



MY BOYFRIEND IS ARTSY I AM THE FASHIONISTA

LEEN DEMEESTER JESSICA GARNETTI KHALAF

> stichting kunst boek

FOREWORD

LEEN DEMEESTER

JESSICA Garnetti Khalaf Some say art is art and fashion is fashion, is this true? We see ourselves as art and fashion activists. A writers' duo that wants to share their inside knowledge of the world of haute couture. Highlighting collaborations with artists directly, coming from two different creative professions sharing our experiences. We are the first co-authors to develop a coherent love story between a gallerist and a fashionista both fictional and factual using parallels and combinations. Our goal is to inspire the young generation to realize their dreams. The now, paving the path to the future.



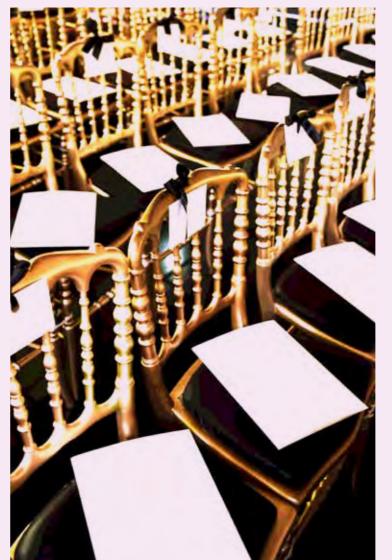


The Romantic Collision of Fashion and Art

Saisha was already composing the first line of her piece, muttering into her phone as she searched for her allocated front row seat; "When a catwalk is transformed into a museum ...". At that moment she could not possibly have anticipated that fate was about to allow her a first glimpse of her true soul mate.

She had gasped for breath, as amazed and excited as everyone else in the crowd, as she entered the artfully lit venue. A talented freelance fashion journalist, she possessed an added female flair for carrying a heavily-loaded handbag, which doubled as a mobile office and suitcase, holding two phones, earphones, headphones, microphone and cosmetics for touch-ups on the go, everything she needed for the commencement of this fashion marathon. She had been expecting to see a catwalk, not a full-scale, dream-like museum. She had expected to be impressed, but she had not expected to have her whole life changed forever.

It was the Parisian Haute Couture Fashion Week, and Saisha was fully prepared to begin a new season.

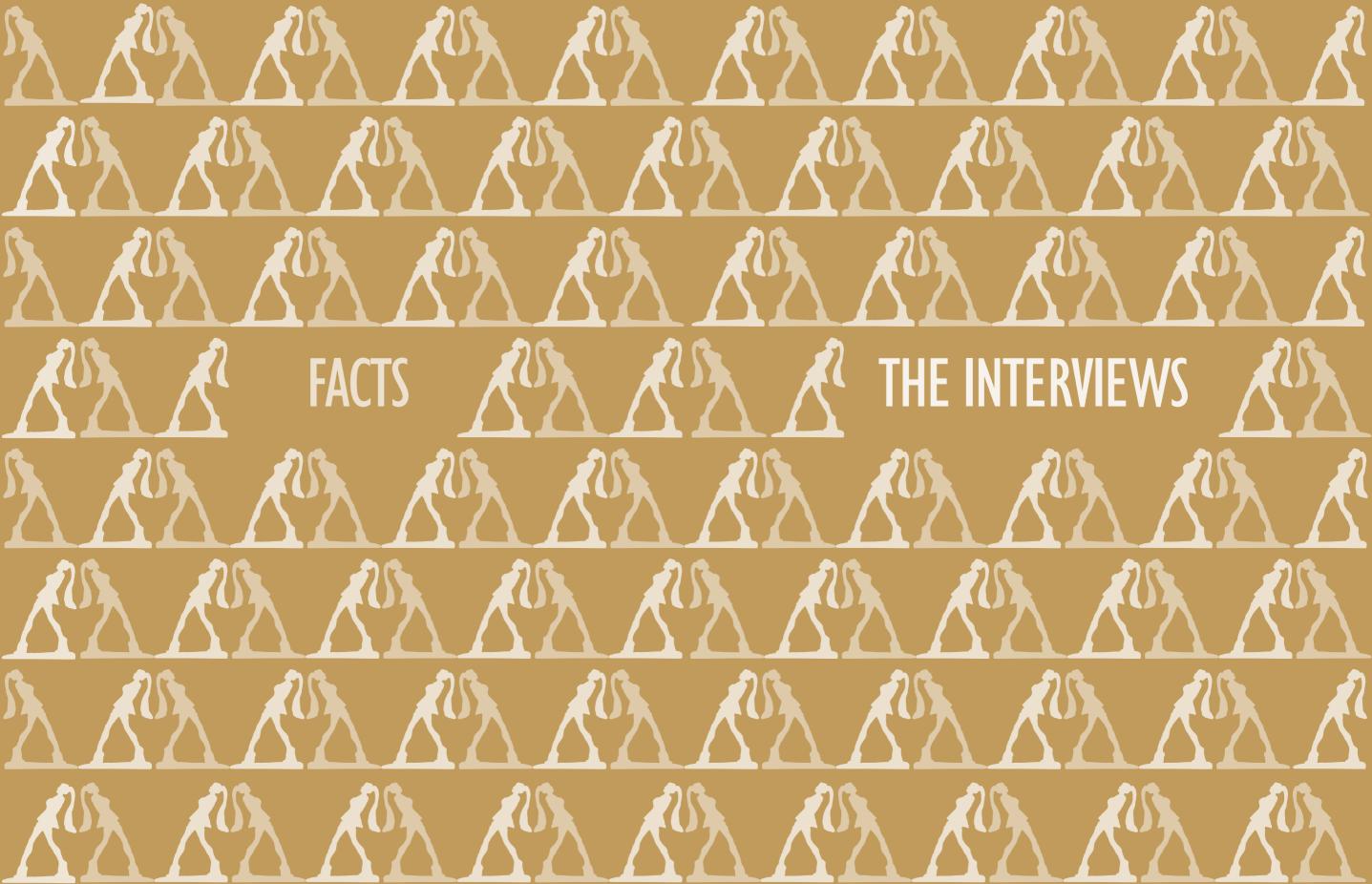


Lowering herself as elegantly as she could manage into the antique gold chair in front row, she was so close to the runway she would have been able to reach out and touch the hems of the models' dresses as they swept past, if anyone ever dared to commit such a sacrilege. Until the show started, all eyes would be on that front row as the celebrities, fashionistas, bloggers and wealthy customers jostled their way with self-conscious confidence to the edge of limelight. Swirling around them were the press photographers and television presenters, battling to achieve the perfect angle or catch a few words that could be used to build the excitement as the crowd waited the final few moments for the show to explode into life.



Saisha had tried to reach Harris by phone a number of times since he told her about the fire, but he wasn't picking up. She could understand that he would be under enormous pressure and might not want any distractions, but she longed to know what had happened at the gallery. Such a complete silence seemed out of character and she felt a flicker of anxiety forming in her stomach. Was he ignoring all his calls, or just the ones from her? Was he breaking up with her? She forced the thought out of her mind and went back to thinking about the fire. Could it have been a deliberate attack by an arsonist? Why would someone want to do that? She understood all too well how competitive the Parisian art scene was. There must be a lot of rivals who would like to see Harris put out of business. Did people resent his fame as a gallerist so much that they would want to destroy him, and his art works, so cruelly? Could the hatred be even more personal than that? Was it because of the colour of his skin? Was it because of his relationship with her? Were there really people who would believe that their love was forbidden and had to be punished? The best thing she could do, she decided, was give him the time and space to recover. The last thing she wanted was to add to his troubles by interfering.

The excitement at being on a flight to New York Fashion Week soon eclipsed her thoughts about how much she wished Harris was sitting beside her on the plane. She longed to be with him, to be able to talk more about big ideas, to be able to stroke his face, soften the edges of his sadness and calm his anxieties about the loss of the gallery, but her thoughts kept coming back to what lay ahead for her in New York.







Carolin Holzhuber © Francesco Zinno Press

© Carolin Holzhuber

ver thought of shoes as premium art? For Austrian designer Holzhuber shoes are true art objects.

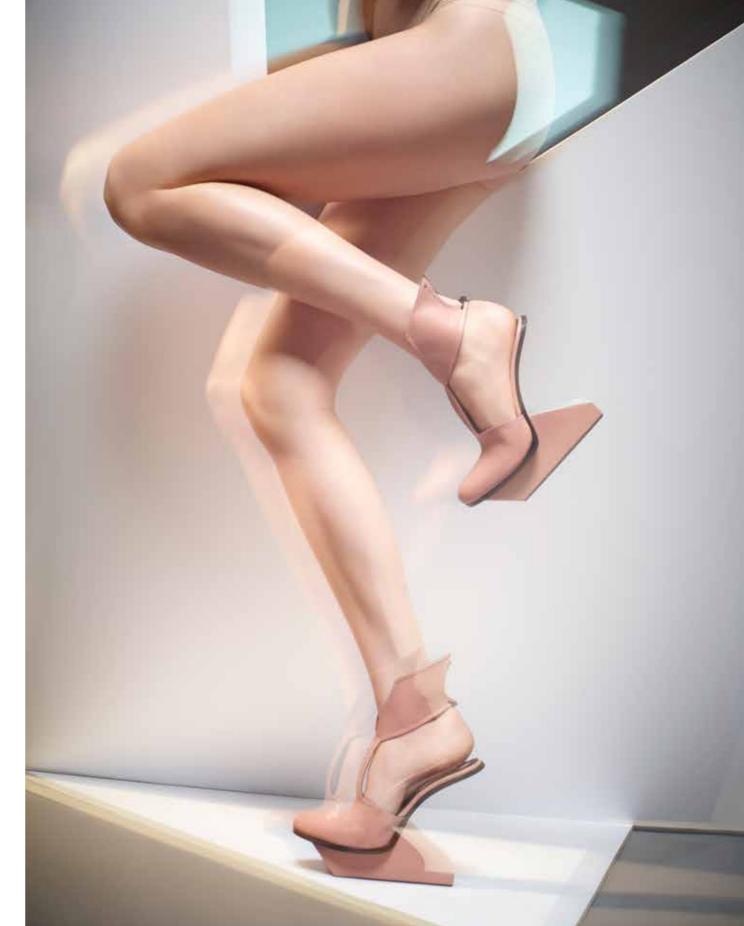
66My name is Carolin Holzhuber. I am an Austrian shoe designer/maker based between London and Vienna. I describe my work as sculptural footwear, wearable art that can also transform the wearer into a piece of art.

CAROLIN HOLZHUBER

Shoes as art objects



Synchronicity 2
© Warren Du Preez-Nick Thornton Jones







JOERG ZUBER

Noonoouri



The female digital topmodel Noonoouri is the brainchild of German-born, Joerg Zuber, based in Munich with a subsidiary in Buenos Aires and a design studio in Munich. The character Noonoouri was created by animation and is the new face to watch in terms of lifestyle and fashion. Already as a five year old boy, Joerg Zuber dreamt of making a digital person like the way he finalized Noonoouri recently. With more than 383 K followers on Instagram, we can say that she is a complete success story. Noonoouri became more concrete as Mr. Zuber became a teenager and received professional digital training to give her a voice to share his ideas or thoughts.

Mr. Zuber says: 66She is a famous, beautiful woman with social responsibility and the child of her time. She is part of the analogue world with appearances on covers and editorials, but in the future I see her more in a digital world. We cannot live without the digital world. In the age of bloggers and influencers Noonoouri and her digital identity have the same power. I could not find an investor and decided to make her with my own financial means. Now I dream of having her appear in a game because, as a digital character, it would be good if she could star in a digital world. She is part of social media where politicians, religious groups and attitudes have a voice. We need communication and Noonoouri should never be silent. Her word is my home. I like to be surrounded by nature and animals who are real and consider Noonoouri as a character aware of the environmental challenges of today's world. She will take black coffee but would not condemn a person who drinks cow's milk. With the character I can work on myself and reach people. I get a voice in an open and diverse world. Art and fashion are one world in my eyes.



Designer and owner of the label NATAN Edouard Vermeulen has a deep affiliation with art. His interest in art started as an interior designer with an interest in art and fashion. His slogan is 'less is more' and this is reflected in his love for minimalism in shape and materials. Mr. Vermeulen explains: 'I love minimalism and it is seen in my choice of colors and fabrics. My favorite color is just like Rothko's favorite hue: red, and all shades of red, ranging from orange to Bordeaux. My work is an ode to Rothko.

EDOUARD VERMEULEN

Ode to Rothko

This was the theme in my Spring 2022 collection. I also love to work with local artists such as the Belgian artist Otz, whose work was displayed in our shop at the Rue de Namur in Brussels in 2019. Another talent I collaborate with is the Argentinian-Antwerp painter Pablo Piates, who has decorated some of my silk dresses with his paintings. For me avant-garde is experimenting with colors and fabrics and volumes. My latest collection shows all shades of red and purple. I even use tulle in various colors originating from the American artist Rothko's palette.





