

january

Remnants believes what is most interesting about each person is what they do and think about between what they do and think about. Large categories dominate our lives — work, leisure, relationship, hobbies — and our identities are often secured by these categories. But what about all the in-between moments? All the things we do and think about that don't fit neatly into a category?

We are introducing *remnants* to fill this gap. To provide a space for us to put forth and showcase parts of our lives that cannot be packaged into these categories. To be and create how we want to be and create. And to demonstrate how we can secure our own identities for ourselves across the various categories and gaps of our lives.

We hope you enjoy this first collection.

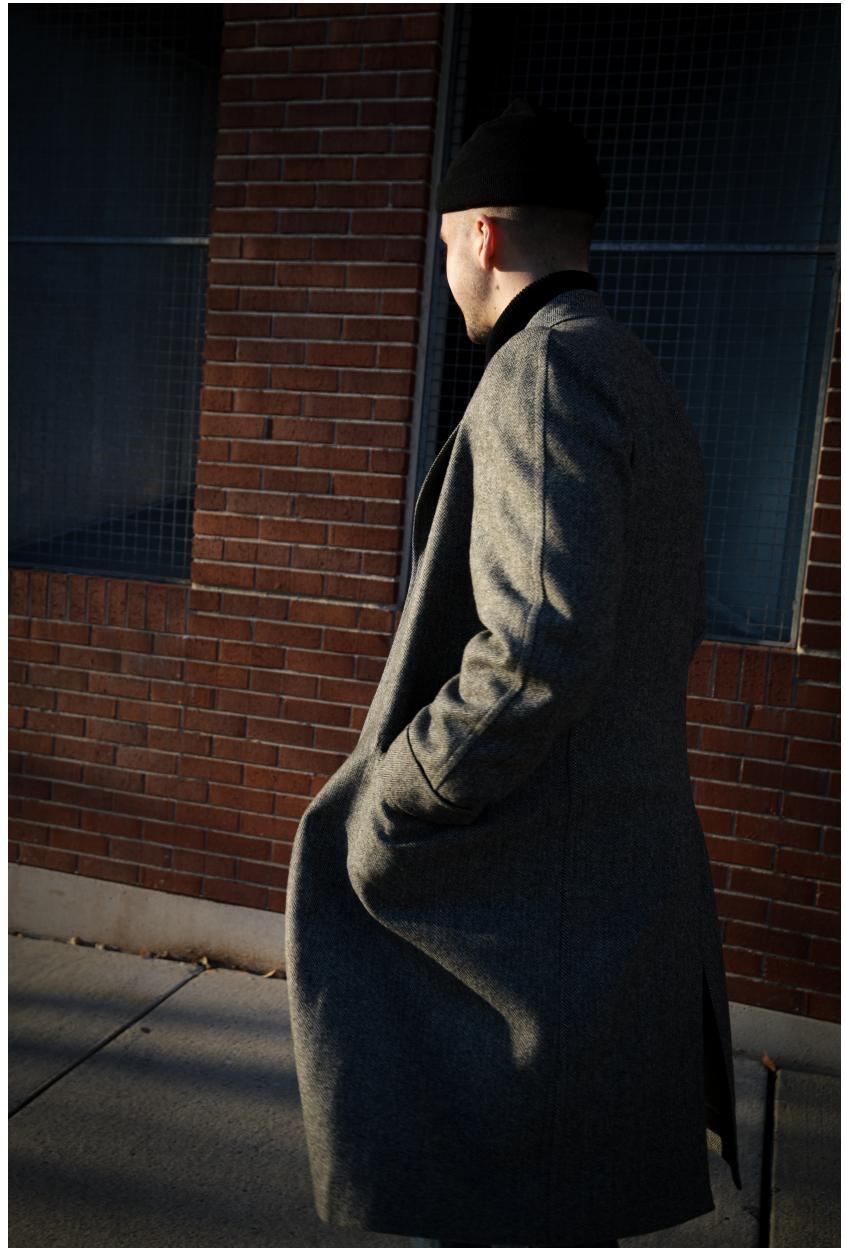


It started earnestly. Getting something a bit different when shopping before the new school year: a cool shirt from Kohl's or Old Navy, something I hadn't worn before. I was limited by these local department stores and retail chains, but still, these little steps led me into an interest area.

Later, a year in France didn't hurt — it exposed me to a lot of style I hadn't seen before. It was there that I became aware of *the street*. I learned that I wanted to be seen — that I liked the feeling of strangers' eyes looking at me. What do they see? What do they think of me?



With the arrival of Covid, any possibility of being seen by the stranger was swiftly dismissed. Nobody saw me. Before long, I felt I could no longer see myself. I was folding into repeated routines and slow schedules. The allure and rush of changing my appearance fell flat.



Only after several months was I able to resuscitate it. A teasing lull in the pandemic helped. Also, posting photos of myself. Breaking down this self-conscious barrier led me to rediscover some of my earlier excitement amidst the dark grey weight of the pandemic.

Soon, I understood my excitement as an act of self-affirmation: *I have put together this outfit with thought and intention*, I was saying, *and by sharing it publicly I affirm my vision of myself*. Unable to be seen physically, I discovered a way to be seen digitally — to force myself to be seen.





if i were
to remain here

stoic and stolid
as a marble column

would winding vines
climb me too?

or would they shy
away from my

gleaming surface
afraid to spoil

my smooth exterior
the product of

a fierce activity between
rock, artist, and chisel

untainted
but untouched

Model: Jack Trego
Photography: Rob Bolz
Text: Jack Trego

