

JUST A CORPSE

Flarless Domand

"They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be."

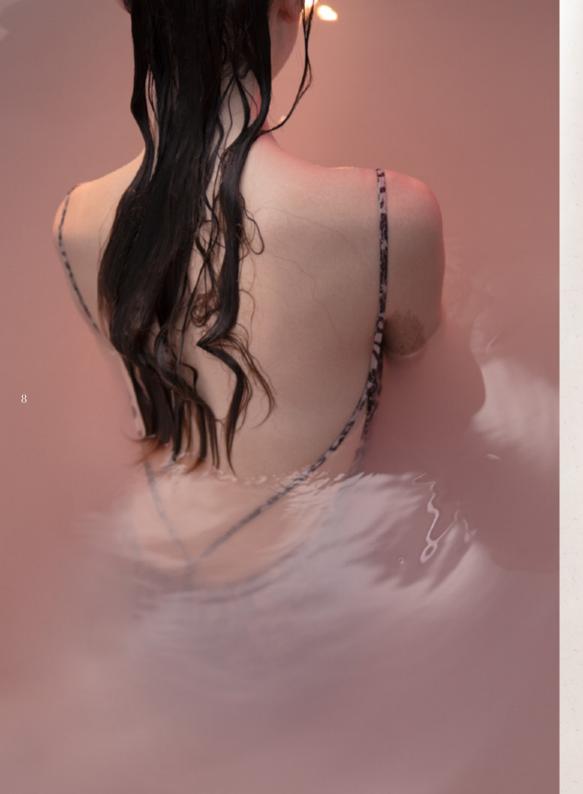
(Ophelia, Shakespeare's Hamlet)

Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood - The Muse and the Woman Behind

London, 1848. A group of young British painters, poets and art critics, aged from 19 to 23, form a seven-member Brotherhood. They are eager to establish a new art form, dedicated to a naturalist depiction of reality, even if that means showing ugliness. Pre-Raphaelite paintings depict medieval legends, Greek mythology, scenes from the Bible. Intense colours and floral patterns are an antidote to the Industrial Age of the 19th Century. And what is particularly important: one of the most intriguing aspects of the Pre-Raphaelite era is its concept of a Muse. The paintings often feature a prominent female central figure. A strange-looking new ideal. Odd-looking, thin, pale red heads, androgynous brunettes. A new kind of woman. The Pre-Raphaelite art reveals a close connection between an artist and his model. In bleak 19th Century London, poor shopgirls, barmaids, milliners and cleaners become dazzling queens, goddesses and heroines. The girls who model for the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood are the first supermodels and have since become a cult in their own right: the Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood.

With the JAC Pre-Raphaelite edition, the concept of a Pre-Raphaelite Muse becomes timeless. Our contemporary muses take upon and explore the role of their historical or mythical counterparts: the women who have inspired this rebellious, punkish, dreamy, symbolic, quintessentially young new art, the Pre-Raphaelite movement.





Struberry Hilf



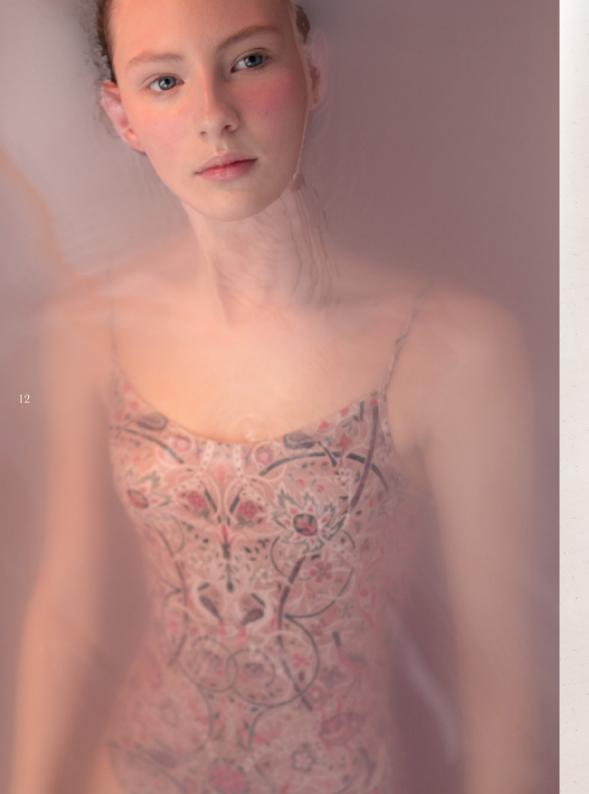
202LE30VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
stringed back leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
STRAWBERRY THIEF

Strawberry thief



201T021MR PRE RAPHAELITES low back crop top with short sleeves in printed high quality body shape jersey 88% PES 12% EA STRAWBERRY THIEF





Playory



202LE30VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
stringed back leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
SEASONS

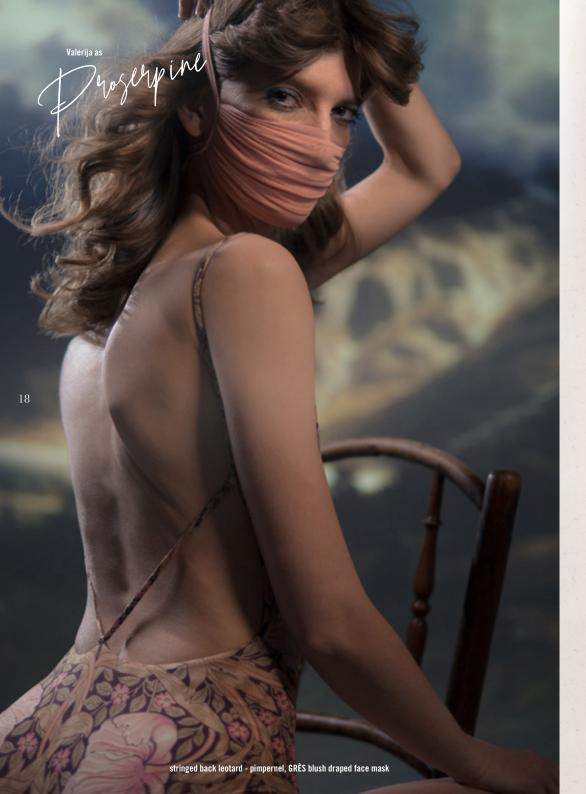
Junho Folker



202LE30VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
stringed back leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
SEASONS



a creature of contrasts



proserpine is the goddess of death and of life.

which is actually quite unique.
torn between her husband hades and her mother ceres
she spends half of her time (summer) above the ground
and the other half (winter) in the underworld
where her husband rules the kingdom of the dead.
dante gabriel rossetti's proserpine holds
a pomegranate, the forbidden fruit.

her lips are red
(as she has already taken a bite.)
(another curious woman.)
(wanting to try more/

/ to know more.)

(unacceptable.)

yet her reserved, unsmiling face does not show regret nor remorse

(why should it, though?)

her face suggests a complicated, closely guarded inner life.
that's your traditional proserpine.

your traditional proserpine also seems as she's got no will of her own (torn between her husband and her mother)

yet:

how could anyone ever imagine
that a creature of death and of life
(a creature of the most striking contrast of all)
could ever be so passive?
that does not make any sense.
but, as we all know:
woman as an eternal enigma.
that's another classical version of a muse.

a creature of contrasts

proserpine is a woman torn as i sometimes/ / probably always

first of all, i am always searching for beauty and for the unknown just about everywhere. (as she has been just about everywhere.)

i can be moved by edvard munch as much as by zlatan ibrahimović by pharell williams's beat as much as by hesse's writing

by sarah moon's photographs as much as by crystal pite's steps

by men and women alike

by cardi b by someone's stupidy by someone's success i can admire anybody for just about anything

as long as you've got swag.

as proserpine could survive below the ground and above i can feel aged 678 and aged 17 at the same time

i feel i can be anything, anyone

model designer ghetto kid rebel

housewife entertainer

business woman photographer

celebrity no one

and i want to be all of it

when i want it

as these are all me.

me, a collection of weird random facts

like

the fact that

i despise umbrellas (and i like rain)

and the fact that

i absolutely adore potatoes.

creature of contrasts



Dimpernel



202LE30VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
stringed back leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
PIMPERNEL







202DR60JA GRÈS draped wrap dress in superfine/stretch tulle 94% PA 6% EA BLUSH



Dimpernel



202SK60JA GRÈS draped wrap skirt in superfine stretch tulle 94% PES 6% EA BLUSH



when dols a girl grow up



i will tell you the story of effie gray, the muse and the future wife of john everett millais. (although she is neither, just yet.) the day is april 10. the year is 1848. workers are revolting in london. the pre-raphaelite revolution is forming. effie gray is 19 years old. a girl, full of hope. she is in scotland, waiting to get married to a john ruskin (an established critic.) who is too old and will never love her. (as he has imagined women differently.) effie gray is sociable and talkative and young / / very young for a wife. at 19, she does not yet know that she will grow up to soon that she will be miserable for nearly ten years that at age 25, she will lose all hope in love and marriage. (lose hope in life.) despised by her husband admired by other men pretty effie a beautiful girl in a very cold house a saucy mountain nymph one of the most adored muses of the pre-raphaelite brotherhood. (in a woman's life, such a discrepancy is a common thing.)

when does a girl grow up

do i feel like a grown up? no, i do not and i do not want to be. and anyway i'm happy not to live in the time of effie gray/effie millais who had to run a literary salon (a sparkling society butterfly) at the age of twenty travelling to venice and back to scotland all the time toiling to entertain a bunch of grown men just to feel worthy of living. (and never truly living up to the expectations of physical beauty, anyway.) i love strong women, strong and rebellious who do their own thing in the world. their own thing for a better world be they young or old, like vivienne westwood or greta thunberg. but i also like the girl who's atm just in-between a girl child who will soon be a woman that's alice in wonderland being able to discover new things new creatures new lands at her own pace without the world forcing her to grow up to be sensible too soon. an alice! that's who i want to be/ / i think i am atm.

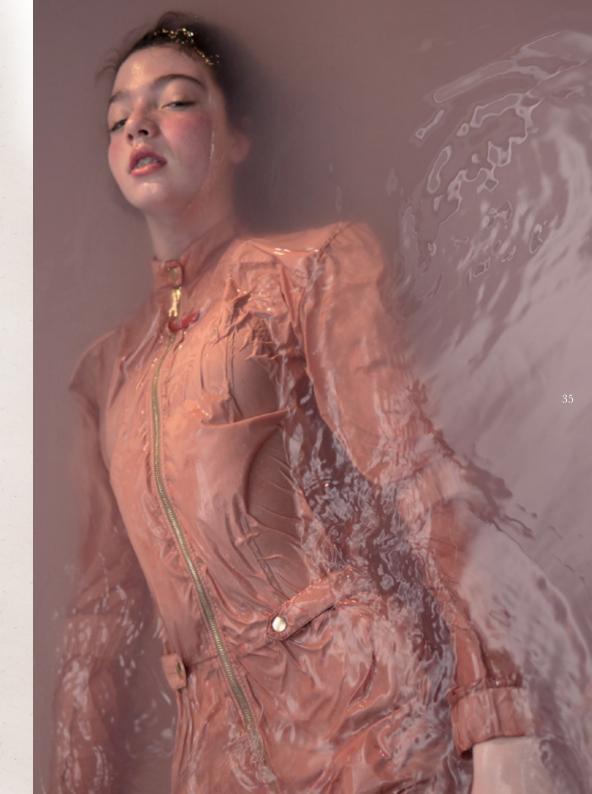
when does a girl grow up



Apollo



192JS01TW APOLLO jumpsuit in extra light micro nylon 100% PA BLUSH









191BR60JA GRÈS draped bralette in superfine/stretch tulle, multilayered and lined where needed 94% PA 6% EA BLUSH



181LE31VL CHOKER turtleneck leotard in superfine/second skin jersey double layered 79% PES 21% EA BLUSH





Jahr ant



181TR03PC
PARA CUTE
draped pants
in extra light micro nylon, for warming up
100% PA
BLUSH

a muse belongs to theiself



this is annie miller an uneducated barmaid wavy hair, pale skin, aquiline nose that's who she is when she is discovered by william holman hunt she poses for him and he falls in love intends to mould her into a respectable

wife

a wife, whom he rescued from obscurity

but then

she also poses for rossetti and others

betrays him

or so he says

and marries another

(when it comes to their muses and exclusivity, the pre-raphaelites are very competitive)

(although it might not seem that way)

anyway

annie miller is indeed a handful undoubtedly lively, attractive and even flirtatious

which is perhaps why

hunt first paints her as a mistress

a mistress just rising from her lover's lap

(the awakening conscience)

a fallen woman

but then

rossetti paints her as helen of troy

(a face that launched a thousand ships)

a definition of femme fatale

her gaze bold and unvielding

a fallen woman

an adulterer

a prostitute?

a woman who does not care what anyone else thinks, though

that's annie miller

one of the most mysterious characters in pre-raphaelite muse pantheon

a woman of changing identity

a temptress, a lady and a matron

a woman who, perhaps most importantly,

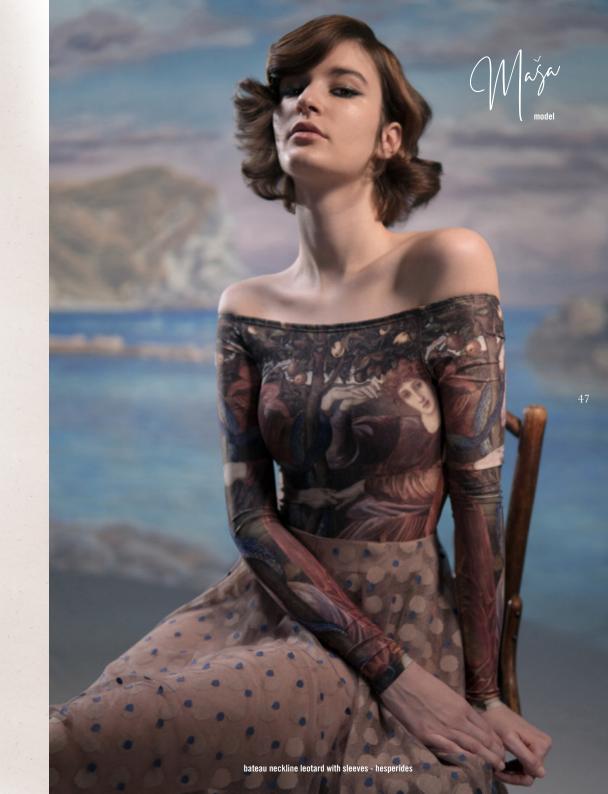
answered to no one

but herself.

a muse belongs to terself

i strongly believe one should be loyal to oneself before trying to please anyone else and as annie, i am a person of change and routine makes me depressed and like her, i am quite confident and like her, i like the attention and will not apologize for it and also, as much as i like to talk there is no need for explaining myself in any way anyway as annie stares out at you from the canvas as helen of troy you should be bold enough to gaze into the world bravely messy or ugly or kawaii or anything and think #fvck the haters this is ME.

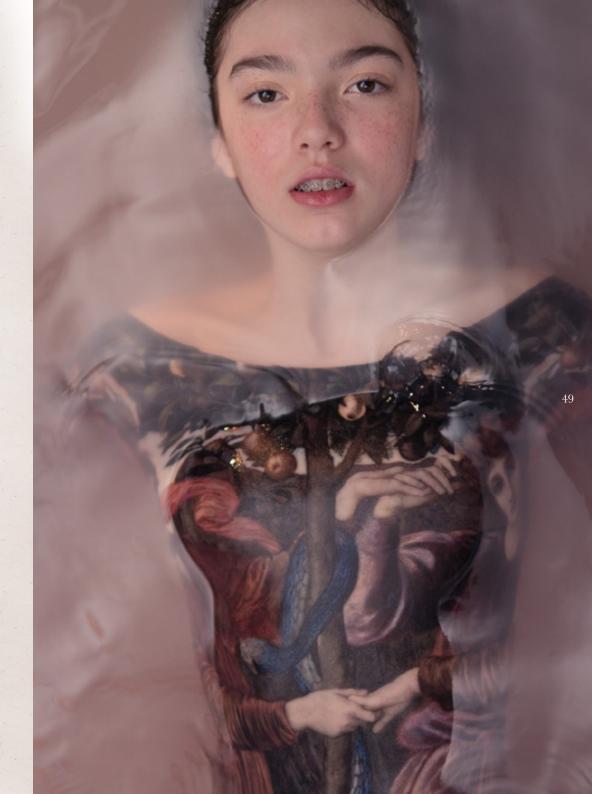
a muse belongs to terself



Herrider



181LE20VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
bateau neckline leotard with sleeves
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered where needed
79% PES 21% EA
HESPERIDES





Herrider



202LE02VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
camisole braided leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
HESPERIDES

darkness versus light



this is circe, also called an enchantress or a sorceress the goddess of magic, sometimes a nymph. in greek mythology, she's the woman who transforms odysseus's men into swines. (out of love for him, of course.) therefore she is a jealous woman a witch cunning and calculating a predatory female (to be feared) a knowledgeable woman (potions and herbs) who uses her knowledge to do evil. john william waterhouse painted her at least three times (always scheming) poisoning the water in which bathes a nymph named scylla turning her into a sea-monster. (over a man, of course.) circe, another demonized female figure luring men to ruin. it seems the way of the world that: when a muse is a strong woman of any kind of power (potions and herbs) (knowledge) she must always be evil. apparently.

darkness versus light

circe is traditionally depicted sitting on her island, thinking of ways how to harm those that happen to pass by her land. how to take revenge. she is sitting in darkness, surrounded by murky waters poisonous herbs wild animals all that depressing dark dodgy stuff. anyway i prefer summer and heat. and would also not like to sit on an island all day as i prefer change. and i also love company while she is always alone. and i like to talk while she is mostly silent. and i am forgetful and dreamy while she is ... i don't know, obsessed with revenge? (a traditional depiction, of course.) do i have any of this dark dodgy darkness in me? actually, yes! i'm not interested in the classical beauty of things as i prefer weird and grotesque. tim burton, sarcasm. *beware the jabberwock, my son / the jaws that bite, the claws that catch.* mardi gras dressing up. so i guess there's a bit of circe in me after all.

darkness versus light



Jord and the maiden



181LE20VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
bateau neckline leotard with sleeves
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered where needed
79% PES 21% EA
LOVE AND MAIDEN





Jorl and the maiden

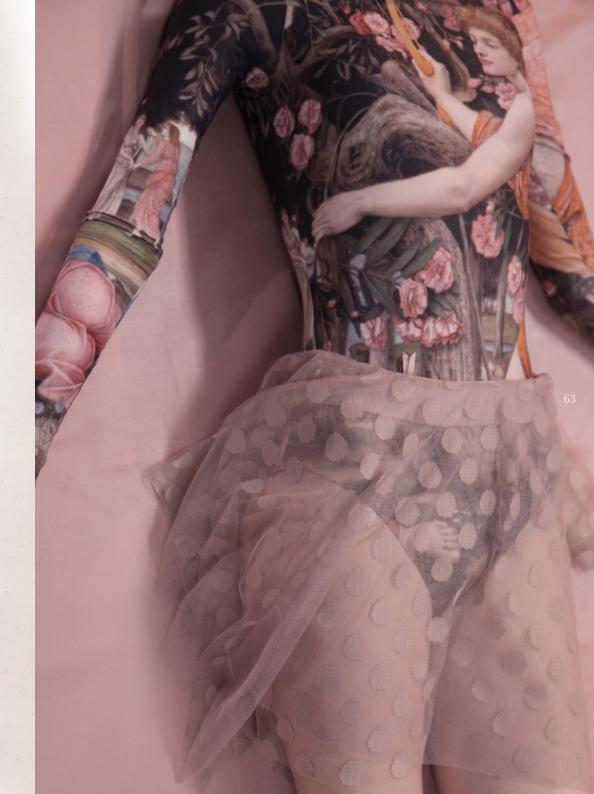


202LE02VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
camisole braided leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
LOVE AND MAIDEN

Junto polar



1925K02PS
JUMBO POLKA TULLE
short square skirt
in super soft flock printed tulle
85% PES 15% CO
LAVENDER/NUDE



amuse is self-destructive



millais's ophelia is floating in a dingy river somewhere in the surrey countryside cloaked in forget-me-nots / asphodel / / briar roses / daffodils / buttercups / and poppy (representing sleep and death) what a romantic sight. this is one of the most prominent faces in the history of british art. why has this painting become so iconic? besides flowers and evil, treacherous women there is nothing more attractive for a pre-raphaelite painter than a sad girl. (there's rue for you and here's some for me, says shakespeare) grieving, mad soon-to-be-dead. nothing more fascinating than a continuous circle of unrequited love / / madness / self-expression / and woe. (in a girl.) a sad girl. such a classic girl character. (usually written by men.)

a muse is self destructive

one could say that ophelia is a somewhat quintessential teenage girl that some of us, girls continue to be well into our twenties. (even thirties.) the predecessor of the lisbon sisters. a girl who loves late summer. when the heat is not too intense and the sky is very deep, serene blue. a touch of cold in the air an unknown darkness lurking behind the light. a girl with a 90s nostalgia. roller-skates trapeze tailored trousers chokers. a girl who loves pop. (madonna beyoncé taylor swift dua lipa) the music that makes you feel all the feelings. all the feeling at the same time. a girl who fears to make a mistake. a tomboy and a princess. a grown up and not at the same time. a girl such as myself. (anyway, i'd say you're a grown up when you manage to keep a bonsai alive for more than a month.)

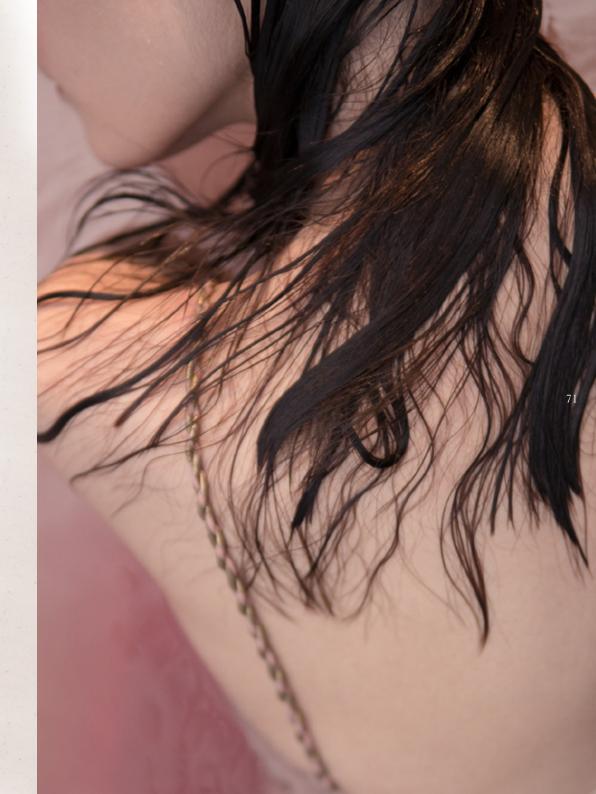
a muse is self-destructive



Hererides



202LE02VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
camisole braided leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
HESPERIDES NEGATIVE



202SK10PL MILLE FEUILLE short square skirt in multilayered soft tulle for fluid movement 85% PES 15% EA LAVENDER

Mille femille



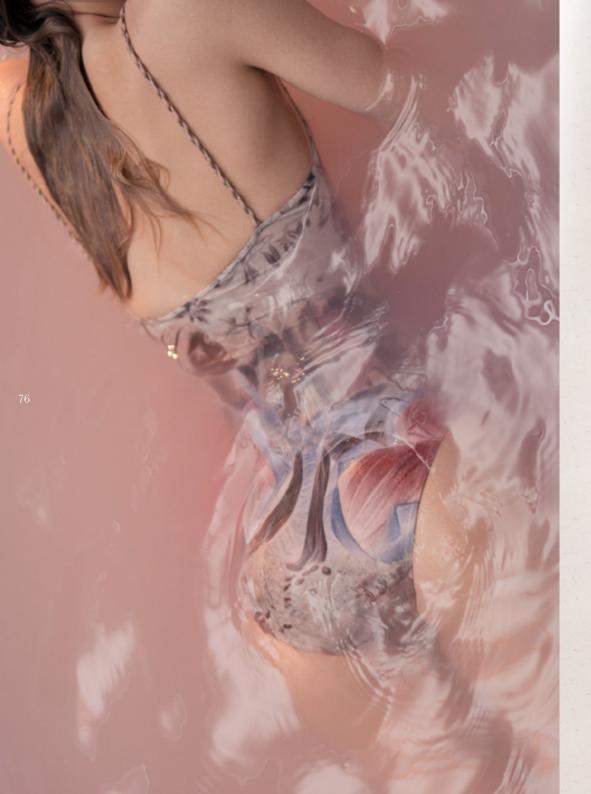
181LE20VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
bateau neckline leotard with sleeves
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered where needed
79% PES 21% EA
HESPERIDES NEGATIVE

Jose and the maiden



202LE02VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
camisole braided leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
LOVE AND MAIDEN NEGATIVE





Jord and the waiden

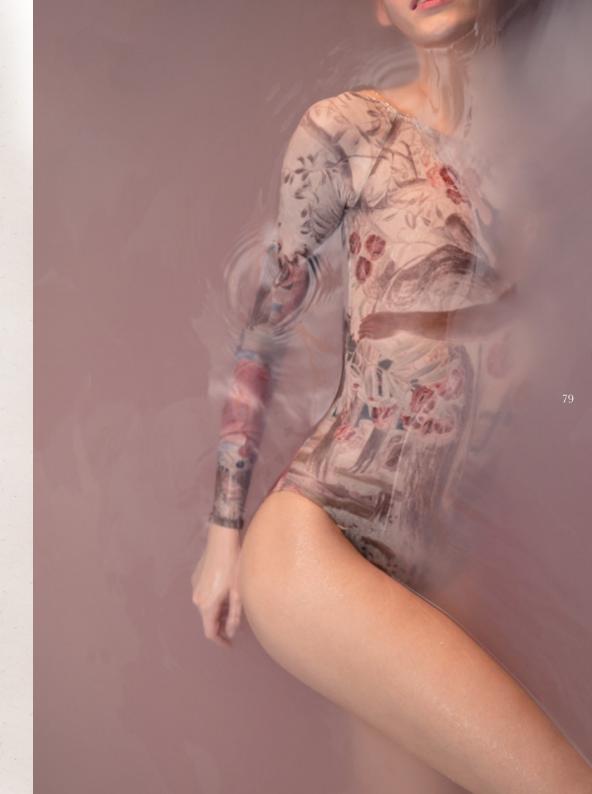


202LE02VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
camisole braided leotard
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered
79% PES 21% EA
LOVE AND MAIDEN NEGATIVE

Jord and the maiden



181LE20VL
PRE RAPHAELITES
bateau neckline leotard with sleeves
in printed superfine/second skin jersey
double layered where needed
79% PES 21% EA
LOVE AND MAIDEN NEGATIVE



must a muse forget

about the own person



this is jane morris.

her face is very known to everybody
who has ever visited the national gallery in london
the national portrait gallery
or tate
or has ever heard of the preraphaelite brotherhood.
(beauty like hers is genius, said rossetti.)
she is perhaps the most recognized
of the pre-raphaelite models.
(i was a holy thing for them, said she.)

an androgynous type:
grey eyes, pale skin, square jaw
a deviation from the victorian beauty standards.
as many muses/models of the era
she is born to an illiterate domestic servant mother.

but

when she starts posing for rossetti&co.
she learns french and italian
becomes a keen leader
skilled in embroidery
playing the piano
designing patterns for morris&co.
about jane,

one could ask many questions.

why did she marry one man but was an obsession/great love of another?
why did she design great textiles but agreed never to have been given credit for them?
why did she never smile?

proserpine
la belle iseult
queen guinevere
the woman in the blue silk dress
did she have to be a quiet enigma in life
to become an embodiment of an era /
/ to be recognized
a hundred years after her death?
(what a lovely tradition.)
(of the human world.)

must a muse forget about her own person

it is difficult to imagine being a model/muse in jane's time.

being a poor, weird-looking girl,

suddenly dragged into the upper circles

while, still, doing the job hardly anyone
(except for the pre-raphaelite, who were the 19th century punks anyway)

found dignified.

some believe a muse is just an object, basically.

i believe being a muse is actually very close to being an artist.

an artist without a good muse can be nothing

and vice versa.

to me, art is a right combination of various elements
a codependency
a symbiosis of a kind
often some unidentifiable element in the face/
/character of a muse
(undescribable, often)

is the very thing that inspires an artist's mind.
in jane's case, her looks defined the whole movement.
but it must have been her character, too!
the character that is now next to lost.
anyway, as it is with every other thing in the world
everything depends on context.
(on place and time)

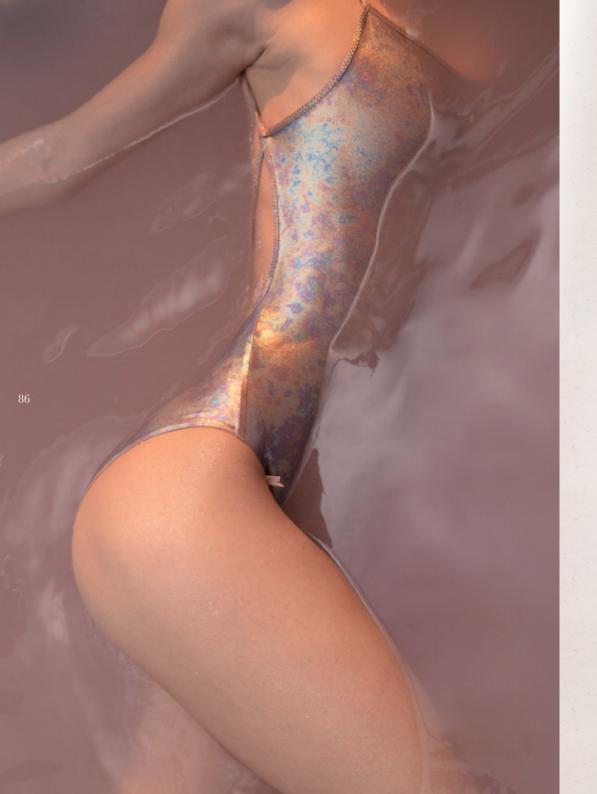
perhaps, jane must have remained quiet to survive. i definitely could not do that.

as

being a modern woman i dearly love to talk when i want to and about myself, too!

must a muse forget about her own person





Pazoline



202LE30VL GASOLINE STAIN stringed back leotard in laminated jersey for extra attention 85% PA 15% EA RAINBOW METALLIC

a romantic must



this is mariana. she was originally written by shakespeare. (measure for measure) mariana is a young lady of vienna, once betrothed but later slandered and rejected, yet still in love. mariana is a girl still in love with a man who turned her down. and humiliated her, for good measure. (which is something almost every girl can relate to.) as imagined by millais, she is now spending her days in an isolated priory. (a priory!) a solitary maiden in a blue dress the hours stretching long a waiting girl (either at morn or eventide, says tennyson) patient and hopeful a girl waiting for a lover who will not come. yet another romantic pre-raphaelite character. (i am aweary, aweary, oh god, that i were dead! says tennyson) why do these girls always / / always want to die?

a romantic must

mariana could not be a more romantic heroine beautiful, hopeful, frail and blue. as a ballet dancer i just love romanticism. i adore ballerinas of the romantic movement, for example. willowy and lyric, they were just as light as air. were they even human at all? (no, they were sylphs / and wilis / / and spirits and ghosts.) anyway, i love romanticism and ballet is my favorite thing but it is far from only romantic. it's a commitment. my contemporary idols are marianela núñez and maria khoreva dancers of incredible technical skill the greatest names in ballet today in my opinion, at least. anyway, besides their romantic qualities, these pre-raphaelite muses are always perfection while i am always deeply aware of all my imperfections. (but as long as you can talk about them that's not too bad.) still when i dance, i cannot think of anything else when i dance, every worry, everything just stops.

ballet is a form of expression for when human words fail. (which happens easily.) i have once seen a polar night a day that lasts 24 hours which is also a sight i cannot describe when all human words fail and there's only

a tour en l'air.

a gomantic must





Gris

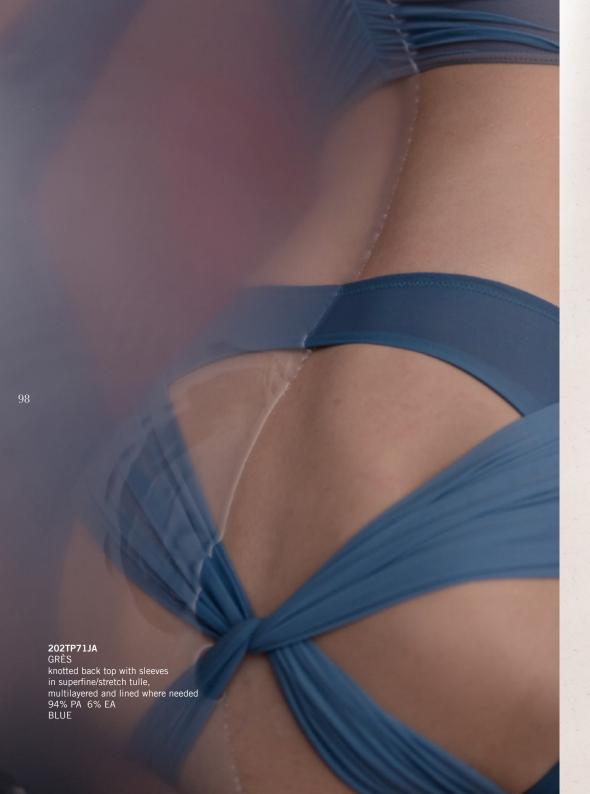


202DR60JA GRÈS draped wrap dress in superfine/stretch tulle, multilayered and lined where needed 94% PA 6% EA BLUE



202LE72JA GRÈS knotted back leotard with sleeves in superfine/stretch tulle, multilayered and lined where needed 94% PA 6% EA BLUE

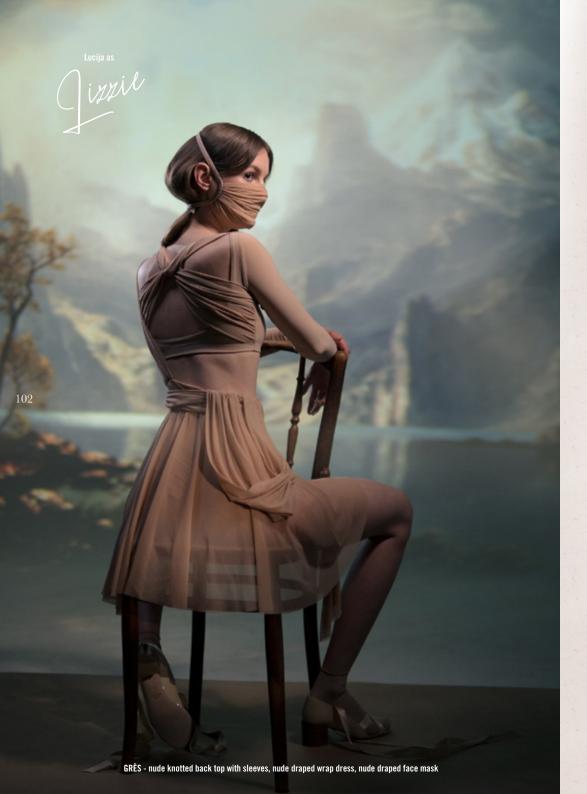






192SH61JA GRÈS draped panties in superfine/stretch tulle, multilayered and lined where needed 94% PA 6% EA BLUE

a muse is deficate



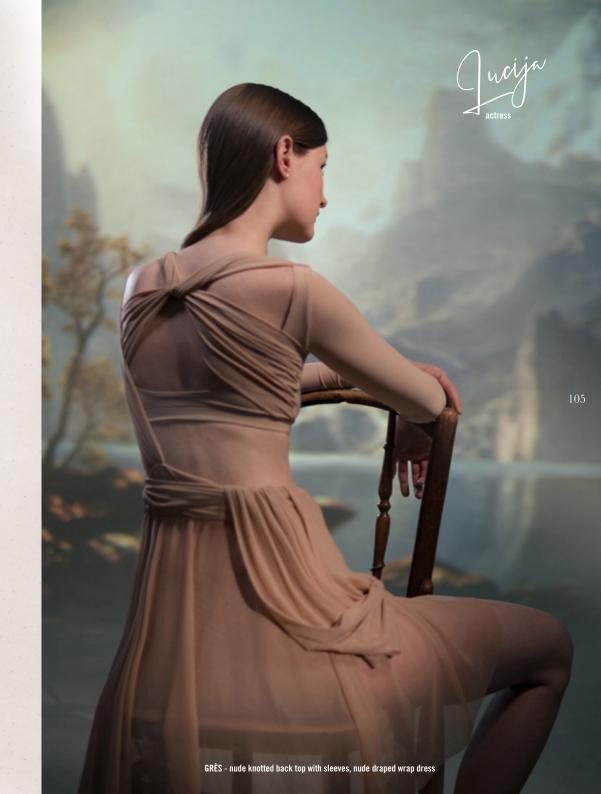
this is elizabeth eleanor siddal. she can read and write, although her family is poor. she works in a millinery shop in london. she starts posing at twenty. she is dubbed interesting, because she is so plain: tall and very thin (no rosy cheeks) red hair downcast eyes skin that looks like it's lit up from within. (an angel and a saint) when she is twenty-two, she is chosen to pose for the probably most famous painting from the pre-raphaelite era: (you all know it) ophelia by john everett millais. the tub is full of water and is ice-cold. lizzie poses for many, many hours. it's winter. ophelia nearly costs lizzie her life. well now lizzie starts painting and writing herself *never weep for love that's dead since love is seldom true* develops anorexia gives birth to a stillborn daughter *but changes his fashion from blue to red, from brightest red to blue* dies aged 32 from a laudanum overdose her red hair fills up the coffin and continues to grow after death. *this is only earth, my dear, where true love is not given.* she sees none of her poems printed.

a musl is deficate

when asked what my best and my worst quality is i would say honesty (which can be both good and bad) and then i would also say sensitivity (which can be both good and bad as well). would i say i am like lizzie in any way except that? (except sensitivity) yes. she was an artist and i am also one. she was unrecognized. i have the privilege to live in a time when a woman can sign a painting with her own name or can step on a stage. (in my case.) being an actress, for me, is all things that fulfill / inspire / excite / question / calm / motivate / thrill / and attract. that enchant and that dazzle. a stage. a place of self-discovery. a drug you cannot let go even when / / if it is leads you to peril.

a muse is deficate

my inspiration are people.



202LE72JA GRÈS knotted back leotard with sleeves in superfine/stretch tulle, multilayered and lined where needed 94% PA 6% EA NUDE



106



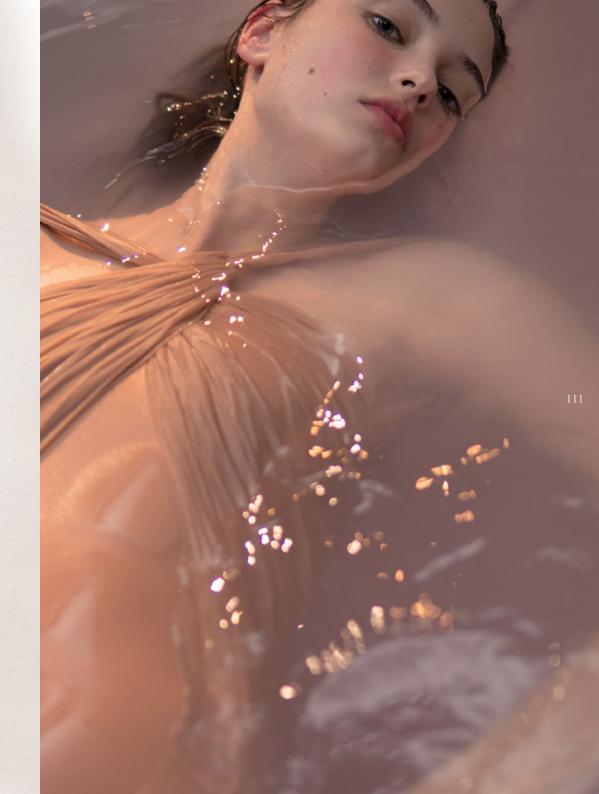




202LG60JA GRÈS leggings with draped wrap mini skirt in printed superfine/second skin jersey double layered 94% PA 6% EA NUDE



202LE70JA GRÈS knotted neckline leotard in superfine/stretch tulle, multilayered and lined where needed 94% PA 6% EA NUDE





181LE31VL CHOKER turtleneck leotard in superfine/second skin jersey double layered 79% PES 21% EA NUDE



What dols it what to be a muse!

take



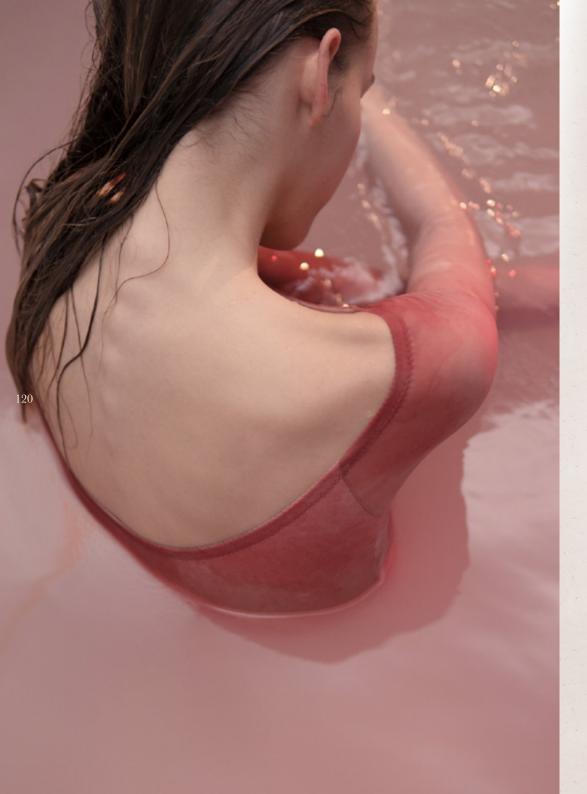
pandora is the first human woman created from clay on the instructions of zeus traditionally, she is dark-haired and holding a jar (or a box) containing all the evils in the world. (a very cruel concept.) (of course: such a thing, a jar full of evils, can only be brought into the world by a woman.) pandora is strange, but also beautiful and her eyes are set wide apart. (when she is not peeking into the box that she is holding.) (female curiosity is transgressive and dangerous.) her dress is red, the colour of temptation. an echo of all the misery she inflicted on humanity. all of this means that pandora is a weak, despicable, curious woman. but pandora is also a muse. an object, art, a treacherous perfection loved and feared throughout the eternity. pandora by dante gabriel rossetti. pandora by john william waterhouse. pandora by charles amable lenoir. (pandora by sue townsend.) many others. what about pandora, the original, the feminist icon? the girl who is wanting to see what is inside? what is beyond? anyway. is being a muse an art form in itself?

What does it take to be a muse?

is being a muse an art form in itself? god, no! to make art, one must be active one must know how to inspire others to transform their thoughts and their feelings. (but of course, that does not mean one cannot look good while doing so.) (why must a girl be either a muse or an artist?) pandora was molded from clay as a sculptor, i love the feel of kneading clay, but also human skin. (why must a girl be either a muse or an artist?) who are my muses? in my face, you can see the faces of the women i admire (two of whom are now dead.) frida kahlo, björk, princess matoaka (that's pocahontas) these women have lived and created and history remembers them for different reasons i love them for their work (and life) but i love them for their looks as well that means my eyes have made them a muse as your eyes have made me one. (why must a girl be either a muse or an artist?) who else is my contemporary muse? billie eilish an artist and a muse combined and you know what she and pandora both believe that (the earth and the sea are full of evils) and *all the good girls go to hell.*

What does it take to be a muse?





Margo



181LE20VL MARGOT bateau neckline leotard with sleeves in printed superfine/second skin jersey double layered where needed 79% PES 21% EA RED

a musl can blan allgory

of not



first of all, the woman you can see here veronica veronese is not there.

the title of the painting is fiction and the essence of the muse you see (the girl in a black dress)

is neither a real woman (like effic gray) nor a fictional character (like pandora).

there was never a woman named veronica veronese.

(that we know of.)

for veronica veronese, dante gabriel rossetti has just used the face of his well-known model alexa wilding to depict something more of a

meta-narrative.

SO.

this woman, veronica veronese, is supposed to represent the artistic soul in the act of creation. veronica veronese is actually an allegory for the creation of art attempting to capture creativity in progress.

SO

this is an entirely

new

pre-raphaelite concept of a muse among all those i discussed. (art and soul expressed through the beauty of a woman.)

but.

is an idea of a muse enough?

a muse can be an allegory or not

veronica veronese
speaks of a concept of a muse
one of the most interesting aspects of the pre-raphaelite era
in a very sophisticated, out-of-this world fashion.

i, on the other hand, believe

that art belongs to

this world.

to me, being a muse is definitely an art form.

(in the eyes of the artist, at least.)

but art can be /

/ must be, sometimes

also political.

i admire artists that are socially engaged.

andy warhol.

a commercial artist, whose works

hold mirror to the society of consumerism.

(campbell's canned soup

most banal of objects

suddenly here to be admired, to stand central-stage.)

vivienne westwood.

her fashion

(climate revolution / inhabitable land /

/ i am not a terrorist / i fought the law)

is also activism.

it's battling for human rights

abolishing nuclear weapons

encouraging climate change awareness.

for me

art is a

an expression

that excites reaction. it's important for that reaction

to be aware

of the problems of the modern world.

well, i don't know.

i love classical art

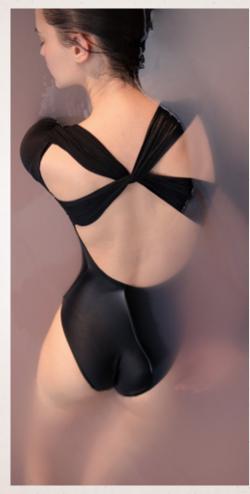
but also art that is

quite the opposite of rossetti's allegorical veronica.

(as it seems!)

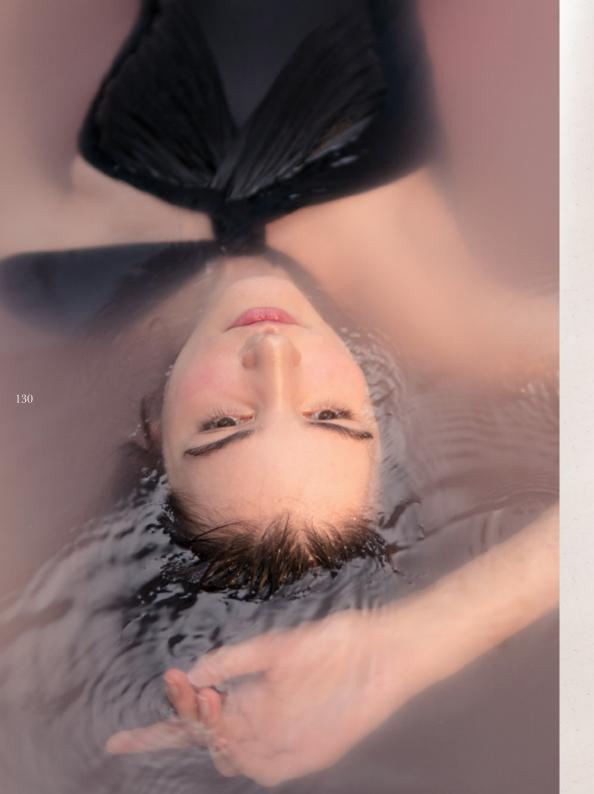
a muse can be an allegory or not



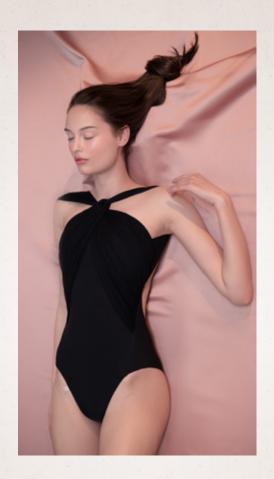


202LE72JA GRÈS knotted back leotard with sleeves in superfine/stretch tulle, multilayered and lined where needed 94% PA 6% EA BLACK









202LE70JA GRÈS knotted neckline leotard in superfine/stretch tulle, multilayered and lined where needed 94% PA 6% EA BLACK

Just a Corpse's Fearless Romance collection draws its inspiration from the Pre-Raphaelite heritage. Designed for a woman who, despite her emancipated attitude, allows herself to be a muse, charming explicitly because of her presence. In the realm of plants, the delicate flower is an attribute of femininity, its fruitful essence, while in the animal world, males are the seducing dandy's, so the Pre-Raphaelite woman is quintessentially floral as she would like to emerge from the physicality of her lineage and be transformed like Daphne intoa laurel tree bursting into the sky. Brilliant enamel colors and patterns of intertwined vegetative ornaments elevate us and transport into the enchanted world of William Moriss decorative patterns. Emerging as the modern heir of oriental sensuality, Byzantine bazaars, Sasanid fabrics, Venetian silk brocades, Celtic endless knots, illuminated miniatures, and idealized ornate gothic images of stylized foliage, fruits and birds, alluring as the earthly paradise that we are only able to live here and now.

The Pre-Raphaelites condemned the 19th century mechanized industrial society that produced emptied anonymous products. They deliberately found refuge in the aesthetic of a revitalizing idealized past and overflowing natural beauty. They applied the romantic gloriole to the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance, to restore the uniqueness of the individual expression and return the dignity to hand crafts, that can be said to be a product of practical contemplation. In a complex society that developed between the 19th and 21st centuries, women acquired civil and social rights, but also doubts arising from their autonomous status, perplexities and a resulting melancholic temperament that were not known by past generations.

The erotic enchantment, which mysteriously emerges from the dark side of the Moon, can be devastating, not only to her lovers, but to herself as well. The charismatic muse Elizabeth Sidal, depicted in the well-known Dante Gabriel Rossetti painting, entitled Beata Beatrix, sits with her eyes closed, receiving a bird of paradise in her lap that brings a poppy flower in the beak — a symbol of dream and death, glowing in the metaphysical light into which she has prematurely sank. Ophelia, torn between pernicious ideals and the inexorable reality, represented for the viewers of the 19th century a singular tragedy of the modern woman and became an emblem and admonition at the same time. The charm of romantic muses is both a curse and a cure. Such mementoes are seminally contained in the features of the new Just a corpse collection, entitled Fearless Romance, the taste of which is interspersed with a long echo of mystical idealism and clear accents of stylized and emblematic natural forms.

Contemporary women, unlike the ladies of the Victorian period, constricted by severe moral imperatives, can choose to wear a garment that can awake their subtle self-perception. Thus she is reassured and can playfully find the means to free herself from the entrapment of expectations and role-plays she is expected to enact, transcending the burden od social implications, allowing herself only to be loved, without guidance, except for the spontaneous beauty of the living contact.

JUST A CORPSE

CD, AD & production by Just A Corpse
photos by Tomaz Šantl
graphic design by Lar Nikolaj Leskovar
make up by Špela Ema Veble
muses hair by Aska Kajtazovič
texts by Eva Mahkovic, Jure Vuga
with special thanks to:
Primož Korošec, Tjaša Koprivec, Sašo Kalan, Tomaž Mihelič, Maja Bulc,
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