

Qway

Glimmergate

2nd ISSUE

It was on our first real date, while strolling along the riverbank, that we noticed the water's slow, steady rise. The phenomenon occurred every night, flooding the surrounding vegetable gardens, lifting the improvised shacks up on their four plastic jerry cans. In the afternoon, those shacks stuck in the mud, marking this new landscape so profoundly that they became the main tourist attraction. Like many other people that evening, we watched their reflections in the gentle waves. On the bank's north side, crammed among the houses, there was a broad and crowded Venice Beach-style boardwalk. As children, we used to run among the palm trees in a sort of giant slalom, in which each bench was first the start and then the finish. On the south side, the bank opened onto near-wilderness, interrupted only by a farm, probably abandoned. That day, even with our weary Sunday pace, we found ourselves unconsciously zigzagging through the trees and slouching against the low granite wall, talking about how our lives away from the province had made us overly sensitive to sincerity. It was the time of the year when, before the streetlights go up and the sun goes down, the city is suspended in a natural, lukewarm, clear light. I saw it for the first time in your eyes when we were talking about the French Revolution and you told me about the almost accidental birth of the modern definitions of right and left. We woke up in Milan the next morning, far away from that river which during the night had violently flooded the entire town.

I dump all my paperwork on the tabletop and collapse onto the big worn, dark wood chairs. I like to get to the courtroom early and reorder my papers one last time. After years of practice, I've developed a very creative approach to doing so, a method by which I force myself to mess up and reorganize my paper countless times, always with different parameters. This forces me to invent new points of view, to re-understand a case and to develop a new thesis, to develop an argument that could change even my own perceptions. Every trial is a complex skeleton. My work is just to outline the muscle necessary to move it into one specific direction: the sentence. The background chatter of this nearly packed courtroom makes my movements faster and more accurate;

The evening before a trial, I always like to order Chinese food and stay in the office until late. Eyes closed and with my back arched on my Herman Miller chair, I go over every single detail of the case. I slowly run through every single step, several times and always in a different pattern. In my mind, the words flow, at first gently coursing through my imagination, then advancing rapidly, creating huge whorls of limitless, inconceivable diameters. And I, as a small part of something bigger, I do my work with a mantric rhythm of a perfect complexity. My approach to the trial is like a surfer's practice. I study the dynamics of the currents. I train hard up to that point in which action is so blended with context that I can allow myself to stop thinking and just feel it flowing,

like playing a giant Jenga¹ game. I'm feeling ready. I know exactly which tiles to hold and sacrifice to maintain my prosecution's unassailability.

surfing it^A.

We exit the car and make our way through the clusters of journalists. We walk quickly to the beat of the heels on the



¹ www.buzzle.com/articles/tips-for-winning-jenga.html

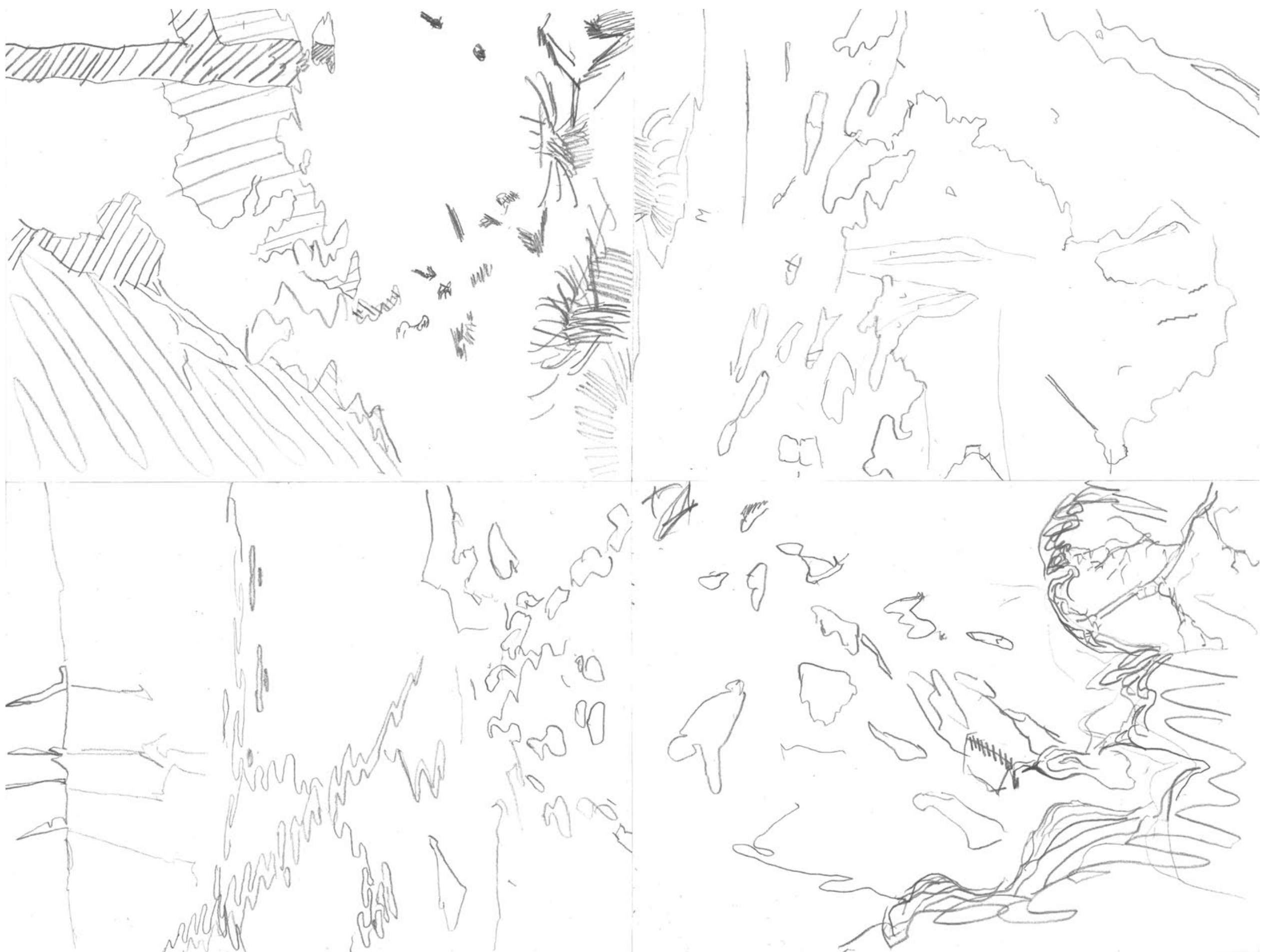
^A https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Muscle_memory

The click of heels on the courtroom's floor signals the defense's arrival. We're a few minutes from showtime. I reorganize the papers, put on my jacket again and sit straight back in my chair, ready to jump up at the judge's entrance. With his entrance the familiar ritual of greetings begins and I can proceed with my opening statement: "*Your honor, this is an indictment for the crime of environmental disaster². The defendants are accused for their catastrophic decisions as managers assigned to the Office of Geological Service and Civil Defense. When the hydrogeology plan of the Bisagno valley area was approved, they were in charge and through the evidence and depositions of our experts we will demonstrate – beyond every*

hallway's marble floor up to the courtroom. With the judge's entrance the greetings ritual begins and the prosecutor can proceed with an opening statement: "Your honor, this is an indictment for the crime of environmental disaster." And so on, with an effective but linear speech pervaded by a sense of inevitability worthy of the best Woody Allen^B. A subject inspired by the risky and anthropocentric idea of action-reaction. A classic and incredibly compact start, a neat organization, a city-state of concepts, the terms of the trial, seemingly unassailable but destined to rot over time. It's my turn: "*Your honor, let's exercise our imaginations. I ask you all to visualize this trial as an organism, with rules and*

² http://efface.eu/sites/default/files/EFFACE_Fighting%20Environmental%20Crime%20in%20Italy.pdf

^B www.youtube.com/watch?v=oqmmduRCa8



reasonable doubt – how, in that period, they approved a series of careless measures that led to the dramatic events we are all unfortunately aware.” And so on, brick upon brick, I shape the history of those days into a story of decisions and consequences. It’s the defense’s turn. “Your honor, let’s exercise our imaginations. I ask you all to visualize this trial as an organism...” and blah blah blah with an apotheosis of lame similes and metaphors that serve only

requirements. Each one of us, as an organ, would have a specific task to make sure that the whole system functions correctly, right? Now imagine that a couple of politicians approve a new law and a judge enforced it with speed and efficiency, and the support of the entire judicial system. The law is intended to prevent numerous issues for twenty years. We all agree to abide by the law, except for one selfish organ, the organ most inhibited by this measure. Then a trial begins. A trial where

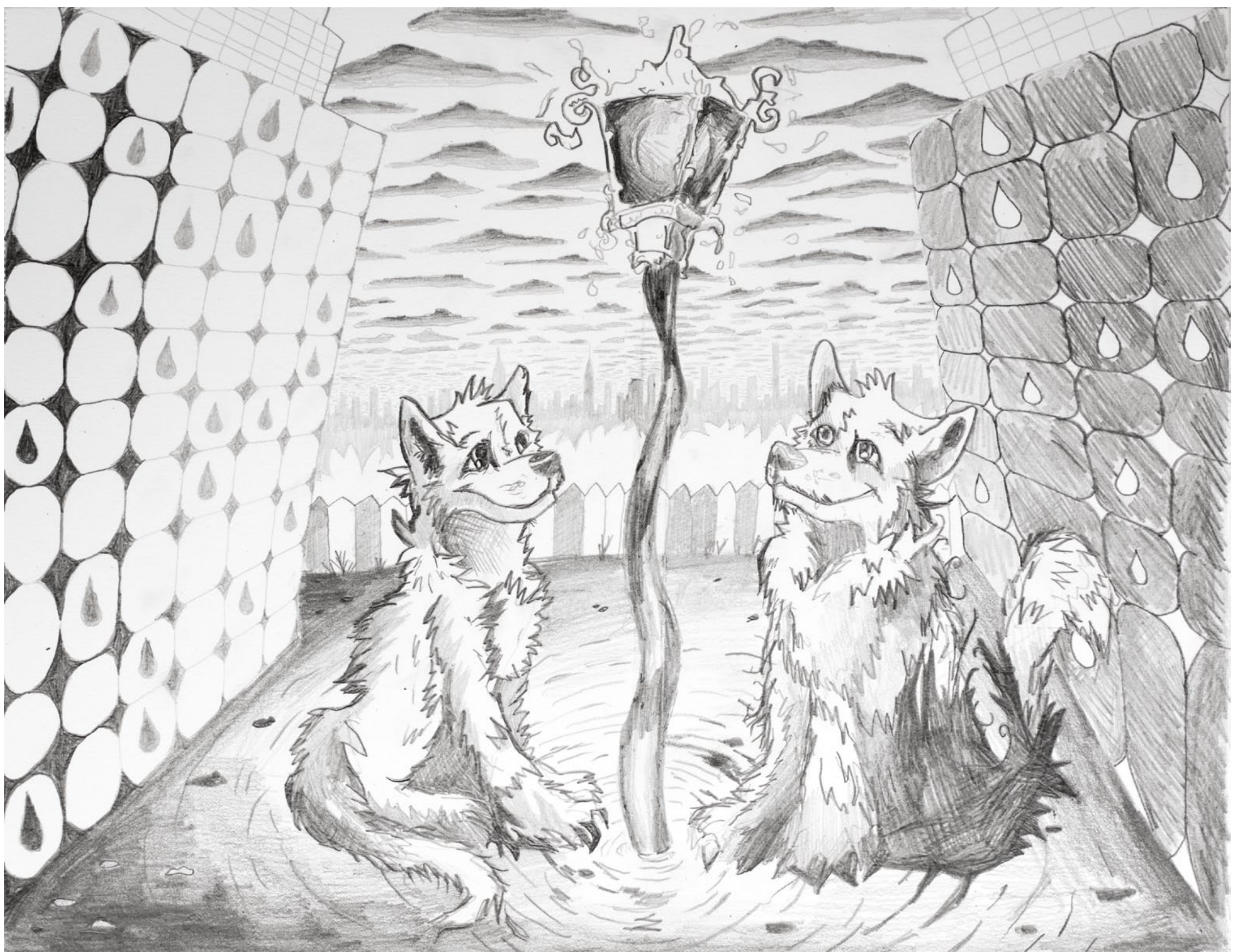
to drive the argument to a place of doubt. I imagine George Orwell's thin lips repeating how these figures of speech are nothing but the tomb of logical reasoning. Or maybe this is just a personal conjecture based on his "Politics and the English Language³," but I can't remember. The point being that every time someone uses a metaphor to render in the mind of the audience an image, they do not reveal a concept, but a sparse representation. It blurs and absorbs all previous ideas, leaving you clinging to a useless image. It becomes all about the persistence of that image, about how it fits, and in this case, I must admit, it is very tight and very wrong. What will the judge prefer? Watching a crackling fire or staring at an HDTV?

our politicians would be accused of causing a social disaster – explicitly an environmental one – just because the law becomes more and more effective with time, and not for the politicians themselves or for one specific organ, but clearly for the entire apparatus! How could they be convicted of this crime? By what right could a part of the system be considered superior than the system itself?" I press on, demonstrating that the flood was totally unpredictable and how the hydrogeology plan benefited local agriculture over the years. Through my performance, I almost enter a trance. I come back down to Earth, feeling not so confident, after a lightning-quick eye contact with the prosecutor. By then, luckily, I had just finished. "Thanks your honor."

³ https://wikilivres.ca/wiki/Politics_and_the_English_Language

It's evening. From my condo building's hall I can hear Jay, my Italian Greyhound⁴, squealing excitedly. When I open the door, she jumps on me and playfully tosses her leash at my feet. I grab gloves and plastic bags and we walk along the canal to the large fenced-in area where she will be free to run and play with the other dogs. I sit on the green bench usually occu-

A reckless moth knocks into the lampshade as I leave the office to meet my dog-sitter on my Rhodesian Ridgeback^c puppy Akira's evening walk. I rush to the Uni-credit Tower elevator, exit at the ground floor, and then walk all the way to the sweet little park next to the Vertical Forest. A puppy's energy is infectious: it completely fills whatever space in which



⁴ www.ngap.org/index.html

^c <http://cdn.playbuzz.com/cdn/d5768272-a52a-4b18-80b1-06e23606560a/e20e4403-2cf0-42de-a97d-a5034e3d694e.jpg>

pied by a group of young Puerto Rican girls and I start scrolling through the evening news on my phone. “Is it a bird, is it a plane? Virgin Atlantic harnesses ‘flapenergy’ with new Dreambird 1417⁵.” Scrolling. “Experts discover ‘Christopher Columbus’ anchor at Caribbean shipwreck site⁶.” Scrolling. “Challenge to Humans.” That’s the title of the Post’s article about the beginning of the trial and the implementation new laws against environmental crimes. It seems we’re finally ready to accept the challenge and assume the risk of being responsible for our own destiny.

it is present, and attracts smiles like iron shavings to a magnet. It numbs you, as an encounter with Truth. I scroll the evening news while playing with Akira’s tennis ball. “Bananas Injected With HIV Hoax Warning^D.” Scrolling. “Going to the Dark Side in Windows 10^E.” Scrolling. Only the Post talks about the trial and the implementation of the new legislation on environmental crime: “Challenge to Humans.” It seems that nature has openly challenged our anthropocentric dictatorship, we’ll see how it turns out.

⁵ www.youtube.com/watch?v=n_ob-5eC8uw

⁶ www.foxnews.com/tech/2017/05/02/experts-discover-christopher-columbus-anchor-at-caribbean-shipwreck-site.html

^D www.hoax-slayer.net/bananas-injected-with-hiv-hoax-warning

^E www.nytimes.com/2017/05/01/technology/personaltech/windows-10-dark-theme.html

Last night I had a meeting with the defense. We had a very long chat in their office which, despite its sleek design, smelled of deep-fried food. I should have sug-

The prosecution is already sitting – probably for a long time given their tendency for arriving at the courthouse long before proceedings will begin. I always wonder if



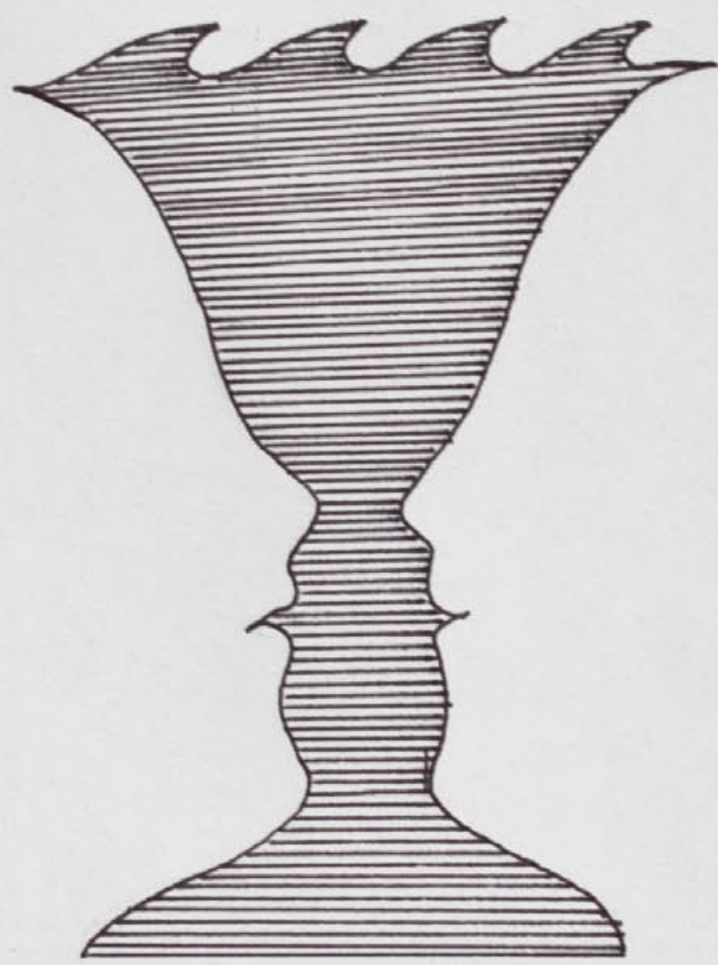
gested the defense buy the GX Aroma Diffuser I ordered on lotus-house.com. Our meeting went on for hours, though we failed to reach an agreement. What shocks me is that I'm not concerned that we didn't manage to do so – there's basically no meeting point between the positions and, paradoxically, that's the only consensus we could find. A successful resolution of the case seems far more complicated than what it did months ago.

With the courtroom filled, I surface from my concerns, fix the collar of my shirt, which always feels like it's bending right under my nape, and declare my evidence. *“The flood has irreparably changed the ecosystem of the area, wrecking the native flora and endangering many entomological groups.*

the impatience to get to the classroom and start barking orders is a complement to or a the cause of their disgruntled zen attitude. Chin down on a disordered pile of papers, some on the table, others protruding from a patent leather file, my opponent is a riot of white triangles. With half-closed eyes, I visualize my summations fluctuating, like a harmonious but impenetrable swarm^F. The judge enters the room and my arguments return to the wings, ready to perform a choreography that's been rehearsed.

The prosecution details its version of the facts. What is the prosecutor thinking while reiterating the dramas that have dominated headlines for these past months? *“We, as a free people..”* At times I listen, sometimes losing focus in the

^F www.wired.com/2013/03/powers-of-swarms



Pollination is no longer an achievable duty for the Holotrichapion pisi⁷: the most prosperous colony of local beetles in the past years

flux of consciousness; they start as sparklers, streaming from every word that attracts my attention. Who knows what the Word of

⁷ www.siliqoon.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/07/Qway_Planetcare.pdf

has almost disappeared, replaced by an overabundance of mosquitos that has multiplied at impressive speed, thanks to the many puddles, now permanent, left behind by the flood". The projector lights up, filling with blue light the blank rectangle on the wall reserved for it. I browse through the scanned documents. One of the two signatures, Oberdan's, looks like a duck's profile⁸, as if to emphasize the absurdity of its presence on those cards. There are other documents, found in the archives of the old municipal office: they include analysis of the soil, which could not absorb the huge amount of water brought by a sudden flood. A waterproof explosion. The list of accusations swells as I flaunt my case to the judge, detailing the things affected

the Year 2017 will be? I hope they fish out *adulthood* again, which is a bit what I'm doing here. I suppress a yawn while looking at dozens of white sheets of paper, these ones neatly arranged, that the prosecution will present as evidence. The signature of one of the defendants vaguely recalls the head of a hare⁹: I wonder if it's a real likeness or a projection of my mind, dimmed by the prosecution's redundant speech.

I stretch and unleash; I explain that yes, granulometric analysis and clay percentages are exact – it was clear that soil would only sustain, rather than mitigate, the floodwaters. It's also true that the loam that settled above those hundreds of square meters, after the flood subsided, fertilized the riverbanks so intensely, like a

⁸ https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/4/45/Duck-Rabbit_illusion.jpg

⁹ ↑ *ibid.*

by the decisions of a blind and selfish ruler. From the public gardens, once the city's most-prized public space, to the destruction of the Totalpulp factory, where the inventory of biodegradable products had dissolved in the floodwaters only to re-solidify into a ton of shapeless vegetable fibers; a leader in the green design sector morphed into a grey blob⁹. I tell of the palm grove, a symbol of the city now cruelly left to rot. Of local farms erased

little contemporary Nile. I list the positive outcomes of the flood, countering each of the prosecutor's accusations: the hordes of tourists who, for months, have crowded the city to photograph the promenade, made surreal by the double row of palms magically rising from the water like hollywoodian mangroves^H. Not to mention the damage done to Totalpulp: if you sell biodegradable material without hermetically packing every single



⁹ <http://mentalfloss.com/article/56433/7-movie-monsters-allegedly-represent-communism>

^H <http://www.indefenseofplants.com/blog/2015/3/5/mangroves>

by the catastrophe. *“We, as a free people, have freely decided that we want to live in some self-distorting world¹⁰.”* I’m a motor-mouth. It’s a sad cliché how no regulatory plan is ever conceived with long-term environmental interests, but only to sustain the illusions of the committee on environmental activities in the hope that the decisions made will not become problematic, at least not until the people who made them can’t be held responsible. Disaster is postponed, and eventually the problem will arise after the ball has been passed to another player. A mandala of mistakes that is endlessly made and disbanded.

As Dietrich von Hildebrand said, a man may develop a predilection for complicating as many things as possible because

product to protect it from moisture during storage, the upstream problem is packaging, not a natural disaster. But the most important thing is the true response of the ecosystem: *“Your honor, the ground has never been so prosperous in all the time geologists have documented it: plantations, which at first suffered the presence of the excess water, are now more fertile than before, urban gardens included. When the office approved the regulatory plan, to locate the residential buildings between the canals and to review the sluices’ opening times, the aim was to align their schedule with seasonal trends. This approach, experimental and less rigid, made it possible to optimize the relationship between water flows, the hydroelectric stations and the irrigation network while eliminating waste.*

¹⁰ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Post-truth_politics



1. THE DEFENDANT
2. THE WITNESSES
3. THE LAWYERS
4. A CEILING OR THE SKY
5. UNKNOWN, MAYBE A PHOTOGRAPH
6. THE JUDGE
7. A CURTAIN INSIDE WHICH WE FELL ASLEEP
8. THE TABLE ON WHICH WE ONCE MADE LOVE
9. ARE THEY SALUTING ME OR ACCUSING ME
10. YESTERDAY I REMEMBER YOU SMILE
11. YOUR HAT, THE HEAT THAT MADE YOU SWEAT
12. THE EXTENT OF WHAT WE CAN ACCOMPLISH TOGETHER WHILE BEING SEPARATED BY TWO VOICES THAT ARE NOT OURS

he mistakes complexity for *profundity*¹¹. I already know that the defense will hide behind a circumspect thesis on how

Of course, an overflow of this magnitude wasn't forecasted in the plan: but, it is also true that the gradual irrigation of the land im-

¹¹ www.ted.com/talks/nicolas_perony_puppies_now_that_i_ve_got_your_attention_complexity_theory#t-108924

and why the flood was either anticipated or inevitable, confident they can confuse and manipulate with data and speculations that we are not intended to understand but merely must acknowledge.

plemented in recent years made the soil more prone to flood management. There has been initial damage that the defense offers to compensate, but it must be acknowledged that the worst-case scenario has ended up benefitted the territory. The regulatory plan works.



Witnesses line up one after the other, guardians of the truth¹². Their voices light up the courtroom but betray a discomfort with this kind of space, a place where prosecutors like me spend a quarter of their lives. After members of the Farmer Cooperative, in their best Sunday suits, and representatives from Totalpulp, in their everyday ones, give their depositions, the witness from the zoological associations deliver

If we exclude the irked owners of some waterlogged English lawns, and the fava bean growers – the only farmers unable to restore their crops due to the fragility of fava bean plants – there is not much to complain about. The municipality will pay for the damage and everyone will return to their lives; The territory's citizens have already embraced the new face of this city – postcards of the new landscape are already available.



¹² www.youtube.com/watch?v=oTGgOZ46Af4

the parting shot, concretizing in a few fierce sentences the thesis that I, softly, had woven for months: that the office, plainly aware of the situation, had chosen to ignore the warning signs, or decided to interpret them as they pleased.

That evening at dinner, at the Japanese–Brazilian restaurant where I always go with my naturopath friend¹³, we go over the case again. *“What if the placement of the housing complex and the deviation of the canals had a greater focus than their sense of responsibility?”* he ironizes, breaking breaded crab with his fingers and dipping it into spicy mayonnaise.

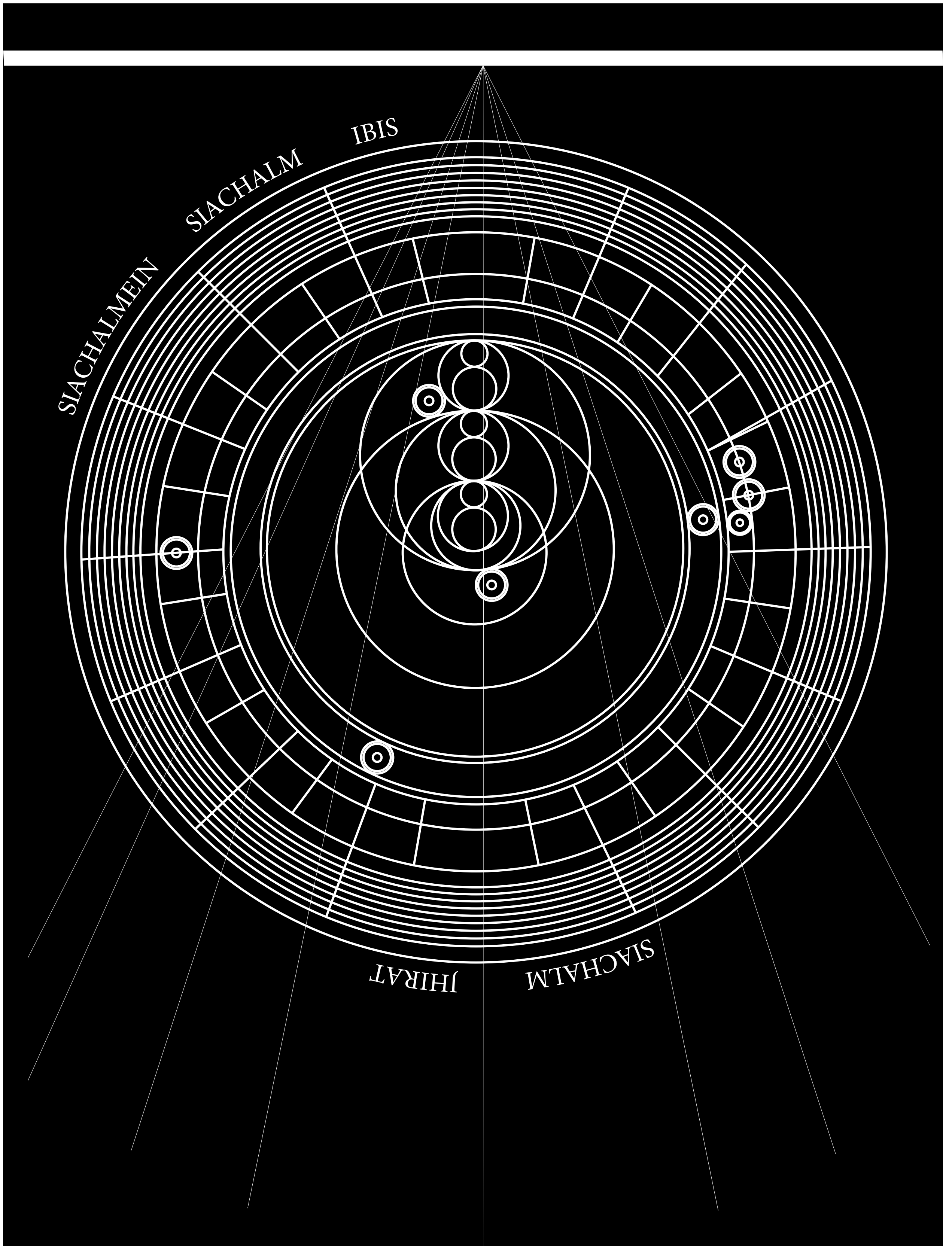
“The relationship between the sluice times and the tides reveals a pattern emerging from research: the municipal office has done nothing but reorganize the data around this development. The prosecution’s charges towards the dynamics of the facts is just a manifestation of negentropy: the plan has succumbed to nature rather than determining it.”

I bite into a piece of steak, stretch my legs on my terrace’s balustrade and answer my mother’s questions over speakerphone. *“There is little to say, if we do not win it means these hippies have not yet figured out how to do the work they’re trying to defend.”*

¹³ <https://sciencebasedmedicine.org/naturopathy-vs-science-fake-diseases/>

I'm exceptionally clumsy today. I almost spilled coffee on my assistant when I met him in the lobby. He gracefully dodged the spill that no doubt would have left a

I always found closing arguments to be the thorniest part of a trial. My "peers" – the obnoxious clique of established lawyers who speak in forked tongues, moral



huge stain. We watched the black spot on the floor divide into three equal parts.

Today is no day for hesitations. I enter the courtroom, going through the motions of formality so I can preserve my concentration. I listen carefully to the defense's speech so I can respond with the certainty that comes with a solid faith in the law – the most appealing quality to a judge. Avoiding redundancy and threading the underlying facts together will give the impression of a confident truth.

Still I feel there's a small – no! thin, deep and long – part of me that doesn't fully understand the logical continuity of the events.

The defense rises, speaking directly to the judge without trace of flattery as if addressing an inhibited sense within him the same as my dormant disbelief. *"We know nature*

dexterity as ultimate value – praise a certain aspect of my speeches, a kind of functionality that exemplifies what a closing argument is for: faking the weight of the relevance of this trial on this day, exercising rhetoric to its dead end, providing a sense of total immolation to the Law, reminding the jury of the necessity of the flexibility of the Truth. In this world, it's as if "peer review" is for scrutinizing the beauty of an experiment's function, not its results.

I remember a letter a famous author wrote to Don DeLillo in which the author told DeLillo he only found pleasure in writing his first, most technical novels and lost much of the enjoyment as time went by, as he freed himself from technique and feeling seeped into the work. I get it, and some part of me wishes I

through materialized forces and phenomena we experience and name. But is there a name for the effect of us breathing in this very room that is somehow affecting the lives of the woodworms liv-

could feel the same, but I always thought conceptualizing means killing, so at least a small, soft, remote part of the whole has to be sympathetic. Yet, as I ramble over nature as if



ing in the chairs we sit on?”

They speak with certainty and a spirit so firm I'm left wondering if this is something they just know for sure – something uncalculated and innate. A tone that is the opposite of rhetorical; it's as though they're running through a drill, not attempting to convince anyone of anything. The judge calls on me once, nearly twice before I come to: it's my turn but my mind feels emptied. I begin my speech by stuttering, my voice trembling, but my words exalted in meaning, like metal objects left next to a fire for too long. Strangely enough, after the trial I'll remember almost everything I said, but the heat, of course, will have vanished.

I were Schiller¹, as I color my closing speech with direct experience, my delivery remains plain and just a bit above dull, whereas the prosecution's delivery is tense, electric, heartfelt – all detachment and aloofness. *“The effects of the flood, your Honor, are direct, transparent, and, most of all, calculable. The same can be said of its causes. If this catastrophe has any purpose beyond its horror, it's not for it to be taken as an excuse to ponder over its status as a natural phenomenon, but to be the living paradigm of the consequences of bad planning, and bring it to an end once and for all. I'm sure we won't waste this occasion.”*

The thrill consumes me, and again I'm at the park with the puppies, with the monstrosity of their liveliness, their dumb power to attract affect.

I leave the courtroom

¹ www.schillerinstitute.org/transl/Schiller_essays/naive_sentimental-1.html

I leave the courtroom an automated body, completely drained of energy. I move through the tree-lined avenue detached from sound and light. I catch my tram at the last (still not accelerating my stride), and am taken home.

A deep sleep brings a regressive dream I won't tell anyone.

with my head slightly spinning, dressed too heavily for the season. I loosen the tie, unbutton the collar, but it's of no help. I rush down the stairs and open the courthouse doors as the sunlight hits me dramatically. I'm almost running and don't know the reason. An urge of thirst, the stain of sweat on my undershirt a perfect circle.



I always avoided seeing spring as a menace, despite my allergies. Most of my friends with the same condition weren't able to cope with it, while I adjusted to it with time,

I don't know where my habit of playing with the crown of my watch comes from. I can't say it's an unconscious twitch, since the pleasure I get from setting the right

starting from when, as a teenager with no mind to ever worry about my body, I spent the season in Greece. Since then, I learned to remove the symptoms from the realm of my agency.

Now I can watch the poplar seeds in the wind with indifference. I decided I'd walk to the courthouse from my place even though it would take much more time than I could allow. Calling a taxi at this point would feel like a failure. The verdict remains unpredictable. I passed the days since closing arguments trying to figure it out, but ended up just adding layers of complexity and uncertainty we never even considered in court. It's true that we can't measure the effects of the plan directly, but I know that, in law, a reason is always more tempting than a no-particular-reason.

The courthouse bar is

time back later is totally conscious. I twist it in sync with the motion of the ball back and forth through the field, as Federer plays the most gracious one-handed backhand I've seen in his late years.

The courthouse bar is still quiet. The plastic surface of the small tables refracts a strong white light – no briefcases, wallets, or phones in its path. It seems the orange juice arrives without a waiter. The glass materializes on the table out of thin air. I drink it slowly, and for the first time in hours, I try to focus on the trial. I only recall fragments of my last speech, yet I'm fairly certain our closing argument landed softly but persistently. It's not easy to convince people to disbelieve what logic seems to make obvious, to loosen the knots between events and present

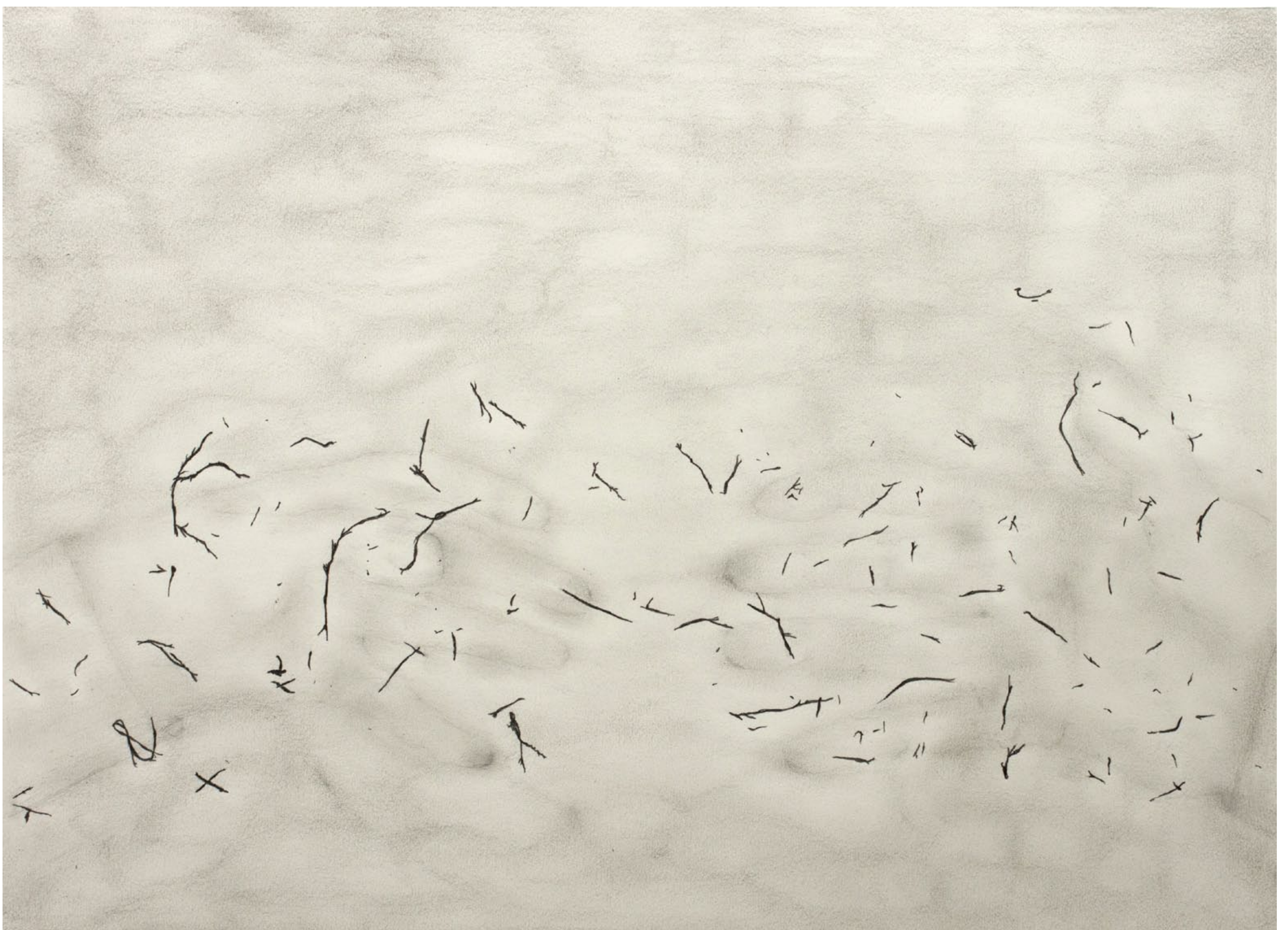
empty except for the defense, sitting at a table, completely still, contemplating the screen on the wall. When not going over papers – and not drinking orange juice either – they look either absentminded or lost in thought. The TV is broadcasting the Internazionali di Roma: the bright orange of the clay court fills the screen before panning to the contorted face of Nadal in super slow motion. He is power in plain sight, whereas Federer seems to float effortlessly through

them as separate facts.

A small magnetic force makes me turn my head back and notice the prosecutor standing behind me, a few meters away, looking intensely at the screen, entranced and alert at the same time, as they never quite looked in court. I look at them for a few seconds; they don't notice me; I turn back to the TV. Federer returns Nadal's serve.

–

I exit the room in a state of confusion. I try my best to quicken my pace



the field. The replay scene ends and leads back to the erratic flow of the game. Second set is a 1-1 tie.

-

The judge was resolute in giving what in the end really was an unpredictable verdict, though something in his tone sounded like a challenge in disguise, addressed at an invisible infrastructure. The arena suddenly grown into overwhelming proportions, leaving us obsolete like Totalpulp's disintegrating shit. Now a legal entity¹³, the flood has rights and duties. My job is finished here unless the State decides to sue the flood. It sounds ridiculous now, but none of us will be laughing if that day comes. I can't help but imagine the face of the flood in the style of that cartoon my nephews are obsessed with. As I

to dodge the people huddling around me asking questions. (I'll only learn later from the press I mumbled some answers, not entirely logical.) The doors to other courtrooms pass by swiftly; I remember, when I was an apprentice, wondering what stakes were played out in those rooms. Not with a playful sense of awe, but with the bitter-sweet feeling that someone there was losing or winning a battle that didn't have much to do with them. That wasn't what got me interested in the job in the first place, but I guess it's what got me going. From then on it was only a matter of adjusting to the balance of applying control over the mess, or watch it unravel by itself.

Today is different: no one won and no one

¹³ www.theguardian.com/world/2017/mar/16/new-zealand-river-granted-same-legal-rights-as-human-being



walk toward the elevator, I contort my half-smile into a more austere expression, fearing of a picture in the press. The smell of the courthouse hits me suddenly. Like the smell of hospitals, it's unique to its environment. I'm not repulsed by it: in there lies my affection to these somber leviathans. The scent exceeds representation – so it can be just mine – and soothes my allergies.

lost, the clutter tangled up in a new form – and it's that same bittersweet feeling all over again. I heard about it just a couple months ago: a river¹ in New Zealand was granted legal rights. And the Ganges too, after few weeks later. I don't know about floods, but the precedents these decisions set are unfathomable and I'm certainly not in the right state of

¹ www.theguardian.com/world/2017/mar/16/new-zealand-river-granted-same-legal-rights-as-human-being

Senses augmented, projecting an excess of meaning into the meaningless – like when you’re in love or when you visit a foreign country with an unfamiliar alphabet – I try to read the hallway like a text: knowing it in advance gives me comfort, still some of its features strike me as new. Has the clock on top of the law clerk’s office door always been this weird?

I hurry my pace to make it to the elevator, trailing the defense by few meters. I make it.

“What the...?” I comment.

“I know!” they say with a startled smile.

They pick a poplar pappus that was caught in my hair.

My watch marked 14:04 again, locked in a perfect

mind to even consider the ramifications. I’m just left with an unsurmountable uncertainty, as if a textbook I know by heart has just become alien. I get to the elevator, press the call button, wait, and get in. I don’t even have the time to turn back that I hear some fast steps toward me. The prosecution slows down: they’re going to make it before the doors close. As soon as inside I push the button for the ground floor. *“What the..?”* they say panting, with a smile.

“I know!” I say, smiling back.

“Uhm... do you think they’re still playing?”

when they changed sides tie-break.

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All courtesy the artists.

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