

Shane

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My Brand Ethos

Our brand embodies a Baudelairean melancholic sensibility, merging absurd romanticism with a refined design language to create a unique aesthetic that balances radiance and decay. We strive to evoke a synesthetic experience, awakening profound emotional resonance and a sense of beauty that transcends the ordinary.

Our silhouettes are predominantly form-fitting, with designs that emphasize the natural elegance and strength of the human form. The focal points of our creations lie in exquisite details—buttons, stitches, and trims—crafted with precision to serve as the soul of each piece, reflecting our dedication to intricate craftsmanship.

In terms of materials, we blend leather, silk, feather and premium wool to evoke a striking sense of contrast and tension. These opposing elements coexist harmoniously within our timeless black-and-white color palette, showcasing purity while conveying depth, drama, and complexity.

Our target audience consists of young androgenous individuals in their 20s who seek personalized self-expression and intellectual depth. As supporters of both romanticism ideals, they resonate with our vision. Through each season's collection and accompanying lifestyle products, we aim to deliver an immersive experience that transcends the boundaries of sight, touch, and emotion—establishing a cultural emblem that goes beyond fashion.

“Pale Nocturne”



“Pale Nocturne” explores the paradox of material wealth and spiritual emptiness. My inspiration stems from the film “The Devil Probably”, which reflects nihilistic attitudes towards life and death. This idea is central to my collection, portraying the disillusionment of youth in a world of consumerism.

Research

“The Devil Probably

In *The Devil, Probably*, the line “I hate life, but I hate death too” captures the protagonist Charles’s deep existential crisis. More than just emotional despair, it reflects three intertwined philosophical tensions:

1. The Absurd (Camus)
2. Nihilism
3. The Burden of Freedom (Sartre)

who am I anyway?







The Absurd

"The angel's wings, as white as snow, as gentle as a dream"



Faced with a world that feels chaotic, indifferent, polluted and false, it becomes hard to find a reason to keep living. There's a quiet absurdity in this: we search for meaning, but the world stays silent. As Camus wrote, life is a constant confrontation with the absurd. I hate life for its hollowness and pain, yet I can't fully give in to death either.



Sometimes, I just want to disappear—become something light, like a bird, and fly away. But even that wish is absurd, and I know it doesn't really make sense.



Ann Demeulemeesterb Spring 1999 Photography Patric Robyn.

Drawn to the haunting beauty of Ann Demeulemeester's work, I imagine garments where feathers meet bone—lightness woven into structure, flight bound to form.



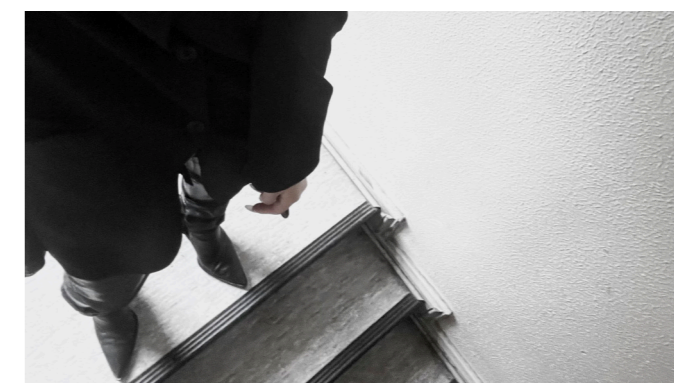
The feather speaks of longing, escape, and weightless dreams; the bone, of gravity, memory, and the quiet permanence of the body. In their union, I seek a silhouette that carries both fragility and resistance—a quiet yearning held together by strength.



I'm drawn to moments that linger in the grey—in between clarity and collapse, softness and severity. These spaces are quiet, often overlooked, yet full of tension. They speak of transition, of becoming. Like a breath held just before release, or a shadow that doesn't fully fall. In these still and fragile in-betweens, something essential reveals itself—uncertain, but honest.



There is a certain stillness in moving alone. In unfamiliar streets, time stretches differently—light feels distant, choices feel quieter. I wander not to arrive, but to remain slightly unanchored. Pale Nocturne is shaped by this gentle disorientation: the comfort of solitude, the intimacy of self-directed choices, the silence between departure and return. In these suspended states, I begin to see myself more clearly—not fixed, but in motion.





At 12:28 each day,

I pierce my soul with a silver blade,

offering myself to the abyss,

Nihilism

Seeking naught but the hollow

benediction of a bird's fleeting

We are graduating into a world emptied of certainty. Belief fades. Direction dissolves.



And yet, even in this hollowing, something resists disappearance



One by one, the structures fall away.



What remains is a quiet kind of nihilism—not dramatic, not loud.



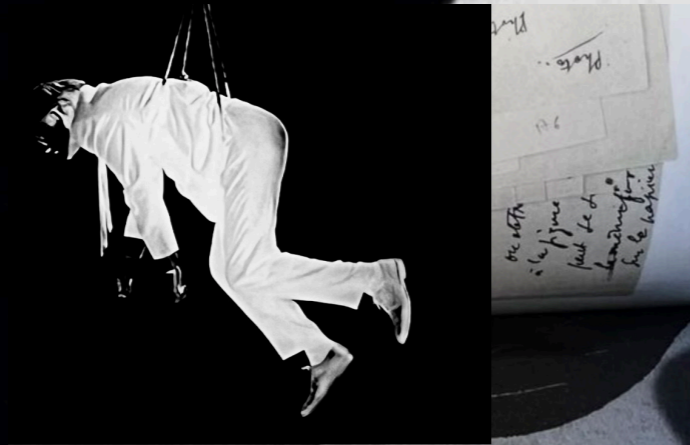
Just a slow detachment from things once thought to matter.



Death is not redemption. It is merely another form of absence—still, silent, unresolved.



The Burden of Freedom



To be free is to stand alone—with no path drawn, no voice above to follow.

What once felt like liberation now drifts into weight: the quiet heaviness of having to choose.



"Fūshi Kaden" by Suda Issei



We are no longer bound by belief, yet in this vast openness, meaning begins to fade.

And still, we choose—because to live is to move, even through uncertainty.

Freedom does not promise peace. Sometimes, it is simply the space in which we endure ourselves.



"Ravens" by Masahisa Fukase

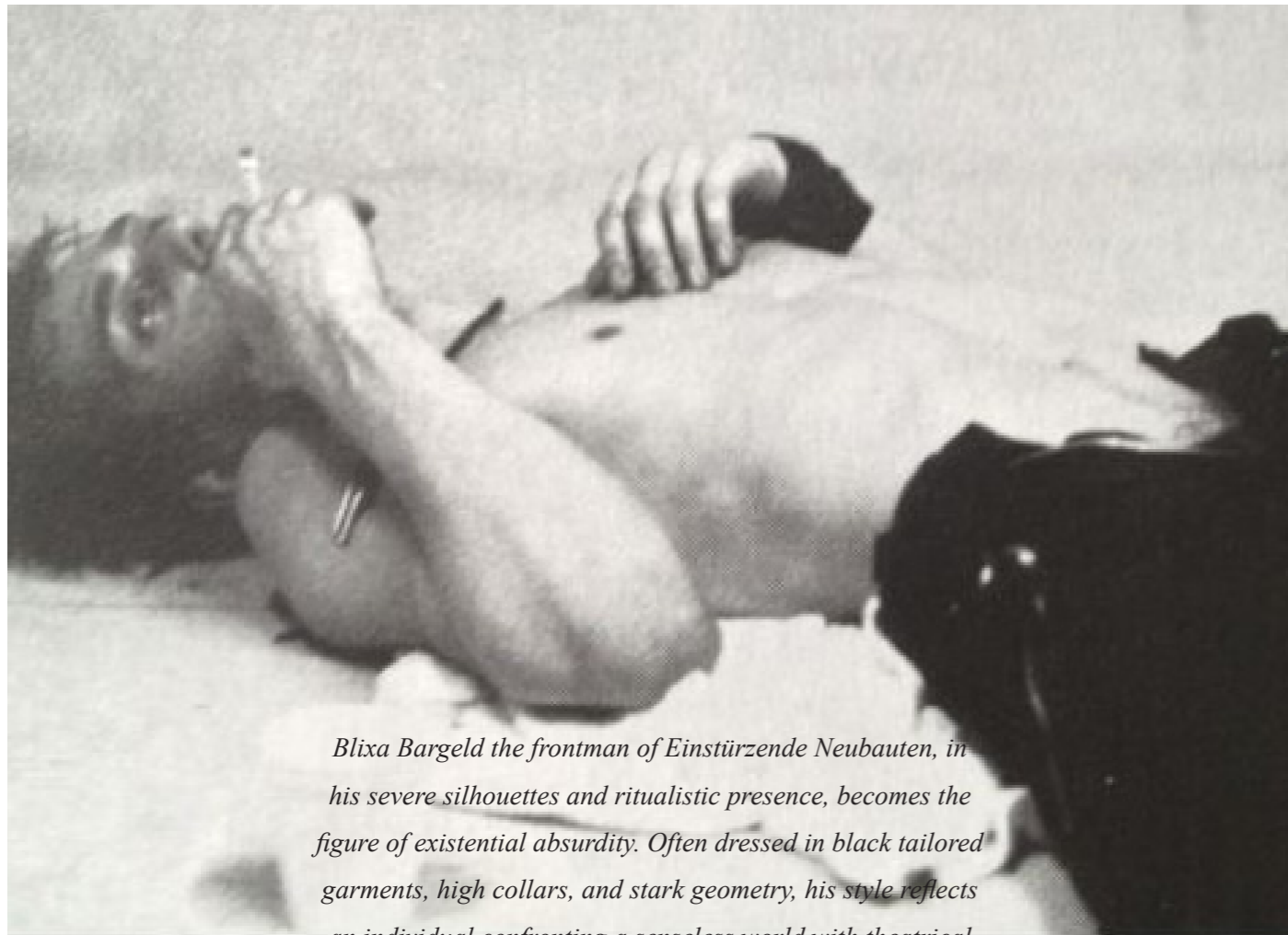


“Escaping death, yet far from the clamor of the world, in that moment, I tasted the deep sweetness of neither being awake nor asleep.”

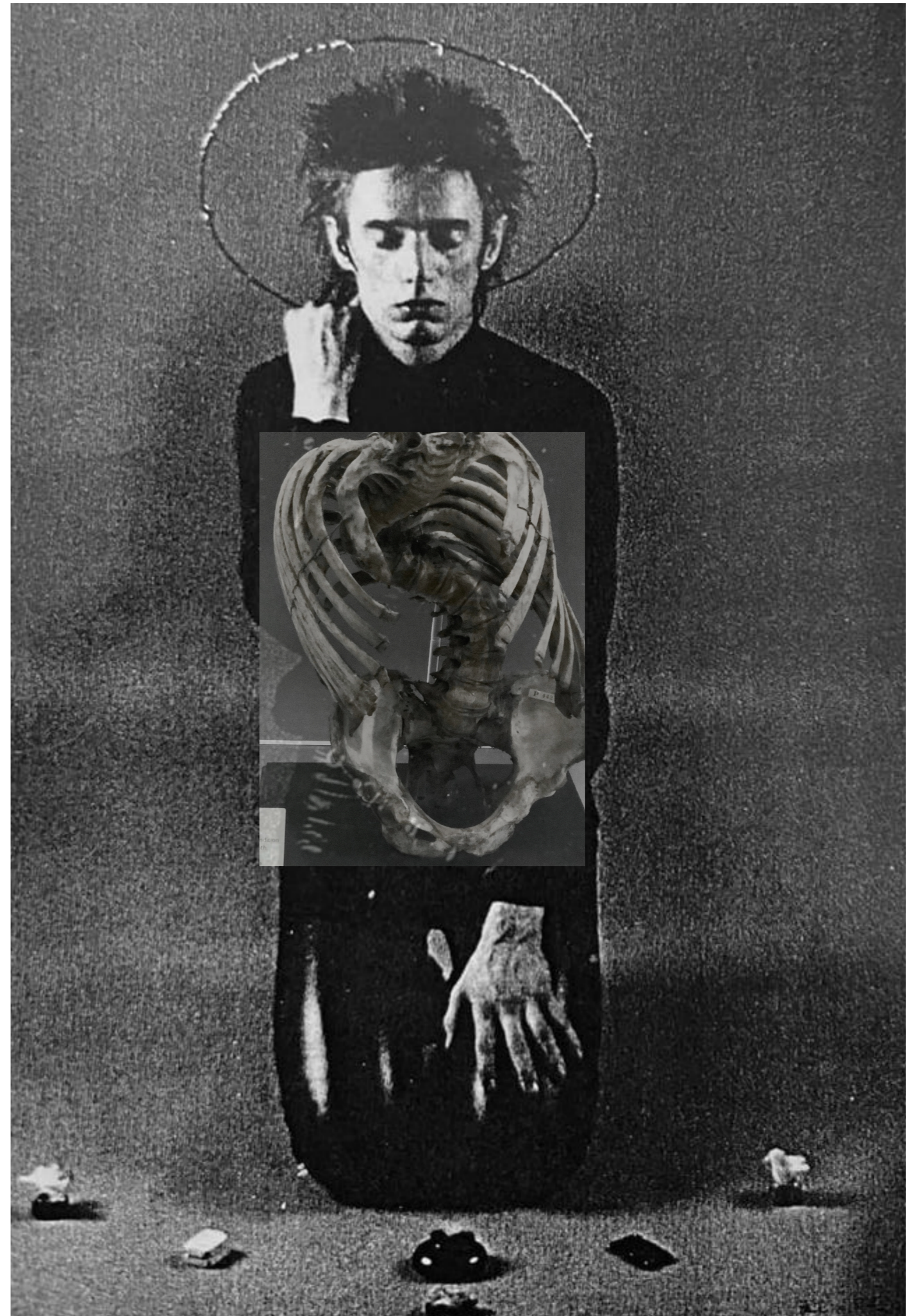
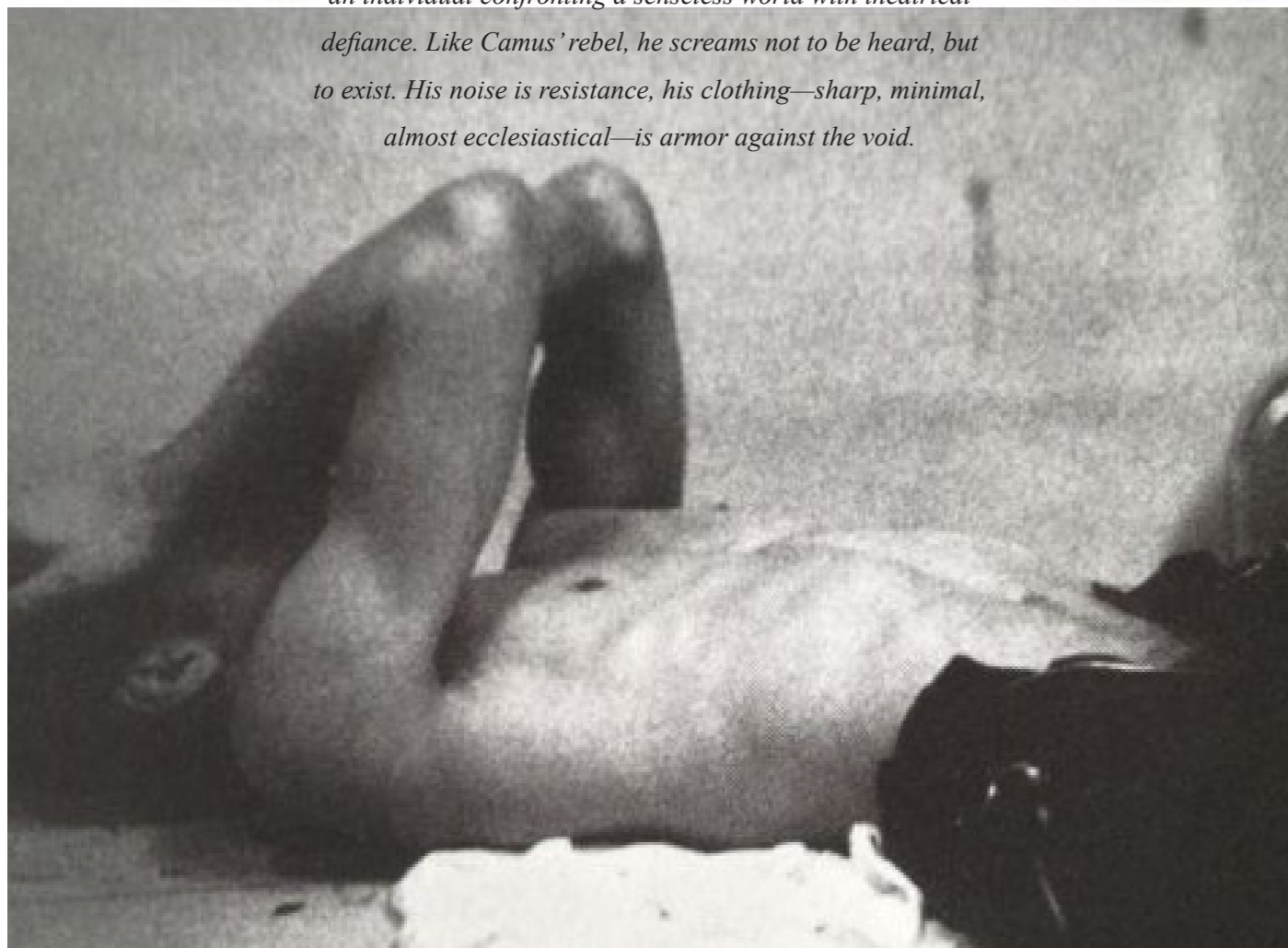
“Veiled Christ” by Giuseppe Sanmartino

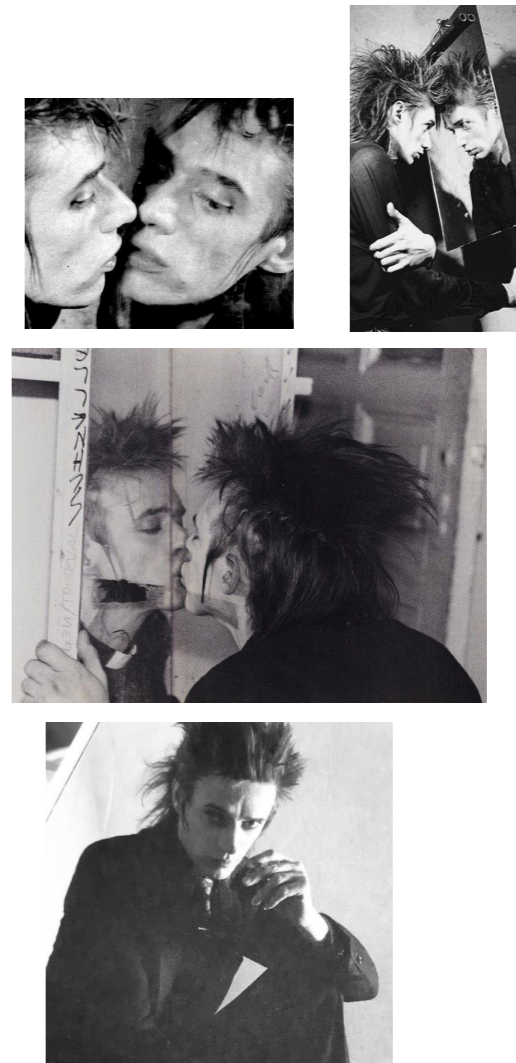


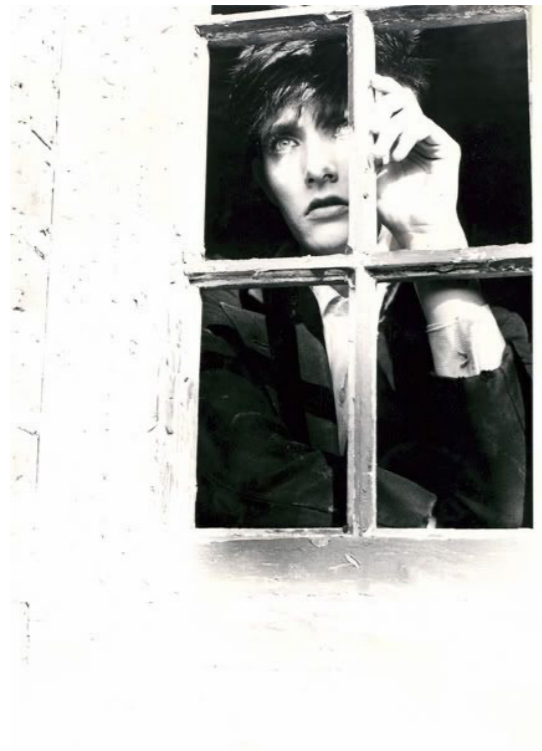
Muse



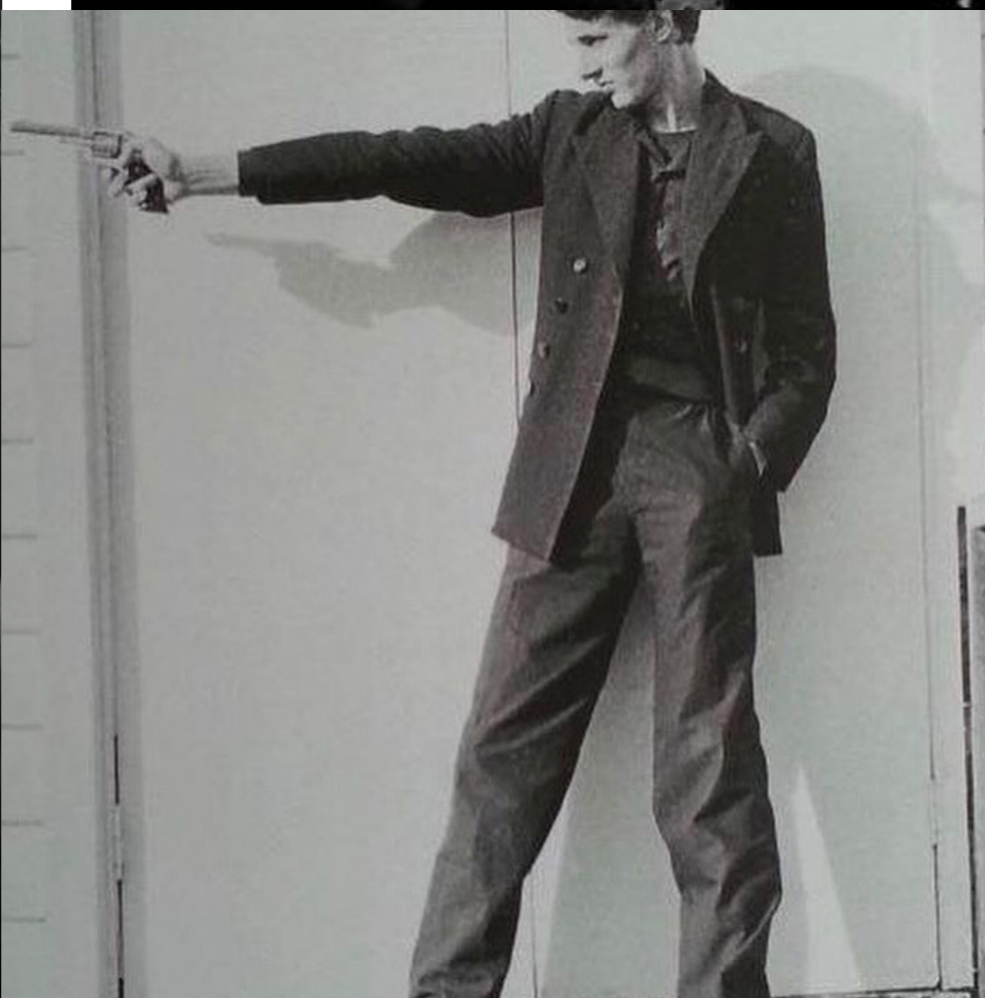
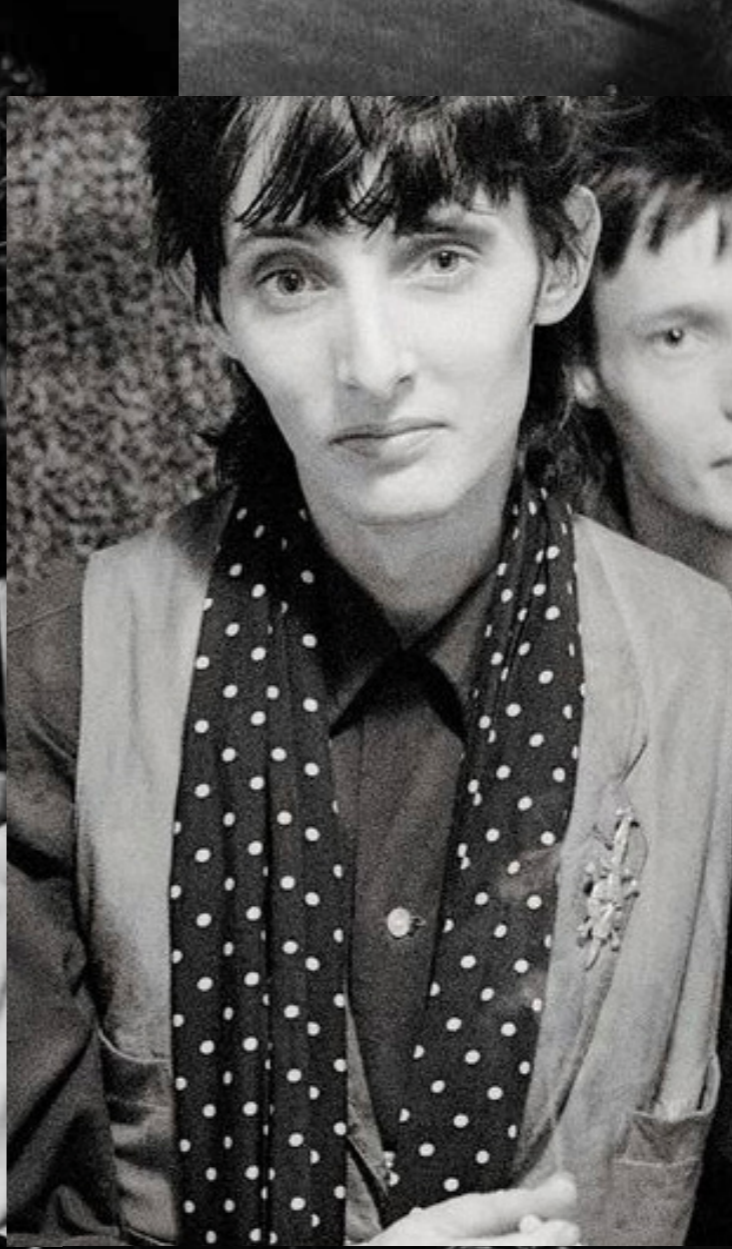
Blixa Bargeld the frontman of Einstürzende Neubauten, in his severe silhouettes and ritualistic presence, becomes the figure of existential absurdity. Often dressed in black tailored garments, high collars, and stark geometry, his style reflects an individual confronting a senseless world with theatrical defiance. Like Camus' rebel, he screams not to be heard, but to exist. His noise is resistance, his clothing—sharp, minimal, almost ecclesiastical—is armor against the void.







Rowland S. Howard, by contrast, slips into the realm of nihilistic beauty. His delicate, haunted frame draped in lace shirts, wilted velvet, skinny tailoring—fragile but calculated—evokes a slow descent into meaninglessness. Yet within that collapse is a romantic refusal to disappear quietly. He represents the soft violence of despair, the poetry found in the dust of ruined ideals.



Print

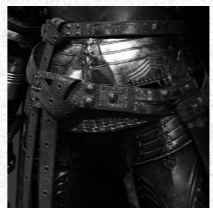
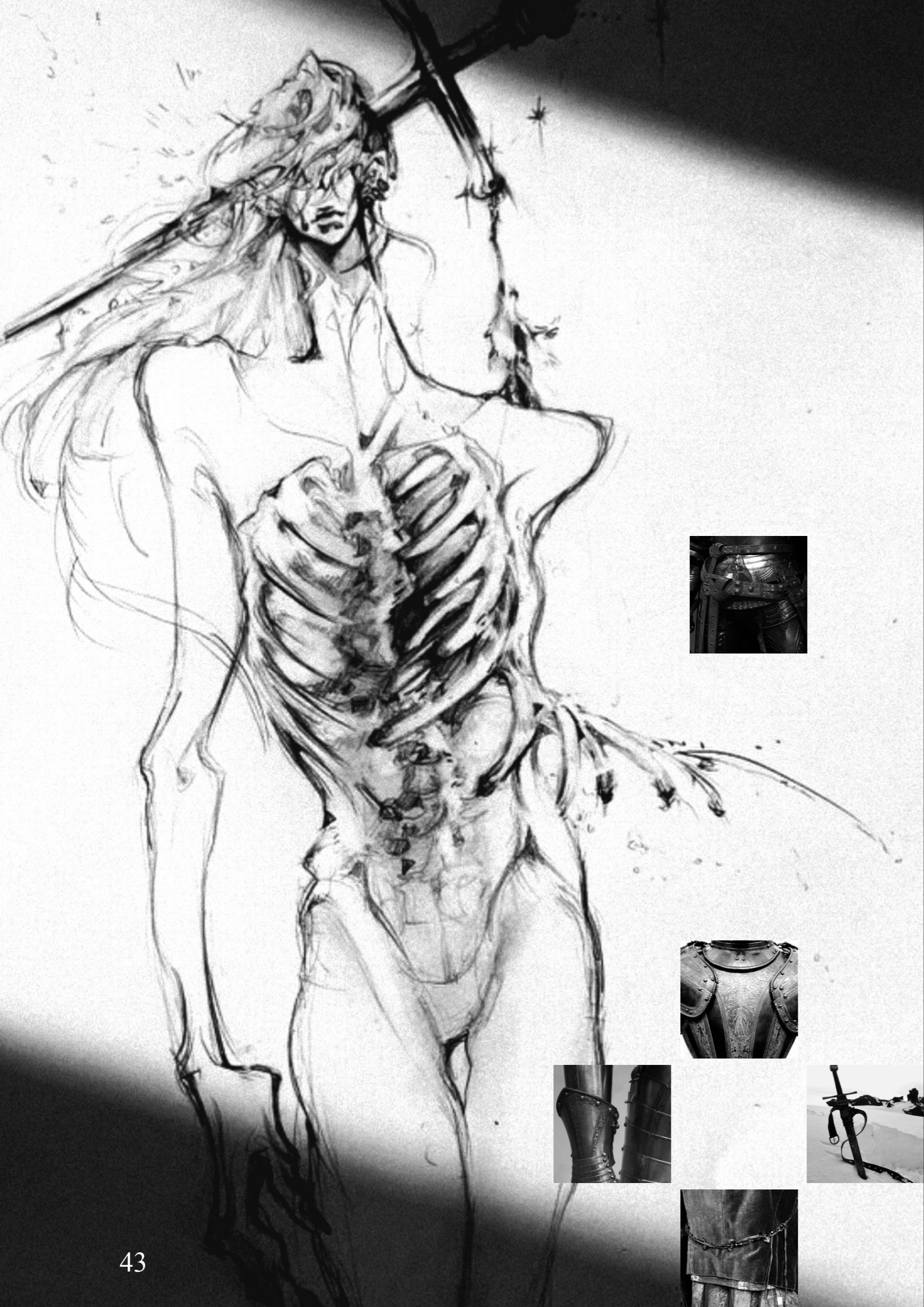


*His thoughts arrived uninvited, relentless—like moths drunk on lamplight, dancing toward some unseen annihilation.
But in that endless spiral of thinking, nothing revealed itself—only a more exquisite form of emptiness.*

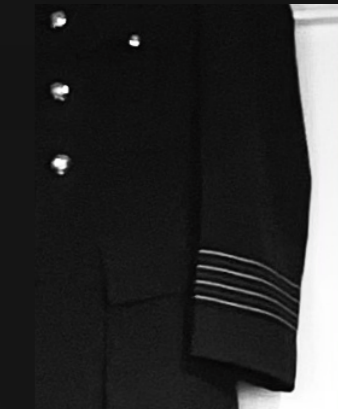
Before tears could ever reach his eyes, he had already carried them—folded, perfumed, and pressed—inside the velvet lining of his heart.

It was not sadness that weighed on him, but the elegance of futility.

*And so, he learned: to survive, one must silence the hunger for hope.
Only in resisting the temptation of meaning could he float gently toward death—
not with fear, but with the grace of someone offering flowers to a ghost.*



Ann Demeulemeester Fall/Winter 2009



German uniforms detail



Garments























