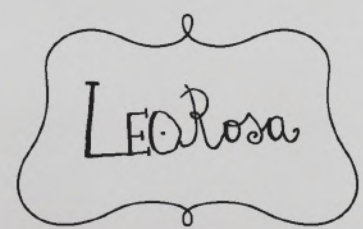


LEOR o **SAWORLD**

Walper Dahn

no.002

5,00 € / \$



new york milano cologne

collection ii collezione ii kollektion ii

Marius Courcout photographed by Oliver Hadlee Pearch, Berlin 2020

INHALT - CONTENTS

4 leorosa - the second collection

5 yvonne quirnbach

7 michael bracewell - kraftwerk

11 song-i saba - everyone belongs to everyone else

13 nicolas niarchos - bees' knees

17 walter dahn

21 adrián prieto - it is lovely here

25 marcel odenbach

29 nicolaus schafhausen - a matter of belonging

32 emma mccormick-goodhart - decibel hue

33 isabel wilkinson - a white, button-up shirt

38 nils emmerichs - constructed uniformity

LEOROSA - the second collection

Leorosa's second collection is inspired by the idea of uniform dressing, and in particular, the collar. As one of the most commonly recognized signs of a uniform, the collar quietly pervades our daily lives and became the focus of our three new styles: Antonietta, Mina, and Salvo.

In our campaign, photographed by Oliver Hadlee Pearch, we utilize the uniform in its most fundamental form and ask questions around how collars – or uniforms, for that matter – can offer chances at evolving individuality. We pictured our models as those commonplace characters found in the films of Austrian director Michael Haneke, as they navigate their fractured lives and discontent within modern society; we were also inspired by the rawness of German photographer Thomas Ruff's Portrait series from the 1980s.

We want the clothes in our collection to allow their wearers to reinforce independent identities beyond sterile environments, and aim to question who they are, what they do, and what they wear. Uniformity is simultaneously abstract and intimate, and our second collection explores this intersection where uniforms transcend the merely functional and embrace the sublimely pleasurable.

Last October, we created a pop-up store in London, where we presented our first collection and the concept of Leorosa as a physical space. Finding ourselves now in a strange time in which to launch a second collection, we wanted to consider how to present a similar dialogue remotely. The first issue of our magazine follows the theme of our initial inspiration - uniformity and the sense of belonging.

Uniformity, we believe, can produce profound effects; we have never felt so individually separate, but at a moment where the next generation is seeking systemic change, there is no better time to examine how uniformities can influence the fabric of society. An essay on Kraftwerk by Michael Bracewell explores how an artist's uniform is often central to his or her identity; a conversation with Nicolaus Schafhausen responds to the notion of uniformity and how it has shaped his life; and an essay by Adrián Prieto investigates the virtues of social ideals and design processes through the architects Bruno Taut and Alison and Peter Smithson. Marcel Odenbach, Yvonne Quirnbach, Emma McCormick-Goodhart, and Nils Emmerichs reflect on the transcendence of uniformity, while Nicolas Niarchos, Song-I Saba, and Isabel Wilkinson's anecdotal essays address the hidden closeness of uniforms in all our lives. We hope that all who read this stay safe, healthy, and warm.

Paolina Leccese and Julian Taffel

ISSUE NO.002

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who, what, where, why?

wer, was, wo, wieso?

Most logos of the big fashion houses look the same today: sans serif and all capital letters. The style, elegance, lightness, first names, accents, origin, and history have been erased.

How do you incorporate uniformity?

Not at all.

Only at breakfast...every day: coffee, boiled egg, juice.

What is a representation of uniformity?

Most logos of the big fashion houses look the same today: sans serif and all capital letters.

The style, elegance, lightness, first names, accents, origin, and history have been erased.

What do you associate with uniformity?

I don't associate anything positive with the term uniformity and see it like Vivienne Westwood:

"The world is so Americanized that people look uglier than ever. I differentiate between real fashion and this horrific mass production. People buy terrible clothes that have nothing to do with their personality. Ultimately, 90 percent of people today look like they are in uniform." (Cicero, 2005)



yvonne quirbach wearing rosa no.010

On 24th June 1981, as part of their 'Computer World' tour, Kraftwerk played a venue called Rock City in Nottingham in the Midlands of England.

The concert was sold out and the audience were mostly graduates of the then recent punk scene. At the same time a new cult of electronics, 'industrial' music and for want of a better word 'Europeanism' was coming into fashion. Phil Oakey, singer with The Human League – from neighbouring Sheffield – would later describe it as 'the alienated synthesiser' period. Electronic music and moodily lit concrete subways. Young men with cheekbones like wing-mirrors wearing lipstick and old raincoats.

Kraftwerk, meanwhile, had spent much of the previous decade raising not just electronic music but an entire aesthetic and global vision of electronic music to an art form. Musically, they could paint, sculpt and collage with electronic sound. Smooth it into luscious pop, chop it up into beats, overlay it in different languages from Spanish to Japanese to a kind of international mono-voice that sounded like an Americanised robot.

Vital to this vision, it seemed, was to present the musicians themselves as conservatively dressed specialist technicians. Early photographs of Kraftwerk – the iconic studio portraits taken around the time of their 'Trans-Europe Express' album, for instance – seemed to play up this conservatism to near ironic effect. The group resembled a quartet of university librarians or progressive seminarians: calm, dedicated, gazing as if towards an unseen horizon: inspired, reverential to their calling to hymn the electronic sublime.

Sartorially the group members wore well-cut faintly archaic suits – precisely the kind of thing that senior research scientists might wear under their white coats. Shirts and ties – one wore a bow tie. Their smiles were frank and faintly fraternal. In one photograph they are seated. They might have been a group of students setting off on a Bavarian reading tour in the summer vacation. Sitting in a café somewhere, reading one another selections from Goethe or shyly confessing to unrequited love affairs.

Imagine our surprise at Rock City, therefore, when Die Mensch Maschine – their sexily gleaming studio work stations built around them in an L-shape formation as beautiful as any sculpture – appeared on stage wearing a stark uniform of black shirt and black trousers. With their neat haircuts – short fringe and side-parting (in English, 'short back and sides') - and icily cool self-possession, their mere presence inspired awe, before they had played

a single bleep or squeak.

Whilst the gentleman's suit (as in Kraftwerk circa 'Trans-Europe Express') is itself a ubiquitous, ceaselessly reinventing uniform, so we the pallid post-punks and wannabe electronic Europhiles of the UK had been blown away by the 'red shirt black tie' uniform of Kraftwerk circa 'The Man Machine'. Now, the sinister severity of the group's all black ensemble seemed to get straight to the heart of the new mood: the dissolve of humans into computer anonymity. From a staging point of view the simplicity of the stage clothes enhanced the sharp beauty of the workstation-studio-laboratory-computer equipment the group were playing.

The whole effect was simultaneously super-stylised and anti-performance. Watching the group then, in Nottingham, it suddenly dawned on me that the less they moved the more they rocked.

Kraftwerk's very 'conservatism' allowed the music – and the music was truly sublime; enfolding, irresistible, mesmeric, joyous – to be itself. Added to which, while standing almost motionless at their work stations, Kraftwerk created symphonies of beats and melodies at a volume only achieved in those days by The Ramones.

(This said, during the instrumental bridge in 'Pocket Calculator' they did come to the front of the stage in a kind of hard rock head-banging formation and allow audience members to tap at their calculators. Humour never seems that distant from Kraftwerk, albeit highly controlled. Years later, seeing them at the Brixton Academy, the concert was advertised to start at 20.00. At approximately 19.50 the group came on stage. At 20.00 precisely Ralf Hütter checked his watch and said, ("We start now.")

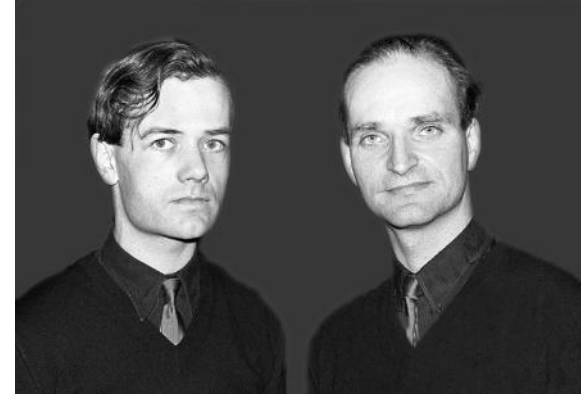
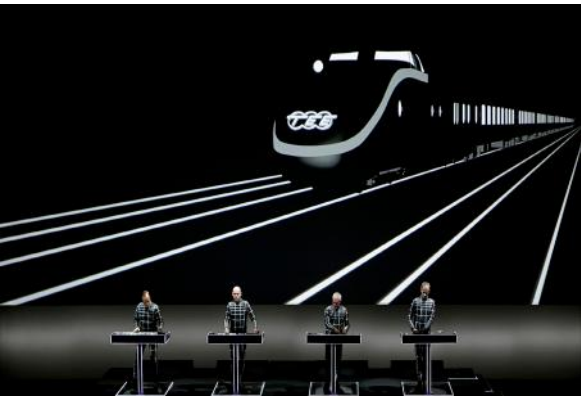
The 'uniformity' of Kraftwerk – if you wanted to get all intellectual about it, which approximately half of the audience did – was an electronic music update of Stravinsky's famous maxim: "The more constraints one imposes, the more one frees oneself."

Today, with 'The Catalogue' of their eight iconic studio albums, Kraftwerk tour internationally as a musical vision rather than a group of named musicians. The group members – including Kraftwerk founder Ralf Hütter – have worn a uniform of contour-grid body suits made by BioRacer since their US tour of 2012.

The founding principle remains that a uniform achieves a range of social sartorial functions, foremost (and paradoxically) the simultaneous attainment of formal modern elegance, anonymity and, ultimately, invisibility. Or, as Oscar Wilde observed: concealing the artist to reveal the art.



The sinister severity of the group's all black ensemble seemed to get straight to the heart of the new mood: the dissolve of humans into computer anonymity.



At approximately 19.50 the group came on stage. At 20.00 precisely Ralf Hütter checked his watch and said, (“We start now.”)



Dressing like a cartoon character has always seemed like an attractive proposition to me. The thought of opening up Homer Simpson's closet to find a row of neatly pressed white short-sleeved shirts, blue pants and grey shoes sparks a low-grade euphoria that has yet to be well received by anyone I mention it to.

Comical consistency in dress sense appeals to me not out of some organisational urge for simplicity. Not in some Jobsian, Zuckerbergian quest for mental efficiency or workplace democracy. There is something to be admired in the ability to perfectly encapsulate oneself for others in clothing form, as if to say "here you go, I know you have enough on your plate as it is; the instructions are on the packaging."

I've never quite been able to figure myself out, and it shows in my sartorial choices. Playing dress-up has followed me into adulthood and causes me just as much imposter syndrome as it does a sense of momentary character fluidity. I once purchased professional biking attire because I felt Amazon's 'Suggested For You' algorithm was mocking me.

With corporate clothing and office dress codes falling out of favour with young professionals who aspire to dictate their work environments (or already do so from home), I think about the gentle kindness in presenting oneself as an easily digestible extra in the movie of other people's lives. But until I come up with a perfect 1-person uniform, please excuse the feather boa in your soup.

Texan teacher Dale Irby wore the same outfit in his school photo for 40 years.



LEORosa

new york milano cologne

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Leo Sprüth photographed by Oliver Hadlee Pearch, Berlin 2020

When Paolina and Julian called me up the other day to talk about uniform and their new collection for Leorosa, my thoughts instantly turned to bees. There was no real reason my mind should rush to bees: It was not my environment (I was in a taxi in London, the uniformity of surgical masks surging up and down the Euston Road like sinister little sails on the Styx); nor my mindset (I had not eaten honey or been stung by any insect that day or in the days immediately preceding); nor even, ostensibly, the topic at hand (uniform, after all, rather terrifyingly conjures in my mind the drab costume of adolescence in Middlesex, lumpy teen potato faces sticking out of nylon shirtfronts and black ties worn in mourning for a long-dead monarch).

The bees in question were honeybees, namely, the honeybees that have for the past few years, taken up residence in a set of hives near my father's home in Greece. At different points of the summer, with the help of a richly mustachioed beekeeper named Anargyros, we collect the honey from the hives and spoon it into jars that then stack up in cupboards and, if they're lucky, I suppose, journey halfway around the world with friends. Anargyros is a stentorian type usually, but get him onto the topic of bees and he'll begin wildly enthusing about his beloved μέλισσες (bees, that is). Once, I bumped into him outside a nightclub at four in the morning, sporting a wide-collared shirt with a honeycomb pattern, his girlfriend snug on the back of his scooter, and he began extemporising on the comparative virtues of sage and thyme honey.

In my cottage by the sea, I have a shelf bursting with jars from all over Greece: large jars, small jars, produced from the blossom of pine, heather, sage, thyme, θρούμπι (a purple flowered, thymelike herb whose name translates rather blandly to "summer savory", and whose aroma is reputed to drive the islanders wild with sexual desire). I seek honey wherever I go in my travels; jars in my collection come from the descendants of hill brigands in Mani, from monks on the holy mountain of Athos, and from anarcho-communists on the rocky island of Ikaria.

Greeks are obsessed with honey. It's in almost every dessert we make, and we love spoonfuls of it in yoghurt at breakfast, but it also has an almost mythical quality. A friend recently bought fourteen kilos of the stuff for his mother on the island of Sikinos from a priest who applies bee stings to his skin daily in winter in order to maintain his immunity to the stings' pain during the summer's harvest. This friend told me that, hauling his effects into the boot of a taxi as he left the island, he was queried by the driver as to what was in the heavy box. When the explanation had been proffered, the driver responded with a smile, "Ah, so all your gold is in here."

Gold indeed. Perhaps it is something to do with the way honey catches light, that famous summer light that

Greeks have celebrated since at least Homer and that people flock to the country each year to bathe in. Light trapped in amber liquid, its sweetness the energy of the sun transmogrified by dint of plant and insect and endless buzzings between the two.

But I have strayed from the topic of uniform, my original brief. And where is the uniformity in this rambling discussion of honey? Where, indeed, are all the bees? "The uniform of bees' jackets?" came Julian's inquiry as we spoke on the phone that day. Yes, there is a certain imaginative space in which I see the bees politely in a row, in a factory, perhaps, neatly working on their product. These are cartoon bees, drawn mentally from Angela Banner's Ant and Bee series, a popular (at least in Britain between the 'fifties and the 'seventies) set of children's books in which two characters, an ant named Ant and a bee named, as you might surmise, Bee, get into all kinds of adventures. Bee, who carries an umbrella and sports a sort of small red pilgrim's hat, is the wise foil to the rather daffy Ant; Bee also frequently takes Ant flying from spot to spot as they embark upon their various endeavours. When my mother read me these books as a child, I could barely contain my excitement at the idea of flying around on the back of a bee, clutching to its black-and-yellow-striped jacket.

But this won't do, really. I've drifted into the world of fantasy once again, and I'm here talking about flying about on the back of a bee. I suppose my point is here that the uniformity of bees' jackets is a rather illusory one. As I peeked into the hive with Anargyros in mid-July this year, the comparison between the neat, yellow-and-black stripes of the cartoon bees of imagination and the swarming, surging masses of brown and deep brown creatures before me was thrown into stark relief.

Anargyros turned a seething frame over and over in the sunlight, and we found the queen, larger and demarcated from the others by a shinier, darker uniform. Aha! Mark me up, for here is uniform, and one of its functions. The difference in apparel (or perhaps markings is the better term here) is, and I say this only after some consultation with the encyclopaedia, the polyandrous dominant mating female. The one, in other words, all the male drones want to be with, though drone's lot is ultimately a sad one: when he has successfully deposited his sperm with the queen, the male bee, so recently filled with the vigour of the swarm, falls cataleptic to the ground and dies.

We are often bombarded with information about the imminent demise of bees on terms not postcoital. On Subways we see urban beekeepers nudging for space carrying frames that will presumably soon drip with honey, and our nightly broadcasts sometimes carry tales of bees misguided by radio waves or slaughtered by pesticides. I myself once trudged off to Kew Gardens, in the south of London, for a few rare happy hours in my life as a trainee

journalist to film a brief segment on a bee reintroduction programme. The scientists I interviewed shook their grey heads and sorrowfully pronounced doom upon this insect race. On an online list of the best books about bees, the first five slots are taken up by books about the disappearance of these furred honey-makers.

As you perhaps already know, it is said that life as we know it would be irrevocably altered if bees disappeared. As an article on the Encyclopaedia Britannica's website puts it, "the availability and diversity of fresh produce would decline substantially" and many species would have issues finding food if the twenty thousand or so species of bees died off; it's worth noting that the author of this piece (titled "What Would Happen If All the Bees Died?", if you've any interest) avers there would not be mass famine in the event of a bee Armageddon. Others I have spoken to disagree, foretelling an impending apocalypse.

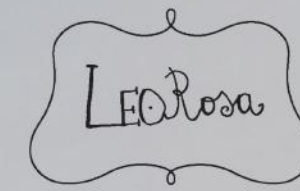
Whatever the outcome, a sad world it would be if all the bees died. I reflected upon this as Anargyros pulled out the frames from the hives that July morning. They were certainly not a uniform lot—to return to our theme—, but as Anargyros applied smoke to wooze them (and by them, I repeat that I mean a seething and indistinct mass of brown life) into passivity, I observed through the screen of my bee-keeping garb the incredible uniformity the boiling mass of insects had concealed, a waxen web of hexagonal rigidity, stretched across the frame. The form is to my mind one of the most regular and most beautiful fashioned objects on this planet, its raw simplicity only gestured at by the most deft human artists and architects. Anargyros ran a finger across a series of hexagons that had been richly embossed with a brown crust, and then suggested I do the same. I did. It broke with wetness and with sweetness, and I sucked my finger clean of the fresh honey it was coated with.

I suppose my original thought was, when I suggested to Paolina and Julian that I write about bees, that this structural uniformity, this web, this consistently delicious honey in fact arises out of a mass that is varied and shifting. Form from chaos. The vacillation between these two poles—between uniformity and cacophony, colour, light—is the nexus of genesis, the shifting in which the genius of creation is allowed to occur. For the bees, honey drips from their frames; for Leorosa, indeed, colour and explosions of joy adorn their classically-inspired designs. I think of when, back at school in Middlesex, I would wear a waffled black tie, just to introduce a note of aberration. Uniform subverted by the occasional détournement, suffused with the occasional explosion of difference, I suppose I am saying, is the best kind of uniform.



Stefan Hostettler, Comb, 2014

“I observed through the screen of my bee-keeping garb the incredible uniformity the boiling mass of insects had concealed, a waxen web of hexagonal rigidity, stretched across the frame. The form is to my mind one of the most regular and most beautiful fashioned objects on this planet, its raw simplicity only gestured at by the most deft human artists and architects.”



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Verena Glup photograph by Oliver Hadda, Leuch, Berlin 2020



IONIA, Ephesos. Circa 500-420 BC. AR Drachm (3.37 g). Bee; E-F flanking / Quadripartite incuse square. Karwiese Series IV, 2B; SNG Kayhan 121-122. Near EF, minor porosity.



LEORISAWORLD

Walter Dahn



new york milano cologne

collection ii collezione ii kollektion ii

gio gilet no.003, 100% lambswool, made in italy



new york milano cologne

collection ii collezione ii kollektion ii

Thea Djordjadze photographed by Oliver Hadlee Pearch, Berlin 2020

The notion of uniformity acquires a particular significance when referring to social housing projects. What could be considered in other contexts as a formal attribute or a particular quality in the subtle exercise of architectural composition, in many social buildings uniformity can transcend beyond the theoretical realm and afflict the spirit of its inhabitants. After the turn of the century, and especially in the aftermath of the two World Wars, the urgency to provide large housing solutions imposed uniformity as a requirement for social living while limiting the consideration toward the individual needs. Although it may not seem relevant, to a large extent, this has been one of the main yet least questioned reasons for the failure of innumerable architectural projects to date. But when were certain sentiments¹ no longer possible in social housing?

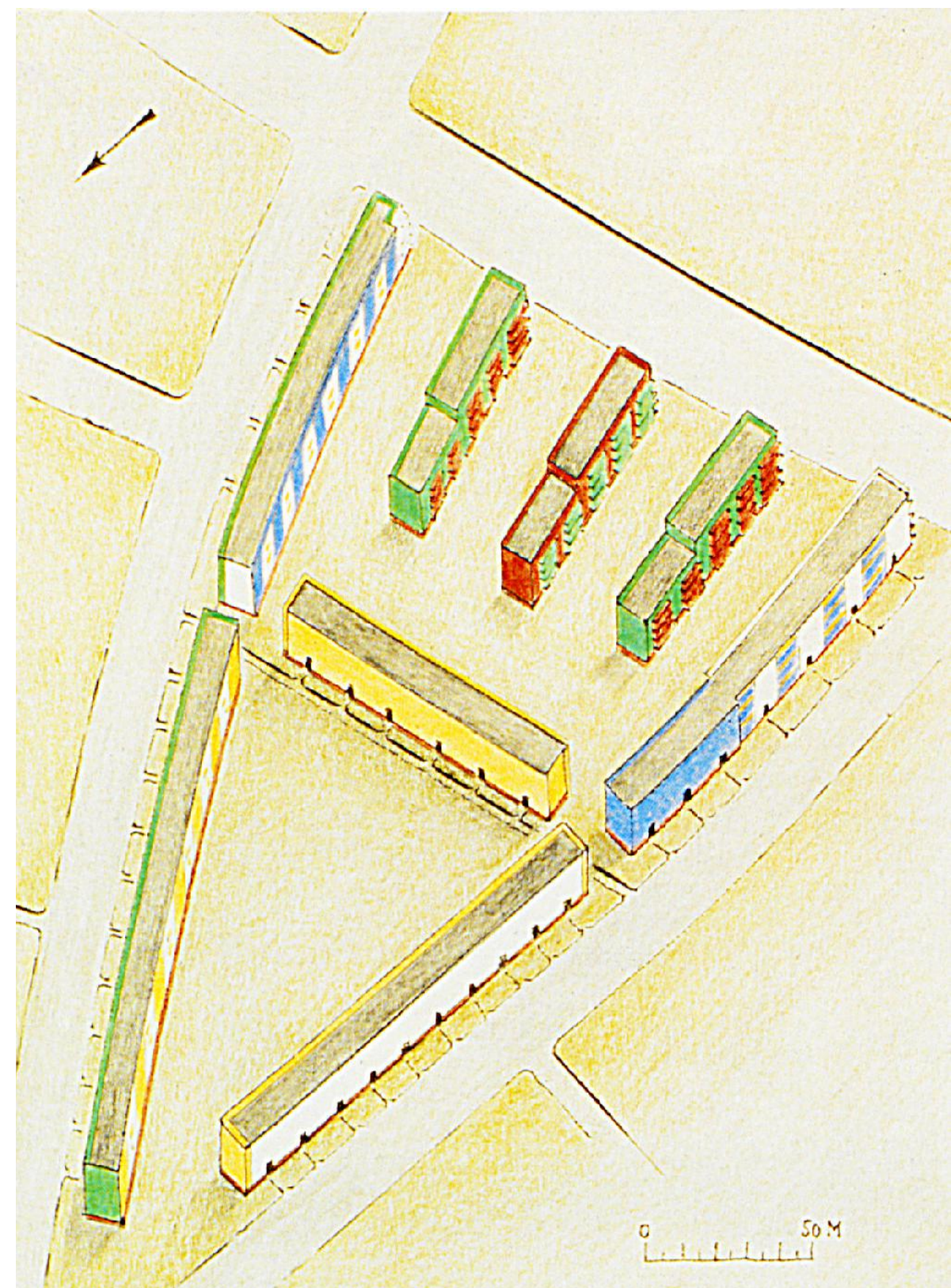
Imagining new dwelling solutions was one of the main concerns between the pioneers of Modernism after the turn of the century, whose utopian visions on social matters materialize in a variety of tendencies and ideological positions. Among them all, the poetic and optimistic approach to social housing developed by the German architect Bruno Taut stands out. For Taut the individual and the spiritual values became the main priority of the design process, a stance that has proved its worth to this day, with most of his projects still occupied with great satisfaction between their inhabitants. However, despite the many possibilities imagined, during the '30's most modernists tended towards the rigidity of a rationalism based on standardisation and prefabricated construction, which from 1945 on would give way to a functional conception where the house is envisioned as a compact unit standardized in all its complexity. A fact that would lead to the severe social architecture developed in the '50s and '60s, during a period of great austerity in the European continent. One project is particularly representative of this evolution: Robin Hood Garden built between 1966-1972 on the outskirts of London by the British architects Alison & Peter Smithson. Two concrete blocks with 210 dwellings for 700 inhabitants, separated by a communal green area "free of tensions" –as it was designated in the original project–. On the contrary the place quickly became the epicentre of local tensions and discomfort, being considered after the years and for various reasons, a social failure. Regardless of their role in this situation, the Smithsons seem to have neglected an essential consideration of all what belongs to the soul: freedom.

Alison & Peter Smithson moved with their three children in 1971 to a Victorian house in the Chelsea district of London. The house in question, Cato Lodge, was built in 1851, and its three floors and basement were used for living and working. The building received minimal alteration, maintaining the original layout and characteristics in an attempt to preserve the atmospheric qualities of the existing construction, or reinforce them, in what they called an "as found" house. Beyond its biographical value, the house would not be particularly

relevant if it were not for the fact that in this same period the couple built Robin Hood Garden. Besides obvious differences, the two projects represent opposite conceptions of inhabiting. In their private sphere, the Smithsons inhabit from the emotional that is to say, from a spiritual freedom toward the space they comfortably occupy and undoubtedly call home. On the contrary, in their practice they understand inhabiting from a programmatic point of view, considering it as the result of a number of pre-established functions to which they apply uniform solutions – a dynamic often repeated by many other modern architects. But what does it take to call a given space a home? It does not seem to be a single answer, but we suspect that some sort of personal connection or attachment to the place seems necessary. The historian Ángel González attempts to provide an explanation to this complex question in his essay: 'Donde se asegura que un piso no es una casa'² ['Where can it be assured that a flat is not a house?'], to end by stressing the importance of having a personal idea on how to inhabit. However, not before warning the reader about the emotional connection with one's space does González refer to the story written by Lovecraft about the grisly adventures of one who left his own home to seek the palace of the gods only to find it empty. The gods had left it for his own house.

No one has seemed to better understand these questions than Bruno Taut. He developed around ten thousand housing units while practicing his concept of the 'Siedlungen' [Settlements] for a modern living-style, where he paid special attention to the metaphysical factors, not only as an answer to social needs but also as a way to raise the quality of life in the private sphere of workers. In this sense he conceives the interior as a place for human experience, flexible and free of restrictions, where: "the house is transformed like the man, movable and stable at the same time"³. Taut's romantic and sensitive vision of social living is summarised by a complex glossary of his own functional and formal decisions during the design process, and unlike the Smithsons, he also practices the same sentiment in his own home. It was precisely from this experience of building his house in Berlin-Dahlewitz in 1926 that one year after, he published *Ein Wohnhaus* (A house for a living), a book in which he shatters the archetype of modern dwelling to propose a house created by and responds to the necessities of those who live in it. Among the many actions that make up the architect's methodology, color became the most important constructive element of a space and its nuances: "the color is used according to functionality, but not without sensitivity, which rests on a completely different basis"⁴. This can be seen at the architect's own home or at any of his many social projects built in Germany, where everything from the entrance door to the staircase and the interior is designed through a variety of shades and carefully selected colors. In this context we can read colors, interchangeably, as a way of belonging to the social ideal and as a rebuke against the white walls and homogenous appearance, which became

Illustration by Bruno Taut, housing development between Riemser-Straße and Onkel-Tom Straße, Berlin, 1932.



prerogative of Modernism. In this sense, the comparison between attitudes distinguish how Taut was ahead of his time, at least in understanding the transcendence of "well-being", not only as an entitlement of the most privileged or the *bourgeoisie*, but as a fundamental requirement for any social project. His vision on inhabiting reinforces the idea of uniformity not as an alienating quality connected to that ideology of the continuous, as is the case with Robin Hood Garden, but rather as a virtue. A perspective that seems

particularly relevant to today's social and habitational issues to remind us that uniformity could be a legitimate form of ensuring social welfare, as well as, providing the opportunity to free yourself from everyday life.

¹ This question takes as its reference the statement of the Viennese architect Josef Frank: "every human being needs a certain amount of sentimentality in order to feel free". Frank, Josef; "Akzidentismus" in: Josef Frank 1885-1967, Vienna, 1981

² González García, Ángel; "Donde se asegura que un piso no es una casa", in: El Resto: una historia invisible del arte contemporáneo, Bilbao, 2000

³ Taut, Bruno; Die Auflösung der Städte, Hagen, 1920

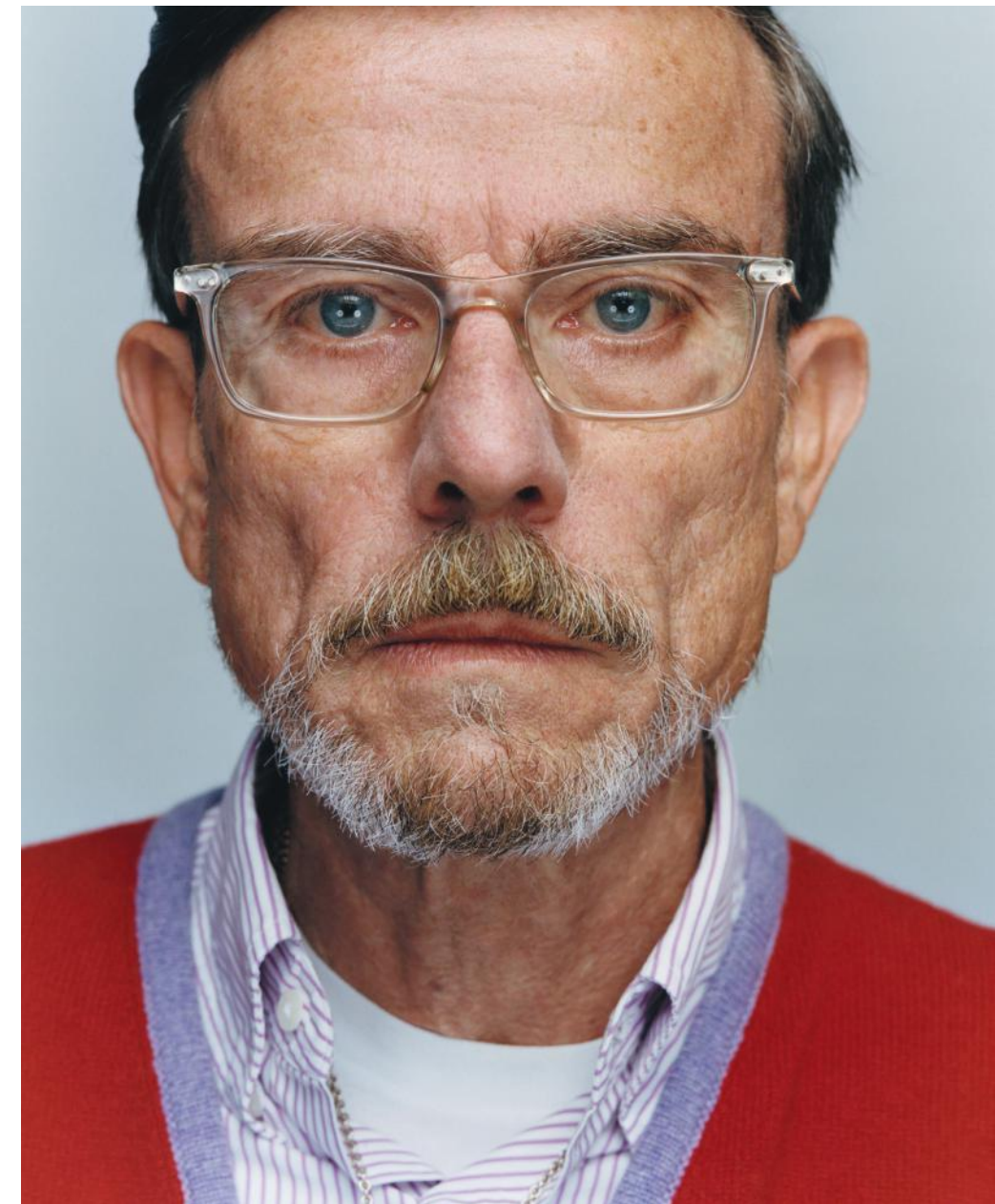
⁴ Taut, Bruno; Die neue Baukunst in Europa und Amerika, Stuttgart, 1929



What does it take to call a given space a home?

Wenn man in einem sozialen Gefüge lebt,
muss man sich ständig mit unterschiedlichen Arten und Formen von
Uniformität auseinandersetzen,
sie dient oft zur Zusammengehörigkeit und Erkennung.
Uniformierung symbolisiert natürlich auch
Macht, Autorität, Religion, Sexualität, etc.
Solange es eine freie Entscheidung ist, habe ich grundsätzlich nichts
dagegen, wenn es aber unter Zwang und Druck erfolgt,
lehne ich es kategorisch ab.
Der Faschismus und Diktaturen haben uns gezeigt,
wohin das auch führen kann.
Früher habe ich versucht, mich gegen jegliche Gleichförmigkeit
persönlich abzusetzen.
Ob mir das in allen Bereichen gelungen ist, weiß ich nicht.
Jetzt ertappe ich mich dabei,
eine individuelle Uniformität entwickelt zu haben.
Die Gefahr ist, dass sie bequem macht,
denn Entscheidungen werden einem dadurch meistens abgenommen.
Vielleicht ist sie deshalb oft so verbreitet.

MO. September 2020



marcel odenbach wearing gio no.004

A cursive signature in black ink that reads "Casaca". The letters are fluid and connected, with a small dot above the 'i' in "Casaca".

m u s

A cursive signature in black ink that reads "Ciccacca". The letters are fluid and connected, with a small dot above the 'i' in "Ciccacca".

e u m

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Opening soon ... February 2021

Julian Taffel: How do you identify with uniform and the idea of uniformity?

Nicolaus Schafhausen: We all have or wear uniforms and are affected by uniformity, we just have to accept it. My perception of uniformity has changed quite a lot. I believe I was 10 and living in Germany when I was introduced to McDonald's. The sign said Ronald McDonald and I thought it was spectacular because places like this had not yet come into existence over here. I remember my father going into a McDonald's and he was shocked by the uniforms. This was certainly a new phenomenon in Germany, and especially for my father's generation where uniforms were linked to the Nazi regime. The only uniforms that were accepted at the time were the ones of blue collar workers, which were a kind of status symbol. People were proud to be factory workers, nurses etc. and uniforms had a lot to do with hierarchy. It created a distance, and for example at McDonald's, I don't remember what the uniforms looked like but they were cheap, and worn by service people. What still applies to me today is that the uniform simply expresses a culture of coercion.

JT: Did you grow up having to wear uniforms?

NS: I didn't grow up with uniforms, not even school uniforms. I was in private school for a short period of time and there we had uniforms, but in the public school system, there were no uniforms. This is different now - I have been working in Canada for many years, and similar to the US, uniforms are worn everywhere. In Canada people deal with uniforms in a playful way and I have learned to accept that the proponents of school uniforms, for example, claim that the competition for the best, hippest, and often simply the most expensive clothes within the school environment is at least stopped. The recognition of a certain social and the classification of children according to class is somewhat more difficult. Above all, the discrimination against students who do not belong to a certain class. I am not a sociologist, but in my experience, the different class contexts are then played out much more strongly in leisure time.

JT: Did uniformity transcend into other areas of your daily life?

NS: It was the time of two Germanys, from the (Former) West to the (Former) East. I looked at uniforms from a generation that belonged to the (Former) West, and the (Former) East had a completely different atmosphere that I had nothing to do with besides seeing the documentation from images or TV. My view of the former Eastern Bloc was indeed shaped by a - retrospectively - arrogant perspective. And that had a lot to do with the uniformity in the former political systems of the east, which was expressed through clothing. However, I didn't want to notice in myself that I always wanted to consciously assign myself to a specific social class through my clothes, also beyond fashion. In this respect, I actually had a very arrogant view of uniform clothing and did not want to perceive the possibly positive aspects.

JT: When did you begin to see a change in uniform culture?

NS: I think in the 1990's I got kind of attracted to uniforms. You began to see more but this was also a danger. When Prada and Gucci became extremely successful 20 or 30 years ago, I remember a wedding party of artists Sarah Morris and Liam Gillick in Miami Beach. I remember it very well because it was also on my birthday exactly 22 years ago. This was a very posh wedding, extremely posh. At the time I was around 30, and I couldn't afford a Prada suit, actually I could but I hadn't bought one. I entered this terrace where I was completely jet lagged and I arrived with sneakers, jeans and a t-shirt, so not much has changed for me. On the terrace, the first cocktails were served to a group of predominantly young people in their late 20's and early 30's. Almost all the men were wearing the same Prada suit and all the woman had a stupid hat from Gucci or something. This was the shift in the 1990's where it went from more unconventional clothing style to the representation of money and a new idea of belonging. From the very beginning the marketing concept of Prada was perfect for assimilating the art scene and being among the good-looking and wealthy.

JT: Do you find uniformity to be a conscious or subconscious act?

NS: This spring I noticed something for myself that I actually found very nice about uniforms - it had something to do with pride and belonging. During the first height of the Corona pandemic in the spring of this year, I drove thousands of kilometers in-between Germany and its neighboring countries with my own car, probably for the first time in my life in this intensity. One thing I noticed is when you stop to get coffee or gas, you see all the Polish, Lithuanian, Russian and Belarusian truck drivers crossing Central Europe. They are not wearing uniforms but in a sense are all uniformed and very proud. It's the way they present themselves because they want to be identified with what they do. Whether you are wearing a real uniform or not, somehow you still conform. This is a cliché but I am aware of this as someone in my age group who is trying to look good in clothes. I know everyone looks different but we all want to try and represent something. I think people want to belong to a certain image and to have the opportunity to create an image. At the same time I think they want to hide. From a (Former) West German point of view, looking at classical uniforms was culturally linked to a non-democratic or National Socialist regime. But as I said before, I also see positive aspects in uniforms. I can identify with hiding, longing, belonging, and looking.

JT: It's interesting how uniforms are also a model of how people think and not only how they are dressed. If anything, people dress in uniforms because of the way they think.

NS: There was the entire skinhead culture of the 1980's / 1990's with right wing associations - it's interesting to see how their subculture was charged by what they wore. Today it's different, you can see people protesting, like the marches in Berlin and everyone looks completely different. Now, there are new uniforms.

JT: What are these 'new uniforms'?

NS: I think it's less the idea of uniforms, and more the

act of getting uniformed. I don't believe in the idea of 'the genius' anymore. I think this time has passed and in general I don't like to point out 'the' particular. The idea of 'the genius' is an idea of the past and I don't find it to be negative. I think it is good. I can't remember now who said it but it was something like "journalists are doing marketing and artists are journalists now" in that sense the creative people are the tech guys now. This sounds like a cliché but I really believe we are just in the beginning of a new era through digitalization but we have to get away from the idea of uniforms as an item and consider it more as psychological uniforms.

JT: Do you mean uniforms are becoming more of a thought construct as well as a larger phenomenon?

NS: An example would be 'Fake News'. Fake news, conspiracy theories, esotericism and religion are all uniforms. About 5 or 6 years ago a friend of mine told me "Keep the most important thing the most important thing". I thought about it for years now and I cannot answer it but I find it a very interesting question. The

guy who asked me this question is a Jewish refugee from Prague who immigrated to Canada in 1968. He is now a wealthy man, but he lived two completely different lives; from communism to the Western world. In a society with no money, he got a proper education, almost like the American dream but the Canadian dream. He answered his own question with religion. I found his answer very compelling. Religion ties back into uniform, and again it is about a sense of belonging.

JT: You have mentioned the word belonging often. What is the role of belonging for you?

NS: We all need to belong. In the concept of life we all need to belong and we all long. This will get more and more complex, especially in these new times. People are looking for little boxes where they can fit in and that's a uniform. I believe the most important thing for all of us to live together in the future will be to overcome our individual silo behavior. So maybe a uniform for everyone after all that only differs according to function. Does this mean there is no life without a uniform?

We have to get away from the idea of uniforms as an item and consider it more as psychological uniforms.

nicolaus wearing leo no.006 at his office in berlin.





Racing silks
static

Early form of hi-vis, not yet dipped in Day-Glo

Color-numeric counterpoint
decibel hue

A technology of registration

as if flags
for observers

Coded permutations encoded in and across

Eugenia Red - Sulphine Yellow - Green Blue - Raw Sienna

Jasper Red - Dusky Green

Yellow Orange - Violet Blue

Peach Red - Sea Green

Marchwood, Lady

Marks, Mr. T. F. G.

Mansergh, Mrs. M. J.

Maoudis, Mr. K.

Motifs
quartered
sashed
orbed
striped
chevrons

Become blur when

streaking

aerodynamic

airbrushed by a horse's speed



I started wearing a uniform at the age of 4. At first it was a seersucker smock dress — which our parents bought large, so we could grow into them — that swallowed us in its folds of fabric. By middle school, the uniform became a white, button-up shirt with a navy kilt, and by 7th grade it dawned on us that the waistband could be rolled — and rolled — to dizzyingly short effect.

In those years the concept of a uniform felt like a meager suggestion from the school, something to be bent and reinterpreted. So, despite the fact that the dress code called for dark shoes, we debuted glittering crimson Airwalks, sneakers with a jelly-like surface that looked dark from far away but up close were kaleidoscopic (and frankly looked great with an anklet.) The drab uniform was immeasurably improved when, liberated by the blessing of free-periods, a friend and I purchased a bottle of dye at Ricky's and dyed our hair fire-red in the bathroom of the pizza place across the street. We returned to history class an hour later with our white shirts stained red — but looking otherwise pretty wonderful.

The uniform, of course, was a universal thing to complain about — outdone in terrible-ness only by our P.E. uniforms (a boxy shorts and t-shirt set that had been distributed in alphabetical order, so by the time they got to W, only extra-larges were left.) But then there was Tag Day. For the donation of a dollar, you could wear whatever you wanted for a single calendar day. You'd think this was liberating, but somehow — staying up late the night before, fretting about my outfit — the idea of not wearing a uniform became crippling. There were too many variables to weigh: I needed to be neither too-casual nor over-dressed, socially acceptable and yet entirely individual. And, of course, whatever I picked had to be from the delia's catalogue. I remember calling around to my friends to make sure we had selected different delia's

pieces to wear the following day — only to arrive at school to find two other girls in the same lavender mini-skirt with white trim.

Wearing a uniform, I quickly learned, was far more liberating than not. I could be whoever I wanted in my uniform without having to worry. It was like being given an unfamiliar essay topic and stretching it to be something you knew about; hitting the pages you had actually read. There was something soothing about coloring as wildly as possible within the prescribed lines — bending them beyond comprehension, but not breaking them.

Years later, at the beginning of my career, dressing for an office made me feel the same way that I did on Tag Day: strangely crippled by the freedom of it all. As a 23-year-old working in New York, there were so many options of how to be, a kind of exhausting daily tussle between self-doubt and self-reinvention that took place in my closet.

Now, the process has simplified. I've slowed down the roulette wheel, which felt like it could land on any different number of People You Can Be Today. Now there are fewer options for self-reinvention — and, frankly, it's too exhausting. I think often of the designer Jil Sander, who made uniform dressing a kind of signature, telling Suzy Menkes in 2010, "I want to propose smart uniforms for all those who don't have the time, the means, or the patience to invent themselves anew every day." For some of us, finding a "uniform" for daily life — and knowing which things make us feel like the people we want to be — is relatively straightforward. For others, it's a lifelong process, and for many more eclecticism is in itself a kind of uniform. I'm not wearing seersucker smock dresses anymore — but, admittedly, I'm not so far off. It's usually still some form of a white, button-up shirt with navy bottoms. Just like 7th grade.

Le Case d'Arte

Boetti
Fischli/Weiss

Dumas

Lewitt

Prince

Sherman

Tilmans

Trockel

Works on paper
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Milano

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Page 23-24, left to right: (1-2) Bruno Taut, Block V facade and staircase interior, Berlin (3) Bruno Taut, Wohblock, Paul-Heyse-Straße, Berlin-Prenzlauer Berg, Heinz-Bartsch Straße 4, 1926-1927, (4-5) Exterior and interior of Bruno Taut residence, Dahlewitz, Berlin, Weisen-Straße 13, 1926-1927, bottom: (6) Alison and Peter Smithson, Robin Hood Gardens, London, 1972.

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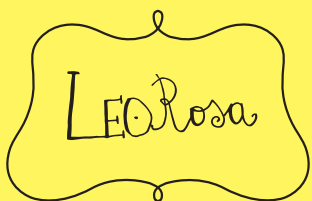


CONSTRUCTED UNIFORMITY/ nils emmerichs

It is evident that we have been undergoing a transformation of culture since the 1970s. Emotions are not being used only as a form of legitimation, but are deemed essential for a successful social life. Looking at our cultural history as well as at history of art, we notice a continuing skepticism towards emotions. We now live in a strongly controlled culture of emotions, which constructs uniformity. Whilst being urged to continue a procession of positive experiences in order to become an authentic self, we do not succeed, because hope is distributed by market-made emotions. Uniformity is neither aimed at resistance, nor at adaptation. Uniformity is a form of negation. Uniformity is a form of world appropriation leading to a sterile and portable future.

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