



The reenactment of this exhibition in Paris, at **Glassbox** and **Galerie Dix9** calls for a metaphorical review/rereading of Joris-Karl Huysmans's novel and the new era it foreshadows. The literary oeuvre is a work method, a prelude in the construction of the exhibit's protocol. A year after the first part, the path taken by each artist is also an *état des lieux* of the creation of a networking community whose tightness derives from the bonding that studio life enables. All of the artists come from *Collectif S.P.O.R.T.* and *La Mine* in Montreuil. Some come, some go, some stay. They are all invited to take part in this exhibition, which portrays the artist as a part of his network. The works draw intimate or aesthetic ruptures with the production of artistic forms and canons.

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Text by Théo-Mario Coppola

*« I'm going to publish a satanic book, full of black masses, Huysmans said to him. I want to make another one which will be white. But it is necessary that I whiten myself. Do you have bleach for my soul ? »\*1*

*Là-Bas* is the announcement of a journey, a kind of pilgrimage, which for the moment doesn't let itself be seen. One can't foresee it. One will only understand it later. It is the moment which precedes J-K Huysmans' revelation. This book was the ultimate satanic quest for him, an outburst, before focusing on other lands and paths. The conversion trilogy has not begun yet. It will bring, a few years later, the new artistic and spiritual meaning of a complex life. The soul will free itself at last. It is a new world which forms itself in revelation. On May 28th of 1891, abbé Mugnier meets Huysmans. He hasn't read his books, but he knows that he is a part of the Medan circle. He has heard from his bad reputation, and also that the author of *A Rebours* was looking for a priest. There is no revelation in Huysmans without the fatigue of the times, without disinterest, without the comfort brought by an otherworld.

The intimate obsession that is the friendship between Father Mugnier and the *fin-de-siècle* writer consolidates a taste for mystique, its social functions, its cosmic dimension, its anthropological impact. But revelation isn't the vain evocation of times past/a bygone era. It is rather a matter of re-enchanting forms, of an insatiable need to gaze at something, to designate it as a place of belief, to delve into an effect and say « *I see !* » at last. Revelation, with or without faith, is the extraction force of the present and a desire for projection.

\*1 - DESCAVES Lucien, *Deux amis, J-K Huysmans et l'abbé Mugnier*, Paris, 1946