

## Lionel Ladoire, by Alphonse Cahuet

*Where it all was supposed to end.*  
Summer 1974.

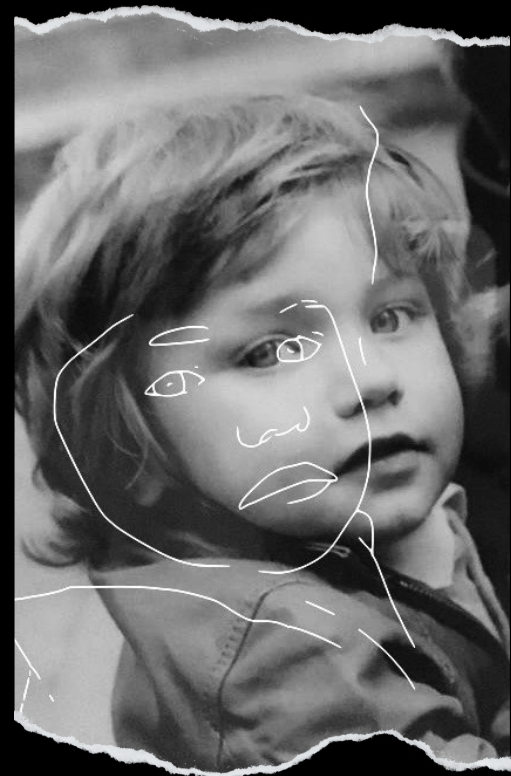
« I hear screams around me. I can't feel my body. What's happening? Mom, why are you crying? »

« Wake-up my little boy, it's me Alphonse, your grandpa. Let me tell you a story. That evening, you were with your parents on the road to Lyon. Your seatbelt was not fastened correctly. In a sharp turn, at full speed, the door opened and you were thrown out. Fortunately, you curled up and rolled like a ball. After a night at the hospital, you made it home. You were two years old. Lionel, you miraculously survived. That little scar on your right elbow will remind you every day how much life is worth living. You will grow up with this indelible memory, a miracle that will mark the beginning of your life in this world. »

*Birth of an artist.*  
Lyon, March 3rd 1972.

« Lionel was far from being a quiet little boy. Impertinent and tenacious, he gave us some hard times. He was always doing as he pleased, even in front of a Lego game. He preferred to destroy a construction which had taken us hours to assemble carefully following the instructions, and create another one using his own imagination.

At the age of 14, he developed a passion for snowboarding, which rapidly became his livelihood, having joined a professional team. He stopped at nothing, but had his little guardian angel watching over him.





In the meantime, Lionel became interested in his old grandfather's work and let me pass on to him my passions for micromechanics and watchmaking. I remember his amazed look every time he entered the workshop. He would dare to sneak into my office in the middle of the afternoon to play the boss, and especially to eat some chocolates hidden in the drawer.

As a young teenager, he declared that school was not made for him and decided to join the older generations of the family to devote himself to jewelry making.

When my little man turned 24, I left this world with a mission to watch over him forever. »

*What does not kill makes you stronger.*

Summer 2006

« At 35 years old, Lionel was thinking big. With a very specific idea in mind, he left for Switzerland with his wife and children.

I could hear him from up there quoting my words to his friends and partners: "As my grandfather used to say, either you do it right or you don't do it!". This was the beginning of the LADOIRE adventure.

Lionel learned watchmaking by creating his first watches, and surrounded himself with great people. I wish I could have met them and given them my famous handshake. But my grandson did it for me and developed a deep friendship with these captains of industry: Marino, André, Anthony, Arnaud, Jean and Gilles. Authentic personalities, just like him.

With its his unconventional pieces and ingenious mechanisms, LADOIRE proved extremely successful. Unfortunately, faced with this merciless world of luxury and engaged in a risk-taking entrepreneurship, Lionel had to give up LADOIRE. »

*Make your life a dream, and your dream a reality.*  
Winter 2018.

« One day, my Lionel woke-up and called his friend Jean to talk about his big comeback. He said to himself, "Today I came down from my monkey tree, just like my grandfather did. I sat down at the foot and looked up. Do you know what I saw from the bottom of my tree? I saw nothing but assholes." Forgive me, Lionel also inherited my outspokenness. That day, he once again proved his stubbornness, which he would keep for the rest of his life.

After buying back his Ladoire archives, he relaunched the wonderful project he had put on hold.

I saw you working day and night under the light of your computer. You were drawing LADOIRE II. You drew your inspiration in music and you found your way around playing drums. You surrounded yourself with the best partners and rewrote the story of your fascinating brand.



My little man, I never knew you in a different way: electrified by your desire to feel alive. So go for it my boy, this adventure is yours. You will make a beautiful firework out of it, lightening up my cotton cloud.

*'This is how my dreams became yours.  
Dreams are the beginning of all adventures and successes.'*

Alphonse Cahuet

**THE FUTURE BELONGS TO YOU, IT 'S TIME TO PRESS PLAY.**

