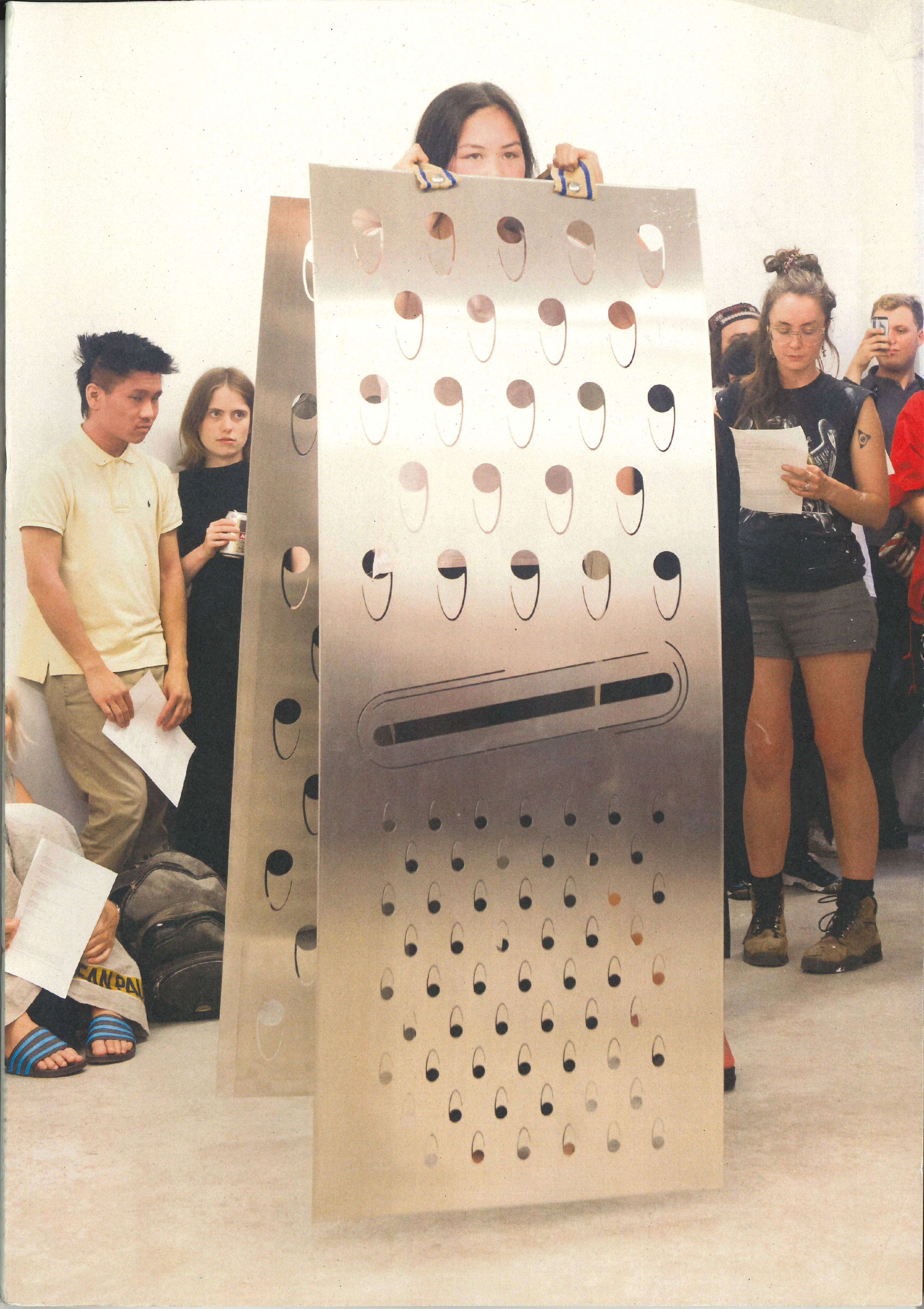

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Silly Canvas / Centre for Style Rag: Prologue

Presented by Centre for Style at Utopian Slumps
15th - 22nd December 2014

Catalogue Contents:

Helen Hughes	*16-17*
Dan Arps	*18-23*
H.B. Peace	*24-25*
Elisa van Joolen	*28-35*
Tim Gentles	*36-37*
Olivia Barrett	*38-39*
Lou Hubbard	*42-47*
Sally Gray	*48-50*
Dena Yago	*54-59*
Anna-Sophie Berger	*58-59*
Lisa Radford	*63-66*
Harry Burke	*68-70*

A Constructed World	*Nude costume dress*	Polyester, elastane, glue	
Amalia Ulman	*Adaptation of "El Dinero" (AIDS awareness poster #04)*	Digitally woven tapestry	
Anna-Sophie Berger	*could be a scarf (gold)* *could be a scarf (silver)*	Satin silk, crystal glass buttons, thread Satin silk, crystal glass buttons, thread	
Bless	*Untitled*	Virgin wool, polyester	
Body by Body	*Mr. Squiggle v5.0*	Fleece, cotton	
D&K	*DK 2015 '01' unpacked precious art work as precious art work, from previous projects DK101, Desire 101, #thathautcouturefeeling, effortless beauty takes alot of effort and featuring Sanja Pahoki's View from Suomenlinna of the Baltic Sea (Blue), 2011. Perpendicular front side 'your horizon ™' sky view and back side broken ice and frozen sea placed and eyeleted on Dolci & Kabana tissue paper; shoulders caught with DK101 number '01' and Desire 101 glass beaded 'd'on latex.*	Digital print on silk satin, silk screen print on silk organza, bonded nylon elastane, glass beads, latex	
ffiXXed	Delays AW15/16	*Fire resistant polyester*	
H.B. Peace	Infanta : Framed	*Ink, silk, aluminium*	
Ida Ekblad and Eirik Sæther	Weighted Eyelids. Bleached Brows.	*Leather, airbrush on canvas, polyurethane foam, fabric scraps, cat figure*	
Lucina Lane	well u can do whtevr u like	*2 x LA dodgers snuggies, folded to fit*	
Marlie Mul	Grater	*Aluminium, canvas*	
Mikala Dwyer	Mary-Maria	*Hessian, hair, organza*	
Trevor Shimizu	Sweat Stained Dress	*Cotton, rayon, screen printing ink*	
Susan Cianciolo	textile piece & dress	*Hand dyed textile work made into a flat pattern dress*	

Centre for Style would like to extend a heartfelt thanks to Melissa Loughnan, Charlotte Cornish, Anna-Sophie Berger, Ricarda Bigolin, Nella Themelios, Hugh Egan Westland, Blake Barns, Sarah Crowe and Clare Wohlnick for their exceptional assistance with Silly Canvas.

THE MET GALA Saturday 20th December 2014 from 10pm:
Please join us for the closing party of Utopian Slumps, Slopes and relocation of Centre for Style at the Mercat 465 Queen Street, Melbourne.
Formal Met Gala attire required.

Silly Canvas Interview

HH In your preamble to the exhibition, you talk about the Silly Canvas works as being concerned with 'surface alone'. What does 'surface' mean to you? Particularly vis-a-vis images?

ML Surface here was the attempt to force the invited participants of the show to make works that are all identical in dimension: 170cm by 70cm. In this way Centre for Style becomes an authorial 'collaborator' in all the pieces. What the participants were essentially then asked to challenge was the image to be superimposed on this form. Of course though, through this method the image finds its form. 'Surface alone' is simply the departure point. I don't really know how to distinguish surface and image, at least here, as they are both porous but in any case they are used as the heuristic common denominator in the exhibition. The image is perpetually put through the washing machine in theory circles, oscillating between a depoliticised and repoliticised proxy, an index or the reality? Ughhhh… I sort of envision a convergence where representation takes on corporeality, a thing I feel our modern bodies perform. So image, at least in dressing, is very political. While this debate interests me it's not quite the concern here and in Silly Canvas I am far more excited by how different artists with very identifiable practices had to, in some way, malign their autonomy as producers for a prescribed collective system. So I opted for the sack dress. Its rectangular accommodating fit, or rather lack of fit, has a certain capability for image. Hence surface became the place in which artistic vision was 'manifested'. In a way, it's such an obvious conventional agenda that to crudely draw attention to it is very silly (and fun :p). It's kind of like a school assignment that we all shudder about in retrospect…

HH What is important to you about the transition between the flat, static surface of a sack dress unworn, and the movement and three-dimensionality of a sack dress embodied?

ML The unworn garment, that is the flat, hollow form, is popularly analogised by fashion academics such as Caroline Evans to the corpse and perhaps more precisely to the undead. It is not until worn, where flatness is mandated to figure, that the garment actualises itself. This assumption would explain many tropes in retail merchandising, foregrounding the signature pieces of the store on three-dimensional mannequins. Traditional fashion exhibitions are much the same, favouring the body for a greater epistemological canvas of the work. Two-dimensionality renders a map of references and three-dimensionality signals reality. This is clearly problematic though because there is no neutral body nor is the undead a purely impassive concept. So while I may agree that what really changed between the two iterations of Silly Canvas, that being worn by a model and hung on a suspended pole was mobility, it was also about the tension of states of becoming in both iterations. This for me is the particular power of fashion. These transferred states in some cases, like Marlie Mul's 'Grater', was a humorous tension and in others, such as D&K's piece, was more ethereal. I guess I would say this transition was less about the model as a subject as it was the piece realising different subjectivities.

HH For a fashion philistine such as myself, can you explain why the 1965 Mondrian shift dress by Yves Saint Laurent was tokenistic in its attempt to transpose a canvas onto a garment?

with Helen Hughes And Matthew Linde

ML To clarify this to our readers: I wrote for the invited participants a brief that used that YSL work as a historical paradigm from which Silly Canvas was annexing. In fear of sounding glib I should also mention that while describing it as tokenistic I also named the piece seminal. However, to answer you glibly: because it was dumb! Well, actually, I love that dress but it's the conversations surrounding it that I find so painful. And here we must open the inevitable obtuse statement: fashion becomes art. The critics and commentators loved it for this but for all their praise it only realised such a dichotomy. It made the whole thing a joke, but really the collusion between the two fields is much more structural, concerning market desires and projecting our subjectivity. Nancy Troy writes a much more acute thesis in her book The Afterlife of Piet Mondrian about the infinite diffusion of Mondrian as a symptom of the market forces of art penetrating the everyday. Needless to say, it was this tongue and cheek, tokenistic quality I wanted to indulge. Like most of us have always cringed about the whole fashion as wearable art conversation, wearing a Modernist Broadway Boogie-Woogie painting is hardly a radical artistic feat but it's certainly silly. Alessandro Bava comments on a photo of Mul's piece being worn by the model on our Instagram: "Chic af"* …Lol that's what I liked about Silly Canvas, that crude mashing of languages.*af = as fuck

HH Can you talk me through your signature mode of runway — i.e., no chairs, and usually in an art gallery, such as West Space, Utopian Slumps, Slopes or Artbeat? How do you think these decisions impact on the viewing experience?

ML Well this is hardly my signature mode; in all honesty this is just the default setting for many practitioners working today and my motivation here is convenience. As you yourself have been involved with, many galleries, given their alacrity to reflect and produce culture's heterogeneity, often program talks, gigs, fundraisers, runways and other event-based projects with much more flexibility. Whether this is early 20th century trade shows or Susan Cianciolo presenting at Andrea Rosen in the 1990's or Telfar parading down the halls of the New Museum in 2014, gallery spaces are a predictable site for the runway event. This doesn't mean I'm lazy when it comes to presentations and I feel I spend a lot of time contemplating the performative, visual and architectural possibilities and limitations as well as considering the existing symbolic status of any space. Runways are thrilling though. No wonder people cry when watching these things, people dressed up walking around you, there's a lot of pressure, especially on the audience. A powerful runway for me is not just manifesting the 'fantasy' of fashion but when it forces audiences to contemplate the covert, that we are all bodies walking in spaces wearing things, continually in a state of self-design. Perhaps the gallery can heighten this awareness. It's hard to give a specific answer because each show has its own contingencies and concerns that need to impact on the viewing experience, as you put it. Though the runway presentation is not my only means, this is definitely something I want to pursue in the future – what other spaces could function as runways?

Helen Hughes is the co-founder and co-editor of Discipline, and a curator at Gertrude Contemporary.
Matthew Linde is the Director of Centre for Style.

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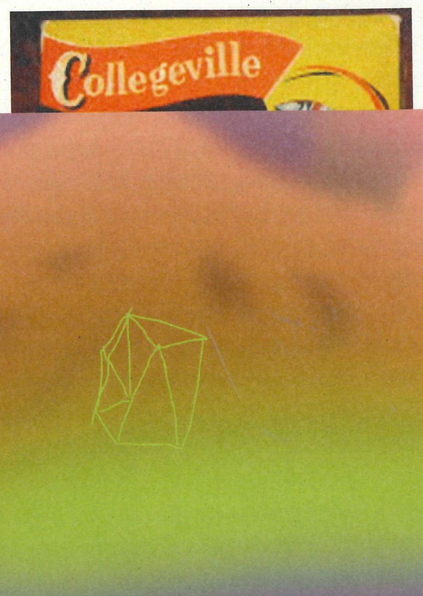
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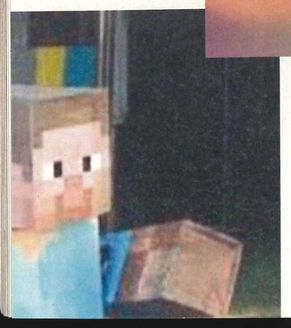

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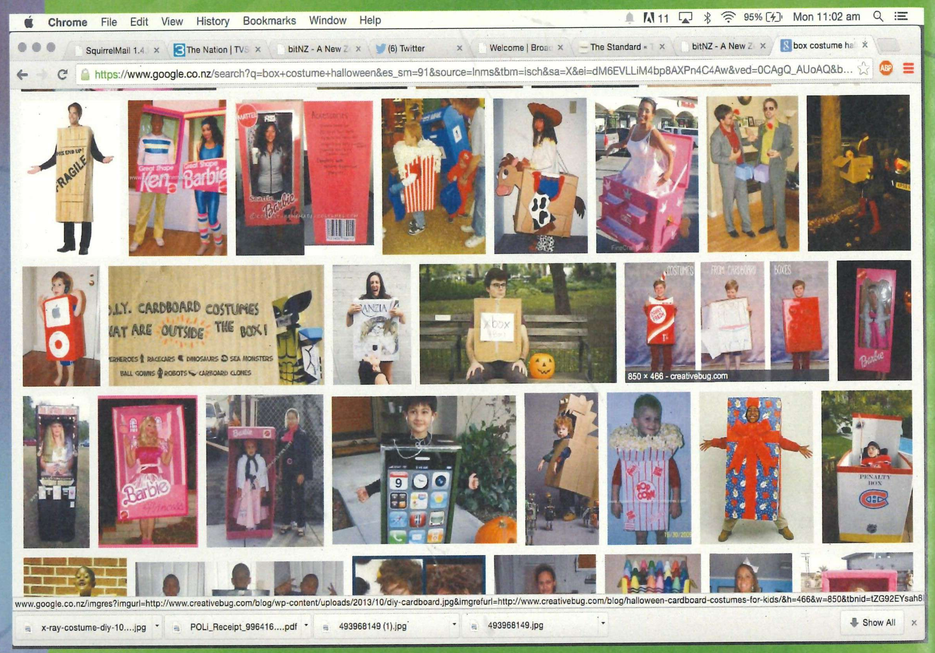
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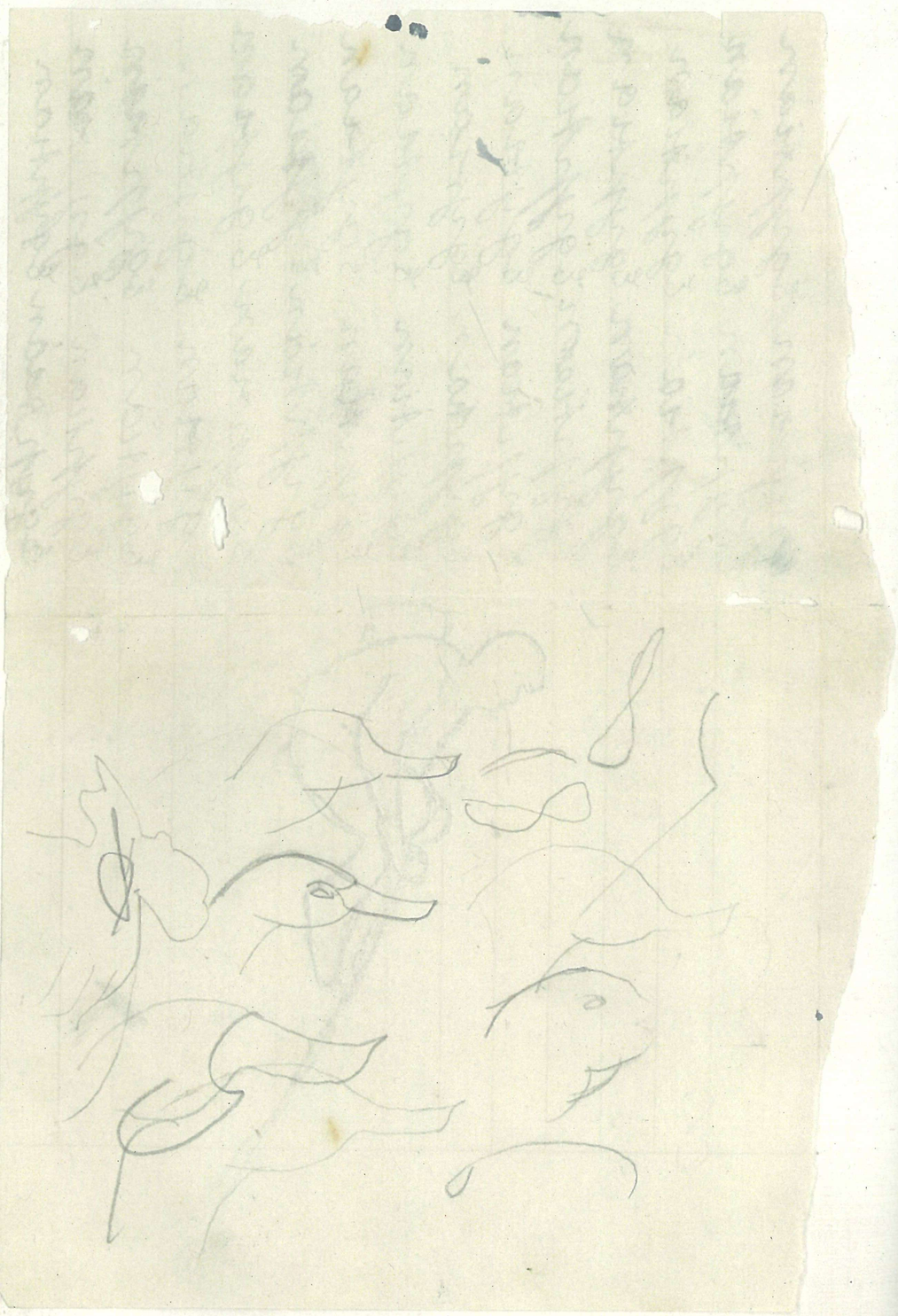

an object that glows into another
correlates it's own worth into itself through another's
it's hand-glove approach offers a time of recollection
mesmerizes light growth into it's form of another's taste
drowns itself in the hand in hand gesture
with new force
it swells it firms into smothers and gives and encircles it's vibrations
is held and loose release joins it and let's it go go go
and it turns inward to the others and tells itself now now tastes its upswells
and give and circle with all that response the letdown wall not holding
then new wall holds it sound of warm care acceptance non importance
losses and gains holds likes for then then let's it go
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new form
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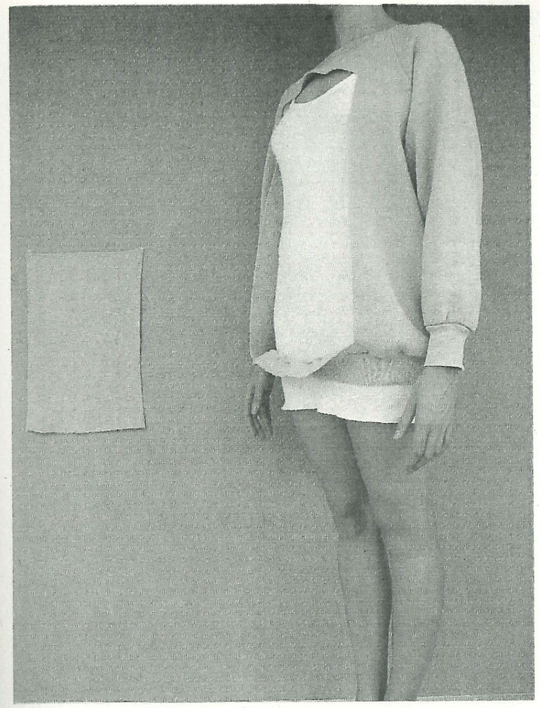

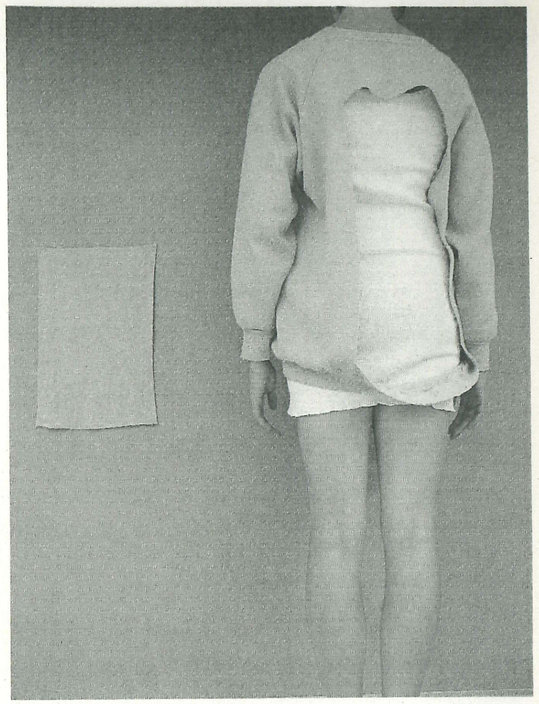

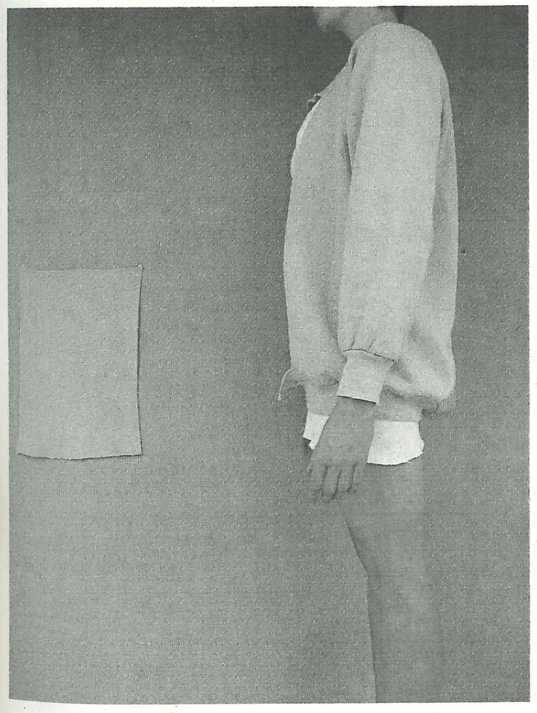

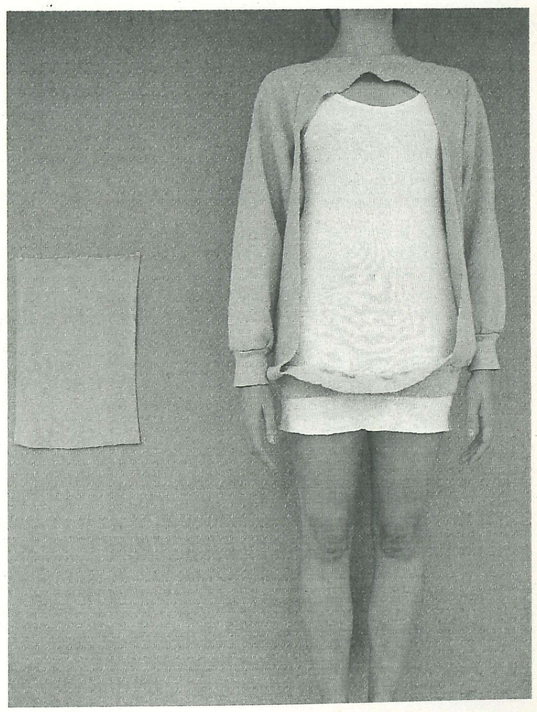

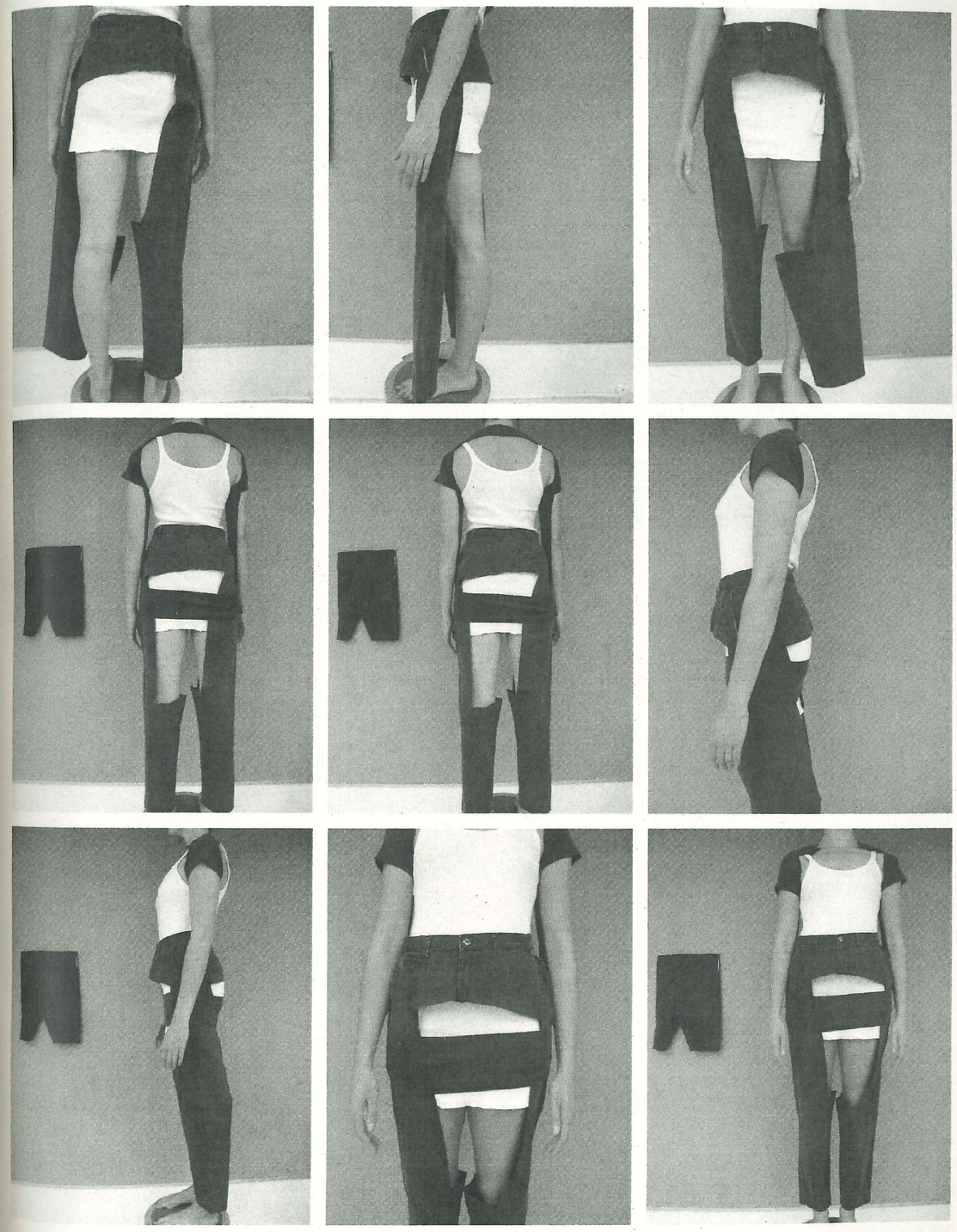

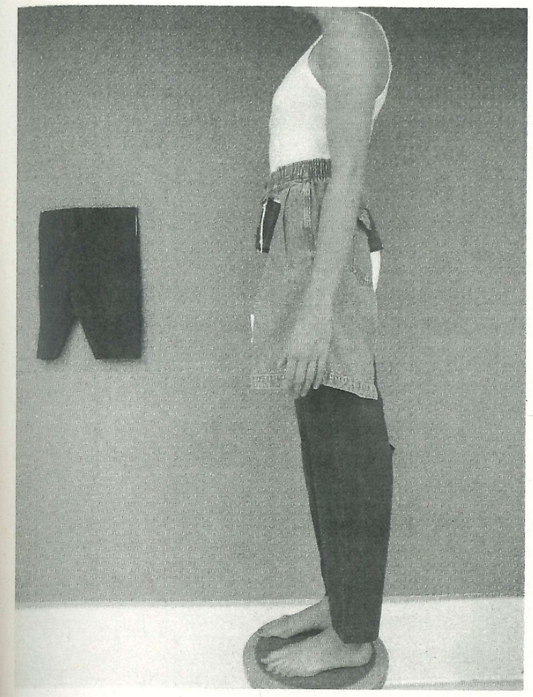

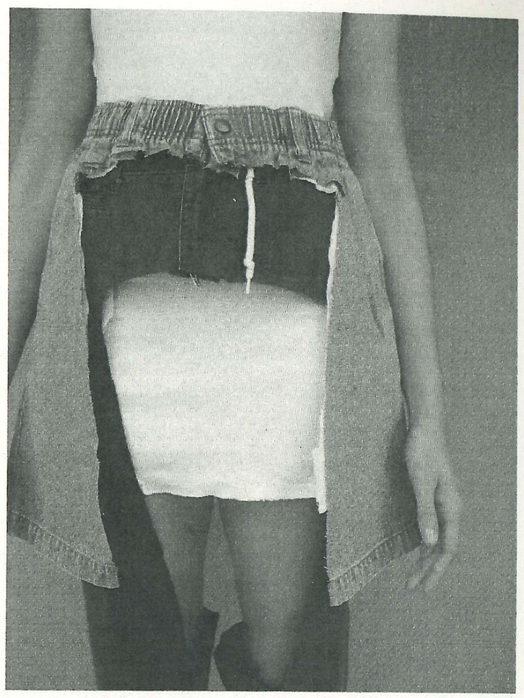

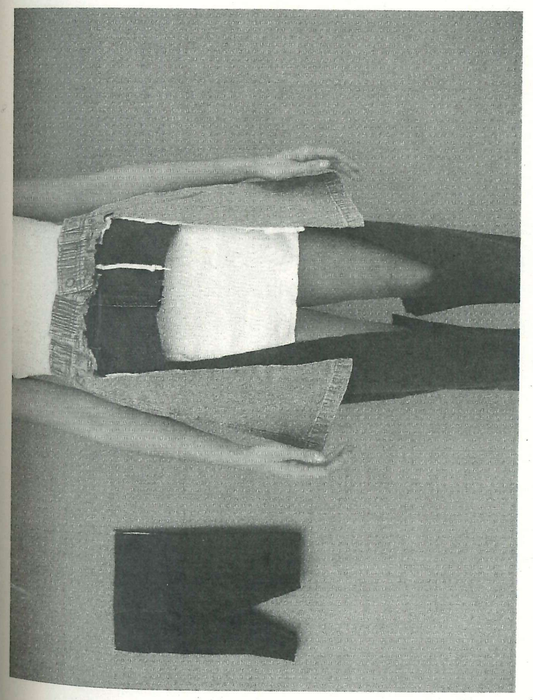

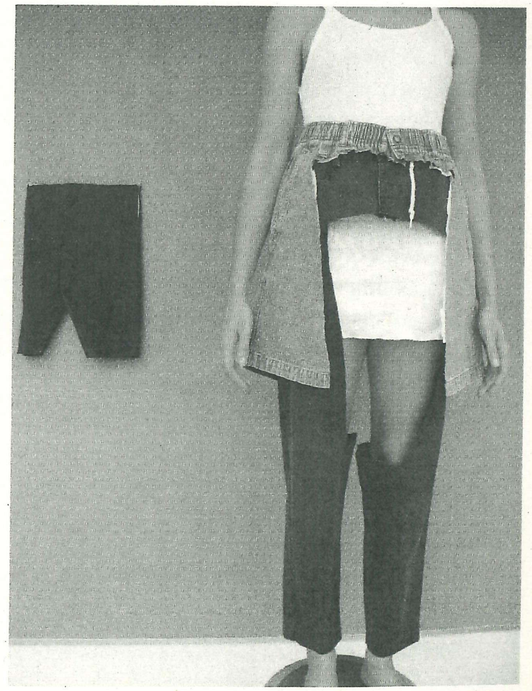

"What can be done to a body?" asks Caroline Busta in her contributing essay to the Bernadette Corporation: 2000 Wasted Years catalogue. During the course of their 20-odd years of existence, Bernadette Corporation repeatedly and diligently probed at the relationship between bodies and the multifaceted cultural forces that shape them. The body emerges from this interrogation as the privileged contemporary mediator of value —a locus of exchange through which anything it touches turns into fashion. The answer to Busta's question turns out, of course, to be: everything.

The question asked by Silly Canvas is more along the lines of what can be done to a canvas once it has been placed on a body and walked down a catwalk at its own opening. How does the artwork recover from such a shameful display of its complete exchangeability, that at the end of the day it's just a surface that can be taken off the wall, put on and then discarded at will?

Bernadette Corporation's 2004 novel Reena Spaulings – collectively authored by allegedly over 150 writers in an attempt to mimic the production line process of the large-scale production houses of film and television, or perhaps that of the mass middlebrow garment – is an attempt to channel a surplus of subjectivities into a register far more appropriate for today, the bildungsroman. Blank, affectless, perpetually bored, its titular protagonist Reena – an underwear model who moonlights as a security guard at the Met – demonstrates the redundancy of personality in the face of an emerging biopolitical consensus of the body as a surface for circulation. Reena stands in for the levelling of the subject, and with it the autonomous subject proposed by art, into questions not of style, but styling.

The purpose of styling, as David Joselit notes, "is to manipulate and transform the status quo."[1] The shift in art discourse from a notion of 'style' that groups and historicises aesthetic practices to one of styling entails a reorientation of art within a broader aesthetic field in which it is no longer a privileged actor.

Such is the condition for the circulation of images today, where art cannot help but rub up against the currents of fashion and consumerism. Rather than mourn this situation though, the lesson of Bernadette Corporation suggests that it is only by evacuating bodies of their uniqueness that we might be able to approach something like collectivity. Without aesthetic forms that are subject to the same flows of images, culture and capital that bodies are, how are we to apprehend the social body as anything other than a hopeless abstraction?

This, of course, is sociological as much as anything else. Isabelle Graw suggests of the Cologne art scene of the '80s and '90s – some of whose notable figures, Rosemarie Trockel and Jutta Koether among them, have long integrated clothing and textiles in their practices – that it, in its rigorous commitment to blurring the distinction between an artistic practice and one's social milieu, was a pioneering example of the now ubiquitous "erosion of the distinction between the private and public sphere."[2] This ubiquity has gone hand-in-hand with the rise of networked forms of capitalism, whose turn to communication is visible in every aspect of the

cultural and political arena. Art, having found itself beaten at its own game by commerce via a model that was once specific to it, is only now beginning to respond appropriately, by directly addressing the networked conditions of its production, reception and circulation, a condition in which, David Joselit suggests, painting is beside itself.[3]

By taking the rudimentary sack dress as its starting point, the works in Silly Canvas operate in various states of transitivity. Not content to be merely clothing – rather, making something of a mockery of such a mere-ness in their prescribed formlessness – these hybrid pieces by necessity have to look elsewhere in search of their significance, to the world of value and image into which their ugly functionality can be transcended. Subsuming any notion of style to one of constant refashioning, the work in Silly Canvas hovers in a moment of indecidability, where art is both a liberation and a crutch.

1	David Joselit, "The Power to Style," Texte Zur Kunst 88 (December 2012) https://www.textez urkunst.de/88power-style/.
2	Isabelle Graw, "Seen From Here: On Myths of Cologne, Heteronomy, and Scenarios of Withdrawing and Dropping Out in the Face of the Increased Significance of 'Life'," Texte Zur Kunst 63 (September 2006), 129.
3	See: David Joselit, "Painting Beside Itself," October 130 (Fall 2009).

In the space where a photographer was likely seeking to produce a portrait of Sturtevant's face, she twists a silver jacket across her chest and eyes, further in both directions than the cut of the garment would encourage. Her hands are unseasonably tanned, for any season, nearly fluorescent themselves they lead to nails painted neon orange. Both her hair and the jacket are silver and, characteristically, they host the reflections of their surroundings. Sturtevant recedes under the surface of the silver fleece - of course her portrait is reflexive, mercurial and repercussive, as per everything Sturtevant.

She was accompanied by Beatrix Ruf when she acquired the jacket in Zurich, a jacket she bought 'several times' and now one of the iterations previously possessed by Sturtevant is owned by Florence Bonnefous, who also owns the gallery Air de Paris. Sturtevant's studies of other artists' style may or may not meaningfully contribute to the excellence of the artist's *personal style,* but regardless, there is something in the logic of fashion manufacturing, where there is no original but just many repetitions, that speaks to Sturtevant's presaging of a world populated by multiples and in pursuit of representations that immediately invite their own duplicates.

The first outfit Sturtevant is pictured in within her Museum of Modern Art retrospective *Double Trouble* is her naked body in motion. *Study for Muybridge, Plate #97: Woman Walking* is a series of sequential images that convey her progressive strides past three repeated paintings, unclothed. While everybody's feminism is their own to command and on the record Sturtevant distanced her work from the theoretical work of feminist theory, the result of her practice is a potent strike through art history and the sovereignty of male standards. Moving across repetitions of the work of male artists in *Study for Muybridge*, she is the protean foreground to art history's inert background. That the image is Sturtevant's own image, that it occupies cultural territory that she is in charge of, signals an early moment for women projecting their own version of their nakedness and demarking this as cultural space.

One of the works passed by the artist in *Study for Muybridge* is a repetition of Jasper Johns' *Flag.* Bruce Hainley wrote a probably-perfect book on Sturtevant, a lush document that chooses a different vista to the museums catalogues, the monographs. Standing in front of Sturtevant's *Johns Flag Above White Ground*, a misremembered version of one of Hainley's questions in the book assembles in my mind: *What would it mean to pledge allegiance, not to any copy, replica, mimesis, simulacra, fake, clone, or multiple, but to this new flag and that for which it stands?*

Would it be a pledge to something as contingent as the social but also something simultaneously, incongruously, exposing the inwardness upon which, regardless of its appearance, art can be founded?

Hainley's question shakes off the frigid 1:1 agenda of appropriation art and permits the new object its own chemistry, so as to allow an activity that Sturtevant expresses as 'the razzle dazzle of thinking.'

In an interview that produced a feature in the Los Angeles Times, Museum of Contemporary Art curator Helen Molesworth describes the terms of her feminism as 'thinking about the men differently, debunking ideas that attend male superiority.' On a higher floor of the MoMA than the Sturtevant retrospective, rests the permanent collection. Like most museums, it effortlessly installs male creative efforts as more abundant than, and superior to, the work of women. In one of MoMA's permanent collection galleries, Sturtevant's seven-channel video installation *The Dark Threat of Absence Fragmented and Sliced* cuts across the diagonal length of the space. The hereditary grid of museum organisation is split open by Sturtevant's brutal, comic and manic work, which draws Paul McCarthy's videos, hysterical television footage and gauche physical comedy into a chain of frenzied reflexes. The sound easily reaches the Malevich, Duchamp and Picasso works that share MoMA's fifth floor. It is the only moment of the exhibition where the right kind of real estate in the exhibition has been made available for Sturtevant's purpose. "'I have no place at all except in relation to the total structure,' she said in 1969", said a wall label attending her vital video sculpture *Elastic Tango.* As such, it's not in the quarantined space allocated by MoMA to her retrospective that the work thrives, but in the unbounded, social structure of the permanent collection, where it converses with the art that it seeks to unsettle.

When culture began to perform reproduction and reconstitution more quickly than what art was capable of, it was the moment that Sturtevant 'was right' and we could all understand empirically what she already perceived psychically. Sturtevant understood the migratory tendencies of surfaces, the coming deluge of unattributed content, of images elastic beyond their origins well before the world was equipped with the system that would truly untether them.

If the traditional movement of art can be described as flowing from an idea into an object, Sturtevant reverses this flow so the object provides reflex for an idea. Under these conditions, one can laugh in sync with Sturtevant's laughter at claims that originality produces an intellectual hierarchy between things that share an appearance.

Meanwhile:
The current moment was yesterday [laughs]
-Sturtevant

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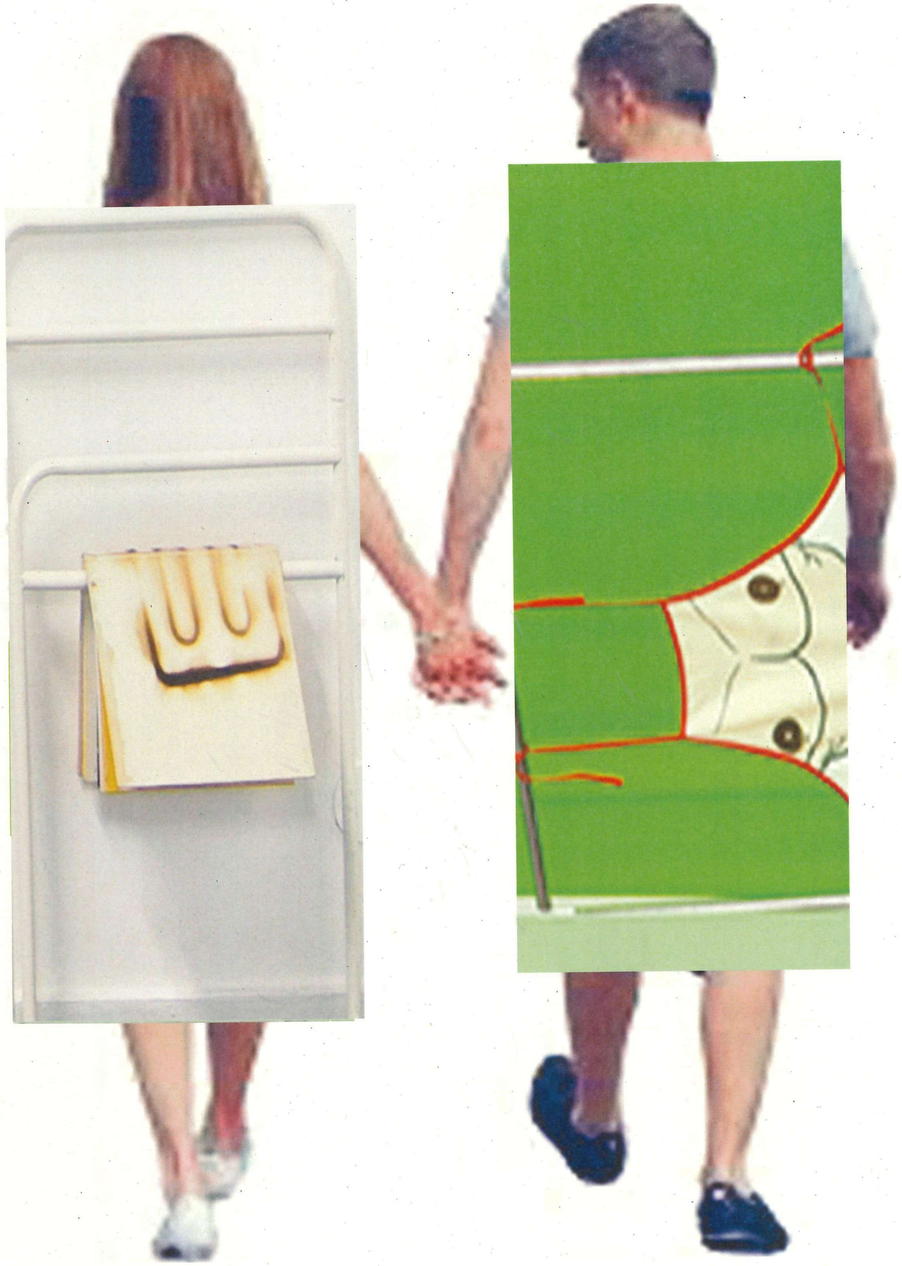

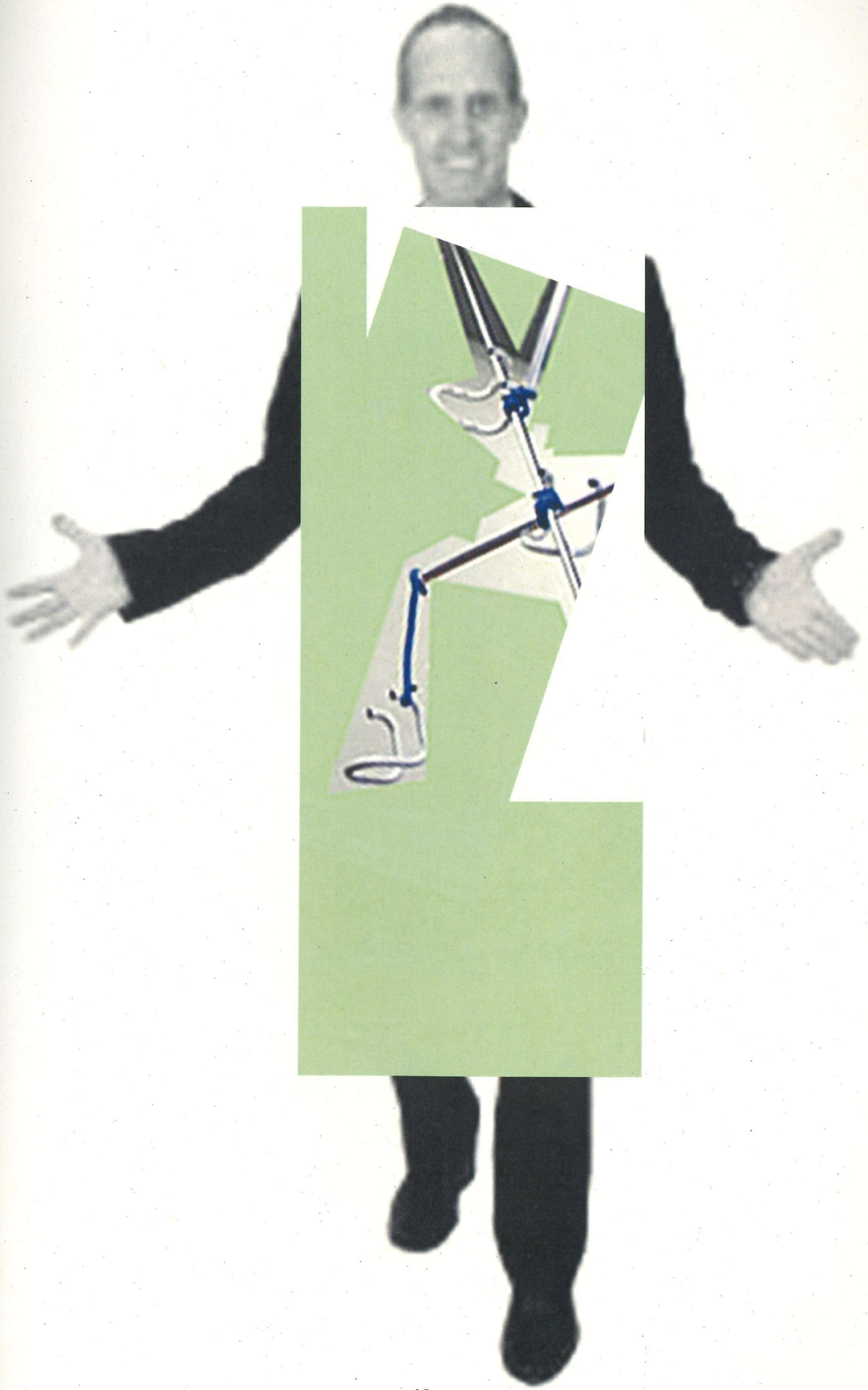

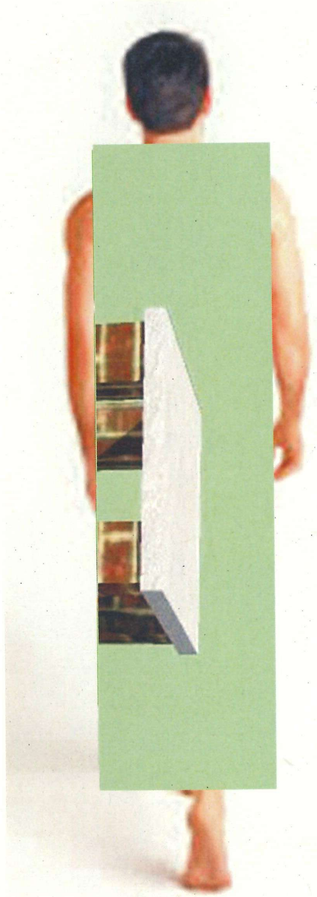

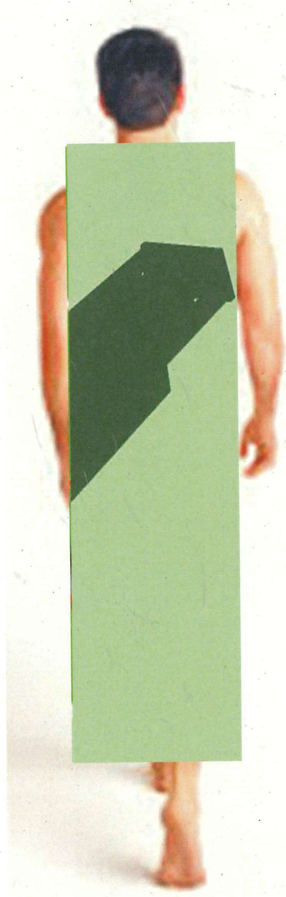

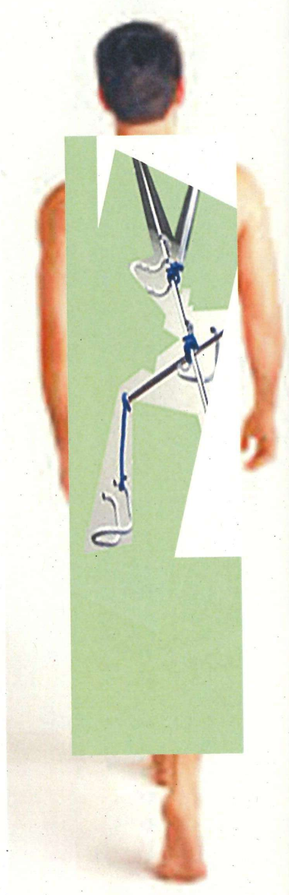

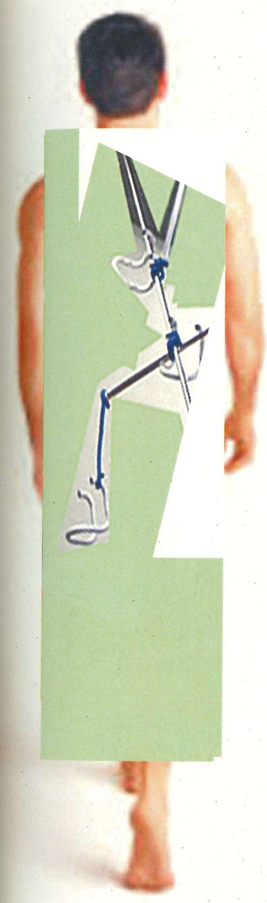

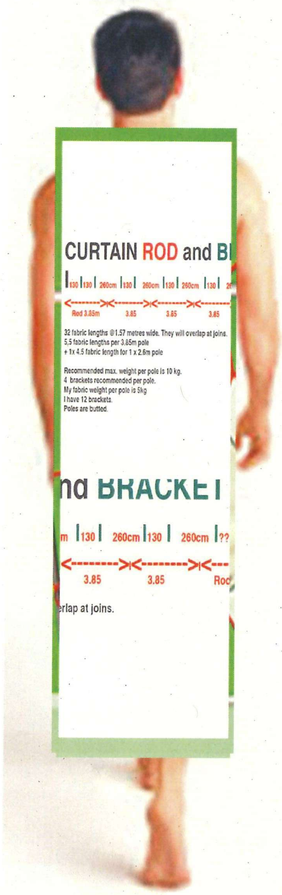
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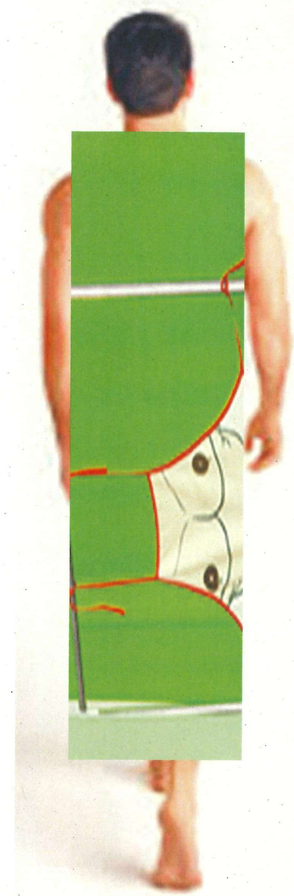

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Sally Gray

Supported from the shoulders – structure and plane

By using the shoulders as an anchor point, I could then lift the piece of clothing off the body. Darts were no longer necessary.[1]

André Courrèges (1965)

The 1965 Paris trend, described at the time as the 'Courrèges bomb', emphasised movement and flatness, as opposed to the hyper-feminine shaping and studied postures of *hauteur* associated with the restoration of *haute couture* and the French luxury goods industry in the postwar period. André Courrèges' haute couture dresses for Spring/Summer 1965 stood away from the body, a form echoed in the shifts, chemises, tunics and mini dresses of Pierre Cardin, Mary Quant, Prue Acton, Emanuel Ungaro and Hubert Givenchy. This *flattening* of forms was, as has been endlessly reported, a youthful, *freedom loving*, girl friendly, departure from the waists, bosoms and hips of the recovered femininity of the late forties and fifties. Flat planes invited treatment of the dresses as canvasses. Deceptively flat, but in fact highly structured, Yves Saint Laurent's much imitated wool crepe 'Mondrian' dresses of 1965 were divided by geometric black lines into bold colour planes in homage to Piet Mondrian's *Compositions* from the 1930s-40s. Using dresses "like canvasses or flags", Saint Laurent extended the graphic treatment of flat surface in 'Op Art' and 'Pop' dresses (1966-67).[2]

Highly influential as arty anti-fashion, especially in the Anglosphere in the 1960s and 70s, the Marimekko dresses of Finnish designer Armi Ratia, operated emphatically as canvases and flags. Bold graphic prints in high key colour were carried by an "elementary construction … determined by the shoulders." [3]

70cms x 100cms (or 75cms) a story of plane as volume and kinesthetics

In 1983 I returned to Australia after several years working with Bangladeshi, Somali and Punjabi women on adult work-seeker education programs in East London. During the Thatcher period, the collapse of the textile industry in Bradford and other parts of the North of England saw many British South Asians relocate to the already depressed East London boroughs of Tower Hamlets and Hackney. They faced limited public housing options and the prospect of competing for non-existent jobs. Despite the grimness of the situation, I learned a lot from working closely with these women. Apart from gaining political insights, the experience changed my own approach to everyday dress. I'd read widely about Islamic women and notions of veiling and modesty. But it was close daily proximity to these women that turned an academic understanding into an osmotic process whereby I found myself assimilating aspects of Muslim women's dress traditions, especially the kinetics and haptics of shalwar kameez type garments. I processed all of this, in text, image and movement, in a performance work I did at Artspace in Sydney, Relations: A Duet in Black and White,

with film scholar Laleen Jayamanne, in late 1983. Gradually my approach to dress had changed. I wanted to reduce things to fundamental elements of 'covering and grace' (as that's what had been transmitted kinesthetically from the bodies of the women I worked with). I began dressing in 'squares', that is in garments made from minimally cut rectangular pieces of fabric, so that the body itself created the shape, gesture, haptics, kinetics and volumes, rather than shaping, darting or draping. After being asked to write this piece, I measured some of these square garments (original dimensions had been judged by eye) and found that the dimensions were pretty much those designated for *Silly Canvas*; 70cms across the shoulders and varying in length from 100 cms to 70 cms.

Sydney designer Linda Jackson made the first of many 'square outfits' for me during the 1980s. I'd already noticed, from the bodily experience of wearing, Linda Jackson clothes, that they were often structured from the shoulders. They skimmed rather than clung to the body and - to slightly misquote Christóbal Balenciaga — they allowed at least 'a couple of finger-widths' between the body and the garment. [4] London textile dealer Paul Hughes had given me some lengths of 'Dutch Wax' fabric (factory manufactured printed cotton with motifs designed for the West African market) and I asked Linda to create a two piece garment which would function like, but not be cut from, a salwar kameez. I wanted the resulting outfit to be loose, functional, covered up, offering maximum mobility, and elegant. The first was made in 1983. Subsequently, with Linda's encouragement, they've been made by my mother, dressmakers and even by myself.

Sack dress, le sac, chemise, tunic dress, shift dress, mini dress

The relatively flat dress is a recurrent visual trope (sometimes an intellectual proposition) in the history of women's fashion. In an architecture structured-from-the-shoulders, the dress functions like an envelope, minimising darted structure, standing away from the body, like the André Courrèges dresses of 1965. Or it might be fixed at the shoulder, allowing the fabric to fall lightly, brushing the body, like Helmut Lang's minimalist evening dress of Spring Summer 1991: a radically reduced structure of two un-darted, polyester planes, held together at the sides by sparsely positioned, threaded eyelets. Versions of flattened forms (which resonate structurally with East Asian traditional dress, other forms of Asian customary dress, and historical manifestations of 'artistic' or bohemian dress) have recurred in the history of modern fashion; Sonia Delaunay's *Robes Poèmes* (1922-23); Paul Poiret's flat day dresses from the 1920s; or Chanel's three-piece cardigan suits of the 20s.

The 'Sack Dress' 1957

Christóbal Balenciaga's so-called 'sack dress' — a "tunic of such purity" — is positioned by fashion historians as the precursor of the flat shift dress of the 1960s, despite its complex tailored structure. In the late fifties Balenciaga presented the slim un-waisted sheath dress, which became known as the 'sack dress' by disapproving

journalists, who regretted the departure from amplified femininity. Its beautiful form has been continuously imitated and reinvented.[5]

V&A Museum Number T.90-1973 (donated 1973)

Black wool 'sack dress'

Designed by Christóbal Balenciaga, Paris, 1957.

Label: 'Balenciaga, 10 Avenue George V Paris'.

Round neck, diagonal pockets, sleeves cut in one with the yoke, centre front and back seam, and side panels. Fastens at the back with a centre zip. Lined in black silk.

Measurement: shoulder to shoulder 42 cm; 55 cm armpit to armpit; height 90.5cm front neck to hem; shortened by 7cm 1960s.[6]

As so often in fashion discussion, all of this has been about women's dress. However Jacques Esterel did present the Sumériennes in the label's haute couture collection for Spring Summer 1970. The elaborately beaded and embroidered, straight-from-the-shoulder, silk crepe shift was designed for men, and worn by a man with fashionable facial hair, in photographs of the 1970 collection.[7]

Sally Gray, December 2014

Dr Sally Gray is a Visiting Scholar in Cultural History at UNSW Art & Design at The University of New South Wales. She recently curated David McDiarmid: When This You See Remember Me at the National Gallery of Victoria (May-August 2014). Her published work covers relationships between fashion, art, exhibiting and urban subjectivity. She is currently finishing an ARC supported book about Sydney fashionability in the 1970s and 1980s. www.sallygray.com.au

1	Quoted in Pamela Golbin (2014) Fashion Icons: Masterpieces from the Collection of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris, Paris, Les Arts Décoratifs, p56.
2	Valerie Mendez an`d Amy de la Haye (1999) 20th Century Fashion, London, Thames and Hudson, p165
3	Robyn Healy (1996) Couture to Chaos: Fashion from the 1960s to Now, Melbourne, National Gallery of Victoria p26
4	Balenciaga used only "a fingers breadth", as quoted in Claire Wilcox (2008 [2007]) The Golden Age of Couture: Paris and London 1947-57, London V&A Publications, p152.
5	Maria Pezzi (2006) "Balenciaga, Christóbal (1895-1972)", in Guido Vergani (Ed) Fashion Dictionary, New York, Baldani Castoldi Dali editore, Inc.
6	Dress Christóbal Balenciaga http://collections.vam.ac.uk/item/O109277/dress-christobal-ba…viewed 28.11.14.
7	Golbin op cit, pp 84-85

Golbin, P. (2014) Fashion Icons: Masterpieces from the Collection of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris, Paris, Les Arts Décoratifs
Healy, R. (1996) Couture to Chaos: Fashion from the 1960s to Now, Melbourne, National Gallery of Victoria
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ST-GERMAIN

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2% MIATA

27% POPPER
7% ZINFANDEL
20% ANGER
5% FAR

1% PRIMAL SCREAM
18% UNCLE MARI
15% FREE JAZZ

Anna-Sophie Berger

A rectangle pieceof silk, that is, a certain length of fabric from a silk fabric role, preferably satin silk or silk twill, since those are materials ideally used for scarfs.

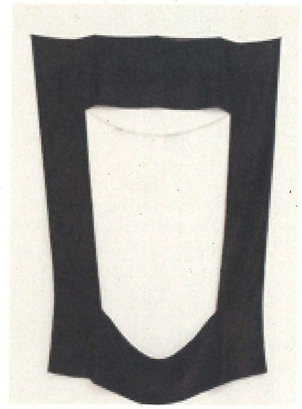
Their soft quality and decorative surface structure rendering them ideal as accessory. tranditional scarves as produced by the french fashion house hermes are taken as reference, since they symbolise a sort of heritage and symbolically can be taken as prototype items when thinking of silk scarving. already the discription, as carrees geants – giant squares, is interesting for formal discussion.The rectangle is of specific interest when working with any man made material consisting of woven fibres. Working with silk, any line following the grid of vertical or horizontal order of fibres can be ripped. The square therefore presents itself as a somewhat natural if manmade shape as imposed by structering of smaller units – silk fibres.

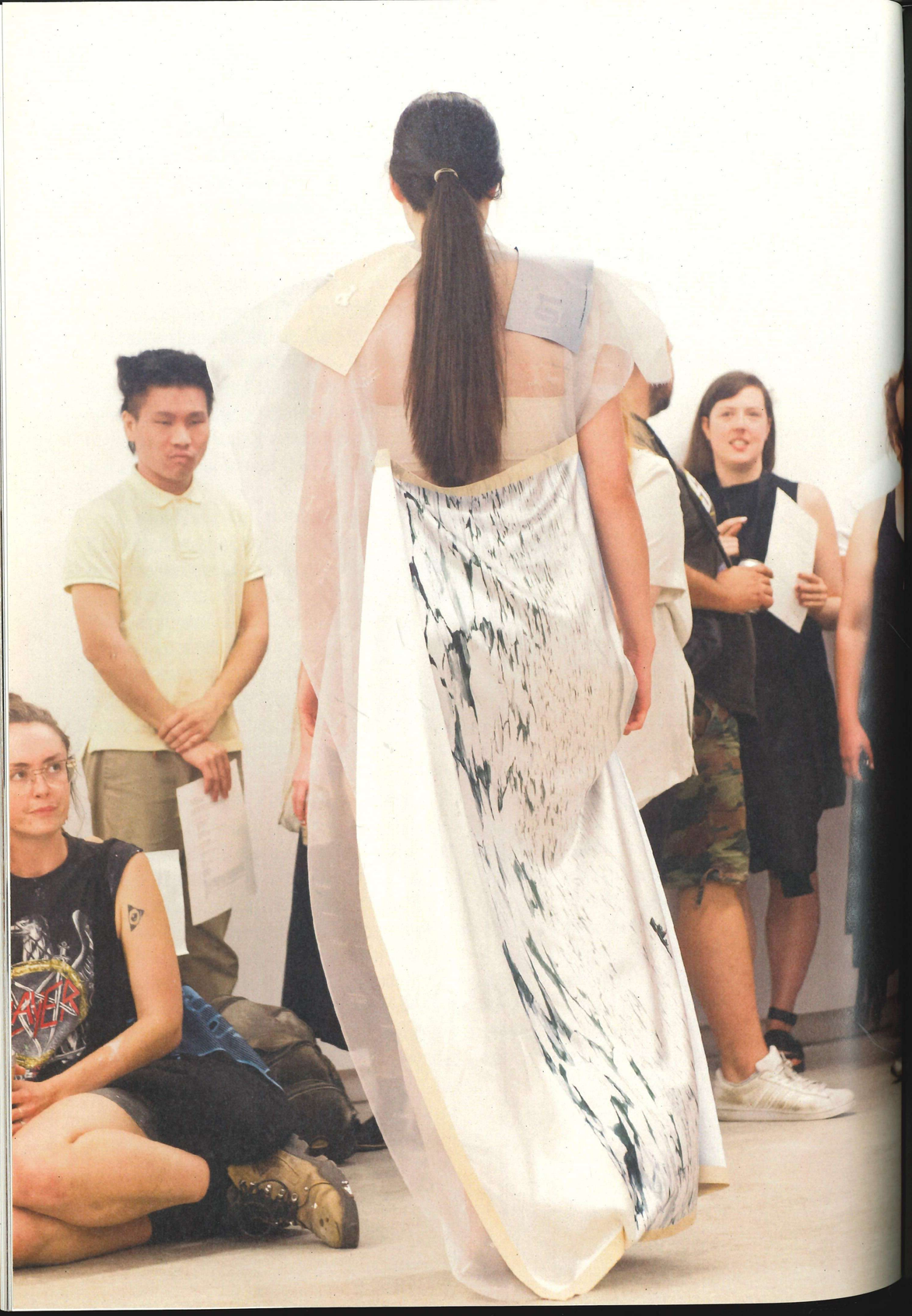
A scarf is interesting since other than tailored fashion items, it is a mere cut out from textile material solely rendered commercial item through the process of hem finishing. Now the traditional hermes technique being a hand stitch as to enhance the aspect of beautiful selected luxury. Hand roled edges are blind-stiched to create a soft boarder that frames the textile square making it into
the scarf.

could be a scarf is the so called negative part of a positive rectangle or square. if the scarf was the cut out, the remaining structure is what makes up the sculpture. the inner rectangle is left untouched, showing traces of the very ripping process, loose fibres etc. the outside is finished in the same technical manner as ist he scarf itself. as suggested by the title technical elements to production are discussed as agents of definition of objects. a tedious hand-technique applied to an edge will evoke as a process notions of a product, but it will not make the object to be a scarf. conversely, the piece always involves and outside negative part, as well as an inside positive scarf part. the choice to carry the negative piece within the context of wall hanging leaves the actual positive item to become possible waste material. or to become something else? the piece in any case consists of both.
For could be a scarf, I decided to negotiate the specific qualities of flat ware and item of use. The monetary value as attached to an object of admiration, that one preserves and takes care of, versus an object of use – garment. In the selling of this piece I express the difference or sameness of those two distributional schemes by choosing to give away the positive though finished cut out scarf for free, that is as gift and not necessarily to the person purchasing the wall work „could be a scarf".

I am interested in the material proximity, actually material co-existence, that is being subverted through distribution. It additionally serves an interest of mine to observe movement of objects in connection with human body, as well as the fragmentalisation of art market regulations. whereas the piece is treated in all respects as a piece of art, the scarf is excluded from such attachments and treated as „mere" object-give away.

Could Be A Scarf





Runways platforms empty rooms sack dress skin: check here, next, 1 of 8, refresh. GO

I am sitting in 4 A - the window seat watching the other passengers walk out onto the tarmac looking at strips of paper and wondering; 'should we enter from the front or rear stairs?'.

It's 10 am. We're already 10 mins later from taking off. It's warm outside. Probably not as warm as where I am going. Most people are in a varying array of sandals, jandals, flip-flops and orthotic-cork-soled fashion. Jeans, shorts, shirts: travel itinerary norm core. Undated.

The air hostess is wearing a burnt orange blazer over her little black Jetstar dress. She is telling the people in front of us that they are 'in charge of our safety'. Those exit doors in close proximity to our paid-for-seats so that our fellow passengers can save us. Service is DIY corporate savings.

"You've been an excellent audience. I appreciate your full attention." The air hostess walks the aisle. The lanyard wearing hostess wears pants, the young Chloe Sevegny looking blonde, wears a pencil skirt. Nylon. These uniforms are designed to look designed but are reminiscent of cheap workshop office wear found in a bargain basement. Exit. From Exit. That cheap 80's nylon fashion in 5 seconds shop where everything was black, red and white: constructivist avant garde factory lines.

What is cheapest to dye?

I'm wearing an A-line dress. It's long. It sits somewhere between my knees and ankles. Conservative I guess.

I think about swing, shift and sack dresses. Names that come from form and hang. I hate those forks with tissue type drapes and pointy ends. But like that the it might be called a handkerchief dress. A hanky dress on eBay. Asos. A dress with selective snot.

We are about to take off. The guys downstairs, on the tarmac are wearing their, ear muffs (not headphones), OH&S jerseys and metal capped boots. It's like raver utilitarian on a different runway. The distance between form and function affected by subjectivity, space and a paid-for-not-pay-waved airline window seat. I am on holiday. They are at work.

Accelerated fashion. Thresholded fashion. From hips to sack slips. Take-off.

A Constructed World indeed. Blue blood tape and un-gendered skin. Instructions followed - a neck and two arm holes and a long-lead-in-hem. Nude skin is nude sack is nude sheath. Nylon, but stretchy. Maybe, Lycra™. Close to the skin the Lycra™ will sit. Your own genitals will deceive you and protrude like a 3D flesh-tone shadow. Perky. This sack is not sewn but glued with blue. Blue blood? Who's blood? Un-real, but it sticks and seeps through like a dried royal scab.

Scab. The sack dress conspiracy of communist scale. Hiding the female form could only be devised by those politically derided. Like a burqa. A hijab. A veil. A sack where the form beneath is concealed and as such one must always be suspicious. To be free within or upon wearing is unconsidered by most. To be un-gendered by clothing impossible. To wear pants was once looked down upon in corset-pre-Botox society. The sack is not a handkerchief dress - with waist and feminine points and whisps of sheer fabric. The sack is strong and supports it self, designed by master of us all, concealing its contents, reduced to its skin.To Basque in her glory. A culture where women were strong, at odds with Roman and later European society. A change of form.

Susan Cianciolo you have used hessian. A sack for potatoes or coffee. A brand branded or stamped. Black ink. Capital letters. SUSAN CIANCIOL^> then.... SUSAI I;CIANCI⚫L -->. Printed differently each time. Hand errors. Over prints. Blurred lines. And then...

ZOYA

NAIL POLIS & UNSURE WHAT YOU SAY OR SEE HERE....

St Germain. Location or coffee brand. Stripes. Bedding, linen or upholstery. Lavender. Or is it lilac. Dirty red triangles printed on top. Potato prints on Pillow cases. Sleepy working classes.

A hand written tag with awkward instructions.

PLEASE REMOVE YOUR SHOES. Thank you {insert hard drawn heads of wheat}

I am looking at these sacks before they are to be worn.

To be punk? To teenage riot? To be categories of art or fashion. To know neither, but do both. To know, and not do.

AKIKIKO IZUKURA.

Another branded name. Silk and weaving. 2000 year old knowledge and natural dyes. Not hessian and cotton but silk. Kyoto. Heavy wooden looms. A tradition older, or not.

A heavy sack dress carrying names of desire, of collaborations with and from the past.

Too long is your rug to make me a dress. Too political is your poster to make it a print. Too dirty is your colour to have it aesthetic. Too woven is the mat for it be something else. Too heavy is everything yet it still exists.

In red. In bold caps and centred write:

EI DINERO
no te da por lo que eres
sino por lo que haces

To translate: *The MONEY* Direct from babylon.com. *Not giving you what you are but for what you do*

An Argentinian living in Spain, then London, then LA.

Amalia Ulman, your sack dress is multi-re-purpose. In order to read its displays, it's politic it could be a banner, a silly canvas. Not a toga, but a tunic of woven matter - placarded - to be worn by citizens and non citizens alike. Wearing a rug to walk on, walk all over. A blanket, a blanket conscious. Shifting gaze with printed faces and Spanish slogans. A sack dress, communist wear. A re-ran fashion paradigm. In Ancient Greece, the hemline of your tunic was decorated in order to declare the palace of your state. A tunic, for others a uniform.

El DINERO no respeta, sexo, raza, edad ni condición social. Google translate : *The MONEY does not respect, sex, race , age or social status .*

13 Graphic portraits. A 3x5 grid interrupted with some text. Available on artsy.net.

Tick the box if you will be attending NADA Art Basel Miami. Multinational art fairing.

Your digitally woven tapestry appropriates imagery from found AIDS awareness posters. Your tapestry talks about money. Your tapestry is no mat, hanging in our on temporary medieval places of worship. Your tapestry is a mashed memory to be worn 20ft tall by someone on a Zao Dha diet.

Este lugar lo puedes ocupar tú Cuídate!! / This place can take you to take care of yourself.

I'm not sure Google is getting it right.

A little red pictograph. One person helps another, in a positive-negative relational rendition.

The positive-negative relation is a process of textile manufacturing. The reverse side of the "free" plane blanket is opposite to the first side you glance. With budget airlines these are lacking, long distance, long-haul. A sack dress refresher in a the Singapore smoking lounge - Easy-on-the-eyes-mauve.

British airways is testing a "Happiness Blanket" - monitoring brain waves and able to change colours based on your mood this blanket is a sign post declaring this turbulence is unsettling. This Airline Blanket is an tech-organism for flying in. Not free, nor disposable. This blanket is wired in. somewhere it says 'if the person is slightly stressed but really enjoying the complimentary peanuts, the blanket will take on a purple-ish color' - an omnipresent travel status, a sign for who not to serve. Our free dress. Our location-and-labour-invisible attire.

Our travel comfort wear ffiXXed. CABIN USE ONLY. Premium economy. *Classe* not *class*. An eBay category declares CHINA EASTERN AIRLINES BLANKET $29.95 BUY IT NOW. *Shipping Free.*

只有客舱使用
使用这种在机舱仅

Google can't find the exact text that I want. Translation is unilateral.

A *onesie* with tied arms. A *onesie* to snuggle in. A *onesie* of the LA Dodgers kind. A sport loving Grover, your childhood rendered forever. Warmth to hop about in. Warmth to be knotted in. Warmth to declare a team in - *onesie.* Lucina Lane's silly canvas bears no resemblance to a slogan - cultures logo repetition on mute. Serif-ed initials and 50's script-underlined Dodgers. *Dodgy* reclaimed, culturally mis-appropriated - to avoid, to cheat. Hand-over-locked baseball straight-jackets for the fashionably sub-urban insane.

From a runway to a platform. From street to institution. From workshop to gallery. The gallery is a shop, the gallery once a void. Here the audience makes your runway as you part them like the sea. Worship. One Model. Not models. Your height and one-off-for-five-minutes-before-hung-on-a-wall attire make you different.

Anna Sophie Bergers silk voids will expose on you what might be hidden on others. The escape is appropriate. The form is banal, the material exquisite. It's geometric simplicity that drapes to organic, a handkerchief with a void, pewter appropriate. Like a silent gift for a market occasion. A construction of form, only a slight deviation from the rules. A less silly canvas, a sillier silk gown. A void can be a frame, or a photographers view finder. To capture. SNAP. Infinite capture. No. Digital delete.

The little black dress popularised by a Nazi sympathiser, a sack dress alleged to be communist, a velvet bastardisation with inbuilt sweat-stains-cum-spiderwebs by Trevor Shimizu. Your gothic exercise in a ballroom decked with chandeliers and funnel webs. Perhaps there is no music, extravagance the illusion. The velvet weight might once have been heavy curtains, the sections cut and stained with body fluids. A narrative rendering couture, the end of painting silly canvas. A cum-stained Malevich.

These leather off-cuts and spray painted remnants dressed with a back-patch corsage of found material. Stained sponge, courier typeset, a stencil of 'm'-birded felt. A topiary for fashion. Rag-trade embellishments and adornments - the heavier, the wealthier. Fashion that doesn't fit in. An

array of hybrids. A murder of jack-of-alls. How much can a sack dress wear? An alien on its back. A refined red-gingham kimono-sack dress. A back pack alien, an empty signifier. **Bodybybody**. Phone users. Click here. American-chic with the unknown printed and wrapped around you. Always on your back. Almost, always on your back. Shake it free. Click here. Good luck.

My arms meet my legs and my calico soft-toy form is tattooed with me, myself and I. Do you know who I am? No need. Nor do it. The gingham will render you a table-like plane and a nobody, everybody with an unidentified body. Like Gilbert Adrian dressing Judy Garland in the Wizard of Oz in 1939 - pre-WWII fear and political xenophobia. We give it names, but it doesn't disappear. Gingham with aliens.

Mikyla Dwyer's suits of conjuring power, alchemy and magic. Silk taffeta hessian and remnants of pink nylon hair a witches mutation on a utilitarian sack dress. Body and mind. Material and its immateriality, assumption and a language based relation. The difference between costume and fashion is of cultural-historical matter. Of the way we manipulate time. Considered in viewing terms perhaps there is another perspective. To costume. A one off. A party. A gallery. A facade. A cultural affair. A ceremony. A ritual. A rite.

Marlie Mul's laser cut grater-cum-sack dress has a no-bias cut. With straps wrapped in Prada tissue, the utilitarian approach to the body is visceral. An armoured sandwich board, a savvy don't touch. A patterned armed approach. To split the crowd, to splice it. To print it, to grate it. It's obvious but alarming - a function and form dislocation. A pun, a collective, a duo or three.

I am still on holiday wearing clothes you would never see in Melbourne. Some here are drinking UDL's at 10 in the morning. Too early for me. The Prime minister speaks of the difference between P-E-T-A and P-E-T-E-R. It's been 36 hours and four kangaroos. Marshall wears a sarong and chopsticks in his hair. I ask him about the Cyprus we thought might fall down in the 70 km winds. It has a tap root he says. Walks a metre, pulls out what I thought was a weed. Oh, I say, that root is as big as the plant its self. Function not seen in the form that we can see.

Harry Burke

Los Angeles, Oakland, London, Zurich, Berlin, Paris, Zurich, Arles, Berlin, Basel, Bern, Berlin, New York, London, 2014

To see another person communicate with another person Anna said that to me wow I said I was making notes she said oh wow Kenneth Goldsmith sometimes does the worst tweets. Max and Alex were standing by the bar, the stool by the bar stool that said "Bitte ein bit" which I just learned means "Please, a bit" or, literally, "a Bit please." This is what I thought, literally, a bit. Can you see I've been reading Andrew's poems? "lol" Andrew just messaged me ("lol"). In the 1970s Bitburger brewery, a German brewery, introduced a second slogan, "Abends bit, morgens fit." Lol Im hungover looking at github. I see a photo of Lucy hanging out with Parker, Michael, Jon, is that Bea in the background too? During the 70s either of these slogans could be found on the Bitburger glass. Ok what's crazy is that we were at Peter's house and the cops came, the German cops, the party wasn't even fun. Laura accidentally smashed a bottle by the gallery. I'm really happy that Elysia liked my photo, I don't know why. Aude was being really funny. "Tell me what to do" says Anna-Sophie Berger. Matthew puts his hands on the wall, decides what clothes are to go in the gallery. People look. People look on. People look on and on and on. We got in a taxi after Peter's house, to Kotti. Deanna posts that she's got engaged. I believe it, I believe anything these days. Something happened & everyone disappeared, I still haven't spoke to them. I'm gonna do a group message, I get the worst alcohol anxiety. Someone emailed me, saying they're moving to LA, I google their name. Wuld you kill me if I got another tattoo? Dad emails me, he says he's pleased to know I'm "crazy busy". I don't know if he's being sarcastic, or if that's just me, or if it's now me. I don't know why I got this flight to Berlin. We were dancing on the sides of the tables, Pablo, Billy, Lucie, Patrick, Skye took their tops off, obviously. Lucie was wearing a cut off T that said "moderation" I said to her "moderation in moderation" she said yes I'm looking at her art pics. I think what if Oscar was here, what would he be doing, what would he be doing with me right now or would he be ignoring me. Jesse messages me saying they are worried I tell her it's not urgent it's nothing don't worry they say they see I'm in Berlin, that they, like me, don't reply (lol) when they're away, and enjoy, and this is a rare occasion believe me but I kind of love Jesse so I reply with a smilee. Do you notice how my poetry has got different in the

last year with all these uppercase "I"s? Yes, I, autocorrect. Anna is in Munich now, she messages me, I say it took you this long, do you know Marlie? LibreOffice tries to autocorrect Anna to Anna-sophie, and ok, I can agree. But also I said goodbye to her at what must have been 6 she walking onto the U1 I the U8, so this all makes sense, the difference is I have been sleeping since then. I still can't believe I came to Berlin, to the extent when you know when you go away and all you're talking about is going away? Yes that was me at the art opening. Never talk about money. Never talk about art. Only dance on your own and tell everyone it's Madonna's birthday (ppl always believe). Matthew's wearing what I suppose is a bucket hat (I google it, I suppose it is) it makes me want to kiss him. I think about Paul and Megan, my life in London. I look at the notes on my phone, the notes I usually write poems from. I feel like it's about to rain, I feel so anxious, sitting in Laura's apartment that I, when drunk, last night, lost the key to. She has two balconies and Yngve's art on the walls. Which is funny because it makes me think about Yngve's art every day. Felix pops into my mind. That's weird. I miss Amalia. Luis messages me, actually the first person to message me whilst writing this poem, but I'm glad he messages me. I'm thinking about my poetry, I'm thinking about how in every poem I refer to it being a poem, and I wonder if it makes it ok. I want to email Alessandro but I can't think of anything other to say than "I miss you." I miss Alessandro. Sort of in my drunkness I thought it said "Bitte ein bier" which is I suppose what they wanted me to think. Ok this is perfect Luis messages me to tell me that what he's feeling (he discussed with Bianca) is what should be called KNOMO Knowing u are missing out Lol!. I know. I said "Surprise" to Bianca and she said "not really a surprise though" Bitch! But today I'm like lol on my own. A few lines ago I was thinking this poem's impossible to edit because of the lines or maybe its this I'm just lazy. I think about how I didn't eat my muesli. I think maybe I should make more coffee or maybe I should do some work (i'm always working literally). No one would try and advertise to me drink beer in the morning anymore they would just say to me drink beer until the morning and then work.

And you know what I probably would. I'm feeling so sad now. I sat down to write poetry because I wanted to cry and I wanted to express that but better just to send that in a message (to Matthew, he was telling me last night about oh he cried)

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and anyway I sat down and I wrote this, this poem, so I'm working. I'm working. I wonder about my leftist credentials Facebook makes me want to die but then I always want to cry. Otto, the cat, stirs next to me. I think about Anna Soldner, some random person that I haven't met, but I always see her commenting. I'm thinking about how I thought the first line of this poem would be "Like yvonne rainer but cute" which is in fact the first line of my notes and also my review of last night. I think, that would be a good first line of a poem, maybe. Is it rainer or reiner, I don't know. I think, I think that performance affected me. Do you know this poem is only possible because I can touch type? I remember telling Sophie how I wanted to put loads of emojis in my poetry. Lol. But the thing is that book would be really expensive to print, but it would probably look pretty so we'll solve this. Shit I really need to reply to her email! I always think about the first time I was in Berlin, travelling to Treptow to see the monument. Sarah was really grumpy lol sorry Sarah. I remember standing on the train platform, Natalie and Sebastian were there too, that was a nice day. For real that monument is amazing. I always end up talking about Aleksandra when I'm out (explaining myself) so sad. David was so rude to me! I think about reading this poem in New York City. I imagine me on like a beach. I imagine no one knowing me. I sort of run out of things to talk about. "Tell me what to do" I think. I remember talking to Anna that she knew Alex – of course she knew Alex. Pictures are a way of dealing with an intimate moment, she said. I read it off my phone, I wrote it down, I remember. I look across, as if surprised to see myself (in the mirror) alone. Semi-impulsively, I take a picture of my clothes.

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