

Zeitschrift: Swiss textiles [English edition]
Herausgeber: Swiss office for the development of trade
Band: - (1945)
Heft: 4

Artikel: A walk in Paris
Autor: Pierrot, Henriette
DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-799098>

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. [Mehr erfahren](#)

Conditions d'utilisation

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. [En savoir plus](#)

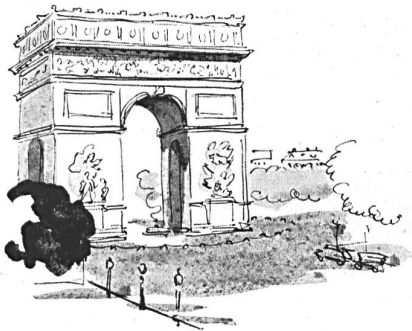
Terms of use

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. [Find out more](#)

Download PDF: 14.09.2025

ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>

Walk in Paris



A Parisian never goes on a journey, or, if he does, it is just in order to enjoy his coming back.

Yes, returning to Paris is a reward in itself. More than ever you are aware of the beauties of this lovely city ; it appears all the more glorious, you love it all the more tenderly after a separation.

Walk down the Champs-Élysées, saunter along the quais, down

the streets, across the bridges. All those well-known buildings and monuments never seem to acquire that insipid look of cheap picture-postcards — you will not grow weary of them.

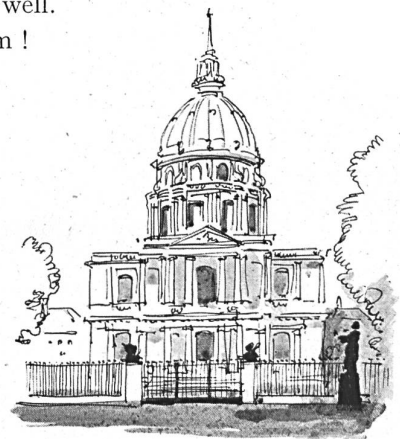
To-day the Invalides still have that air of an immense balloon caught in a net of gold. The Eiffel Tower appears like the delicate spire of an invisible cathedral, and — look ! The Sacré-Cœur ?

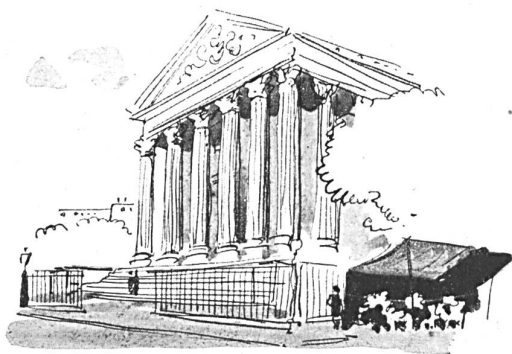
Or is it a group of huge white sails fluttering across the sky ?

Nothing has changed. The smartly-dressed women, the patient angler of the Seine, the newsvendor, the flower-girl — here they are, all of them, in the scenery you know so well.

People, scenes, and perspectives — how you love them !

Yet, why should you love them ? A labyrinth of streets, grey streets and houses, by no means beautiful, with five storeys and a balcony on the top floor, shops with pretty things in the show-windows.

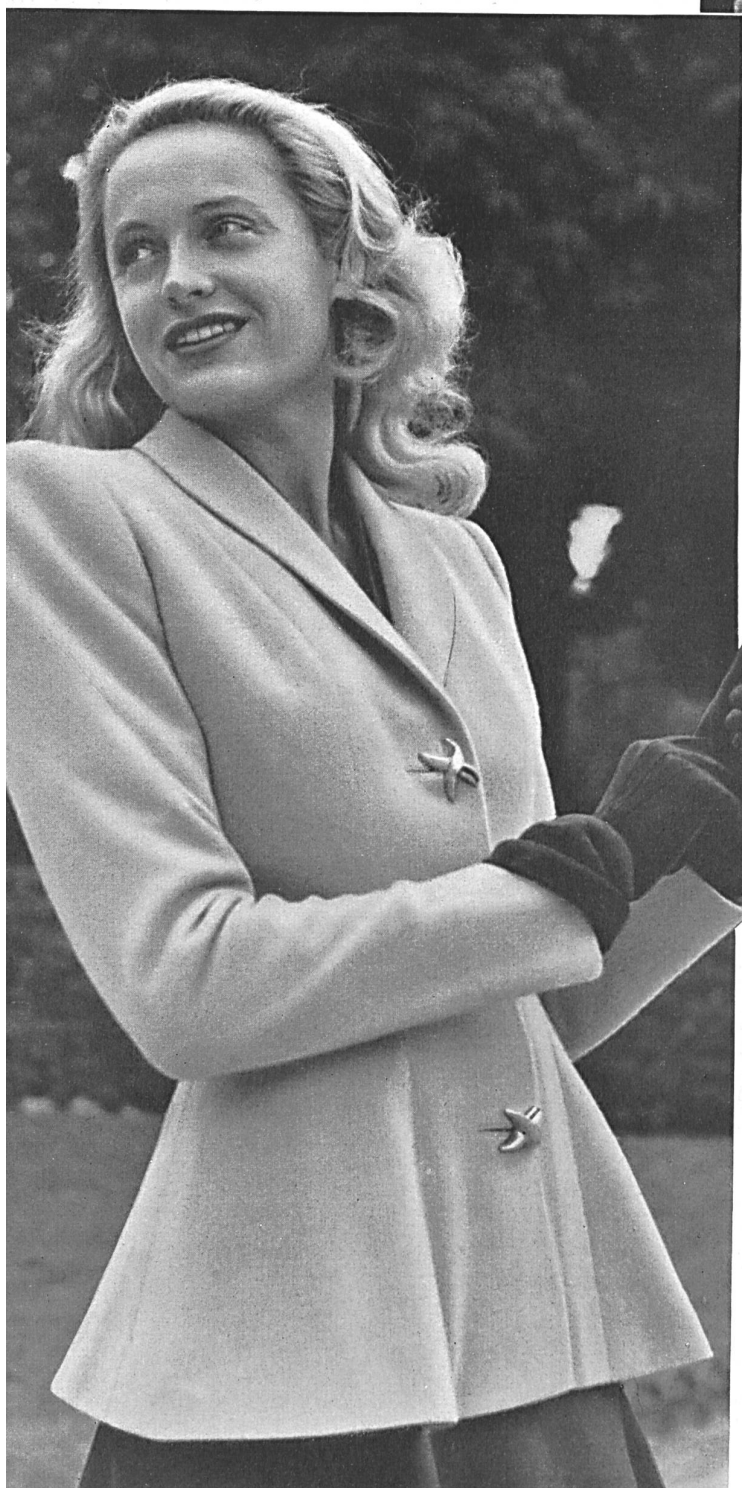




MARCEL ROCHAS
Hanro, Liestal

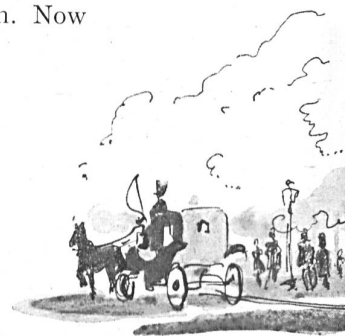


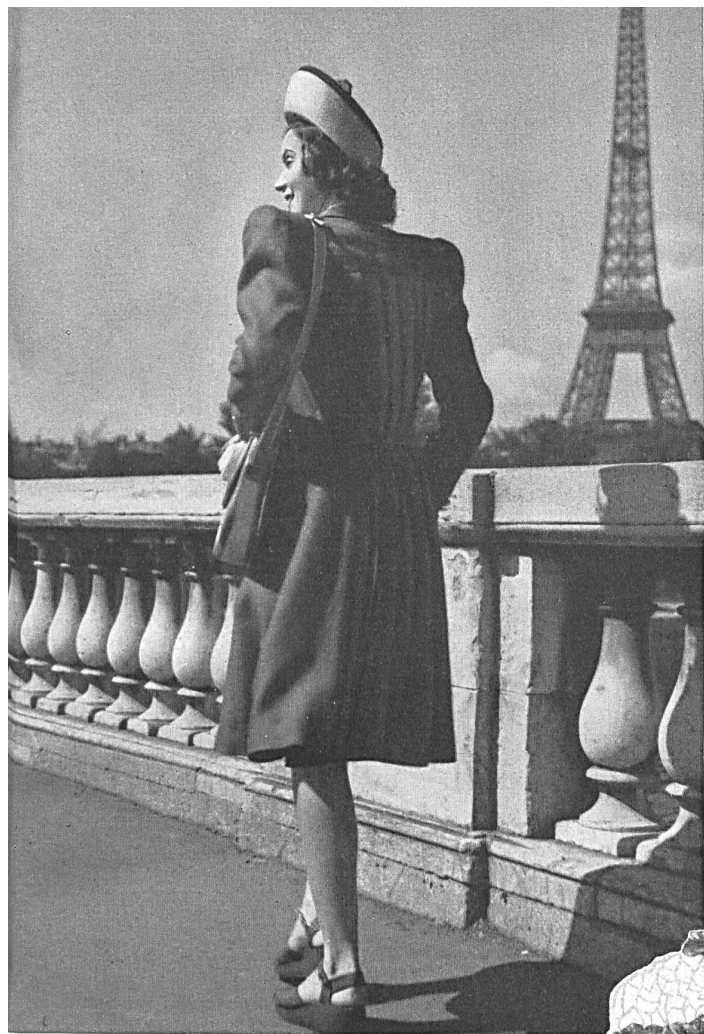
MARCEL ROCHAS
Tissage de Toile de Langenthal S. A.,
Langenthal



A very charming sight, although the whole display is a friendly illusion, made up of dummy things.

Just shops, houses and streets and, in addition, that touch of intimacy which is so hard to describe. Yet, when you are away from all that, it is not mere nostalgia you feel, but the exile. That is what we learned during the war. It is raining ; the tarred streets and squares reflect the gaslight in the narrow backstreets where electricity is yet unknown. Now





the weather is fine again : can you see, with your eyes shut, the exquisite sumptuous Place de la Concorde, the square of sculpted clouds and mist-like fountains ? It is my good luck to live in Paris. I can look at Notre-Dame on this morning in autumn, I can see both the towers and a nave crowned with fairy buttresses. Sky and stone blend in a splendid harmony, pale grey flushed with pink from the light of an uncertain sun. The Seine reflects the sky and the Cathedral in its grey-and-green waters.

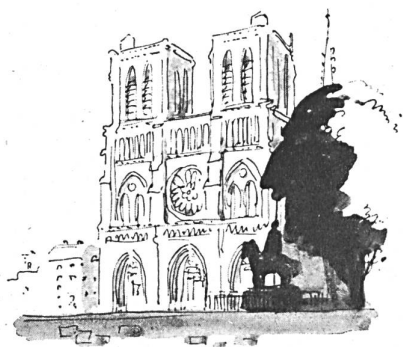
MADELEINE VRAMANT
Heer & C^{ie} S. A., Thalwil



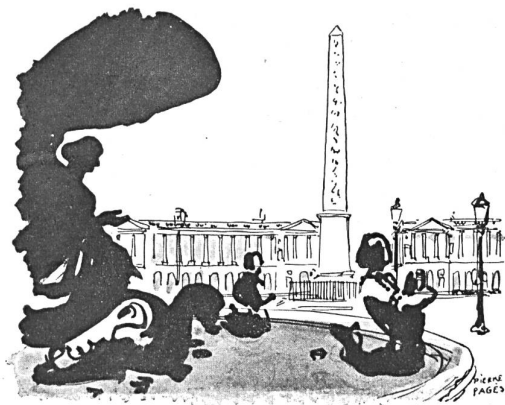
ROSE VALOIS
M. Bruggisser & C^{ie} S. A., Wohlen

HERMÈS
L. Abraham & C^{ie} Soieries S. A., Zurich

ROSE VALOIS
M. Bruggisser & C^{ie} S. A., Wohlen

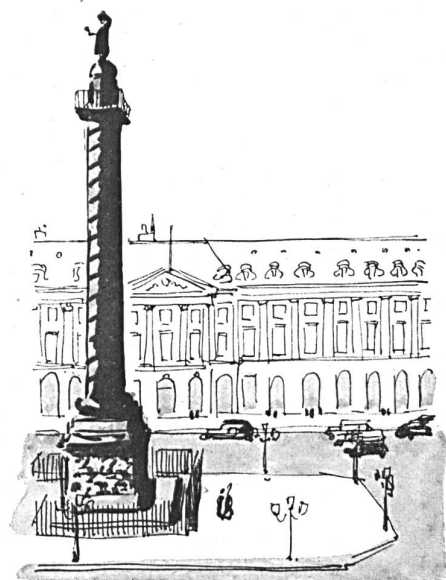


Yes, let us walk through the streets of Paris, to gather a handful of memories. Through the Luxemburg Gardens, along the Boulevards, rue St. Honoré, to the Tuileries with their tapes-



ROSE VALOIS
M. Bruggisser & C^{ie} S. A., Wohlen
Vischer & C^{ie}, Bâle

JEANNE LAFAURIE
Strub & C^{ie}, Zurich



ROBERT PIGUET
Strub & C^{ie}, Zurich

BRUYÈRE
Otto Steinmann & C^{ie} S. A., Wohlen



trylike groups of statues returned to their pedestals. Just outside the Gardens, at the entrance of the Concorde Underground Station, a mural plaque is daily decked with fresh flowers in tribute to those who died on this spot. They loved Paris — gave her their lives.

I can understand them — can you not ?

Henriette PIERROT

