



Adam Easton *Unknown*, 2014 18 x 26" Oil on Canvas

REVERSIBILITY

Opening: 07.17.20
Digital Exhibition via Instagram @loup_nyc

Mid-July and the city is blushing with revolution.

Scoured hands and butterflyed fevers behold beautiful black skinned lovers shedding blood at the hands of our protectors. Only tragedy and pain unravel from our dark and clumsy system. Imprisoned in firework phones, with rubied lungs, a starvation swells for justice.

Loup is pleased to present *Reversibility*, a group exhibition in partnership with Know Your Rights Campaign, featuring Skye Clark, Adam Easton, Juraj Černák, Vika Begalska & Aleksandr Vilkin, Angela Deane, Nadine Faraj, Evita Flores, Matthias Garcia, Kylie Manning, Jhon James Marin, Speck Mellencamp, Chimira Natanna, William Rerick, Verina Schwarz, Elaine Speirs, Ian Stanton, Urara Tsuchiya, and Jan Wolski. Know Your Rights Campaign seeks to advance the liberation and well-being of Black and Brown communities through education, self-empowerment, mass-mobilization and the creation of new systems that elevate the next generation of change leaders.

Reversibility explores this delicate shift in our collective history through the lens of both the dystopic poem *Reversibility* from Charles Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil*, and Jennie Livingston's 1990 film, *Paris is Burning*. 18 multidisciplinary artists have contributed both archive and new works influenced by the topical themes pertaining to both the global pandemic and uprising sourced within each. The ectoplasmic compositions throughout the show share a similar transparency of destruction, despair and a conceptual renaissance which provide a plethora of inimitable interpretations.

Flores's whimsical *Ballroom Nymphs* lends a re-examined surrealism to the revolutionary microcosm which was the drag scene in the 90s, touching upon the private and brilliant nature of its existence with an intimate and reverential hand. In *Thank You For Sending Me an Angel*, Wolski effortlessly manages to evoke the ethereal crypticism interwoven into the poems of *The Flowers of Evil*, while at once exuding a fragile, self-aware sentiment of hope - perhaps the distinct somatic embodiment of the hope which flew very last from Pandora's Box.