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REPLICA

REPRODUCTION OF FAMILIAR
SCENTS AND MOMENTS OF VARYING
LOCATIONS AND PERIODS

Originally:

Provenance and Period:

Fragrance Description:

Style Description:
runway 24

Maison Margiela
PARIS

Maison Margiela Spring/Summer 2024 was more than just a fashion show—it was a living, breathing piece of theatre, staged beneath the Pont Alexandre III in Paris. The location, shrouded in fog and lit by antique streetlamps, evoked a kind of forgotten Parisian underworld, a space suspended between dream and decay. It wasn't merely a backdrop—it was a character, amplifying the haunting romance and clandestine sensuality that John Galliano infused into every thread of the collection.

The garments themselves were a masterclass in contrast and emotion. Models emerged cloaked in sharply tailored coats with exaggerated shoulders and double-layered collars, their silhouettes both commanding and ethereal. The tailoring recalled the structure of traditional menswear, but Galliano subverted this foundation with twisted proportions and unexpected materials—boiled wools, laminated cottons, and trench coats draped in near-transparent layers of tulle or plastic. These pieces didn't just hang on the body; they transformed it, reshaping posture and presence.

A central motif of the collection was what Galliano called "emotional cutting"—a method of tailoring that followed the natural gestures and unconscious movements of the body, resulting in garments that appeared slightly askew, unbalanced, or lived-in. These were not pristine, showroom-perfect clothes; they looked worn, weathered, loved—and that was the point. Hemlines were raw. Seams were visible. Jackets looked as if they had been hastily pulled on after a long night, sleeves slipping off the shoulder, waistlines cinched then left loose.

Evening dresses appeared ghostlike, with sheer layers of chiffon or organza floating over tightly corseted understructures. Some looked like they had been crumpled into a suitcase, then worn proudly without pressing—what Galliano referred to as "exfoliage" and "pressage." These techniques mimicked the natural distress of fabric, turning wear into an aesthetic. One black tent dress near the finale, stitched with white thread and finished with delicate ribbon bows, felt both juvenile and ceremonial—childlike innocence meeting gothic drama.

Textures were layered and nuanced: matte over gloss, wool next to vinyl, stiff satins juxtaposed with disintegrating lace. Many pieces seemed soaked in nostalgia but executed with hypermodern precision. Even utilitarian garments—like classic trenches or leather vests—were treated with unconventional finishes, including spray-painted coatings that gave them the illusion of porcelain or bronze.

The clothes spoke of past lives, long nights, and hidden identities. Every garment suggested a story untold, a secret carried in the fold of a lapel or the stiffness of a sleeve. In true Margiela tradition, beauty emerged not from perfection but from the intentional breakdown of form.

With this collection, Galliano didn't just present fashion—he resurrected it, haunted it, and then sent it staggering down the runway, cloaked in memory and fog. It was raw, poetic, and unmistakably unforgettable.







Porcelain Never Looked So Dangerous...

Spotted: a runway that felt more like a séance than a show, and floating through it, creatures that looked too flawless to be real. The Maison Margiela Spring/Summer 2024 presentation wasn't just about the clothes—it was about transformation. And no one conjures metamorphosis like Pat McGrath.

Her makeup vision? A hypnotic illusion of porcelain dolls, but not the sweet kind you find on grandma's shelf. These were hauntingly perfect, with skin so smooth, so reflective, it looked poured on. McGrath coated the models in a custom-crafted, lacquer-like sheen that turned their faces into living porcelain. No pores, no flaws, no signs of life—just ethereal beauty sculpted in gloss and shadow. The result was unsettling in the best way: skin that looked glazed, dewy, and untouched by time.

Brows were bleached or softened into near-oblivion, giving the face an alien, otherworldly innocence. Cheeks were subtly hollowed, sculpted with delicate precision, as if chiseled by candlelight. The complexion? Pale, ceramic, and luminous. It wasn't your usual backstage "natural glow." This was museum-quality finish, eerie and immaculate.

Eyes gleamed with wet, almost slick layers of transparent gloss. The lids shimmered just slightly—like dew at dawn or tears that hadn't yet fallen. Some were softly smudged with plum tones and ghostlike mauves, giving the impression of weariness or memory. Others were left bare, letting that glassy skin do all the talking. Lips varied from powdery pink to near-invisible nude, always soft, always precise—like they belonged on a puppet waiting to speak.

But what made it truly unforgettable? The way the makeup melded seamlessly with the garments and the setting. Galliano's clothes whispered of faded glamour, ghostly elegance, and dreams stitched into deconstructed silhouettes. The makeup didn't contrast—it echoed. Every glazed cheek mirrored the wet sheen of tulle, every ghostly lid reflected the fog-drenched air under Pont Alexandre III. It was as if the models had been birthed from the garments themselves, spirits of the dresses brought to life by McGrath's brush.

Together, the makeup, the fashion, and the haunting venue told a complete story. Not of beauty, but of obsession. Of transformation. Of art so controlled it slipped into the surreal. It wasn't about trends. It wasn't about being wearable. It was about theatre—and in this show, Pat McGrath was the director behind every chilling stare and flawless finish. So the next time you reach for your highlighter or blend your blush, ask yourself: are you glowing, or are you glazed? Are you cute, or are you collected—like a doll, waiting to come alive?



REPLICA

REPRODUCTION OF FAMILIAR
SCENTS AND MOMENTS OF VARYING
LOCATIONS AND PERIODS

Originally:

first show

Provenance and Period:

Fragrance Description:

Style Description:

A Fashion Revolution Born in an Orphanage

Maison Margiela

PARIS

In 1990, Martin Margiela staged what would become one of the most defining and disruptive fashion shows of the 20th century—not in a grand salon or sleek gallery, but in a disused orphanage in a modest Parisian neighborhood. Far from the glossy, elitist veneer of typical fashion weeks, Margiela’s vision broke every rule. And in doing so, he rewrote the language of what a runway could be.

The space itself set the tone: raw, unpolished, and deeply symbolic. The orphanage wasn’t just a location—it was a statement. It spoke of abandonment, history, and hidden stories—ideas that would become central to Margiela’s deconstructivist philosophy. The runway was a simple path through a playground-like setting, and the crowd was anything but conventional. Among the front row? Children. Real children from the neighborhood, running freely, laughing, playing as the models walked past them. Their spontaneous reactions replaced the stiff applause and staged expressions of the typical fashion audience. They tugged at the clothes, touched the fabric, interacted. Fashion, for once, wasn’t distant or sacred—it was alive.

And what they were witnessing was radical. Margiela’s collection challenged every established notion of beauty, luxury, and wearability. Clothes came down the runway inside-out, with visible seams and raw hems. Linings became exteriors. Shoulders were exaggerated, silhouettes distorted. Many garments were reconstructed from vintage pieces or found materials—long before “upcycling” became a buzzword. He didn’t just design fashion—he exposed it, both literally and conceptually. The models themselves defied the industry norm. They were anonymous, with faces partially covered, and they walked not with a polished strut but with a ghostly, almost off-kilter rhythm that matched the mood of the show.



What made this debut even more important was its deeper message. At a time when fashion was focused on glamour, sex appeal, and logo-driven luxury, Margiela reminded the world that clothes have memory, history, and vulnerability. His show was not about perfection, but about honesty. His garments weren't pristine—they were human, reflecting fragility and time. This runway was more than a collection—it was a manifesto.

Martin Margiela's 1990 debut wasn't just innovative—it was a rupture. It challenged the hierarchy of fashion, elevated the outsider, and placed value on imperfection. It showed that beauty could be found in the overlooked and the broken. And by doing so, it changed the course of fashion forever.

More than three decades later, that first runway remains a landmark moment in fashion history—not just for its aesthetic innovation, but for the way it challenged the very structure and values of the fashion industry. Martin Margiela redefined what a fashion show could be, who it could be for, and how clothing could carry meaning beyond trends or commerce. His use of deconstruction, anonymity, and conceptual storytelling laid the groundwork for countless designers after him. The 1990 show wasn't just a debut—it was a quiet rebellion that echoed through generations. It proved that fashion could be poetic, political, and radically human all at once.









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Originally:

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Christian Louboutin x Maison Margiela

Maison Margiela
PARIS

No one expected it. A house known for fetishistic polish and high-gloss glamour—Christian Louboutin—joining forces with the most conceptual, enigmatic name in fashion—Maison Margiela. And yet, on the Margiela Artisanal Spring 2024 runway, the collaboration was revealed like a whispered secret suddenly shouted. The fashion world held its breath as the iconic red sole met the legendary Tabi toe—two symbols, each carrying decades of cult status, colliding in perfect contradiction.

At the center of the collection was the reinvented Tabi, now reshaped with Louboutin's unmistakably sensual touch. The traditional split-toe was modified into a smoother, curvier form, almost heart-shaped—feminine, provocative, and undeniably new. These weren't just Tabis. These were Loubi-Tabis.

One standout was the Bridgiela Una Strass, a bridal-inspired shoe crafted in sheer mesh and entirely encrusted with Swarovski crystals. It shimmered under the runway lights like broken glass in moonlight—elegant and dangerous. Sitting on a 100mm sculpted stiletto, it balanced Margiela's ghostly silhouette with Louboutin's seductive lift.

Another key piece, the Marlougiela, took the ballet flat—one of Margiela's quiet signatures—and bathed it in glossy red or black patent leather, complete with the cleft Tabi toe and finished with the iconic Louboutin lacquered red sole. It was both sweet and subversive: a schoolgirl shape dressed in fetishistic finish.



Among Maison Margiela's Tabi variations, the grey, flat-soled Tabi stands out for its understated elegance and avant-garde roots. Vogue describes this style as "one of the best soft ballet flats," noting its combination of Margiela's signature split-toe with the comfort and polish of a ballet slipper.

These grey Tabis are crafted in soft leather with a matte finish that feels both tactile and architectural. With no heel to distract, the foot takes centre stage—elongated by the sculptural cleft toe, accentuated by the lilting calligraphy of its curved silhouette. The ambiguous grey hue plays between silvery stone and charcoal smoke, offering a neutral that feels fresh yet rooted in Margiela's philosophy of "creative minimalism." It's a palette that invites effortless pairing: a gentle contrast to monochrome tailoring, a whisper alongside fluid dresses, or a contemplative note beside draped outerwear.

Post-Met Gala, many celebs—including Zendaya and Emma Chamberlain—slipped into Tabis like these the morning after, embracing comfort without sacrificing edge. Vogue called them a "firm favourite" for this reason, highlighting their ability to feel both "avant-garde" and wearable.

What makes the grey flat Tabi special isn't just its unconventional silhouette—it's how it recontextualizes everyday footwear. It merges Margiela's conceptual artistry with the function of a slipper, turning comfort into a form of expression. These grey flats aren't merely shoes; they're quiet provocations. They invite onlookers to pause, to wonder, to recognize that beauty doesn't need glamour—or heels—to make its point.

The Loubiella sandal offered a more sensual alternative, with asymmetric straps twisting around the ankle like silk ribbons. Available in black patent, platinum silver, and clear mesh, this shoe was pure Louboutin in silhouette but unmistakably Margiela in spirit—fragile, theatrical, a little haunted.

Color played a crucial role throughout the capsule. Beyond the usual Louboutin red and black, there were icy whites, ghostly transparents, and even deep Bordeaux, bringing an eerie romanticism that matched the foggy, dreamlike setting of the show under Pont Alexandre III. Heels weren't just high—they were sculptural, often distorted or exaggerated. Margiela's deconstructive touch showed in "unfinished" details: exposed linings, visible stitching, and heels that looked peeled or melting, as if frozen mid-transformation. The Xrismarteen boot featured collapsing leather folds, while the Martoubi 25—a white nappa leather pump—had a brushstroke of red painted over the heel, evoking Margiela's iconic "Bianchetto" technique.

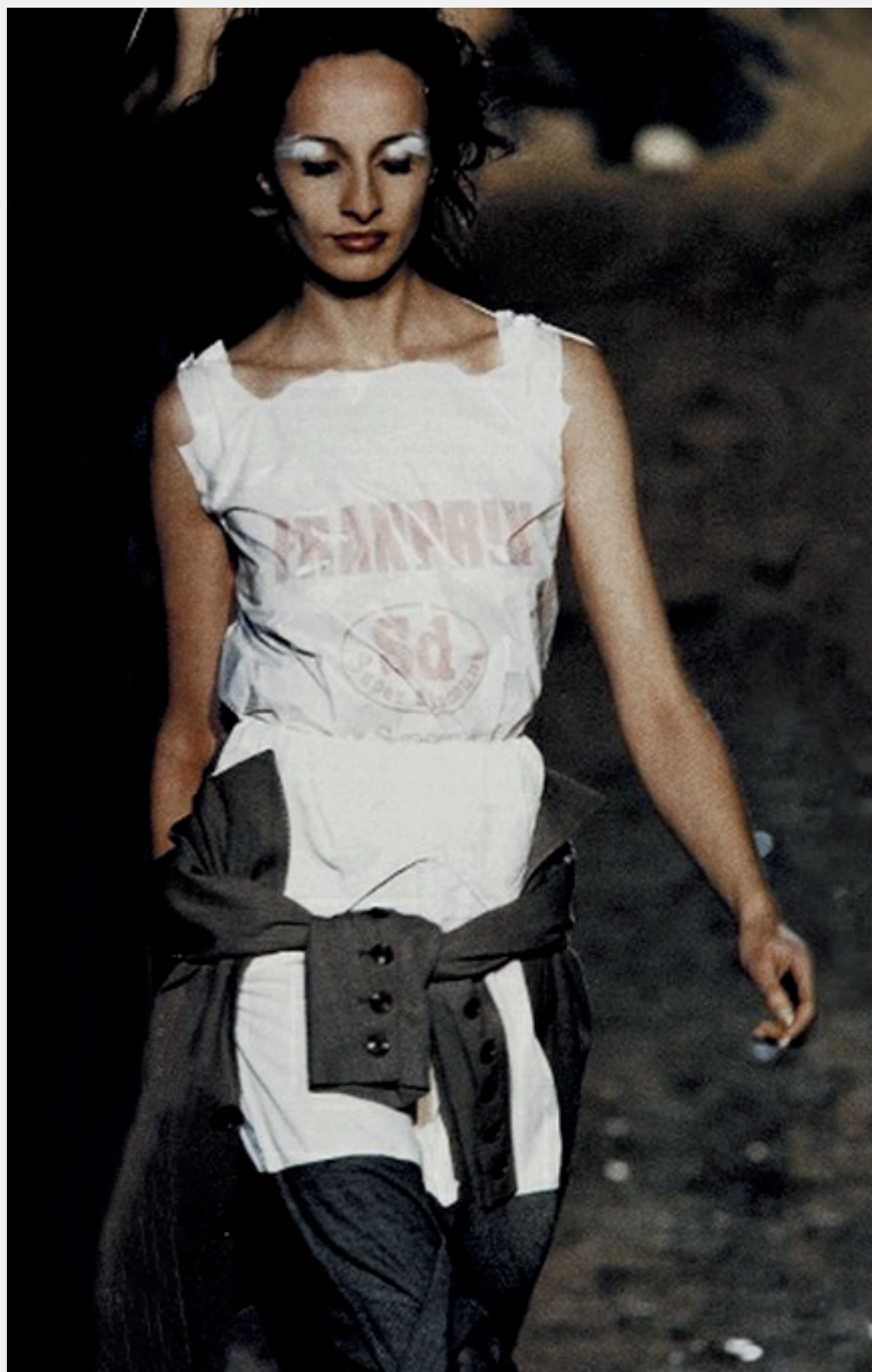
This wasn't just a capsule—it was a conversation. Louboutin brought gloss, sensuality, and precision. Margiela brought vulnerability, artifice, and deconstruction. Together, they created shoes that were neither entirely beautiful nor entirely strange—they were both. And that tension is what made them unforgettable.

In a landscape of predictable luxury collabs, the Louboutin x Margiela partnership was genuinely rare: unexpected, intelligent, and deeply symbolic. It proved that when two design worlds refuse to compromise—but choose to fuse—the result can be fashion at its most visionary.









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The Art of Quiet Subversion

Maison Margiela
PARIS

By 2004, Maison Margiela had already solidified itself as a house of paradox—radical yet refined, conceptual yet deeply human. The collections of that year didn't scream for attention; instead, they whispered with intent. In an era dominated by logos and spectacle, Margiela doubled down on its commitment to anonymity, subtlety, and shape-shifting elegance.

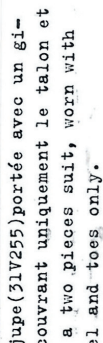
The 2004 runway collections continued the brand's exploration of deconstruction and reconstruction, presenting garments that were familiar in form yet strange in execution. Classic silhouettes were twisted or dissected—tailored jackets with exposed linings, trousers reassembled from vintage garments, and dresses built from found materials. Everything felt intentional yet restrained. There was no branding, no theatrics—just quiet, thoughtful design.

One of the strongest signatures that year was Margiela's play with proportions and layering. Oversized blazers with unfinished hems, sheer pieces layered under tailored ones, and garments that blurred the line between clothing and sculpture. The palette was primarily neutral—shades of ivory, stone, faded black, and soft greys—echoing the brand's belief that aesthetic impact doesn't require noise.

2004 also marked a moment in Margiela's evolution from anti-fashion to established innovator. While the house still rejected traditional marketing, it had begun to influence the mainstream without ever chasing it. Its subtle codes—like the four white stitches, the absence of a visible logo, and the blank label—became quiet signifiers of taste and intellect. To wear Margiela in 2004 was to engage in fashion as dialogue, not performance.

What set the brand apart was not just how it made clothes, but what it made them mean. A coat wasn't just outerwear—it was a commentary on structure. A pair of repurposed jeans wasn't just sustainable—it was symbolic. Margiela believed in fashion as memory, as trace, as transformation. In 2004, more than ever, the house stood firmly behind its philosophy: that subtlety could be the strongest voice in the room.

That year's collections were a mirror of the brand's identity: intelligent, elusive, and quietly revolutionary. Even as Martin Margiela himself continued to step further from the spotlight, his vision remained unmistakable—a brand with no face, yet a style that spoke volumes. And in the whisper of every raw edge, every inverted seam, and every ghost of a silhouette, the world learned to listen.




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17 18 19 20 21 22 23



Veste col chale à carreaux tons sur tons en cool wool (30G075) et jean à sur-figures carreaux(30P121). // Cool wool checked jacket with shawl collar, worn with a pair of jeans with overstretch creating a checked pattern.



Robe à imprimé "chesterfield"(31V273)portée avec un sac en cuir du même imprimé (31ZA001), des collants en cuir blancs(31ZD013)et des bottines tabi peines en blanc(31Z3004)//Dress in viscose and leather bag, both with a "chesterfield" print, worn with white leather leggings and white painted tabi shoes..



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10 11 12 13 14 15 16
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Maison Margiela
PARIS



