



GLIMMERGATE

Meris Angioletti, Simon Belleau, Joel Dean, Luca De Leva, Zoe De Luca, Alessandro Di Pietro, Attilia Fattori Franchini, Colin Foster, Martin Kohout, Sofia Leiby, Caitlin Macbride, Andrea Magnani, Alexandra Noel & Naoki Sutter-Shudo, Libby Rothfeld

Marsèlleria New York

May 3 – June 2, 2017, 525 West 23rd Street – NY, NY 10011

Mon-Fri, 2 - 6 pm or by appointment, info@marselleria.com

Gimmergate is a group show of drawings inspired by Qway (www.siliqoon.com/qway) 2nd issue, an online publication devoted to understand our times. It was presented in the New York venue of Marsèlleria on May 3rd and includes a collaborative short fiction by Mattia Capelletti, Zoe De Luca, Andrea Magnani and drawings by Meris Angioletti, Simon Belleau, Joel Dean, Luca De Leva, Zoe De Luca, Alessandro Di Pietro, Attilia Fattori Franchini, Colin Foster, Martin Kohout, Sofia Leiby, Caitlin Macbride, Andrea Magnani, Alexandra Noel & Naoki Sutter-Shudo and Libby Rothfeld.

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.

more... http://www.siliqoon.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/05/Qway_Glimmergate.pdf

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