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# **A Red Carpet for the Hoi Polloi, With Paparazzi Included**

At the MOVE! festival, participatory art experiences  
collide with fashion's glitz and glamour

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The red carpet at MOVE! at Brookfield Place. *PHOTO: PRESLEY ANN/PATRICK MCMULLAN*

Zara Zakrzewski, a natural-sciences student at Fordham University, went straight from class to an event at Brookfield Place on Thursday night. There, she found herself making a grand entrance, slowly descending the red carpet-draped marble staircase on the arm of a tuxedoed male model into the Winter Garden Atrium, where her picture was snapped by awaiting paparazzi.

“I didn’t know what to expect, but I was not expecting that,” she said.

Ms. Zakrzewski had arrived at the launch party for MOVE!, a three-day festival in which participatory art experiences collide with the glitz and glamour of high-end fashion. First presented in 2010 at MoMA PS1, MOVE! is the brainchild of writer David Colman and Cecilia Dean, co-founder of art-fashion magazine *Visionaire*.

The common feeling driving many of the experiences at MOVE! is of being thrust into the spotlight.

Barbara Raghianti, who works for a luxury jewelry brand, had her own taste of stardom.

She walked briskly down a green screen-flanked runway while a woman with a clipboard called out instructions: “Keep going, keep going—no, don’t come back!”



Meki Saldana *PHOTO: PRESLEY ANN/PATRICK MCMULLAN*

When Ms. Raghianti finally made it off the runway after her second attempt, she discovered her performance had been seamlessly inserted into actual fashion-week footage. “I never thought I’d look at myself on the runway, but it actually wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be,” she said.

Another instant runway star, Tom Leonardis, president of Whoop, Inc., similarly expressed wonder at the sight of himself on-screen. “There I was—a model!” he said. “At 5-foot-5-and-a-half!”

Elsewhere at the festival, outgoing types could learn and perform dance moves in exchange for free macarons, or acquire their own personal Diane von Fürstenberg wrap dress—printed all over with a kaleidoscopic pattern of their face.

Willing subjects could even sit for gender-switching makeovers.

On Thursday night, an arsenal of Yves Saint Laurent beauty products were deployed to wipe out all traces of femininity from the face of New York Magazine writer Dayna Evans. Sporting thicker brows, harder edges and a five o'clock shadow, Ms. Evans completed the transformation by donning a baseball cap and leather jacket.

"I feel like I'm in a Halloween costume," she said.



A guest at the event. *PHOTO: PRESLEY ANN/PATRICK MCMULLAN*

The obvious centerpiece of the festival, however, is the staircase and red-carpet experience. For about three hours on Thursday, six male models took turns making arriving guests feel like celebrities.

"I'm not a fashion person," said Kate Gilmore, the multimedia performance artist who devised the piece in collaboration with fashion designer Italo Zucchelli. "I usually work with galleries and museums, and I don't really know a lot about fashion. So it was a question of how to stay true to my voice as an artist but still have fun with it."

Lavishing VIP treatment on the public felt like a natural fit for the artist, whose work is often about ordinary people rising against the odds.

"The red carpet is typically reserved for this very elite, very specific group of people," she said. "This piece opens it up so everybody can experience the awe and wonder of

being a star—and the wonder and awe of being surrounded by these beautiful, beautiful men and their beautiful outfits.”

Naturally, Ms. Gilmore had to try out the piece for herself. “I had all six models walk me down.”

Judging by the paparazzi-friendly expressions, most of the attendees at Thursday’s event seemed to relish their newfound celebrity status, even while acknowledging the folly of all the pomp and circumstance.

“That was ludicrous and humiliating,” said art historian Claire Bishop, still lingering on the edge of the red carpet. “I was kind of enjoying it.”