

Jets de sauvegarde

Video transcripts of the works

Seuil, prétention, introduction, 2026

You've just returned from a long trip.

You've seen some things.

To varying degrees,
you have
strength,
dexterity,
a certain constitution,
intelligence,
wisdom,
and charisma.

You lug these attributes around
attached to your belt.

You passed through various places,
faced many challenges,
and paid your dues
to get here.

You have nothing
in your possession.
No dice,
no armour,
no tools.

You take the map.

It dictates the way to a refuge.

It augurs
a treasure,
a portal,
an oracle,
some oubliettes.

You're not sure
if the terrain conjured before you
is vaster
than the one stretching inside you.

You go forward.

Items nichés, 2026

The text scrolls on a monitor inserted into a large canvas on the wall.

An empty vial
A short sword
A cast iron ring
Several metres of rope
A ballistite cartridge
A small art object
A master key
A simple amulet
A coat of many styles
Some rolled parchments
A silver jug
A long wand
An authorized handbook
A greenish pearl
A heavy mass
An ordinary cloak
A brass tankard
A protective brooch
An ornate wooden staff
Armbands of clairvoyance
A milky potion
A bronze crown
A taffeta bag
A crystalline cage
A fine tapestry
A belt of pandemonium
A curved compass
Some small polished stones
A music box
An engraved bone dice
Inlaid armour
A piece of silk-embroidered linen

The well under the oubliettes

The text scrolls on a monitor inserted into a canvas on the floor.

Oubliettes (Couverture à 3/4), 2026

Another before you
Grappled with
This soft steel net
A message frozen in time
Of a raving lunatic
With strong wrists
And the ambitious plan
Of going to the other side of the oubliettes

Behind the cage
Through wavering gaps
You see a flooded pit
Your mind, which so far bore no memories,
Is suddenly swamped
By a panoply of past images
An unusual battle
A strangled speech
An unwanted elbow
Planted in your flank
During an underground fight

You dream of taking a swim
To rinse off these recollections
Inopportune surges
So you slip your arm
Into the particle-plated liquid
For some momentary relief

Your sticky hand grasps a key
Half-heartedly, your mutter
A few distracting words
To mislead your accomplices
A few steps away
The lock
Is clearly marked
And your chance
To advance
Jumps out at you
Like a ferocious goblin