

COLLECTION TEXT LUEDER PRESENTS GHOSTS OF MY LIFE

We live surrounded by echoes.

Ideas that never arrived.

Futures that were promised, then quietly withdrawn.

The past doesn't disappear — it lingers. It repeats. It reappears in fragments, in feelings, in style, in sound.

This collection exists in that space.

Not as nostalgia, but as confrontation.

Not as comfort, but as tension.

The title Ghosts of My Life comes from the late Mark Fisher — from his writing on lost futures, hauntings, and the emotional weight of living inside systems that no longer believe in tomorrow. Fisher wrote about how the present is haunted — not by the past itself, but by futures that never fully arrived.

This collection carries that haunting.

There is something unresolved in the now — a sense that we are living among remnants of abandoned possibilities. These ghosts don't ask to be remembered softly. They insist on being felt.

They demand a response.

Fashion becomes that response.

A way of wearing contradiction.

Of turning vulnerability into structure.

Of allowing memory to move forward instead of freezing in place.

There is anger here — toward late capitalism, toward recycled dreams sold back to us as safety. But there is also tenderness. A refusal to let sensitivity disappear. A belief in intimacy, ornament, and community as forms of resistance.

This is not about mourning the future.

It's about refusing to give it up.

In one sentence, the essence of the collection is Ghosts of My Life — after Mark Fisher — the things that stay with us, shape us, and push us to imagine beyond fear.

Berlin is where this conversation begins.

A place to test ideas against reality.

Where ghosts are not silenced, but spoken to.

And where evolution isn't linear — it's emotional.