

le voyageur

—
swiss made
tailored travel since 2004
by nicolas ambrosetti

PRIZE DRAW «AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD»

FIND THE TRAVELLER ON THE MAP...
AND AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD, YOU MAY JUST DISCOVER YOUR NEXT DEPARTURE.



«AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD» IN SEARCH OF THE TRAVELLER

Somewhere upon our maps, a discreet marker has been placed. An almost invisible point. A silent presence. The Traveller has departed, far away, into the very heart of the world. Will you be able to pinpoint his exact location?

A game of precision, longing, and intuition. He has left behind a notebook, a dog-eared volume, a map. Since then, traces of his passage have reappeared – here and there – like beacons along an inner journey.

It is said he finally came to rest upon an island, the last one. A place he did not name, but which only you can discover. By following the ten stages of his itinerary, through our interactive world map, it is for you to retrace the thread – and to indicate the exact GPS coordinates of the cities or places, as well as the final stop, his haven, his revelation.

PRIZES

A draw will be held among those who have found the correct answer and fulfilled all conditions. The following will be credited to your MY VOYAGEUR account:

First Prize: A credit of CHF 1,500.– + 4 nights in any AWASI lodges

Second Prize: A credit of CHF 1,000.– 2 nights in any AWASI lodges

Third Prize: A credit of CHF 500.–

Credits may be redeemed towards any of our bespoke journeys (excluding flights). In addition, one copy of your choice from our Travel Notes collection will be offered.

RULES

To take part:

Carefully read the narrative «In Search of the Traveller».

Explore our interactive map at www.levoyageur.ch/where-to-go-when

Identify the ten secret destinations, in the order given in the text.

Deduce the final destination and provide its GPS coordinates and city name.

AWASI



HOW TO TAKE PART

1. Follow our Instagram page: @le_voyageur_traveller.
2. Share the contest in an Instagram Story or Feed post.
3. Tag one person who is inspired by travel (and by Le Voyageur).
4. Email your final answer – the 10 locations in order – to travel@levoyageur.ch, and include your three travel wishes.
5. Subscribe to our newsletter and to Awasi's newsletter.

KEY DATES

The competition is open until midnight, 30 September 2025.
The draw will take place on 5 October 2025.



HE THEN LEFT...

Thomas, the waiter at the little café on Place du Cirque, still remembers the morning he left. He had left behind a black notebook, an empty glass, and a dog-eared copy of Kerouac. On the first page, scrawled in pencil, was the line: "We don't go towards something. We go with it."

He had left a generous tip and kissed him. He had never kissed him before...

Tucked into the lining of the notebook was a world map — ten points, underlined in blue ink. And at the bottom of the glass, like an echo, an unfinished voice message, soft, feminine, almost whispered:

"Do you think we can still find a place... where the world falls silent?"

Since then, they have been looking for him.

Not to hold him back. But to understand. What he had seen. What he had fled. What he had found. He had left no address, only a series of clues — stops, silences, thoughts abandoned like seashells along the way.

A treasure trail across continents and the strata of the soul.

A journey unbound, fragile, incandescent. Like a Keith Jarrett solo in the night.

He loved Keith Jarrett.



I. ALFACINHAS

He is said to have boarded a rust-streaked ferry from Marseille, setting out at dawn, and landed in a city steeped in saudade. In June, after all, it often rains on the cobblestones of Rua da Bica.

He would have taken Tram 28, let the wind lift the pages of Pessoa, and climbed up to the miradouro. The stones would have spoken to him of sailors and of returns that never come.

In the margin of the notebook: **"Some harbours teach us how to leave better than others."**

And her first message, recorded in the hush of the tram: **"You know... sometimes I dream of disappearing between two ports of call. You do too, don't you?"**

II. WHITE CITY

Then came the shores of a strait. A city drawn to American ghosts: Paul Bowles, Tennessee Williams, Burroughs, Kerouac — for the span of a single glass of mint tea.

He was said to have been seen in a deserted bookshop, tucked away in an alley, holding a copy of *On the Road* annotated in Ancient Greek. On the counter, he had written: **"One must be very alone to write to the world."**

In the notebook, a sketch took form: a woman of singular beauty. Long hair, a canvas bag slung over her shoulder, a camera hanging by its strap, and leather espadrilles in the style of ancient Spartans giving rise to endless legs. Beneath the drawing, the date: 24. IX. 2024.

And that voice again:

"You once told me the white city was a passage. A threshold. I am beginning to understand. I miss you..."

III. A CHILD WAS PLAYING WITH A PLASTIC KITE. HE SMILED. THE WIND DOES NOT CHOOSE ITS BORDERS.

Months spent crossing the continent. By boat, by bus, and hitchhiking. By the end of January, it is said he had finally followed the coastline by train, window open, sea spray on his face, before arriving in that city poised between ocean and mountain. A place where the light carves the lines of the world with an almost unreal precision.





POSTCARDS TO JACK

ALBERT DEGENOVA

Things
know when
but once there
Tom Newman
photographer anxious to be
photographed
— Gm has wants down
his hand up the back of
pfe for this he gives
seldom takes —
shape record
be the record
recording) (the
Bourdier and
Name in face
Pink Linn
Gm & Ver

A PORTRAIT
OF YOU.

He is said to have wandered between pastel façades, walked barefoot along the cliffs of Chapman's Peak, and listened to the sea answering the wind.

In a small bar in Muizenberg, a stranger was playing Hurricane by Bob Dylan on a detuned guitar. He had written: **"Sometimes prisons are invisible. But music can trace the outline of their walls."**

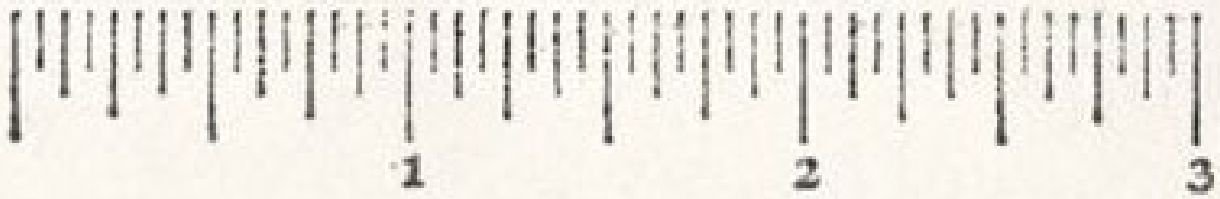
He thought of Biko, of courage without rage, of those voices they try to silence and that become anthems. He was drunk. He had danced alone, though one might have thought he was dancing with his ghost on the roof of a colonial hotel, the two of them alone in the world, beneath a sheet stretched between two chairs. She wore a hat far too big. He was laughing. She had left a message on the door of her room in Dorp, which overlooks the Malay quarter: **"You know... I dreamed you were boxing with your own past. And that you embraced it."**



IV. VOLVER

After more than eight months spent with his friend Erick, working on his farm and roaming backroads on a motorbike, they say he reached a city at the very end of the continent — a place of tango and revolutions, of exile and literature, where the cafés still smell of leather, tobacco, and the opening lines of Borges. In a covered arcade, he is said to have crossed paths with a seller of rare words, and lingered there for several days. He had said: **"It's strange — here, even nostalgia seems to write."** And he left with yet another notebook, and a poem scribbled into the lining of his jacket. The theatre's caretaker says he seemed happy, and remembers that he had listened to a voice message.

The Tiny Book of Tiny Stories

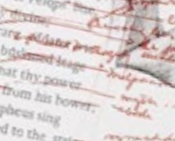


THIS ARTWORK IS ABOUT:

FEELINGS

John Milton

Far from all resort of men
Save the dumb beasts, a warlike band,
Or the busy hum of bees,
To bless the doors from nightly harm,
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high window
Where I may oft outwatch the pale moon-light;
With thee to watch the stars and light
The bright heaven, or the deep blue night,
What but thy voice should sound from this
Immortal vault that hath no doors,
Her mansion in this fleshly nook,
And of those dark, those secret fires,
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true sense
With planet or with element
To let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Or the tale of Troilus here,
Or what (though rare) the nightshade
Shed bath the bogged stage,
Or bid the sword Orpheus sing,
Drew wolf-tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ask,
Or call on him that left half told



1110



V. TIERRAS IN FUEGOS

He had to head south to find his old friend Álvaro. The man had left everything behind a few years earlier to build lodges in the country's far south... and then everywhere. Ultimate refuges for exceptional travellers, the Awasi lodges turn every moment into a bespoke masterpiece — blending service of rare delicacy with total immersion in pristine landscapes.

From the Andes to Patagonia, each suite, each fire, each private dinner celebrates nature as a living work of art. Here, luxury is not ostentatious; it is intimate, discreet, and shaped so that the world belongs entirely to its guest. Four months spent running before the howling winds, where the land rears up towards Antarctica. The Fitz Roy mountains rise like blades of granite, their flanks washed by the shifting lights of an impatient sky. In remote estancias, he shared maté with weathered-faced gauchos, listening to tales of wild horses and glacial torrents. Further south, the glaciers of Torres del Paine cracked like living cathedrals, pouring their turquoise waters into lakes that mirrored the infinite.

In a book by Chatwin, he remarked: «**There is something in these endless expanses that touches the human soul deeply, a wild freedom that few places on Earth can offer.**»



He slept beneath star-strewn skies in El Chaltén, sailed off the coast of the Beagle Channel, brushed past the spray-battered cliffs of Cabo Forward. And each morning, the horizon offered a new kind of vertigo — that of a raw, immense world that makes you both humble and hungry for elsewhere.

One evening, before the land of fire, he listened to that voice message for the hundredth time: a soft voice, singing Seu Jorge, speaking of that man, Zé do Caroço, and ending with: **"Não demora... me espera onde o vento nos chama. Fico feliz em te ver..."**

VI. ZÉ DO CAROÇO DANS LES AGUAS DE MARZO

A few weeks later, further north, he is said to have followed the music. Percussion rising from the cobblestones, voices as joyful as the sun on skin. He was seen walking barefoot along the beach, gaze fixed on the ocean, where the

favelas meet the hills. **"Here, bodies speak before souls. But souls, they dance for longer."** Carnival season.

Rita Lee was singing of love, of Lolò, and of a youth that celebrated endless summers to the rhythm of Sócrates' passes. It was there that they saw each other again.

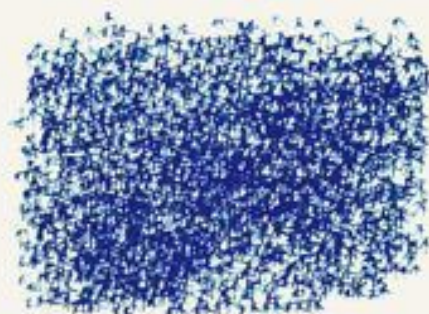
Rounding a street corner, an empty, colossal stadium. He had sat there, arms raised, shouting **"Tô feliz da vida!"**

Then an old man selling whistles swore he had seen him vanish behind a wall covered in blue and green graffiti, at the arm of a woman, camera slung across her shoulder... **"I am no longer alone in watching the world."**

She, softly:

"You are the world."





010	森 Forest
森を書いた。 森の影が消え、木の形が浮かんできた。 自然に近いような気がした。	

VII. CASTRO «INFIDEL» AND SWEET SEPTEMBER RAIN.

Novelists would have written that they had jumped aboard a freight train rattling through dusty lands, from village to village, from silence to silence. They shared a tin of beans with an old Chilean and spoke of music with a nameless Cuban. But in truth, they had simply taken a plane... He was recognised in a city framed by hills, between mist and asphalt, where a song spoke of a blue house, leaning against the hill, inhabited by gentle-looking artists who had thrown away the key... That house had a soul. You entered it barefoot, hair damp, heart laid bare.

Facing an island that held a prison, there was, taped to the fridge, a note:
"Maison d'arrêt du temps"

They slept there, on the floor, feet to the fire, and wrote: **"There is no revolution without tenderness"** and **"It takes courage to be free. But even more to set others free with us."**



VIII. LEOPOLD VERY HOT «MESH»

Months had passed... He was alone. Leaving Bandra's terminus, he had walked along the sea, crossing the city as one crosses a poem too dense, between the scent of incense, the roar of rickshaws, and prayers hanging from balconies. He had stopped in a western quarter, between two venerated trees, for breakfast at the Pali Village Café.

Across from him, Farouk, an old friend, spoke of a mad project — to open a bookshop in an abandoned barbershop.

By late afternoon, after the rain, he had stepped into a cinema with half its red letters fallen, drawn in by the warm scent of mildew and overripe mangoes. He had scribbled in his notebook: **"Here, stories are not told. They are held back. Like ahimsa: a stubborn gentleness, resisting without sound."**



IX. LOTUS & SHIKARAS UNDER THE JUNE MONSOON

He had left the cities one stormy morning... Udaipur, Varanasi as the old travellers call it, slipping on to Le Corbusier's Chandigarh, a chai at the Mona Lisa in Manali, kissing the multicoloured flags of McLeod Ganj, trading turmoil for altitude.

In a sanctuary of water and mist, he had slept aboard a motionless wooden boat, with embroidered curtains and damp steps. He drank a steaming bowl of kahwa, infused with cardamom and strands of saffron, in a silence only the mountains knew how to bless.

It was not tea — it was a slow prayer.

The mountains revealed themselves in the reflections of the Divine Lake, like a dream one dares not name. On the table, a Cosey album covered in annotations. He had written: **"There are silences that speak better than all prophets. Where speech falls away, breath becomes prayer."**

An old scholar, robed in saffron, had handed him a small bowl of hot tea and said: **"You seek summits, but you have just entered a valley. Breathe."**





X. WHERE THERE IS A PORT...

It had taken him weeks to descend from the heights. Frozen passes, suspended roads, a rattling bus, a plane with a scratched porthole, then a ferry with no timetable, battered by the wind. And finally... emptiness. Silence. A raw light over the October sea.

After a stop in Paros, on the burning deck of the old boat, she was there. With him. Camera slung across her shoulder, pale dress, bare feet. She looked out at the horizon without flinching, as one looks at a secret. From the very beginning, it had been her. The one from the voice messages. The one who whispered in her language the promise of an elsewhere. The one who had been waiting for him — not at the end of the world, but at its heart.

They stepped ashore together. A bag, a notebook, silences to share. The village bore a biblical name: Christos. A few houses leaning against the rock, a taverna open even at night, a dog that does not bark. Time here seemed to have dissolved — or perhaps been redefined.

The wind — an ancient breath — ran through the alleyways. The blue here had many names: cobalt in the morning, indigo at noon, almost black at night. The meltemi erased voices but let memories drift.

One lives here without a watch, one works here without haste.

That evening, on the terrace of a taverna open to the infinite, he wrote nothing. He looked at his hands. Then at hers. She took a photograph. He closed his eyes.

One night, beneath the stars, she asked him:

— **Have you found what you were looking for?**

He smiled, touched the hand resting on the table, and replied:

— **No. But I have stopped searching.**

Then she closed her eyes, and the world became simple.



SUBJECT TOPIC :

DATE:

M T W Th F S Su

INSERT STICKERS HERE

PLAYLIST

- I. WINTER 1, Max Richter
- II. INTO THE MYSTIC, Van Morrison
- III. WILD LIFE, Wings
- IV. SURE THINGS, Saint-Germain
- V. HOMEWARD BOUND, Simon & Garfunkel
- VI. BEYOND THE VEIL, Dylan Leblanc
- VII. CONEY ISLAND, Lou Reed
- VIII. DESERT RAVEN, Jonathan Wilson
- IX. IL EST PARTI, Feu Chatterton
- X. CHAIYYA CHAIYYA, Sukhwinder Singh
- XI. PATA PATA, Miriam Makeba
- XII. KASHMIR, Led Zeppelin
- XII. INDIA, Shakti & John McLaughlin
- XIV. O BEM, Arlindo Cruz
- XV. VELHA INFÂNCIA, Tribalistas
- XVI. I GUESS I JUST FEEL LIKE, John Mayer
- XVII. I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS LOOKING FOR LOVE, Everything but the girl
- XVIII. SEA OF TIME, The Rainbirds
- XIX. HEROES, Peter Gabriel
- XX. SWEET VIRGINIA, The Rolling Stones
- XXI. WEDDING SONG, Avishai Cohen
- XXII. TI IMOUNA GIA SENA, Antonis Remos





LUXURY AND TOTAL IMMERSION

A trusted partner of Le Voyageur, Awasi is a South American hospitality group specializing in ultra-luxury lodges nestled in the heart of extraordinary natural landscapes. Their philosophy centers on bespoke, intimate experiences that honor the environment. Each lodge is small and exclusive — typically fewer than 20 suites — and offers every guest a private guide and dedicated vehicle for personalized excursions.

Awasi transcends mere accommodation: it is an invitation to explore the world deeply, with itineraries designed to reveal the raw and often hidden beauty of each region. Authenticity, refined comfort, sustainable commitment, and meaningful human connections are the cornerstones of their approach. They celebrate local craftsmanship and actively contribute to ecosystem conservation, making their lodges sanctuaries both for travelers and for nature.

Awasi Atacama (Chile)

Set in the heart of the Atacama Desert, this lodge features round suites with open patios and outdoor showers. Private explorations of the mineral desert — from geysers to high-altitude lagoons — create an unparalleled experience. An ideal retreat for lovers of lunar landscapes and striking contrasts.

Awasi Patagonia (Chile)

Located at the gateway to Torres del Paine National Park, this lodge blends rustic charm with contemporary luxury. Villas boast wood-burning stoves and outdoor hot tubs with breathtaking mountain views. Safaris on foot, horseback, or mountain bike offer immersive encounters with glaciers, steppes, and iconic wildlife.

Awasi Iguazú (Argentina)

Set amid lush tropical forest, mere steps from the majestic Iguazú Falls, this stilted lodge offers villas with private pools. The experience includes exclusive visits to the falls and a deep immersion into the region's vibrant biodiversity.

Discover more at www.awasi.com



Awasi



CONDITIONS & CONTACTS

A random draw will be held among participants who have submitted the correct answer and fulfilled all entry requirements.

The draw will take place on October 5 under the supervision of a law firm. Results will be announced on Instagram and communicated to winners via email. Collected information will remain strictly confidential and used solely for the purposes of this contest.

In accordance with the Swiss Federal Act on Data Protection (FADP), each participant has the right to access, correct, and delete their personal data.

Le Voyageur cannot be held responsible for technical malfunctions, incorrect email addresses, or issues accessing the website or interactive map. Participation in the contest implies full acceptance of these rules.

No claims will be accepted after the contest closes.

Le voyageur
Rue Muzy 7
1207 geneva switzerland

téléphone: + 41 22 300 23 08

www.levoyageur.ch
travel@levoyageur.ch

