



**ROYAL
DE LUXE** NANTES

Nantes
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The Dubigeon work sites

Ah, there we are! One of those memories is about the Dubigeon work sites.

I was observing Nantes behind the Planck wall with the help of an enormous telescope.

As I was looking at the Loire, the work sites were lightly shaken by the wind which was raising with the sun.

There was down there an unaccountable number of workers, as small as ants, they were building boats that were huge for them.

They looked like butterflies hanged in the floors of the tower of Nantes.

Those ships were even bigger as all those ants were imagining them crossing the oceans, pulverizing giant waves and creating furrows in the sea as a farmer would dig the earth to get rapeseeds fields almost more yellow than the sun.

Anyway, there was in those ants the eyes of the dream they were building and each piece of metal was a bit of the journey they would never have.

I saw in the distance approaching a sky covered in cloud darker than the bottom of the oceans.

The opposite winds were coming from all sides forcing the workers to cover up.

First they took shelter in the workshop because some were slipping on the paving that others tried to catch.

Some were driven into the Loire.

And the rain started to fall down, not regularly as we would imagine, but disconcertingly, sometimes in packets of giant buckets thrown from the sky onto people's heads.

The storm was rising and the cyclones gathered on the work site.

Amazingly that typhoon was not attacking the rest of the city.

It was concentrating only on the work site and the spectators on the opposite bank of the Loire, astonished, could only witness the catastrophe.

And then the whole roof of a building was thrown into the air.

I caught sight of the workers hanging onto the pillars of the building flying away into the hurricane, disappearing into this black hole.

Finally the unfinished boats on the launching ramps were sliding off one after the other into the raging Loire.

When everything stopped moving,

I could catch a glimpse of the remains of a shipwreck.

The square was empty.

The only thing still standing was an immense yellow crane, the color of blooming rapeseed.

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