



Miniatures

Creation 2017

This show is a simple dream.

At a time when our planet is deeply changing, I gladly invite the spectators to sail into the dream of an airline pilot.

It is about a frequent traveler.

He spends most of his time above the clouds (maybe dreaming of meeting Saint-Exupéry)

And actually, one day he was using the autopilot, he fell asleep and went through mirrors like Alice in Wonderland.

He finds himself in another himself, mixing his family, doing leapfrog on the back of the planet's catastrophes (overhanging conflicts he sees from so high that they seem to be miniature phenomena).

He looks like many people, far from realities and goes deeply into the maze of his mind ; carried along by the image of his sweeping Marshal father, the one of his cleaning lady mother (and Queen mother at midnight!), his sisters, the same, soaring 5cm above ground and the migrants he sees floating on the oceans ;

he flies over this "industry of lie" organized by the power of the world in an almost soft and gentle way.

With agility he draws a path like our unconscious does when it plays losing ourselves, in this incoherent incoherence.

The trial he put on himself could be the one of an impish Kafka or the one of a planet that does not mind in this flying time.

Fred, drawer skips with a rope with his Philemon.

Lewis Carroll invents a hopscotch around the world.

Jules Verne camps on Mars sponsored by Trigano.

Victor Hugo and Pablo Neruda snore shaken by the nightmare of the world culture.

"Say Pilot!

Draw me northern lights"