

Thesaurus Cyber and (U/dys)topia, year 20XX

Gender benders, reappropriation and dealing with trauma.

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1) Amazon And Dead Nature

Revisiting the secret garden of revelations after a thousand years, as in revisiting an old trauma, only to find out that everything's dead yet still exists; incessantly attempting to find our balance inside this old sadness that's remarkably still. It's only by shedding our light onto the scenery that we attempt to redefine the concept of emo, as in emotional, in other words by re-appropriating sadness in this new version of reality. What we get to see is discrepancy and all its different shades: a continuous movement from life to death and resurrection, a perpetuity that's both abstract and tangible. Everything is damaged, certainly... but very bright as well. Everything is predefined yet in a way nothing is defined, one is in an eternal procedure of touching and experiencing stimuli – there isn't a way to frame it, it's pouring out onto us.

Style 1: chaps (Jaded London), necklace (@underworld_laboratory), tribal thong (@agua_de_lourdes), boots-shirt-tights (thrifed in Athens and Paris)

2) Dominatrix In Blissful Stillness

In a Matrix inspired post-apocalyptic vision of the near future, we trace the movement of a dominatrix among ruins: how this fiercely sexual figure provokes fear by its looks. Bearing symbols with strong connotations doesn't mean anything. Or does not need to mean anything. No need for crosses: and if it's inherently phallic after all, there's no use in re-appropriating it - its only place should be in between the ruins of the old world. Shameless and powerful, this post-capitalistic dominatrix emerges from the ashes as an almost ritualistic figure, proposing a new take on mysticism, piety, sexuality and power: if redemption had a face, what would it look like?

Style 2: pumps (Pleaser Shoes), earring (@veva.evangelista), vintage reworked bag from personal collection, everything else is thrifed (Athens and Paris)

3) Sky Is Not The Limit

Mutating frames, melting into each other at all times; cables and power plugs laying around our feet and we... are we stretching? Or are we drowning? Each frame holds a narrative and all of them combined narrate a probabilistic fairytale. The textile's transparency and wrinkles echo a movement that's not depicted directly in each shot, but insinuated- so is it a real movement? Wouldn't it be more appropriate to reflect on what is the reality of a motion if not, its marks upon space? Nostalgia, angst

and teenage fantasies converge to transcend the spatial limits, even given dimensions. Space is a convention to be defied.

Style 3: Evanescence t-shirt/thigh high socks/corset (personal collection), skirt and jacket (tailored), mini bag (Juicy Couture), sneakers (Gordon Jack)

4) Choose Your Fighter

Mourn. Adapt. Overcome. Chaining up and locking away any concept of individuality or individualism, getting ready to join the universal suburbia that's left for us after complete destruction. *Naturalité* is not relevant anymore, darkness and its creatures are taking over. No face matters anymore - delimited to their sole true function, this new cosmic tribe only observes with their bare eyes. Oh yeah, and they keep sucking extraterrestrial alien plants. Invite them in.

Style 4: everything is thrifted (Athens and Marseille)