



>2 SHAKESPEARE & CO

BROWSE THE SHELVES OF A LEGENDARY PARIS BOOKSHOP

A kind of spell descends as you enter this cluttered, charming bookshop. Situated across from Notre Dame, its enchanting nooks and crannies overflow with new and secondhand English-language books. Amid handpainted quotations and a wishing well, a miniature staircase leads to an atticlike reading library. Next to the children's books is a 'mirror of love', where people leave messages for friends and strangers, and recount finding love between the shop's shelves.

The bookshop is the stuff of legends. The original shop (12 rue l'Odeon; it was closed by the Nazis in 1941) was run by Sylvia Beach and became the meeting point for Hemingway's 'Lost Generation'. Beach published James Joyce's *Ulysses* there in 1922, when no-one else would. In 1951 George Whitman opened the present incarnation, attracting a Beat Poet clientele. Scores of authors have since passed through its doors. George is now aged in his 90s, and his daughter, Sylvia Beach Whitman, maintains Shakespeare & Co's veridical magic.

See also p158.



>3 JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG

ENJOY A PICNIC IN PARIS' MOST POPULAR PARK

The merest ray of sunshine is enough to draw apartment-dwelling Parisians outdoors to soak up the sun while indulging in a picnic of fresh produce and fine cheeses, crusty, still-warm baguettes, and, of course, wine.

You'll see locals picnicking *everywhere*: in parks, on bridges and by the side of the Seine. The Luxembourg Gardens have a special place in the hearts of Parisians.

Napoleon dedicated the gardens to the children of Paris, and many residents spent their childhood prodding little wooden sail boats with long sticks on the octagonal pond, watching marionettes perform Punch & Judy-type shows, and riding the carousel (merry-go-round) or ponies.

All those activities are still here today, as well as a modern playground and sporting and games venues. But above all, the gardens are still a place to unwind – and to dine.

The elegantly manicured lawns are off-limits apart from a small wedge on the southern boundary.

Otherwise, do as the Parisians do, and corral a metal chair and find your own favourite part of the park.

See also p149.