

COLLECTION TEXT
ESTHER PERBANDT PRESENTS ZERO POINT

A Diary Entry

Berlin. A rainy, gray day.
Why does everyone long for Berlin?
I once left.
Years passed. I returned.
Now I know why.
I sit before two hundred black spheres
moving, floating,
sometimes in symmetry, sometimes in waves,
hovering in the air.
At home, a signed photograph of them hangs on my wall.
Many know this place, or should.
It would be a shame otherwise.
I hope they give it the attention I do.
I could sit here for hours, again and again.
I have done so.
Today, once more.
Most people stand.
I sit—legs crossed,
settling in,
knowing I'll linger a long while.
I am completely still.
I barely move
in fact, not at all.

ZERO POINT

Only my mind is alive,
spinning at full speed.
I know this feeling.
Now—just hold still...
I play a game with my mind:
“What if?”
And so it begins...

What if I take these black circles before me,
the simplest symbol on earth
no, in the universe
as inspiration?

A symbol so ancient, so universal.
Unmistakable, everywhere.
In many cultures, a sign: sun, eternity, perfection, life.
Sun?

For me, it's the moon.
I love the sun, but the moon feels closer.

I remain perfectly motionless.

ZERO POINT

A circle
no beginning, no end.
Infinity.
I like that.

In my search for the color black,
I try to touch the depths of infinity
ever further, ever deeper.
Like a black hole, perhaps?

What if?
A collection built on black circles?
It's been done.
Yes, almost everything has.
And rightly so.

Why?
Because it fascinates.

Like Malevich's black square
the start of pure abstraction,
the "zero point" of art,
nothingness as the source of everything.

ZERO POINT

Still, I do not move.
What if circles overlapped in fabric?
Sometimes transparent, sometimes heavy or light?
Or felted in three dimensions,
like small hills rising from delicate ground?
What if circles pierced the clothing
opening new ways to style?
What if I hinted at circles with slits,
letting light shine through?
What if this created a dance of light and shadow
sun or moon shining within the garment?
What if those slits looked like circles carved in thick book covers
like sculpture?

Or set in the most delicate fabrics,
so airy they might fly away?
And what if, sometimes, they were simply black circles

no meaning at all?
I hardly dare to breathe.

ZERO POINT

What if I let my impressions from Tokyo flow into this?
Tanizaki wrote:
"Shadow is the true medium; in it, clothing becomes deeper, more dignified, more poetic."

Tokyo was beautiful.
I saw beautiful people
a different kind of physicality:
soft, yet sharply cut.
Wait...
And what if
I showed this new collection only on men?

ZERO POINT

My legs are asleep, awkward as I rise.
An hour has passed.
I am alone.
I walk away,
pause,
and look back at the black spheres.

ZERO POINT...

...the state of minimal, yet never-ending energy
an invisible foundation for movement, change, and the future.
From stillness, transformation.
Even in darkness, a constant vibration.