



ROYAL
DE LUXE NANTES

Nantes
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The filling of the Erdre and the Loire

Before the filling of the Erdre and the Loire, the western Venice as we called it was digging in Nantes veins full of boats ; fishing boats, floating wash houses or for transport boats.

All of this was sailing in Muscadet up to the neck and although some were drowning into it, well they all ended up getting along.

the washerwomen armed with their battledores
were hitting the heart of Nantes

near the floating wash houses stuck to the quays,
delivering an endless garland of linen shaken by the wind.

The clothes of the people of Nantes were drying here along kilometers of taut string, and underlined the waterways like the little strings of a gift wrap.

The task was hard and built characters deep in misery.

At home us Giants do the same, after letting our clothes stew in a huge basin placed on magma, we spread it out on a cord tied to the toes of two giants each laying down on a hill, their head tilted and blowing on the fabric which flaps and slaps sometimes creating little clouds hanging in the sky.

Anyway at this time in Nantes, "Moon Gulp" one of the famous beggar of the city could take a glimpse of us on some nights of drunkographic bender, laying on his back his eyes lost in the stars.

But who would have thought?

In 1926 he was kindly sent off because it has been decided to get to work: by means of shovel, sand and rocks we buried Venice.

Suddenly the cours des 50 otages and many other boulevards sprung out from the ground, sealing off the rivers as we would suffocate the voice of a cantatrice.

Mountains of sand were filling the waterways; and each day children came or climb on it, playing hide and leapfrog or blind man's mist. A real scallywag's dream full of lies; that the grown-ups busy making up other ones couldn't imagine.

Verdigris Titi was peddling sardines, from summer to winter she would lay along the walls of the huge buildings of the LU biscuits warmed up by the interior ovens of the factory.

She too was spitting out insults forged by the paving when she was running chased by the police.

But when the Loire was filled between Feydeau island and the right bank everything was upside down : thousands of little hands started to sew tinsplate boxes, in the corner of the streets and made them into tins of sardines that were sold under the table too : financially feeding the revolt.

Painters, dreamers demonstrated behind the emblematic and famous second hand goods dealer named "the Kettle". They dug tunnels under the filling hoping to make them collapse, removing each night clandestinely tons of sand.

Creating a second network of veins parallel to the first one.

The battle of the filling and the tunnels had begun.

On the surface : modernity, orchestrated by men with silver eyes ; below, the memory of those with closed eyes who were trying to retain the memory of a city, as they know so well how we end up forgetting the gaze of the most amazing love we ever known. With time it fades out whereas the memory of the heart grips onto the tenderness of the rocks.

But the thing was there was only sand.

And when the authorities discovered the rebellion, followed battles in the tunnels, pursuits, arrests and imprisonment.

The big evasion of the watery arms of the western Venice had just aborted.

Only Verdigris Titi, Moon Gulp, his head stuck in a torticollis picked at his birth and the Kettle warned in time we able to escape.

On the next day, the old seller came back alone to the tunnels. He has taken with him a phonograph swapped at an old collector's and put the disc on the device. The voice of a cantatrice filled the anthill like a shiny storm coming from the ground.

She shook some of the town's buildings, a sandquake sunk the buildings up to the quai de la fosse.

The strength of knowing awoke the sadness of the mountains sitting on the sea their head in the snow.

Her voice and power locked up in the ground of Nantes for eternity provoked that night an image only few witnesses could observe.

In the Loire, coming who knows from where thousands of floating pianos floated looking tilted.

Flowing in the tranquility of an ebb tide, thousands of violins followed like dead fish.

It looked like the funeral of the face of a town whose beautiful ashes shone under the moon, a sort of parade of milky ways that accompanied the death of a star in space.

The cours des 50 otages was like a blanket placed on the water filled with dreams always ready to come out from the sheets cluttered with bicycles and cars. But at certain hours of the night, without a sound we can still hear the muffled voice of a cantatrice who walks under the ground.

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