



DIVE RIGHT IN
From top: The spa at the Mandarin Oriental; Sébastien Gaudard's stellar patisserie.



➔ both sides of nearby Boulevard de Clichy.

Then there were the sweets. On a tip ("It's wonderful! Don't leave Paris without seeing it") I popped into the Sébastien Gaudard patisserie on Rue des Martyrs—and lingered for at least a half-hour, physically unable to tear myself away from the aromas, the decor (surely the Platonic ideal of a patisserie), and the musings of Parisians parsing the fine points of which gâteau to take home.

The spacious, pale modernity of the Mandarin Oriental was surprisingly exhilarating in a city of cramped hotel rooms, as was its location amid all the seductive shops of Rue Saint-Honoré. My most cherished takeaway was the sight, during an early morning run along nearby Rue de Rivoli and the Tuileries gardens, of the dawn sky already streaked vivid pink and the 19th-century street lanterns still shining (INSTAGRAM, @KLARAGLOWCZEWSKA).

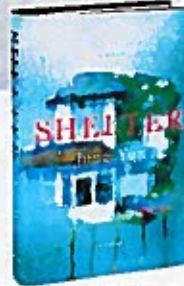
On my last afternoon in Paris—I had returned briefly two weeks after the attacks to a somber city largely devoid of tourists—I took a taxi to France's new pilgrimage site, the streets, cafés, and

restaurants of the 10th and 11th arrondissements, around the Bataclan concert hall. "It begins here," my driver turned guide indicated as we passed the first makeshift flower- and photograph-strewn sidewalk memorial. "I bring people a lot." Later, on the way back to the Peninsula, where I was staying, we stopped at an outdoor food market; I needed to walk along displays of another kind. "Alors," I overheard a man near me say to his companion, "on a besoin d'un petit pain. Et quoi d'autre?" ("We need a small loaf of bread. And what else?") *Un petit pain*—what a charming phrase. The balm of the diminutive, intimate, convivial in the face of the enormity that happened here. It is indeed what one needs. «

Haunted HOUSES

TWO NEW NOVELS, BOTH EMOTIONALLY WRENCHING, CONSIDER THE DEBTS OWED TO THE GHOSTS OF OUR PAST.

The idea for Jung Yun's fearless and thrilling debut novel grew out of an infamous 2007 home invasion in the affluent town of Cheshire, Connecticut. *Shelter* (Picador, \$26) begins with the narrator, Kyung Cho, taking in his wealthy immigrant parents after they have been brutally attacked in their home. "I



wanted to tell the story from the perspective of someone just outside of the crime," Yun says. "Maybe not the victim himself, but someone victimized in a different way." Or many different ways. The crime sets the novel in motion, but it's Kyung's reckoning with losses of all kinds that gives the story emotional and psychological weight. "I was attached to the idea of debt, both in the familial and financial sense," says the author, who sets the story during the financial crisis. "I'm obsessed with how people try to make themselves comfortable," at any cost. For many readers, *Shelter* will be an introduction to the particular

and complex pressures that exist for first- and second-generation Korean-Americans (Yun's family moved from Seoul to North Dakota when she was three), but the troubles of Kyung and his wife—struggling to hang on to their home and marriage—are familiar to anyone. As Kyung juggles lines of credit, other accounts come due: a legacy of family violence that he must face in order to find hope again. *Evan James*

The author of *The Dream Life of Sukhanov* returns with a compelling conceit.

The third novel from Russian émigré Olga Grushin, *Forty Rooms* (Marian Wood Books, \$27) traces the entire life of its heroine through a surprisingly natural structure. Each chapter, from childhood to old age, takes place in a distinct room, such as the bathroom of her parents' Moscow apartment or the entrance hall of the East Coast mansion where she ends her days as Mrs. Caldwell. The ill-fitting WASPY name suits the narrator, who trades her poetic ambitions for a life of ease and children, yet she catalogs her well-cushioned days with a poet's acute and unforgiving eye. *Kevin Conley*

