

hadaka no oosama

a collection by edwina hoerl

when can one stop painting? in certain aslatic painting traditions the people who are considered to be master artists (and who can, as such perhaps stop painting) are those who are able to reproduce a traditional sign most consummately, and with enormous concentration. out of this reduction, and out of this struggle with traditions, they draw the strength to create new forms.

when can one stop producing clothes? here, too, the answer might be: if one has created "perfect clothes" through reduction, concentration, and a confrontation with tradition. with her <hadaka no oosama> collection, edwina hoerl presents clothes whose form and colourfulness is so restrained that they leave their wearers almost naked.

one wraps oneself in white, light-grey or skin-coloured textiles, which are laid around the body in simple patterns, and and as it were with seemingly invisible seams.

clothes that look like milk-white memories of clothes; clothes that are long, stretched t-shirts and t-shirts that slip over the hips and onto the back. wide jackets that enclose the head and the body like a spacious tent, and soft overalls that give space to the body-centre. around the neck hang thick loops in orange-beige and an enormous bag for essential things and for one's travels. clothes that one has always already experienced, but never like this, never in this way. like the emperor in the fairy tale the emperor's new clothes, one can move in them without the person opposite being certain: is this person dressed? do i see clothes? or do i see something coming towards me that comes from my memory of clothes? is seeing an issue? does it feel like clothes? what am i experiencing? clothes or nakedness? what clothes?

anna schober