

WRITING

FASHION

INTERNATIONAL FASHION SHOWCASE 2015  
LONDON FASHION WEEK

ANOTHER AUSTRIA

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## Introduction

Since its inception in 2012, the International Fashion Showcase, organised by the British Council and the British Fashion Council, has become an annual event that takes place across the whole of London, receiving significant attention in the UK as well as abroad. Having been granted the privilege of taking part in this unique fashion festival over the last two years, Another Austria has established itself as a new and exciting platform for the Austrian fashion scene with innovative perspectives on contemporary fashion and design. Its central focus remains the same as in the two previous editions, namely, to stage a dialogue between Vienna- and London-based emerging artists from different creative fields.

Writing Fashion marks the new title and conceptual backdrop of the current exhibition at IFS. Initiated as a counter movement to the image based culture of fashion today, the exhibition seeks to offer alternative expressions of fashion and design. Poets, writers and fashion editors have been invited not to describe but to find inspiration for their own writing in the visual works, without prior knowledge of the designers themselves or the artistic contexts of their individual works. The presented poems, narratives and essays are the result of their encounters.

In the exhibition Another Austria: Writing Fashion, we find not hashtags but words, letters and sentences standing alongside one another and sharing centre stage with the pieces from the collections of six young Austrian fashion designers. Word and image are given equal weight and conveyed through the various channels of visual and textual communication. This interdisciplinary collaboration has resulted not only in an online campaign consisting of images surrounded by moving words, but also in the performative piece 'Narrative Threads' that will be presented at the Austrian Cultural Forum London. In addition, this booklet includes texts by scholars from the field of cultural studies, all of whom delve deeper into the realm of fashion, literature and text, and situate it within its historical contexts.

It is a great pleasure to be able to present to you the third edition of Another Austria at the International Fashion Showcase in London. I hope it will provide surprise as well as enjoyment through its experimental portrayals of contemporary fashion and design; and that these will serve to foster international networking and to demonstrate Austria's status as a growing country with great creative potential.

I am especially grateful to all of the participating artists as well as the Arts Division and the Culture Division of the Federal Chancellery of Austria, the Austrian Cultural Forum London, departure – the creative unit of the Vienna Business Agency and Advantage Austria. My heartfelt thanks go to my entire team in Vienna and in London, as well as the project coordinators of the British Council and the British Fashion Council.

Claudia Rosa Lukas

## Creative Writing on Fashion vs. Fashion Journalism

*'She wore blue velvet, bluer than velvet was the night;  
softer than satin was the light.'*

There are many ways to write about clothing and the industry that produces it: fashion. The emotion evoked by a piece of fabric, cut and stitched into a form to fit another form – a body – depends on the context of the encounter, which is inevitably varied. However, the word 'fashion' is sometimes used like a blunt instrument, as if its referent were simple or finite.

Fashion is \_\_\_

In the abstract, 'fashion' is a more or less meaningless word. Where, for example, is fashion? It is in a young designer's sketchbook; on a catwalk; in a magazine; on the wall of a teenage boy in rural Wales; on the streets of Shibuya; in the cracked leather jacket of the lead singer; in a collapsed Bangladeshi garment factory; in David Bowie's Kansai Yamamoto jumpsuit; in the fine embroidery of a silk burka; in a young woman's eating disorder; in a Scottish cashmere workshop; in a 1980s party dress caught in the half-light of an evening's seduction.

Fashions of dress arise in every context, from the subtle resistance in styling a school uniform against the grain and to the placement of safety pins on a punk's ripped denim jacket. Whenever a uniform arises – official or countercultural – people feel out a means to differentiate identity or to show membership of a group. People use dress to speak about themselves and send signals, whether secretly or out loud, whether consciously or not.

It's a slippery term, fashion, and it can be argued that how one wants to talk about fashion and clothing depends on the scale of the encounter.

Up close, the erotics of fashion emerges as a garment mingles with body warmth, with sweat and perfume and with the cultural fantasies of the gendered body such as it is conjured in religion, art, literature, film and popular music. The tangible vibration of velvet as one runs a hand over it; the insubstantial seediness of sheer polyester; the lanolin stench of unbleached wool; the heady, decadent hues of heavy silk demand the poetry of Robert Herrick; the lyrics of Bobby Vinton and Alfred Hitchcock's obsessive depiction of the grey skirt suit in his films; and the lovelorn scribbling of teenagers fascinated by the sartorial display



of tentative sexuality. No one is excluded from the tactile lure of cloth rendered into a garment to fit the human form.

Zoom out, however, and fashion compels a different form of discourse – it requires journalism. The informed and critical discussion of fashion as an industry and the artistic, financial and ethical merits and failings of its practitioners is essential. Designing, producing, marketing and selling clothes is a multi-billion dollar global industry that affects everybody because everybody wears clothes.

Fashion has an artistic value that, like theatre or music, requires evaluation. Just as avid theatre-goers do, passionate fashion fans want to read intelligent and critical analyses of the artistic merit of what designers send down the catwalk each season. Fashion design also has a political value. Over the centuries, ground-breaking clothing design and people's demand to wear what they want, have had the power to shock and challenge political or religious authority and to redefine how the human body and its potential, are thought of.

The pricing and marketing of clothes can be inclusive or exclusive, and conveys class, economic and social position. Fashion's advertising and representation in magazines has been historically wracked with issues of race, age, body size and sexuality.

Moreover, the production of clothing in a globalised economy has seen the Western consumer enjoying inexpensive, fast fashion produced in grim conditions by workers in slave-like relationships with factory owners. On the high streets of London and New York these workers are largely out of sight and out of mind – that is, until disasters like the Rana Plaza factory collapse in Bangladesh, demand otherwise.

Fashion's multi-faceted and problematic presence in the modern industrialised world means that it requires rigorous and critically minded journalistic enquiry. However, the problems with fashion's production methods and marketing will always coexist with the valuable and democratically distributed thrill of fashion in popular culture, on dance floors, in people's bedrooms, on the streets and on the Internet – where every possible iteration of dress is manifested, celebrated and enjoyed.

Rebecca May Johnson  
Editorial Associate at Business of Fashion



## Fashion and Fiction

*For an hour I can live without time and space, deeply satisfied, carried off into a legend, where the aroma of the soap, the prickle of a facial tonic, the rustle of lingerie, the dipping of brushes into pots of powder, the thoughtful stroke of an eye-liner are the only reality. The result is a composition, a woman is to be created for a dress. In complete secrecy designs for a female are redrawn, it is like a genesis, with an aura for no one in particular.*

Ingeborg Bachmann, Malina

At first glance, fashion and literature seem to have little in common. Fashion designers create garments that can be touched and worn, garments that have folds, pleats, threads, hemlines, fasteners and linings whose different textures form the tangible experience of dress. Fashion is

also a visual experience supported by the imagination and creativity of fashion photographers, stylists and fashion editors. They elevate garments into aesthetic universes in which fashion models animate candy-coloured fairy tales, futuristic dystopias or stylish idylls in far-flung corners of the world. Fashion is lived and imagined at the same time. Contrary to fashion designers, writers do not produce any visible or tangible objects. Novels, short stories and poems may remind us of the personality of real people, the smells and sounds of known places and the emotions evoked by familiar events, but they are only descriptions that coalesce into a fictional entity. The work of writers unfolds on a purely textual level and comes to life in the mind of their readers.

However, fashion and literature do have something in common: they both produce fictions. Despite the importance of tactile perception and visual communication, fashion also needs the distinct power of words in order to be complete. Fashion is an industry, but it is also an aesthetic culture that contributes to forming our ideas of femininity, masculinity, class, race, taste, romance, friendship and the self. It is only through texts that the imagery of fashion turns into a poetic structure, an escapist fantasy, into a commercial reality and, most importantly, into a complex cultural phenomenon related to identity and selfhood. When we flip through the pages of fashion magazines or scroll through fashion blogs or Instagram accounts, we are seduced to think about ourselves as potential inhabitants of these different worlds. While literature is generated entirely by texts, fashion writing complements the production of garments and fashion imagery.

As the literary theorist Roland Barthes noted in 'The Fashion System', 'the image provokes a fascination, speech an appropriation.'<sup>1</sup> Fashion media turn out a profusion of symbolic meanings by pairing fashion photography with descriptions, stories and metaphors. Without these texts, fashion remains silent. The narratives produced by fashion media frame the sensory and imaginary experience of fashion.

Writers have always been attracted by the literary and narrative potential of fashion. Authors like Marcel Proust, Henry James, Leo Tolstoy, Max Frisch, Ingeborg Bachmann and Elfriede Jelinek have weaved detailed accounts of the sensory properties, the psychological impact and the sexual dimensions of fashion and dress into their texts. They explored these various dimensions of fashion and established new spaces to think about the ways in which fashion partakes in the quest for self-knowledge (or self-disguise). The sociologist Georg Simmel described this subtle play with fashion as a masquerade when he wrote: 'It is therefore a feeling of modesty and reserve which causes many a delicate nature to seek refuge in the levelling cloak of fashion; such

individuals do not care to resort to a peculiarity in externals for fear of perhaps betraying a peculiarity of their innermost soul.'<sup>2</sup>

In her 1971 novel *Malina*, the Austrian poet and writer Ingeborg Bachmann captured such a moment of sartorial self-examination. In one of the rare moments spent alone in the apartment that she shares with her companion, the narrator looks at herself in the mirror while she puts on her make-up and gets dressed. Her dress becomes an instrument in a little ritual of self-affirmation. At the same time, she feels that wearing the dress makes her more visible to the male gaze upon her body and she becomes aware of the fact that she is performing a part. Bachmann chose to bring up the experience of ambiguous femininity by writing about the narrator's relationship with fashion. She puts her finger on the ways in which fashion can be simultaneously an extension of the self and a façade, a source of pleasure and of desire. She shows that the appeal of fashion lies in its unique capacity to converge the narrative performance of identities with symbolic, sensory and aesthetic perception.

Monica Tilton  
Sociologist, Culture Critic

<sup>1</sup> Barthes, Roland. 1990. *The Fashion System*, Berkeley / Los Angeles / London, University of California Press, p.17

<sup>2</sup> Simmel, Georg. 1957. *Fashion*. *American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. 62, No. 6, p.552



Talking about fashion without the worn-out clichés: six writers seek new poetic avenues.

Fashion has always been about more than just clothes. The individual item of clothing is placed within a complex overall context that attempts to convey to us how it should be read; capturing our emotions by placing it within a greater narrative. Even before we notice the hand-crafted details like the cut or the material, we dive into the fictitious worlds created by Lookbooks. No matter how complex these image-worlds are, so much of the talk around and writing about fashion is stuck using the same old clichés: either overused ad-speak, or attempts to classify the collection – with differing levels of scientific jargon – into a historical narrative.

In this respect, the concept behind this exhibition enters exciting new territory: what do writers express when they look at fashion imagery? What atmospheres do they pick up on, what do they intensify? But also: which new contexts do they open up?

Six examples.

The Viennese label DMMJK (formerly known as Demelrave) has named its S/S15 Collection ‘Sapir Safari.’ The models stand on halved truck tyres that have been painted white, with the heavy rubber suddenly taking on a light quality; the models appear to be floating on clouds. The British poet Amy Key engages with the airiness of the collection in her poem – which could also be lyrics to a song – and directly references a track by Grimes: in the video to ‘Genesis’ an independent girl gang of feminist fashion warriors go on a kind of contemporary safari to the song’s hypnotic sounds. A cool amplification of the collection’s context which perfectly fits the fashion of DMMJK, who cite ‘real life’, ‘unscripted soap operas’ and ‘celebrity stereotypes’ as influences.

For Jana Wieland’s collection ‘Strange Pie’ the designer was as much inspired by earth tones as she was by the eerie film worlds of David Lynch. The British writer and journalist Michael Amherst situates his short story in a rural setting that he disrupts with irony: the daughter of a woodcutter collects leaves and ivy and makes clothes from them to be sold to ‘the rich cities of the north’. The writer reinforces the unnerving atmosphere of Wieland’s Lookbook, but the text simultaneously reads as a bold comment on the current fashion trend of tapping locally made crafts from the poorest parts of the world for luxury labels.

Austrian author Teresa Präauer perfectly masters the art of arousing expectation in the reader only to subvert it. She associates Inga Nemirovskaia’s pitch black knitwear with memories of children’s TV: the black horse Black Beauty. Präauer’s text is the opposite of a classic tale based on a fast-paced narrative. Everything happens incidentally. To appropriate an old-fashioned genre that relies on tense dramaturgy, only to then not satisfy the reader’s expectations, of course fits well with a collection created using the traditional method of knitting that also has a contemporary jolt in the use of unusual materials.

Sabinna deconstructs her Russian teen roots in her collection: her clothes are white and futuristic, forming a connection between the wearers with the current trend for sportswear in fashion. Miriam H. Auer’s hermetic text cites Georg Trakl and Sylvia Plath and is a creepy fairy tale that sinks into the textures of the clothing (the lace, the colours red and white) and the mannequin heads that feature in the Lookbook. Within a deep-black romantic tradition, the author sketches out a world full of Doppelgangers and sinister mirrors.

The shoes that make up Carolin Holzhuber’s collection ‘Conjoined Illusion’ operate like sculptures. What’s up, what’s down? Are they even wearable? The British poet and fashion critic Rebecca May Johnson plays with the paradox of this concept: a shoe with two uses makes two shoes for one foot. In deliberately straightforward language Johnson thematises what Holzhuber herself takes up as her central concern, namely, a discussion on everything a shoe can be.

In ‘the perversion of truth,’ Katharina Perkhofer toys with our perception. Digital prints simulate the textures of materials, wool for instance. Her minimalistic collection is printed with individual dots that form patterns. In his visual poem, Alex MacDonald takes up this optical illusion. The words float as if on a river bed forming an image. ‘Missing No.’ is like an out of focus portrait composed from a series of blank spaces. In his text it is the spaces between the dots that are the most conspicuous.

This selection of texts discloses how sophisticated fashion conveys emotion through imagery, but also reveals the subversive undertones lining the collections. Fashion addresses traditional techniques and models, which it then rethinks and combines in surprising ways. These literary reflections thematise in their often ironic refractions how exciting and complex these hybrid approaches are.

Karin Cerny

Freelance Journalist at profil, Der Standard

## Narrative Threads: Writing the Rorschach Blot

Some may reject the circus and drama of fashion, but that clothes hold both great cultural meaning and affective power is undeniable; they can evoke fantasies, bring back memories, and have the capability to transform someone entirely. They communicate so much and hold so much latent power, but the extent of this power is particular to the individual wearing or viewing the item of clothing in question.

The project certainly had the potential of being too prescriptive for the writers. Instead of burdening them with the designers' entire concept or motivation for their collections we instead allowed them only to view the Lookbooks for the collections; the writers were left to work freely from images of the designs rather than feel too directed or influenced by themes or inspirations.

The texts aren't intended to describe the designs or validate the artistic credibility and contextual importance of the designers' work. The texts instead set out theoretical contexts, spaces and uses for the clothing, imagining their life and influence beyond the fashion showcase and beyond the fixed narrative of the fashion world. Each design becomes a magical object that somehow bewitches the writer into a dream of their own making. Discovering these designs has made characters appear; years go by; emotions stir; action be triggered; lives begin and end.

In a way, these writings are highly experimental translations or reiterations of the collections. They include decipherable information to a point, but more importantly, they reveal the specific interpretation of their reader/writer. The pieces all have a quality of being almost instantaneous, like the writers' work has come from the interpretative splurge of seeing a Rorschach blot.

The designs are like any other work of art in their ability to invite interpretation and inspire a chain of creativity, and this project was made all the more stimulating through its core aim to bring about cross-cultural collaboration. Thank you to all the writers for their openness and enthusiasm for this project.

Jen Calleja  
Literature Curator, Another Austria

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## GENTLE SPECTRUM

*Home and I know / I am vagabond (Genesis, Grimes)*

I dressed

the sky  
was pinfire opal & the moon

hid her glare  
in the lake of my thinking

I stood still till the sun

the night was a sash  
come loose

the eventual wind  
fuzzed up my thoughts

(a contrary violet  
of aloneness)

my thoughts  
sapphire, quartz and bone  
took to the water  
& blued-up the sky

my underwater thoughts  
blew kisses at the surface

my thoughts became  
something birds  
could drink from

before is an icicle  
melting in my palm

about now  
is a zebra I've never seen





DMMJK, Collection: Sapir Safari Spring Summer 2015;  
Photographs: Mario Kiesenhofer; Model: Alice, Tempo Models

## ONE AND ONE MAKE ONE

each one is almost  
but not quite one:

one, but two as well  
one above and one below

first, one is above and  
then one is below and  
then one is above and  
then one is below

two ones  
not the same,  
not quite.  
one and one make one

– all together

here is the shoe, blue  
and here is the shoe, white  
there and here  
blue and white  
one each colour,  
there are two  
but they still make one

– absurd

the colours are cool  
cool and smooth,  
cool and clear headed,  
calculating as a structural engineer  
shooting steel  
sky high into blue and white.  
cool leather,

skins turned blue,  
turned white and facing each other  
one high one low  
here is the shoe  
so where is the foot?

where should the foot  
where should the shoe  
where above  
and where below?

which the foot  
which the shoe  
what foot  
what shoe  
should go  
where  
should it go

walking ?

it should be a shoe  
in for each foot  
but one and one  
make two for one foot  
and only one can go in each

making the choice between one and  
one  
slows the pace  
of shoeing the foot

four shoes for two feet  
four that can only go  
two at a time





## THE SUNDAY BLACK BEAUTY LEFT (ON THE KNITTED DRESSES OF INGA NEMIROVSKAIA)



My horse slipped away on a Sunday: a black rappin called Black Beauty. That's the name of the horse on TV, some people say, but my horse was called that first and I'm tired of talking about TV when it comes to my horse.

I didn't choose Black Beauty. I've never liked horses, and I wasn't one of those kids who liked horses either. It just happened to settle nearby.

But I liked to watch it when it stood far away on the hill: it really stood around up there, it stuck its muzzle in wet grass, and the sun was really low on the horizon, literally lying around up there it was, and in the back light Black Beauty appeared even blacker than in reality.

Sometimes it shone in certain spots, there, where its coat was short. And in other places it had become coarse and matted, its mane, too, was snarled one time and then another time as if lacquered.

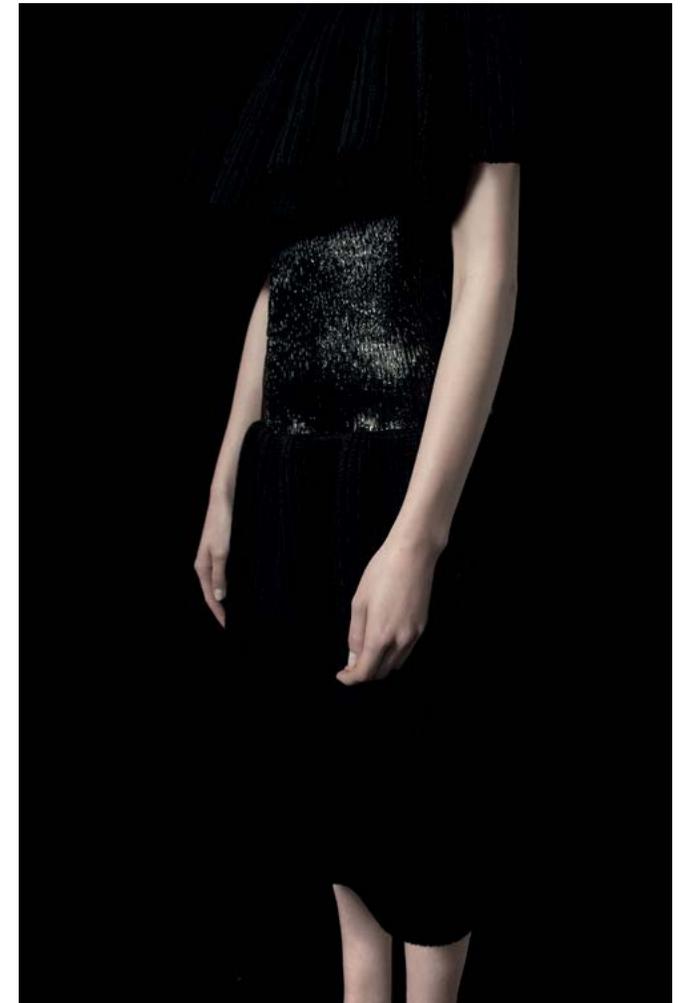
When I saw it standing in the distance I felt a sense of kinship, only vaguely, it might have well been pity or melancholy. I've never had anything apart from that horse and, quite frankly, nothing much has ever meant anything to me, but from the day that it was there I suddenly couldn't or didn't want to imagine how things would be without the animal. 'That's how it is with horses,' people said and laughed and patted me on the shoulder. I think they were glad or felt *schadenfreude* that I had something to look after and worry about too.

When people stood in my room looking out of the window they saw Black Beauty grazing far away on the hill. They often only realised on

the second take that it was a real horse. At first they would say that it was a paper cut-out or a lampshade or a black star or something like a mechanical ballerina, but really 'For heaven's sake!' not a real horse. They came up with far-fetched explanations to keep it from being a real horse grazing far away on the hill.

It was only when Black Beauty went off one Sunday that they believed me. We took a walk in a group on the hill and lying all around, as proof, lay horse stools like fallen fruit, so many that there would have been quite an autumn harvest if horse apples were ever reaped.

And where the snow had already settled in certain places, the people saw black horse hair caught in the glittering surface of the ice crystals. It had left behind the most subtle of traces, as if drawn from a very, very, very thin permanent pen. We stooped to see the hair better, and a few people said that they could make out something from these dashes: where it had gone, and whether we would see each other again or not.







# MISSING NO.

You have arrived like a beautiful image  
 soft jellyfish death  
 dark aerial photographs their bird language  
 you speak in tight grey words  
 we are far from the buildings  
 lit up  
 gentle shades on stairwells  
 here on the forest floor  
 you have been walking  
 in black mud  
 you tell me  
 how you might erase my memory  
 if I'm not too careful  
 it's easy to remember  
 everything reflects  
 my questioning is a rough portrait  
 when I first saw you  
 where land met sea  
 it would have been simple  
 to look out at the water  
 crashing against itself and lose time  
 but there were so many empty thoughts  
 nebulas collapsing in silence  
 so I asked  
 what are you missing  
 where were you meant to be  
 still nothing and again  
 your eyes shining  
 winter sun on wet tarmac  
 the orbital roads



Katharina Perkhofer, Collection: The Perversions of Truth;  
Photographs: Benjamin Mallek; Model: Adam Rawcliffe, Established Models



## OPAL CROCODILE

*I tell my stories: I tell them to never be silent.* Once upon a time there was a little Darkness. She longs to be seen, newborn, underneath your white dress, enveloped in bobbin lace, her many faces looking up to Daddy Janus. *Daddy-Two-Face*. Little Darkness is sitting in a highchair adorned with unicorns that are busy impaling dreams and devouring hearts on bloody little cloudlets. Each unicorn is called Vlad.

Janus' storytime in sign language begins beyond time, yet not belatedly. Moving imagery, handmade. The little one is rejoicing in her tiny straitjacket with bobbin lace – the only jacket little Darkling has ever known.

Through ten masks you peer into Darkling's world. You cannot help it, you are bound to each other, sewn together, that is. The number of your faces can be counted on two little hands. Vlad and Vlad and Janus are looking into your puppet-faces. You're still young, headless. *Don't lose your head!* Bodies are dancing elsewhere, flat shoes on, with laces tied too loosely.

The phantomato is a transcendental offspring of the nightshade family. You're eating it raw to let it dye you, allying you with red. Your future is struggling for air in the handbag of *Lady Lazarus*. Sylvia Plath killed herself. She closed her eyes in the oven and her world dropped dead. Sautéed guilt. Crispy momentariness. Darkling and you were inside her eye back then, trapped. You could not be saved. You remained raw. That's where the red comes from.

I have to provide the two of you, who were born prematurely, with new clothing. I have to write Janus and Vlad and Vlad out of your lives to turn them into a fairy-tale-like parable, loping. In shades of reds and whites, to enable you to lie down next to the years that life is spreading over rainbows. More colours are waiting inside the handbag. Don't break them. They are as fragile as Darkling. Breathe in the colours before they break to keep you from bleeding when you'll be exhaling rainbows, weeping silk. Stay careful, as spiders are seeking your heart like they once were seeking Trakl's.

Only on the outside we have one face only. Underneath the superficiality we are searching for more humanity. With our fingers we are reaching into our heads to see with our own hands, if we have not

forgotten ourselves. Beneath the tracery of our braided hair a timber-framed room constructs itself, one where the lights cannot find us and shadows will soon call off the search. Darkling, come! We need to walk through mirrors to blend right into our new gowns. In a fever, I ask the Milky Way Maid for a white sip and for the right way. We walk through doubled imagery. Our faces forgive the mirrors, forgive them everything.

The tunes produced by our duelling air guitars engaging in a phantom match echo through glasshouses. The little opal crocodile attached to the handbag we used to live in when we were finger-puppets did not go blind, although it faced the uproar leading to the downfall. The air guitars' most silent melody healed shattered rainbow-glass, masks sank to the ground. Now we are standing on the margin. Of everything. We are satisfied. Self-confident, not at a loss of who our true selves are, with many a face, not faceless, without broken heels, skipping the *DecaDance* Tournament. Together, we shall rise and bloom, be enlightened. For us, the willow weeps with joy.







## THE WOODCUTTER'S DAUGHTER

The fire was out and the snow was falling but still the woodcutter did not get up. His back was bad.

'It's the old trouble and a new trouble,' the doctor said. But beyond that he offered no remedy. The old man lay and fidgeted, his face grey with guilt at his tiredness. Chill, austere winds had blown in from the north, choking great tracks of land so there was no harvest to speak of and many of the animals had died. On the edge of the wood, great army trucks moved to disperse those looking for work.

At night the daughter could hear her father's sobs. They carried from the fireplace downstairs, next to where his bed lay, up the chimney and into her room.

She sent the forms the doctor had given them applying for government money but they were returned: 'SELF EMPLOYED' scrawled in red ink at the top of each page. The daughter told her father she would try – she would try and go out to the wood and cut the trees broken or felled by the winds.

'You must leave the younger trees,' he told her. 'So many of the younger ones will have been broken in these winds but you must wait for them to dry out before we can do anything with them.'

But instead, when out walking, she picked up thin, traced leaf skeletons along with those brightly coloured leaves, only recently fallen, and gathered them together in the hem of her coat. In the evening she sat by the warmth of the fire and knitted them together with long, thin, ivy threads. Her father watched but did not ask what she was doing as he'd learnt not to question the ways of others. 'Work is work,' he would say, 'and its value is no more determined by others' understanding of it than a price can be put upon the sun.'

When she'd finished he saw that she had made garments of various colours and textures – some glossy and smooth as stone, others delicate and papery. She took them into town and asked that they be sent to the rich cities of the north. Over the following days as they waited to hear

38 from the northern cities and capitals she continued to work, gathering by day, sewing by night. But one night, while sat by the fireside, the tiredness overwhelmed her, her head bowed to her breast and the hem of one of the dresses caught in the flickering light. The little house was razed to the ground: a candle flame aglow in the midst of the dark.



Jana Wieland, Collection: Strange Pie, Photographs: Andreas Waldschütz;  
Model: Helena Severin, Wiener Models

**Michael Amherst**

Born in Cheltenham in 1983, Amherst studied English at Oxford, where he was awarded an academic scholarship, and later gained an MA in Creative Writing from the University of East Anglia. He is a writer of fiction and non-fiction and his work has been published internationally, including in the Guardian, New Statesman, the Spectator, The White Review and Contrappasso magazine. He was short-listed for the 2012 Bridport Prize and long-listed for the 2014 BBC Opening Lines. Amherst is also a Director of Just Detention International, an organisation campaigning against sexual violence in prisons across the globe, and in 2012 he was appointed to the Howard League's Independent Commission on Sex in Prisons. [www.michaelamherst.com](http://www.michaelamherst.com)

**Miriam H. Auer**

Auer was born in 1983 in Friesach and currently teaches the English Poetry and Intertextuality course in the Department of English and American Studies at the Alpen-Adria-Universität Klagenfurt. In addition to her academic pursuits Auer writes poetry, short plays, prose, song lyrics and has recently had her philosophically-charged novel *Hinter der Zeit* ('Behind the Times') published by the Austrian publisher Edition Meerauge. In 2012, Auer was one of five authors shortlisted for the Kärntner SchriftstellerInnenverband Literature Prize, and in 2014 she was awarded second place in the prize's New Literature category.

**DMMJK**

DMMJK is the brainchild of two young designer minds Emil Maria Beindl and Markus Binder, who freshly out of school are reaping the benefits of their talents. Highly in demand both in Austria and across the pond, DMMJK have made a name for themselves by designing what they know and live by every day – pop culture and youth. Their contemporary aesthetic and cheeky boldness are their bread and butter, and their pieces are nothing if not a reflection of the designers' own playful take on fashion. Honing their skills under the tutelage of Bernhard Willhelm and

Veronique Branquinho at the University of Applied Arts in Vienna, the duo started sweeping numerous awards with their first collection, getting enough exposure to attract the overseas fashion powerhouse Proenza Schouler where they spent the two seasons of 2014 designing. Their newest collection 'Sapir Safari', is a print-on-print study in boldness and creative layering, turning out silky flowing zebra dresses, crisp cotton cropped tops or matching head to toe ensembles. Taking the random, the modern, the traditional, and remixing it together with their own very special visions and influences, DMMJK are coming at the world with a powerful bang. [www.dmmjk.com](http://www.dmmjk.com)

**Carolin Holzhuber**

Austrian born footwear designer and shoemaker, Carolin Holzhuber, presents a selection of footwear pieces from two of her collections, 'Conjoined Illusion' and 'Pulse'. Based around the concepts of mirroring, visual illusions and conjoined twins, 'Conjoined Illusion' demonstrates Holzhuber's playful approach to form and careful attention to shape and functionality. Each pair is made of four carbon fibre soles that are connected in various ways, allowing the main themes of reflection and optical illusions to be skilfully conveyed in the design of the uppers and the platforms. The pieces in 'Pulse' were made in collaboration with the British womenswear designer Francesca Capper for her S/S15 collection. Natural movement and rhythm, such as the pulse beat, played a significant role in the creation of this collection. Holzhuber holds a BA in Fashion from Fashion Institute Vienna, in cooperation with the University of Art and Design Linz, as well as an MA in Fashion Footwear from London College of Fashion. She has held internships at the bespoke shoemaker Andreas Kudweis in Vienna, the British footwear brand and designer Atalanta Weller and London based footwear brand FINSK. Exhibitions include 'SHOEtting Stars' at the Kunst Haus Wien Museum Hundertwasser 2014, and ITS 2014 as a finalist at the International Talent Support 2014 in the category accessories. Holzhuber is currently based in East London where she is developing her own brand and footwear workshop. [www.carolinholzhuber.com](http://www.carolinholzhuber.com)

**Rebecca May Johnson**

Rebecca May Johnson is a writer and journalist. She has written fashion features for many publications including The Daily Telegraph, ELLE, The Financial Times, Monocle, Tank, Observer magazine and Salt magazine and is also Editorial Associate at Business of Fashion. She is currently completing a PhD on Contemporary German Poetry at UCL with a focus on the theoretical and poetic work of Barbara Köhler. She has recently started to write poetry and was one of the winners of the British Museum's 'Germany: memories of a nation' poetry competition. She also writes a cooking blog called Dinner Document.

**Amy Key**

Amy Key is a London-based poet and editor. She is Artistic Director of monthly poetry event The Shuffle, and the co-editor of Poems in Which, an online poetry journal that invites poets to submit work which must have a title beginning with 'Poem in Which'. In November 2013, Amy published her first solo collection of poetry titled Luxe (Salt Publishing) which has been likened to 'a delicious chocolate-box assortment of work' that valorises rather than eroticises feminine vulnerability. More recently Key edited Best Friends Forever: Poems on Female Friendship (The Emma Press, December 2014) which is a collection of poems on the topic of sisterhood and friendship. [www.amyvkey.com](http://www.amyvkey.com)

**Alex MacDonald**

Alex MacDonald lives and works in London. His poetry has been published in The Quietus, The Morning Star, Galavant, Clinic II and English PEN and he was shortlisted for the Poetry School / Pig Hog Poetry Pamphlet Competition. MacDonald ran the monthly poetry reading night Selected Poems at the V&A where he invited editors of magazines and anthologies to showcase selected authors. He was recently Digital Poet in Residence at the Poetry School. [www.audienceonvideo.tumblr.com](http://www.audienceonvideo.tumblr.com)

**Inga Nemirovskaia**

Inga Nemirovskaia specialises in high quality, innovative knit design. Born in Ukraine and raised in Austria, Nemirovskaia currently lives and works between the two cities of London and Vienna. In 2012 she achieved her BA at the Arts University Linz in cooperation with the Fashion School Hetzendorf in Vienna. Thereafter she decided to move to London to pursue her MA in Fashion Knitwear at Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, which she successfully completed in 2014. Nemirovskaia has been awarded a number of prizes for her work, including the J-Crew – MA Fashion Cashmere Project, and the Fashion prize of the Federal Chancellery of the Republic of Austria. She has gained work experience at Peter Pilotto in London, Lala Berlin as well as Prag PR in Berlin. This exhibition presents a selection of Nemirovskaia's knitted outfits which were produced as part of her MA collection. Her strong interest in research and hands on approach to the making process – each garment is created by hand and with the use of domestic knitting machines in her own studio – lend the work by Nemirovskaia both originality and depth. While constantly in search of new textile technologies and processing ideas, a fascination for the female silhouette and the play between proportions and volume remains an essential part of all her designs and creative ethos. [www.inganemirovskaia.com](http://www.inganemirovskaia.com)

**Katharina Perkhofer**

'The Perversions of Truth' marks the title and spirit of the emerging Austrian born and London based designer Katharina Perkhofer's final MA collection at LCF in London. Her collection focuses on subtle prints, clean-cut lines and unusual textual and visual details. Experimenting with concepts of visibility and invisibility, the designer examines the boundary between the private and public, forcing us to readjust and renew our common conceptions of modern social reality. Digital prints, which carefully uncover inner and outer body parts in random dots, simulate real textured fabrics and are translated into delicate patterns. The refined shapes and monochrome colour palette show an original approach to creative variety

and Perkhofer's sophisticated sensibility toward the impact of minute details. 'The Perversions of Truth' is a beautiful visual rendition of the modern man – daring, aware and elusive. Since completing her MA studies in Fashion Design Technology Menswear at London College of Fashion, University of the Arts London, Perkhofer has worked as Menswear Casualwear Design Assistant at the renowned British luxury fashion brand Jaeger. Her educational and professional background includes a BA in Fashion Design at the University of Arts and Industrial Design Linz, Vienna, in Austria, as well as, most recently, work experiences at Vivienne Westwood and Peter Pilotto in London. In 2012, Perkhofer was awarded the LCF Artscom Scholarship, and in 2011 she was invited to showcase her BA collection at Bunka College, Fashion Week in Tokyo, Japan.  
*www.katharinaperkhofer.com*

#### **Teresa Präauer**

Teresa Präauer is an Austrian born author and fine artist currently living in Vienna. As a trained painter, she lent her hand to illustrating a children's book in 2010, after which she published her prose debut in 2012. Her novel 'For the Rulers from Overseas' was met with accolades and received the prestigious Aspekte Literature Prize. Her brand new second novel 'Johnny and Jean' is a natural progression from her artistic inclinations towards both the written word and the drawn image and has just been shortlisted for the Leipzig Book Fair Prize 2015. She continues to be involved with both writing and illustration and appears at readings, talks and fairs across Europe.

#### **Sabina**

Sabina Rachimova is the co-founder and Director of SABINNA STUDIOS, a newly launched London-based fashion brand specialising in womenswear and accessory design. All the items are produced in the UK and Austria, using only high quality materials as well as upcycled plastic to generate fresh and exciting fabrics with unique textures. Imbued with a vivid sense of imagination, precision and sophistication, the designs reveal a compelling mix of references with traces of the ecclesiastical, Russian folk dress, and world of hyper modernity. Rachimova was

born in Russia and raised in Vienna. She attained her BA in Fashion Design with Marketing from Central Saint Martins, University of the Arts London. During her studies in London she gained valuable work experience in the fashion industry through her internships at Christian Dior Couture in Paris and the highly acclaimed London-based fashion designer Mary Katrantzou. Prior to moving to London Rachimova worked as a womenswear design assistant at Schella Kann. SABINNA STUDIOS has already achieved international success through a pop-up store at MQ Vienna Fashion Week S/S 2015 and a showroom during Paris Fashion Week S/S 2015. In 2015 SABINNA STUDIOS will be stocked in both Russia and Kuwait.  
*www.sabinna.com*

#### **Jana Wieland**

Jana Wieland is a fashion designer from Austria. Many of her pieces are made from heavy blanket-like knit fabrics – mohair yarns, dupion silk and cotton – resulting in bold and robust silhouettes which nonetheless gently envelop the female body with elegance as well as protection. Dark earthy hues instil the garments with a sense of calm and bring to mind the mysteries of our external and internal worlds. Her approach to shape is haptic and highlights the interconnectedness of body, movement and clothing. One of the defining features of Wieland's collections 'Strange Pie' and 'Suchness' lies in the buoyancy, firmness and simplicity of her designs which playfully complement the nature of the dense organic materials employed. Born in 1990, Wieland is an up and coming designer living and working in Vienna. She recently completed her BA in Fashion at the University of Arts and Industrial Design in Linz/ Vienna, during which she was awarded the prize for most interesting artistic accomplishment of bachelor fashion design program in 2013. In 2014 Wieland was also nominated for the Austrian Councils Fashion Award by a jury of international fashion heavy-hitters. Wieland's work has been featured in, amongst others, Vogue.it Online, Nasty Magazine and dossier journal.  
*www.janawieland.at*

## Thank you

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ANOTHER AUSTRIA engages broadly with the theme of fashion, which is approached from different thematic angles.

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