

**COLLECTION TEXT
SEX&JEANS**

You live somewhere, you do some kind of work,
You say something, you eat something, you look at something, you see random pictures, you live
somehow, you are someone.
"Identity"..."
you've been looking for your identity for years. And you also knew that you can only slightly influence
its development.
It can and cannot be imagined.

You know what you want to do now, it's already been a year that you knew it.
You found identity between ripped jeans and sandy feet.
You have a rusty car and a cleansed perception.
Throughout the time Identity takes you places.
Mesmerized by the flashing city lights, glitter in your eyes.
Endless impressions that wait to be conveyed onto the twilled canvas.
New ideas that differ but don't show different hearts.
Bring them home to the mother country.
And throw these damn jeans into the washing machine once again.