I started to sweat. I tried to keep up for a while, then realized there was no way. The mind wandered — to old girlfriends, to the lineup of the '57 Milwaukee Braves. Anywhere to escape this nightmare.

Only when there was a pause, would I snap to attention, nod, and say something along the lines of "*Ah, bon.*"

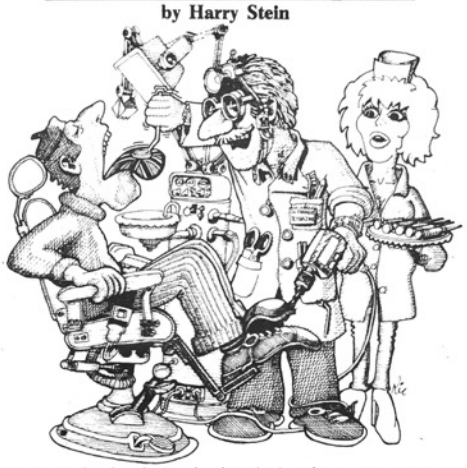
It was like the most gruesome dinner party ever. To this day, I can't say for certain that anyone noticed, though it seems impossible no one did. On the other hand, it also seems impossible that a roomful of French journalists would have been so polite that no one would mention it. I'm pretty sure that at the very least, there was some serious behind-the-back sniggering.

The worst part? In a crucial way, this was not like those dinner parties. Like an idiot, I threw this one myself.

Paris was last week

by Harry Stein

A few final bons mots on Franglais: assez is assez



Richard Erickson

For several years now, a small but influential group of Frenchmen have maintained that the introduction of English words and expressions into their language is wreaking havoc upon the land. Franglais, as the bastard tongue is known, is said to be responsible for all manner of cultural catastrophes, ranging from the withering of French literature to the addiction of millions of French children to les Corn Flakes. If things continue at their current rate, the doomsayers imply, within a generation, all Frenchmen will be reading Archie comic books and constantly searching for excuses to exclaim «Gee whiz!»

So, prodded by the elders of the Académie Française, the government sprung to action. Under Pompidou, no fewer than 15 committees were established to come up with French substitutes for such insidious expressions as le software, le Dixieland, le sex appeal, le drive-in, okay, le shopping center, le showbiz, and the ever-popular le horseplay.

Well, first thing next year – January 4, to be precise – the merde hits the fan. Beginning that day, by governmental decree, foreign words will be barred from advertisements, work contracts, guarantees, and all other documents under state control. On January 4, le hit parade becomes *les palmares*, le tanker is rechristened *le naivire citerne* and le hot dog turns up as *le chien chaud*.

We say enough is enough. We English-speakers can no longer sit idly by and watch this assault upon our language. It is one thing when le flashback and le common sense bite the dust; it is quite another to know that next week we'll be eating chien chauds with out sauerkraut.

Murray Handwerker, the president of the Nathan's Famous hot dog chain, was so upset by the turn of affairs that he shot off a note to Giscard saying that the action is «a slap in the face» to Americans and adding that he himself would not be so petty as to rename French fries.

We congratulate Murray on his sass, but feel obliged to point out that it is only a start. Now is the time for all English-speakers to rally to the defense of their native tongue. We ourselves tried to reach the government minister responsible for the hot dog decision, a certain Monsieur Bavard, but his secretary informed us he was out of the office. «Il achète des blue jeans et des tee-shirts,» she explained. «Il passe le week-end à faire du camping.» So instead we sent the following letter to the French Academy:

«Gentlemen:

You tell us English is the enemy. We find your attitude naive and gauche. If you were not so partisan, you would admire English, precisely because it has the quality so sorrowfully lacking in your own language – the ability to resist foreign influences.

«We realize it is not à la mode to say this, especially with such sangfroid. Passion, sentiment, panache is much more in vogue. Desolated, we still cannot help being blasé. Etiquette, under such circumstances, would be banal and maladroit.

«The idea that your governmental regime, led by your premier, would attack English is not surprising (indeed, it leaves us with a curious sense of déja-vu), but it is nonetheless reprehensible. Anyone who is au courant, without being too avant garde, knows that English is leading an intellectual coup d'état, a renaissance in linguistic purity.

«The knowledge that our language is impenetrable gives us English-speakers a certain je ne sais quoi. No other people are so united in amity and fraternity, not to mention humility and equality. Our traditions – from the grande dames of our theatre to the filet mignon on our menus – gives us an esprit de corps par excellence.

«Perhaps you are skeptical. Perhaps in your milieu – within that bastion of parvenus – such unpleasant information is ridiculed as a cliché. Well, we have had occasion to pass much time in cafés and bistros, have had countless tête-à-têtes (and more than a few rendezvous) with your countrymen in every province and they know different. They recognize that English is unique, and are eager for détente with us.

«That, gentlemen, must come as the coup de grace. But we figure you've got the savoir-faire to handle it.»

Metro contributing editor Harry Stein, also a contributing editor to Esquire *and the author of the recently released* Tiny Tim, An Unauthorized Biography, *is hard at work on his first novel.*

To his astonishment, Harry Stein was still allowed to write for the *Trib* post-Massu.

À LA RECHERCHE DU *METRO* PERDU

Garry Apgar in his Paris garçonnière on the rue St. Dominique. Photograph by Claude Vaujany published in the August 30, 1978, issue of *The Paris Metro.*

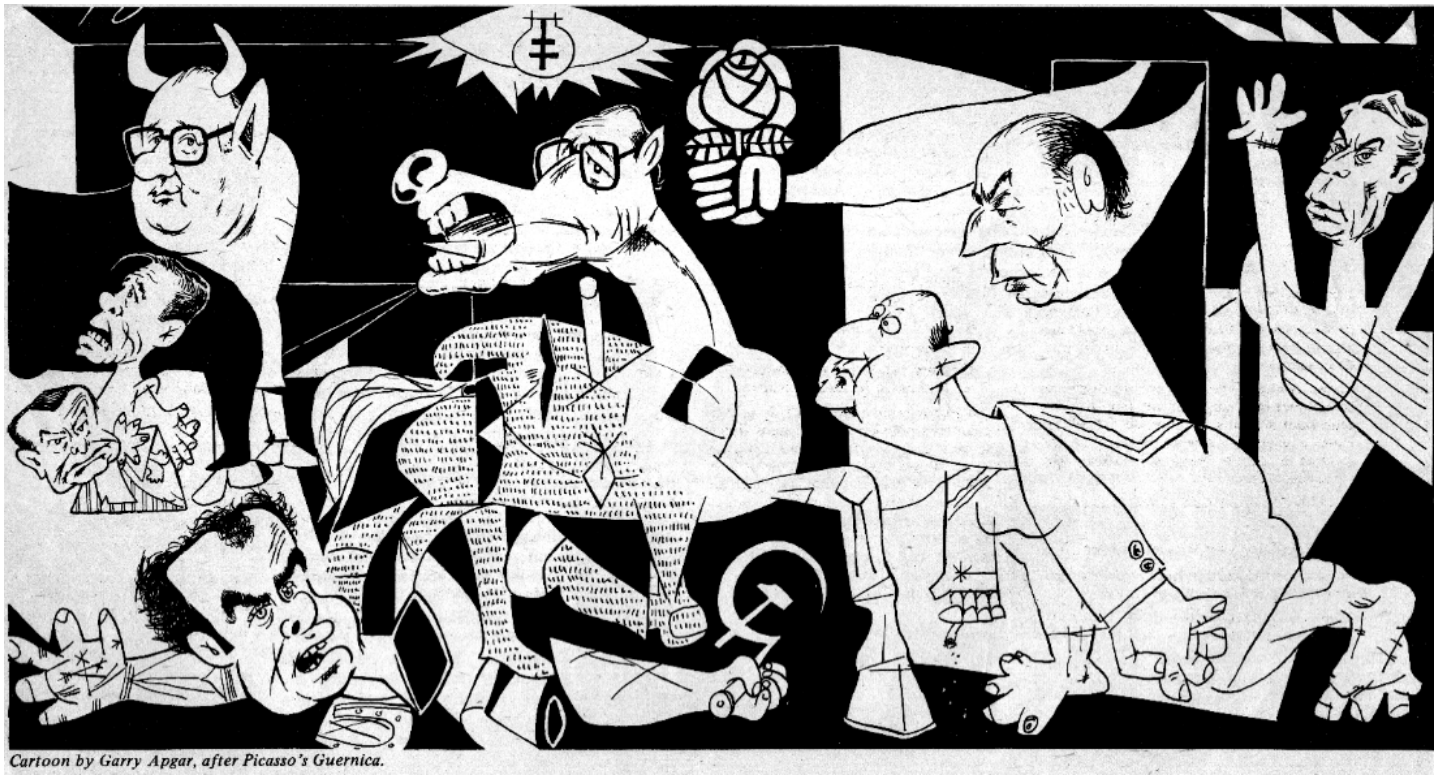
In June 1976, after a four-year stint in Virginia as the staff artist and occasional political cartoonist for the *Roanoke Times* and its sister paper *The World-News*, I decided to try my luck as a free-lance artist in France.

I'd been a French major in college, spent a year in Paris in 1970-71 following my discharge from the Marines, and had a friend I'd met in Roanoke, Alain Vernholes, a business writer at *Le Monde*, with solid connections among Parisian journalists.

I remained in Paris until July 1980. During those four years, thanks chiefly to Alain, I placed a handful of cartoons in *Le Canard Enchaîné* and *Pilote*, a French version of *Mad* magazine. A memorable one published in the Paris daily *Libération*, in late November 1978, marked a triumphal visit by Richard Nixon to Paris, where he was the guest of honor on a French television broadcast of *All the President's Men*. When Nixon walked onto the set, he entered to the strains of "My Way." (Some things you just can't make up.)

My steadiest gig involved doing illustrations for a magazine called *Vision*, secretly (for a while, anyway) owned by the son-in-law of the dictator-President of Nicaragua, Somoza. In order to qualify for the G.I. Bill, whose monthly stipend would cover my rent, I also enrolled at the Sorbonne, where tuition, as in all French universities, was free, and earned two degrees, a *licence* and a *maîtrise-ès-lettres*.

My relationship with *The Paris Metro* developed out of a meeting in 1977 at Shakespeare and Company for a short-lived literary magazine, *Paris Voices.* It was founded by an aspiring *littérateur*, Ken Timmerman, later a Middle East correspondent for the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* and, in 2012, *candidat malheureux* for Congress in Maryland against the Democratic incumbent, Chris Van Hollen.



The French politicos caricatured in this drawing are, from left to right (pictorially, not ideologically): Jean Lecanuet, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, Michel Poniatowski, Georges Marchais, Jacques Chirac, Raymond Barre, François Mitterrand, and Robert Fabre. French journalist Françoise Giroud had recently described "Ponia" as "a bull in a china shop, choosing what he's about to smash."

At that meeting, probably in the late fall, I met Joan Dupont, who said I should show my work to *The Metro*, where I ended up publishing a number of cartoons, included one illustrating a column by Pierre Salinger, and a pastiche of Picasso's *Guernica*, mocking the leading candidates in the March 1978 French legislative elections, which was reprinted by the *New York Arts Journal* back in the States. I also contributed several articles, including one explaining how to zip through the Louvre in two hours or less without getting bored out of your mind, and another comparing Mickey Mouse and Charles de Gaulle as iconic figures of their respective cultures, which I illustrated with a cartoon of "le petit Mickey et le grand Charlie."

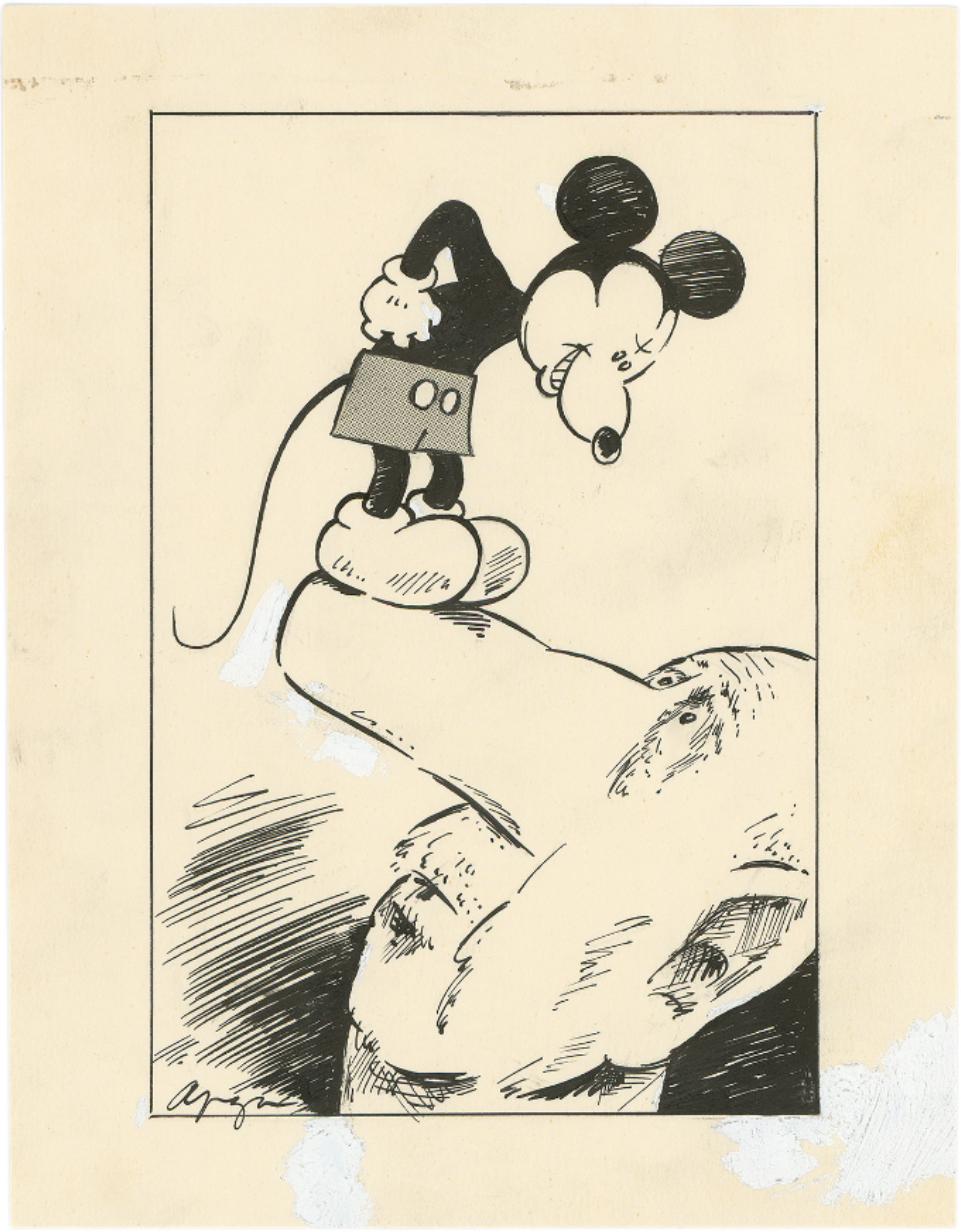
Above all, my relationship with *The Metro* spawned a decades-long friendship with Harry Stein. It was Harry, more than any other person, who steered me in the direction of writing, starting with an assignment for a full-page piece in *The Metro*'s June 21, 1978 issue, "Voltaire, Superstar," marking the bicentenary of the man Roland Barthes called "the last of the happy writers." I also drew a cartoon to illustrate that article, which was an outgrowth of my master's thesis at the Sorbonne, devoted to cartoons and caricatures about Voltaire. The photograph by Claude Vaujany accompanying this article was commissioned by Harry for an installment of *Behind The Lines*, a regular feature that profiled individuals involved with *The Metro*.

My Sorbonne thesis helped me get into the PhD program in the history of art at Yale where I wrote a dissertation about Voltaire's friend, the Genevan artist Jean Huber, who produced *une surabondance* of images of the French Philosophe in various media, including cutout silhouettes and a series of paintings about Voltaire's private life at Ferney, near Geneva, commissioned by Catherine the Great (most of them now at the Hermitage).

Since then, my already checkered career has become even more checkered, ranging from a string of temporary appointments teaching art history at places like the University of Delaware, Brown, Princeton, and the Université de Lyon, to publishing a half-dozen articles in *Art in America*, a French edition of my Yale dissertation, *L'Art singulier de Jean Huber: Voir Voltaire* (1995), and the principal essay in a book called *The Newspaper in Art* (1996).

More recently, I edited a collection of newspaper and magazine articles, plus essays by Diego Rivera, Maurice Sendak and John Updike, among others, for a book called *A Mickey Mouse Reader* (2014). My Mickey-and-de Gaulle story from *The Metro* appears in that anthology. In December 2015, my monograph, *Mickey Mouse: Emblem of the American Spirit*, generously illustrated with some 323 images, was published by the Walt Disney Family Foundation Press in San Francisco, an imprint set up by Walt's late daughter, Diane Disney Miller.

Walt famously said of his vast entertainment empire and career that "it all began with a mouse." I could say of my infinitely more modest career as a writer, that it all began with *The Paris Metro*.



Garry Apgar, "Le Grand Charlie et le Petit Mickey," *The Paris Metro*, November 22, 1978.

Garry Apgar grew up in North Plainfield, New Jersey, where he was a big fan of the New York Yankees, *Mad* magazine, and Jean Shepherd. In 1962, he was selected as Newspaper Boy of the Year (representing the *Courier-News*) and got to meet the governor. It's been downhill ever since.

THE METRO AND ME

TWO PIX TELL A STORY, OR HOW THOSE 40 YEARS WHIZZED BY IN TWO CLICKS

Photo by Derek Hudson

Georgina Oliver with Dublin-born household name British painter Francis Bacon during the golden days of *The Paris Metro*.

What's my plan, as I e-embark on this 'art-icle,' self-pitched as "a brisk and snappy walk down memory lane, fast-forwarded into the internet era?"

To draw inspiration from two photographs. One dating back to the golden days of *The Paris Metro*. The other, taken nearly *40 Years After*.

Every picture tells a story. In this instance, the topic at hand is not merely what became of 'me me me' betwixt the pix – my personal and professional *Odyssey* – but rather the bigger picture: What happened to the press and journalism in that space of time? What made our Paris-anchored city magazine such a unique adventure?

Born in 1976, the same year as Professor Richard Dawkins published his landmark opus *The Selfish Gene*, *The Paris Metro* should still be alive. It had the serendipity of present-day startups in its DNA.

With ifs and buts, Paris could be put in a bottle of wine, Beaujolais shall we say, as a nod to *The Metro's* numero uno bistro, Au Beaujolais. Our American editors could have opted for a European Tour à la Joseph Conrad, sampling each of Europe's capital cities. Or, having picked Paris, founded yet another Lost Generation-inspired literary review. Instead, they hired a bunch of free-wheelin' self-starters to rewrite the Paris experience, in English *s'il vous plait*.

The Metro urged its contributors to unleash their inner selves. "When in doubt, investigate" was our unspoken guideline. A far cry from the all too well-meaning 'opinion journalism' prevalent in post-'68 France, this heady mix of streetwise reporting and first-person creativity – applied to anything and everything from politics and economics to the arts and *Cheap Thrills* – appealed to a brand new breed of *branchés* Parisian trend-spotters and style-setters, thirsting for a fresh take on their city.

The Paris Metro created *un buzz phénoménal*, long before the global village went viral. Word of mouth played a vital role in spreading the news that a gang of wildly original 'urban gonzos' was in town, hawking *The Magazine about Paris Today*. The *Village Voice* and Jean Seberg were mentioned in the same breath.

Well-served by its flamboyant tabloid format and retro-funky visual identity echoing Hector Guimard's art nouveau subway entrances, *The Paree Métro* soon became an eagerly awaited object of desire. Every other Thursday, at café terraces throughout Paris, readers gathered around the latest issue, often leaving it on the table for the next person, or group of people, to flick through.

Movies. Music. Books. Food. Theater. Sports. Each of the magazine's contributing editors had a finger on the pulse of a particular Parisian *milieu*, and my beat was the *art scene*. The excitement was palpable at the countless *vernissages*, which became my stomping ground. Artists, curators and press officers elbowed their way towards the 'New Critic on the Block,' pushing for coverage, ideally a full-page profile, or failing that a quick mention in the gallery and museum roundup.

Face-to-face feedback was essential in Facebook-less Paris. Predictably, many of the *Metro* followers I bumped into were U.S., U.K. or Oz expats. More surprisingly, an ever-growing number of these regular readers were French art-worlders. Keen to plug into an outsider's viewpoint, they joined in our heated arty-party conversations, expressing their artistic likes and dislikes in broken English.

Le Magazine Hot/Learn What Makes Paris Tick, proclaimed the subscription form on the classified ads page, in the playful tone that was our signature. *The Paris Metro* was streets-

ahead, exploring editorial avenues pursued to a greater or lesser extent by other city mags aimed at English-speaking Parisians and similar French publications, during the countdown to 2000 and well into the 'noughties'.

Were we copied (the ultimate compliment according to Coco Chanel)? Yes and no. *The Metro's* editorial line was a clever combo of hard news and trend spotting, unequalled until years later, when the creative brains behind websites specializing in breaking news injected arts and style into their e-concepts, almost as an afterthought.

What followed in France, after *The Paris Metro* had packed its bags, was a relentless battle between the print press and digital content providers.

Liberated from the dreaded economic equation – i.e. (printer + paper) + (rent + payroll) fails to equal advertising revenue – that killed so many post-*Metro* magazine projects, which looked amazing on paper but lacked the backing of a major publisher, online platforms eventually reversed the balance of power.

"Alternative need not be niche" was the rallying cry of a rising generation of web-content whiz kids, with their sights set on mass-market success.

Before the fun could start, a billion dollar question had to be answered: How do we make money out of the internet? However, once they had succeeded in defining their advertising targets and strategy, the race was on. All kinds of offbeat virtual publications, responding to hitherto unheard of consumer needs, began to call the shots.

When style bloggers started to appear in the front row at the most sought after fashion shows, household name women's magazines realized that they had missed the early warning signals. Hip and happening webzines were giving their readers what they were not finding in the *kiosques*. Leading newsmagazines were also losing ground. Investigative news sites were where they should be, hogging the headlines with their journalistic exploits.

On all fronts, online freestylers were filling an editorial gap the paper giants had failed to spot, and – worse still – selling the ads they were losing. Faced with imminent death, old-school glossy magazines had no alternative but to re-brand, hot on the heels of their digital rivals.

Only a handful of enlightened editors have envisioned a further alternative – namely, to reinvent the luxury coffee table magazine – proffering a champagne cocktail of cutting-edge fashion, art and design mixed with a splash of politics and a dash of economics – but that's an altogether different story...

As we go to press, run-of-the-mill newsstand rags are desperately trying to come to terms with a grim non-virtual reality: rewritten press releases and celebrity Q & As based on whistle-stop hotel room sessions chaperoned by flaky publicists simply do not sell.

Question: Is it too late to create a next-generation digital clone of *The Paris Metro*?

Answer: Hope not! If an online version is in the pipeline, keep me in the picture!

Photo by Luis Javier Fernández Salgas

Georgina Oliver still at home in the art world at the ARCO contemporary art fair in Madrid in February 2015.

Author's Note

What these pictures do not show is what took place in between: what made the beaming sexagenarian in Picture #2, who she is now, not least, The One…whose name appears on the photo credits of many of her Metro profiles (Felix Rozen). The Moscow-born, Warsaw-bred, basically Jewish (…) painter/sculptor/printmaker who married the Paris-based, Franco-British fledgling arts correspondent, hailing from Swinging London, in Picture #1, and gave her four fab offspring…An artist himself, Felix talked the artists he photographed for *The Paris Metro* into revealing an unexpected facet of their creative persona, by giving them what he was looking for: a glimpse into the man inside the artist.

This ain't an author's bio or an Oscar speech, but we all have a roll call of nearest and dearest, colleagues and mentors, alas sometimes sadly departed, to whom we would like to express our gratitude, when success strikes, however fleetingly.

First and foremost, I'd like to thank my parents; my friends and family; the husband and father we lost to LBD (Lewy Body Dementia) in 2013; the members of the Anglo-American Press Association, who elected me President in 2015 and 'co-prez' two years later for the centenary of the association; my editors on both sides of the Channel and Atlantic; Alex Liberman, the *éminence grise* of Condé Nast, whose advice was "Why don't you just write the way you talk?," the only thing wrong with that being, of course, that there's nothing more time-consuming, not to say "positively painful," than just writing the way you talk!

Tom Moore (During my job interview, *The Paris Metro*'s editor flicked through one of American *Vogue*'s rejects, a victim of Alex's "Just write the way you talk" philosophy. This was a profile of Isabelle Adjani, who had turned up for lunch at a chic bistro with a scab on her face "due to a yeast allergy," laden with groceries that made her look "more like a bag lady, than a film star," and whom I'd described exactly as she was. Suddenly, Tom had an illumination: "Do you think you could write like that about artists? You do? Well, you're hired!")

The bureau chiefs who 'put butter on my baguette' in the golden era when news magazines still had Paris bureaus; the fellow journalists who jumped on board of my own madcap projects, when I eventually became an editor myself; and everybody else who believed in me. And even those who didn't. In a sense, they're equally important because you want to prove them wrong.

THE PARIS METRO HIRES AN ITINERANT TYPESETTER

The year was 1978 and I was 28 years old.

I had recently left my job at United Nations Headquarters in New York to start work at UNESCO in Paris in a similar post.

On a whim, before my first day as a UN bureaucrat in Paris, I answered an ad for typesetter at *The Paris Metro*, a lively newspaper I had become acquainted with the previous summer. I had even taken old issues of *The Metro* in my suitcase back to New York with me.

Classified Ads

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U.S. PHOTOGRAPHER seeks male assistant, some experience helpful and female receptionist English mother tongue, fluent French. Phone Mike Colombo: 502.18.00.

CLAIRE, attractive female model, 26, blond hair, seeks job. Tel: 535.37.91.

AMERICAN GIRL (28) needs job desperately. Have public relations and secretarial experience, but will consider other possibilities. Write Box 11JM3 c/o Metro.

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PARAPHERNALIA CATALOGUE Finest quality ivory, silver or gold. Fuc Luc Sou, postbox 15035 Amsterdam, Holland.

Imagine my surprise to get a phone call at my hotel from Bill Mahder in the paper's production department, inviting me to the office where the typesetters worked.

Quelle coincidence! Bill and I both hailed from the Midwest, both of us had unbuckled the Bible belt about the same time, both of us were pianists, and both of us had major motor skills in our fingers! The other resident typesetter, Jennifer Burford, seconded the idea that I should complete the team.

There was, I knew, a hitch. I didn't have a visa or work permit and I wondered if they were going to hire me, a traveling typist?

"Sign up for a course at the Sorbonne," they both suggested.

And I did.

With my new student status, *The Paris Metro* accountants could pay me for services rendered and, if my employment outlasted my course at the Sorbonne, I could simply cross the border every six months or so and sign up for another course. It was a different world than it is now: I had no difficulty opening an account at Société Générale and cashing my paycheck.

And what a trip it was to be on the payroll at 31 rue des Francs-Bourgeois:

• Working with Bill and Jennifer in *The Metro's* underground typesetting office, called the *cave*.
• Renting a nearby apartment in the Marais, thanks to *The Paris Metro* want ads.
• Adapting overnight to typing on a French keyboard.
• Composing books and journals in Dutch between typesetting Tina de Liagre's *Cheap Thrills* and columns by Joan Dupont, Harry Stein, Craig Unger and Psmith, a pseudonym used by *The Metro*'s publisher.
• Watching Jean Lagarrigue, bill butt, Jair de Suza and Heleen Dik turn my galleys into a beautiful tabloid to be savored by thousands of readers in and beyond Paris.
• Taking breaks every day at the bar *en face* for a *café creme*.
• Working closely with production editors Sophie Reinauld and Elaine McCarthy.
• Being dispatched by *The Paris Metro* to a suburb where we learned computerized typesetting on enormous, state-of-the-art Compugraphic machines.

Ah, 1978. Mistakenly, I thought things would always be this lively and wonderful. I did not know I was having the time of my life!

Diana Timmons returned to New York with her newly acquired typesetting skills and got a job as typesetter, and then production editor, at *The New York Review of Books*. In 1993, she returned to her position at the United Nations and took early retirement in 2011. Her 21-year-old daughter, Lemon, is a confirmed Francophile.

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2-5

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2-5

WHERE WERE FRENCH FEMINISTS IN THE ERA OF *THE PARIS METRO*?

This episode in my memoir, Desperate to Be a Housewife*, takes place in the autumn of 1975, when I'd been living in Paris for just over a year. I'd made friends with a number of French women whose attitudes I found to be totally refreshing. They were still riding the wave of rebellion that swept France in May '68, and this played out in their relations with men and with each other.*

One day in late September Colette phoned and invited me to a supper meeting of her women's group.

"I'll bring some wine," I said, trying to hide my elation.

Colette was in the *avant garde* of the Parisian women's movement. She had been an early member of a group called *Les Polymorphes Perverses*, founded on the premise that Freud's theories of sexuality proved he understood nothing about women. That was a fairly revolutionary stance in a country whose chattering classes worshipped Freud. It was also funny. Could feminism have a sense of humor? Not in the States, maybe, but here in France the rules were different.

French feminists weren't burning bras, they were wearing them. They also wore dresses, jewelry and – perish the thought – lipstick. I remembered how I'd dressed back at Madison, in the early days of the movement: in jeans and a green army jacket, every day, with no makeup.

In the States, women who wore makeup were seen as unliberated. Women dressed like men. But was that feminist? In France, feminists, or at least some of them, believed that women could embellish their natural beauty for their own pleasure, and not to please men. To me, that felt liberating.

On the way to Colette's place, I stopped to pick up the wine. I decided to spring for a good bottle, a *Juliénas*, even though funds were low. I had dumped the job at Monsieur Vidal's place long ago, and the art classes where I modeled were just starting up again after the summer break. But it was worth it. This was a special occasion.

When I rang the bell, Colette greeted me as an old friend, kissing me on both cheeks. The room was packed, smoky and filled with low chatter. I felt I had stumbled into a meeting of conspirators plotting a new French revolution. And maybe I had. These women looked tough, especially Delilah, Colette's current lover. Several were in leather jackets. All were thin and most were in black. They observed me warily, but when Colette introduced me as a feminist from America they peppered me with questions and made me feel at home.

The meeting had been called to discuss plans for feminist actions in Paris throughout the autumn. Abortion had just been legalized, and with that victory behind them French women were in the streets demonstrating against everything from rape and police treatment of prostitutes to the incarceration of political prisoners in Franco's Spain.

The gathering went on for hours, fueled by a country-style buffet of salads, cold cuts, cheese and plenty of wine. By the time we got around to the *Juliénas* everyone was joking, laughing, bonded in a sisterhood of women who knew their moment in history had come.

As I poured myself another glass of the red, I succumbed to the intoxication of being at the epicenter of a movement that was going to shake the world. So much had changed for me in the year since I moved to Paris. Now, without Jacques but amid these women, I felt I had finally arrived.

Meg Bortin's memoir, *Desperate to Be a Housewife*, was published by Mirabelle Books in 2013. She currently lives in Paris and writes *The Everyday French Chef*, a culinary blog.

Related articles from THE PARIS METRO

Diary of a frustrated feminist

Or, can this movement be saved?

by Elaine McCarthy

In the two years since International Women's Year, the Women's Movement has been coming to life in Italy, Spain, and Latin America, called intellectually overweight in France, which it is, and presumed dead in other European countries and the States, which it definitely is not. The turmoil and growth that has been fermenting were evident in an international meeting held this month in Paris. Organized by the French «Pétroleuses,» Trotskyite women working in the the male Left who wanted a strict discussion of «the role of women in the class struggle,» the Rencontre Internationale des Femmes was unexpectedly swamped by Feminists outside party politics who wanted to discuss common issues rather than political theory. The resulting sound and fury was no surprise. But when the dust cleared, the Feminists were more together politically and the political «heavies» were more open to Feminism.

Vincennes: A wasteland, «project»-style block houses covered with graffiti outside, falling apart inside. A prison compound, a refugee camp. But it is a bright blue beach day and there is a billowing banner at the entrance, colorful posters on the walls, children shouting happily in the play

Vincennes entrance: all women welcome, no men allowed.

Are French Women More Feminine?

It doesn't matter that this question is perhaps the most clichéd in Paris, ultimately everyone has got to get their two cents in. Herewith, the "definitive" answer

by Marcelle Clements

Michel Delmeville

Femininity has become a dirty word. Clearly, this is the wages of sins perpetrated by both sexists and feminists. Their common and dangerous mistake has been to promote the emergence of stereotypes of femininity which could be easily abused or defended – clichés more easily manipulated than real-life, complicated, individual female beings in complex cultural environments.

The French woman, historically the epitome of femininity, has been glorified and victimized by the stereotyping syndrome to an outrageous extent. It is difficult to state with certainty when this phenomenon began (the French kings' courtesans? the great *cocottes* of the turn of the century?), but to be sure it is still with us. A Parisian friend of mine told me she had recently gone to bed with an Englishman. Everything was proceeding in a conventional sort of way, but my friend relates with dismay that when he came, the Englishman was yelling, «Ah, les françaises!» Needless to say, that relationship was short-lived.

Marie-Françoise Leclère, rédactrice-en-chef adjointe of *Elle*, and Judith Fayard, European Editor of *Women's Wear Daily*, agreed to sit down and talk about the subject of femininity, and more particularly French femininity. They are both attractive women in their mid-thirties. Marie-Françoise Leclère has been at *Elle* for eleven years, having started out as a reporter. Judith Fayard is an American southerner who has been a reporter for *Life* and *Time* and is an unshakable francophile: she had made her decision to live in France eight years before finally getting the position at the Paris bureau of WWD that enabled her to move here two years ago. Each woman is, in her own way, tough, aggressive, and very charming.

Judith Fayard and Marie-Françoise Leclère are part of the establishment of extremely influential publications, often accused or envied as dictators in the field of

Continued on page 14

Sipa-Press

Feminist lawyer Halimi: wants rape trials to be public.

The Marseille rape case

In rape cases, the woman is almost always the defendant. She has to prove she didn't really «want it»

Araceli Castellano, the daughter of Spanish immigrant workers in Belgium, and Anne Tonglet, daughter of a poor Belgian working class family, are lesbians who live together in a tiny flat in Brussels. Gisèle Halimi, 49, is a famous French intellectual, the lawyer of Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, and a member of the Stockholm tribunal that condemned America for war crimes in Vietnam. These three women will be united in the criminal court of Aix-en-Provence, probably in February 1977.

The three are a more logical unit

Feminists in a foreign land

Warfare in the Kitchen

With women chefs gaining in stature, their male counterparts - led by the great Paul Bocuse - launched a counterattack, then pressed for a truce. But the peace looks to be illusory

by Justine De Lacy

Bocuse (with wandering hands) and leopard Otaty Herse girls

Christiane Massia smiles a lot, but this time she had a special reason. She had just become the first women chef to be awarded the Ordre du Mérite Agricole and Paul Bocuse, France's most well-known three-star chef, had just presented it to her.

To the casual observer, the bash that followed at Massia's restaurant, l'Aquitaine, must have looked like chef's hat. For Paul Bocuse, it was an unpardonable transgression. «We didn't even want to wear it *toque*,» explains Massia, whose long blood hair and crisp white uniform make her look more like a nurse than a cook. «The *Match* photographer brought the hats and made us put them on. We looked ugly. On était *moche! Moche!* I ran into Bocuse and he said, «What a dumb

Whatever happened to the French women's movement?

Like so much else that grew out of May '68, the women's movement now seems to have whimpered to a halt

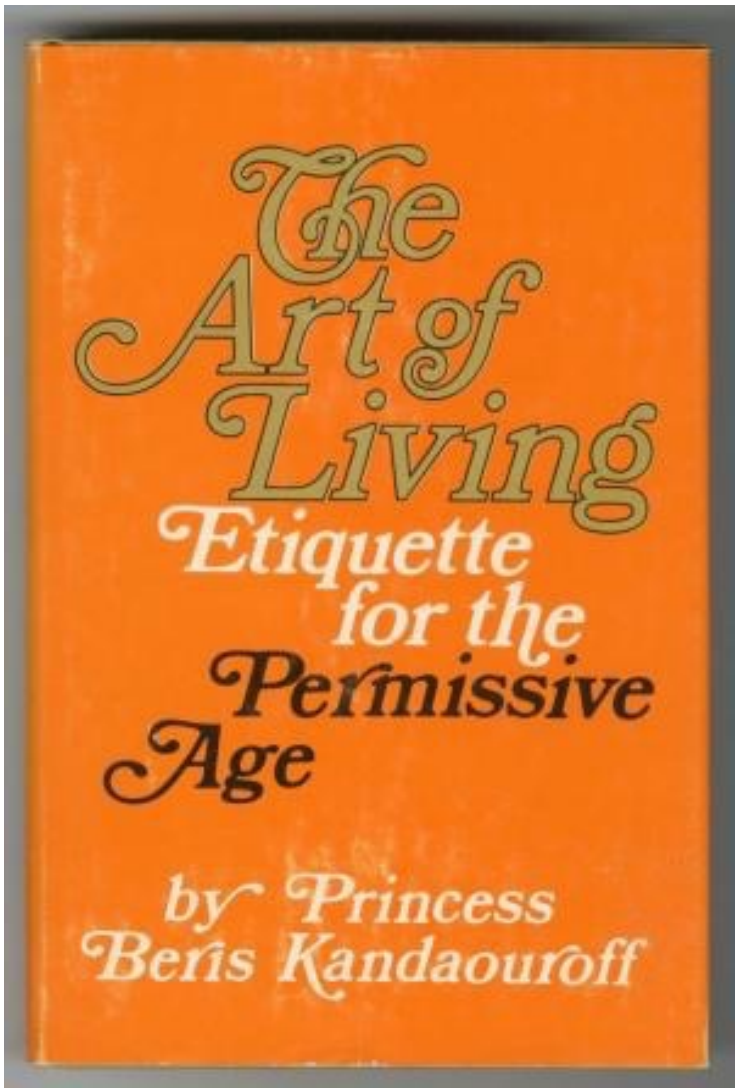
by Jane Friedman

DON'T EAT YOUR SOUP WITH A FORK

Let's see...got to situate this. *The Paris Metro*? The magazine, not the subway. That was eons ago. Can I even remember it?

I am sitting here in my home office in Paris looking at a photocopy of a long feature I wrote for *The Metro* called *Don't Eat Your Soup With A Fork*. It was illustrated with four delightful drawings, one that showed a well-dressed man manipulating a giant lettuce leaf that sprang up in his face, spattering vinaigrette all over his clothes, the tablecloth and his terrified tablemates. This was to illustrate my point about how a good hostess should always cut lettuce into bite-sized portions.

I can't remember who had the idea for an article about French *politesse* but I do recall that the editor had a concrete suggestion about who to contact. The name he gave me was Princess Beris Kandaouroff, an Englishwoman who had written *The Art of Living: Etiquette for the Permissive Age*.



I duly trekked over to her apartment, somewhere in the 9th *arrondissement*, where she cheerfully gave me a crash course on what to do and not to do in France. *Ca se fait* and *ça ne se fait pas* are things most French instinctively know but we poor foreigners don't, hence the necessity of books, articles and general instruction on the subject.

Most of the rules concern dining which, in a country obsessed with food, is no surprise, and my article went on and on about all the horrible *faux pas* one could unwittingly commit at a formal dinner party if not in the know. Offer carnations? Never, because they bring bad luck. Sop up that delicious sauce with your bread or a fork? Neither. *Saucer* is a total *non-non* when dining out.

And those two bits of advice are only for starters. I was amazed by all the things

one should and shouldn't do.

The Princess advised guests never to show up at a dinner party with spare friends or animals unless asking permission from the hostess beforehand. To illustrate her point, she told me that she once invited the director of a zoo to dinner and he came with a lion, causing pandemonium. Rereading that today, I wonder if it was the whole truth. (*Time* magazine, where I was a stringer in the Paris bureau for many years, would have got a fact checker on it). Anyway, it was a great story and that's what counts.

I didn't know it at the time but I would dine out (pardon the pun) on that article and that subject for decades. It led me to consider overall French behavior, which led to my first book, *French Toast*, followed by two others that also concerned the arcane and mysterious ways of the French.

Had *The Paris Metro* editor not given me such a bigger-than-life source to interview, nor encouraged me to write in a fresh and funny manner, that article would have been an end rather than a beginning. As it was, I found a subject and a style.

In sum, *The Paris Metro* was a bright spot in my freelance life, with all its ups and downs, the details of which I will kindly spare you.

There's only one downside to this specific story: when *The Paris Metro* was liquidated, I was formally informed that I would be eligible for *chomage,* or unemployment. Being a bull-headed American, I didn't bother applying. How wrong I was. I dined out on *politesse* for years – and in this country where social policies are generous, could probably have been on unemployment for years had I cared to pursue the matter.

Well, we all make mistakes. No little regular unemployment checks and other goodies for me. But what I got was not so bad: writing for a publication the likes of which Paris has never seen again, dealing with editors who had great ideas and a great sense of fun, learning to take myself seriously as a writer whose words could make a difference, even if they were only to make the reader laugh. That's already a lot.

And so the 70s passed, *The Paris Metro* went under as so many wonderful publications did, and I stayed in Paris freelancing and never left.

Sometimes when I look back on past events or past places or past experiences, everything seems so much better — even if it perhaps wasn't.

In the case of *The Paris Metro*, in my experience at least, it really was just as good as it seemed then. The proof: its successors never made the cut, never even got close.

Someone really should get *The Paris Metro* going again...but that's another story.

Harriet Welty Rochefort is a French-American dual citizen and the author of *French Toast, French Fried* and *Joie de Vivre*. She's written scores of articles on French business, culture and lifestyle for numerous publications; taught in the international program of the Ecole de Journalism at the Institut d'Etudes Politiques de Paris; and regularly lectures on French-American cultural differences. She is currently working on her fourth book, a novel.

PORGY, BESS AND *THE PARIS METRO*

I flew to Paris on Independence Day in 1976 and arrived at Orly Airport early in the morning of a very warm July 5. Not my first trip to France by any means, but the beginning of a lengthy love affair that continues today.

The number of places I lived included a compound on rue Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, a pad on the Île de la Cité, and an old farmhouse near Fountainbleau that became a favored weekend party site for *The Paris Metro* folk, especially Joel Stratte-McClure, John Keeney and Harry Flowers.

How we all met is a bit blurry, but I do remember wonderful times at Mother Earth's in Les Halles, baseball games on Sunday afternoons in the Bois de Boulogne, unbelievably decadent nights at the Hammam Saint-Paul, and other adventures best remembered together, if at all.

I had come to Paris to sing classical music at the behest of France Musique, but ended up becoming a disco/pop singer and background recording artist. I wanted to keep my hand in journalism since I walked away from on-air reporting at NBC TV Sports to work again in music (I was a Juilliard grad). It all flowed nicely together in Paris.

One very special *Paris Metro* time was a party at Joel's home on Île Saint-Louis that I organized for the lead divas of the Houston

Claudia Polley: the ups and downs of an opening night gig

by David Laurel

Dana Holland

Singing disco in Paris in 1976.

Grand Opera's *Porgy and Bess*. I made a chili that was beyond spicy but also beyond delicious...so much so that Porgy couldn't stop eating it, despite the fact that he must have lost ten pounds in perspiration. We laughed, we ate, we talked music and journalism and living in Paris.

It was the beginning of the opera company's European tour, and my daughter Amanda was enlisted to lead the children's chorus and continue with the troupe as they toured Europe. She could speak fluent French and pretty decent German, which made her, at the age of five, the master translator for everybody. If you knew or know Amanda, this would not surprise you. One night she left my house at three a.m. and showed up at Joel's apartment. I think he had her arrested. So much for my mothering habits in trusting a female wrestler colleague (another book) from Britain who promised to stay with the kid. For *Porgy and Bess*, my mother, who was on a long visit from the U.S., went with her on tour as chaperone. They had a safe and sound blast!

After having done a film directed by Mario Monicelli starring Gérard Depardieu, and then plunging into a cabaret show at The Cotton Club entitled *Manhattan Satin*, I followed a love back to the States in late 1979. The love didn't last, but I did hook up with old friends in journalism and wound up working for Stevie Wonder's radio station KJLH in L.A. Wonderful time, but Los Angeles is a tough city to live in after Paris.

I ended up living just outside Washington DC and working for NPR. I got into the historic preservation field because of my family's pride of history and my mother's obsession with restoring old houses, then moved easily into the national and international museum world.

Currently I'm happily a grandma to Amanda’s 10-year-old son and am living just outside San Francisco at the top of the Santa Cruz mountains above Half Moon Bay with a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean. While not Paris, it is as idyllic as I could ask for. I stay busy by playing with venture capitalists in funding a new energy source and creating great body creams for old people like myself who travel a lot.

Paris would not be Paris without the memory of good times with friends and family of *The Paris Metro*. It was a wonderful time, which won't ever come again. But we'll do our best to remember as much as possible whenever we are together!

Claudia Polley lived in Paris from 1976-79 and 1986-88 and visits as often as time, talent and treasure will allow.

NAKED TALES FROM THE PARIS METRO

I had already lived in Paris for seven years when I signed up with *The Paris Metro*. The magazine's core group at the time seemed to me “right off the boat.” Still leagues away from managing the local codes.

I remember Craig Unger recounting the stir he caused at the Piscine Deligny when he showed up for a swim in his baggy American bathing shorts. The whole Seine-side boat rocked with such laughter, it almost sank. Which it did, of course a few years later. (Did Craig go back?)

I remember food critic Justine De Lacy’s astonishment when she called a restaurant to ask politely: “*Etes-vous ouvert ce soir*?” only to hear a typical, gruff Parisian response: “*Evidemment, si on réponds*!”

Ah, the sweet codes of life in France!

Joel Stratte-McClure, on the other hand, avoided the bathing suit dilemma entirely. After a helicopter tour of Paris that landed us on the helipad next door to the Sofitel, Joel, photographer Claude Vaujany, and I found ourselves checking out the hotel's rooftop swimming pool. There was nobody there.

To our astonishment, Joel immediately stripped naked and did a couple laps! He encouraged us to join him, but Claude and I were too chicken or too dignified to take the plunge. Claude, of course, immortalized the moment with a splendid shot of Joel emerging stark naked, Adonis-like, from the empty pool.

We published the photograph along with the item in my *Cheap Thrills* column, recommending a secluded splash at the Sofitel.

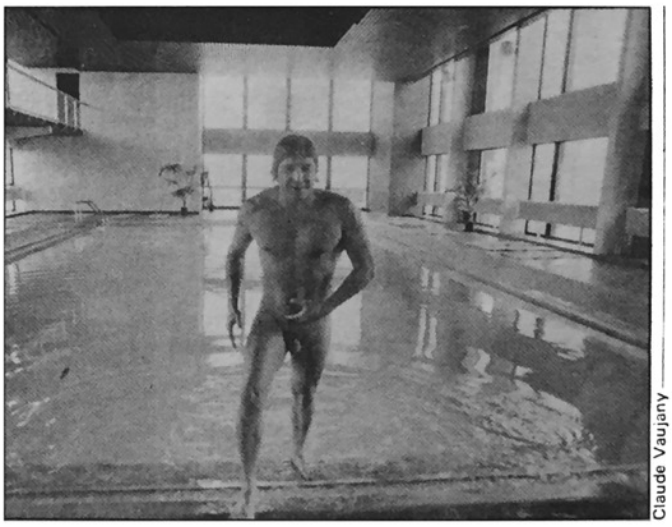
A Selection of Good Buys, Place and Events / by Christina de Liagre

CHEAP THRILLS

Bird's Eye View

Whether you're on your way up or on your way down, the best view in town can be glimpsed from the SOFITEL's glass bubble automatic elevator that hangs suspended outside this impressive high-rise structure. After getting your fill of the cityscape on this breathtaking free ride, cool off and calm down in the hotel's *centre de bien être*, one of the most elegant and seemingly empty swimming holes we've found.

■ *SOFITEL, 8-12 rue Louis Armand, 15e. Tel: 554.95.00. Swimming pool open weekdays 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sat. & Sun. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. 25F or reduced subscription rates. Gym and sauna also available.*



Claude Vaujany

In response, the hotel management not only fired the lifeguard who should have been on duty but also demanded *The Metro*'s negatives of the exploit. Did Claude give them all up? I doubt it!

Just think of it: full frontal nudity on our pages featuring our very own, very well-hung publisher, for God's sake!

I first discovered *The Metro* in March 1976 in a classified ad in the *International Herald Tribune,* where I was working at the time, asking for freelance writers. But once I left the *Trib* and started working at *The Metro*, I learned that story proposals came from everywhere.

One day at the office, Craig took a call: The proposal was an interview/profile of James Jones, author of *From Here To Eternity* and *The Thin Red Line*. Jones had lived on the Île Saint-Louis until 1975 when he moved to Long Island, where he died in May 1977. He was long gone from Paris and, in fact, long gone from this world.

Craig questioned the freelance writer on the other end of the line:

"A profile of James Jones! Do you know him?" asked Craig.

"Oh yes!" answered the freelance hopeful.

"Really?" Craig insisted.

"Oh yes, I know him very well. Uh...personally. We're close."

"Then I've got some bad news for you," said Craig. "I'm afraid this is going to take some digging!"

The Metro's staff was as varied as its contributors.

As prince of the night, art director bill butt operated in a totally different time zone, making the rest of us look like *couche-tôt*! Ah, the tick of the clock, waiting for bill to return directly to work from his nocturnal outings. Outings that were the envy of many, like Joel, who could be heard wailing: "I want to be gay! I want to be gay!"

Art director Jean Lagarrigue's imprimatur was radically different, starting with his August 1978 cover of Mona Lisa sitting at a *café guéridon*. A family man, Jean would occasionally bring his son to work. Jerôme, just five years old, would contentedly play under his father's worktable for hours on end.

Walking with Jean around the rue des Rosiers one day, I heard Jerome suddenly shriek excitedly: "*Papa! Papa! Regarde! C'est la maison du sheriff*!" Was it Jerôme's American mother or Jean's years at *Esquire* in New York that made the sheriff loom larger than life in his imagination?

In fact, *petit* Jerôme was pointing to the Star of David etched in stone over the front door of the synagogue on the rue Pavée!

Having the rue Pavée, the rue des

Photo by Christina de Liagre

Rosiers and other streets in the Marais' Jewish quarter in *The Metro's* back yard was one of the real pleasures of our outpost at 31 rue des Francs-Bourgeois, where the renovated l'Hôtel d'Albret currently houses the Direction des Affaires Culturelles of La Mairie de Paris.

Not yet gentrified, as it is today, the Jewish Quarter had a texture of life that other neighborhoods lacked. The surrounding Marais had been dormant for decades and we were in town to wake it up! Remember naked co-ed nights at the Hammam Saint-Paul, now sadly converted into a clothing store? And meals at Goldenberg's where the owner Jo would often sit down to reminisce about the July 1942 roundup of the Jews. Now racks of "Morpho" jeans have replaced Jo's famous chopped liver in a boutique called Le Temps des Cerises.

We were immigrants among immigrants! And it felt good.

After *The Metro* went under in November 1978, I was busy painting the windows of my flat on the Place des Vosges when a messenger rang the doorbell.

I was naked, wearing blue rubber gloves and had a paint brush in one hand.

Holding a huge red square envelope, the *coursier* proudly said: "For Christina de Liagre from *Le Palace*."

"Yes," I replied, trying to clumsily conceal my nudity behind the door.

"Are YOU," he asked in a baffled tone, "Christina de Liagre?"

When I assured him I was, he handed over the envelope, ceremoniously.

I guessed the other Palace invitations were not hand delivered to a pair of blue rubber gloves at the top floor servants' quarters, like my conjoined *chambre de bonne*.

I tore open the envelope and started reading the glossy fold out that accompanied the invitation: "PALACE an 1" would celebrate the first year of the *Le Palace*, the gigantic nightclub which blew Paris wide open in March 1978 with a performance by mistress of the night Grace Jones.

Amongst the list of journalists who covered Le Palace that first year ("*ceux qui aiment le Palace et qui le disent*") was our very own Robert Wiener (*Paris-Métro*). From the get-go, Robert had consecrated *Le Palace* "in a class by itself" and our *Paris Disco Fever* issue featured a cover with a portly Karl Lagerfeld dancing and spinning à la John Travolta.

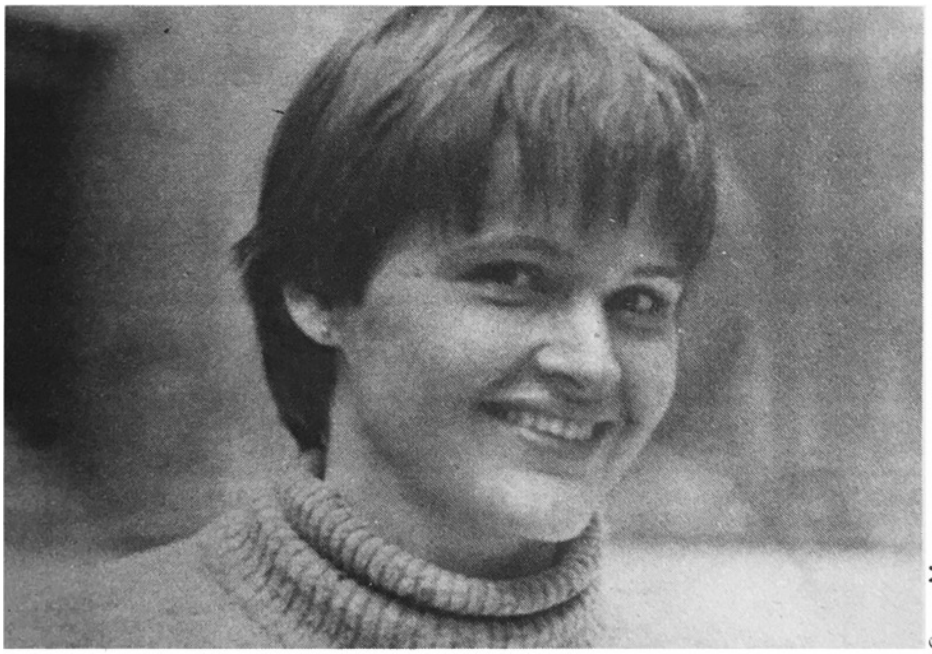
Both *The Metro* and *Le Palace* shared a revolutionary spirit, a determination to break French codes, explore new frontiers and breathe new life into the city.

Mutual admiration was such that *Le Palace* impresario and *dandy de la nuit* Fabrice Emaer was one of the first to come to our rescue when we began to falter, hosting the *Vive Paris Metro*! *soirée* on October 30, 1978. But even our solicitation of lifetime subscriptions to the magazine for 2,500 Francs didn't fill the coffers. In the end, *Le Palace* benefit and the subscription-for-life deal enabled the production of just ONE more full-color, 48-page issue!

Cradled between my blue rubber-gloved hands, the glossy fold out from *Le Palace* went on to list the top two hundred *tout branché*, ultra famous, ultra chic celebrities who were *Le Palace* stars of its anniversary night ("*ceux qui aiment le Palace et qui y viennent*"): Isabelle Adjani, Anouk Aimee, Ursula Andress, Jean-Paul Belmondo, William Burroughs, Catherine Deneuve, Gerard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Mick Jagger, Billy Joel, Elton John, Johnny Halliday, Karl Lagerfeld, Helmut Newton, Rudolph Nureyev, Roman Polanski, Yves Saint-Laurent, Andy Warhol...and Christina de Liagre.

I thought I was hallucinating!

I was orphaned by *The Paris Metro* and then adopted by *Le Palace*. *Ca, alors*!



Steve Murez

***Associate** editor de Liagre*

Orphaned by *The Paris Metro*, adopted by *Le Palace*.

None of us realized the stellar status that *The Metro* gave us! None of us realized the influence we had. Even though other newspapers told us so: "*Paris Metro n'a aucun equivalent dans la presse Française" (Le Matin*).

No one at *Le Palace*, or anywhere else, could believe *The Metro* wouldn't rise from its ashes. At least episodically, like *Egoiste*, the magazine founded by Nicole Wisniak at about the same time.

No one could believe *Le Magazine Hot*, as we called ourselves in one promotion, had gone cold overnight.

The Metro lasted as long as it did in large part thanks to our Heroic Hawker, Harry Rebeiro, from Ghana, who singlehandedly had boosted circulation since *The Metro*'s inception in June 1976. In a *Behind The Lines* profile that we ran in each issue, we even declared Harry, the best of all hawkers, in a class by himself, holding the record of selling 50 copies in an hour. Merchant seaman that he was, he knew how to make a catch.

At one point, we thought we'd enlarge Harry's scope of activity, and have him index and cross-reference all published *Metro* articles. He took on the chore with enthusiasm.

His first entry on a pile of index cards:

HARRY REBEIRO see HARRY FLOWERS (his new *nom de plume*!)

And that was the beginning and the end of our *Metro* archive system!

After *The Metro* folded, I lost track of Harry Flowers. Until one evening, months later, I was desperately looking for a taxi on the rue Saint-Antoine, to no avail. I was very late for a dinner with Freddy Heineken, the billionaire brewer who was taking me to the starred restaurant Olympe. A photographer friend of mine, Johnny Pigozzi (whom we had featured in *The Metro*'s *Last Tango* section), had arranged the evening.

As I continued to gesticulate wildly in search of a taxi, who pulls up in a delivery truck emblazoned with VINS DE PROPRIETE but Harry Flowers.

"Hey Tina! What's happening!" Harry said with his habitual smile.

When I told him I was very late for "an extremely important date," Harry didn't miss a beat.

"Come on, I'll take you, but you've got to ride in the back with the wine, because there's only a driver's seat in front," he apologized.

I climbed into the back of the truck and held on, as best I could, to cases and cases of wine. Chateau This and Chateau That. It was dark. I couldn't see where we were going, but we

were going fast! Hopefully up the rue de Rivoli to the Champs Elysées where Heineken had an apartment.

After ten minutes or so, I felt the truck pull to the curb and come to a stop. Suddenly the back doors of the truck opened out. Harry was there, flashing that incredible smile and extending a hand to help me out from behind the Chateau Margaux.

I kissed him thank you on both cheeks and turned to see Freddy Heineken and Johnny Pigozzi on the sidewalk waiting for me.

They were stunned.

It was my finest entrance and another magical *Metro* moment.

Thank you, Harry Flowers! And *merci, Metro*.

After working at *Le Monde* and the *International Herald Tribune*, Christina de Liagre joined *The Paris Metro* as Associate Editor in charge of film listings. In addition to a Backstage theatre column and regular feature articles, Tina was in charge of the magazine's *Cheap Thrills* section. Post *Metro*, she wrote a *French Fax* column for *Interview Magazine* and, as a freelance writer in Paris, has contributed regularly to *New York Magazine, House and Garden, European Travel and Life* and *Condé Nast Traveler*. She is currently working on herself.

A Selection of Good Buys, Places, and Events/by Christina de Liagre 13

CHEAP THRILLS

Buy, Buy Baby

As any mother knows, every baby grows faster than one can keep up with clothes. To put an end to the spiraling costs, Nicole Pruvost, a year ago, gave birth to Bébé Puces — a wee flea market for the wee wee ones. Whatever your clothing needs for kids up to five years old, Bébé Puces surely has got it *d'occasion* — second-hand but in fine condition: sweaters 15F, dresses 30-50F, pants 25-35F, coats 35-120F . . . Baby care fare not only runs the full range of swaddling clothes (with some very fetching dress-up duds) but also includes a selection of baby carriages (from 150F), prams, cradles, cribs (from 250F), changing tables, tote baskets and backpacks. As Christmas approaches a vast collection of toys will be an added attraction. And last but not least, Bébé Puces will buy *your* children's clothes and baby accessories — cash — an irresistible offer you won't find extended by any other shop of this kind around town.

■ *Bébé Puces, 47 rue de Lappe, 11e. Tel: 700.50.93. Open Tues. through Sat. from 10:30 a.m. to 7 p.m.*

Claude Vaujany

Quilting Bee

Thirteen years ago, Diane Armand-Delille started bringing early American patchwork quilts to France. Now, Le Rouvray, her splendid shop on the rue Frédéric Sauton, houses the most important quilt collection (in both quantity and quality) outside the United States. A superlative selection of pieced, appliquéd, and crazy quilts (most dating from 1860 to 1930 and priced from 500F up) are piled high in this 17th-century storefront which also sets the scene for quilting and rag-rug classes. Four 2-hour lessons will have you quilting on your own with the help of the Rouvray's extensive, mainly English-language reference library and fine line of coordinated fabrics and supplies (quilting hoops, frames, needles, threads, finger guards, templates, stencils). Though the quilting lessons have been a huge success, a male has yet to sign up — and the first one who does (with the intention to follow through), promises Delille, gets a free course!

If quilts are here then pine furniture can't be far behind — and Le Rouvray has also got some of the smartest Old English 19th century pine this side of the English Channel.

■ *Le Rouvray, 1 rue Frédéric Sauton, 5e. Tel: 325.00.45. Quilting classes, Tuesdays and Thursdays from 2:30-4:30 p.m. 240F.*

THE LOVE PATROL'S TEN MOST ROMANTIC SPOTS IN THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC CITY

This article was written in late 1978.

The Paris Metro recently ran a story about The Love Patrol, a French government organization that promotes kissing and other forms of conspicuous affection in public. The Love Patrol's goal, the article explained, is to safeguard and enrich the particularly Parisian tradition of overt romance exemplified by caressing in the streets, embracing in the gardens, cuddling in the courtyards and making out anywhere everywhere.

The day after the investigative article ran, over four hundred readers called the magazine asking how they could join The Love Patrol. The reaction it provoked was typical. Everyone in Paris is infected by romance and feels they deserve more than their share. It's unavoidable. Every day is Valentine's Day in Paris.

Most people visiting Paris, indeed most Parisians, don't know the truly sweet spots to go for real romance. Jaundiced guidebook writers and freeloading junketing travel journalists have made the city seem so mundane that it's lost a lot of vitality. Many passionate lovers simply take the three-star tour and wind up thinking there's nothing more romantic than the chilly top of the Eiffel tower, the cavernous corners of Notre Dame and some candle-lit restaurants near the Pantheon. Sure, these place have charm, but they're about as romantically original as champagne at the Ritz.

It turns out, though, that The Love Patrol had prepared a list of romantic, and unromantic, spots for publication in the first issue of *The Metro* in 1979, a month after the magazine went down the tubes. Here's what readers would have read:

The Ten Most Romantic Spots In The World's Most Romantic City

The Arènes de Lutèce

Paris is older than almost anything in America and, despite the invasion of McDonald's, there are many quiet and secluded places to acknowledge the past. One of the least known is the Arènes de Lutèce, an arena in the fifth *arrondissement* that was excavated in 1869, about 1,600 years after the circular stage and seats were constructed for gladiatorial antics. As William Gilbert wrote, "There's a fascination frantic in a ruin that's romantic," and The Love Patrol considers the Arènes a gracious locale for any type of proposal or, if things go sideways, a duel. The hole-in-the-wall entrance to the arena is at 49 rue Monge.

The Medicis Fountain

There are 137 fountains in Paris, but the monumental Medicis Fountain in the Luxembourg Gardens, a narrow deep reflection pool lined with gigantic vases, is The Love Patrol's favorite. The serene expression of Cyclops Polyphemus as he gazes with envy at two young lovers, Acis and Galatea, inspires close cuddling while smaller nude statues nearby provide additional inspiration. The gardens themselves are a great place to frolic if it turns out that you don't like the reflection(s) you see in the fountain.

Photo by Claude Vaujany

The Tomb of Abelard and Héloïse

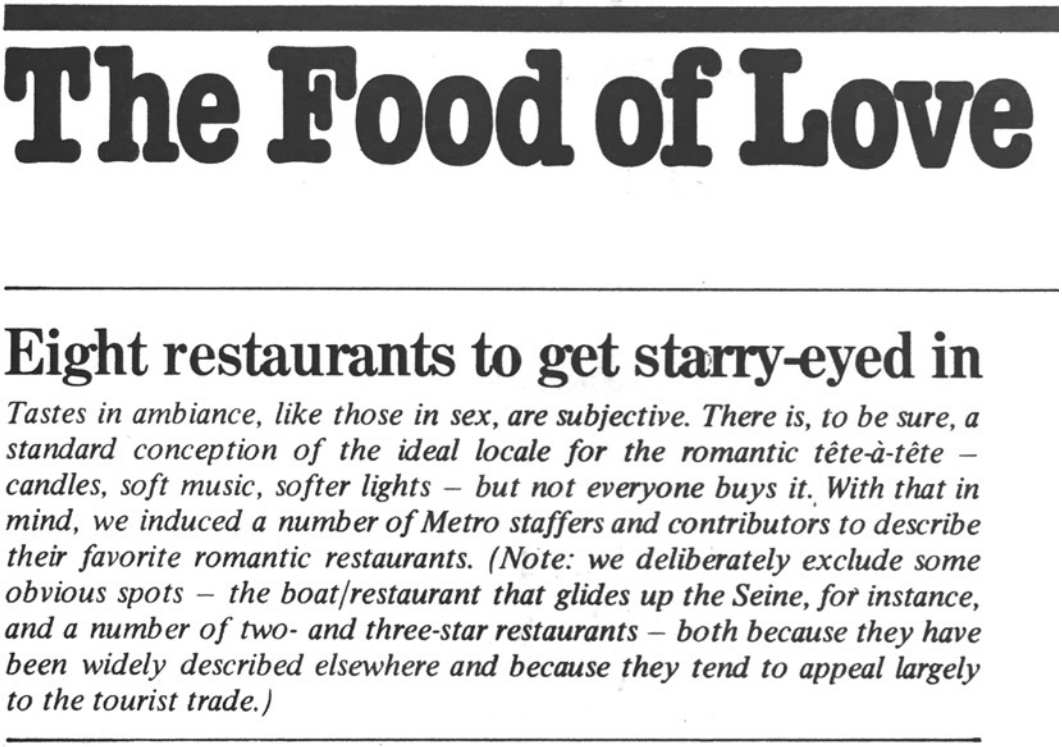
A lot of Paris is underground. In fact, the town has over twenty graveyards with 800,000 permanent residents. One of the largest is Père Lachaise where Oscar Wilde, Sarah Bernhardt, Gertrude Stein, Edith Piaf and Jim Morrison are interred.

Père Lachaise is a sculpted, far-from-mournful place with a maze of alleys and crypts designed by Alexandre-Théodore Brongniart in 1803. A Gothic canopy covers the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse, considered by The Love Patrol to be one of the most romantic couples of all time.

Abelard, a philosopher and teacher credited with founding the University of Paris, fell for Héloïse when he was her tutor in 1120. Her father frowned on their scandal-provoking liaison and in the end Abelard became a monk, Héloïse an abbess. But the letters he wrote to her continue to inspire contemporary Romeos and you can feel romantic energy seeping out of the tomb. They're together forever.

The Most Romantic Meal

Choosing romantic restaurants in Paris presents little problem. There are at least 90 establishments that fit the bill, depending on your specific definition of seductive dining. La Tour d'Argent has the best view, the fish at Le Bernardin is mouth-watering, the sidewalk terrace at the Royale Vosges is a must on moonlit summer nights. But because romance depends so much on the sensation, anticipation and *angst* of arrival and departure, Le Train Bleu in the Gare de Lyon is particularly apt. While you dine, waiting for the train to Nice and admiring the frescoes on the wall, it's not difficult to imagine what romance was like a century ago. Even waiters at Le Train Bleu are out of the courtly past.



The Food of Love

Eight restaurants to get starry-eyed in

Tastes in ambiance, like those in sex, are subjective. There is, to be sure, a standard conception of the ideal locale for the romantic tête-à-tête – candles, soft music, softer lights – but not everyone buys it. With that in mind, we induced a number of Metro staffers and contributors to describe their favorite romantic restaurants. (Note: we deliberately exclude some obvious spots – the boat/restaurant that glides up the Seine, for instance, and a number of two- and three-star restaurants – both because they have been widely described elsewhere and because they tend to appeal largely to the tourist trade.)

***The Metro* frequently discussed food, romance and sex.**

The Most Romantic View

The allure that separates Paris from sky-scraped cities like New York is its classic rooftops. Although the French have tried to destroy this panorama by erecting a 210-meter high tower in Montparnasse, the rooftops have united to remain silhouetted against the sky. You can capture the skyline from a number of vantage points — the highest story of the Tour Montparnasse, the top of the Eiffel Tower or the fifth floor of the Beaubourg Museum. But these are artificial heights.

The best view is from the summit of the city's tallest hill, Montmartre. It's called the mountain of the martyrs because Saint-Denis was beheaded there in 280 and it became particularly celebrated when Toulouse-Lautrec and Utrillo had their studios on the hillside. You have a romantic look at the city from the vine-covered Place du Calvaire or, if you're more ambitious, try to squeeze up the narrow 237-step stairway at the Basilique du Sacré-Cœur to the tune of organ music.

The Most Romantic Place To Bed Down

There are over 1,300 hotels in Paris and sometimes getting a room in any of them can be difficult. But for a romantic sleep, it's hard to compete with L'Hotel at 13 rue des Beaux-Arts. Oscar Wilde ("The only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer") died in Room 16 and Mick Jagger frequents the place. Each of the 27 rooms is decorated in a different motif and Room 25 has a terrace with an excellent view of the nearby church. Nearby art galleries are good for playful after-breakfast strolls.

The Most Romantic Place To Kiss

There are over 50,000 acres of parks and gardens in Paris, ranging from the somewhat wild Bois de Boulogne, where Americans play baseball, to the more formal Tuileries Garden. Most of them, flower-filled and statue-adorned, are delightful spots. But none is as pleasant as the small, unnamed garden at the end of Île Saint-Louis, the smaller of the two islands in the Seine in central Paris. Its attractions are multiple: there are never very many people, you can watch the barges move up and down the Seine, you can step down to the quai for a snog under the willow tree, or you can simply sit on the benches. It is inconspicuous and simple, just right for a romantic whim.

The Most Romantic *Place*

Everyone in Paris has their favorite *place*, or square. Selections range from the dominating Place de la Concorde to the very symmetrical Place des Vosges. But The Love Patrol considers the most romantic to be La Place du Marché-Sainte-Catherine off rue Saint-Antoine. Its cobblestone streets, classic street lights, laundry hanging from the windows, beamed apartments, a couple art galleries and a few restaurants will make you want to move in and play house.

Photo by Emdx

Spiritual Romance

It is difficult not to feel somewhat spiritual or religious in Paris, but many churches are uncomfortably crowded. Still, on summer days they're cool, in winter they inspire embraces and you can step off the street into almost any church in Paris and hear a lone organist practicing or a choir rehearsing. The well-known churches are too peopled for a feeling of romance, but there are numerous unobtrusive churches that you don't notice or appreciate until you walk inside. One of The Love Patrol's favorites is the Église Saint-Merry on rue de la Verrerie. It's a perfect respite after a tour of the nearby Beaubourg Museum.

Communal Romance

La Cité Fleurie is an artist's community which is romantically inspiring because its residents have been fighting successfully against French land developers for over ten years. The sixty inhabitants, mostly sculptures and painters, live in studios built in a lush garden of lilacs, tulips, roses, cherry trees and homemade sculptures. So far they've kept the sharks at bay and the scent of victory makes a visitor want to rejoice with them. The modern buildings that are taking over this part of town are a further tribute to the romantic resistance of the Cité Fleurie, one of the few isolated "neighborhoods" in Paris. Enter at 65 Boulevard Arago in the 13th *arrondissement*.

Romantic People's Most Romantic Spots

"There's nothing more romantic than a table near the window at La Tour d'Argent restaurant, even though some people think it's hackneyed. I go in when the sun is setting and stay until the moon is shining above Notre Dame." — Olivia de Havilland, actress.

"My favorite romantic spot is the Place des Vosges, where Victor Hugo lived. I feel the aura of romance in every cobblestone." — Claude Terrail, owner of La Tour d'Argent.

"The Allée des Cygnes on the little island in the Seine with the French version of the Statue of Liberty." — Pierre Salinger, journalist and man about town.

"The island in the Bois de Boulogne." — Yves Saint-Laurent, fashion designer.

"My 18th century home where I can observe the whims of romance in privacy." — Karl Lagerfeld, fashion designer.

"Second floor, third door on the right." — Prostitute on rue des Lombards.

Pierre Salinger

The Ten Least Romantic Spots In The World's Most Romantic City

Humphrey Bogart once grumbled to Audrey Hepburn in a movie called *Sabrina* that "Paris is a city for lovers…maybe that's why I only stayed fifteen minutes."

Another reason he might have fled is that he saw only the least romantic locations in town. If you're in Paris for a romantic fling, here are the places that The Love Patrol suggests you avoid.

Humphrey Bogart

Place Saint-Michel

The focal point of the Latin Quarter is fine for cheap Greek food and a dose of contemporary youth. But crowds, congestion and cops are taboo for romance.

Place Pigalle

The home of the Moulin Rouge is somewhat run down even if you're just looking for one of the many hookers lining the adjoining streets. For a wholesome, handholding stroll it is uninspiring.

Bridges

There are some nice bridges in Paris and the idea of cuddling underneath them might seem titillating. Unfortunately the scent is hardly romantic since most of the town's *clochards* use these places as toilets.

Les Halles

The old stomach of Paris, where everyone used to meet at four a.m. for onion soup, is undergoing a decade-long period of construction and indigestion. Although a chic new shopping mall has opened, it's not the place to bud a relationship.

Places

Paris has a lot of inspiring patriotic-sounding *places* – Bastille, République, Nation, Italie – and all of them somehow manage to exude sleaze.

The Louvre

The Louvre and other museums are generally too packed for private moments in front of your favorite romantic work of art.

The Préfecture de Police

Near the flower market on the Île de la Cité, this wins The Love Patrol's award for the most detested and anti-romantic building in Paris.

Photo by Thbz

Le Drugstore

The French version of the American drugstore, known appropriately as Le Drugstore, has managed to attract waiters so rude that they won't serve you unless they humiliate you first.

Grand Boulevards

The Grand Boulevards run from the Place de la Madeleine to Bastille. In 1750, it was very stylish to walk the length of them or sit under the trees. Not today.

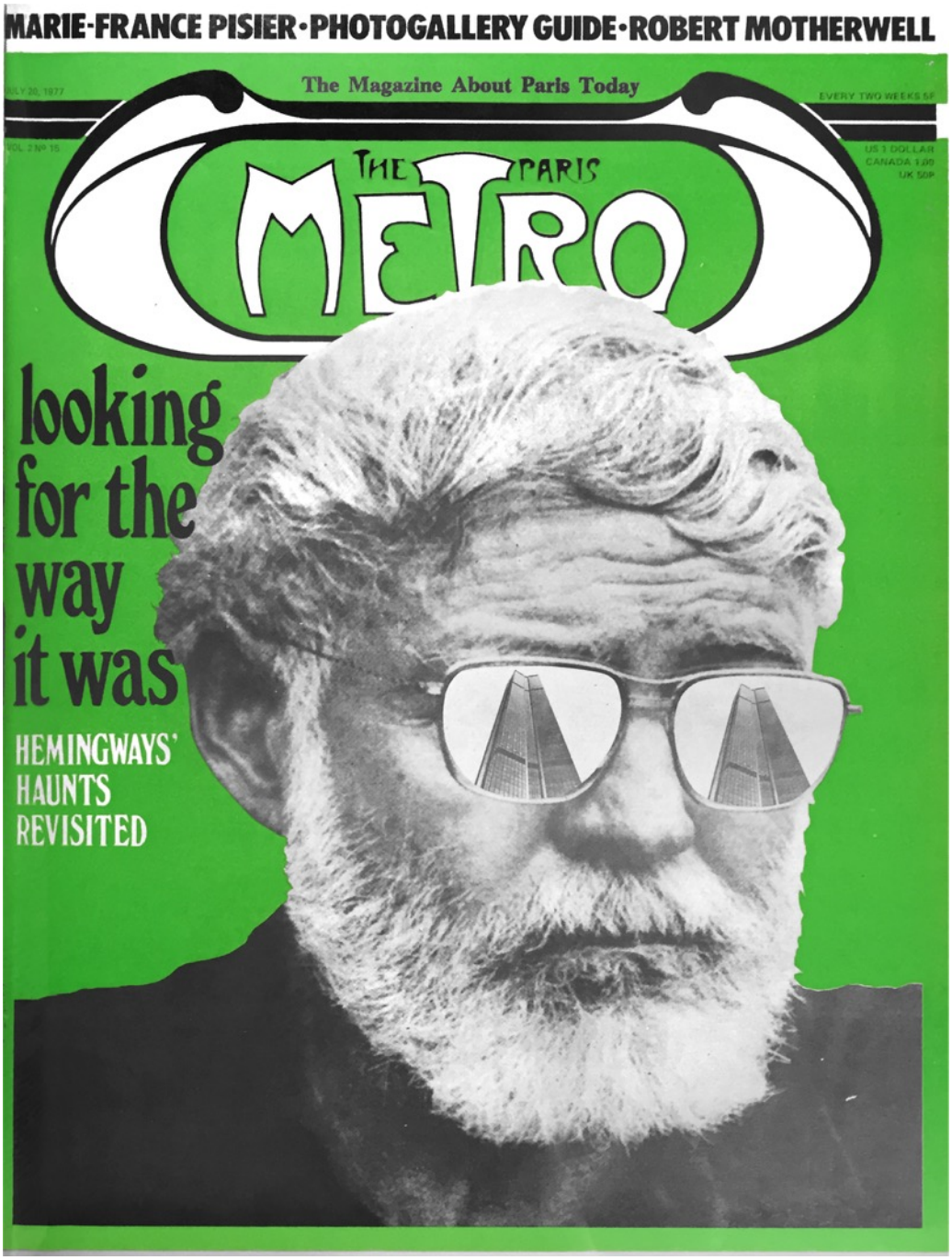
Skyscrapers

The Love Patrol has one major target on its hit list – sky-scraping modern buildings that look like they've been transplanted from Manhattan. Needless to say, don't even think of kissing in their shadows. Get caught and The Love Patrol will throw you out of town.

Joel Stratte-McClure still thinks Paris is a city for lovers.

WHY HEMINGWAY COULDN'T HAVE WORKED AT *THE PARIS METRO*

Leafing through my bound issues of *The Paris Metro* recently, an editor friend paused at a cover image both jarring and funny: Ernest Hemingway as a late-seventies hipster, a La Defense skyscraper reflected in the lenses of his stylish aviator glasses.



“Really nice,” he observed, smiling.

But the accompanying piece, on Hemingway’s Paris of the Twenties, impressed him even more. Instead of what he expected — another paean to Papa and his generation of expats – authors Ted Vogt and Allen Wulc made the opposite and more interesting point that

Looking for the way it was

Paris may be a fine place to establish a literary tradition, but it isn't a great place to rediscover old ones.

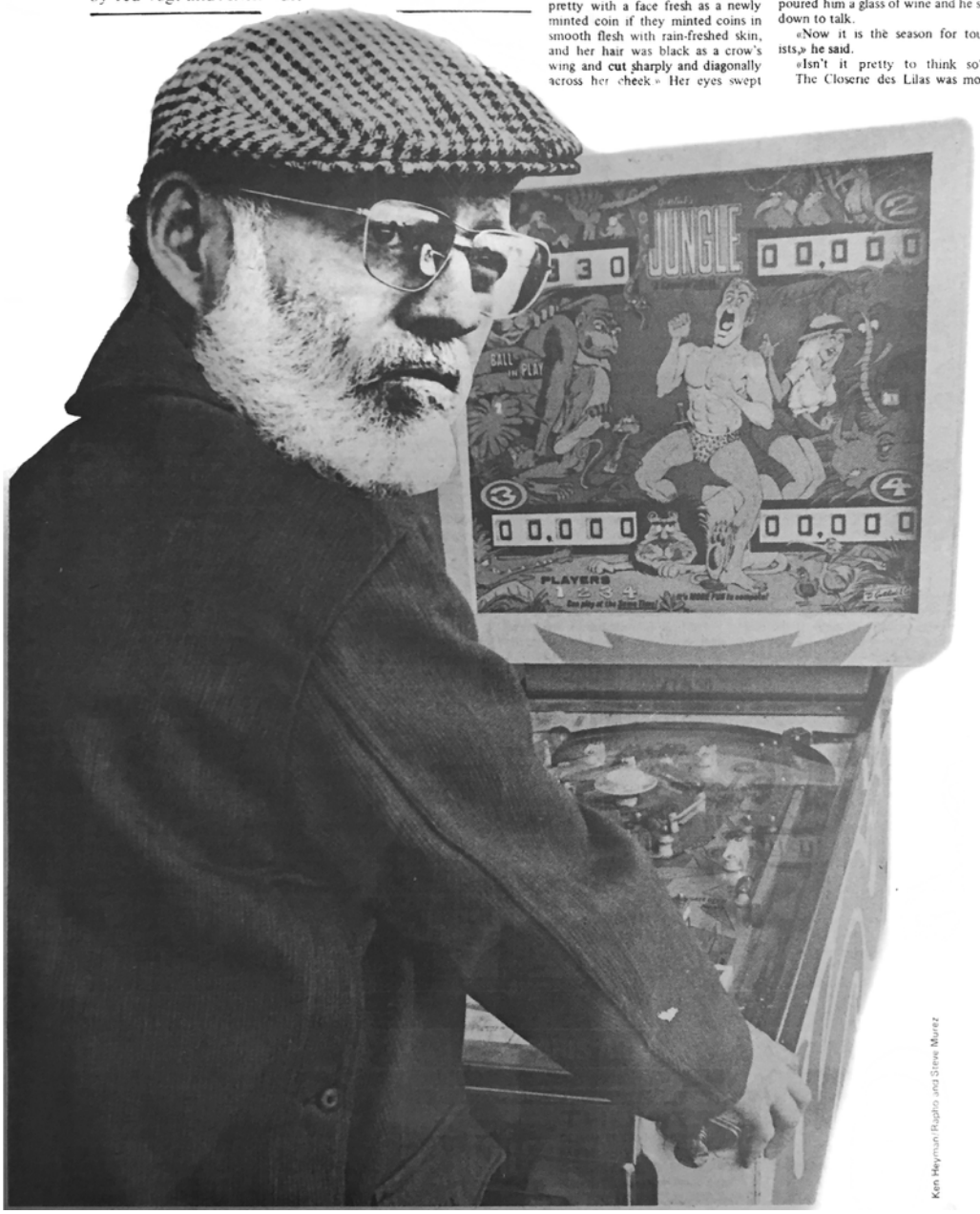
by Ted Vogt and Allen Wulc

I was sitting at the inside porch of the Closerie des Lilas café, eating slowly at my pavé de rumsteack au poivre Hemingway and drinking an old and very fine Château Margaux when a girl drifted in. She stopped and placed her hand on the baby grand piano and looked anxiously about the room. «She was very pretty with a face fresh as a newly minted coin if they minted coins in smooth flesh with rain-freshed skin, and her hair was black as a crow's wing and cut sharply and diagonally across her cheek.» Her eyes swept quickly across the panelled walls, the art posters, the polished wood, mirrors, glass, plants. Behind me and to my right was a long green aquarium filled with lobsters and I thought she was looking at it for a moment and I hoped she would look at me. A friend came by and asked me if it went and I told him it did. I poured him a glass of wine and he sat down to talk.

«Now it is the season for tourists,» he said.

«Isn't it pretty to think so?»

The Closerie des Lilas was more



Ken Heyman Rapho and Steve Murez

“the Paris we have inherited in the myths never existed, but was an idealized creation of the expatriates of that era themselves.”

My friend ended up making an extremely perceptive critique of the magazine and its sensibility, noting that on the one hand it was full of all sorts of insider information on the city, while at the same time being resolutely outside the culture, always looking at the French and their ways of doing things with detached bemusement.

“How,” he wanted to know, “did you guys arrive at that?”

It’s a complicated question, but a large part of the answer is that we – that is, those of us who launched *The Metro* – didn’t arrive at it, so much as *it* walked in the door. For once *The Metro* began, English speakers already ensconced in Paris, who knew the city far better than we did, began showing up, and before very long they made up not only most of our best writers but the spine of our editorial staff.

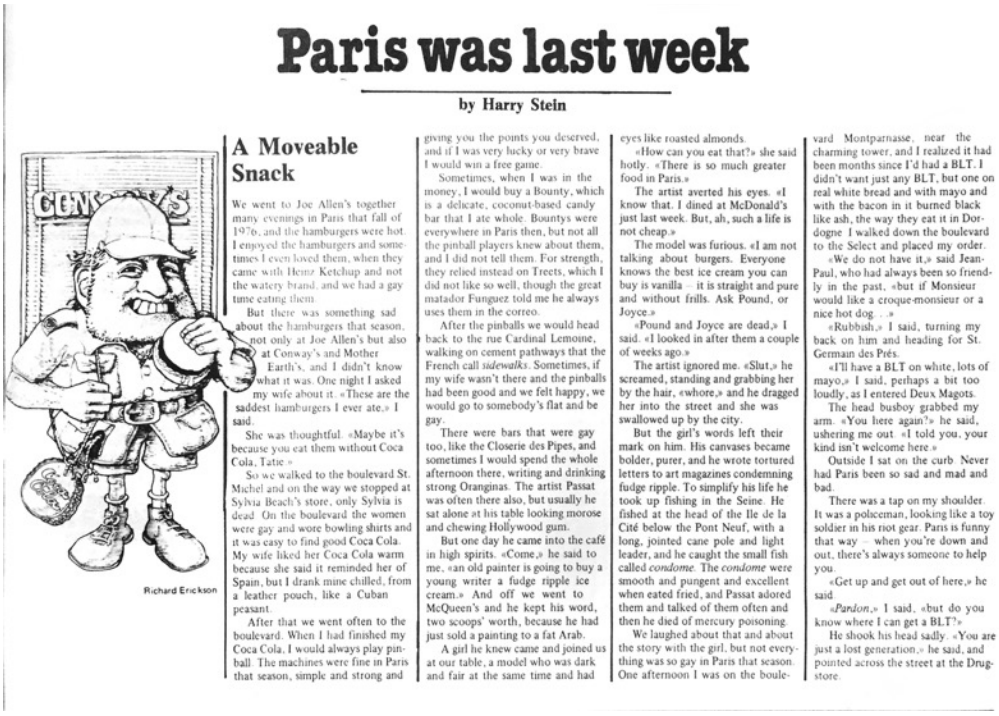
For clarity’s sake: We’re talking *genuine* expatriates here, not the Hemingway variety; our people were those whose lives, careers, and, in some cases, families were permanently rooted in the city, so apt to not just be on a first name basis with their neighbors, but to know whose dog killed whose cat three generations ago.

Hemingway? I don’t know if we could’ve even used him. Even a casual reading of *A Moveable Feast* reveals that he knew jack about the town or its people, since he basically just hung around with other English speakers, and apparently the only French he spoke was to waiters. At Pruniers, for example, “We had oysters and *crabe Mexicaine*.” With Scott Fitzgerald, he shared “*poulade de Bresse* and a bottle of Montagny,” At Brasserie Lipp, “The *pommes a l’huile* were fine and marinated and the olive oil delicious.”

This is not to say Hemingway’s *faux* Paris doesn’t have its uses. Without it, what would Woody Allen have done to revive his career? And how many of *us* did it draw to Paris in the first place?

It certainly paid off for me, as the newly minted humor columnist for *The Metro*, eager to please but not gifted with much imagination.

“We went to Joe Allen’s together many evenings in Paris that fall of 1976,” began my first effort, “and the hamburgers were hot. I enjoyed the hamburgers and sometimes I even loved them, when they came with Heinz Ketchup and not the watery brand, and we had a gay time eating them…”



Paris was last week

by Harry Stein

Richard Erickson

A Moveable Snack

We went to Joe Allen's together many evenings in Paris that fall of 1976, and the hamburgers were hot. I enjoyed the hamburgers and sometimes I even loved them, when they came with Heinz Ketchup and not the watery brand, and we had a gay time eating them.

But there was something sad about the hamburgers that season, not only at Joe Allen's but also at Conway's and Mother Earth's, and I didn't know what it was. One night I asked my wife about it. «These are the saddest hamburgers I ever ate,» I said.

She was thoughtful. «Maybe it's because you eat them without Coca Cola, Tatie.»

So we walked to the boulevard St. Michel and on the way we stopped at Sylvia Beach's store, only Sylvia is dead. On the boulevard the women were gay and wore bowling shirts and it was easy to find good Coca Cola. My wife liked her Coca Cola warm because she said it reminded her of Spain, but I drank mine chilled, from a leather pouch, like a Cuban peasant.

After that we went often to the boulevard. When I had finished my Coca Cola, I would always play pinball. The machines were fine in Paris that season, simple and strong and giving you the points you deserved, and if I was very lucky or very brave I would win a free game.

Sometimes, when I was in the money, I would buy a Bounty, which is a delicate, coconut-based candy bar that I ate whole. Bountys were everywhere in Paris then, but not all the pinball players knew about them, and I did not tell them. For strength, they relied instead on Treets, which I did not like so well, though the great matador Funguez told me he always uses them in the correo.

After the pinballs we would head back to the rue Cardinal Lemoine, walking on cement pathways that the French call *sidewalks*. Sometimes, if my wife wasn't there and the pinballs had been good and we felt happy, we would go to somebody's flat and be gay.

There were bars that were gay too, like the Closerie des Pipes, and sometimes I would spend the whole afternoon there, writing and drinking strong Oranginas. The artist Passat was often there also, but usually he sat alone at his table looking morose and chewing Hollywood gum.

But one day he came into the café in high spirits. «Come,» he said to me, «an old painter is going to buy a young writer a fudge ripple ice cream.» And off we went to McQueen's and he kept his word, two scoops' worth, because he had just sold a painting to a fat Arab.

A girl he knew came and joined us at our table, a model who was dark and fair at the same time and had eyes like roasted almonds.

«How can you eat that?» she said hotly. «There is so much greater food in Paris.»

The artist averted his eyes. «I know that. I dined at McDonald's just last week. But, ah, such a life is not cheap.»

The model was furious. «I am not talking about burgers. Everyone knows the best ice cream you can buy is vanilla – it is straight and pure and without frills. Ask Pound, or Joyce.»

«Pound and Joyce are dead,» I said. «I looked in after them a couple of weeks ago.»

The artist ignored me. «Slut,» he screamed, standing and grabbing her by the hair, «whore,» and he dragged her into the street and she was swallowed up by the city.

But the girl's words left their mark on him. His canvases became bolder, purer, and he wrote tortured letters to art magazines condemning fudge ripple. To simplify his life he took up fishing in the Seine. He fished at the head of the Ile de la Cité below the Pont Neuf, with a long, jointed cane pole and light leader, and he caught the small fish called *condome*. The *condome* were smooth and pungent and excellent when eated fried, and Passat adored them and talked of them often and then he died of mercury poisoning.

We laughed about that and about the story with the girl, but not everything was so gay in Paris that season. One afternoon I was on the boulevard Montparnasse, near the charming tower, and I realized it had been months since I'd had a BLT. I didn't want just any BLT, but one on real white bread and with mayo and with the bacon in it burned black like ash, the way they eat it in Dordogne. I walked down the boulevard to the Select and placed my order.

«We do not have it,» said Jean-Paul, who had always been so friendly in the past, «but if Monsieur would like a croque-monsieur or a nice hot dog . . .»

«Rubbish,» I said, turning my back on him and heading for St. Germain des Prés.

«I'll have a BLT on white, lots of mayo,» I said, perhaps a bit too loudly, as I entered Deux Magots.

The head busboy grabbed my arm. «You here again?» he said, ushering me out. «I told you, your kind isn't welcome here.»

Outside I sat on the curb. Never had Paris been so sad and mad and bad.

There was a tap on my shoulder. It was a policeman, looking like a toy soldier in his riot gear. Paris is funny that way – when you're down and out, there's always someone to help you.

«Get up and get out of here,» he said.

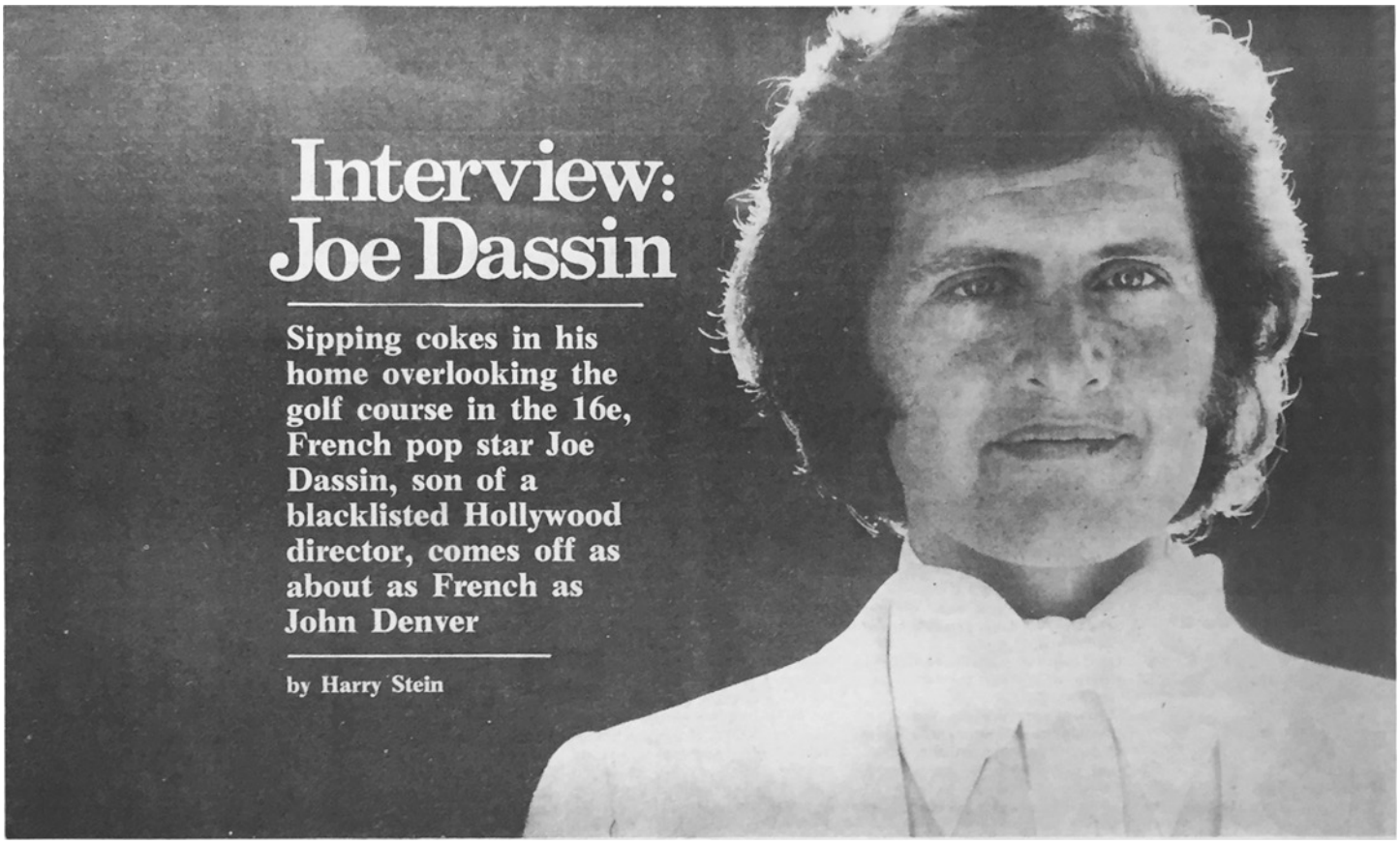
«*Pardon*,» I said, «but do you know where I can get a BLT?»

He shook his head sadly. «You are just a lost generation,» he said, and pointed across the street at the Drugstore.

Still, as the magazine evolved, we were ever more interested in digging deeper into the more authentic Paris. This is why *The Paris Metro* was so much more than the tourist publication it might have been, winning a wide circulation among both the French, (for many of whom it became a kind of portable status symbol), and, more meaningfully, among the far flung and more exacting expatriate community.

For me, having started behind the curve as a wide-eyed Francophile and reformed Hemingway reader, reporting and writing for *The Metro* was a continual learning experience. Nor is it coincidence that among my most memorable teachers were long-term American expats.

One, in particular, stands out: the pop idol and tabloid page regular Joe Dassin. To the naked eye, he seemed so French that most people assumed he was. In fact, not only was he American, having been deposited on the other side of Atlantic at twelve when his father, the director Jules, was blacklisted, but his view of the French, his *public*, was the very definition of jaundiced. For instance, when I asked if the French had a different attitude toward music than Americans or English, he replied, “The French attitude is one of more pretension and less sophistication lyrically. They have no sense of humor at all, except for enormous slapstick. No tongue-in-cheek...Americans will take an old rock lyric and laugh at it, take it to that second level of tongue-in-cheek. The French would say, ‘What an idiot this guy is! Look at all the stupid things he’s saying!’ They have no sense of humor whatever.


Interview:
Joe Dassin

Sipping cokes in his home overlooking the golf course in the 16e, French pop star Joe Dassin, son of a blacklisted Hollywood director, comes off as about as French as John Denver

by Harry Stein

“The French,” he went on, unprompted, “are always worried you might be putting them on. They’re extremely sensitive to second-degree humor, cause they’re afraid you might be putting something over on them.”

Thinking he might be putting his career at risk, I reminded him my tape recorder was running, and asked if he was this open with French journalists.

“No.”

“Why not?”

“You have to be very serious with French journalists, because they have no sense of humor. But there’s a good side to that – you can tell them anything and they’ll believe you.”

Still, I was sure the piece would be a bombshell – all the more so, when it was picked up and reprinted in full in a national weekly.

But he was right and I, the greenhorn, was wrong. Not a peep.

It was the kind of information you could learn reading – or writing for — *The Metro*, and nowhere else.

Pre-*Metro*, Harry Stein worked at the *Richmond Mercury* and *New Times Magazine,* and wrote a book on Tiny Tim. Post-*Metro*, he's married, had a family, been a columnist for *Esquire* and written twelve books.

20 000 FRENCHMEN CAN'T BE WRONG.

Doisneau/Rapho

When we started the Paris Metro

nearly one year ago, we figured potential French readership at maybe 10 percent – tops. You know, a few of the idle curious, picking up the magazine as a novelty item or perhaps mistaking it for the RATP's subway bulletin.

Well, we couldn't have been more wrong. With nearly 20,000 French readers – close to one-half our total readership of 40,000 – we are on the brink of being Frenchified. Not that we are alarmed by this turn of events (obviously we're delighted). But it does raise an interesting question.

Why do the French read the Paris Metro?

After all, the magazine is in English. Moreover, it does cater unabashedly to English-speaking foreigners living in France. And sometimes it goes so far as to criticize the French way of doing things.

The reason, French readers say, is that up to now there has been nothing quite like The Paris Metro published in France, in English or in French. The layout – a magazine in a tabloid format – is new. The perspective – expatriates taking a close look at a too-familiar city – is fresh. And, as one reader put it, pointing to our cover on the vanishing vespasiennes, «The Metro eez silly.» What he meant, he explained, is that we like to have a little fun here in Paris.

What can the French possibly learn from the Paris Metro?

For one thing, believe it or not, they say they discover some new addresses and useful advice from our listings and service articles. Like our selection of the ten best ice cream parlors in Paris, or our guides to the best cheese stores, where to play sports, student spots, nightlife, even health food restaurants. Or our maps of quartiers like Les Halles, the Marais, or Montmartre.

For another, people like Jean Seberg, Henry Miller, Claude Chabrol, Leslie Caron, Francis Bacon, and Rudolph Nureyev, to mention a few of our interview subjects, tend to say things to us they wouldn't dare say to the French press.

Our features on trends and lifestyles, like living on a barge, partouzing at the Porte Dauphine, why the French love Jerry Lewis, getting into tight jeans, catch modes so close to the French they are generally neglected. The in-depth and hard-hitting features – such as French television: the under-developed country; how a swash-buckling newspaper like the Herald Trib lost its swagger; whatever happened to the French women's movement; and the American deserters – probe areas that the French media often neglect.

The reviews of movies, music, art, and food; the columns – Craig Unger with news items, people, insider reports and, dare we say it, gossip; Psmith on the world of business; and Harry Stein on just about anything that strikes him funny – offer a different and provocative perspective on French life.

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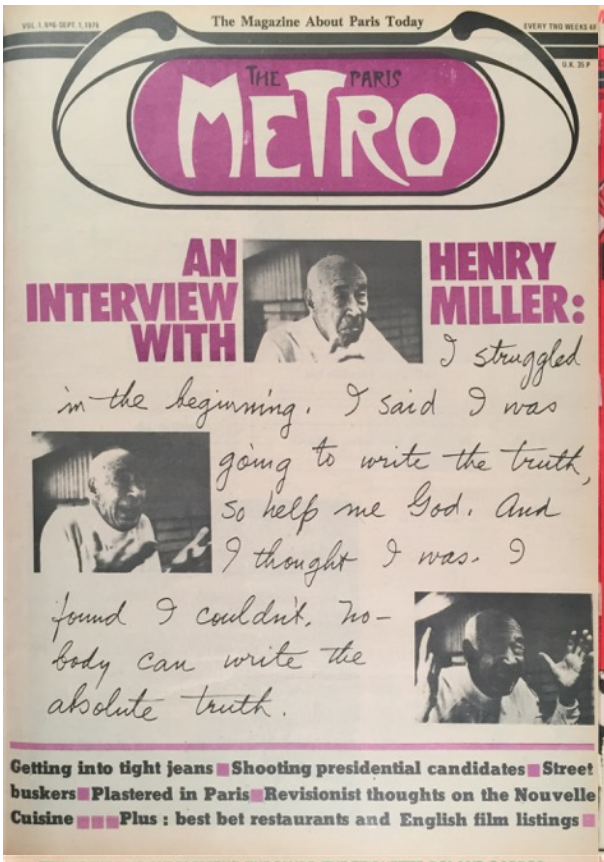
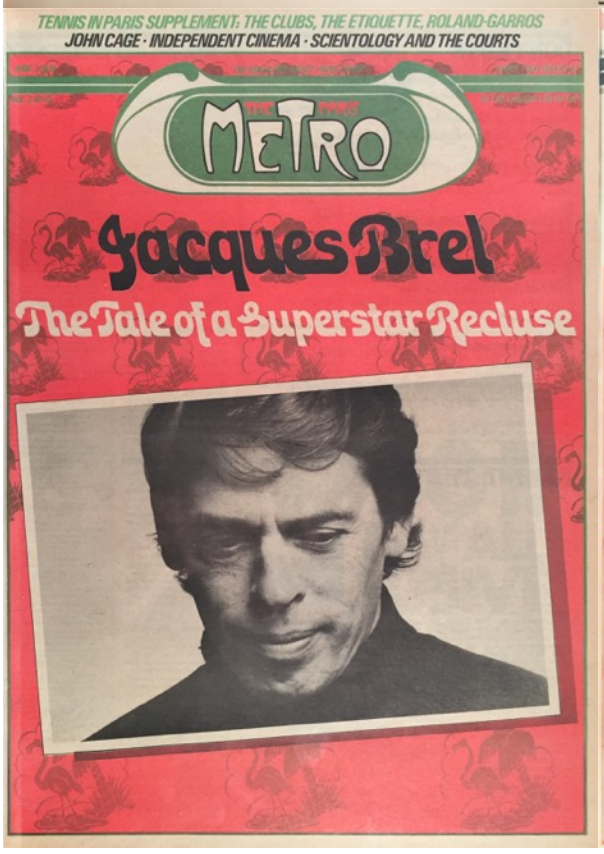
THE PARIS METRO

The magazine in English about Paris today that even the French read

Metro Covers

Interviews





by Elaine McCarthy

GEORGE BROWN SITS AWAITING IN FLEURY

One of five blacks who hijacked a plane from Detroit to Algiers in 1972, George Brown, now imprisoned in Fleury-Mérogis, may be about to get a free ticket home — one he doesn't want

The Little Girl who Lives Down the Rue

Today's big child stars like Jodie Foster exude an awareness of sexuality that would have made Shirley Temple blush. Off-screen, though, it's the same old fight between the "business" and having a normal life

by David Overbey

Long gone are the days when «Little Mary» Pickford innocently tossed her pristine golden curls, when Shirley Temple sweetly lisped «On the Good Ship Lollipop,» when M.G.M.'s costume department bound Judy Garland's breasts so she could continue to play Andy Hardy's sexless girlfriend Betsy. Exactly when it all began to change is difficult to pinpoint — perhaps with the «beach blanket» series and *The Bad Seed* in the Fifties or Sue Lyon's over-aged Lolita in 1962 — but changed it has. Now child stars do and say things which Rita, Lana, and Ava wouldn't under the magic age of 18, she points out that a literal reading of the law would make it apply only to «explicit» material. «And nothing in any of the films I've made has been explicit.» How about the language of *Taxi Driver*? «But language doesn't mean anything!» Does it bother her at all that she is making films which she could not then enter a cinema to see? «Not at all. I can get a private screening of anything I want. This is a business, just like any other. I'm in the *business* of making movies. The rest doesn't concern me.»

Part of the business is an acquired but the majority of them have faded: Sue Lyon, and the fantastic Pamela Franklin, and . . . «Yes, but you are naming the ones who couldn't make the transition to being adult actresses. There are just as many who made it: Garland, Elizabeth Taylor, Helen Hayes. That list is just as long. Anyway, I don't really think about it all that much. I'd really like to direct one day. Maybe act and direct. The BBC just did a program called «The Americans» with Rosalyn Carter and some other stars, and they let me direct a short film for it — just a minute long. It was all hands of people at various ages. I loved it, and that's what I'd like to do.»

Deborah Kerr, after having worked with Hayley Mills in *The Chalk Garden*, went on to *The Night of the Iguana* with Sue Lyon; during the shooting she was asked to compare the English girl with the American one. Kerr said that English children seem to stay children longer, that Mills was still a little girl, while Lyon was «18 going on 45.» In this light, regarding the difficult transition from a career as a child to one as an adult, might not Jodie have a head start? In *Bugsy Malone*, for example, all the children playing at adult roles were still childlike, except for Foster, who played the temptress Tallulah

Ingrid Caven: the new Dietrich

On her way to becoming a legend, Caven, the star of the new German cinema, is more than aware that she must always remain herself

by David Overbey

«Of course I would like to work for a larger audience. But I won't do things I don't believe in»

Settled comfortably on a couch, legs curled under her, Ingrid Caven takes another sip of tea from a tin mug, listens intently to the question, and begins to laugh — a laugh that changes abruptly into a half-smile as she ponders the implications of the question. The first question is the inevitable one about the connections between the image of Marlene Dietrich and her own. Inevitable not only because of their shared German backgrounds and physical similarities (the arched eyebrows, the high cheekbones, the line of the jaw, the long legs), but because of the roles in which she has been cast, or has cast herself, at least in her major films, *La Paloma, Heute Nacht oder Nie*, and *Shatten der Engel* (L'Ombre des Anges). In those films she played women who are objects upon which men project their dreams and who, fully aware of this, play with it and remain inviolately themselves. This makes for a knowing irony, a fatalism, a comprehension of the human condition, a rather romantic sadness.

As Cavens begins to explain, she gestures, her arm outstretched, her long fingers, ending in nails painted a women he wants to present in his films. He uses personal things, personal structures in his films, and he doesn't often come out from behind them. Then, I am a bit too strong in some ways to stay behind Fassbinder. You know, he wanted very much to make Hanna Schygula into a star. He pushed her and pushed her, gave her major parts. It is hard to say why that didn't work. She is beautiful and has a sweetness about her. But no one in Germany ever talks about Hanna Schygula, the fine actress. They all say Hanna Schygula, the Fassbinder actress. The same is true of Margit Carstensen. With me it is a bit different. Actually it is odd. Remember, I am as German as the

The Selling of Bernard-Henri Lévy

Where else but in France could a 29-year-old intellectual become a national star– even sex symbol– after writing a very serious book condemning Goulag and burying Marx?

by Carolyn Pfaff

hands and the long black curls is a publicity genius or someone who can't stay out of trouble.

In trying to understand the excitement, the first thing to realize is that left- and right-wing passions are at stake – and this is always good for interminable debate in France. Second thing is to realize that selling a lot of books in France is a crime; because nothing that is seriously intellectual should appeal to too many people. Therefore, if the New Philosophy sells too well, it can't be any good. Or else Mr.

geois respectability in Paris. He did not take part in the May Revolution. He lives in a large Left-Bank apartment decorated in white on white which he shares with a beautiful blonde named Sylvie.

Nowadays, every time the press decide that the New Philosophy is finished, B.H.L. is involved in yet another cause célèbre that relaunches the debate. This is admittedly not too hard, because French intellectuals have been playing at old fogies ever since World War II. After the seriousness of Sartre, the

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Bernard-Henri
Yves St. Laure

At the end
says, «I ask
don't say that

FROM *LES TRENTE GLORIEUSES* TO *GENERATION BATACLAN*

The Paris Metro years passed in a kaleidoscopic blur. In the late 1970s, Parisians believed they were the center of the civilized world when it came to culture and good taste, evident in their fashion, cuisine, wine and perfume. For me, however, it was a different story.

I hardly slept, shaved sporadically and dressed badly. I wish I could say I spent the time partying or scribbling poetry in an upstairs room at Shakespeare and Company. In fact, I was usually dictating translations of building specifications into a tape recorder, often in marathon all-night sessions.

To quote Proust, "*Longtemps, je me suis couché de bonne heure*" — except that in my book "*de bonne heure*" mostly meant a few hours snatched early in the morning as dawn broke over the gray zinc roofs of the Left Bank.

I shared a cramped apartment with a charismatic Dutchman called Wouter Apituley, who worked at *The Paris Metro*. His exact role was never clear to me, but he led a glamorous life. I was handicapped by post-teenage acne and the shortcomings of dental care on Britain's National Health Service. Wouter seduced scores of women while I processed thousands of turgid pages on subjects such as the design of airports in Saudi Arabia by French architects, of which I understood little and cared less.

Each morning a typist would appear to commit my efforts to paper. The machine-gun rattle of the IBM 82C was music to my ears. Every few keystrokes meant another franc, and I could leave the pages to pile up while I staggered, bleary-eyed, up the hill to college, seeking education and enlightenment, although I gained little of either. There were probably too many nights of excess with Hemingwayesque drinking bouts followed by hazy days.

Eventually, I saved some francs, finished school, left the tiny flat and lost sight of Wouter when I moved to the faded splendor of a sprawling apartment at 1, rue de Rivoli, with a baby grand piano and ornate marble fireplaces. I kept in touch with a handful of other *Metro* people but by the time I settled into a more restrained and healthier lifestyle a few years later, *The Metro* was gone, sadly.

On the money

by Psmith

The translation superstars: misinterpreting an emphasis can be fatal

When President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was on the American news

they conduct international meetings or face-to-face deals with an important client. Relying on school-learned French or Spanish is too risky when it comes to signing on the bottom line.

Forty-eight-year-old Thiery, former president of the Geneva-based Association Internationale des Interprètes de Conférence (A.I.I.C.), acts as an official interpreter for Giscard, simultaneously translates at O.E.C.D. conferences and does «anything else under the sun that requires

Thiery: straight talk in five languages.

David Chazan was the youngest professional translator in Paris in 1976.

I was surprised to discover that I had amassed enough francs to begin investing in property and start a family. The acne gone, I realized it was time to stop dictating gobbledygook, see a dentist and get a proper job myself.

It took a few years, but eventually I left France to become a foreign correspondent, initially with the French news agency AFP and then with the BBC. I watched American Seals emerge from the Indian Ocean on their ill-fated mission to save Somalia, witnessed genocide in Rwanda and war in the Middle East. London became my home and those strange days in Paris seemed like a reverie.

I revisited Paris briefly when riots erupted in the rundown suburbs in 2005. A few years later, with my kids grown up and retirement looming, I decided to move back. My wife and I now lead a twin-city life between Paris and London.

When I returned, the only *Metro* in town other than the subway was the free newspaper distributed to commuters. Good as it is, it hardly aspires to the creativity or greatness of the original.

I wondered if the absence of the real *Paris Metro* had perhaps exacerbated the malaise gripping France. The *Metro* years came at the end of what the French call *les trente glorieuses* — the three golden decades of post-war, baby-boomer prosperity, when their belief that Paris was the center of the civilized world was unshakeable.

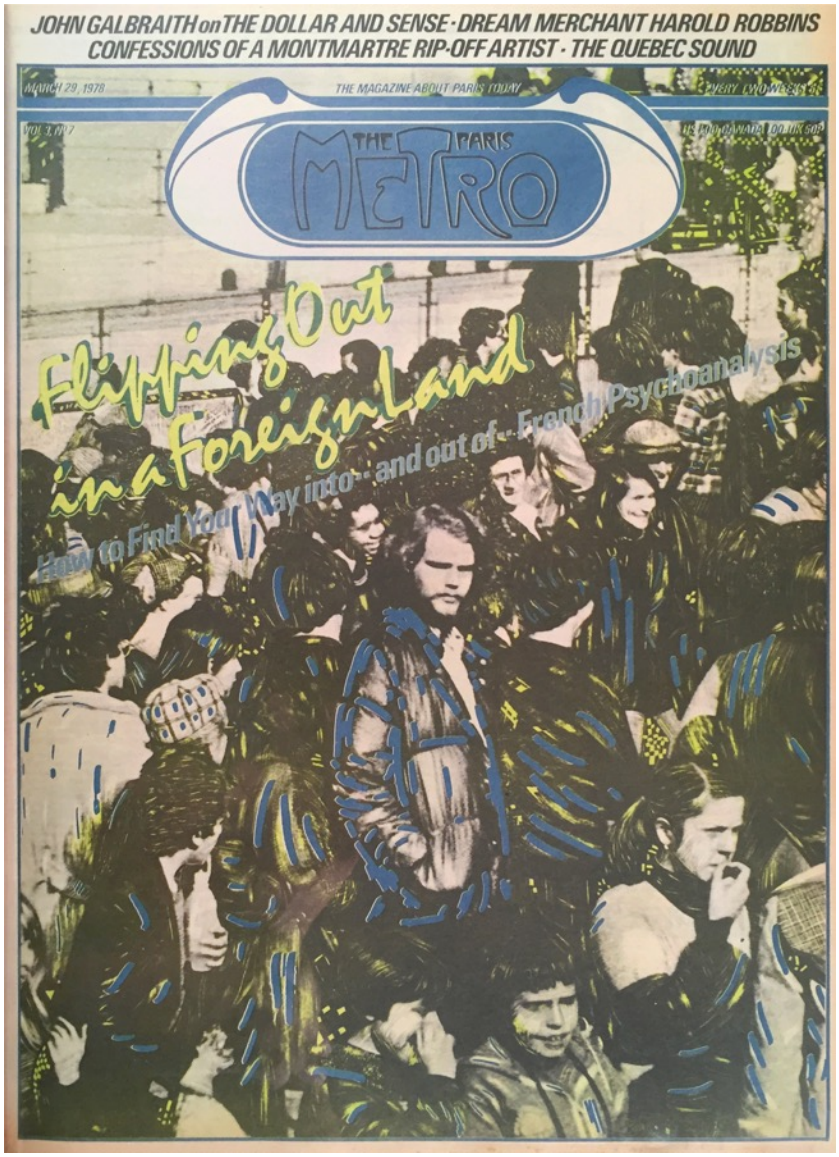
Their self-esteem had taken some hard knocks by the time I came back. The key word was "*déclinisme.*" French cuisine and wine were often surpassed by foreign rivals and there was an exodus of bright young people, crossing the Channel or the Atlantic in search of better prospects. The French — especially those I think of as Left Bank intellectuals — always did existential angst and gloom with a gusto few other nations can muster. Many now believed that France's decline would never be reversed.

Yet when terrorist attacks targeted people in their 30s and 40s enjoying a Friday night out — members of what is now being called *Generation Bataclan* — Parisians demonstrated just how resilient and optimistic they could be. The morning after 130 people were slaughtered and hundreds more left with life-changing injuries, I wandered the streets around the Bataclan concert hall where the worst massacre was perpetrated. Whatever was reported about the city turning into a ghost town, I saw people out shopping, strolling with their children and sitting on benches in the narrow patches of greenery between the boulevards. That night, people were back in nearby cafes and restaurants. Just as New Yorkers and Londoners steadfastly refused to yield to terrorism, neither were Parisians going to give in.

The cliché of contrarian, surly Parisians does contain a *soupçon* of truth, *admettons-le*. But their pride, stubbornness and determination not to let anyone interfere with their way of life also helped keep us sane. Admirably, most people refrained from stigmatizing Muslims and spoke of peace and unity, at least in the hipster quarters that were hit.

Perhaps more than ever before, Paris feels like home.

David Chazan was the youngest professional translator in Paris in 1976. He was a student, but kept quiet about it because he feared corporate clients would pay him less if they found out. Today he's a former BBC staffer and a part-time Paris correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*. To make his semi-retirement more enjoyable, he still occasionally contributes to BBC programs.



Was David Chazan's self-professed "kaleidoscopic blur" during the years of *The Paris Metro* as disturbing as the magazine's worst designed cover entitled "Flipping Out in a Foreign Land: How to Find Your Way into -- and out of -- French Psychoanalysis."

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THE PARIS METRO

1978

QUADRICHROMIE

WHY DIDN'T *THE PARIS METRO* REVIEW THE STUDIO RESTAURANT

Memories are still fresh of those years in the late 70's when *The Paris Metro* man would bring hot-off-the-press stacks of the latest publication to distribute and sell in my restaurant, The Studio, at 41 rue du Temple in the 4th *arrondissement*.

Although I should probably be a fervent member of the magazine's 40th anniversary, I won't celebrate because The Studio was never officially, or unofficially, or casually, or with humor, or with malice, or with enthusiasm, or with a yawn, or in any other way mentioned in *The Metro*. No review, no nothing.

Consider it mentioned.

That's odd because, in my view, the socio-cultural importance of The Studio, a little piece of America (and Texas) in perpetual presence in the heart of the Marais, shared numerous parallels with *The Metro*. But ignored by *Metro* editors and writers, readers never learned in your pages that we existed.

I understand that in similar circumstances in the United States there would be too many restaurants to mention. But in Paris four decades ago, The Studio was as unique as *The Paris Metro.* In fact, we both shattered all previous comparisons in dining and media due to our revolutionary presence in French society.

The difference between the two was, of course, that *The Paris Metro,* much to my regret, went bankrupt and The Studio flourished and was a commercial success.

American and international celebrities — as diverse as Peter Sellers, Sid Caesar, Cher, Roman Polanski and the Harlem Globetrotters — came to dine, relishing what was then a little bit of America in the very heart of Paris. Then came the Parisians who enabled the restaurant to bathe in crowds and prosperity that bypassed and shattered our rosiest economic aspirations.

The phenomena continued until my departure at the end of 1985, though The Studio continued to be run by my French cousin Monique and remained a Mexican restaurant until 2015. Today, alas, it is just another French restaurant called *Grand Coeur* in a very nice courtyard amid a private dance studio and two theaters.

Still, even today, I wonder why *The Paris Metro* missed that story.

Frank Charat left Paris for Nice in 1986 with a few Mexican blankets and some pots and pans. During the next twenty-four years he opened Tex Mex restaurants in Villefranche-sur-Mer, Villeneuve-Loubet, Cannes and Nice. He squeezed out his last enchilada and retired in 2010.

WHEREFORE ART THOU *PARIS METRO*?

The Paris Metro should never have stopped publishing. I had learned to count on it and needed it, as did many other regular readers and constant companions. As an American living in Paris, I'm pretty sure my life would have been easier in the decades since with a biweekly dose of intelligent reading and information in English.

The two-and-a-half years of *The Metro*'s existence correspond to the “easy” years of my expatriation and the magazine definitely contributed to my “*insouciance*.” I married a Frenchman one month before the first issue and gave birth to my first child a few weeks before the last.

In the interim, I met new people and conversed about the same subjects as the *Metro* discussed, often at restaurants listed in its recommendations. It was so vital that I remember telling my husband over the phone from the maternity clinic not to forget to buy *The Metro* the day it came out, knowing it often sold out. Not even a new baby could affect my loyalty.

The escape into irreverence and provocation provided by *The Metro*, coupled with my feeling that its American publishers understood something the French hadn’t, would have continued to sooth this mother’s psyche during those ensuing child-rearing years. And I would have loved sharing each issue with my children.

So, why did you forsake me, *Metro*?

I just had a look at the issue from mid-August 1978 that I saved because my husband Christian, who worked at Joe Allen (where he met fellow waiter Joel Stratte-McClure when the restaurant opened in 1972), is pictured and quoted in a subscription ad. The cover story was about Parisian taxi drivers, a subject that hasn’t lost its appeal and could be updated, or even simply re-published, today. The issue’s advertisers were among the big names in Paris, French and American, and were numerous. I knew a few of the staff and they were smart, charming and enthusiastic. What happened?

SUBSCRIBE TO THE MAGAZINE ABOUT PARIS TODAY

THE PARIS METRO

Why Does

Christian Briaud-Drain, 32, Assistant Manager of Joe Allen, Subscribe to The Paris Metro?

My wife is American and convinced me I should read The Metro to keep up with Paris. Personally I like the sarcastic and critical way the Metro looks at the French. And in my job it's also necessary to know what's happening in gastronomy and other areas. My favorite section of the paper is “Letters to the Editors” because of the contact with other readers. The Metro is sold at Joe Allen and Harry Flowers, their chief hawker, is one of our main attractions. I'm glad our customers don't subscribe or we'd be out of business.

As for content, no other publication came close to what *The Metro* delivered. My husband would occasionally buy *Hara-Kiri* or *Charlie Hebdo*, but they seemed crass and idiotic to me then. And I didn't know enough about politics to understand *Le Canard Enchainé*.

The Paris Metro provided me with an insider's view of Paris and the French, as well as insight into American expatriates and the ways they lived, legal or illegal. I discovered there were Americans writing, directing, painting, camping, working as *au pairs*, collecting government assistance, hanging out after Vietnam and living on houseboats, communes, or even in prison. *The Metro* reported all of their stories.

The Metro also made events in France intelligible to us expats. I understood better where my colleagues' seemingly negative and defeatist attitudes came from…as well as my in-laws' complex dining rituals.

Oh, I miss the words not written in the last thirty-eight years. How I could have used the lightness of tone, clarity, and original perspective on society, although it is a satisfaction that the people who made the magazine seem to have had creative, successful lives post-*Metro.* And that we who were here then got the earliest exposure to them.

The French, after all, as De Gaulle said, have gone on being French and have missed the scrutiny and the verve of the talented journalists at the *Metro*. Nevertheless, I have gotten better at adapting and making sense of life here, to the point of feeling French. But if you told me *The Metro* was coming back, I'd fill out the subscription form and send it right away (or would you prefer PayPal and automatic payment today?).

I'm happy that there is a celebration forty years later for a publication that only lasted two-and-a-half years. That alone shows how big an impression *The Paris Metro* made, and that maybe it was never replaced because it was irreplaceable.

Cleveland, Ohio native Mary Briaud-Drain moved to Paris in 1969 and was working in the international department of Banque Crédit Agricole in 1976. The mother of three grown sons, her husband Christian is deceased, she's retired from teaching English and is still living in Paris.

SOCK IT TO ME, KEENEY

Had I been part of *The Paris Metro* team in 1976, I probably never would have gone to journalism school in Boston, never would have worked for *The New York Times* for five years, never would have visited the Yucatan and never would have ended up being an international editor at *Vogue Hommes* in Paris for a decade.

If I had joined *The Metro* editorial team, I probably would have stayed in Paris, maybe married a boring French lawyer, banker or, if I were really unlucky, perhaps even married John Keeney, *The Metro*'s infamous director of advertising.

I do have a fond and lasting memory of Keeney (does anyone call him John?) in the early 1980s when he and Joel Stratte-McClure, who still sends me idiotic emails from far-flung places, were in New York waiting for me in my Upper West Side apartment when I came home from work at *The New York Times*.

I was aghast to walk in and find Keeney stretched out barefoot relaxing on my living room sofa, his socks and shoes in the middle of the floor. While I consider myself fairly tolerant, the sight and smell of Keeney's feet and socks on this particular evening for some reason did not amuse me one bit. I'm not really sure what happened next, but I seem to remember that he departed sockless, wearing just his scuffed black loafers.

Keeney never lived down this moment of distraction and it's become a long-lasting joke. We never got married and I think he moved to Australia because there, apparently, he doesn't have to wear socks! And yet he still became a successful publisher. Go figure.

Today I am still in Paris working as a writer, translator and editor and suggest that everyone attending the *Metro* venue get up to speed about the city by logging onto *Do It In Paris* (http://doitinparis.com) and picking up a copy of the refined *Paris C'est Chic 2016* guidebook published by Parigramme with hot tips in English. Full disclosure: I work for both.

I'm looking forward to greeting the *Metro* team during their Paris comeback in September 2016 and can't wait to see if Keeney's wearing socks.

The Emperor's New Socks.

Franco-American journalist/translator Mary Deschamps left New York for Paris in 1985 and was features editor for Condé Nast's *Vogue Hommes* and *Vogue Hommes International* until 1996. During the past two decades she helped launch *Men's Health* in France, worked for the *Zagat Survey* and since 2003 has been the CEO of SARL LANGUAGE, which concentrates on bilingual editing, communication, conception and translation for upscale fashion companies like Hermès, Calvin Klein, Balenciaga, Marlboro Classics, LVMH, Kenzo and Guerlain.

A LONG HAIKU POSTED ON CANCER BLOGS

Fleetingly, a deep sadness sweeps over me…day or night. It does not pay heed, nor ask for permission.

The indignities of chemotherapy retreat…

A rogue warm tear drop forms…trickles. Grateful to feel something…anything…life rebounds anew.

Do I catch it smirking?

Well then, so am I.

Photo by Joel Stratte-McClure

Laurie Savage was associate editor for McGraw-Hill World News in Paris during the 1970s. She is currently the executive director of the Spondylitis Association of America, where she began working in 1996. She was diagnosed with stage four primary breast cancer in August 2015.

THE PARIS METRO: DREAM ALL ABOUT IT

I had a dream! In it the same wonderfully entertaining Idiot who is currently walking around the Mediterranean Sea (that would be former *Metro* publisher Joel Stratte-McClure, author of *The Idiot and the Odyssey: Walking the Mediterranean*) chooses to bankroll (again) the rebirth of *The Paris Metro International*.

Only this time around it is an online digital edition on the leading edge of the next age of publishing technology. After all, what nobler journalistic cause could there be than to prove forty years later that he and his Francophile journalistic comrades in arms were right in believing that there is a market for an English-language city magazine about Paris. Too bad for Paris that they were four decades ahead of their time.

As a New York attorney, my family and I had come to Paris in 1975 with almost the same dream as the founding members of *The Paris Metro*. Their ambition was to publish an English-language magazine in Paris. Mine, launched a few months before *The Metro*, was to set up a company distributing American newspapers and magazines. It was inevitable that we would meet and after the third *Metro* issue and a cursory interview, I was hired as the business and circulation director. It was an unrewarding title to bear when your four colleagues with degrees in journalism (read "Not Business") had financed the project.

Their background made it somewhat normal that during the course of our irregular business meetings my warnings that it was fiscally premature to add more pages or to start printing in full color were ignored. I regularly met the journalistic logic of "Stan, don't worry, it's good for the book."

We were both right. The product quickly became bigger and bigger, and better and better, and just as quickly we were way over budget.

Looking back, were these American editors right in starting the first city magazine in English for Paris?

Yes, because they achieved their goal without sacrificing their vision of producing a quality publication. They had done what they set out to do in the city they all loved. When it

was over they all, as did most of the contributors and staff, moved on to successful careers in journalism and publishing. And I succeeded in newspaper distribution.

Everyone involved in *The Paris Metro* was proud to have been a part of its now-mythic legend. The large number participating in its 40th Anniversary celebration is testimony to *The Metro's* success.

Overall 90 percent of all start-ups fail and there's a 60 percent failure rate within the first year for magazines. This is primarily due to insufficient planning, research and budgeting. The fact that *The Paris Metro* lasted much longer is proof that there was a target audience out there and that the founders were right to be excited about their idea and start it without the usual type of due diligence. Otherwise it would never have seen the light of day.

For example, the *International Herald Tribune* spent five years researching whether changing their name to the *International New York Times* was going to hurt them with advertisers. *The Wall Street Journal Europe*, where I worked as the circulation director for twenty years after *The Metro*, spent over a year to come up with one of their costly advertising taglines: "*The Wall Street Journal Europe* - READ IT!"

The *Metro* published two issues per month from June 1976 through November 1978. If a tagline had to be chosen I'd go for: "NOT BAD - THEY ALMOST BEAT THE ODDS!"

When people ask me about *The Paris Metro* I describe it as a successful failure. Successful because it was, almost everyone agreed, a great magazine from the front of the book to the back. A failure because we never won over Paris advertising agencies.

Although many agencies admired the magazine and many large companies, such as Air France and Galeries Layfayette, did advertise, most were reluctant to commit their long-term budgets to the new game in town. This in spite of the heroic efforts of our advertising department, which made amazingly quick inroads into the closed, risk-averse French advertising community, the intended source of the majority of our revenue if we were to survive.

We sold over 15,000 copies of many issues through newsstand sales, numerous Anglo/American retail outlets, subscriptions and a successful "Hawk *The Paris Metro*" operation. However, our 50 percent of this circulation revenue stream on a cover price of four, and eventually five, French Francs made only a small dent in the huge publishing budget.


Behind the lines

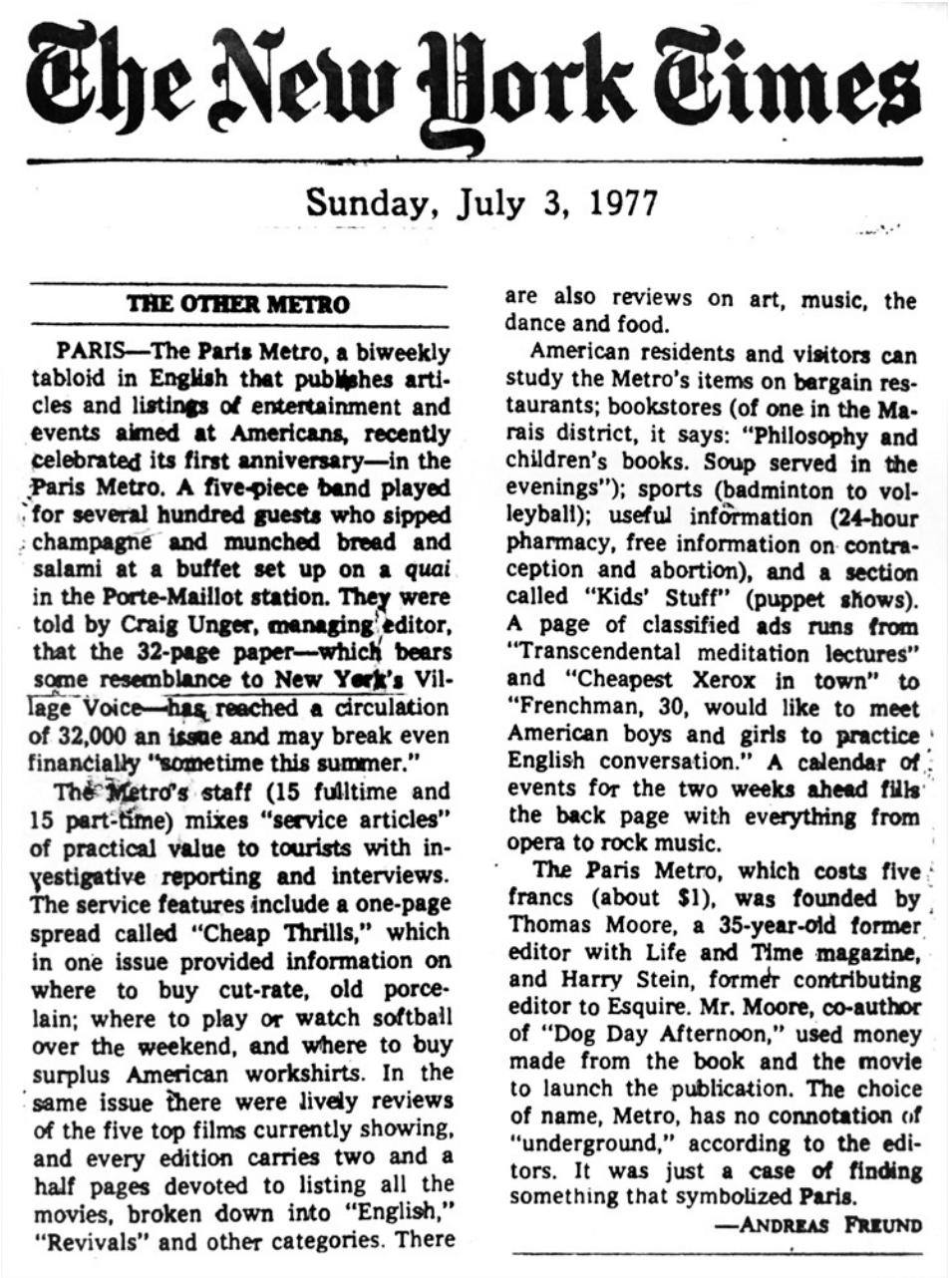
Phil, Gaby, Harry and Stan gloating over Metro's most recent subscription.

Dana Holland

Like the founding editors and some other staff members, my salary was defrayed until we turned a profit. But this and other sacrifices, including minimal stipends for articles and low commissions for ad sales, could not keep the newspaper afloat. We continually spent more money than we brought in.

One of the high points of my time at *The Metro* came quite unexpectedly from the town's other Metro.

I placed a call to the government-run RATP Group (aka the *Régie Autonome des Transports Parisiens*) suggesting that since we shared the same name it would be an appropriate PR event for both of us if our first anniversary party were held in a Paris Metro station. Much to my surprise, a few weeks later their PR person chauffeured me to the Porte de Neuilly terminus and asked if the station would be an acceptable venue.



The New York Times

Sunday, July 3, 1977

THE OTHER METRO

PARIS—The Paris Metro, a biweekly tabloid in English that publishes articles and listings of entertainment and events aimed at Americans, recently celebrated its first anniversary—in the Paris Metro. A five-piece band played for several hundred guests who sipped champagne and munched bread and salami at a buffet set up on a *quai* in the Porte-Maillot station. They were told by Craig Unger, managing editor, that the 32-page paper—which bears some resemblance to New York's Village Voice—has reached a circulation of 32,000 an issue and may break even financially "sometime this summer."

The Metro's staff (15 fulltime and 15 part-time) mixes "service articles" of practical value to tourists with investigative reporting and interviews. The service features include a one-page spread called "Cheap Thrills," which in one issue provided information on where to buy cut-rate, old porcelain; where to play or watch softball over the weekend, and where to buy surplus American workshirts. In the same issue there were lively reviews of the five top films currently showing, and every edition carries two and a half pages devoted to listing all the movies, broken down into "English," "Revivals" and other categories. There are also reviews on art, music, the dance and food.

American residents and visitors can study the Metro's items on bargain restaurants; bookstores (of one in the Marais district, it says: "Philosophy and children's books. Soup served in the evenings"); sports (badminton to volleyball); useful information (24-hour pharmacy, free information on contraception and abortion), and a section called "Kids' Stuff" (puppet shows). A page of classified ads runs from "Transcendental meditation lectures" and "Cheapest Xerox in town" to "Frenchman, 30, would like to meet American boys and girls to practice English conversation." A calendar of events for the two weeks ahead fills the back page with everything from opera to rock music.

The Paris Metro, which costs five francs (about $1), was founded by Thomas Moore, a 35-year-old former editor with Life and Time magazine, and Harry Stein, former contributing editor to Esquire. Mr. Moore, co-author of "Dog Day Afternoon," used money made from the book and the movie to launch the publication. The choice of name, Metro, has no connotation of "underground," according to the editors. It was just a case of finding something that symbolized Paris.

—ANDREAS FREUND

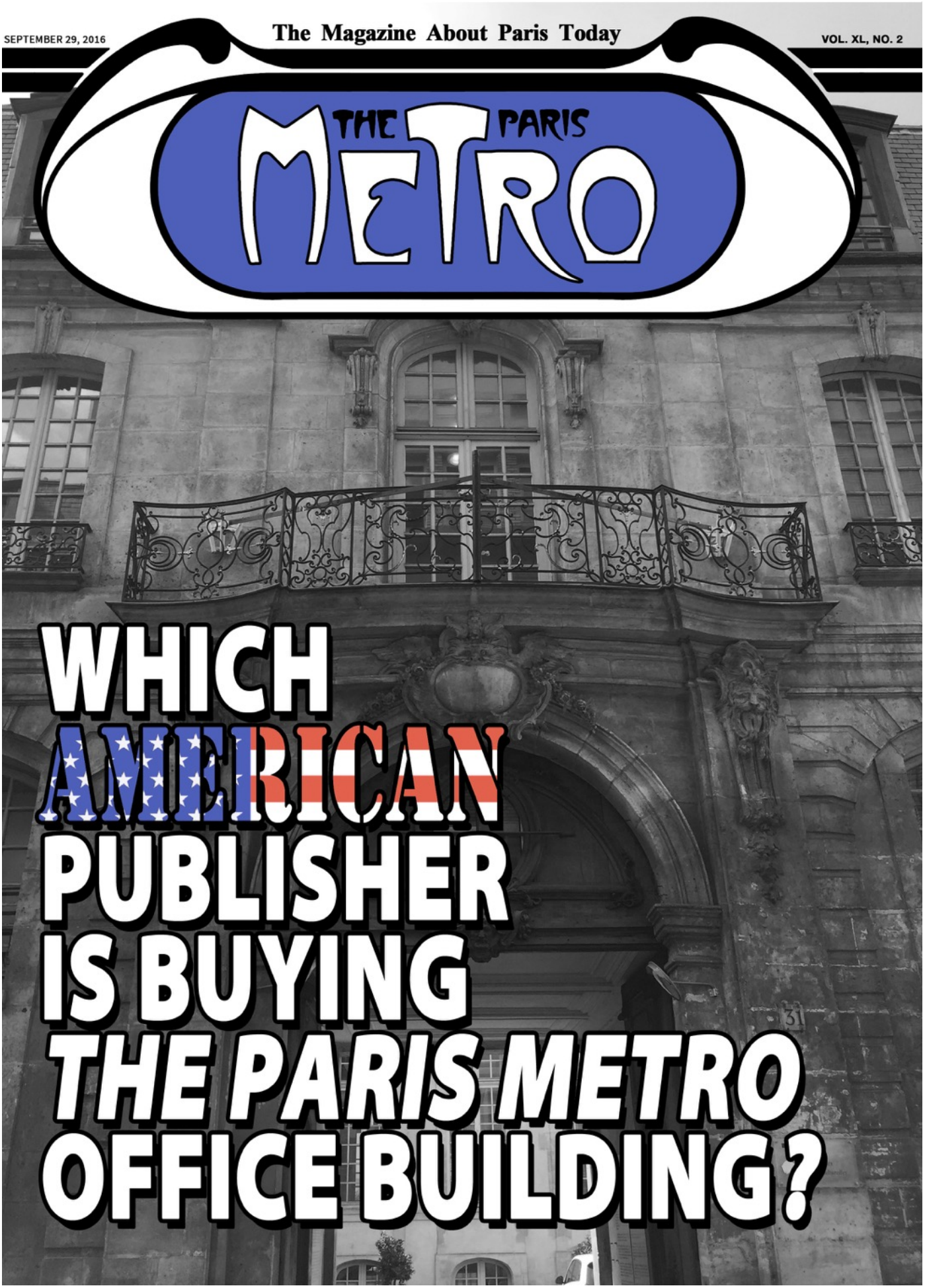
Everyone who worked there is more talented now than then and, armed with years of experience during an era when distribution and publishing costs are minimal, can supply quality content from anywhere in the world, while those of us still living here can concentrate on Paris. Salaries are not necessary because we all are doing this project both out of love and

Hundreds of *Metro* readers and friends (1,800 of them, according to the Associated Press) attended, buskers supplied the music, Nicolas provided the wine, and the Chez Jo Goldenberg restaurant brought the food in exchange for advertising space. It was the first and last time a company event was held in a Metro station and if the story sounds far fetched, Google "Paris Newspaper Goes Underground For Party" to read the Associated Press article.

Back to my current dream, here's the bottom line: it's not too late to re-launch *The Paris Metro International* as an online publication.

SEPTEMBER 29, 2016 The Magazine About Paris Today VOL. XL, NO. 2

THE PARIS METRO



WHICH AMERICAN PUBLISHER IS BUYING THE PARIS METRO OFFICE BUILDING?

Photo by Christina de Liagre

to prove a point, namely that we were right the first time around but forty years ahead of the curve.

And if the new *Paris Metro International* starts attracting attention and advertisers, then goes viral, then makes a profit? We could even think of launching a paper edition from our old offices on rue des Francs-Bourgeois. And then and then…

Anyway, I can dream, can't I?

Celebrating the 20th anniversary of *The Paris Metro* in Normandy in 1996.

Stanley Hertzberg parlayed his experience with his newspaper/magazine distribution business and *The Paris Metro* to become the Paris-based Circulation Director of The Wall Street Journal Europe. He retired in 2002 and spends time between vacations in his Normandy home, where the 20th *Metro* Anniversary was held, and his apartment on Île Saint-Germain in Paris.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE CHILDREN GONE?

For some, Paris is the *Lost Generation*. They fantasize about attending Gertrude Stein's *salons* on rue de Fleurus and shouting insults between Les Deux Magots, Brasserie Lipp and the Café de Flore. Still others dream of a world of existentialists and apricot cocktails, dirt-cheap post-war rents and young American literati furtively frequenting Madame Billy's bordello.

People are welcome to these visions of Paris. For the rest of us – the children of *The Metro* – Paris is something much more glamorous altogether.

Not on the face of it, perhaps. This post-68 city is a little grimier, perhaps a touch more *déclassé*. There's YSL and Newton and exclusive *boîtes*, sure, but that's not the glamour that casts a spell for us.

No, when we imagine and dream of Paris, it's a disheveled office above a right-bank courtyard in the Marais. It's pinball in the café across the rue des Francs-Bourgeois and after-work wine at La Tartine. It's deadlines and spats with art directors and dubious business management and improbable adventure. It's a series of bound volumes in my dad's office, taken down once in a great while for us to admire, to see, to touch.

My dad Harry Stein.

The Paris of *my* youthful dreams is populated with writers and editors and photographers, breezing between countries and cities. The names – Tom Moore, Craig Unger, Georgina Oliver – are as remote and gilded as those of matinee idols. And their adventures are epic! We can listen for hours to the stories of Joel Stratte-McClure breaking plates with insouciance; Jean Seberg posing as a *Metro* salesgirl; Wouter Apituley distributing copies on his bicycle; Stan Hertzberg tearing his hair as more *francs* go out the door than come in.

Even when I went to live there myself as a young woman, the ghosts were everywhere: Chartier was not just a cheap place for dinner but also the spot where my dad had lost a baseball glove after a 1978 softball game in the Bois de Bologne. Joe Allen still held a place of honor as the American ambassador who brought the hamburger to hungry *Metro* staffers. Here was the ice-cream spot *The Metro* had anointed the best in Paris. And there was where my mom had first picked up the issue that, much later, brought my parents together.

It was as an adult that I came to fully understand the scope of what that group of *Paris Metro* people had accomplished: the energy and follow-through and talent it required, certainly, but the fearlessness, too. I remember realizing with a pang that I was older than my dad had been when they founded *The Paris Metro*. But then, no one will ever be as young as that.

Sadie Stein is the daughter of *The Paris Metro* co-founder Harry Stein and Priscilla Turner. A contributing editor for *The Paris Review*, Sadie lives and writes in New York.

Photo by Christina de Liagre

The Last Metro.

BEHIND THE LINES

The Metro Story

NOVEMBER 8, 1978

About two weeks ago an American businessman approached Metro publisher Joel Stratte-McClure. "I don't have to congratulate you on your success," he said. "Everyone else already has."

If Stratte-McClure didn't smile at the compliment, no doubt it was because the irony was too painful. After nearly two and one-half years of publishing a bi-weekly English magazine in Paris that has been warmly received by readers and the international press, The Paris Metro's balance sheet tells a far bleaker story. With its capital of one million francs exhausted and an equally large debt, last week the Metro faced the very real possibility of closing up shop.

The story is disturbingly familiar in the press these days. While there seems to be no end to new publications of every conceivable nature cropping up recently, there are just as many folding quietly several months later. But somehow, the Metro's story is different. Despite the fact that negotiations with a variety of different press groups in France and the U.S. have so far failed to provide solid financial backing, no one has been willing to let it die. From a staff which has been working late nights and for subsistence wages since the paper began, to hawkers who show up in packs regularly Thursday afternoon to be the first to take the paper out to sell, from readers who barrage us with their problems, complaints and praise, to French journalists, whom we argue with constantly over what makes for good journalism.

Libération, the feisty independent daily and easily one of the most responsive and decent newspapers in town, turned over a full page to explain our situation. And after the word went out, hundreds of people started calling in to express their support. Frédéric Mitterrand, for one, the owner of the Olympic cinema complex and a former cover subject, telephoned our *comptable* to give him a quick course on how to survive in the red forever. A French reader currently on unemployment sent in a check for 250F to help pay the bills. Representatives from French media groups, shocked by the fact Metro was having trouble when the last issue was so packed with advertising, streamed through our offices to see whether there was a way to put the business on a solid footing.

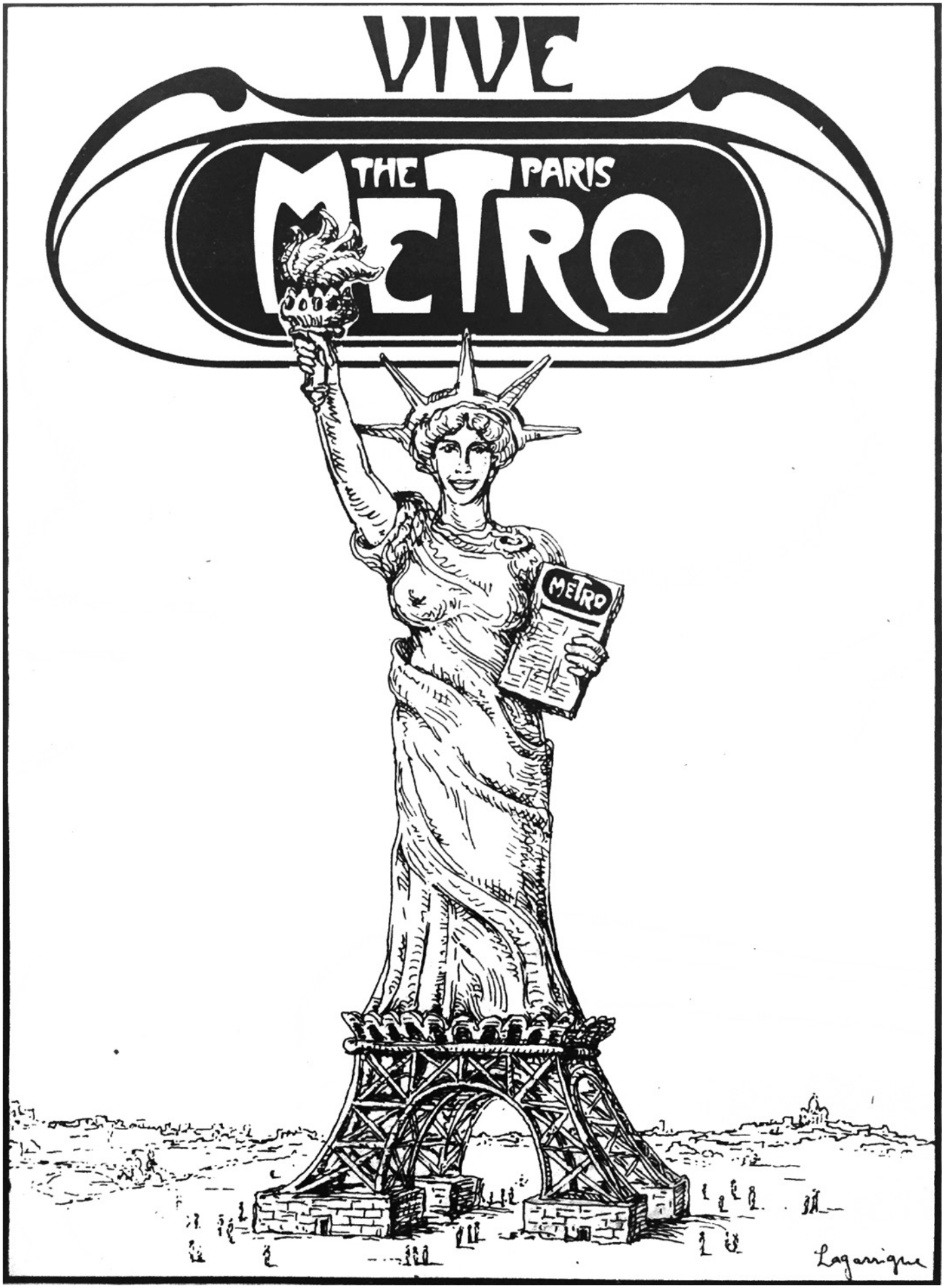
Finally, both short- and long-term solutions were proposed — characteristic of Metro's audience, one of them American, the other French — and we're using our best Franglais to insure continuing publication.

From an operational point of view, the answer was, of course, painfully simple: cut costs further so as to line them up with current revenues and stop losing money immediately. This explains, among other things, why we have to cut the current issue from 40 down to 32 pages and why we will continue at this size until an increase in ad pages will allow us to increase our editorial space. As a result, the refinancing currently under way can be used to its best effect, that is, for expansion instead of deficit spending.

These kinds of measures are never easy and always seem to fall hardest on the very people who make this paper possible: the staff and contributors. So far, amazingly enough, they seem to be holding up.

The other day, on the way to see a financial group with art director Jean Lagarrigue, who had just dashed off a special poster for the benefit concert between rushing out pages for this issue, I asked him if he thought it was worth it. "Listen," he said in this intense reflective way he has when he speaks English, "we have to keep the Metro going. Otherwise we'll be back sitting in cafés, complaining about how bad the press is and talking on about what good journalism ought to be, instead of actually doing it."

— **Thomas Moore**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