

REBEL . REBEL

AN OBSERVANCE

The Clothes Needed the Wind

*Simon Porte Jacquemus, the scale of a province, and the
difference between being known everywhere and belonging somewhere.*



L'ILE-ROUSSE, CORSICA

29 JUNE 2026

WRITTEN 26 JULY 2026

THISISREBELREBEL.COM

I do not usually tell people what to admire.

Admiration given ready-made becomes another form of instruction. A list. A ranking. A person with a better seat pointing toward the stage and announcing where everyone else should look. There is enough of that already.

The work of Rebel.Rebel has been different. Open the object. Follow the hand. Find the first sentence. Compare the claim with the record. Teach the faculties of admiration, then leave the reader in possession of them.

But there are moments when withholding praise becomes its own failure of judgment.

This is one of them.

The show was four weeks ago. I am writing at the end of July, which is when the longing starts. I do not go until the end of August. This letter answers to that calendar and no other — the one that begins pulling a certain kind of person south a full month before he is permitted to leave.

On the morning of June 29, Simon Porte Jacquemus sent his Spring–Summer 2027 collection along the path to the Phare de la Pietra at L'Île-Rousse in Corsica. The show was called Le Bonheur. Happiness. The house described it simply: a summer spent outside, surrounded by nature. The sun, the colors, the beauty of simple things, the feeling of lightness. The location was exposed to the Mediterranean, and the wind was everywhere.

It caught the skirts first. Then the loose shirts. The feathers. The thin dresses that lifted away from the body and returned to it. Fabric that would have hung beautifully inside a white room became something else on that path. It moved before the model moved. It answered a force the designer could not direct.

For a few seconds, the collection belonged to the air.

A white room flatters. Wind does not. It tests the weight of a cloth, the hang of a seam, the tolerance of a fit, and it publishes the result in front of everyone at once. Cheap fabric in wind looks like what it is. A garment cut without regard for the body stops moving with it and begins fighting it. This is the harsher inspection, not the softer one, and it is the one he chose.

This is what I want to admire.

Not simply the clothes, though the clothes are very good. Not the styling, though the styling knows exactly what it is doing. Not another spectacular runway location selected because a spectacular runway location photographs well.

I want to admire the relationship.

The clothes were not placed in front of Corsica.

They needed the wind.

THE NAME WAS ALREADY CARRYING SOMEONE

Most companies begin with an ambition.

Jacquemus began with a person.

Simon Porte founded the house in 2009 under his mother's maiden name after her death. Valérie was not added later as founder mythology, once the company had grown large enough to require emotional architecture. Her name was placed over the door at the beginning. Before there was a business to remember her, remembrance was the business.

That is different.

A founder's surname usually announces possession. Ford. Chanel. Ferrari. The name tells you whose house you have entered.

Jacquemus announces custody.

He did not put his own name on the clothes. He carried hers.

The distinction has governed more of the work than any logo could. Family members appear and reappear. His grandmother Liline has modeled for the house, walked him down the aisle, and become part of its public life. He married in Charleval, the village he was born in, walking the gravel streets on Liline's arm while the guests stood in the road. The Valérie bag, introduced sixteen years after her death, carries his mother's first name and hangs with small leather fruits and vegetables. The place was not chosen because it looked Provençal, and the bag was not named for its sound. Both were chosen because the family was already inside them.

This is the beginning of provenance.

Not origin as a date in a company timeline.

Origin as an obligation that keeps making claims on the present.

The name came from his mother. The imagery came from the South. The family came from agricultural life. The clothes began accumulating inside relationships that existed before the first collection and would have continued had the collection never existed.

The house did not invent its source.

It inherited one.

THE PROVINCE

The word provincial is usually delivered from the capital. It means narrow. Unsophisticated. Too local to understand the larger world. A person from somewhere else, carrying too much of somewhere else upon him.

Paris has made an industry of this distinction. The capital receives. The province supplies. The capital interprets. The province is interpreted. The capital decides which portion of the local life may be brought indoors and called culture.

Jacquemus reversed the traffic.

He went to Paris, certainly. He learned its systems, used its calendar, entered its rooms. But he did not allow Paris to translate the South out of him. He brought the province into the capital without asking it to become less provincial first.

The yellow was allowed to remain yellow. The table remained a table. The fruit remained fruit.

The grandmother did not become an archetype called the matriarch. The farmer did not become a brand pillar called craft. The beach was not translated into Mediterranean lifestyle. The market was not elevated into an immersive retail experience before anyone had been allowed to smell the rosemary.

This sounds small until you understand how rarely it happens.

Most contemporary companies are embarrassed by the size of their beginnings. They start in a kitchen, a village, a workshop, beside one body of water, under one kind of weather — and immediately begin removing the local nouns.

The town becomes community. The family becomes heritage. The workshop becomes craftsmanship. The specific customer becomes a global citizen.

Everything is widened until it can travel, and by the time it arrives everywhere, nothing remains that could tell you where it started.

The company becomes globally legible before it becomes locally true.

*The company becomes globally legible
before it becomes locally true.*

Jacquemus made the opposite wager.

He did not make himself larger by escaping the province.

He made the province larger by returning to it.

III •

THE SCALE OF A LIFE

This is not an argument against scale.

Jacquemus understands scale almost obscenely well.

A long pink path through lavender. A runway cut across wheat. Figures moving through the pale salt of the Camargue. Boats carrying guests along the water at Versailles. Casa Malaparte pressed against a Capri cliff. An apartment by Auguste Perret reduced to forty guests, period chairs and a telephone camera. The official record of the house now includes the Musée Picasso, Provence, a wheat field outside Paris, Hawaii, the Camargue, Versailles, Fondation Maeght, Casa Malaparte, Perret's rooms and Corsica.

These are not modest images. Some are among the largest fashion images made in the last decade.

But Jacquemus understands something most brands confuse: the scale of the image and the scale of the source do not have to match.

Casa Malaparte was enormous as an image and intimate as an encounter. Guests were carried to the house on small boats, because the place is difficult to reach any other way. The cliff, the staircase, the red architecture and the sea did not become generic grandeur simply because the photographs traveled worldwide. The experience remained narrow enough to retain the resistance of the place.

That resistance matters.

There is a version of scale that enlarges the work.

There is another that flattens it.

Flattening occurs when every detail must become understandable at the same speed to the same audience. The unfamiliar word is removed. The regional joke is explained. The imperfect fruit is replaced. The local face is traded for the globally recognized one. The company retains the appearance of difference while eliminating every piece of difference that might slow circulation.

Jacquemus does something harder. He scales the invitation without scaling down the place.

The world is invited to Provence. Provence is not asked to become a global airport lounge before the guests arrive.

The spectacle may grow.

The emotional territory remains almost painfully small.

A mother. A farm. A market. A strip of coast. A long table outside.

IV •

CÉZANNE'S MOUNTAIN

Cézanne kept returning to Sainte-Victoire.

Not because Provence had only one mountain. Not because he lacked the means to see another. Not because the subject had remained unchanged.

The mountain changed because the light changed.

It changed because the painter changed.

It changed because return is not repetition when attention is still alive.

This is what the cosmopolitan eye often misunderstands about provincial work. It sees recurrence and assumes limitation. The field again. The fruit again. The grandmother again. The South again. Surely the artist must eventually move on.

But the person who belongs to a place does not experience it as a single reference.

The stranger sees a mountain.

The person who returns sees the side that holds the morning, the limestone after rain, the violet shadow before dusk, the line that disappears in heat.

Knowledge does not always widen. Sometimes it deepens.

Jacquemus works in this tradition — not because the clothes look like Cézanne paintings, but because the devotion does.

He keeps looking at the South until the rest of us begin to see what he sees there.

The agricultural life returned explicitly in *Le Paysan*, presented at Versailles in 2025 as a tribute to his grandparents and his childhood. The setting could have swallowed the source: the Orangerie, royal scale, French grandeur. Instead, he took the farmer into the palace. Scarves, aprons, rural forms, leather fruits and vegetables. The provincial life was not cleaned up for Versailles. Versailles had to make room for it.

That is a form of confidence deeper than rebellion.

He did not storm the palace.

He brought his grandparents.

V •

THE FRUIT IS ALIVE

Fresh fruit has no respect for luxury.

It bruises in transit. It attracts flies. It softens while the meeting runs long. It stains the paper bag at the bottom. It carries the weather inside it.

Leather behaves better.

Leather can be finished, photographed, inventoried, wrapped in tissue and held beneath controlled light. It is meant to survive the season in which it is sold.

Fruit belongs to the season.

This is why Jacquemus's use of produce matters beyond charm.

When the house opened on Melrose Avenue in West Hollywood in April 2025, the parking lot became a market: stacks of real bananas, rows of lemons, yellow flowers, soft serve handed out on the pavement. When the Valérie bag launched that November — named for his mother, hung with small leather fruits and vegetables — the market was built again inside the stores in Paris, New York, Los Angeles, London and Dubai. The object and its reference were allowed to occupy the same stall: one made to endure, the other already beginning to disappear.

It would be easy to call this a content strategy.

It is certainly good content.

But that reading arrives too late and leaves too early.

The fruit does more than decorate the bag. It restores time to it.

A luxury object on a plinth appears outside ordinary life. It has no morning, no appetite, no household, no mud. Put it beside apricots and garlic and suddenly it has entered a day. Someone has come to market. Someone will carry the food home. Something will be washed, cut and placed on a table. The bag stops representing luxury in the abstract and begins accompanying a life.

For an afternoon, the apricot and the handbag belong to the same world.

One will last. One will not.

The perishable thing lends some of its moral seriousness to the permanent one.

This is why the market is stronger than the boutique as an image for the house. The boutique displays possession. The market stages exchange. It is seasonal, social, provincial, full of judgment. You touch. You smell. You ask where something came from. You know which stall has the good tomatoes and which man will try to sell yesterday's figs before noon.

The market carries memory without requiring a museum.

The people keep the ledger.

VI •

THE BEACH CLUB

Then there are the beaches.

Monte-Carlo. Ibiza. The pier. The café. Yellow towels, striped parasols, sunbeds, swimwear, bags, lunch and the sea continuing beyond the activation as though the activation were not the most important event on the coast.

The house now runs a summer coastline. Jacquemus Plage has appeared at Indie Beach in Ramatuelle, below Saint-Tropez, across more than one season, alongside a pop-up on the place des Lices and a takeover of the café La Renaissance over the square. The Monte-Carlo Beach pier, with the Société des Bains de Mer, has been dressed in the house palette: sunbeds, parasols, towels, two boutiques, striped language pulled straight from a collection. At Casa Jondal on Cala Jondal in Ibiza, the yellows sat against sand and Mediterranean blue, with a pétanque court in banana and polka dot. And the largest of them so far, this summer, is not in France at all. It is Blue Beach at the Mandarin Oriental in Bodrum, on Paradise Bay — the whole beach in stripes, down to the backgammon sets, the paddle boards and the buggies, with a boutique on the sand carrying a collection called Plage.

Bodrum is more than two thousand kilometres from Mallemort.

This is where I have to be honest, because it is the weakest joint in the argument I am making. The shows return. The concessions travel.

*The shows return.
The concessions travel.*

The runway has stayed close to the source — Valensole, the wheat field, the Camargue, Versailles twice, Corsica — and the departures from it are legible as departures. The beach programme does the opposite. It goes where the money summers: Monaco, Ibiza, the Turkish Riviera. And what it sells there is not Provence. It is a mood that Provence can be used to authorise — stripe, yellow, sun, ease, pleasure without apology — reproduced on furniture the house does not own, in bays it has no history in.

The instrument this letter uses gives a clean reading on that. The shows are a record of custody. The beach clubs are a licence drawn against it. Both are legitimate; houses have always sold the right to be near them. But only one of the two makes more of the thing it draws on, and a licence, drawn often enough and far enough from the source, is how a province becomes a palette.

Fashion is hardly alone in doing this. Beach-club takeovers have become a summer circuit of their own. Dior at Capri, Missoni in Porto Cervo, Louis Vuitton on a Sicilian rooftop — all of them understand the commercial logic. The customer is already in a place of leisure, already dressed for self-invention, already prepared to buy the memory before leaving it.

But Jacquemus has jurisdiction the others must work harder to establish.

Not ownership. Jurisdiction.

He did not invent Mediterranean leisure. He does not possess the Riviera. Corsica is not his private set, Ibiza is not a suburb of Mallemort, and the Aegean is not the sea he grew up beside. The honesty depends on preserving that distinction.

But he belongs to the larger southern grammar: the hard sun, the exposed body, the shade as architecture, lunch lasting longer than planned, color stripped nearly to the childish, pleasure taken seriously enough not to require apology.

Belonging is not the same as owning a place.

It may be the opposite.

Ownership asks what can be extracted from the territory.

Belonging asks what the territory requires of the person who carries it.

The farmer does not own the weather. The fisherman does not own the sea. Cézanne did not own the mountain.

Their authority came from returning often enough to be corrected.

Jacquemus belongs to Provence.

Provence does not belong to Jacquemus.

That asymmetry keeps the work alive.

*Ownership asks what can be extracted from the territory.
Belonging asks what the territory requires
of the person who carries it.*

VII •

THE TRUNK AND THE TABLE

Louis Vuitton offers the cleanest counterpoint, and it should not be mistaken for a dig.

Travel is Vuitton's founding jurisdiction.

The trunk exists to leave home. The company's original object was built to cross borders, survive stations, steamships and hotels, and carry one world into another. Vuitton can legitimately move through the American West, then turn toward surf culture, because the world entering the trunk is part of the house's inherited grammar.

Pharrell Williams's Fall–Winter 2024 menswear collection explored the American West, cowboy history and Western workwear, staged in a Paris amusement park dressed as the frontier. For Spring–Summer 2027, Vuitton built a wave eight metres high and thirty-seven wide, ran real

city water through it, laid sand across the runway and sent out a salt-worn, tailored surfer. One season, the frontier. Another, the break.

That is world-building at the scale of empire.

And the two shows were six days apart. Vuitton's wave broke in Paris on the evening of June 23. Jacquemus put his clothes on the Corsican path on the morning of June 29. Both collections are about the sea. One house built the sea in the capital and controlled every litre of it. The other went to where the sea already was and accepted a wind it could not switch off.

Neither is a failure of nerve. But only one of them could be corrected by the weather.

Vuitton takes the world as material and authors it from Paris.

Jacquemus performs the inverse act.

He does not need to visit another civilization each season because the civilization closest to him has not been exhausted. The same coast changes. The same table receives different guests. The field has wheat, then stubble, then rain. The fruit changes by month. The wind arrives from another direction.

Vuitton expands by traveling. Jacquemus expands by returning.

The founding object of Vuitton is the trunk. The founding object of Jacquemus may be the table.

The trunk crosses the border.

The table teaches the stranger how to stay.

Neither form is illegitimate. Both can produce magnificent work. But the Jacquemus wager is more unusual for a young house, because almost every incentive facing a young company points in the other direction.

Appear global quickly. Borrow the symbols already recognized everywhere. Show the investor that the territory is unlimited. Make the references wide enough to support endless product.

Jacquemus chose a smaller territory and kept finding more world inside it.

VIII ·

THE RAIN IN HAWAII

Accepting a force you cannot direct is only admirable if you are willing to lose.

In March 2022 he took the collection to O'ahu — the first Jacquemus show staged outside France, a blue runway laid along the shore at Kualoa Ranch, the Ko'olau range standing behind it. The collection was called Le Splash. It was about water: pool blues borrowed from Hockney, swimwear, glass beads cut like droplets.

Then it rained.

Not atmospheric rain. A La Niña downpour that arrived precisely when the models were dressed and waiting to walk. The clothes were soaked and dirtied. Much of the footage was unusable. The film released afterward was assembled largely from what had been shot that morning, before the sky opened, and photographs were held back because the garments in them were ruined.

He said so, that day, in public. A real fashion drama. The clothes so damaged and wet. It hurts. That is the other half of the wager, and it is the half nobody quotes.

A house that builds its world indoors never has this day. The wave in Paris arrives on schedule, eight metres high, fed by municipal water on a closed circuit, and it breaks at the hour printed on the invitation. Even the weather knows where it stands: the one season Jacquemus showed inside, in a hangar at Le Bourget, a storm lashed the building while the models walked out in swimwear. Outside was still outside. It simply was not his problem that day.

Corsica gave him a wind that made the clothes look like the idea.

Hawaii gave him a storm that destroyed them.

Same method. Different sky.

*Corsica gave him a wind that made the clothes look like the idea.
Hawaii gave him a storm that destroyed them.*

So the relationship this letter admires is not a technique that always works. It is a standing agreement to be corrected by something outside the company, and the correction, when it comes, arrives at full price, in public, in front of the people who flew in.

He kept the agreement. He went back outside the following season, and the season after that, and four years later he was still doing it on a rock in Corsica.

I X .

B E L O N G I N G

Authenticity is too shallow a word for this.

Authenticity asks whether the performance appears sincere.

Belonging asks whether the relationship remains when nobody is performing.

The mother existed before the house.

The grandparents worked the fields before Le Paysan.

The market existed before the pop-up.

The Côte d'Azur had salt on its chairs before a logo was printed on the towel.

The wind at L'Île-Rousse did not arrive on the production schedule.

The things were already there.

Jacquemus enters them, arranges them, enlarges certain gestures, and places the clothes among them. At his best, he does not claim to have invented their meaning. He recognizes it and adds something of his own without breaking the chain.

That is provenance.

Not a founder story polished until the difficulties disappear. Not a QR code attached to a supply chain. Not a company rummaging through its archive after twenty years of generic growth, searching for an anecdote strong enough to support a premium.

Provenance is the record of custody: who held the thing, what marked it, where it traveled, what it carried forward and what obligations accompanied the transfer. In provenance literature, the scar outranks the claim, because the scar is what reality left when it made contact.

Jacquemus's work is covered in contact.

Provençal dirt beneath the nail. Côte d'Azur salt drying on the cuff. The grandmother's hand. The mother's name. Fruit going soft beside the leather. A dress taking the shape of Corsican wind. These are not proofs that he owns the South.

They are proofs that the South has acted upon him.

Belonging is the source. Provenance is the record it leaves.



A disclosure, since the law applies here too.

When I was fifteen my mother told me the cure for acne was the Mediterranean. Swim, dry in the breeze, sit still while the cicadas run. It worked. I have been going back ever since. My corner of France, most summers, the same coast, a few weeks at the end of the summer that the rest of the year is arranged around.

That is not the same thing.

His mother's name is over the door. Mine gave me a remedy and a habit. He returns because his family is already inside the place; I return because I decided to. He inherited an obligation. I built one, which is a different object no matter how carefully it is kept, and the difference is the whole argument of this letter. A chain of custody is made of transfers a person did not choose. Devotion is not custody. It leaves a record, but the record is of the visitor.

I say this because the alternative is to admire a quality while quietly claiming it.

Devotion is not custody.

Still: watching from a screen a thousand kilometres north, a month out from a trip I have not taken yet, I saw fabric take the shape of a wind nobody ordered and felt like I belonged to a place that has no reason to have me. He did not grant me that. He made it visible for a morning.

X ·

THE RECORD NOBODY SET OUT TO BUILD

There was a period when global growth rewarded the company that could remove the most friction from its meaning.

The mark had to be understood quickly. The message had to cross borders. The imagery had to survive translation. Particulars were expensive because particulars required explanation.

That bargain is changing.

The world now has more ways to ask where a thing came from, why it looks this way, who first made it, what else the company has said and whether the story remains intact when examined again. Generic language dissolves under that pressure. A detail attached to a person, place, process or date becomes stronger, because the second look finds the same evidence waiting.

But this is not what makes Jacquemus admirable.

He does not appear to have built any of it for the examination.

Good.

The moment we turn his life into foresight about retrieval, we make the achievement less human and therefore less valuable. The market stall was not erected to pass an audit. His mother's name was not chosen to improve machine recognition. The grandparents were not invited to Versailles because family content performs well. The wind was not asked to authenticate the fabric.

The life came first. The evidence followed.

That is the part every company rushing toward the future will misunderstand. They will manufacture records. Commission founder interviews. Publish searchable histories. Add dates and place names to copy that was conceived without either. They will photograph hands that have never made the product and call the resulting pages provenance.

The paperwork may thicken. The life beneath it will remain thin.

*The life came first.
The evidence followed.*

Jacquemus has the opposite advantage. He is building a nearly perfect record for an age that rewards specificity without seeming to care very much about the age at all.

He keeps returning because he belongs. The return leaves a mark. The marks accumulate.

Eventually the world has a name for what it has been looking at.



One more thing, from the other side of the counter.

I am not a fashion editor. I did not study the collection and then decide I wanted it. The order was the reverse, and I suspect it is the reverse for almost everyone: the wind moved, the longing arrived, and only afterward did I go looking — through the catalogue, the fabrics, the finishing, the prices — with the particular intent of a man who has already decided to be persuaded and is now checking whether he was right to be.

That sequence is the commercial argument of this letter.

Desire arrives first and it arrives whole. What happens next is an examination, and the examination has never been easier to run: every claim, every source, every earlier sentence, retrievable in seconds by anyone who feels something and wants to know whether it was warranted. A house that manufactures desire and then fails that search has bought a single purchase and lost the customer inside a week. A house whose record holds gets the better thing — a buyer who went looking for reasons and found them waiting.

Belonging produces the desire.

Provenance survives the search that follows.

X I •

WHAT TO ADMIRE

So I will break the rule this once.

Admire the scale, but admire what he refuses to enlarge.

Admire the reach, but notice that the source stays provincial.

Admire the digital instinct, but notice how much physical life the image has to carry.

Admire the market crates and the beach clubs, but look past the cleverness toward the continuity beneath them.

Admire the founder who wants to build one of the great houses of his generation and is still willing to bring his grandmother into the frame.

Admire the refusal to flatten.

Not because every garment succeeds. Not because every activation escapes fashion's appetite for spectacle. Not because a beautiful coastline guarantees meaning, or because fruit beside a handbag is automatically profound.

Admire the difficult coherence.

A young house, moving quickly, becoming globally known, yet still allowing a mother, a field, a village, a market and a strip of Mediterranean coast to retain their proper names.

Most companies scale by making themselves easier for the world to enter.

Jacquemus scaled by making his belonging deep enough that the world wished to enter it.

And in Corsica, for one June morning, the relationship became visible.

The sea below. The white path. The lighthouse standing where the rock runs out.

A dress lifts from the body. It holds the air briefly, then falls.

For that second, the fabric belongs to the wind more than it belongs to the model, the customer, the house or the man who drew it.

That is not a loss of authorship.

It is the proof.

The clothes were beautiful before they arrived.

In Corsica, they belonged.

THE RECORD

SHOW. "Le Bonheur," Spring-Summer 2027, coed. Presented on the coastal path to the Phare de la Pietra, L'Île-Rousse, Corsica, on the morning of 29 June 2026; the location and title were announced by the designer earlier that month. Independent accounts of the show describe the island wind lifting hems, filling sleeves and changing the shape of garments in motion. The observation this letter is built on is not this writer's alone.

HOUSE. Founded 2009, under the designer's mother's maiden name. Valérie died in 2008. The Valérie bag was introduced in November 2025 as part of "Le Paysan," named for her, hung with leather fruits and vegetables, and launched through in-store activations staged as Provençal markets in Paris, New York, Los Angeles, London and Dubai.

FAMILY. The designer married Marco Maestri at Charleval, Bouches-du-Rhône, on 27 August 2022, walking the village streets with his grandmother Liline, who has also appeared in the house's campaigns.

LE PAYSAN. Presented at the Orangerie, Château de Versailles, 29 June 2025 – two years after "Le Chouchou" on the Grand Canal. The house's own show text ties the Orangerie to the family's culture of harvesting fruit and vegetables, and to the designer's great-grandmother, Claire Jacquemus.

SCALE. "La Croisière," Spring-Summer 2025, was shown in the Appartement Auguste Perret, Paris, in January 2025 to roughly forty guests on period seating, and filmed on a telephone. "La Casa," Fall-Winter 2024, was shown at Casa Malaparte, Capri, with guests carried to the house by small boat.

COAST. The Monte-Carlo Beach takeover, with Société des Bains de Mer, ran from 2025 into a second season, dressing the pier, pool café and two boutiques in the house palette. The Casa Jondal takeover at Cala Jondal, Ibiza, opened in 2025 with a beach fit-out and a temporary boutique. Comparable programmes: Dior at Il Riccio, Capri; Missoni at Nikki Beach, Porto Cervo; Louis Vuitton in Sicily.

VUITTON. Fall-Winter 2024 menswear, shown 16 January 2024 at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, on the iconography of the American West. Spring-Summer 2027 menswear, shown in Paris on the evening of 23 June 2026: an artificial wave eight metres high and over thirty-seven metres wide, fed with municipal water on a closed circuit, over a sand runway. Six days before Corsica.

THE PATTERN. Outdoor and site-specific staging is the house method, not a single season: Valensole lavender (2019), a wheat field at Us in the Val-d'Oise (2020), the salt of the Camargue (2022), the shore at Kualoa Ranch on O'ahu (2022), a hangar at Le Bourget (2023), the Grand Canal at Versailles with guests seated in rowboats (2023), Fondation Maeght (2024), Casa Malaparte (2024), the Perret apartment (2025), the Orangerie at Versailles (2025), Corsica (2026).

HAWAII. "Le Splash," Spring-Summer 2022, staged in March 2022 at Kualoa Ranch, O'ahu – the first Jacquemus show outside France. A downpour attributed to that season's La Niña arrived as the models were ready to walk. The designer stated publicly the same day that the clothes were damaged and wet, that images would be delayed for that reason, and that the released film drew mostly on footage shot earlier that morning. At Le Bourget the following season, a storm broke outside the hangar during the show.

COAST, LOCATED. Jacquemus Plage at Indie Beach, Ramatuelle, with a pop-up on the place des Lices and a takeover of the café La Renaissance in Saint-Tropez. Monte-Carlo Beach with Société des Bains de Mer, covering the pier, pool café and two boutiques. Casa Jondal, Cala Jondal, Ibiza, with beach fit-out, temporary boutique and a pétanque court. And, for the 2026 season through October, Blue Beach at the Mandarin Oriental, Bodrum, on Paradise Bay: a full beach takeover extending to backgammon sets, paddle boards, beach paddles and resort buggies, with a 98-square-metre boutique carrying the Resort 2026 Plage collection. The resort and the trade press describe it as the house's largest seaside project to date. Reports differ on whether Monte-Carlo ran concurrently this

season; the letter therefore claims no consecutive-season count for Monaco.

MARKETS, LOCATED. The West Hollywood boutique opened at 8804 Melrose Avenue on 24 April 2025 – the house’s second US store after SoHo – with the parking lot staged as a market of bananas, lemons and flowers. The market was rebuilt inside stores in Paris, New York, Los Angeles, London and Dubai for the Valérie launch in November 2025.

CORRECTIONS. This letter’s first draft placed forty guests and a count of phone cameras at Casa Malaparte. The forty-guest figure and the phone belong to the Perret apartment; the camera count could not be traced and was cut before publication. Further corrections will be entered where they belong: in the text, marked, with the date they were made.