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FAWN KRIEGER

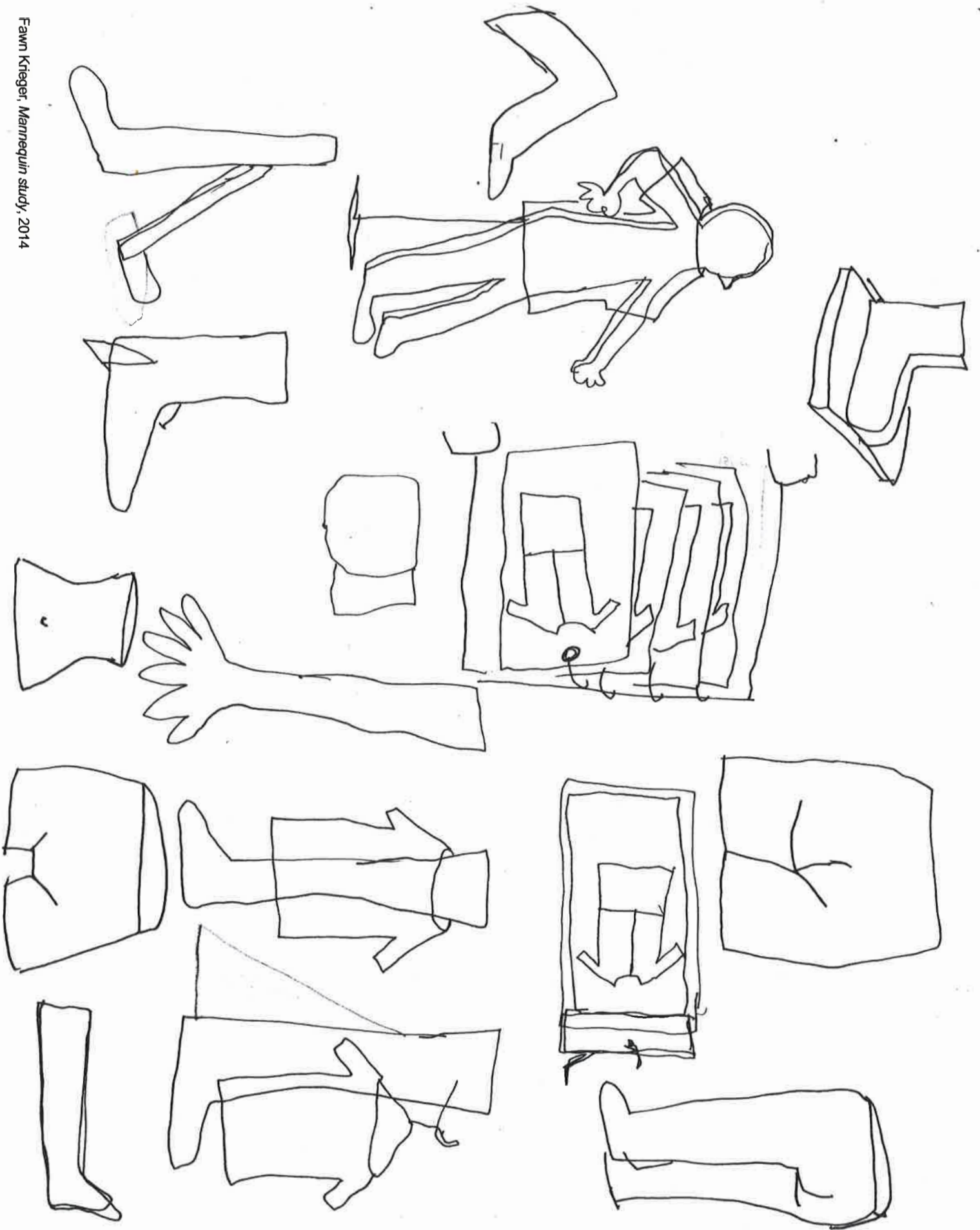
OUTFIT

FEB 21 - APR 3, 2016

SOLOWAY
348 S 4th St
BROOKLYN NY
11211

INTERVIEW BY: ANNA GURTON-WACHTER
ESSAY BY: EMILY WEINER
OP ED BY: DEVIN HARCLERODE

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OUTLET: an interview with Fawn Krieger

by Anna Gurton-Wachter

Anna: So tell me about the show!

Fawn: I designed and fabricated a body of modular and practical work-wear informed in part by Cold War "soft power" consumerism: propagandistic merchandise in the form of domestic luxury goods, implemented as a medium of conflict between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. These garments are comprised of 2 distinct models—a jumpsuit and a dress, which could also be a shirt—both made from black cotton canvas duck. At the close of the exhibition, the project will transform into a mail-order economy informed by East German and Soviet mail order catalogues, which I've been acquiring a large collection of over the past 5 years. Both the jumpsuits and the dresses are designed for working bodies moving through urban spaces from morning through night. The apparel will hang on huge face-hangers that function as hybrid paintings/sculptures/props. The hangers are inspired by old-fashioned Victorian hangers with anonymous people's faces lithographed on them, except my hangers feature paintings of my friends' faces. The label and show are called *OUTFIT*.



Modelo Garment Hanger Co., 1132 Broadway 4D
From the artist's collection

A: How did you get started collecting mail-order catalogues?

F: I had been doing a research project in Germany from 2006-2011, visiting quite often for it, as well as seeing friends and family. In 2009 I bought an old East German fashion magazine called *Pramo* at the Elbe Flea Market in Dresden. My heart swelled with the prospect of a fashion magazine whose centerfold consisted of pull-out patterns to make your own fashions. This was the beginning.

Also for a period of time I produced mail-order catalogues as a job, just before e-commerce really became a thing. I kept a huge folder of these catalogues that I was looking at regularly at the time—so my collecting is perhaps an extension of this.

A: There is something nice about the distant memory of a mail-order catalogue. Didn't you always find that the object that came in the mail was nothing like how it looked in the catalogue?

F: Yes— the items are always different than how it's imagined before it arrives. Also, the ritual of ordering is interesting to me—what gets enacted in that delay of looking/writing/waiting/transport/retrieval.

The first mail-order experience I had was when I was four years old. I slept with a Sears Christmas mail-order catalogue for days, which featured "Lester," a ventriloquist doll dressed like a taxi driver. I would get him a few months later for my birthday. Then I remember the book-order catalogues at school, which weren't as exciting to me as the Lillian Vernon and Fredericks of Hollywood catalogues that came to my home.



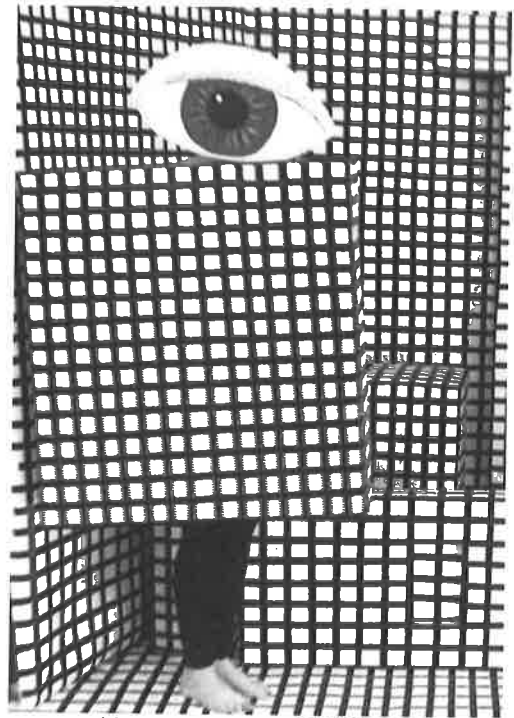
Krieger's *Hanger 6* of Anna Gurton-Wachter, 2016
32 x 18.5 x 5 in
wood, shellac, latex and oil paint, steel

A: You mentioned that the faces you painted for this show are all people you know, myself included. For me it does not feel exactly like when someone makes a portrait of me and hangs it up. I feel proud in more of an industrious way, like I have accomplished something through my image's utility. What went into the decision to have the faces be of people you know?

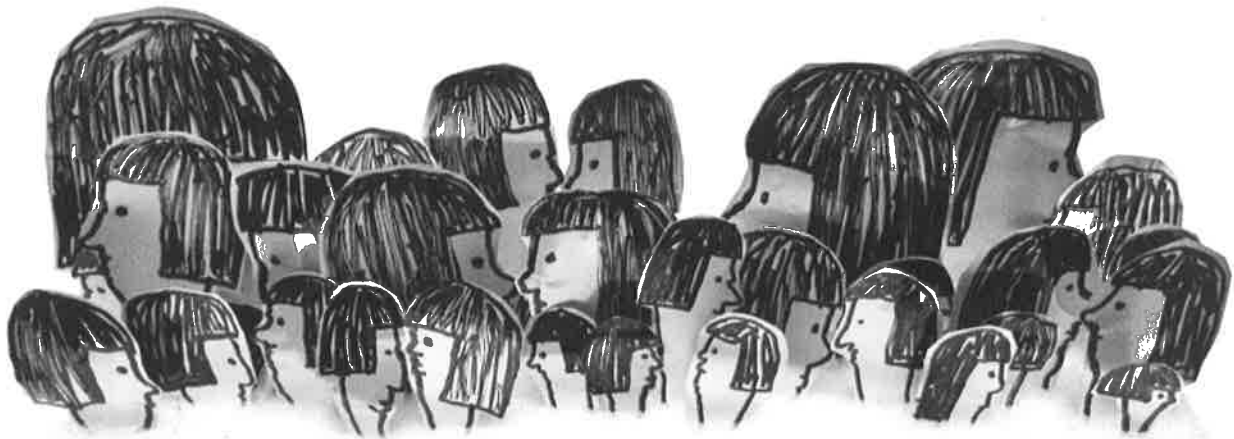
F: I have always imagined my friends in the *OUTFITS*, and also, people wearing them becoming my friends, so I think it was a natural leap to actually put my friends in them, or imagine them in them. Your face is the only one with an accessory (not counting glasses)!

A: Did you always know that you wanted the *OUTFITS* to be on these hangers or did that emerge later?

F: I started with a lot of different ideas, but as the project grew it took this form. I had been making some rudimentary clothing prototypes from really raw fabrics while also making this eye mask for a performance piece called *STAGING*. That mask was a single large eye that covered my entire face. Later, for a subsequent performance called *STORM*, I made a larger one which covered most of my body—becoming a roving eye that moved through New York City's financial district. Around that time I had bought an old-fashioned face hanger from an antique flea market, and I started constructing these maquette-sculptures of audiences with many imaginary people in them. The conglomeration of these face-hangers—quiet portraits of my friends—is a kind of gesture at audience-making, or creating a fabric of witnesses I love. Also, I like imaginary and homemade versions of people that are not real. They always show up in my work in some form, as myths or as actual subjects.



video still from *STAGING*, 2014



Krieger's *AUDIENCE* maquette, 2014

A: What other interests of yours or influences led to this project?

F: Well, I'm looking a lot at Constructivists who created apparel: Varvara Stepanova, Lyubov Popova, Aleksandra Ekster, Vladimir Tatlin. I will forever be inspired by Body Masks made by the Asmat people of New Guinea, Joseph Beuys' *Felt Suit* and Helio Oiticica's *Parangolé*. For the hangers I've been looking a lot lately at the paintings and drawings of Otto Dix, and at masks and headdresses from the Democratic Republic of the Congo, as well as those incredible Lost Wax heads from Benin. I'm also really inspired by experimental enterprises that are Gesamtkunstwerk-y, like Sonia Delaunay's *Boutique Simultané* (*Simultaneous Boutique*), Gordon Matta-Clark's *Food*, and Ken Price's *Happy's curios*. I always look at theatre aesthetics through artists like Guy de Cointet and early Robert Whitman.



Asmat Mask costumes of Jipae Festival. Amanamkai village, central Asmat, 1961. Photo Adrian A. Gerbrands



Guy de Cointet
De toutes les couleurs [*Of All the Colors*], 1982
Performance directed by Yves Lefebvre
Theatre du Rond-Point, Paris



Sonia Delaunay
Boutique Simultanée
1925, Paris



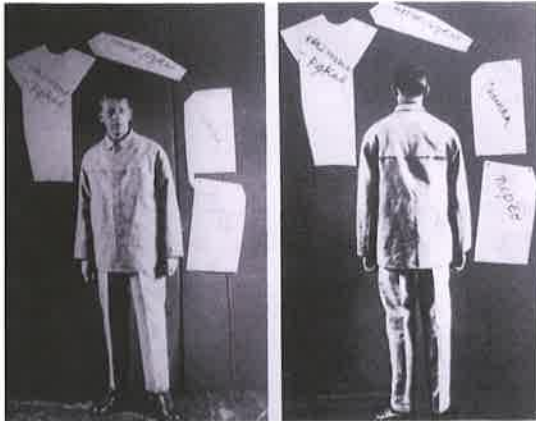
Helio Oiticica
Parangolés (1964–79)



Late Kingdom Ancient Egyptian plaster head at the Metropolitan Museum of Art that Fawn is in love with but forgot to photograph the credit.



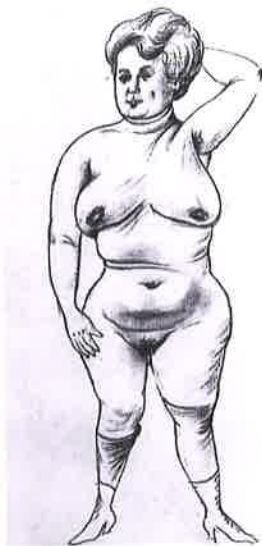
Iskusstvo v bytu [Art in Everyday Life]
Designed by Nadezhda Lamanova; Illustrated by Vera Mukhina.
edited by Ia. A. Tugendkhol'd
1925, Moscow



Vladimir Tatlin, *Male leisure suit* in 1922-23, which was used as an anti-fashion perspective, designed solely with regards to it's practicalities



Robert Whitman, *Flower*, 1963



Otto Dix
Nude in Stockings and Shoes
1921, pencil



Alexandra Exter
Sketches of massed-produced clothes, 1923



Head of an Oba
19th century
Edo peoples from Nigeria, Court of Benin
Brass (cast), Height 23 in.

A: So, forgive me for being too obvious or blunt but these pieces are heads without bodies. It makes me think of a few things: balloons, severed body parts, beheadings, the separation of mind and body. I thought of balloons because the heads have this large floating feeling and don't feel dismembered, although some of them are starting to turn green. Ha, but seriously, are any of these associations on point for you or do you think of there being an invisible body rendered semi-visible by the clothes?

F: I am thinking about what making images means in 2016, why it matters. Like, what does it mean for our eyes to perceive the depiction of heads, faces, whole identities dislocated from their contexts, as or through media? I also see really big rain or tear drops. The aqua colors of the faces came from looking at 1950's illustration colors, and just a general interest in colors that surface my emotional memories.

A: Both news media and mail-order catalogues enter the home. How do you see that informing this project, I mean what is the role domestic space plays in *OUTFIT*?

F: I think a lot about the home as a threshold space, and a space historically associated with women. I'm interested in how violence is imposed onto gendered space and bodies, through materials, languages, and actions. I want to examine the choices and agency that exist within those structures. Cold War consumerism, particularly in the form of mail-order economies, was a battleground that unfolded in the territory of the home. It's war fought by and through homemakers and homemaking. It's part of how *OUTFIT* got its name. But also domestic space is a landscape of profound expansion and possibility, which we see through things like feminist consciousness-raising groups and cottage industries. Also love. In picking up the mail-order catalogue as a template, I'm looking to go back to the beginning of a now-redundant mode of exchange, from before we found ourselves in the wound of exploitative consumption that we're in today.



The Kitchen Debate, July 24, 1959

In central front, left to right: Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev, U.S. Vice President Richard Nixon, Communist Party Central Committee Second Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, and a sunshine yellow GE washer-dryer. Associated Press/Wide World Photos.

A: How do you think about audience or potential viewers?

F: I look more at theatre than visual art— I feel more connected to the term "audience" than "viewer". I think of audience as proto-citizenship.

A: That's so interesting! It reminds me of ancient Greece to sort of trace back to this connection between theater and politics, and what we expect from an audience member that we do not expect of a viewer.

F: It also could be interpreted as Brechtian, although I'm coming from a very different place than Brecht. I am drawn to, and cultivate moments in which, audience members inadvertently become performers. Not in an undermining, alienating, or antagonistic way—rather, in an inclusive, ecstatic way, where these hierarchical terms dissolve or diminish through a primary shift of desire, proximity, and touch. In this way, my work walks an edge between sculpture and theatre, and I think a lot about things like becoming, agency, and exchange. For a number of years I've been constructing immersive spaces, and I'm interested lately in letting those constructed spaces be more metaphorical and nomadic—something like a carrying-with. I'm thinking of the garments I'm designing, sewing, and presenting at Soloway as embodying a way of being, somewhere between theatre and sculpture: a kind of wearable stage... or a nomadic, fragmented, embodied tapestry.

A: Can you say more about what you mean by "wearable stage"?

F: One of the things that inspired my choice to make the first line of *OUTFITS* black is my fascination with the Black-Hole Cosmology, which posits that our entire reality is inside of a black hole. I guess a concrete way to elaborate on what I mean by a wearable stage, is to imagine shrinking the universe down to a body, and the *OUTFIT* is a kind of black hole enveloping it. The garment is a site in which a phenomenon takes place. A container for becoming.



A: How do you think your exhibition at Soloway relates to play, hiding, and vulnerability? This project reminds me of Yoko Ono's *Bag Piece*, or like the girl in Willy Wonka who eats the blueberry and blows up into this great big shape that you can do anything inside of and also has this all-encompassing formlessness. Although I guess for her it is kind of horrifying. The other night I was at a party and this guy decided to take out a sleeping bag and continue the conversation he was having all rolled up inside it and I was like, "YES! I love that!" He wasn't trying to end the party, he was saying, wouldn't this party be better if I was a in a pod?

F: Violet Beauregarde is my favorite Willy Wonka child-destiny. Sleeping bags are like a tiny return to the womb, don't you think? There's something about being virtually consumed that takes away the inevitable human misconception of autonomy. I would say that there's a way my *OUTFITS* obscure the body, but then also empower it, and host a new or unusual comfort that at once facilitates agency and communitarianism.



A: If the *OUTFITS* are likened to black hole cosmologies, do they altogether form a constellation of some kind?

F: YES!!! Constellation. A constellation of witnesses, audience, friends, chosen family.

A: What was the most surprising thing that making clothing forced you to think about?

F: I'm not sure "surprising" is the most accurate term for this, but for me the most significant reckoning came when I confronted the limitations of my body: in sitting at a sewing machine for excessive periods of time and feeling the burden on my back and neck, my circulation, my muscles, my thoughts, my moods. I also had to reckon with simultaneously seeing the apparel as both commercial product and conceptual work—which is at the essence of my questions around making a line of clothing as artwork. Except in actually making the apparel, those questions also pushed back on me.

A: Can you talk more about the tension between the commercial and conceptual elements of the work? Is this something you have been interested in before?

F: This project really evolved from the lingering concerns raised by my last enterprise, *COMPANY* (2007-8), originally commissioned by Art in General. With *COMPANY*, I started out inspired by Claes Oldenburg's *The Store* from 1961, and made my own sculptural renditions of everyday objects, with my chosen objects collectively comprising in unity a symbolic self-portrait—in a sense, the things that keep me company. The sales of my stock commissioned other artist friends to make *COMPANY* product

lines. The project evolved during its lifetime and the questions transformed into an examination of contact points between private/self/subject and public/other/object. With *OUTFIT*, I've had a desire to propose an enterprise not dependent upon irony, one that comes closer to the edge of collapsing in on itself.



Fawn Krieger's *COMPANY*, 2007-8, Art in General, NYC



Krieger's *Winter Catalogue*, for *COMPANY*, 2008

A: Speaking of "contact points," is it important for the people wearing *OUTFITS* to be familiar with your influences and ideas?

F: No, and in fact, I am drawn to the idea that certain people might stumble upon, covet, purchase, and/or wear my *OUTFITS* without knowing what they stand for.

A: I like that you use the word "covet." I feel like this work has an unabashed positivity for the covetous aspects of art. It also makes me think of the sociality that can emerge in a group fitting room, when a desire for isolation is made into a group activity. Do you feel like gallery spaces should be more like that?

F: Do you mean: do I feel like the gallery should be more like a group fitting room?

A: I have memories of going to Century 21 when I was a kid and there was a giant group fitting room and I loved it because it was a chance to see people's bodies and also people would say if they thought you should buy something, instead of having to hear the person who works in the store's fake enthusiasm for why you should buy it.

Interesting... I guess I feel like the gallery space could be more like a thinning between the work and its becoming, or a convergence between witnessing and enacting. For me what I'm looking for is probably closer to a sleepover party.

A: When did you first start making work that you knew you wanted people to touch?

F: My earliest memories of art making were in playing with my dollhouse- they were in the magic of touching as it relates to people, story, and space. I wouldn't say I always make work I want people to touch, but I believe that memory is held in the physical fibers of all matter, like an archive, and that through touch we can activate a universal connectedness, but also risk severing all access to it. It is one of the reasons I am a sculptor, and alive.

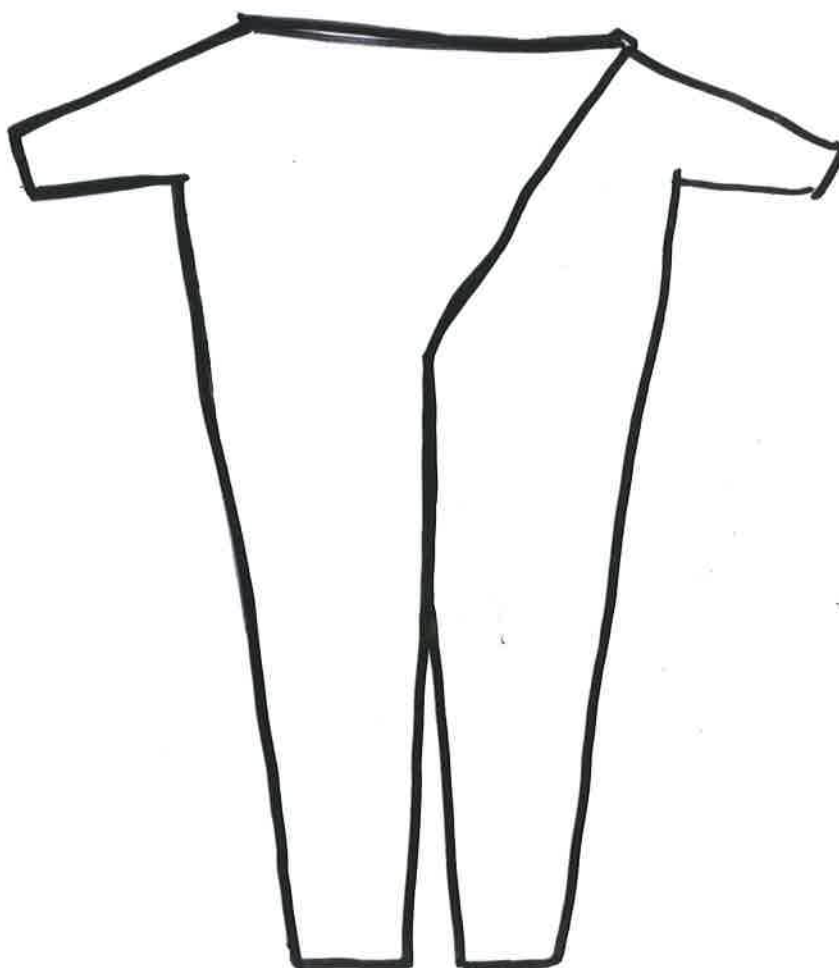
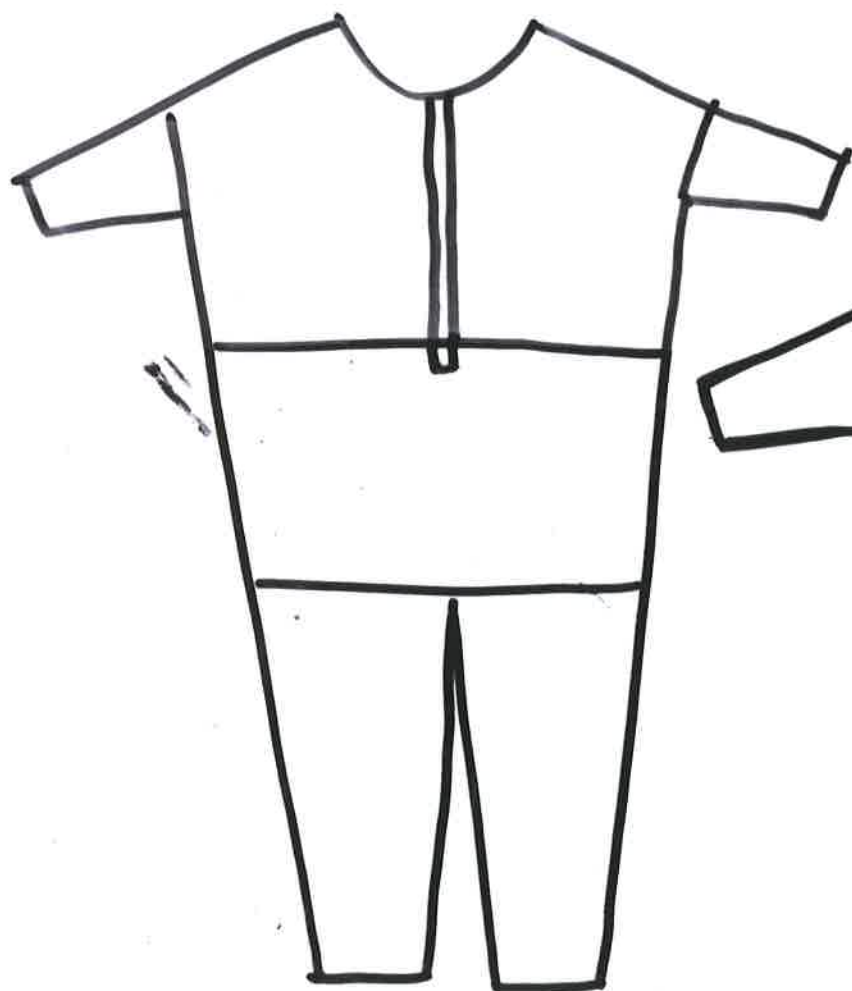
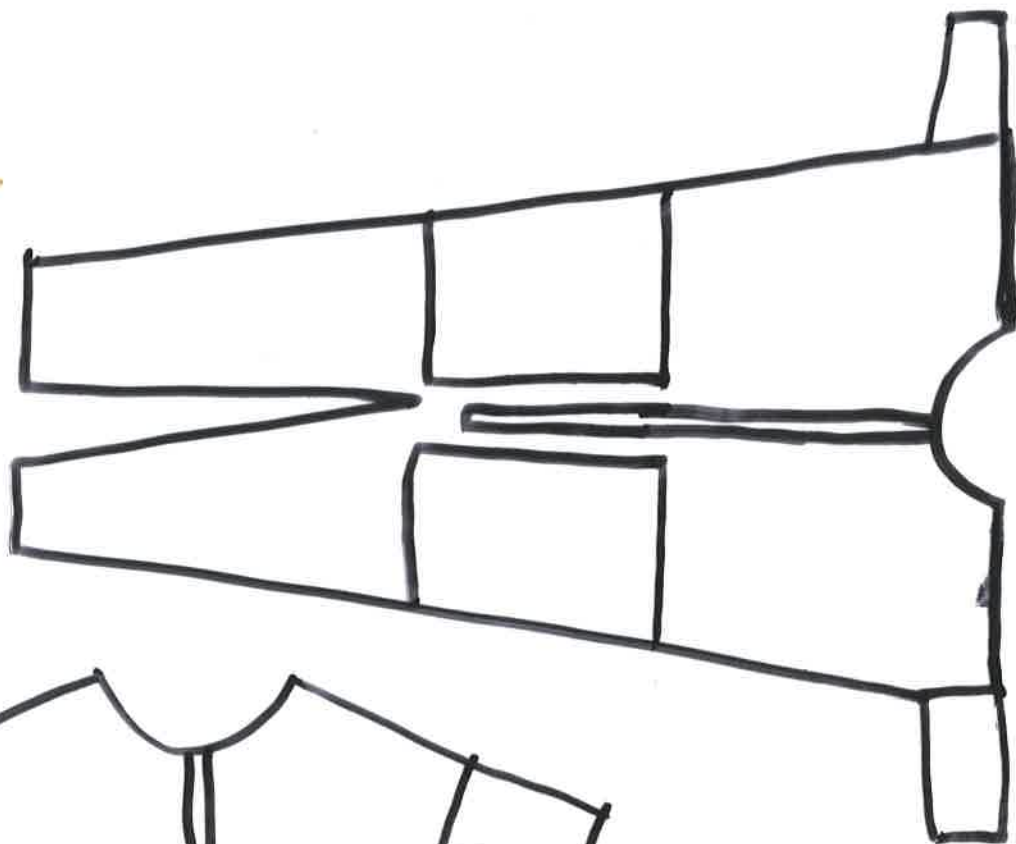
Anna Gurton-Wachter is a writer, archivist and editor. She lives in Brooklyn, N.Y. and is Fawn Krieger's gym buddy.

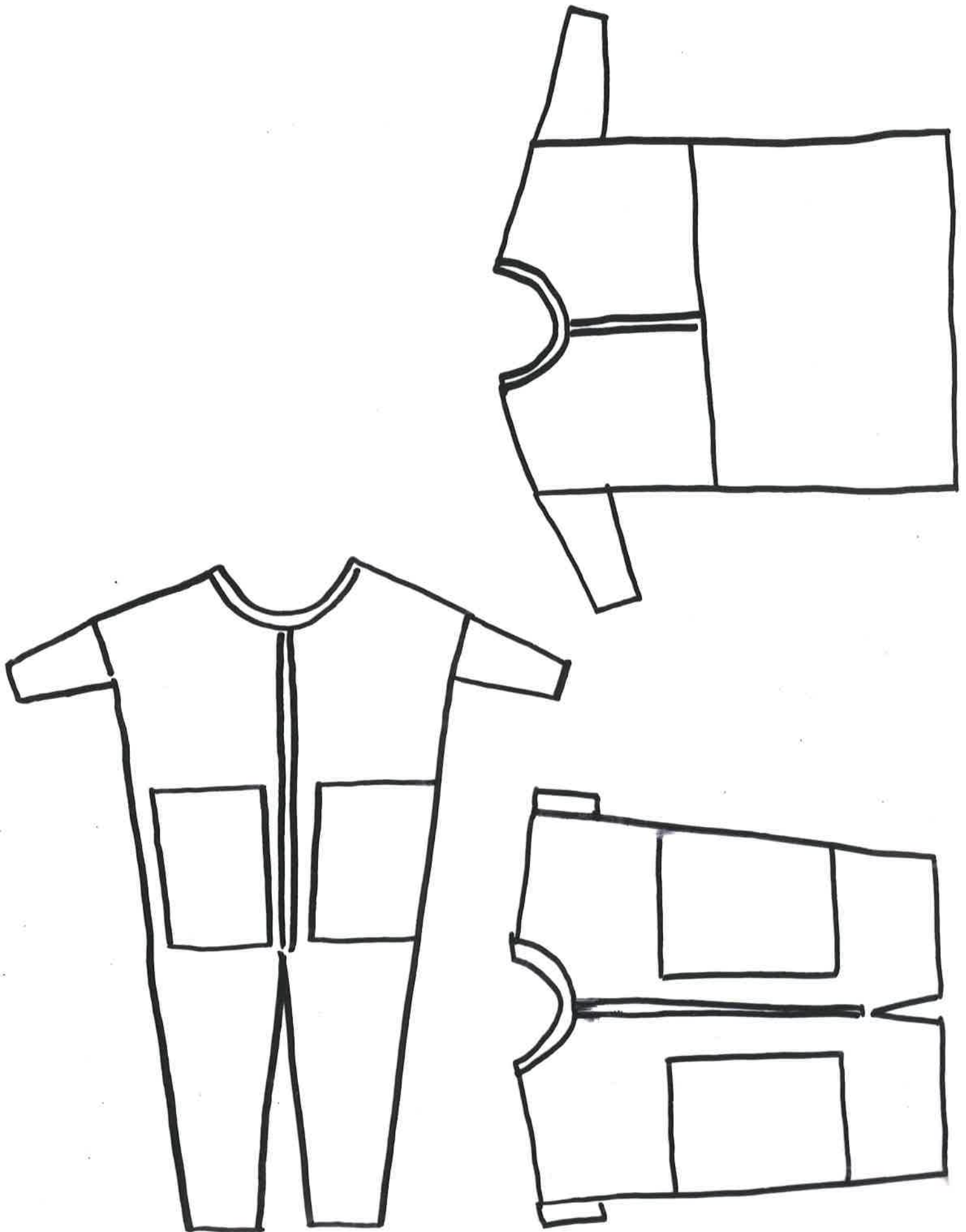


Fawn Krieger's *OUTFIT*: jumpsuit, 2016



Fawn Krieger: *Hanger study 2*, 2015. Paper, latex and vinyl paint.





Thoughts on Fawn Krieger's *OUTFIT*, 2016

By Emily Weiner



What does it mean when an object stares back?

In earlier centuries of Western art, from antiquity through Romanticism, an idealized subject was typically one whose gaze was averted: Michaelangelo's *David*, Botticelli's *Venus*—even that giant head of Constantine “the Great”—all avoided direct contact with the eyes of their audience.

More intrepid gazes famously ensued, in portraits like *Mona Lisa*, whose stare is hard to shake regardless of your angle to her (crowds around the original usually prevent one from testing this in person). Edouard Manet's *Olympia* also returns a look, and was scandalous for confronting the buttoned-up *Beaux-Arts* academes of the 1860s. Even Gustave Courbet's *Origin of the World*—I think in retrospect at least—turned the view-to-viewer relationship upside down and inside out, with its vagina that might be at once considered an all-seeing eye and a chicken-or-egg metaphor for the whole of human conception.

Dialing farther back, one can find several descriptions of artworks that not only stare back but *respond* back too: In writing, Aristotle refers to the craftsman Daedalus, father of Icarus, who created “automata” using alchemy (quicksilver being the secret ingredient), to make statues speak. Several hundred years later, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* recounts the story of Pygmalion, a sculptor from Cyprus who wishes for a partner as gorgeous as the one he carved from ivory. Aphrodite grants his wish and turns the sculpture of Galatea to real flesh and blood. (An especially Romantic painting by Jean-Léon Gérôme from 1890, now at the Metropolitan Museum, recreates the scene: The sculptor in his studio drops his chisel just as his half-sculpture-half-lover falls into his arms. Neither Galatea or Pygmalion are facing the viewer, however).

What happens in recent centuries, when science replaces magic and mythology as a social norm? In literature and film, previously docile creations have begun to kick against the pricks: The modern Prometheus in Mary Shelly's 1818 *Frankenstein* is found unlovable by his creator, who rejects him—which leads the monster to run away and wreak havoc in the scientist's life. (A note on color: In Shelly's description, the monster is actually yellow; the green, electrified version of Frankenstein comes from film and pop-culture renditions from the 1930s and later. The Hulk, first appearing in a 1962 Marvel comic, is also a green humanoid, inspired by a combination of Frankenstein and an equally fallow Mr. Hyde, who has also been rendered different shades of green in various poster reproductions).

Tim Burton's 1990 film *Edward Scissorhands* introduced a paler, more blue-hued incarnation of an artificial man, who is no less misunderstood. Edward's maker dies before he could finish creating his son's hands, so Edward is left with scissors for extremities. Like Frankenstein, Edward is feared and also fated to retreat from participation in love and society.

All of these examples, while their messages mixed, are manifestations and metaphors for the desire to create one's own likeness through art and life. What would it look like to create one's own community that way too? Ideally it would resemble a harmonious audience, made of team players and trustworthy friends; A diverse and modern kind of Greek chorus that might do work for you, narrate your ideas through a collective voice, or even just bear witness to the drama unfolding around you. They would not have to be green or blue, or look directly at you, but no one says they couldn't either?



What does it mean for an object to *act*?

It's been proven in physics that the simple presence of an object can have unthinkably profound implications just by its proximity to other objects. One of the most basic but mind-boggling examples from quantum physics is the double-slit experiment—which shows that electrons (which are particles), when shot through two slits in a plate, behave like waves, creating interference patterns (instead of two simple bands like you'd expect) on a screen behind. These results of course have opened up serious questions about what is happening in the subatomic world beyond human perception. So physicists investigated further, which just made things more baffling: When they placed a recording device at one side of the plate to see *how* these particles were performing wave-like moves (like how does one subatomic particle blast through two holes at once?!) the electrons went back to creating just two straightforward bands, as would have been originally expected. It's as if the electron understands that it is being watched, and decides to behave differently.¹

Zooming out into the world we can see with a naked eye, bodies act on bodies in a way that is more predictable (though no less remarkable): The planets revolve in their clockwork-like groove of gravity around the sun. The earth keeps us tethered to the ground and the moon moves ocean tides. At the core of Einstein's theory of relativity is that the laws of physics are the same for all observers in uniform motion relative to one another. This makes for an orderly world we observe on our own scale, and our earthly velocities, where we watch the sun rise and set, or someone pass by in a blur from across the subway platform.

However, if we expand to a much larger scale, weirder phenomena might occur again. Take the densest, most forceful object known to humanity: A black hole. No one is sure what goes down inside one; all we know is that it acts so strongly on every other thing, including light, that nothing can escape to tell its story. In 1988's *A Brief History of Time*, Stephen Hawking imagines the inside of a black hole as a very inhospitable place where any object, including his example of an astronaut, would be stretched "like spaghetti" and torn apart, never to reappear or function in the cosmos again. In a more anthropocentric imagining, the 2014 film *Interstellar* gives a supermassive black hole called "Gargantua" a more useful role in human endeavors. (Spoiler alert!: It turns out to be a wormhole created by five-dimensional beings to allow humans to communicate with family members in the past!). A model that's maybe even stranger than fiction comes from contemporary quantum theory: physicists including Raj Pathria (also an Urdu poet) and J. Good have independently but concurrently proposed a model in which our observable universe actually exists within a black hole. Crazier still, their black-hole cosmology might also imply that we are just one universe in a multiverse of other black-hole singularities. If that's the case, no wonder the objects in our world, from macrocosmic to subatomic, act as radically (or erratically) as they do.

¹ Richard Feynman, theoretical physicist, bongo enthusiast, and one of the fathers of the atomic bomb at Los Alamos, said of quantum events: *I am going to tell you what nature behaves like. If you will simply admit that maybe she does behave like this, you will find her a delightful, entrancing thing. Do not keep saying to yourself "but how can it be like that?" because you will go down the drain, into a blind alley from which nobody has yet escaped. Nobody knows how it can be like that.* From, "The Character of Physical Law," Lecture 6.

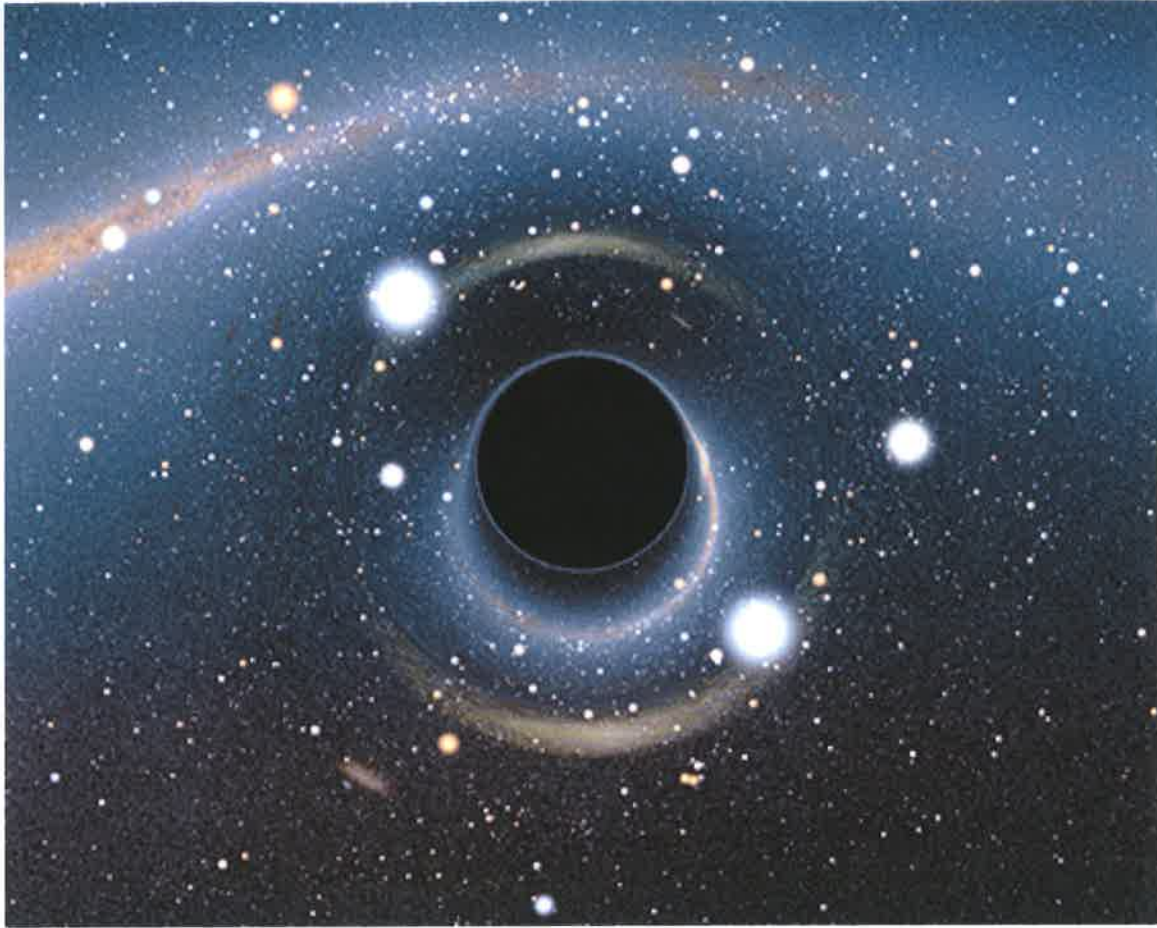


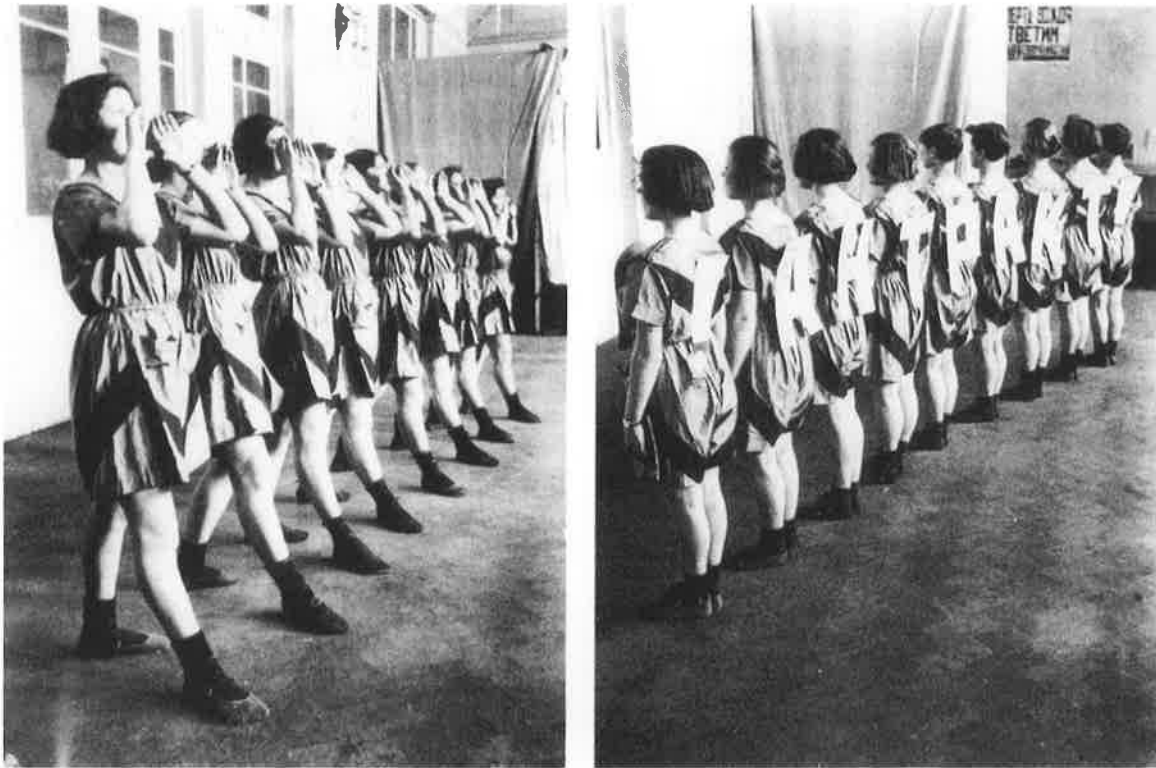
Image: Simulated view of a black hole (center). Wikimedia commons.

What happens when an object *joins the revolution*?

Before nerding out too much, I'd like to rein our view back to the realm of human creation: It's clear that humanmade objects affect change on a daily bases, and some have more deliberate societal implications than others. Historically, artists are expert at creating props and environments that set up the physical and psychological conditions for new, constructive, and often unpredictable phenomena in culture to occur.

Nearly a century ago in Russia, the Constructivist movement rejected the idea of autonomy in art, seeing art objects rather as vehicles for social practice and an integrated industrial revolution. These artists radically attempted to affect political agendas and public awareness through design principals. Three artists in particular—Aleksandra Ekster, Liubov Popova, and Varvara Stepanova—had a wide and practical reach. Mostly working separately of each other but during the same political era, they made textiles, costumes, and/or set designs intended to aid in the overall development of a socialist society that would elevate the worker's body and break down traditional heirarchies. Ekster's bold, geometric costumes and set designs I imagine blew minds at the radical festivals where they were staged; Popova, while working at the First State Textile Factory in Moscow, brought avant-garde designs to the masses; and Stepanova

designed functional clothing that included sports attire (like the kind pictured below) and basic working clothes for different occupations. These textiles, costumes, and environments were meant to be free of the elitism, oppression, and gender and class distinctions present in those of previous decades. In wearing, experiencing, and inhabiting these artworks, the viewer could participate in the revolution—both physically and socially.



In 1961, and in a similarly participatory and commercially conscious approach, Claes Oldenburg opened his *Store* on East 2nd Street, where he sold sculptural renditions of commonplace objects like cigarettes, shoes, fruit, and clothes. As he described it back then, "It is my intention to create the environment of a store by painting and placing objects after the spirit and in the form of popular objects of merchandise, such as may be seen in store windows of the city... The objects will be for sale in *The Store*." By peddling these pop-culture items back to the public as art objects, in a gallery/store-turned-absurd theatrical space, he effectively spotlighted the tenuous separation between art and commodity, and the notion that art should and could be understood—and interacted with—by any passer-by. A decade later in nearby SoHo, three artists, Carol Goodden, Tina Girouard, and Gordon Matta-Clark organized *FOOD*, a restaurant where people could meet and enjoy food together, as well as find employment. Among many other others, Robert Rauschenberg, Donald Judd, and John Cage cooked there in the 70s—where the making of meals was at once a kind of performance art, a community service, and an urban intervention, setting a precedent for future artists whose work stages environments that are realized through activation by an audience.



Today, we find Fawn Krieger, juggling objects that stare back, that act on bodies, and that join the continuing revolution of what material can do in space. In her current project *OUTFIT*, Krieger's artworks serve as an audience of friends, as clothing for a community of people, and as props in a gallery-turned-storefront/theatre. The stage she sets is a threshold, where objects are viewers, viewers are performers, and the performance is not pre-determined or quantifiable, but quantum.

Emily Weiner is a painter based in NYC, and a co-director of Soloway Gallery. She is faculty at the School of Visual Arts, Visual & Critical Studies Department, and is a visiting assistant professor of painting at Pratt Institute.

LEFT: Carolina Aranibar-Fernandez; RIGHT: Devin Harclerode (the author of *Reminiscence of an OUTFIT Wearer* on the opposite page)



Reminiscence of an OUTFIT wearer (read fast and intimately)

By Devin Harclerode

To be inside of the outfit—to wear it, means that you start to experience power through divined inversions. It is sinking and dispersing in movements ruled by folds, fits, and combinations that you feel locking and sparking into place via the consent of your static-charged pores as the outfit envelopes your person. It is a barrier of absorption that cloaks the non-landscape of your autonomous body.

This remembered coalition becomes an impartial celestial mixture between the warm-blooded human and a gathering of threads that have been so tightly woven together to suggest mega-combination (the supreme closeness of a weave). And this weave becomes the heaviness of a bolt, conjured into existence through the generous gift of maybe a goat. An insinuated partnership achieved through the breakdown of a crop of hair that is picked and hooked and spun into something tiny (the thread) that pursues strength through elasticity—and begins the bond.

You feel the bond as a ground on top of you as you would feel the initial coldness of wet soil underneath—two skins making contact. The bond seems to be implicit in your mental and physical relationships as the outfit wearer, enacting the action catalyst. Once together, you feel the motion to move sideways and the symbiotic comingling that becomes instrumental in power-disappearance within a group. The experience is an exercise in reproduction—retaining dreamy potentiality by solidifying oneself into a darkness of non-color, into a hole, into the costume-willed unraveling of predestination. The bond is a place for hybridity.

The fit is speaking to you about the feels of being inside something with no breaks. A thought so potent, that an electric charge rises between the skin and the fabric, causing them to groove together. The fit of the weave-bond strikes you as a state of mind, and when stormed out into sized singularity, it reminds you of alternative ways of being. You realize you have an itch to undress the “ill-fitted” (the negation of the cumbersome) by way of the alternative. The outfit is a choice.

The other intention of the bodily is bolstered through the warmth of the insulating addition. The heat comes after you’ve settled in (deeper than the soil, the fiery core). A sweaty prickling under the tightness of complete coverage relinquishes a performative ease. Now you are without breaks too or totally melted into the snap of partnership, a collaboration between yourself and the thread-pack.

And the collaboration is thus cycling back to our ubiquitous weave, the alliance of threads that you believe spread their bodies on top of each other—a welcomed transgression made possible by intertwining. Again, it helps you to disappear. Disappear by taking up more room as a unified wave that is metaphorically prepared to shape shift. Most of all, you feel supported. Supported through a construction of the non-living by the living—giving you an emphatic confidence in the outfit-bond to continually harness your inverted powers.

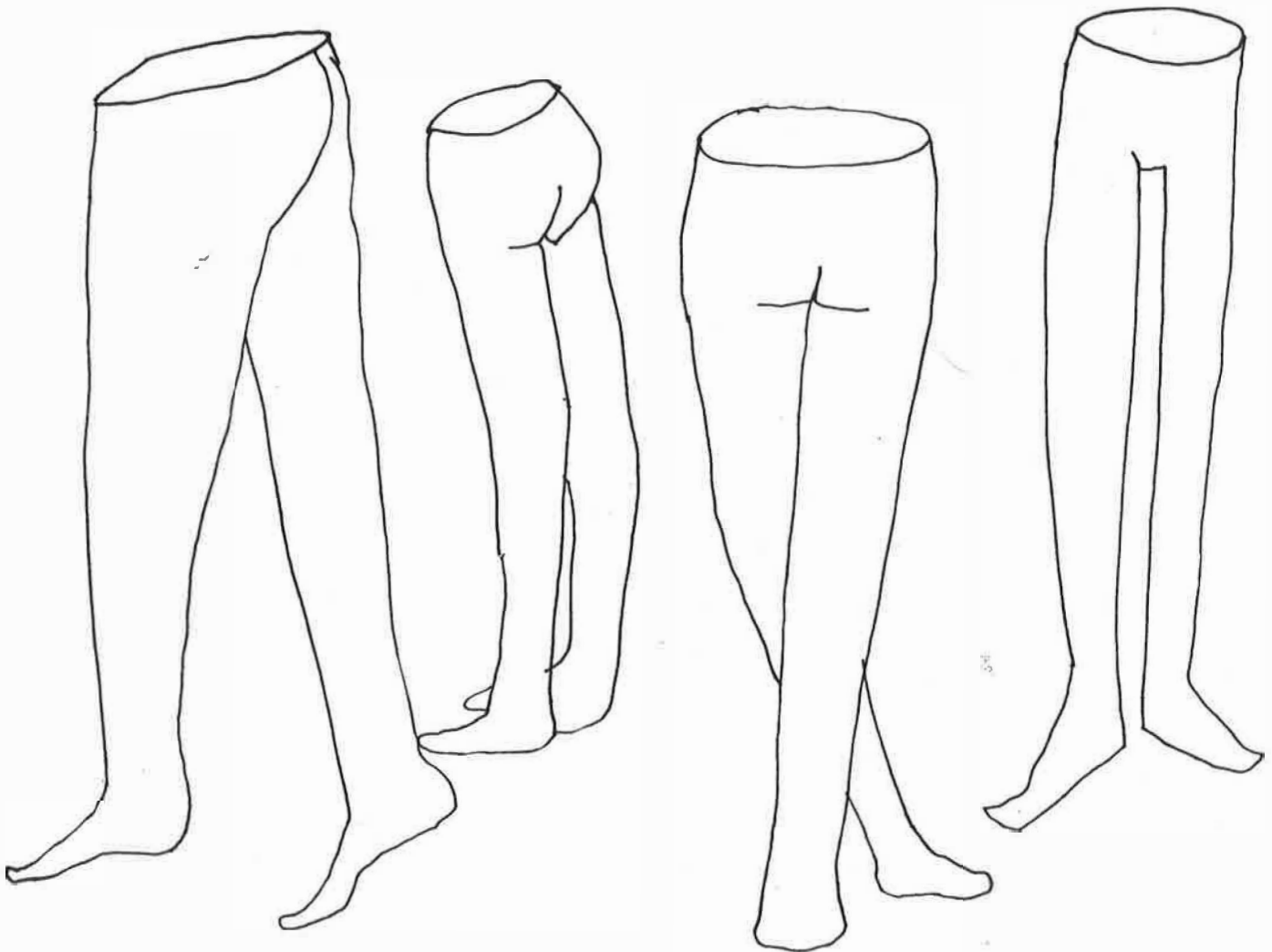
Devin Harclerode is a multimedia artist based in Richmond, VA. She is currently an MFA candidate in Painting and Printmaking at Virginia Commonwealth University.



Fawn Krieger, studio install shot of *Hangers* 1-27, 2016

SPECIAL THANK YOU'S TO:

TOMER ALUF
DEREK FRANKLIN
ANNA GURTON-WACHTER
DEVIN HARCLERODE
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