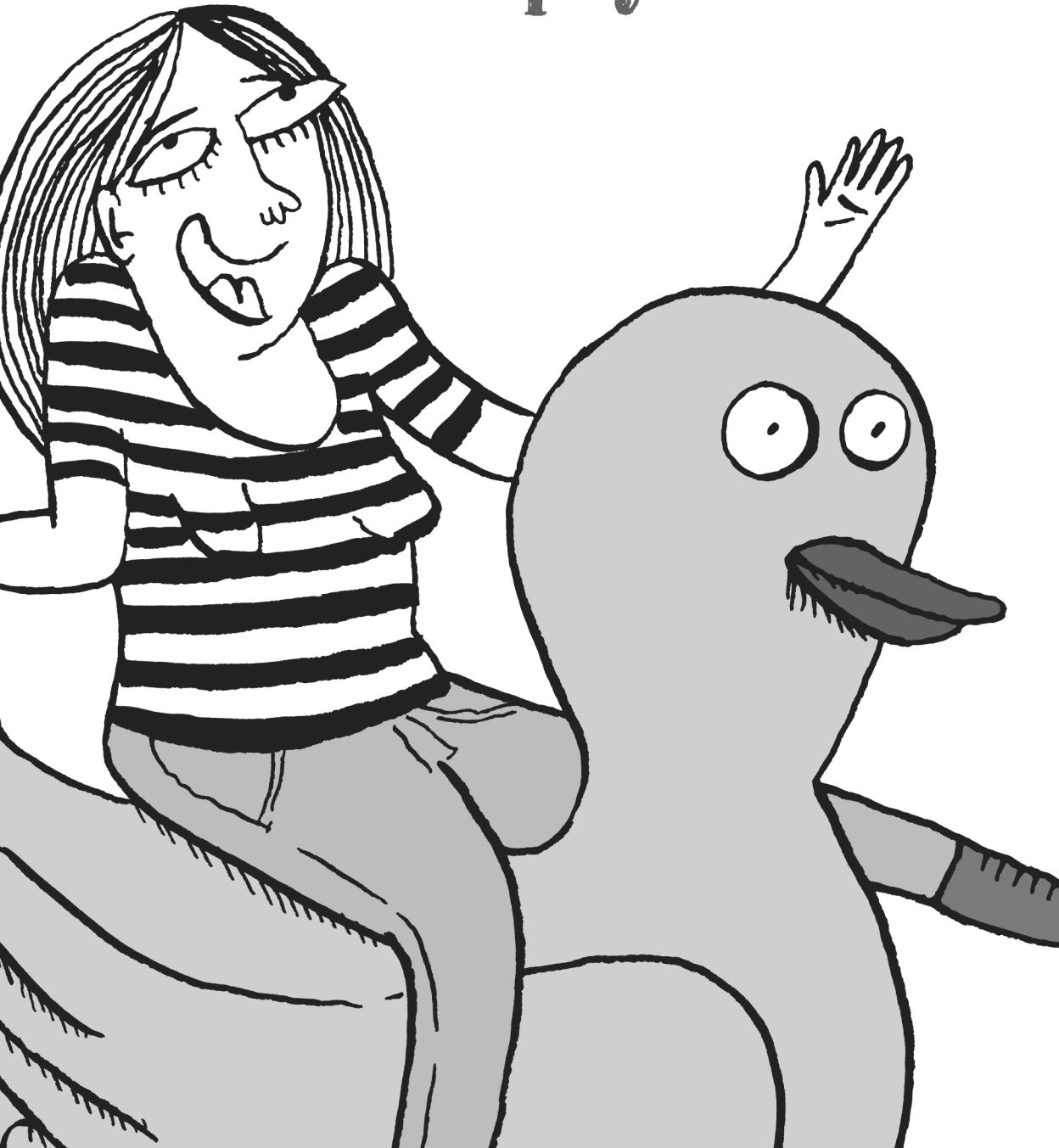






# Alice au pays du sexe



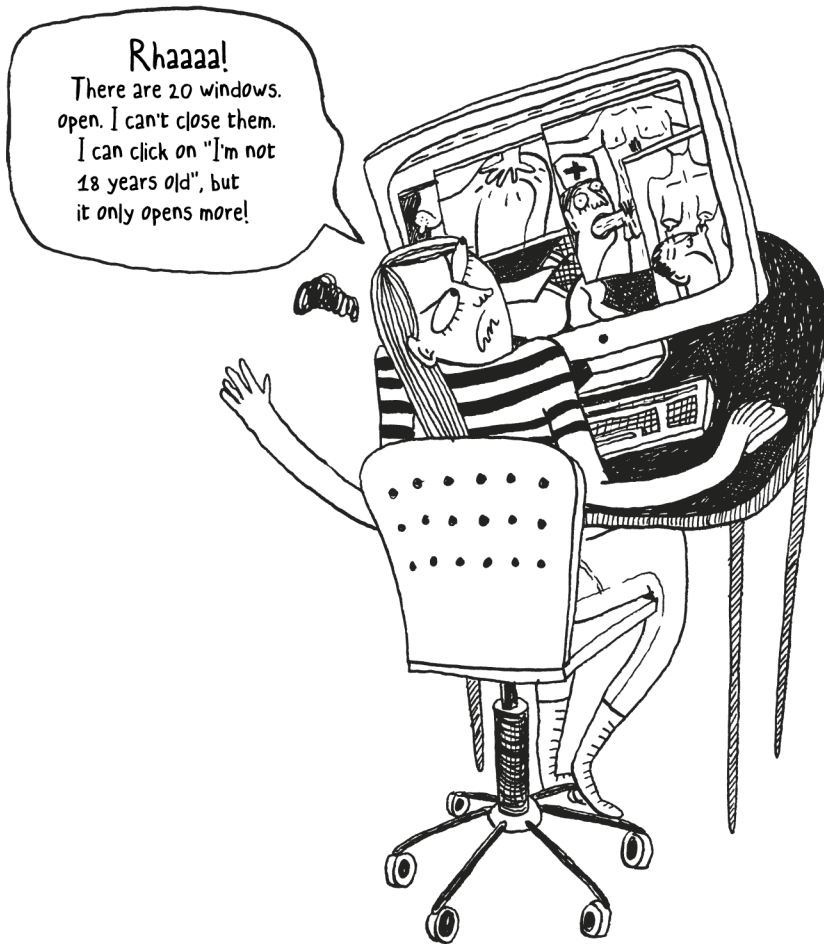


# Alice

Alice  
in Sexland

## au pays du sexe

Anne Baraou & Adrienne Barman

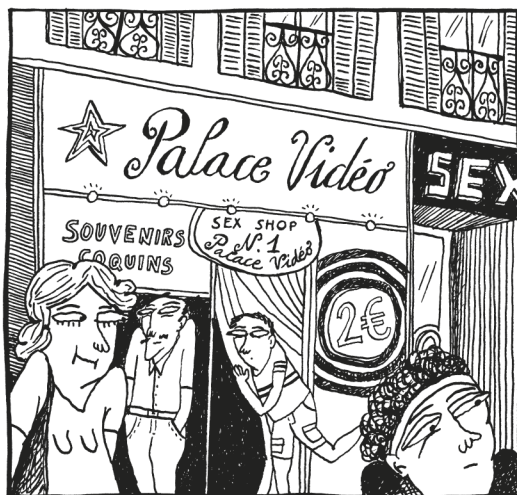
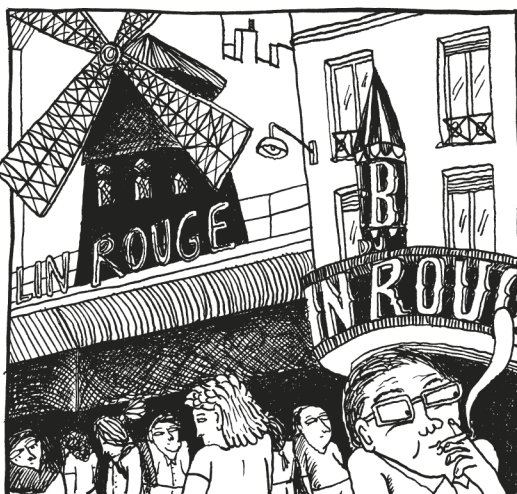
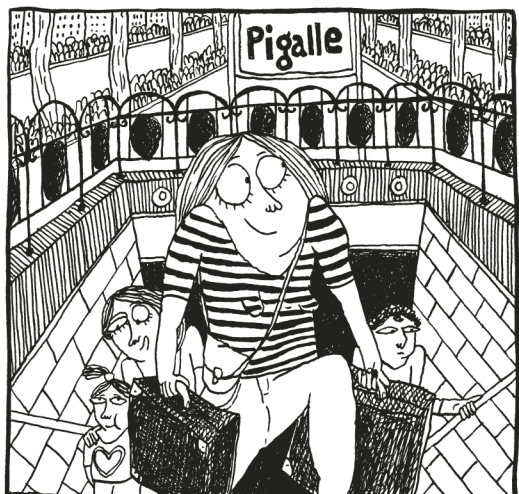


la Cafetière

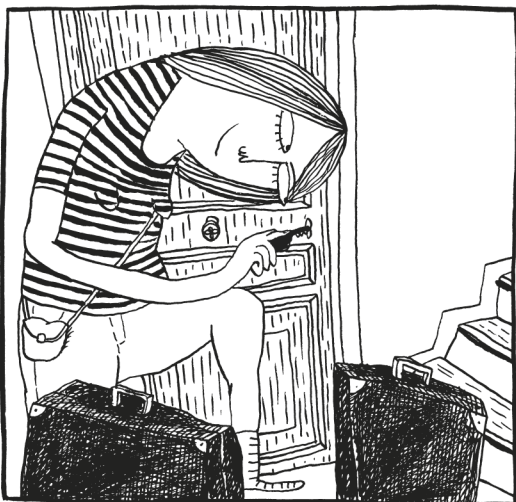


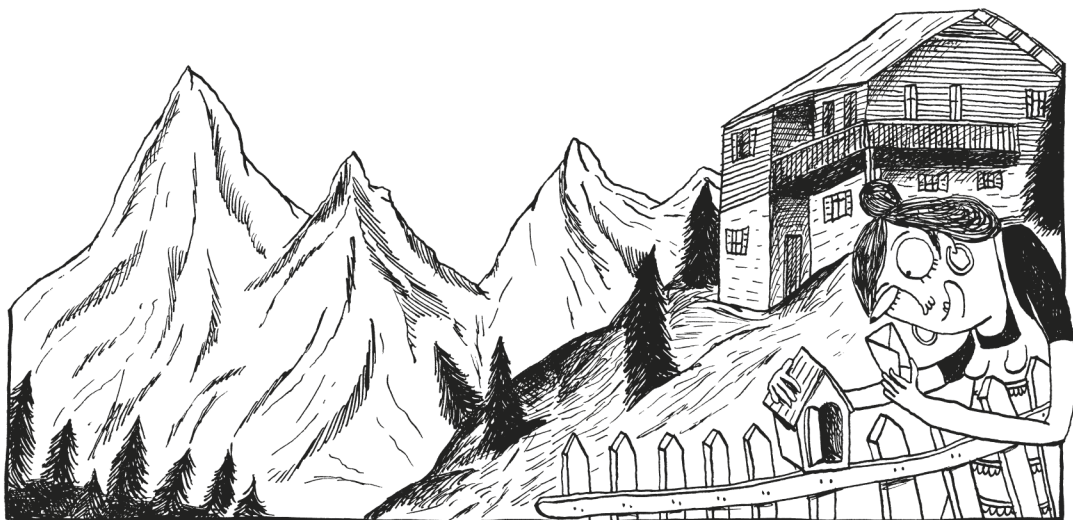








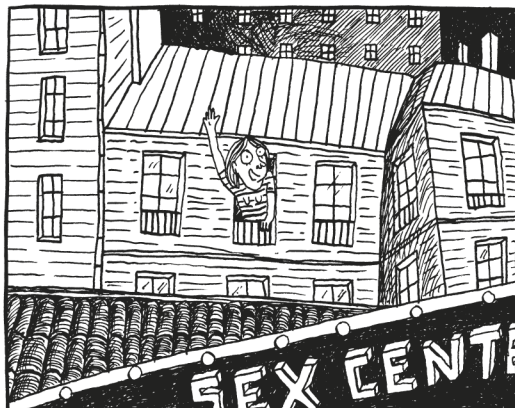




Dear Big Sister, I made it! Here I am, in Paris.



My apartment's small but the sun still makes its way in most mornings.

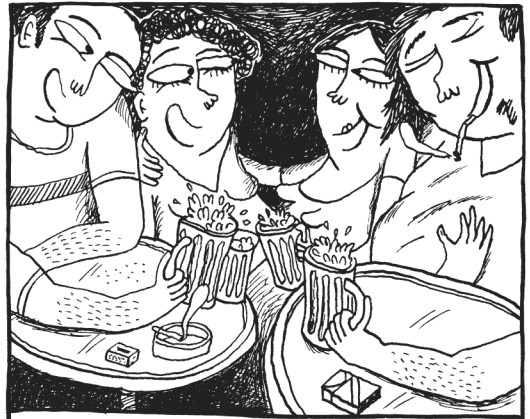


It's in Pigalle, where you told me to find a place.

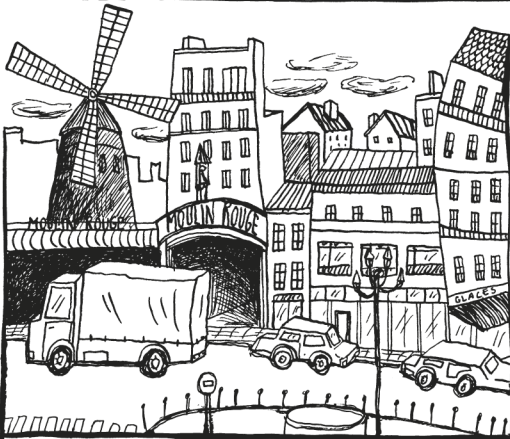




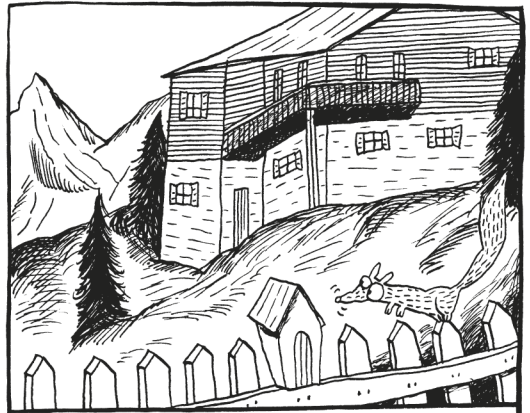
A little neighborhood with very clearly defined borders.



A stretch of boulevard known the world over.



A nicer way of saying it is, "I live in Blanche."



Referring to the white of the Paris farmers' picket fences, which ran through here.

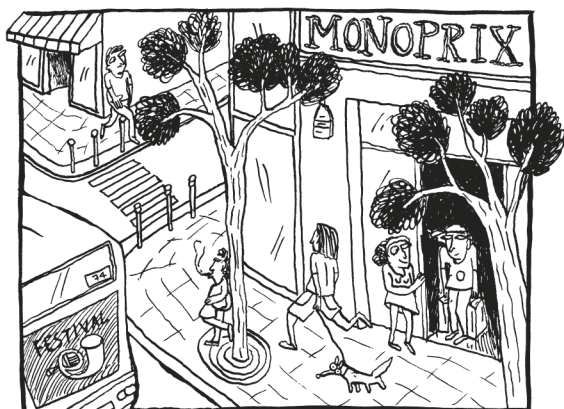


I think it's more about the plaster from the 17th-century Montmartre quarries, whitening the streets.

Okay.



You Swiss types are always so accommodating...



Would you rather hear about Pigalle by day,  
or Pigalle by night?



By day, you can get your groceries at the "Guy  
Georges" Monoprix! He's a well-known name here.



He raped and stabbed women. Seven of them died.  
They called him "The eastern Paris killer."



They arrested him right here, at the Monoprix.



Nearby, there's the Chapel of St. Rita:  
the patron saint of lost causes.





At night, the sex shops take over.



Actually, they're kind of pathetic.

They tend to get replaced by trendier boutiques with windows full of lingerie.



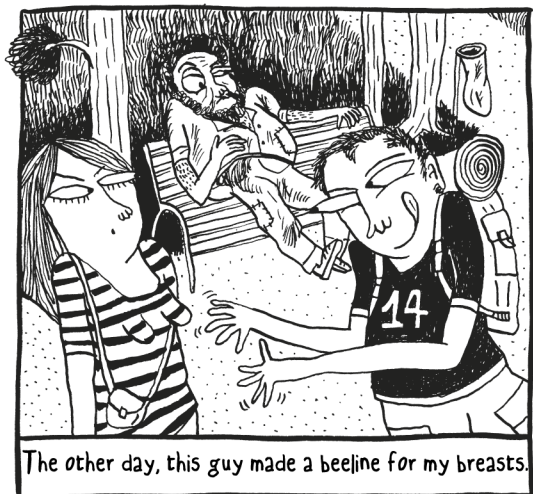
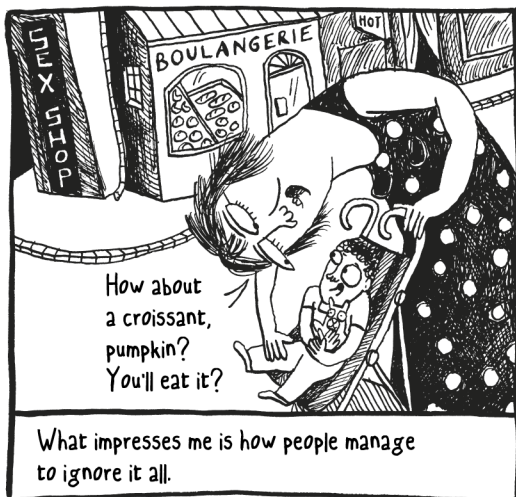
Man, does it reek when they clean out the booths! I'll never get used to the smell.



Then there are a few peepshows and hostess bars: strictly for suckers.



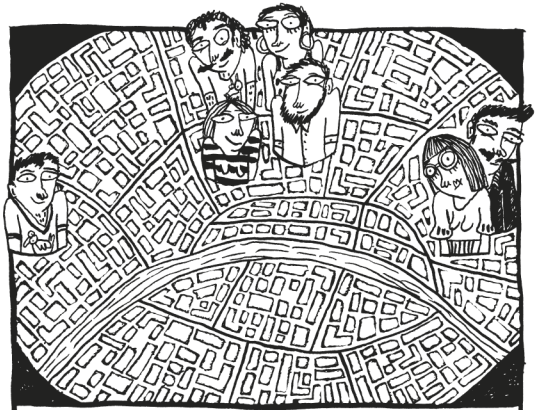
Guys might actually have it tougher here on a daily basis. Gotta slalom between the touts.







Not all my new friends live in Pigalle. Actually, none of them do. I met them at work.



I've nicknamed them by neighborhood. It's hard, remembering the names of everyone you meet at a big company.



Our department head lives in the Eleventh, a kind of hip ghetto where people dress differently. If your neighbor there doesn't work in publishing, then he's in fashion or web design.



Her right hand man, Belle-montant Ménéville, is more rock'n'roll. Never quit smoking, doesn't eat much, but still fat.

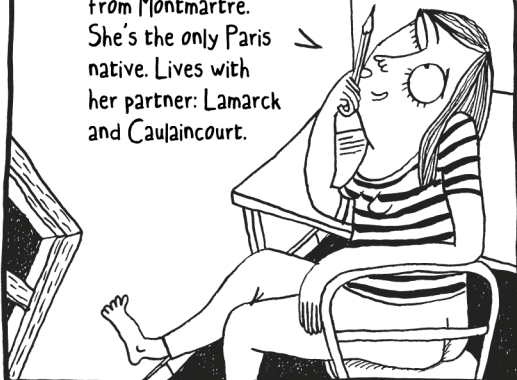


My coworker Barbès and I have the same birthday! He's two years older.

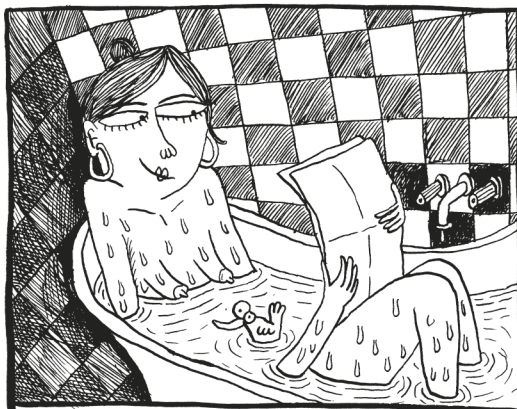


He lives nearby, but his hood has a totally different feel.

Who am I forgetting?  
Oh, right—my coworker  
from Montmartre.  
She's the only Paris  
native. Lives with  
her partner: Lamarck  
and Caulaincourt.



And one more, who's in the middle of a move.



Maybe I should remember his name.



He's moving into the upscale Sixteenth.  
It's dead there. He got a great deal because  
no one wants to live there.



Parisians don't have people over much.  
I didn't know that.



But if you ask them over, they come anyway.





Whenever people come over, the talk turns to sex, probably due to the neighborhood.



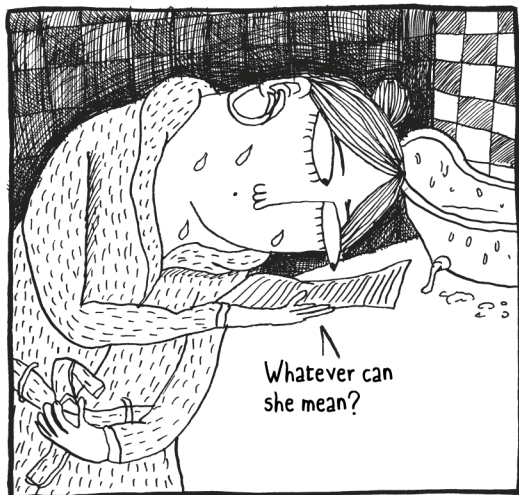
Or maybe because it's always on French people's minds.



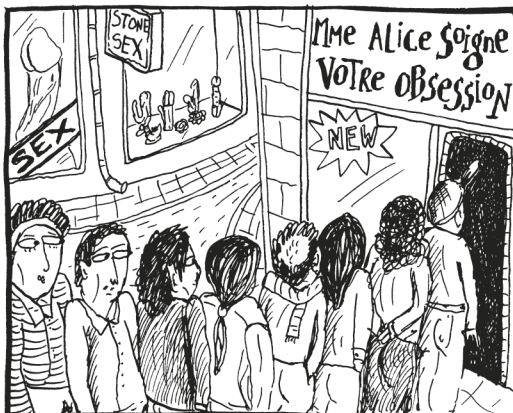
Or maybe I'm the one who has the gift of running into addicts.



I must have some kind of aura that draws them like flies.



Whatever can she mean?



But it's not a healing aura. I won't strike it rich.

Ms. Alice  
Cures  
Your  
Obsession

So I can draw a "sexual portrait"  
of each of them, since they tell me everything.



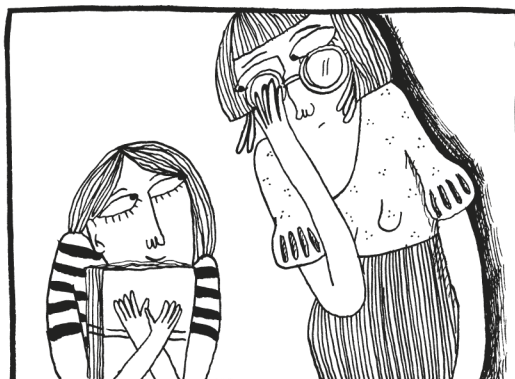
I start with Eleventh, the departement head?



She says she's 40, but she's only 38.  
I don't know if she's just bracing herself mentally,  
or so people will say she doesn't look it.  
Most other women who say they're 40  
around here are actually 45.



She's going through a period of sexual gluttony.  
"Intense," "explosive," she calls it, as if there  
hadn't been anything before and won't be  
anything after. But at work, all she talks  
about are her two adorable kids.



I try not to have her over all alone.  
What if she had a fit and threw herself at me?  
You never know...

