

ACQUI TERME

Discussion Group 1: Consideration on the usage of historical figures or historical events to promote the thermal towns of EHTTA network.

Michel Thomas-Penette

Valery Larbaud, from the writer to the character of the interactive novel.



Summary :

An interactive novel in the frame of SOURCE project

The choice of Valery Larbaud

The novel:

The various media

Three extracts of the main novel:

How the narrator understands that he will be Valery as a character

First encounter between Valery and Georg

Georg introduces Clara to Valery

The specific platforms and social networks used by Valery

Use of a travel diary

Valery, literature, visual arts and cinema

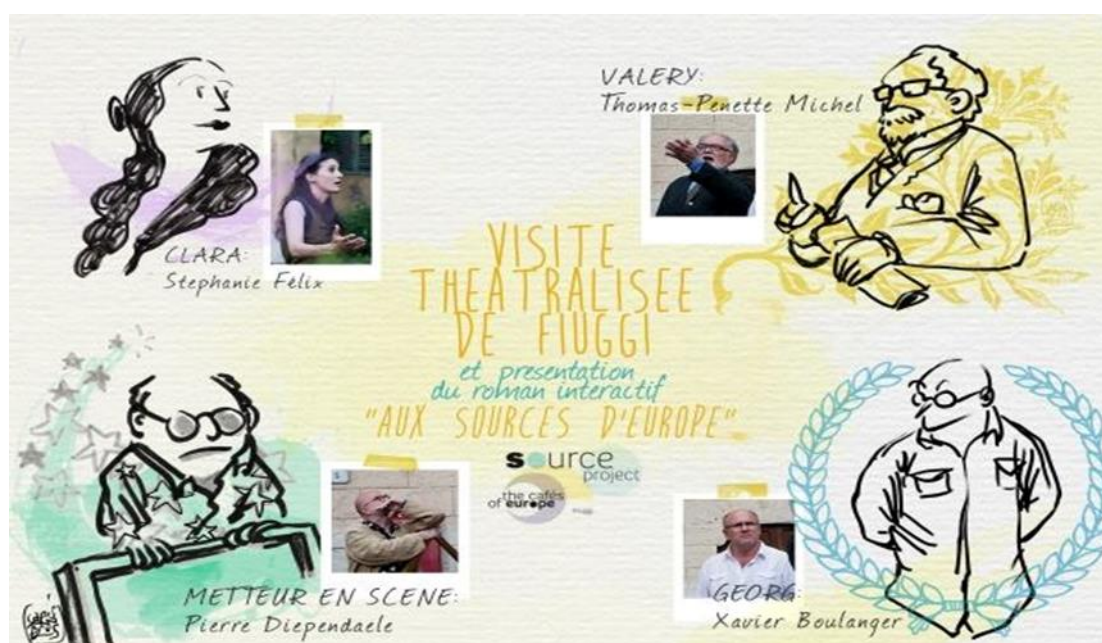
Use of facebook, twitter and pinterest

An interactive novel in the frame of SOURCE project

Starting with the Enghien-les-Bains Café of Europe and lasting for two years, an interactive novel is being developed as part of the SOURCE project, as a way of engaging with the public in a form now known as “transmedia”. This approach is based on using various digital platforms: blogs, social media text, images and audio, as well as interactive maps.

The spa towns themselves are settings for novels and film sets, and several authors have used them as canvases, even making them genuine characters, of sorts: Maigret, the famous detective, was set in Vichy by Georges Simenon; Dostoyevsky’s “*The Gambler*” was largely inspired by towns such as Baden-Baden or Wiesbaden; Guy de Maupassant based several of his novels and the setting of “*Mont-Oriol*” in Châtel-Guyon and Royat.

Four characters will travel around Europe, following the footsteps of better and lesser-known European historic figures who came across each other in the “*Cafés of Europe*”, these literary salons, places for discussion and meeting places which were the great thermal spas from the 18th Century to the early 20th Century; figures who also journeyed along the cultural routes of Europe. At the same time, they are veritable “*book people*”, like Bradbury’s characters. Each of them will carry their own multimedia centre, made possible by modern digital media, but throughout their journey they will encounter other “*book people*”, both contemporary and from the past, whose works, documents and memories need to be brought back to light, re-read, valued, in order to return to the “*Sources of Europe*”, and thus intercultural understanding of Europe’s shared heritage, history and memory.



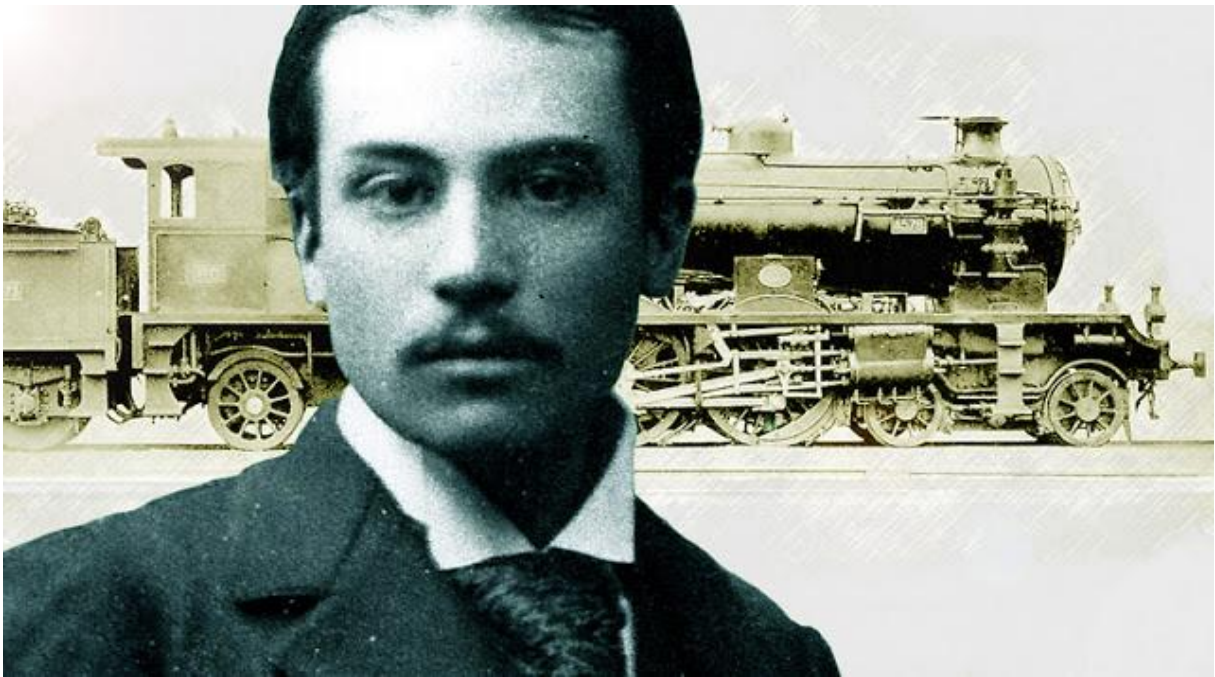
The choice of Valery Larbaud

To create interaction between past and present, the four characters will develop a rapport – be it professional, familial, passionate... - with historical figures and will be their “double”, like the important role that dubbers’ voices play in films. These are: Valery a writer in love with film and reading, in charge of collections for a European publisher – who will therefore be the narrator – Clara a young female musician, who can switch from classical music to pop or electro, Georg a thermal doctor who is an advocate of alternative therapies, new cuisines and psychoanalysis, and finally Charles Joseph a “celeb”, a playboy living mainly off his unearned income, descended from a princely lineage.

The profile of the narrator who, at the beginning of the novel, has already worked for the PUBLISHER to bring together and shape all the aspects of a novel entitled “*Les Mille et une nuits de Poliphile*”, is an important one, since he is both the main link to the sponsor, the main line of communication to the author, organiser and coordinator of all their journeys. In addition to his background in literature and cinema, as well as biology, he is the same age as the author. This time, then, the narrator is going to have this particular writing task, but he is also going to partake in the journeys of the novel on the thermal spa towns. He is taking the name Valery for this adventure, for he discovers that the character he is going to “put on” possesses many of the traits of the travel writer Valery Larbaud (1881-1957), who was born in Vichy and spent his childhood in Bourbonnais. European by nature, Larbaud travelled as much in Britain as in Italy, in Spain as in Portugal, all countries whose language he mastered to perfection, to the level of being able to translate certain authors’ innovative works, such as those of James Joyce.

As a result, the modern-day character will be a traveller, full of imagination, an avid reader, who speaks and writes in several languages, and corresponds with hundreds of friends through all the latest media at his disposal: e-readers, DVD players, iPads, social networking sites. He is both “technical” and “trendy”, a connoisseur of contemporary cinema and the visual arts, but is still eager to rediscover the atmosphere of bygone eras, about which his grandparents and great-grandparents often spoke to him. Eras whose traces are particularly notable in the thermal towns.

Aude Lévis (Sett Communication) designed the various aspects of the “avatar” of Valery to be used on the various platforms.



The Transmedia Novel

The general structure of the proposed transmedia is the following one:

- **A novel** published under forms of short episodes which allows to discover the adventures of characters within the framework of a narrative of science fiction, to understand the implication of the narrator, the way he was contacted and understood that he would be one of the characters, his encounters with his travelling companions and all the stakes which are formed around a discovery, that of the recovery of lost time. The first part of the novel is published before the characters will travel. It thus takes place from March 18th, 2013 till June 13th, 2013 with a flashback in September, 2012.
- It is only after having exposed the personal stakes of the protagonists, the profiles of the characters, the relationships that they weaved between them that the starting signal is given on June 14th 2013 during the Café of Europe of Enghien.
- **The travel stories of the characters**, whatever their shape and their tone, are proposed according to a daily rhythm, a little bit comparable to the publication of the serials of the XIXth century and presented in the form of blogs containing symbolic illustrations and links towards other sites : wiki type or editorial ones, specialized on the great names of history and mythical, the architecture, the botany, the music, the games(sets), the advice for journeys ... There will be thus a Diary of Valery, as those of the other characters;
- **A series of specialized blogs** corresponding to the specific interests of the protagonists: literary blog of Valery, Clara's musical blog (Sound Cloud), blog on cooks and gastronomy and Georg's medical blog, blog on gardens and Charles Joseph's feminine silhouettes;
- **A series of Facebook pages and of pinterest boards** connected to the profiles of the characters which report day after day their travels, the stages of their routes, their encounters, the places they cross or visit places or with literary characters with whom they are in relation;
- **Twitter accounts** in the name of the characters who announce by brief messages some important news: arrival in a city, participation to a concert, opening of an exhibition, exceptional meetings, launch of books;
- **Interviews or discussion** with known personalities, but also people living today in the cities being able to give evidence of older or recent events, within a European context, where they live;
- **Clips on these meetings** presenting in a brief and incisive way the context and the places (work in association with Marie Thomas-Penette);
- **One or several Google maps** (or any other appropriate system) to place the courses, sites, characters, meetings.

It remains to choose the context of several important elements which could, for some of them be implemented in a second phase, namely:

- **A QR Codes** platform allowing the visitors to enter the novel from a specific site which has been visited by one of the characters.
- **Games.** We are indeed constantly inside a game, participating to a pedagogical approach, a literary creation, an editorial course, a partially fictitious and partially real investigation and playful rules have to be established. Competitions will thus be proposed according to the journeys. They will implement a set of historic questions, the discovery of proposed photographs, even géoquests (geolocation-based treasure hunts) in the thermal cities involved and can serve to free characters taken in situations at risk or in search of lost documents.
- **Photos downloaded by the readers,** or still the same photos taken in various seasons of the same places.
- **Filmed sequences** intended for the presentation of the novel, but that could be integrated into a web documentary.

Extracts given in the following pages correspond to the episodes of the novel where the narrator understands that he is going to embody Valery, of the first meeting between Valery and Georg and the narrative to Valery of the first meeting between Georg and Clara.

21 March 2013, Vichy, Valery Larbaud Médiathèque

Thousands of books

I had only heard of Valery Larbaud distantly. Like a sort of provincial cousin, in some ways. Roger Grenier often mentions a literary prize featuring his name. I had a look on the internet last night: it must go “*to a writer who has published a text that Larbaud would have loved, or whose spirit, sense and thought is akin to Larbaud’s*”. I also consulted the list of prize winners; it is rather an impressive one, and evokes comparisons with the Prix Goncourt in my mind.

I arrived on the nine o’clock train, into a station where its Napoleon III-era spirit fights against its necessary modernity. But fortunately in these occasional conflicts, it is the spirit of heritage which triumphs. And the station has thankfully once again become “*historical*”, making the past reverberate to the rhythm of the announcements. One might even expect to see steam trains pulling in.

I had no sooner stepped off the train when I heard an announcement mentioning my name, asking me to head over to the bar at the Pyl-Pyl bistro. There was a letter waiting for me. It was by the hand of Fabienne Gelin, one of the curators. “*The médiathèque opens at 2pm, but I have been requested to let you enter from 10am onwards. I have also been requested to present you the Valery Larbaud archives. I do not know why exactly. I am sure you will explain it to me. I will be expecting you.*” At that moment, I felt that I would have real difficulty explaining my motivations. I had less than an hour to ready myself. No need to panic. Could I tell her straight up, “*I must liberate an individual, there are instructions awaiting me somewhere to tell me how to do so*”? I was not even shocked, really, that someone knew what time I had chosen to arrive in Vichy, even though I had decided that at night, on my own, nor that the médiathèque had been forewarned of my visit. In other words, nothing shocked me anymore, not since my first encounters. The PUBLISHER was all-powerful. He had his connections. That had become plain to see. But was it that simple?

I presented myself at 10 o’clock on the nose, and I was let in. Once I reached the second floor, I discovered a collection that I could not have even imagined. A study that Larbaud could have last left yesterday. His hat and cane still in place, set down beneath the attentive gazes of painted and etched women. Rubber stamps, boxes, a slightly worn leather binder, a black top hat and umbrella, and two strange hippopotamuses make up the remainder of this rather strange tribute. And then, libraries filled with works bound and ordered according to the way Larbaud himself decided. Hundreds of dedicated texts, and then, thousands of photocopies of correspondence. Further still, all his own works, published fairly recently, placed near texts written by friends, critics and students about his work. Would I have to stay there searching for days on end? The person in charge of this invaluable collection spoke to me for a long while. She did not know exactly what she was supposed to be demonstrating to me, or where to start. I reassured her: she should consider me as someone who knows nothing, or only the dates of his birth and death, and his stroke, at most. Feeling rather relieved, she then worked

diligently: opening boxes and wardrobes that Larbaud touched, showing me his toys, allowing me to marvel at his models, making me want to pick up the sail boat and sail it in a park lake, or to set a little train on the parquet floor. If Larbaud had been a big child, then I was on my way to becoming so myself. She gently helped me along.

21 March 2013, Vichy, Valery Larbaud Médiathèque

Do not forget Marie Laurencin!

“Would you like me to also show you the archives concerning the town?” I eagerly followed her into reserves abounding in brochures and medical revues, architectural plans, even etchings and paintings. A good two hours passed by.

“I shall have to leave you during the lunch break. If you wish to exit then, please ask at reception.” She guided me towards a reading table, where she had already placed two books, indicating to me that I would be able to take them away with me. Whilst she answered a telephone call before picking up the bag that she had prepared, I had some time to leaf through them. The first was a small catalogue from 1992, accompanying a travelling exhibition that had journeyed from Vichy to the Académie de Stanislas in Nancy... and to the university library and Kleber bookshop in Strasbourg, for the written heritage month *“Valery Larbaud and Europe”*. I was indeed taken aback: the 23rd October 1992, the date on which the Strasbourg exhibition had begun, corresponded almost to the day to my arrival in the city. The second book, entitled *“Valery Larbaud: The sedentary wanderer”* had been published in 2003 as part of the *“Voyager Avec”* (‘travelling with’) collection, which resulted from a deal of the magazine La Quinzaine and Louis Vuitton. Well, it is true, it cannot all be coincidence, but there it is: I lived for a time on the same landing as the offices of La Quinzaine, in Place Beaubourg, and more than once there I came across Maurice Nadeau, its extraordinary director. Among several phrases he had written on the inside fold of the yellow front cover, I read the following as though stating the obvious: *“Exactly as in the preceding books of this collection you will not find travelling writers, but writers who have come to live for a greater or lesser length of time away from home, in another space-time.”*

I must have appeared petrified, frozen to the spot, perhaps even in pieces. I barely heard the words of goodbye directed my way, goodbye that also sounded rather like an invitation to smuggling: *“I shall leave you to your own work. You will be alone until the public arrive at 2 o’clock. Several students will no doubt come and set up here. Make good use of your time.”* And then, turning back momentarily, she added, *“And above all, do not forget Marie Laurencin!”*

21 March 2013, Vichy, Valery Larbaud Médiathèque

Lovers, happy lovers...

I had a little less than two hours remaining. I fully understood that I had to establish a connection between Larbaud and Europe. That could not have been clearer. And being the Parisian I am, and have remained in spite of it all, I had no trouble in identifying the sense of a message found at the bottom of page 19 of the book on the author's travels, a page seemingly marked out for this reason.

“A happy man, a free wanderer laying his head all over, drinking from all fountains, dweller of all the most beautiful cities, which in his experience, form a singular grand city, the Capital of the World, of which he is a peaceable burgher and anonymous idle wanderer. For him, at the end of avenue de la Grande-Armée are Oxford Street and Holborn, from where breaks off the Corso of Rome, with a side street that is Via Chiaia, cut into right angles by Rue Saint Lazare, which ends at Milan's Piazza del Duomo, and after Auteuil, the downward gradient increases, and Genoa and Naples and Brighton tumble towards the sea. And these quarters that we have not yet seen: Madrid, Vienna... Rue Lhomond leads to the tranquil quarter of Pisa. Our city; and the Trocadero fountain cannot replace for us Acqua Vergine; we need our whole city, as it is.”

A traveller of Europe I had been, and I was still; but in what time was I to understand this phrase: today, yesterday, both? And rue Lhomond, which I had so often traversed between the Ecole Normale Supérieure and the Jussieu campus when attending classes, and some years later giving the classes myself, had also constituted the point of departure for a life of travel.

Was I being given an encrypted set of instructions? I quickly sketched out the shape of Europe in a notepad using a series of rectangles and triangles. With arrows, I connected this central point, the Latin Quarter of Paris, to the other destinations mentioned. Ignoring countries, the arrows appeared to draw out a sailboat, or rather some sort of catamaran. I tried to copy out the arrows on another sheet. There could be no doubt! I then headed to the library, at the top of which I had glimpsed a boat with sails and the palace with colonnades. Nothing stood out! Or rather, no particular sign that would grab my attention.

After all, perhaps I should simply follow – to the letter – the geographical route as it was proposed: from Paris, where seemingly I was found with my book, I should head for England, then to Italy, *“the most amiable country on Earth”*, then finally to the refuge of Spain. Vienna told me to stop at Vaduz. I had quite the long journey ahead to figure out the riddle, if there really was one.

Wyndham Lewis's *“The Apes of God”* had been placed where it could easily be seen in the first bookcase. In the second, two copies of Dante's Divine Comedy, one of which could be a collection of Giovanni Andrea Scartazzini's comments, was the subject of the same emphasis,

though they may have been separated by a thicker text containing the “*Opere Minori*” of the same author. Still, their placement had been chosen in such a way as to mark them out from the hundreds of Italian authors.

As for Spanish, I was less sure. Why conspicuously pull out Ramón Gómez de la Serna’s “*La viuda blanca y negra*”, translated into French by Jean Cassou? Perhaps I should leave with these clues, and work on constructing hypotheses before seeing the PUBLISHER again. It seemed highly improbable to me that he would make me journey all the way to Vichy without there being something more tangible there.

And for German? I had a look just to be sure. And of course, there too, two objects had been intentionally placed side by side: a manuscript of a letter from Stefan Zweig from 1927, full of compliments for Larbaud and especially a text from May 1931 (*Eurospäiche Revue*) in which can be found a German translation of “*Amants, heureux amants*”, “*Ihr glücklich Liebenden*” by Elly Richner. A square of white card had been placed nearby with a short extract written on it, which I translated into English in a rather word-for-word fashion, before then searching for the corresponding part in the original version “*Where, in what town in Europe, is there a group of people that you might consider your own, your companions, among whom you feel at home? Nowhere up to now. Perhaps one day...*” And somebody had added by hand, “*in Strasbourg*”. Back to square one?

21 March 2003, Vichy, Valery Larbaud Médiathèque

Larbaud of ambiguity

I finally retraced turned back and allowed myself to sit in the rocking chair that the librarians seem to have intentionally left in the middle of the room like an invitation to meditate. Marie Laurencin? Of course, she has a display case partly dedicated to her. I very quickly walked past Breton and Soupault’s “*Champs magnétiques*” and “*Beauté, mon beau souci*”, this one illustrated by Laboureur ..., as well as “*Amants, heureux amants*” and some of the etchings by Boussingault that punctuated the pages, past the photograph of Laurencin and the female harlequins with large black eyes, ready to languish, “*Biches*” of Poulenc. And this portrait in Valery’s study? Magnificent eyes, rather Slavic in appearance, a blue blouse, a languid pose. And one more: this pencil drawing. But still those eyes devour you and those lips seemingly proposing to go further? Did they watch the writer working diligently? Did they love him? It is certainly these eyes that I must follow. “*And above all, do not forget Marie Laurencin!*” Fabienne Gelin had said.

Larbaud is a multiple entity. Larbaud the European, Larbaud the immobile traveller, the sedentary wanderer. I looked at my reflection in the photographs of some of his friends and his followers: Marcel Ray, Marguerite Audoux, Jules Romains, Saint-John Perse, Léon-Paul Fargue. Was I on my way to thinking that I was to be inscribed in his long list of friends?

I then returned to the study and saw what the two women were looking at: a large letter wrapped in brown paper was balanced between the leather of the table and the ribbon of the hat. I had not seen it the first time I had been taken into the study. Was it there then? It could not have just been part of the decor! I removed it from its environment, if I can say that. Something had been written in an ornate hand, like one would write an address: “*Larbaud des équivoques...L’art beau des équivoques...Larbaud des Etiveaux. And further: valet y larbo, valero labri, wahl eryl arbow, wahl eryl arbow.*”

I opened it to discover a François Berquin opusculé and another square of white card, rather similar to the one from the library and seemingly written by the same hand. “*And what if Valery Larbaud was not exactly the author of the works of Valery Larbaud? And if it was not him, what then would be the name of this author?*”

I had enough to go on. I also left a visiting card myself, on Fabienne’s table. “*I think I understand. Thanks again for your hospitality.*” She would surely be convinced that I would be coming back often. One does not become another name so easily. And what if today the name of this author was my own?

27 April 2013, Vichy Napoleon III Festival

The time of the dances

I was not surprised to find myself in Vichy for a second time after only a few weeks. But since my trip to the médiathèque in March, spring had arrived. The delicate-green leaves had intermittently littered the walkways, giving the place a festive feel without, however, providing the sense of a happy richness which would wait for summer to come, and the flow of spa frequenters and general visitors with it, to really take shape. The trees, blossoming well for themselves, seemed to be awaiting times of parades of suits and dresses and the noise of horse-drawn carriages, in no great hurry and seemingly accustomed to a light fall of fine rain which fortunately cleared up in intermittent yet repeated waves.

The PUBLISHER had promised me a number of open time portals for each of the journeys that would take place in less than a month. The rapid succession of places and people in this April month had prevented me from settling on a specific time period. Be it the woken dream that had taken me, rather than the other way around, to Spa, or the propensity for literature and pilgrimages of Ourense, a city which by its very nature transcends the ages, I had the impression that the information, such as the messages received and images gathered, had all come together, and that was all. They were however loaded in my main memory accompanied by uncontrollable emotions, and were at the same time automatically saved in the cold and soulless memory drives with which I had been provided, without my really having the time to pull something of substance out of it. I would have to make myself do it: reason and passion

had to complete each other rather than wage war on each other. It would be time to come back to that soon. I had a mission, and that would have to take priority until my departure.

In Vichy, the perpetual calendar had this time stopped on the Second Empire. I was no longer so directly subjected to a dream or a number of charms, but to a long-prepared spectacle in which the performers appeared willingly, filled the streets and, from Thursday evening, invaded the Opera to applaud a parody of Rossini's "*Voyage à Reims*" which focused lightly on the transport difficulties still experienced in the journey from Paris to Vichy. A rather paradoxical piece of railway news in relation with the past if one ponders the works commissioned by Napoleon III to provide a direct line to the thermal town to which he wished to return, to take the cure a second time, in the most possible comfort.

A room awaited me in the pretty Aletti hotel, one of the rare palaces in Vichy to have carried on functioning as originally intended and to have maintained its original décor. I took this show of hospitality as particular attention paid on me by a PUBLISHER who was perhaps trying this time to reveal to me the intangible nature of the thermal towns, and to entice me sufficiently to agree, also without my knowing (or in any case without discussing it), to take on one of the companions which he had actually chosen for me. In retrospect I had thanked him especially for having chosen the place where an Italian dance troop from Rome were staying for the long weekend, for all of a sudden I would be having breakfast on the Friday morning with one of the companions who would soon turn out to be Georg, whose first name I already knew.

This elegant man, whose short beard only served to frame his astonishingly captivating eyes, joked with me that he had only made this journey for the fun of dressing in a magnificent black suit, a lace shirt, a silk tie and carrying a top hat.

Still smiling, he added:

- *'I thus make a silhouette which enhances the subtle fabrics of the ravishing dancers who have been rehearsing for months on a ballroom scene worthy of Gattopardo and whose costume designer knew how to make the most beautiful shimmers of the shifting silk really shine.'*

He continued, looking at me more closely:

- *'You do understand that it is in fact you who I came to meet. Yet why not add to the challenges and savour the pleasure of accompanying these gracious princesses?'* he added while he brought me an orange juice.

I could not ignore the piano taking pride of place in the middle of a room which was actually set up for breakfast, nor could I ignore the fact that the entire troop, already dressed for the ball despite the early hour, were moving around practicing polka and mazurka dances and humming the Nino Rota pieces, finishing with a waltz. Princesses, really? Eager to be admired, in any case! The designer who conceived their costumes could have easily worked for Luchino Visconti, how her choices portrayed such a profound knowledge of fashion history and above a wonderful subtlety in her choice of faded fabrics.

28 April 2013. Vichy Napoleon III Festival.

Clara

What Georg told me was really moving. Hopefully I was to leave only on Monday. I immediately wanted to know more. We staid together until the moment of the Napoléon III parade.

- *“She had taken shelter in the entrance to Galleria Alberto Sordi, blind to the turmoil that was enveloping us all. Firecrackers whirled around themselves before launching sparks out in all directions, hissing like furious serpents. Showers of malevolent stars coming out of nowhere, launched by unknown figures hidden amongst the coils of acrid smoke, created the setting while the fireworks emitted colours of the rainbow. She was simply prostrate, seemingly incapable of coming out of it. Two paces away from her a television set had fallen. It had dented the pavement and settled, with the screen intact, between two stray bins. This celibate machine found itself facing her hence, and if you did not notice the defensive position she had adopted, crossing her legs in front of her chest, it appeared as though she was waiting for a programme that would not start. The broadcast of an evening mass, leaving the confines of the Vatican and finding its way all by itself to the screen, or a decadent evening awash with champagne, during which a handsome old chap might be wishing a happy new year to his fellow citizens. Anything but that blank screen!*

It was singular evening. I was expected at a hotel nearby and there were many other vagabonds in town at that time, no more or less than usual. And young people by the dozens; addicts, crumbled, some with bloodied faces. A dispute had taken its toll on them, and ceaselessly they rehearsed, one after the other in a theatrical sequence, the portrayal of Pasolini’s murder. On certain dark nights, the streets of Rome took on an air of the beaches of Ostia, as if a sudden tide had washed up to the foot of its hills. But for one night, the dark had ceded to the flamboyant colours of a lugubrious carnival.

I found her there: a wreck.”

He stopped himself on the word ‘wreck’, like a seafarer who had said a forbidden word, a word that brought bad luck which he tried to take back to try and ward off the curse.

- *“Her I could not leave there, in that state. She looked like a migratory bird that had been caught out by the cold: a strange impression, since even if she had been singing, I would not have heard a sound. Her hair lay over her face, as though a wig was consuming her head. She was crying softly, silently. Only her fingers trembled, as though she was seeking, against all reason, to send a message.”*

This is how I met Clara; through Georg's story. It was both dramatic and tender, as if she had been born directly, bypassing the early years, no adolescence, without really growing: a lost heroine who asked only to be saved. He told me that he had retraced his steps three times. He had cared for hundreds of sick people, and he had become attached to some of them, like children fighting between passionate love and dark hatred. It was his role, even his trade, to take knocks, to absorb the stresses strains from bodies and to put them right again. That night, even though he had played the game for thirty years, putting himself in an unstable balance, he realised that all his efforts to deliver souls from their pain would count for nothing if there and then he did not perform this selfless act.

Other than his personal state of disorientation of the exceptional circumstances of that night in Rome, and a few glasses of spumante, it was undoubtedly Clara who tipped him towards this unwarranted act when a piercing sound came from her mouth. A sound that cuts through everything. A modulation that announced, in "*clarity*", her own name: "*Clara, Klara, Claire...*" Like the cry of a baby who has come into the world and immediately tried to sing like Janis Joplin, grating like the vibrations of a glass harmonica touched by a nervous, wet finger. It was unbearable, from afar. He put a hand over her mouth, parted her hair, and kissed her on the forehead. The gestures of a doctor, or better still those of a father. She let him lift her up and followed him.

He told me of that moment in concision, avoiding any deviation. I myself have embellished it by adding the noises, the electricity, that pagan ceremony of the witches' sabbath. However, I found myself in Rome, already a long time ago now, in similar circumstances, at the dawn of a new year. After midnight, everything leaps into the air. The windows spew out the overflow. Some crooks use this to their own advantage and open the doors to partying apartments. And the heavy bells of Roman churches call all the while for peace and prayer. When the streets are invaded with the dregs from the apartments, the youngest play at leap-frogs, pushing this filthy scum towards the sea.

I learnt at that moment of how and when Clara was born of shadows, in a shell filled with detritus. A Venus of the poor! I was to discover how her passion for music had saved her thanks to that savage cry that had attracted mercy onto her. In her little black dress, covered in dust, he had in a manner of speaking carried her in his arms, taken her up to his apartment and laid her out on his sofa before taking her blood pressure. He knew the symptoms and therefore how to remedy them. He would not have to take her to hospital. He had the decency to undress her without looking, and to dress her in a thick blanket to ward off the dank cold of the apartment, and watched over her from the dawn of the New Year to that of the following day.

When she fully awoke again, the black dress, cleaned and pressed, was laid on the chair next to the sofa, as were the impeccably folded luxurious undergarments. The housekeeper had come and tidied everything. When she looked out of the window, it seemed that thousands of maids had similarly passed through the streets and scoured them until they shone. The orange sun tinged the clouds with colour, and the flights of the starlings, which at this time of year

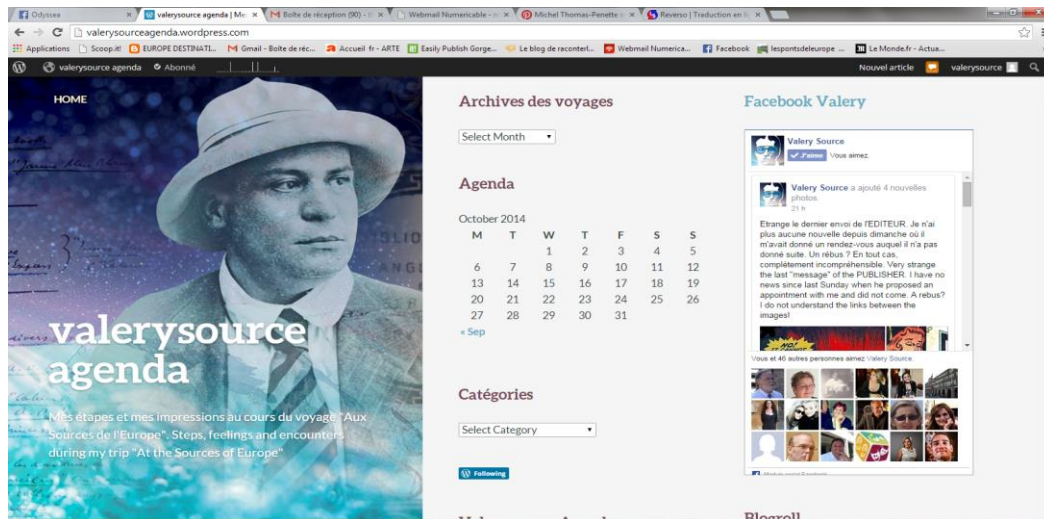
tirelessly weave messages above Palazzo del Quirinale, were already signaling the end of the day. Clara had forgotten, for the most part, what had happened to her.

The specific platforms and social networks used by Valery

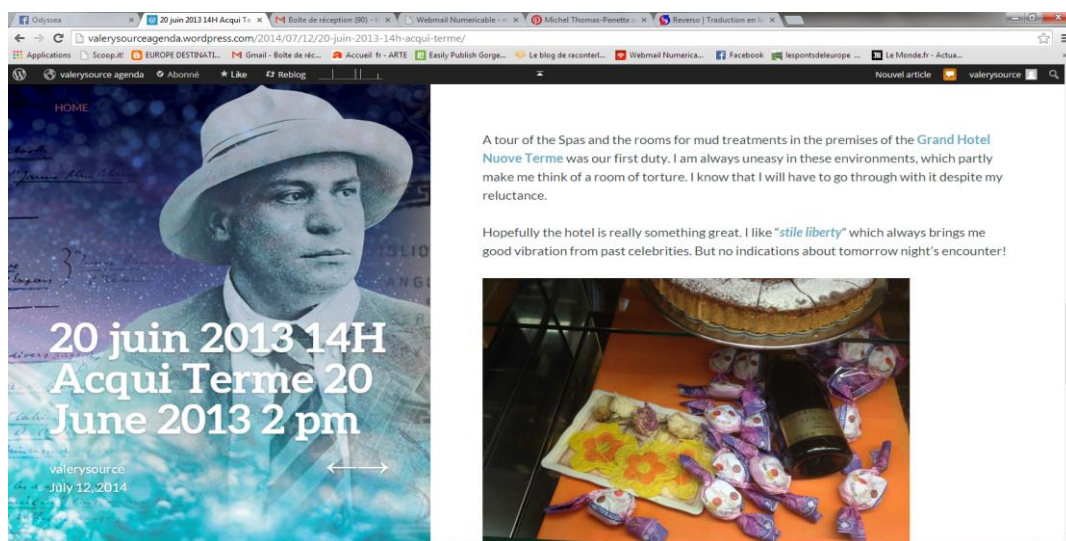
As mentioned above, every character writes, publishes, exchanges, interviews, buys and transports virtual books. But from a living place (Valery lives in Strasbourg) he travels in an itinerant way or in a very fast way (flash travels). He thus participates in visits of sites, in meetings, attends musical or theatrical representations, he is invited by various persons in charge of thermal cities. He tells the story of his life on various media, while staying in correspondence with the other protagonists of the novel and with the main sponsor: THE PUBLISHER.

Use of a travel diary

Steps, feelings and encounters during my trip "At the Sources of Europe". This is the motto of the main blog of Valery which is edited on Wordpress.



Examples of steps in Acqui Terme



HOME

20 juin 2013 8H
Acqui Terme 20
June 2013 8 am

valerysource
July 12, 2014

I am not used yet to living with these temporal co-existences myself, though I had to admit that to others when they sent their first messages. I am a little anxious about this new situation. Clara has to find her own tracks. She seems to be surprised by the fact that spa cities are also on the move and that she could re-appropriate various parts of her personality during this travel.

Good! Charles Joseph decided to go back to Belgium to search through the archives of Enghien's family... Let's see what he will find. The guy seems more serious and involved than I thought, especially when Wallonia is the issue.

Valery, literature, visual arts and cinema

This specific site, also designed) under wordpress aims at **creating an equivalence** with the way the writer Valery Larbaud maintained a daily correspondence not only with his family, but also with his friends writers. Some of them can be found in the course proposed in Vichy, as Paul Morand who also came to the Grand Hotel Nuove Terme for a cure at the beginning of the thirties. In the following post he evokes for example his encounter with Cesare Pavese.

VALERYSOURCEARTDIARY

Home About

Home Rencontre avec Cesare Pavese - Meeting Cesare Pavese 21 juin 2013 - 21 June 2013

Rencontre avec Cesare Pavese - Meeting Cesare Pavese 21 juin 2013 - 21 June 2013

© July 18, 2014 Livres - Books, Poèmes - Poems, Uncategorized Cesare Pavese, Constance Dowling, Hotel Talice Radicati, Léo Ferré, Vittorio Gasman

ARCHIVES

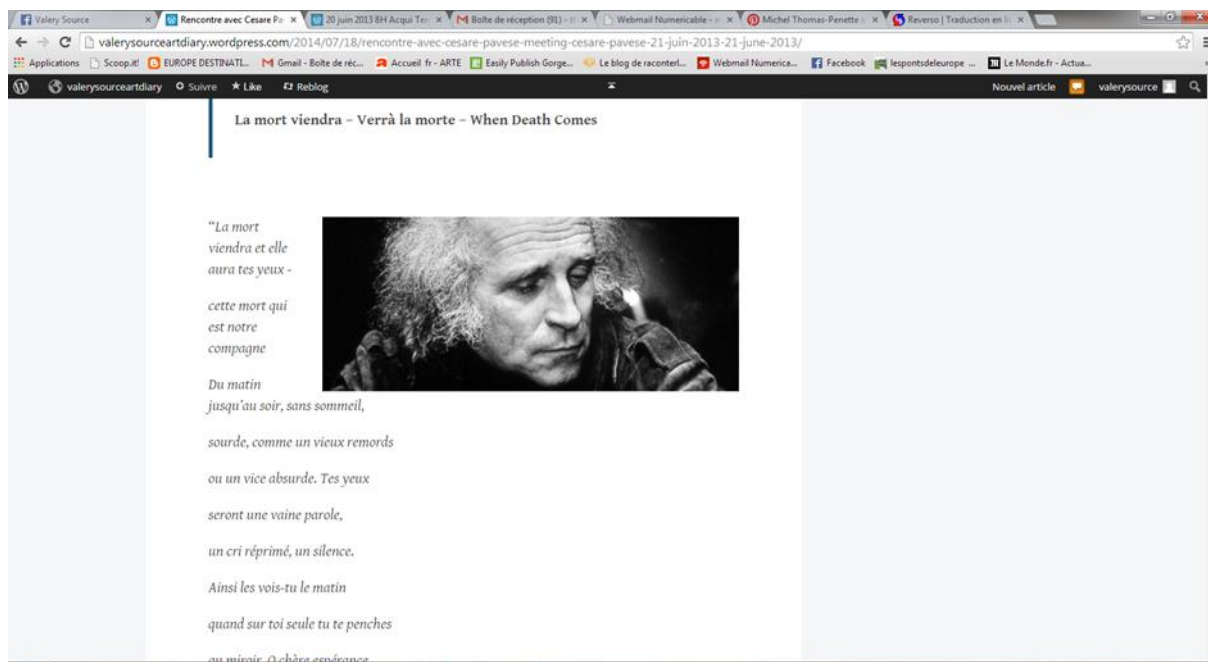
August 2014
July 2014

CALENDRIER - CALENDAR

July 2014

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Aug >



Use of facebook and twitter

In the presentation of the context we mentioned that Facebook pages and twitter accounts are used exactly as any user would do it by posting messages according to his visits, his meetings. All the detailed comments will then be published step by step back on the journey diary. But of course the shortest comments which can correspond to a photo, an address, a consideration about the weather will remain on facebook.

Valery mentioned his discovery of the conductor Roger Désormière in Vichy on 8 October



Valery participates to a flash travel to Ourense on 14 September

Valery Source
Publié par Thomas-Penette Michel (?) · 14 septembre ·

#Ourense. Les photographies du show partagées par Jose Angel Vazquez Barquero. Photographs of the show shared on the wall of Jose Angel Vazquez Barquero (7 photos)

PHOTOS

BALLETS RUSSES MONTE-CARLO

PUBLICATIONS SUR LA PAGE

Raffaella Carla · 16 août, 00:23 ·

Many thanks Valery for the suggestion, I'll tell it to my thermal fr... Afficher la suite

J'aime · 2 · 2 partages · Commenter

Francis (France) · Confidentialité · Conditions d'utilisation · Cookies · Plus · Facebook © 2014

CETTE SEMAINE

0 Mentions J'aime une Page

163 Portées de publications

NON LU(S)

0 Notifications

0 Messages

Récents

2014

2013

Votre publicité

Valery Source · Envoyé le dernier envoi de l'ÉDITEUR. Je n'ai plus aucune nouvelle depuis dimanche où à... Plus ·

Mettre cette publication en avant

23 personnes atteintes

Mettre cette publication en avant

Valery Source · Publié par Thomas-Penette Michel (?) · 14 septembre · Modifié ·

Valery posts a tweet on 1st October on the bandstand in Vichy

Accueil · Notifications · Messages · Découvrir

Recherchez sur Twitter

Valery Source
@ValerySource

Narrateur du roman Aux Sources de l'Europe. Narrator of the novel At the Sources of Europe

37 Photos et vidéos

TWEETS 107 · ABONNEMENTS 31 · ABONNÉS 17 · FAVORIS 1

Éditer le profil

Tweets · Tweets et réponses · Photos & vidéos

Valery Source @ValerySource · 1 oct.

When going on the paths of Valery Larbaud @valerylarbaud in #Vichy, I take time to stop to the bandstand of the Park.

Voir plus de photos et vidéos

Valery Source @ValerySource · 1 oct.

Valery Larbaud parle dans son Journal le 26 septembre 1931 du Monument aux morts de 1914-1918 sur ces pas formés

Suggestions · Actualiser · Tout afficher

Visit Norway @visitnorway · Suivi par Itinéraires Europe · Suivre

Voyageons Autrement @V... · Suivi par Itinéraires Europe · Suivre

PARIS Musées @parismusees · Suivi par Itinéraires Europe · Suivre

Comptes populaires · Trouver des amis

Tendances · Modifier

#CactusbyFans · Sponsorisé par Citroën

#LeMondeSeraitMieuxSi · #Malala · #Ecotaxe · Bichat · Kailash Satyarthi · Nobel de la Paix · #Modiano

The Pinterest Board of Valery

Rechercher

Michel

Valery Source



Photographies prises par Valery. Roman Aux Sources de l'Europe. Photographs taken by Valery Novel At the Sources of Europe.

87 Epingles • 55 Abonné(e)s

Ajouter des personnes

Michel Thon

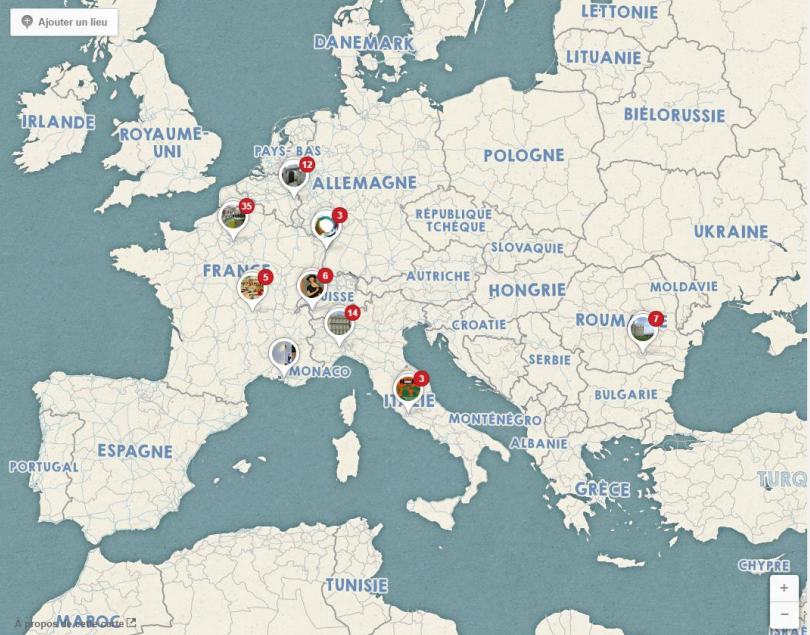
Modifier le tableau



à partir de Foursquare

Office du Tourisme de Spa

18 juillet 2013. Francofolies. Il a fait un soleil fabuleux. Je suis déjà bronzé et mes chaussures sont recouvertes d'un centimètre de poussière. Quelle débauche de couleurs et de sons, de frites et de « Cuba libre ». 18 July 2013. Francofolies. It was fabulously sunny. I have already got a tan and my shoes are covered in a centimetre of dust. What a riot of colours and sounds, fries and Cuba Libre. #ValerySource #sourcesofculture #sourcesofeurope #FrancofoliesSpa www.francofolies.be/



Ajouter un lieu

IRLANDE ROYAUME-UNI DANEMARK LETTONIE LITUANIE BIÉLORUSSIE POLOGNE UKRAINE

FRANCE ALLEMAGNE RÉPUBLIQUE TCHÈQUE SLOVAQUIE AUTRICHE HONGRIE MOLDAVIE

ESPAGNE PORTUGAL MONACO ITALIE CROATIE SERBIE ROUMANIE BULGARIE

TUNISIE ALBANIE MONTÉNÉGRO GRÈCE TURQUIE

CHYPRE