

## You loved your last book...but what are you going to read next?

Using our unique guidance tools, Lov**ereading** will help you find new books to keep you inspired and entertained.

---

This Opening Extract is exclusive to Lov**ereading**.  
Please print off and read at your leisure.

### **Sex in the City: Paris** Edited by Maxim Jakubowski

Please note that this extract contains scenes of an adult nature.

#### **The Red Brasserie by Ella Regina**

OUTSIDE PASCAL'S BEDROOM WINDOW, erect nipples pressed against the glass. They shivered in the early hour crisp, waiting for him to awake, bucking towards the white duvet rectangle with a gentle persistent knock. Pascal's fingers, curved around his morning hard-on, idly synchronised their rhythm to the odd staccato.

As the sun rose over the *quartier*, a shadow edged across the stone façade of the grey building overlooking Rue de Ménilmontant, then fell through the panes into Pascal's room on the top floor where the patch of darkness landed on his face like a cloud blocking a piece of blue sky.

Pascal opened his eyes and looked towards the sound coming from the window. Paris was always grey to him, even though it was in colour. Now, suspended over the balcony and breaking into the black and white image, was a red brassiere – a buoyant arrangement of lace curves and negative space, alert and fastened, as if enclosing a body. The garment was animate, not clothesline-limp; it appeared to be levitating, like the velvet top hat hanging from invisible fishing line above his bed.

Pascal considered himself a fine magician though he had yet to make a woman disappear. He glanced around his bedroom. Everything was in order. The dove was quiet in its cage, under a canvas night cover. His props were in place near a battered green suitcase -scarves, card decks, a pile of rings. Near the door an arm emerged from the wall at the elbow, dressed in a navy blue suit sleeve, hand extended as if to shake another, its fingertips holding his velvet cape and black cane.

His performance the previous night had gone without incident; he had been

onstage as usual, standing in the dank ancient dimly-lit Marais subterranea, twenty-five metres directly below a vitrined jelly-donut pyramid in a Jewish bakery, correctly guessing the identities of female audience members, prompted by spontaneous appearances of their names – a moving rash of lines on foreheads – written slowly in his loopy handwriting.

Pascal got out of bed and opened the floor-to-ceiling window. He squinted up the next building – a hand and forearm shaking out a grey rag. He looked down at the cobblestones – a black cat curled on the sidewalk, licking its genitals. The red brassiere moved aside. It was free-standing, apparently, not a snagged runaway specimen from the nearby weekly market.

Pascal stepped onto the balcony. The red brassiere bolted out of reach in a wide arc, then came closer, tentatively. It rubbed up against Pascal as if locked in his embrace. When he lunged for a shoulder strap it pulled away again. Not much for teasing, Pascal returned to his bedroom and closed the window, the red brassiere quickly following in a silent swoop, slipping inside before it shut.

Pascal returned to bed, unaware that the red brassiere was behind him. It flew up to the rafters, under the skylight, and angled downwards as if worn by a woman on a ladder. Pascal's erection resurfaced and he closed his eyes, resuming his morning routine, stroking himself with more than the usual intensity. The red brassiere descended from its lofty perch to investigate, placing itself squarely above Pascal's hidden hands. A perfume filled the room – that of Geneviève, an early love; the pungent grapefruit and cumin of her armpits, the private spices between her legs – and with it a distinct vision occupied Pascal's imagination: Geneviève, on all fours, his full cock in her mouth, her wine-stained lips encasing him.

As he pulled at himself the smell grew stronger. Pascal opened his eyes. The red brassiere swayed at his face, emitting a heat along with the unmistakable scent. It did a bob and a bounce. The duvet rolled back into a croissant and Pascal's pyjama pant buttons undid themselves one by one. His cock sprang out, shaking off his gripping hand, and disappeared into what felt like a mouth but was just empty space above a quivering piece of lingerie. The length of his penis came in and out of view as unseen lips slid over him. It was as if he were a figure drawing being erased and then re-sketched with the mouth's advances and retreats. His palms grazed the red brassiere's pebble-like nipple bumps. The fabric felt warm, inhabited. Pascal's head flushed as if wrapped in a feverish blindfold. His eyelids burned. The invisible mouth took him deeper, containing him completely. He rubbed until his magic lamp released its oil then relaxed all muscles, spent. The red brassiere collapsed for a moment, folded at Pascal's feet. He observed the silk and lace. On a shiny white label, flattened at the inside, near the underarm area, a size number and style name were written in his loopy script: *90C Geneviève*.

As Pascal's empty cock lay in repose the word vanished from the satin tag along with any traces of Geneviève's fragrance. The red brassiere hovered motionless above the bed, as if waiting for a sign, a signal, an instruction.

Pascal enjoyed the company of women. Many many women – each one, one at a time. He was a sexual cartographer, leaving semen imprimaturs in bodies across Paris like inkblots on a map of the city. He had bedded women from every arrondissement, *in* every arrondissement, several times over. His erect cock had been a directional pointed throughout Paris as frequently as a *Vous Êtes Ici* map indicator. He could summon the chronicle of his roving carnal travelogue at will. Its various destinations were also the settings for his fantasies, both daydreams and nocturnal reveries.

To Pascal's highly developed sense of smell each woman was a snowflake – there were no two alike, even when they wore the same perfume. And of all the characteristics women presented to him their personal scent was the thing he found most arousing and the feature most indelible in his memory. He could recall the specific melodies of each one the way a gourmand has the ability to catalogue a history of refined meal courses. And, despite the esoteric differences between them, they were linked by an irrefutable underlying aura of femininity as a given, an aroma which also varied but was fundamentally and ultimately similar, exhibiting the entire olfactory spectrum, from highly pitched to low and broad.

Pascal eyed the red brassiere intently and re-wrapped his fist around his rigid cock. He closed his eyes and concentrated. The first woman to enter his thoughts was Delphine, the private tour guide who had felled him in the artificial lake pooled beneath the Paris Opéra. Delphine liked to have sex in public or nearly so. She enjoyed being stripped naked except for a pair of high heels and a string of pearls. She favoured wearing a chef's toque during intimate relations and bought them by the half-dozen at a uniform store on Rue Turbigo. She wore Mitsouko – he could always smell her before he saw her.

Pascal tugged at himself with ferocity, conjuring Delphine from puffy hat to pointy toes, filling in more of her details with each hard stroke. He raised his eyelids. He was face to face with the red brassiere, its cups enlarged as if supporting Delphine's abundant breasts, the bedroom smelling like a Mitsouko tornado.

In that moment Pascal understood that the red brassiere was both a tabula rasa under his control and an object that could hold him simultaneously under its spell.

Pascal spent the entire day in bed with the red brassiere as his travel companion. He plugged and played, repeatedly. With each change of character the red brassiere assumed specific dimensions and offered Pascal a particular scent; the label changed its size and name information accordingly. He journeyed the entire city without leaving his bed:

Noémie had persuaded the man taking tickets for the Eutelsat tethered in the Parc André Citroën to let them up alone. Once the dirigible halted 150 metres above Paris she bent over and Pascal entered her *derrière*. Noémie's dark hair smelled like roses. Pascal watched as the red brassiere showed its back to him – a narrow band of hook and eye – as he imagined Noémie. The odour of rosewater filled the room.

He and Agnès had visited the Panthéon forty-five minutes before closing. They'd positioned themselves against a column where Pascal could slide himself unseen inside her from behind and fuck her to the rhythm of Foucault's slow-swaying pendulum. All the while Agnès kept a straight face, so as not to belie what was happening. The red brassiere tilted almost imperceptibly from side to side like a slow metronome wand as it gave off Agnès's personal fragrance, a mixture of sex and tea tree oil.

Octavie was – appropriately – an accordionist who played beneath the arcades of the Place des Vosges. She and Pascal spoke about the perfect acoustics of the space then went for a pastry at Sacha Finkelsztajn on the Rue des Rosiers. Afterwards, Octavie played Pascal's organ in private. She wore perfume made for babies. The red brassiere seemed to heave as if taking deep breaths while it replicated her bouquet.

Pascal went through his personal index of intimate sights and smells. He thought of the dark-skinned Sidonie (lilacs), whose long thin nipples echoed the dome tops of the Sacré-Coeur. He recalled Irène, into whose patchouli-cloaked nakedness he tunneled until the houseboat on which she lived drifted away from its moorings. He

remembered Odile, who had welcomed him inside her on all of Paris' thirty-six bridges (Chanel No. 5, thirty-six times). There was Eugénie, whom he had balanced on his cock for 15 minutes in an automated street toilet, at her insistence (savon de Marseille with a hint of bleach). Clementine gave Pascal a handjob at dusk one summer night in the centre of the labyrinth at the Jardin des Plantes. She smelled not of clementines but of lemons. Vignette took him in her mouth on a rented boat in the Bois de Boulogne, lying flat so that he appeared to be the sole passenger, rowing as slowly as he could to keep the craft – and Vignette – going. She liked the smell of his semen in her hair.

Pascal dressed and left his apartment. The red brassiere followed him down the building's spiral stairs in a corkscrew blur like a thrown party streamer. He stopped at the Bar des Sports for an espresso and a brioche. The red brassiere clung to his back, protected from onlookers, as he leaned against the zinc bar. He watched the twin peak line of red strap tops, like a child's drawing of mountains, reflected in the mirror. A boy of twelve or so was playing a noisy game of flipper, head down. Pascal paid for his breakfast and a few loose cigarettes and was on his way, the red brassiere at his shoulder. He picked up a newspaper at the kiosk.

As Pascal walked the red brassiere played with him, evading his grasp when he tried for a strap, pulling a storey above, then falling down like a torpedo to reclaim its place beside him, each time smelling like someone else, a woman whose fleeting image had just made an appearance in his head because of something he noticed on the street, some *je ne sais quoi* suddenly noted, which struck him, awakened him, moved him – an object, a sound, a memory.

It began to rain. As its fabric soaked up the drops the red brassiere got richer in hue. Pascal unfolded his newspaper in an attempt to shield the garment from the elements. Before he could fully succeed a series of umbrellas opened like black flowers, clutched in fists at the ends of extended male arms left and right, one after the other like a choreographed dance, offering the red brassiere dry passage. It hopped from the shelter of one to the next, for the three-block duration of the cloudburst.

They passed a lingerie store where the red brassiere stopped for a moment of camaraderie with the black and white models in the display window, worn by silently laughing mannequins, until Pascal sensed its absence and walked back for retrieval, firmly hooking his fingers around the elastic straps.

At the flea market the red brassiere admired its own reflection in an antique mirror, its nipples brushing the hard surface as if kissing itself.

Back at his building Pascal tapped in the entry code and opened the heavy green wooden door. As he pushed inside the red brassiere broke free and flew to the top storey, hanging outside Pascal's bedroom window until he arrived himself.

The next morning there were already several people waiting at the bus stop near the Rue des Pyrénées. An old woman bumped headlong into the red brassiere as if it were invisible but the men stared at it, unblinking, and stepped out of its way.

They boarded the 96 which would deposit Pascal in front of the magic club. The bus driver made him pay two fares. It was standing room only. A man with a white cane occupied the handicapped seat near the door. The red brassiere loomed above his shoulder in the last available wedge of space, overlooking a blonde woman in a blue trench coat flipping the pages of *Paris Match*. The red brassiere appeared to be reading over the woman's shoulder.

‘Marie-Blanche?’ asked the blind man, arching his head in the direction of the red brassiere, ‘*est-ce que c’est toi?*’

The blonde looked at him quizzically. ‘We do not know each other,’ she said curtly.

‘Non – pardon,’ replied the blind man, ‘I was talking to *her*,’ again motioning his eyebrows towards the floating garment.

‘*Qui? Il n’y a personne là, monsieur.*’

‘*Oui!*’ he insisted. ‘Marie-Blanche!’ he continued in a singsong, ‘I was just thinking of you!’

‘Idiot!’ huffed the blonde, vacating her seat and pressing the red request button for the next stop.

Several women jostled the red brassiere as they left the bus, as if they did not see it. But Pascal sensed the sure and steady gaze of every male passenger – sitting or standing – their eyes, young and old; blue, green, grey, brown and hazel, uniformly fixed on the red brassiere, surrounding it from all spots in the bus. Pascal could see their erections, in various stages of angle development like a progressive geometry diagram, pointing at the red brassiere from their trousers, a collective of anatomical radii, as if the red brassiere were the Place de l’Etoile and the fleshy arrows radiating spokes of the surrounding streets – avenues Victor Hugo, Kleber, d’Iena, Marceau, the Champs-Élysées ... Pascal felt cornered. There was a quick change of plans: he would not go to the magic club today. At the next stop Pascal swiftly grabbed the red brassiere by a shoulder strap and hurried off, several pairs of men’s hands trying unsuccessfully to snatch the delicate fragrant gossamer as it passed – like sticks thrusting at brass carousel rings in the Jardin du Luxembourg.

‘Françoise!’

‘Adèle!’

‘Lucienne!’

‘Mignon!’

The men followed Pascal off the bus in pursuit of the red brassiere, and with each block more added to the mob, the mass of hands and shouts expanding like a bubble. A dozen Chinese men practicing Tai Chi in the Parc de Belleville got wind of the red brassiere, each man smelling a different woman. They tracked their noses and joined the rumble. Pascal broke into a sprint, the red brassiere an angel’s wing above him, just clear of the men’s grasps.

The Boulevard de Belleville was crowded, the market stalls taking up the shaded pedestrian median. The sidewalks on either side were filled with young women in hijab and shawls, men in kuftis and caftans – some of them shopkeepers in long blue smocks over their street clothing lounging in front of their stores, suitcase-sized bags of rice at their backs. Pascal ran in and out of traffic, on and off the sidewalk. He passed an Algerian patisserie, a Cambodian sweet shop, a Kosher restaurant, a halal boucherie, le Marché Franprix. A laughing teenage boy on a motorbike swung at the red brassiere, almost pinching it. The Muslim grocers in sandals, the Kosher felafellers, the Chinese and Vietnamese restaurateurs, the African marketers – all relinquished their posts to follow the red brassiere, each one with a massive erection, plainly visible, no matter the type of costume. Some were openly stroking themselves, with one hand or two, under and over their clothing. The men yelled women’s names in a Babelous ruckus:

‘Minou!’

‘Bashira!’

‘Habiba!’  
‘Wei!’  
‘Hong!’  
‘Falala!’  
‘Batoool!’  
‘Odile!’  
‘Halima!’  
‘Shoshana!’  
‘Li Li!’  
‘Malika!’  
‘Ming!’  
‘Haboos!’  
‘Sultana!’  
‘Mei Xing!’  
‘Kalifa!’  
‘Hua!’  
‘Tzipporah!’  
‘Jing Yi!’  
‘Magali!’

Pascal reached for his mobile phone and tried to ring the police. He managed the 1 button twice but the gadget slipped to the ground and into a sewer grate before he could press the final 2. Pascal kept running, through the market stalls and along the shops on the margins, passing the sidewalk vendors and the crowds browsing their merchandise – sacks of dried lentils and peas, fruits and vegetables, bolts of African fabrics, plastic crates full of mini Eiffel Towers, flat displays holding cheap telephone cards. A man in front of the *Tout à 1 €* store stuck out a foot to trip him, withdrawing it in the last second.

The lanes of the Boulevard were filled with cars. There were few taxis and those present had solid orange roof lights indicating passengers. Pascal crossed the street, dodging the moving vehicles. He found a narrow alley, the width of one person. A man carrying two pillows on either side of himself approached from the opposite direction. Pascal managed to pass him but the pillows momentarily blocked the rush of the screaming pack on his heels. There was a *pop* and a million white and grey feathers filled the alley. The red brassiere ricocheted off the walls in a zig zag with the velocity of its forward propulsion. Pascal spotted a patch of grass beyond a decaying wooden fence matted with movie posters, away from the *mêlée*. He checked to see that the red brassiere was steadily behind him. It lurched over the barrier while Pascal scaled the structure and for a moment everything stood still.

The voices got louder, closer.

‘Galia, I can smell you!’ cried one man.

‘Kumani, I know you’re there!’ screamed another.

‘Mahmoode, I’m coming to get you!’ bellowed a third in a caftan.

It was too late. The gang broke down the fence. The red brassiere gave off an odour of pure fear as its strap snagged on a café sign shaped like a top hat. One man scrambled onto the shoulders of another and dislodged the red brassiere, capturing it and yanking it down.

Droplets of nervous perspiration formed on the piece of lingerie. It crumpled and shuddered, then disappeared from Pascal’s view obscured by the drapery of a sea of hands. One hundred erections pointed towards the red brassiere like hungry knives.

The knot of men released an intense heat. There was the sound of cloth being ripped, and ripped and ripped again. When, finally, there was no more rending to be done the men retreated, man by man, each with a shard of red lace or silk as bounty. Three had hooks, three more eyes. One man held the small decorative bow from the front, still intact like a perfect unmolested rosebud. Short scarlet threads covered the ground, twitching like organisms under a microscope. Pascal sat forlornly, abandoned by the herd of men, holding the very last piece of the red brassiere, a tiny red sliver, off of which hung the tattered label – now a blank scrap without a name – soiled with shoe scuffs, a discarded grape skin. There was no smell.

In that moment, one by one, brassieres were seized from every corner of the city. Women strolling each rue, boulevard and avenue felt themselves coming undone – unravelled – the intimate harnesses drawn out through their sleeves. In thousands of boudoirs, from the 1<sup>er</sup> to the 20<sup>eme</sup>, drawers slid open, their contents unfolding and taking flight out windows and skylights. A parade of fantasy lingerie emerged from the department stores. Street market brassieres fastened around headless mannequins unhooked and dashed away. In the Père Lachaise a half dozen Wonderbras were pulled from the hands of young female tourists about to fling the apparel onto Jim Morrison's grave. The gigantic brassiere of Babar's cousin Celeste vacated Jean de Brunhoff's book illustrations and took to the air like a magic carpet.

Women all over Paris stood at their windows – topless and stunned – watching the silent ascension of silk, satin, lace and nylon in hues of white, yellow, orange, red, blue and green. One woman tried to loop a strap as it passed.

The brassieres formed tandem rows, filing through the streets and across the Seine – on and off bridges – the march of an invisible, scantily-clad army; bounding on cobblestones in a rainbow arc, going up stairs, turning corners in a calico jumble. People seated in cafés dropped their glasses at the sight of the promenading spectacle.

The brassieres headed skywards in Pascal's direction, single-file now, making dotted lines like trolley wires above the centres of streets, an airborne queue flanked by pitched rooftops. As they flew, other objects joined the mass in solidarity: a fleet of berets and handkerchiefs from Left Luggage at the Gare du Nord; bows from the hair of well-dressed children in the Parc Monceau and silk scarves from the necks of their nannies; one hundred paper airplanes set into motion by schoolboys in a hundred classrooms; pornographic passages ripped from paperbacks sold by the Seine bouquinistes; a stream of orphaned gloves from the Bureau des Objets Trouvés, forefingers all pointed towards Pascal. Rose petals fresh off the faces of women getting floral treatments at the hammam bundled with others plucked from the garland of florists and gardens woven through the city. Taxidermied birds left their gnarly branches at Deyrolle. Kites were whisked from small hands in the city parks. Braiding, embroidery, fans and parasols trailed from the two Musées de la Mode. The stockings of Madeline's Miss Clavel stepped up – in two straight lines, sails detached from toy boats on the pond in the Jardin du Luxembourg and peacocks lost their quills in the Bois de Boulogne. In the Père Lachaise Isadora Duncan's last scarf slid out her tomb like a long pink tongue while lipstick kisses unpeeled themselves from Oscar Wilde's headstone, hanging in midair for a moment like frightened spots off a cartoon leopard. Glittering in the evening's final light were sparklies from Josephine Baker's last revue, followed by feather boas from the Moulin Rouge, hose and garters once belonging to Kiki of Montparnasse, and, running to keep up, Edith Piaf's little black dress and tiny shoes.

The various objects filled the skies and soared towards Pascal, sitting long-faced in

the grassy lot staring at the shattered red brassiere remains, both spirit and cock deflated. He welcomed the inventory, tethering everything together. Celeste's brassiere formed a hammock underneath him and he fell backwards into it as into a giant open hand. His cock immediately asserted itself, encouragingly resuscitated. Every item found its place as if part of a puzzle, creating a complex latticework. The craft rose with Pascal at the helm using scarves and straps as directional reins. The toy boat sails spined the ship like dinosaur's scales, acting as rudders. A poufed string of chef toques encircled the assemblage, jewelled with bits of cotton candy from the Bois de Vincennes.

The multilayered, multidimensional sling caught the wind and Pascal was pulled aloft by the cluster, a helix pulled high over the beige grey city. It began a large outward-moving spiral flight path mirroring the layout of the arrondissements below – a beignet, an escargot shell, a coiled snake.

Pascal veered away from Notre-Dame to avoid the low-voltage shocks intended for gargoyle-bound pigeons. Beneath him he saw the City of Light: the twinkling tiaras of the bridges spanning the Seine; the unbroken red and white meandering automobile beam stripe blurring the boulevards – a long slice of Tricolore; the blinking green neon animation of pharmacy crosses.

From the Fontaine Stravinsky Jean Tinguely's shiny red puffed lips blew Pascal a kiss. In unison, the light-sensitive windows at L'Institut du Monde Arabe closed their shutters like camera apertures – 240 portals momentarily constricting in a conspiring wink – giving him the gazes of 1,001 Arabian nights from sheathed feminine eyes behind a thousand burqas. The Tour Eiffel grew another six inches – the full extension of its phallic architecture – and spouted fireworks from its tip in a lusty salute.

Birds spiralled around Pascal, now moving like a rapid current, intoxicated by the fragrant tufted cloud trapping him in a tempestuous tangled skein. Sharp gusts blew through the rigs of the vessel, stretched and knotted like harp strings, forging a primordial choir of women's voices – comprising every female utterance since the beginning of time: every moan, whisper and sigh – until that instant a lost bracelet of unheard sound adrift, swirling endlessly around the planet like Saturn's rings. Pascal felt the sonic vibration created by the choral hum. It entered his body as an electric ribbon, and surged through him, a vein of fire rising from his cock and balls up his torso and into each arm like unfurling tree branches of lightning. He stroked himself in sheer abandon as he inhaled the combined bouquets of the unseen women whose garments surrounded him, cradled him – the women who'd worn them and the women who might – women from past and future, known and not, spanning the centuries. Female names appeared on the hundreds of fluttering labels, writing and re-writing themselves in endless succession – like magic slates ad infinitum. Pascal laughed and sang while he alternately pulled at himself and guided the barrelling sphere. He rode the edge of light turning to darkness as night blanketed Paris. A golden swirl of shimmering Michelin stars, shot in a farewell booster from the restaurants below, formed a constellation around the flying contraption, raising it still further skywards, pulling Pascal up, upwards over the city – ascending far and away – his cock aimed towards the end of the sky.



### About the Story

*THE RED BRASSIERE* WAS inspired by and is an homage to the late Albert Lamorisse's 34-minute 1956 film, *Le ballon rouge*, in my language known as *The Red Balloon*. My childhood memory of this film is that it was in black and white, a supreme error on my part, of course, given the work's title and premise. Yet, the post-War Paris *Le ballon rouge* portrays did impress me as being composed solely of grey tones. Perhaps this was because the rich colours, when they do appear, pop out in their Technicolor glory, making the city backdrop seem, well, greyer, by comparison. Also, my remembrance of *The Red Balloon* is conflated with my recollection of the accompanying book, an oversized hardcover predominantly illustrated with grainy black and white film stills, the red balloon and its coloured environs present only on eight pages.

Almost immediately upon learning of the *Sex in the City: Paris* project I knew I wanted to do a grown-up take on *The Red Balloon*, involving an object of desire more appropriate to an adult male whose favourite plaything is his penis. While a brassiere is not a direct correlative to a balloon in that it is generally not something found in the air, unless pegged to a clothesline, I thought it could work. And, although the little boy in the film is Monsieur Lamorisse's own son, Pascal, after whom my fictional hero is named in tribute, any resemblances to persons living or dead are purely coincidental.

Despite my beret collection and fondness for French surrealists, I have set foot in Paris on just a handful of occasions, each visit lasting a precious few days. As a result, my Paris remains an idealized one, and my vision of it comes more from the city as invented and interpreted in fiction – from Babar and Madeline to Henry Miller – movies, music and art, or documented by photographers like Brassai, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Man Ray, Jacques Henri Lartigue and Andre Kertész, in all cases capturing a Paris either nonexistent outside the imagination or a city that has been lost for ever. The 20th arrondissement districts serving as the story's setting in *The Red Balloon*, for example, are mostly no longer extant, having been razed in the 1970s. I can now find bits and pieces of the Paris I seek while flying around Google Maps in "street view" mode, my mouse clicks whooshing me from rue to boulevard in search of crackled paint and architecture in need of rehabilitation. But, because of *The Red Balloon* I will always have Paris, preserved in time, primarily in black and white.