



An anchoring point, light, ropes and bodies. A common objective: to raise, anchored in the ground, to reach the light that shapes and transforms perspectives. We start «small». We twirl, haul up, become gigantic, and disappear in the back. The shadows army is motivated by the same idealistic aim: to make its personal shadow side bright. Why not doing the opposite, to send bodies of light in the dark night?

Writing workshops/ Pau

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#3 - Plays and notes

*Some tests, texts, and images come to us, hold us back, inspire us, invade us...
 To build the story
 To tame the ladders
 To create images
 To provide a meaning
 To compose movement
 To translate thoughts
 These are keys to the ascent.*

Words and plays from inhabitants

« He says : « invert feet and hands, always keeping contact with the ground. Instantaneously, naturally, twelve persons start to crawl. It's a strange encoded freedom. »

« She hauls her up, the others crawl, resist slowly, she understands. Future is not where she imagined, but rather close to her. She brings her back and protects her. »

« To stroke the wall, the instructions are tough. She forces the body to twist. And yet softness is present, the hiss. Delicacy of a movement, a look, an image. »



Two infinities: from infinitesimal to infinitely great

« A great ladder crosses the left side from the bottom to top, bringing together, by its extremes, the ground and the sky, the sensible and the supersensible. »

Joan Miró

« This ladder, this mouth without teeth, where vessels sink. The undecided ladder open to accuracy. »
 Jean-Jacques Dorio, in tribute to Miró



Our tools, the ladders, feed the dance, the movement.

Soft textile ladders come to life while hard metallic ladders go through the sky.

