

COLLECTION TEXT
ULTRAVANTGARDE X HUNGRY PRESENT

ULTRADISCO MANIFESTO

The Avant-Garde is dead.

We are standing inside its gates, fighting the beige fog of fashion *déjà vu*.

We reject Berlin's funereal black minimalism.

We demand equal rights for the kitsch we were told to outgrow, outsmart, or hide.

We claim couture status for disregarded fabrics—

stitched, layered, obsessed over for hours upon hours,
made more elaborate than your skincare routine ever will be.

Stop producing more of the same.

We already own it. We're bored of it.

Slow fashion down. Take a nap.

Wake up and realize your curtains would make a devastatingly sexy skirt.

Expose your inner values by wearing the microplastics in your bloodstream as a sequin bra.

Welcome to the Ultradisco:
a deeply unserious space for everyone—
and no one, really.
You weren't invited,
but you showed up anyway.

Now you're staring at the epitome of fashion,
momentarily blinded by a mirror rose for reasons we refuse to explain.

Look closer.

The details. The craftsmanship.

You're not sure if you like it—
but you can't deny the effort.

Could you wear it? Absolutely.

It even has pockets.

Go on. Touch it. No one's looking.

Feels fun, doesn't it?

Nothing is certain anymore,
so why play it safe?

You don't want to die having worn nothing
but restraint and good taste.

Conservatism may crawl back into the Zeitgeist—
but Disco never dies.