

Beyond the Barricade

a Les Misérables fanzine



A Brief List of Things From the Brick That You'll Miss If You Don't Actually Read the Brick

On his way north after breaking his parole, Valjean accidentally robs a chimneysweep.

When Valjean attempts to go to Arras to save Champmathieu, even when he doesn't want to go back to prison, he encounters literally every possible delay and still gets there in time to do the right thing. When he confesses, he is so moving that no one has the heart to stop him from leaving afterwards and someone even opens the door for him.

Sister Simplicie, the nun who nursed Fantine at the hospital, famously has never told a lie. When asked by Javert if she's seen the fleeing Valjean (she has), she does not hesitate to say 'NOPE.' Twice.

Eponine and her not-appearing-in-this-musical sister, Azelma, dress their cat up in doll's clothes.

As part of a complicated scheme that belongs in a caper movie, Valjean sneaks into a convent where men are strictly forbidden by scaling an impassible wall, sneaks back out by getting buried alive in someone else's coffin, and then comes back in through the front door because the nuns have been convinced he's so awesome he should be allowed in.

Valjean refuses to take proper care of himself, so Cosette insists on visiting him so often he'll be forced to light a fire in his room for her sake, and threatens to eat black bread as long as he does. So he starts eating white bread.

After thwarting his own attempted mugging, Valjean lectures Montparnasse at length about the wages of sin (boot firmly planted on his chest), before giving Montparnasse his purse anyway. Which Gavroche promptly steals. And gives to the first person he sees who looks like they could use it.

(That person? M. Mabeuf. Who is the sort of character you really need to read the Brick for.)

Thenardier's gang, having captured Valjean, are arguing about who will kill him. When one of them (sarcastically) suggests drawing names out of a hat, Javert (even more sarcastically) offers his from the doorway, where he's waiting with a bunch of heavily armed policemen. Valjean takes this opportunity to jump out the window.

Instead of screaming, Eponine talks down six armed robbers in the Rue Plumet with sheer desperation and force of personality.

Marius finds Valjean's handkerchief on a bench where Valjean and Cosette had been sitting in the park (and Marius had been creepily watching). He mistakes this

for a love token left by Cosette, and spends the next several months kissing the handkerchief, to Cosette's increasing confusion.

Because the handkerchief has the initials "UF" on it, Marius is convinced that Cosette's name is Ursula.

Combeferre and Enjolras team up to make fun of Marius' obsession with Napoleon... via song.

Joly is sad because he and his girlfriend had a fight. Bahorel tells him to buy some tight trousers and “produce effects with his knees”.

(Joly and Bossuet share said girlfriend.)

Actual Les Mis chapter title: "On the Importance of Attending Mass In Order to Become a Revolutionary”

On the morning of Lamarque's funeral, Joly, Bossuet, and Grantaire meet for breakfast and spend most of the day eating oysters and brie while getting drunk. They only end up at the barricade because Bossuet, in a stroke of bad luck, was sitting in the window and heard Courfeyrac going past.

Enjolras: perhaps the world's most considerate hostage-taker.

When it is obvious that the barricade is going to fall and everyone is going to die, they have five National Guard uniforms that can be used to save the lives of five people. The men of the barricade argue over who gets to stay -- not who gets to leave. It takes a rousing Combeferre speech about how they have families who are dependent on them to convince **any** of them to leave.

Jehan Prouvaire is executed by the National Guard after having been captured, and dies shouting "Long live the future!!"

Valjean carrying Marius from the barricade prompts a 20-page digression on the history of the Paris sewers that is actually a lot more interesting than it sounds.

Marius' excitable 93-year-old grandfather, M. Gillenormand, deserves to be described at greater length than the pages of this zine may afford. Fortunately, “at greater length” is a thing the Brick does really, really well.

Javert's last act before his suicide is to write a lengthy memo recommending various improvements to police procedure.

In conclusion: Read the Brick. You won't regret it.

Song of Autumn

Grantaire was shaken out of his afternoon's engraving work by Jehan abusing his copy of Grantaire's room keys, opening the door so abruptly that the burin nearly went skidding over the copperplate and the last hour of his life.

"We are returning to greatness," Jehan announced. "The machine has killed art. We must lift craft above all – return to the personal. The Middle Ages must be our model."

"I am changing my locks," Grantaire said. "Greatness knocks too often and too loudly upon craft."

"I have just bought a printing press this morning and engaged a man to teach me its operation. The press is modelled after Pigouchet's; the paper is a formulation of Henri Estienne's and the typeface is modelled after that of Simon de Colines. The first project must be the *Song of Roland* - it is our national epic. You will illustrate it with woodcuts made from the trees of the beastly forest of Gévaudan, now Lozère."

Grantaire poured himself some brandy and waited for the joke.

"We need to remove ourselves from modernity and return to the medieval air. We will be composing the work in Iceland."

There it was.

Marius coughed; his blush was spreading in two directions, moving rapidly down his neck at the same time it marched towards his ears. It was fascinating, if a bit unfortunate.

"And you are quite certain that this position cannot be illustrated?" Marius said, *sotto voce*. "I have translated my scenario into the German."

"I am speaking to you not merely as an experienced illustrator, but as an experienced man, young Pontmercy," Grantaire replied. "If your Marquis de Tapenade-"

"D'Estrade."

"Marquis d'Estrade, my apologies. If the marquis is holding up his lady friend with her tender flower exposed, legs somehow spread upon the balcony, I worry that part the first, she will fall into the garden and part the second, only shallow penetration will be achieved. There are also artistic considerations to take in mind. From the front, the lady will resemble a starfish and we will see entirely too much of the marquis. The backside of the composition would be entirely uninteresting, at least to any man who admires a woman's breasts."

"Courfeyrac insisted upon its accuracy. He said something about a family secret and offered instruction, at which point I felt a little faint and his dog urinated on my boots. I think they still smell, but they are my only pair." Marius hung his head. "I hear the market for gentlemen's literature in Germany is insatiable. Are you certain this is unworkable? I'm not sure I have the vocabulary for revision."

Grantaire gave up with a groan and reached for his sketchbook. "I'll need you to help me with the anatomy."

Carl the dog was an ideal sitter, but his owner, Courfeyrac, was the worst. Whereas the pug



was content to listlessly wheeze and remain largely immobile during the proceedings, Courfeyrac would not stop jogging his knee. The motion disturbed Carl.

Carl, disturbed, wanted to escape Courfeyrac's affections. He farted.

"Control your knee, or I am sticking the *Clarinette de Courfeyrac* up either your dog's arse, or your own," Grantaire said.

Courfeyrac laid one gloved hand on his knee and steadied himself. "I feel my youth fading; immortalize me as I was when I first sat down, not as I have become. Where are the Courfeyracs of yesteryear? Two hours ago, and also in Carpentras, waiting for prints. Do not neglect the keywork of the clarinet, or the folds of Carl. Why are you sketching on such a large sheet of paper? This needs to be sized for cameos."

Grantaire reminded himself that Courfeyrac had paid in advance, and that he had already spent the money.

"Are you saying that you want a full body portrait, complete with a musical instrument and a lady's lapdog, sized for a cameo?"

"Yes, I thought it would be a nice change from the usual busts. Their scale is so limited."

"You cannot pay me enough," Grantaire said.

"Rather, you should pay me for the honour," Bahorel replied, already undoing the knot of his cravat. "Nevertheless, I am generous and prepared to pay you with excellent brie and passable wine. I even grant you permission to put your engraving of me in your portfolio, as an aid in seeking future employment."

"I don't work *pro bono*," Grantaire hoped that speaking lawyer would get through to Bahorel. Instead, he continued to disrobe.

"I have a large circle of friends, as you understand. The holidays are a drain upon my resources. I must economize my gifts and capitalize upon my social currency."

Bahorel flopped naked onto the *récamier*. He leaned on his elbow and held a cushion in front of his groin.

"Voilà – my Christmas card," Bahorel said.

Grantaire violently cleared his throat.

"I am not going to the trouble of engraving your moustache."

Bahorel thoughtfully stroked the object of contention. "The moustache is non-negotiable."

Grantaire was dripping sweat underneath his hood. He felt entirely unsafe, which was the proper reaction to being surrounded by bees.

"There are some sixty thousand bees in each hive," Combeferre said, his voice muffled by the headgear. He held out his hands, encapsulating the buzzing swarm. "Although half of them are now gathering honey in the fields."

Grantaire wondered how fast he could run. “What fine political organization, although it is a shame about their monarchy. I’m sure their king is an excellent fellow, given to mildness and perhaps even taking a stroll in the garden with his umbrella.”

Combeferre put a hand on his shoulder. “Your understanding of bees is outdated. What you behold is a society of women; an egalitarian one, at that. They are the embodiment of the ideas of Saint-Simon, for each member works to the benefit of another. These ladies possess no property but that which is in common, and keep all their goods in kind. Now do you see why I wish to produce an illustrated monograph?”

“I see a society of six-legged Sapphists who wish to penetrate me and I demand hazard pay for observing them at their communism. Time is money, but I suppose honey does not have a king.”

Why he was trusted in the print shop alone, Grantaire did not understand. While he had yet to steal or damage anything in the evening hours, it would certainly happen and they would regret his indifferent, albeit free, help. Perhaps their falling out would even be tonight, considering that Grantaire was drinking and using acid. He was waiting to take one of Combeferre’s bees out of the acid bath, brushing the bubbles off the plate with a feather. A knock on the door startled Grantaire, and he turned to see an older man wearing a tall beaver hat peering at him through the window. Grantaire hurried to let Gros in.

“Thank you,” Gros said. “I saw you on my way to a gambling den, and thought it might be better to spend some of my night checking in on you instead. How are you?”

“Well enough,” Grantaire replied, helping Gros with his coat. “And you?”

Gros gave him a tight-lipped smile and set his hat on one of the presses. “Hoping you’ll share your wine.”

Grantaire fetched another glass, pouring out an ample serving for his teacher. “The vintage is horrible. I would not set it before Pantagruel unless he asked first. Make no effort to taste it – you will only regret it.”

“I am sure neither of us will mind,” Gros said, taking a long sip. “What’s keeping you here so late?”

“I’ve been foolish enough to take commissions from friends. Speaking of, I need to take out a plate.”

Grantaire rushed back to the acid bath to take out the plate so he could rinse it and wipe off what was left of the ground. He watched Gros looking through the plates Grantaire had left out, frowning as he held them up to a lamp.

“You need to burnish this one – your lines are too fat around the dog,” Gros said. “Also, the dandy’s knee looks cramped.”

“He would not sit still. And he was very insistent on the fatness of the dog.”

“People are difficult subjects, even when they dislike you; friends are still harder. I expect they are all underpaying you?”



“One of them is paying me in wine and cheese,” Grantaire said. He finished drying off the plate, already seeing where the bee’s head would prove hard to print. “Another one promised me a cut of future profits and offered me some of his dessert. The others paid me fairly, but exposed me to pests. I may have to go to Iceland.”

“Never work with children or animals; do accept offers to travel, but only to temperate places. Don’t let friends take you on campaign, you’ll only end up shot at and with a teaching position at the École des Beaux Arts. Soldiers have no appreciation for art and will tell the Pope how to sit.” Gros picked up Grantaire’s sketchbook from where he’d left it in his bag. “May I look?”

“If you like.”

The last time Gros had seen his sketchbook, it had been after a trip to the Prado in Spain, before Grantaire had fallen into the company of his friends. His subject matter had since turned mundane. Grantaire abandoned his plates to join Gros, remembering to refill both their wine glasses while he worried his pride would slip out and hide under the floorboards.

“Your still lifes are morbid,” Gros said, pointing to the flattened corpse of a bird on the street. Cats had picked out most of its organs, before some boys chased them away and made the body into a toy.

“Isn’t impermanence rather the point?”

“It never appealed to you very much. This young man scowls too often; I can see why you like to draw him.” Gros stopped on a sketch of Jehan in bed, one hand curled under the pillow and the sheets tangled in his legs.

Grantaire waited for Gros to ask.

“He looks a bit like a Boucher when he sleeps. You kept your lines loose here - very good,” Gros said. He turned the pages more slowly now that Enjolras had become more common. “Ah, the young man with the disdainful lip. He is your favourite subject.”

“I cannot capture his face,” Grantaire replied.

“Faces are tricky. But he brings out the best in your art. There’s a freshness to his portraits, though they’re mostly from memory. He makes you try - you should ask him to model for you.”

If Grantaire ever asked, he was certain Enjolras would incline his head and say, “Why?” Enjolras had no time for sentiment; it was in the cast of his eyes.

“We are not close enough friends,” Grantaire said. There was a deeper truth in that than in his sketches of strangers and decay. He had friends enough who smiled on every page, but he kept returning to Enjolras and the way his face always looked a little sad in repose.

It was not something he’d wanted Gros to know. Gros closed the sketchbook and clasped him by the shoulder. “It does no good to dwell on such things, my boy. Close up the shop and come with me to the Palais-Royal. Old Sardanapalus had the right of it when he said ‘eat, drink, and make love, as other human things are not worth this,’” he said, and he snapped his fingers, closing the quote.

Four Enjolras and Grantaire Acting Duos You Should Know (and One You've Probably Never Heard Of)

If you're a fan of *Les Misérables* in any form, you're probably aware of the incredibly complex nature of the relationship between revolutionary leader Enjolras and drunken cynic Grantaire. Because the musical allows so much room for interpretation regarding this relationship, any set of performers will invariably have their own spin on it. Joseph Spieldenner (current US tour Grantaire) says he plays it as unrequited love, but there have also been performances where the characters have outright hated each other. Here's a breakdown of the four best known acting duos and their take on this relationship:

Aaron Tveit & George Blagden (2012 Movie)

To new fans of the musical brought in by the movie, these two are probably the most familiar. Luckily, Tveit and Blagden were both wonderful in their roles and their relationship is very close to the original books. According to an interview, Blagden deliberately distanced himself from Tveit on set to add realism to his distant admiration, and it really paid off. Grantaire's soulful gaze seems almost permanently fixed on Enjolras, who remains oblivious. Another notable point of the movie is the inclusion of Enjolras and Grantaire's death scene from the book. Since Grantaire's verse of *Drink with Me* was left on the cutting room floor, this becomes their defining moment, and it is incredibly powerful to see them gain courage from each other in their final moments.

Ramin Karimloo & Hadley Fraser (25TH Anniversary Concert)

Karimloo and Fraser have a legendary bromance, and this greatly impacts their interpretations of Enjolras and Grantaire. Karimloo's less-than-marble Enjolras considers Grantaire a close friend, and most of their interactions are lighthearted and playful. It's about as far from canon as you can get, but they make it work. Of course, *Drink with Me* isn't any less painful than usual. Fraser's Grantaire is absolutely broken at this point and you can see the exact moment Enjolras realizes this. Enjolras wordlessly confronts his friend after the verse is finished, and a very intimate understanding passes between them before they move out of the spotlight. It's a surprisingly fitting replacement for the novel's "*Orestes Fasting and Pylades Drunk*". If you watch very closely, as Marius begins his verse, you can see Enjolras take a drink from Grantaire's bottle.

David Thaxton & Keith Anthony Higham (West End, 2008)

This duo is a bit obscure, but still easily recognizable to many fans. David Thaxton is widely considered to be one of the greatest actors to play Enjolras on stage, and with good reason. Keith Anthony Higham, on the other hand, was an understudy who just happened to be playing the role of Grantaire the night that someone snuck a video camera into the show. Clips from that video made it onto youtube, and their version of Drink with Me has become popular due to their intense hug. Their portrayal of Enjolras and Grantaire is quite possibly the most romantic. Higham's Grantaire is clearly in love with Enjolras from the very beginning, and by the end of Drink with Me it's hard to argue that Enjolras doesn't return those feelings. Their desperate forehead touch in The Final Battle is all but a goodbye kiss.

Michael Maguire & Anthony Crivello (10th Anniversary Concert)

The 10th Anniversary Concert is widely revered among fans for just being incredible vocally, which it certainly is. The acting is also wonderful. Maguire does an incredible job of gracefully balancing Enjolras the symbol with Enjolras the man. Largely because of the concert format, Enjolras and Grantaire's interactions are often more distant than many productions. Nonetheless, their moment during Drink with Me is deeply touching, as Enjolras reaches out to offer forgiveness and even acceptance to a Grantaire who can't quite believe this is happening. This moment almost certainly inspired Ramin Karimloo and Hadley Fraser's similar moment, fifteen years later.

As one last treat, here's one duo you've probably never heard of, but should go look up because they're incredible:

Daniel Diges & Jordi Grifell (Madrid, 2010)

The 2010 Madrid production of Los Miserables isn't particularly well known among English-speaking fans, for obvious reasons, but it has gained a reputation among those who do know it (most through clips on youtube) as one of the best productions ever created. Daniel Diges' Enjolras in particular is gloriously devoted to both his cause and his friends. Grifell's Grantaire is a fantastic mix of playful and self-deprecating. In Drink with Me, Grantaire's fears shine through, and his verse is almost an accusation. One of the most touching moments in the show is when, after Grantaire shies away from Enjolras' attempt to comfort him, Enjolras sends Gavroche to go talk to the cynic, recognizing that the boy might be able to offer more comfort than he could. Enjolras and Grantaire's acceptance of each other is saved for a stolen moment in The Final Battle.



№ 24601



Инспектор Жавер
Javert

Isn't It Romantic?

To be a Romantic, thought Jehan, one must live one's life as if it were a poem. And he could think of no better exemplar than Lord Byron. (John Keats and Thomas Chatterton came a close second, but Jehan, for all his Romantic longings for the absolute beyond this veil of shadows that was the world, was not inclined to a) contract consumption, or b) drink arsenic). So Lord Byron it was. Jehan began cultivating a head of Romantic curls as he cultivated his pot of violets, began dressing two decades out of fashion, occasionally donned faux-Oriental robes, and tried to speak in ottava rima. However, his attempts at throwing a party Lord Byron would have attended were doomed before they had begun. Jehan had gone into this endeavor with a group of enthusiastic Romantics who wanted to rent out an abbey (Byron had owned Newstead Abbey) and dress up in monk's robes. Abbeys in France, however, were still in use by the monks. Though the revolutionary government had certainly tried its hardest to redistribute church properties, they did not have the tenacity of Henry VIII.

"This is the first time I've lamented the revolutionary government," Jehan complained to Bahorel. "And then, you know, monks are not very keen on letting you rent their mausoleums for an evening."

"How very disobliging of them," said Bahorel, with a straight face.

Since they could not have the abbey with its shadow-filled cloisters and mute swans disturbing the reflection of the moon as they glided across the waters, their next best hope was to secure the paraphernalia, namely, a skull cup. What a delightful idea it was, what a juxtaposition of the grotesque (the skull) and the sublime (a good claret, according to Bahorel), what a source of macabre joy! Jehan was in raptures. They all dressed themselves in black, comported themselves like vampires and descended upon the Cafe Musain.

Gerard de Nerval's father was a surgeon with a fine anatomical collection and so the skull was easily secured. It was also easily snuck into the Cafe Musain, to the alarm of the waiter.

"That's got all sorts of miasmas clinging to that, it has," objected the waiter.

"No it hasn't," cried Jehan, taking the skull-cup, "it has all the secrets of the undiscovered country to which we all shall claim citizenship some day or other. Here we have before us the last earthly remains of a beautiful young lady—"

"—a middle-aged drum major," corrected de Nerval, sounding sad and defeated.

Jehan was not to be deterred "—dead of consumption—"

De Nerval was miserable. "Killed at the battle of Moskowa."

Jehan shared an unamused look with Theophile Gautier. There was no Romance in drinking in the secret thoughts of a middle-aged drum major along with the wine.

"We'll order a bottle of claret," said Bahorel, who was deeply amused by the whole proceeding. "I'm sure the cost of that will far outweigh any miasmas you may breathe in while serving it to us. Gerard, it appears to me that you have attached a drawer handle to this skull."

"Fastened by a nut and screw-bolt," said Gerard, brightening. "Look, you may handle it with ease, just like a mug."

This was not exactly the elegant goblet Jehan had been envisioning, but he was forced to agree with Gautier that there was no other way to successfully turn a skull into a usable cup.

But, when the waiter came out and filled the skull with claret, all the while attempting to stand as far away from the skull as possible, Gerard de Nerval had some difficulty bringing himself to actually use the skull as a mug.

"Jehan, the honor should be yours," he said, pushing the now somewhat prosaic and slightly disgusting cup at Jehan. "Your verses are more violent than mine, the drum-major may aid you in your poem on the apocalypse."

Jehan was not very flattered by this attempt at honoring his verses. He did, however, touch his lips to the skull with well-concealed repugnance. They handed the skull around the table and none of them were very astonished to see that most of the claret still remained in the mug.

Bahorel, the most gallant of them all, decided to fall on his sword. "Ah, and I see the last is mine." With only a slight grimace, he chugged the claret and said, after a moment, "I wonder if Byron never really used a skull and just had a very nicely painted wooden goblet instead."

"It takes a little of the poetry out of his life," said Gautier.

"The skull mug made from a drawer handle and the head of a middle aged drum-major has also sucked the poetry out of Byron's life," muttered Jehan, to Bahorel. Then louder, he said, "Waiter, bring us sea-water!"

"Why, what for?" asked Bahorel.

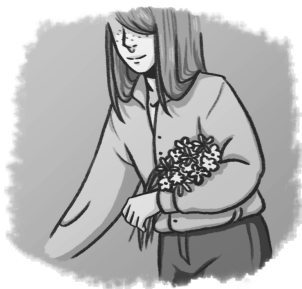
"Did not Hugo write that Han of Iceland drank the briny waters in the skulls of the dead?"

"Hugo also wrote that Han rode around on a polar bear. Are you also planning on ursine stables?"

"Ah Bahorel," said Jehan, much shocked by the failure of their experiment. "But is not literature life? Can we not be Romantic in deed as well as in word? Can my life not be a poem, with each day a stanza?"

"Certainly," replied Bahorel, "but I don't think we have to resort to polar bears to do so. Listen, have you heard of this new play of Hugo's, *Hernani*?"

It was not, perhaps, a skullful of wine in a darkened abbey, but as Jehan whooped and hollered in the orchestra, waving around his chevalier hat, while surrounded by poets, artists, writers, Romantics of all sorts, dressed in every fashion but the present one, all giving in to the pure rush of their joy, and living only for their passion, for their art, for their movement, Jehan reflected that this was perhaps better. Here was the triumph of art over all, the victory of Romanticism, man's contact, through language, to the sublime... without having to personally engage in the grotesque first.



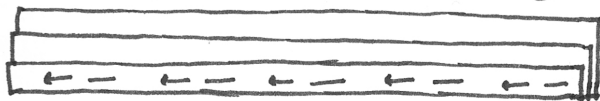
M. Leach
2013

Make a Ribbon Rosette!

you will need:

- 12" of red 1.5" wide grosgrain ribbon
- 12" of white 1" wide grosgrain ribbon
- 12" of blue .5" wide grosgrain ribbon
- OR 12" of 1.5" wide tricolor ribbon —
- *optional: small fabric-covered button in red, white, or blue.

STEP 1: Stack ribbons with edges flush along one side; pin together.



STEP 2: Sew a running stitch along the pinned edge.

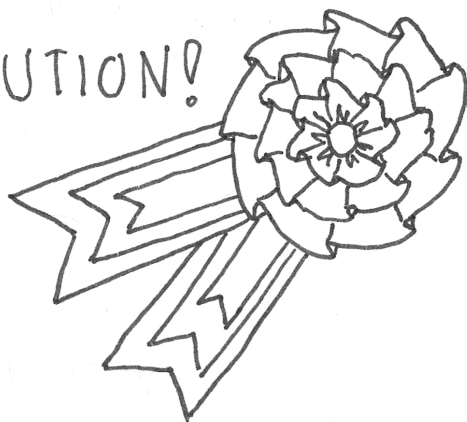
STEP 3: Pull thread, gathering ribbons into a rosette. Tie thread ends together; sew ribbon ends together.

STEP 4: If desired, cut ribbon tails and tack in place. Add button to center.

STEP 5: Find a barricade.

STEP 6:

REVOLUTION!





VELUCAPES

A Walking Tour of Victor Hugo's Paris



1. **Place de la Bastille**, site of Napoleon's elephant. The actual fortress was on the corner occupied by the opera, but was torn down during the Revolution. The wooden elephant, a decaying monument to Imperial glory that Napoleon started and never finished, was knocked down later in the 1830s to build the July Column in honor of the 1830 revolution that put Louis-Philippe on the throne.
2. **Maison Victor Hugo**, the apartment where Hugo lived from 1832 to 1848, now a museum.
3. **Church of St-Paul-St-Louis**, where Marius and Cosette got married in 1833, and also where Hugo's daughter Léopoldine got married in 1843 before drowning a few days later on her honeymoon.
4. Former site of the **Prison of La Force**, which occupied a few city blocks. Thenardier escaped at about the location of #11 Rue de Sévigné.
- 4a. **Carnavalet**, the history of Paris museum. Has a fantastic collection for the revolution-inclined.
- 4b. **The Rue Pavée**, where there's still a fragment of the old prison wall.

based on it. The revolutionaries were originally headed here before they took a wrong turn and missed the historic barricade in favor of the **barricade that nearly became historic**.

8. **The barricade**. The Rue Mondétour still exists, though it's been widened. The Rue de la Chanvrière was destroyed and replaced with the Rue Rambuteau during the very first round of urban renovations in Paris.

9. **Javert's jump into the Seine**. He jumped from the quay BETWEEN the Pont-au-Change and the Pont Notre-Dame, not from either of the bridges. It used to be a very rough and dangerous section of river due to narrow bridge arches and a giant city water pump. There's an actual police station at the end of the Pont Notre-Dame.

Other Les Mis-related sites worth visiting:

The **Rue Plumet**, now the modern-day Rue Oudinot. Cool fact: there's a public park called the Jardin Catherine Labouré that borders on the cul-de-sac of the Rue Plumet but isn't accessible from there, you have to enter from the **Rue de Babylone**.

The **Café Musain** would have been at the Place Edmond Rostand, somewhere on the block between the Quality Burger Restaurant and the Rue Cujas.

Right next to the Musain is the the **Jardin du Luxembourg**, where Marius stalked Cosette. Up the hill is the **Panthéon**, where Hugo's tomb is.

The **Sewer Museum** is on the left-bank side of the Pont de l'Alma. The entrance is on the strip of park between the boulevard and the river.

The **Field of the Lark** was located more-or-less at the southeast tip of the Square René le Gall.

The **Gorbeau tenement** would have been at the southern end of the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, approximately where the big ugly police station on the corner of the Rue Rubens is now.

M. Gillenormand's apartment at No. 6, Rue des Filles-du-Calvaire. One of the few places with no change in the street name, although M. Gillenormand would undoubtedly pitch a fit about how drab no. 6 looks now.

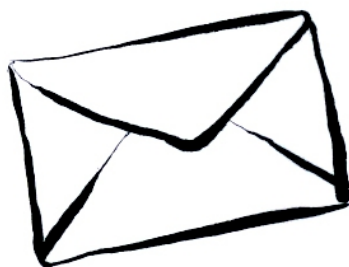


Kozemma
Cosette

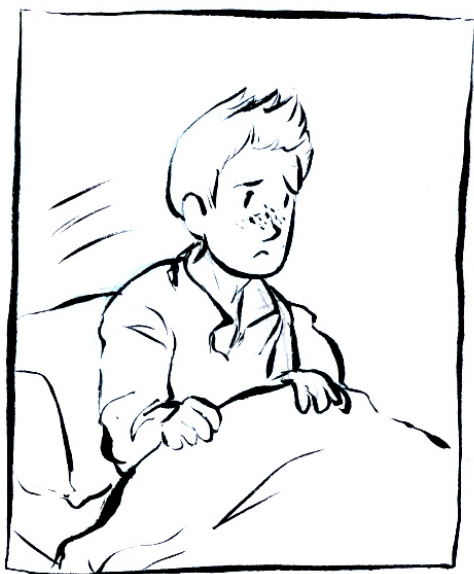


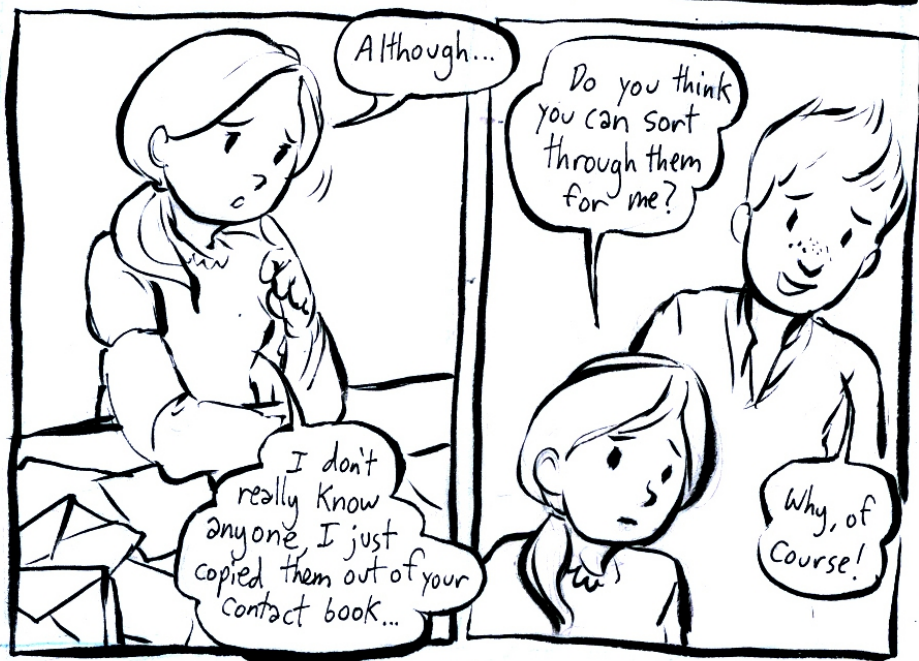
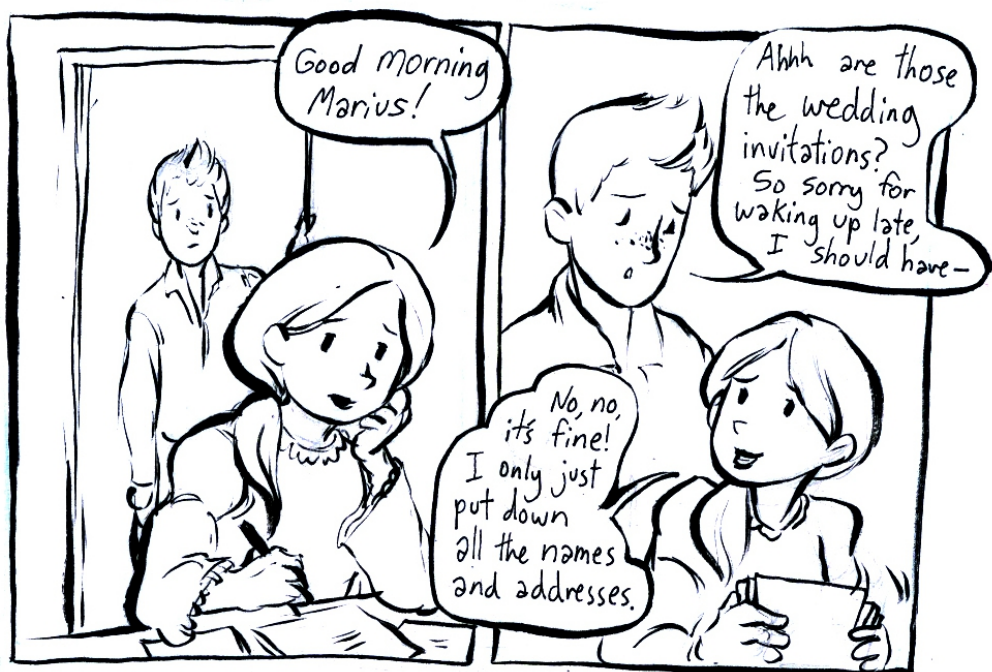


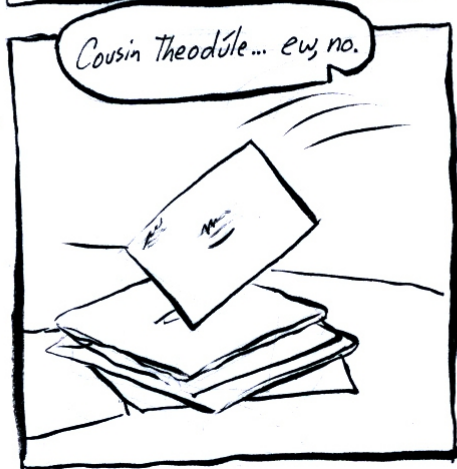
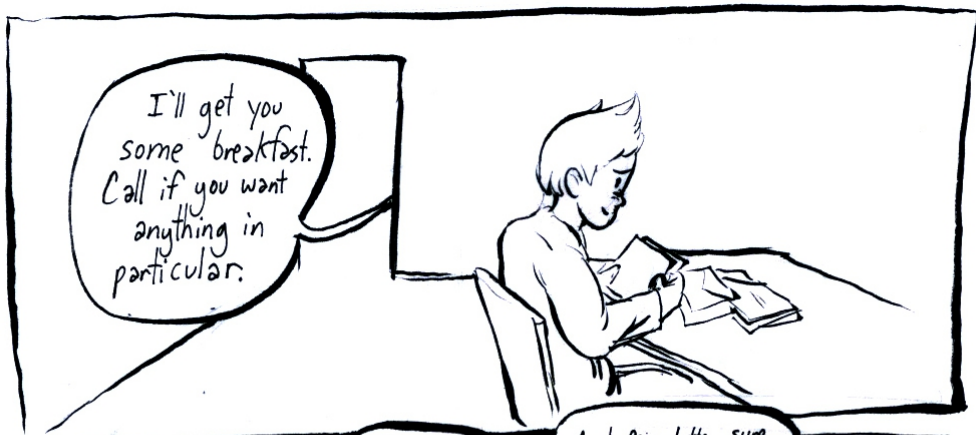
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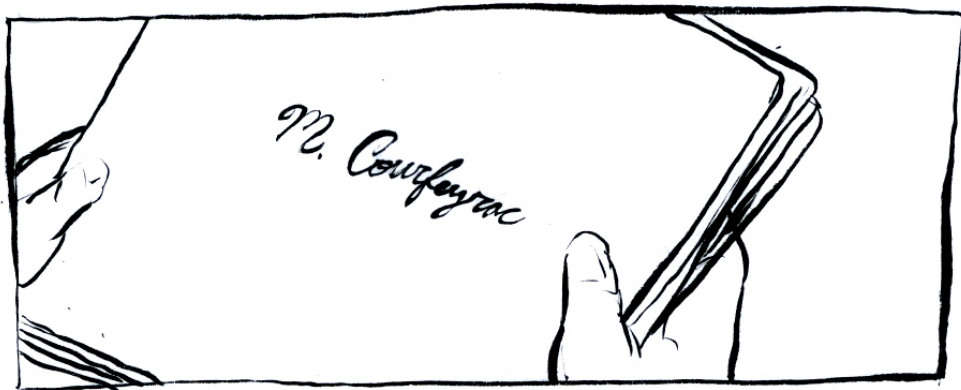


by Taylor Leong











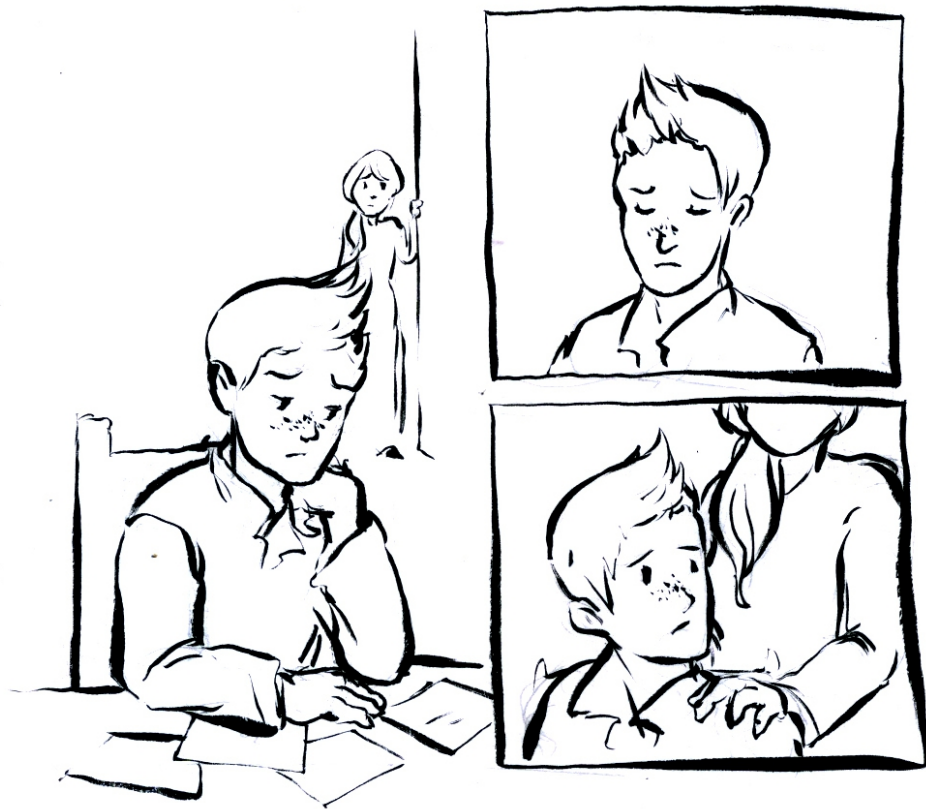




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