Option and Cadence in Balenciaga

Diaeresis of Space in Contemporary Fashion

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Cold north. Attack alarm. Comfort zone absolutely destroyed. Aesthetic catastrophe, youth liberation. Darkness as an eternal, savage poem. Destructive robots. Runways inside hell. Speculations within the geopolitical asylum. Beauty within radical geometry; form and color in the body's temperament. Rudimentary paranormal phenomena of a feverish, mythological delirium: spectacle in the desolation of the late sensory regime; thunders of mathematical rigidity lurking in the twilight of the conceptual forest; invocations of forbidden gods as a para-metaphysical reflection of a lost equilibrium; a substrate altered by the market and by the becoming of an aesthetic religion. Hapless animals reading Céline discern the heterodox climate that silence has sown across entire generations of digital mutants. Transport and decomposition, magnetism, and editorial distribution capacity. Introduction to cosmic deformity; evangelist substrate. Outside, the black god clothes his millions of bodies in the celestial marble that has buried everything, putting everything at the disposal of sacrifice. Hunger, calamity, meaninglessness. Weaponry laid out upon the table. The conclusions of a centuries-old conversation. Who possesses the identification required to be admitted to this club? No one, absolutely no one; hence the democratization of prêt-à-porter.

Once again, animals inside the club. The speculations of a riff too sharp, bordering on an autocratic regime. From Tokyo to Beijing, the route is constrained and dismayed. Combat bags. Over-synthesized crumbs within the roar, within the adolescent scream that wields specific codes, seeking specific neo-truths. Natal catastrophe of polysemy; the artist's

subterfuge and disquiet. The background conducts itself in this manner to allow certain bodies, certain overexploited and oversaturated essentialities, to emerge like gargantuan mega-institutions driven from their very reason of possibility; like a massive, abstract technological milestone where the substrate plugs into the idea of the transcendental mega-corporation. There, corporality is conceptualized in its world-possibility; there, minimal existence is conceived, brushing against painting, music, and the dense, sticky shiver of a critique utterly domesticated by the weight of the massive. The real version is that which escapes the subjugating normalcy of a digitality turned into a cathedral of the impure and the moralizing.

Learning from history was never more difficult; for, after all, when you speak of dress, what are you speaking of? What is it that Eliza Douglas deforms within the brand? Is it a reflection of the verticalized geometry of this para-aesthetic framework we are addressing? Or is it rather a node within the rhizome of something larger, seeking to manifest itself in this gargantuan animal laid out on the operating table to be dissected? The modernization of the world is one of the ideals driving the personification of materialities. If we are to speak of a Humanity 2.0, it will occur within the grammatological regimes of a history liberated from its thundering fatum: war at the core of high culture, a symbol of progress, and the neutralization of retro-machinery. It is the sign of matters echoing the symbol on the table, the acephalous potency of black metal, the infinite river of a horizontal course, all bound together by the new materiality of terminal and automated flows. Total rejection of naïve phenomenology. Here, the transcendental does not correlate with the polysemic potency of a potential text, and that is precisely where the genuine interest lies that can be unearthed from aesthetics in a context such as this. It is the object itself, the material itself, which is actively interacting, influencing, infecting, and reinterpreting its own conditions of possibility. It is the noumenal entering the stage in the form that, to delimiting eyes, represents the vilest manifestation of a technoscientific capitalism yearning to absorb the absolute itself. Yet those readings, far from being subservient to the status quo, contribute nothing toward understanding and expanding the horizon of possibilities that the radicalization of certain human experiences can unleash.

Infinite rigidity. Concrete, concrete concept. Cement, foundation of the West; a future not inscribed in the past, making no allusions to an ancient, natural classical Greece. Polar black, the black of life itself. A reflection embedded in Lain, in the digital that has already inhabited humanity for decades, reclaimed, brought back to life; the satisfaction of the animal that, from the substrate, does everything in its power to keep devouring worlds. Territorial disinfection, gray, laterality along the tracks of Neo-Tokyo; equivalent sound or noise, impossible disinfection. The price of central heating is infinite. Liberating concrete has forcibly centered our understanding through the infinite structural horizons that the velocity of Los Angeles or any other metropolis can decenter in consciousness. In the noumenon, the quality of manifestation. Radical self-awareness. Who skis through ideas in this manner? The sustainability of these forms is difficult to absorb incautiously. Sharing individual space. Centering the concept within the neutral device. Silence. Strength of neon, moral superiority of the irrational within the deconstructive pattern. Art splits open like a walnut in water: black water, a crystal capable of building a real-time defense against the field of absolute terror. In a world where what the wanting wants is to be appeased by the liquid, by the trend of screens and templates, schemas, rituals, satanism, fine materials, and electronic drums halting the cycle's progress on the periphery of that pain. May beauty find a new price in the footprint of the mental studio apartment of the design school, the art academy, the organic lab; the emergence of self-acceptance.

Speculative alchemy, substrate of style and of the connection to what matters and what does not matter according to the tenets of the Western aesthetic canon. border-line. Transcendence lies in perpetual war against the wall and against the obtuse capacity for the production of posthuman images. Behind all immanence dwells the fierce filter of an exceptional doubt, where barbarism coexists with high culture. Behind all the decadence of an overheated system, self-conscious structural coldness retains a certain vibe; some pulse can tell us something amid the calamity of effort, the meaninglessness of a vital DJ who is beyond help and demonic specialization. In the effort of the band brought into the cosmic space of this unforgivable bunker, calamitous by retrograde excellence, everything occurs within the model, nothing outside the concept. Geopolitics of fashion, rationality of the

celestial strategist, the force of life surrendered to the algorithmic happiness of a dissonant neologism. In the always well-pondered sowing of noise and the rehearsal of mercy, California, Düsseldorf, Osaka act as an alien inventiveness trying to infect the sincerity of a strange and distant language, far removed from any formal regularization, which natural becoming wants to reconvert into monotonic sound, the ambient of memory, three hundred times equal to itself and distinct from its shadows. Embezzlement of language, incorruptibility of sensation. Ghosts live in the flourish, in the cutting room, and inside the aspirational bowl; formal supplement, informal incompatibility. Closed in advance by extra-temporal disillusionment: polymers, silicon ghosts, ectoplasmic reductions in the force whose momentaneity natural destiny is capable of bringing to this party.