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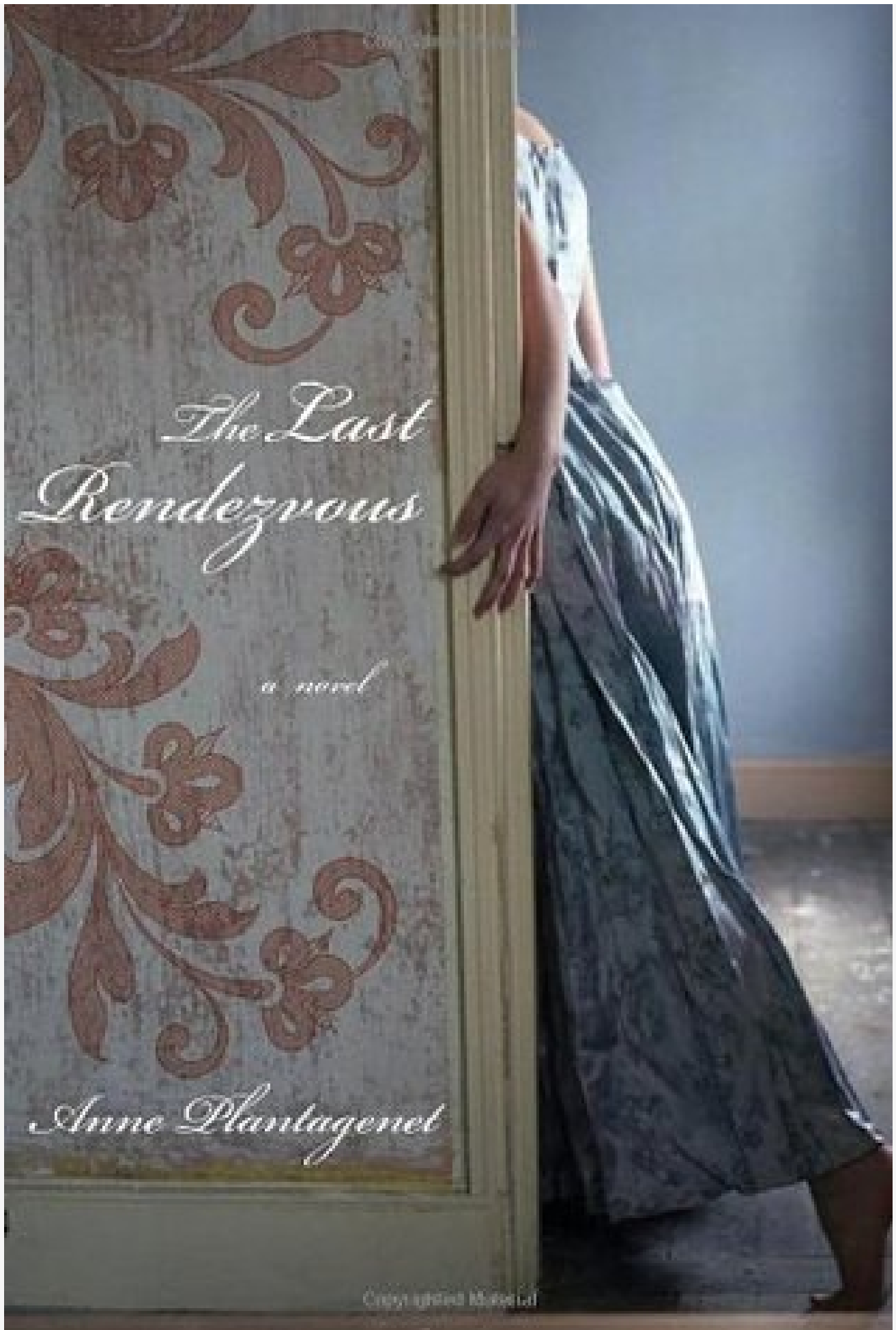
[Look to the Hills: The Diary of Lozette Moreau, a French Slave Girl](#)

Posted on 21 October 2019 By Anne Plantagenet

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(Read Ebook) ó Seule au rendez-vous ? Women Are Not Supposed To Write Yet I Write
Marceline Desbordes Valln , At The Late Age Of Thirty Three, Marceline Desbordes, The Actress And Romantic Poet The Only Woman Counted By Paul Verlaine Among His Po Tes Maudits, Or Accursed Poets, A Group That Included Victor Hugo, Charles Baudelaire, And Alfred De Vigny Marries Prosper Val, A Fellow Actor Who Brings Love And Stability To Her Turbulent Life Such Stability Does Not Last, However We Meet Marceline Just Before She Is About To Leave Paris Yet Again In Search Of Better Work For Her And Her Husband It Is Always Hard To Leave Vibrant, Sophisticated Paris, But Marceline Is Torn Now Also From Henri Latouche, Her Unattractive, Dilettante, But Utterly Captivating Lover We Witness Marceline S Transformation From A Celebrated Actress To A Struggling Poet, Trying Desperately To Leave The Stage Behind Her Once And For All, Embarrassed By Playing Ingenuas As She Advances In Years, Despite The Adulation Of Her Audience We Watch Her Fall In Love Repeatedly, With A Young Soldier, With The Handsome Actor She Is To Marry, With The Ill Fated Latouche We Feel Her Hurt As She Buries Child After Child, Her Dream Of Being A Mother Deferred Cruelly Time And Time Again But Most Of All, We Share In Her Transcendence Of Daily Life As She Achieves The Height Of Her Art And Rises Above Her Circumstances, Avoiding The Sad Fates Of Her Widowed Father And

Siblings, Who Fall Prey To Drink And Madness The Last Rendezvous Is A Romantic Novel In Every Sense Of The Word, And Is As Irresistible As Its Tragic But Triumphant Leading Lady, Who Chose To Live Her Life With Daring As A Modern Woman Ahead Of Her Time



The Last Rendezvous A Novel is the fictional autobiography of the dedicated poet and

reluctant actress, Marceline Desbordes Val, who lived from 1786 to 1859 As Anne Plantagenet notes in her Acknowledgments to the novel, this novel distorts historical reality throughout The actual life of Marceline Desbordes Val, French woman of letters b Douai, 1786 d Paris, 1859 was likely quite different from the one recounted here And Marceline Desbordes Val would not have told her story as I have She would not have told it at all Marceline definitely is not portrayed as a shrinking violet in The Last Rendezvous In fact, she appears to wallow in her emotions, while disregarding those of her husband, Prosper Val, as well as those of her lover and inspiration for most of her poetic genius, Hyacinthe Thabaud de Latouche, familiarly known as Henri For a large portion of the novel, Marceline portrays herself as being torn between the stability that her husband provides and the intoxication of her romantic involvement with her reclusive and eccentric lover The intensity and depth with which Plantagenet reveals the quandaries that beset Marceline are dwelt on as though they come from the personal explorations contained in an intimate journal. Plantagenet alternates chapters between the young Marceline, who is torn away from her father and other siblings in her mother's elopement of the spirit to the Antilles islands, where her mother succumbs to ill health, and the older, emotionally drained, Marceline, who can only find respite in the arms of her physically unattractive, though intellectually astute, lover Readers are inevitably encouraged to compare the older and the younger Marceline, which facilitates them becoming involved in the sequence of events The dichotomy between present and past is not only intriguing, adding to the multilayered feel of the text, but it also mirrors the spirit of the correspondence on which Marceline spent much of her life, even coming to refer to it as her religion Marceline's own waywardness, as it is portrayed in the pages of this novel, seems to be part hereditary, part due to her unusual upbringing She appears to feel no remorse about her actions, which were far from conventional at the time However, her compassion for social outcasts, as well as for her alcoholic father and brother, reveal traits of kindness, to which she makes only passing reference, as she does to the political and social upheaval of the revolutionary times in which she lived Anne Plantagenet's personal knowledge of the French landscape, including that of the distinction between Parisian and small town life, adds resonance to the text. The work ends with a selection of poems by Marceline Desbordes Val, which are given both in their original French and in their English translation by Louis Simpson, with the assistance of Willard Wood Included are *Elegy I gie* , *If He Had Known S il l'avait su* , *No Longer Je ne sais plus, je ne veux plus* , *The Last Rendezvous Le dernier rendez vous* , *Apart Les s par s* , *Waiting l Attente* , *Are You Asleep Dors tu* , *The Sincere Woman La Sinc re* , *Go in Peace Allez en paix* , *The Roses of Saadi Les roses de Saadi* , and *Intermittent Dream of a Sad Night R ve intermittent d'une nuit triste*. Anne Plantagenet was awarded the 2005 Award for Narrative Biography by the Acad mie internationale des arts et collections for *Seule au rendez vous* This novel should appeal to all who are interested in the Romantic Movement and the literary outpourings of women However, it can also be read as a straightforward

period romance, so *The Last Rendezvous* A Novel should be blessed with a wide reading audience. The flap copy calls this a Romantic novel in every sense of the word, which it is: it is a romance, a love story, and also a story set in the Romantic era, with protagonists who are part of the French Romantic literary musical dramatic scene. It is the story of Marceline Desbordes Val, first an actress, then a poet, and it is the story of her loves, her ill-fated affairs, her marriage, and her great love for the writer Henri de Latouche. It moves back and forth in time, starting in 1821 and moving ahead but also looking back, in alternating chapters, at Marceline's youth and early adulthood, and it has its poetic moments, but it is mostly straight first person narration, which I found less compelling than I thought it would be. Not that I wasn't reasonably interested in Marceline and her story, particularly her dual love for her husband and for Latouche, but the narration struck me as so inward-looking, so centered on Marceline's emotions and her story, herself as the actress and writer of her own life, with comparatively few scene-setting details, comparatively few descriptions of the world. The narrator of the novel is an I that loves and feels and moves through the world. I could have done with description and less feeling. I would have liked for the story to be told indirectly, with the description of a time or a place creating a mood, and letting the reader infer about the emotion of the story from that. At one point in the novel, Marceline talks about how critics berated her performances for having an excess of sensibility, and that is sometimes how I felt about the book as a whole (p. 54). That said, I like how the book starts right with Marceline's voice, with the emotional heart of things, with this: I spent the afternoon with Henri. Again the same vertigo, as though walking an exposed ridge and not knowing which side to fall on, a wild commotion in my chest (p. 1). And there are some lovely bits of detail: the orange-colored bergère in Henri's apartment, by the piano and the window, his tall windows and their view of the Seine, the sand strewn on the floor in the Flemish fashion in Marceline's first childhood home, the bits and moods of the cities she sees as an actress, from one city to the next. I liked this a lot: Rochefort was tiny, and oddly laid out. It was a port, or accurately a shipyard, differing markedly from the three towns I had previously known, casting all my points of reference to the winds. The sight of masts suddenly rising at the end of a street astonished me. I could never get used to seeing a ship between two houses. I was intrigued, charmed, and vaguely frightened (p. 60). And this: Bordeaux appealed to me. With its medieval aspect, its tree-planted alleys, its big, red-tiled, white stone buildings, its high, clear windows, its sumptuous townhouses, its wrought iron balconies, it looked something like the Spain that was so much talked of. The air was soft, the sun generous. As a girl from the north, I felt every morning as though I were entering a veil of light (p. 66). I wanted of that, about place, about light, about streets and buildings, which isn't quite to say less of Marceline herself. I do like the idea of self-invention and self-reinvention, telling stories as a way to make sense of things, Marceline saying, of herself at a young age, already I was learning to retell my life (p. 89). But though I would say I enjoyed this book well enough, it didn't really resonate with me as much as I thought it might. Not

impressed.

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