

Our clothes in a drum, our bodies pulled by escalators, the conveyor belt of food supplies, the choreography of daily hygiene gestures, describe perfect loops that draw the outline of progress. As taken in a centrifugal force, cultural production and consumption gravitate today around popular references, forms and characters, and are constantly solicited in covers, sagas, reboots, spin-offs and reinvested in derivative products.

The works displayed in *Secret Track* play with our affects for the consumable, for these objects that we accept even though they reify us. Some are directly quoting touching figures, others look like machines that attract us without, however welcoming us. Together, they bring out the relationship between rotation, cycle and addiction. A CD delivers, with a pressed finger, the melodies and lyrics engraved in it, even in the absence of skin that vibrated, cavities that resonated to compose them. At the entrance, the ring light invites us to press play to illuminate our fetishes, poorly contained in stamped bags.

Coffee, sugar, tobacco, pop hits, buttons of various devices, are stimulants that surround us, and recall a washed out desire, mechanically satisfied. Here, the receptacles intended to store cigarette butts, to be filled to the be emptied, are intact as if they had been removed from their cycle of use. They only keep the coatings of the devices from which they are inspired : they do not need to contain any mechanism to attract our user projections. The engraved inserts of binary actions — open or close, go up or down, alert — appeal to our primary impulses, those that seek to restrain and redirect the urban planning projects. The cigarettes that lay on top of it are twisted replicas where the filter replace the substance; what do we want to protect ourselves from ?

These simulacra of ashtrays, cups or seats are mass-produced like the objects they make reference to. Oscar and Antonin slip in variations that fuel libidinal reflexes or break a reward cycle. The images printed on the paper cups play on archetypes and thus, recall the status of pure containers of fictional characters. Placed above an escape door, the big bad wolf threat to collapse: it has become the straw house on which one can blow.

The repressed race of water in household appliances, rodents in their wheels, burning liquids in dispensers, follow, like a current, a closed circuit. The loops they draw, are yet struggling to stem this flow that overflow, escape us. As if to undo the frequency with which we have been exposed to entertainment, the secret track rings when it was no longer expected, it is what remains after the calculated sequence of songs from an album.



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