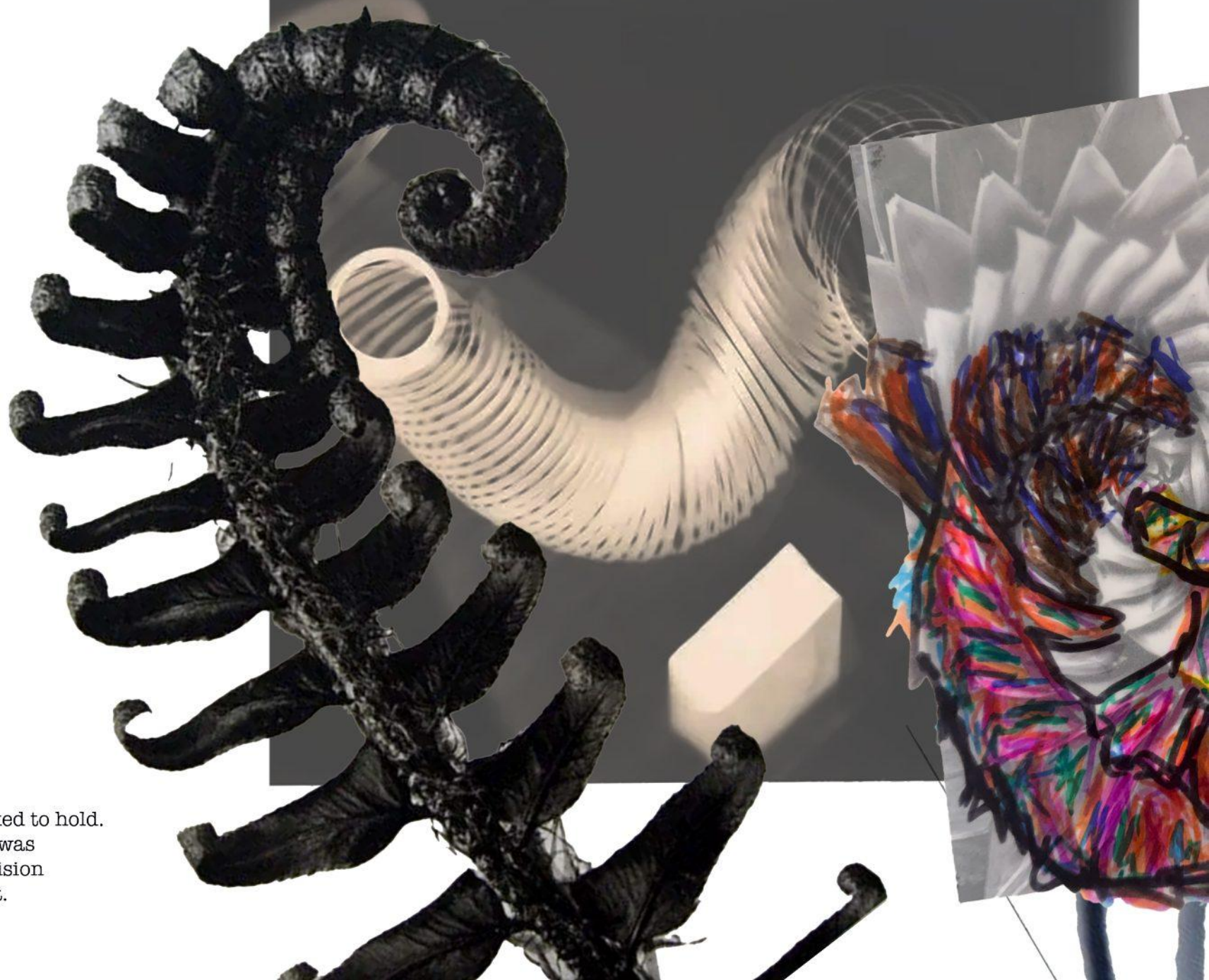




OBSIDIAN

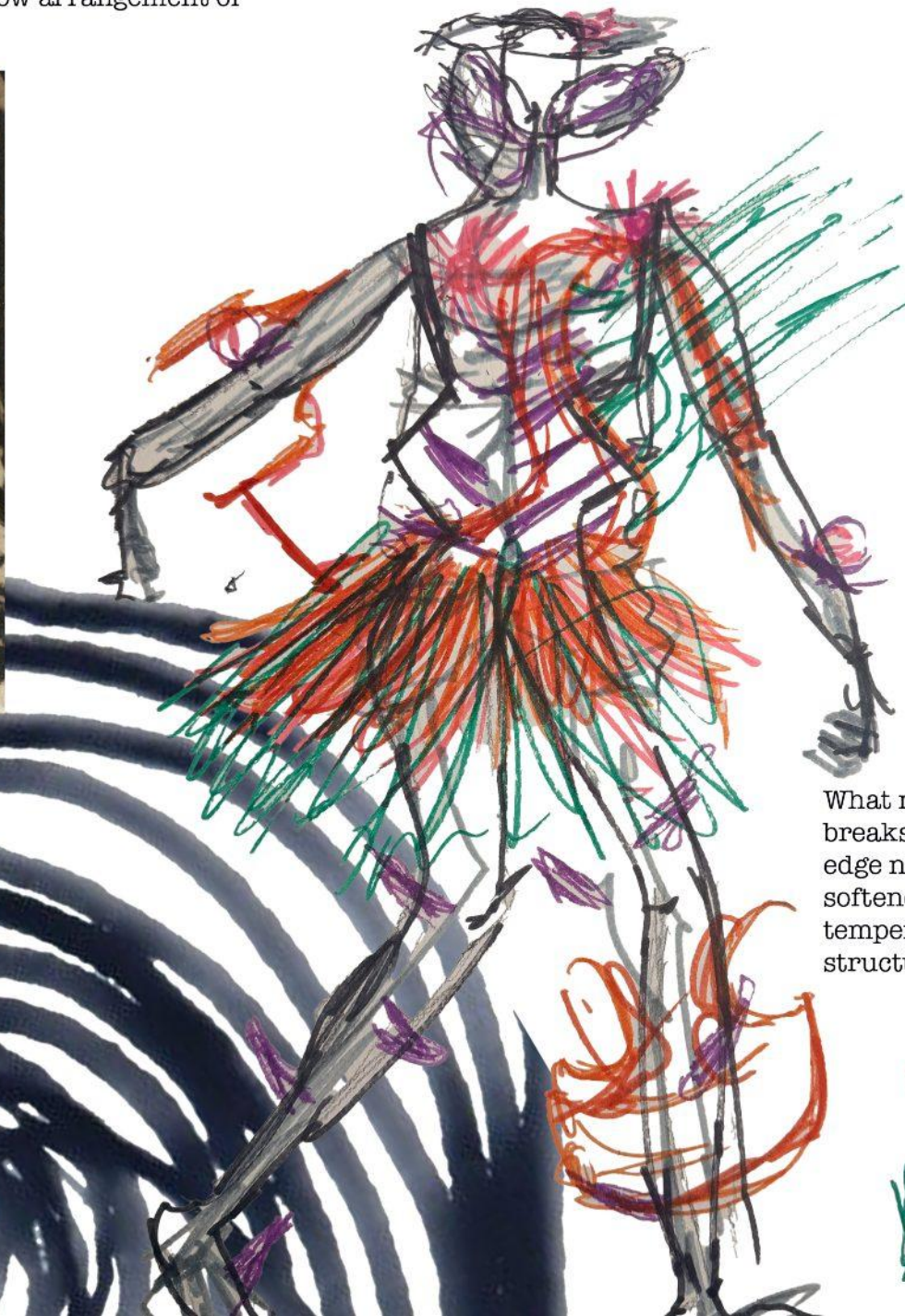
2027

A fern grew in the dark with no intention of being looked at,
and came out machined. A spring and a plant stem, laid on
the same paper, confess to the same chemistry.



Wire holds a shape it was never asked to hold.
A figure comes apart and admits it was
always several things at once. Precision
arrives without anyone intending it.

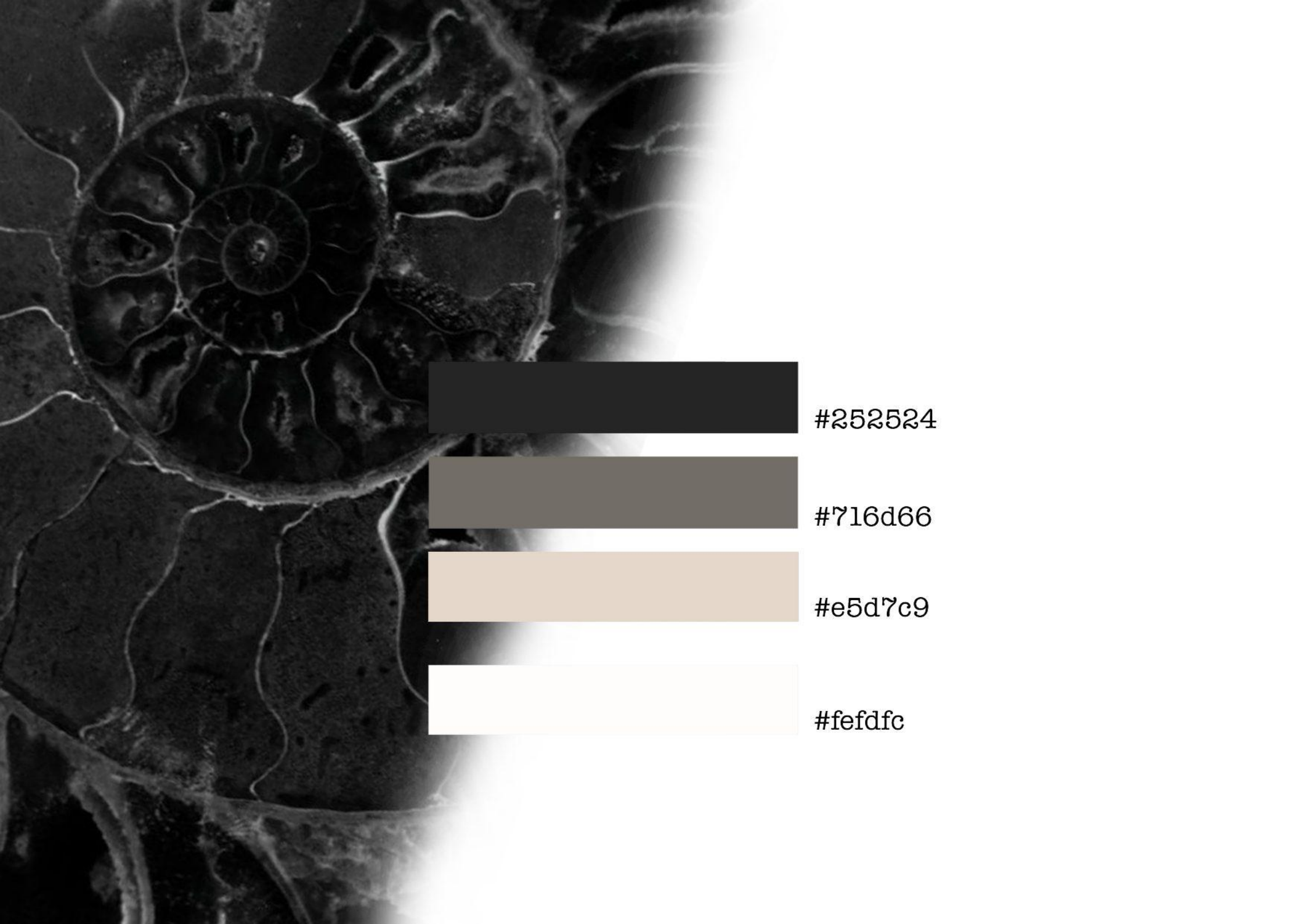
Volcanic glass cools too fast to become crystal. It skips the lattice, the ordered growth, the slow arrangement of parts, and sets as it is.



What remains is entirely natural and breaks like something engineered, an edge no one designed and no one softened. That contradiction sets the temperature of the work: dark, still, structural before it is beautiful.







#252524



#716d66



#e5d7c9



#fefdfc

Scuba Fabric

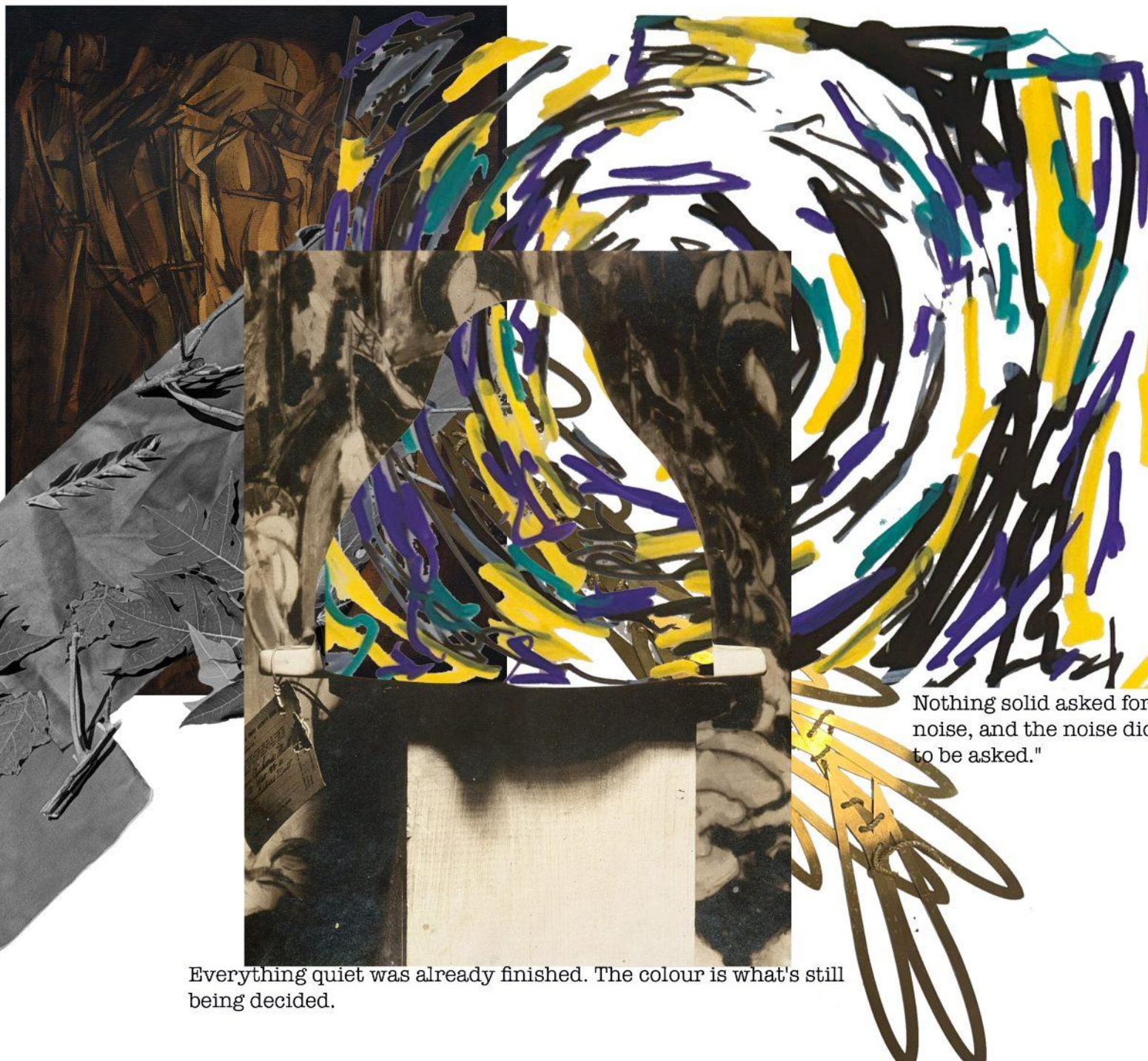
Scuba fabric offers a balance of fluidity and structure, allowing the garments to drape effortlessly while maintaining sculptural volume, exaggerated silhouettes, and architectural forms.



Double sided Suede Fabric

Double-sided suede offers a luxurious, velvety texture with a rich, substantial feel, balancing fluid drape and structured volume while creating soft, sculptural silhouettes.

The stone stopped changing a
long time ago. The scribble
hasn't agreed to yet



Nothing solid asked for the
noise, and the noise didn't wait
to be asked."

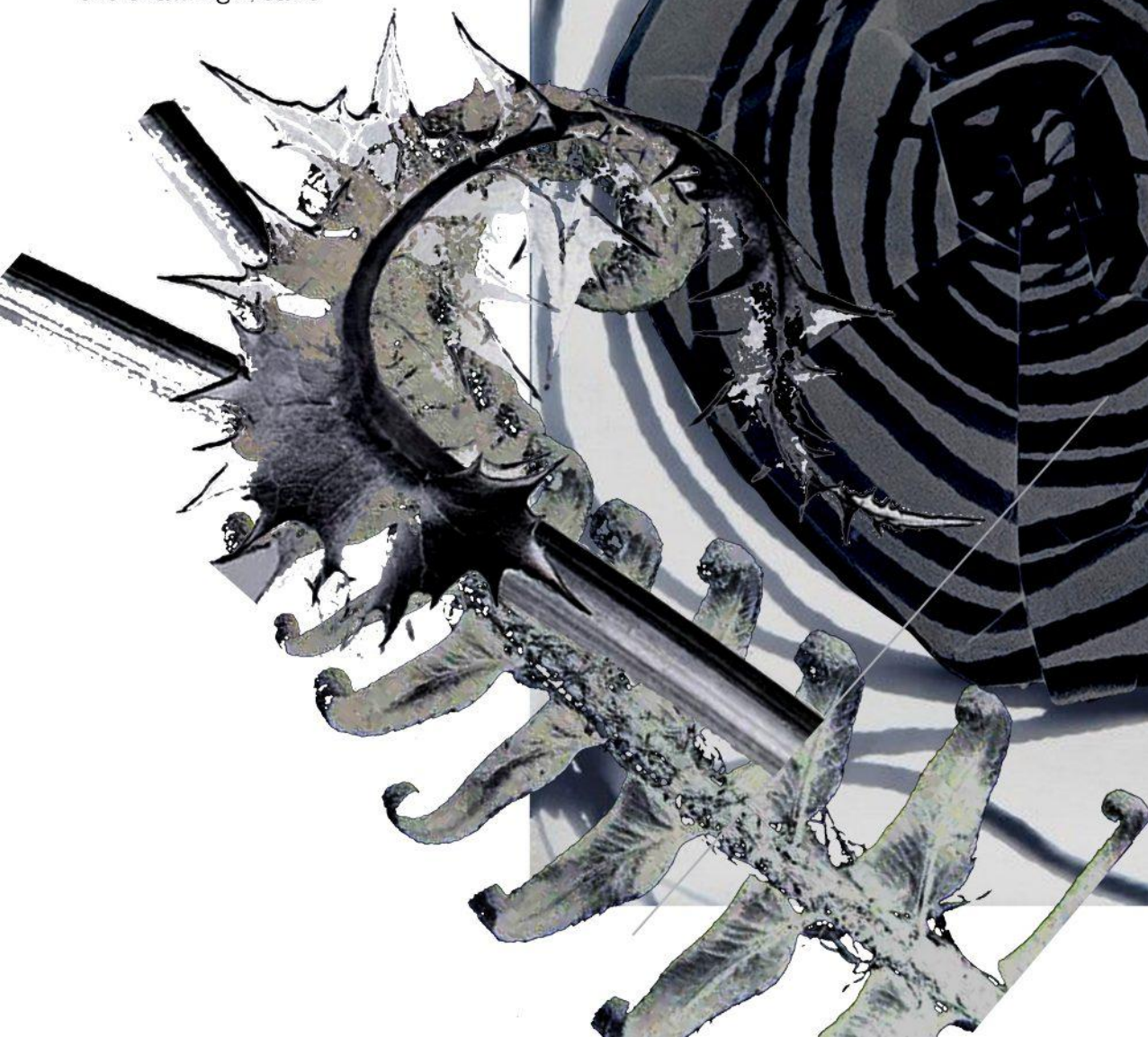
Everything quiet was already finished. The colour is what's still
being decided.

LOOK 1
UMBRA



The chrome doesn't copy the drawing. It just finally admits what the drawing meant

Every spiral says the same thing twice, once in ink, once in weight.



Charcoal commits to a shape in a second. Metal takes longer to agree

LOOK 2
PENUMBRA



LOOK 3
TOTALITY

The rings took years to agree on a shape. The scribble took seconds to disagree.



Underneath the noise, something is still counting its rings.

The wood already finished becoming itself. The colour on top is still auditioning.

LOOK 3
TOTALITY



The paper does not remember the leaf. It
remembers the moment the leaf stopped
resisting the light.

Nothing here was posed. It
was let go of, and the falling
wrote its own likeness.

A shadow is not an absence. It is the last shape
a thing leaves behind before it disappears into
the light.



LOOK 4
AUROLE





