

KATIE EARY SS10

presents

"Naked Lunch"

For Spring Summer 2010, Katie Eary presents a rollercoaster ride through the depths of addiction – exploring the inner decay of the human body and its twisted beauty.

Inspired by the dark genius of William Burrough's 1959 psychedelic masterpiece *Naked Lunch*, the collection carries the sinister echoes of a seedy underworld driven by the commerce of substance – as Katie profiles the novel's protagonist William Lee and his band of depraved accomplices.

Each look is an abstract study of the thieves, pushers, pretty boys and gnarly street-rats that populate the dark streets of Burroughs' dystopian nightmare – merely animals who exist in the limbo between constant hunger and their next fix. Bound in the uniform of their former lives, they sink into a soulless and hollow existence, as evidence of their ravaged bodies bursts through the fabric of their pasts. Life becomes war – the grim battle between sanity and the maniacal thirst for a seductive high.

As such, Eary delivers a scientific freakshow of murky glamour– with the anatomical delights of the human and animal worlds laid bare for the world to see. Her colour palette blends the gold, navy and black of tradition with the dirty reds, nudes and murky oranges of human decay.

Envisage twisted organza muscles bursting through sharp tailored jackets, and mutated cell structures printed over boat neck sailor tees.

Bloody red veins in Swarovski crystal creep down flesh-coloured leggings and snake across biker jackets.

Fur bristles as a bloody fox shrug, and slashes in mink across sheer zipped tunics.

Inky black jeans are ladder DNA-like, and spinal vertebrae define the curve of a stiff Jodhpur.

French military caps morph into the baboons of Burroughs' delusional hospital sequence, and sandals woven in rope are adorned with brass bones.

In collaboration with Mawi, Eary is sculpting skeletal hand jewellery, avant garde string vest's, and secrets! - With Linda Farrow, sunglasses in leopard prints and spring loaded 'googly eyes'.

A visceral exoskeleton of morbid elegance – spreading beauty through an addiction you cannot ignore.