

i'll never show in paris

VOL. 1 | OF RAGE AND SOUL

l'ignominie

UNCOVERING THE
AUTUMN/WINTER
2025 COLLECTION



i'll never show in paris

This magazine is part of the larger interconnected body of work that
i'llnevershowinparis has created as part of our Autumn/Winter 2025 Collection.

Any contributions to any of the mediums have and will affect every other limb
inside this body of work. That is simply the nature of art. If you don't believe you
have contributed, you have.

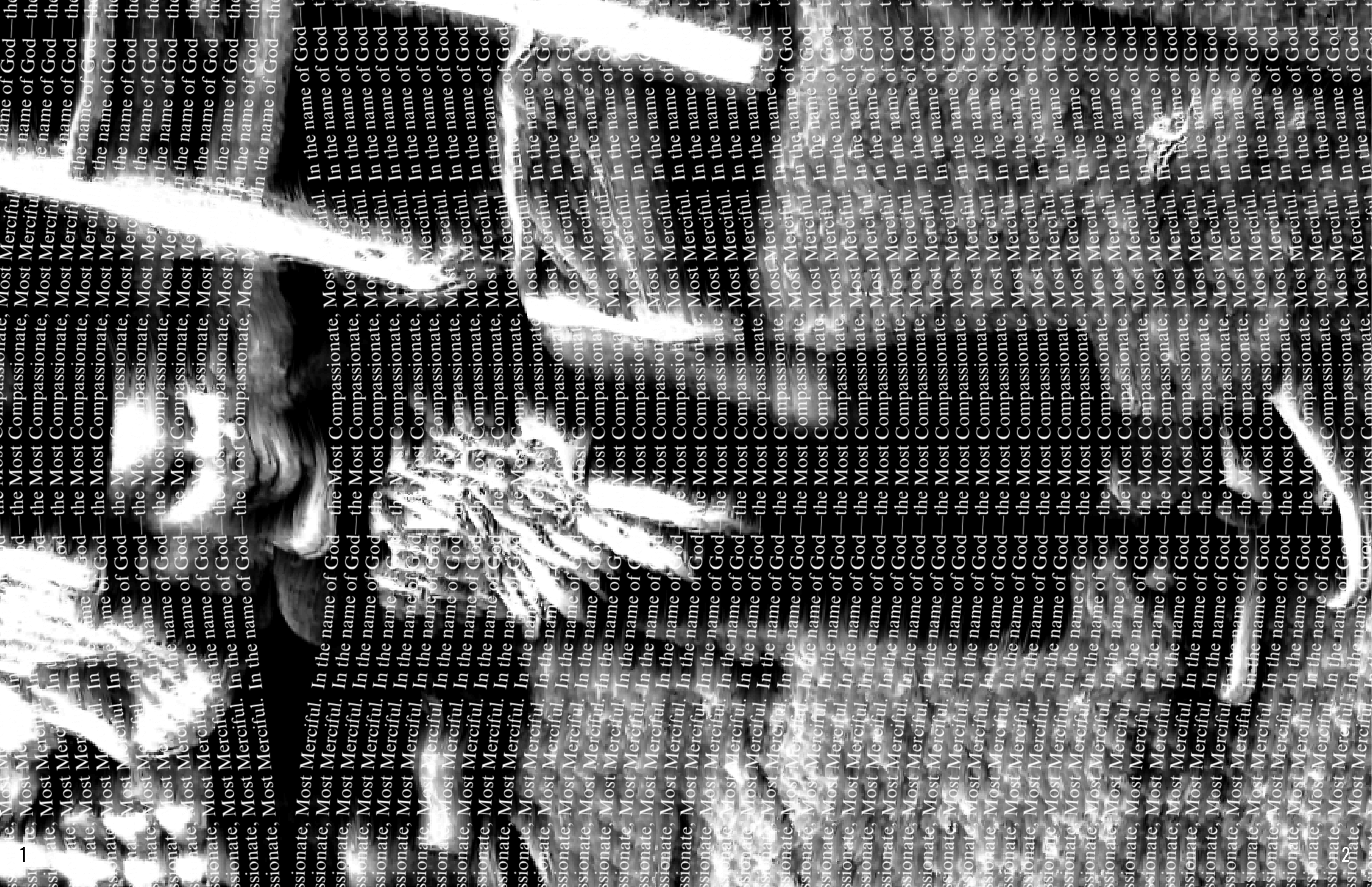
I did not, and could not, have created this alone.



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amen.



That self which he despairingly wills to be is a self which he is not. What he really wills is to tear his self away from the power which constituted it. But notwithstanding all his despair, this he is unable to do, notwithstanding all the efforts of despair, that power is the stronger, and it compels him to be the self he does not will to be. But for all that he wills to be rid of himself, to be rid of the self which he is, in order to be the self he himself has chanced to be. To be self as he wills to be would be his delight, but to be compelled to be self as he does not will to be is his torment; that he cannot get rid of himself.

Kierkegaard
From *The Sickness Unto Death*



The background of the entire spread is an abstract, high-contrast black and white image. It features thick, horizontal, textured brushstrokes that create a sense of movement and depth. The strokes are more pronounced on the right side of the spread, where they appear as dark, sweeping bands against a lighter background. On the left side, the strokes are more subtle, blending into the white background.

I speak in silence,

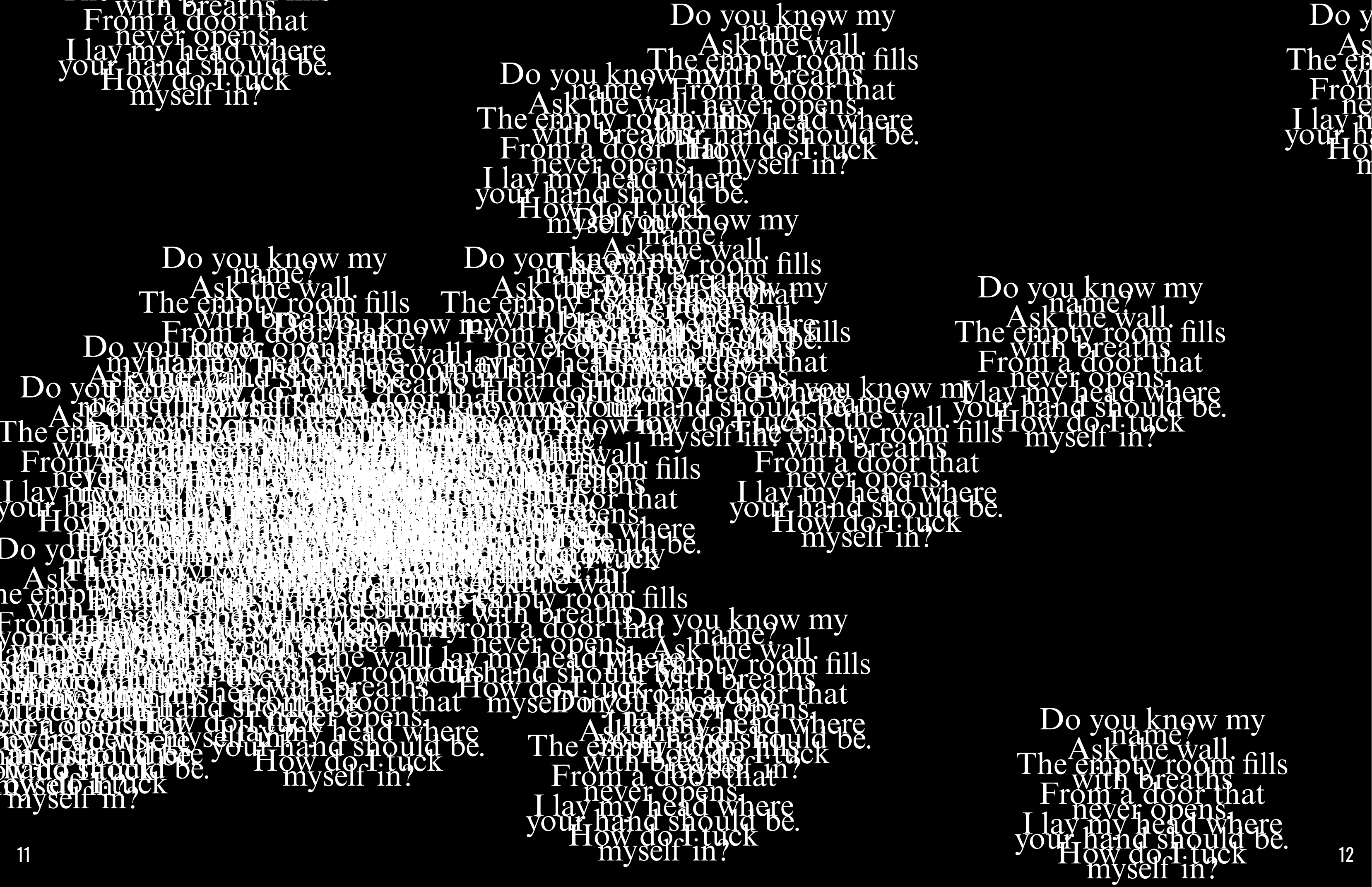
a language I don't yet understand.

babbling in tongues.

Gibberish slips from my mouth—

But who will?









1. I stand in an open field
 2. As the wind blows the ashes of us in my face
 3.
 4. Stand tall like a tree, fall on me
 5. Shed your leaves like an autumn breeze
 6. And let me feel them
 7.
 8. Peel back yourself to the roots of who you are.
 9. Peel back ourselves to the roots of who we are.
 10. And if we are,
 11. Let us set the bark ablaze.
 12.
 13. And sit with me in the warmth,
 14. As we come to an end!
 15.
 16. And as the tears that fall put out the fire at my
 feet,
 17. And I can no longer feel your hand.
 18.
 19. I stand in an open field
 20. And let the wind blow the ashes of us into my
 face.



OFFICIAL SOUNDTRACK

“OF RAGE AND SOUL”

SCAN TO LISTEN





I was sitting in my backyard, and I noticed how the trees sway back and forth in the wind. They are grounded. They are deep. They are firm. But they move, so much, and so elegantly. Imagine if the branches were stiff, rigid. A strong enough breeze would snap them. But they sway. They listen. I saw a leaf, dry, fall into the grass. A small gust lifted it again, and off it went on its travels. A dandelion fluff circled me before drifting back into the sky. Two birds chased each other, tree to tree, branch to branch, powerline to powerline, playing, until they vanished. I watched the waves in the lawn, the ants crawling over the pavement, the song of the crickets. I was sitting in my backyard, and I noticed how the trees sway back and forth in the wind, until it left them naked. Until the sky stopped crying and the sun grew bashful. I saw a man once, fall into my yard. We talked for a while. But the wind picked him up again. A beautiful woman danced around me before flying back to heaven. I think I fell in love. Were the birds in love? Did they stop playing? The powerlines are empty now. The ground blows dust into my face. The ants are gone and there is silence in the opera house. I was sitting in my backyard, and I noticed how the trees sway back and forth in the wind. I never saw my friend again. I wonder if he'll return. I still dream of my lover. I haven't seen the birds. I'm speaking with rocks in my mouth and mud in my throat. I was sitting in my backyard, and I noticed how the trees sway back and forth in the wind. Dancing, like we should. I was sitting in my backyard, and I noticed how the trees sway back and forth in the wind. I was sitting in my backyard, and I noticed how the trees sway back and forth in the wind. I was sitting in my backyard, and I noticed how the trees sway back and forth in the wind. I was sitting in my backyard, and I noticed how the trees sway back and forth in the wind. Do you get it? I, was sitting,

in my backyard,

and

I noticed

how

the

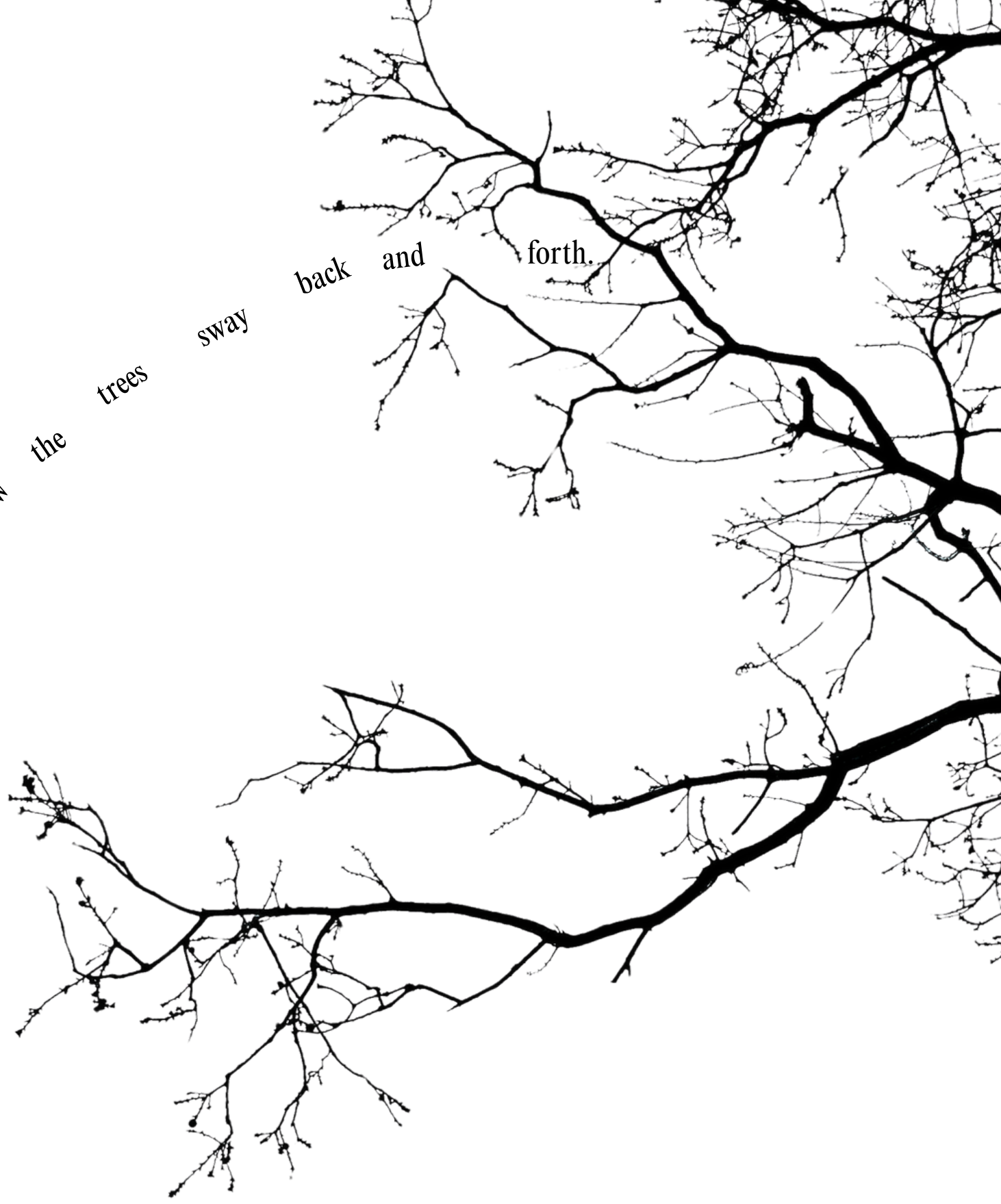
trees

sway

back

and

forth.





The tears I shed
fly to the clouds,
To save the boy I never was.
The wind returns with ashes on its breath,
reminding me
of the thing
I was.

Pure.







The shape
of a
thought,
draped
in silence.

CORPUS I

MATRIACA STUDIO

X

i'll never show in paris





CORPUS I
CAPSULE COLLECTION

JULY 2025
KHRIS





CORPUS I
CAPSULE COLLECTION

JULY 2025
VICKY









Profoundly,

To everyone who assisted, even in the slightest of ways, to
help me bring all of this work to life, may you feel the
Divine's presence in the way's that I have.

God Bless.

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