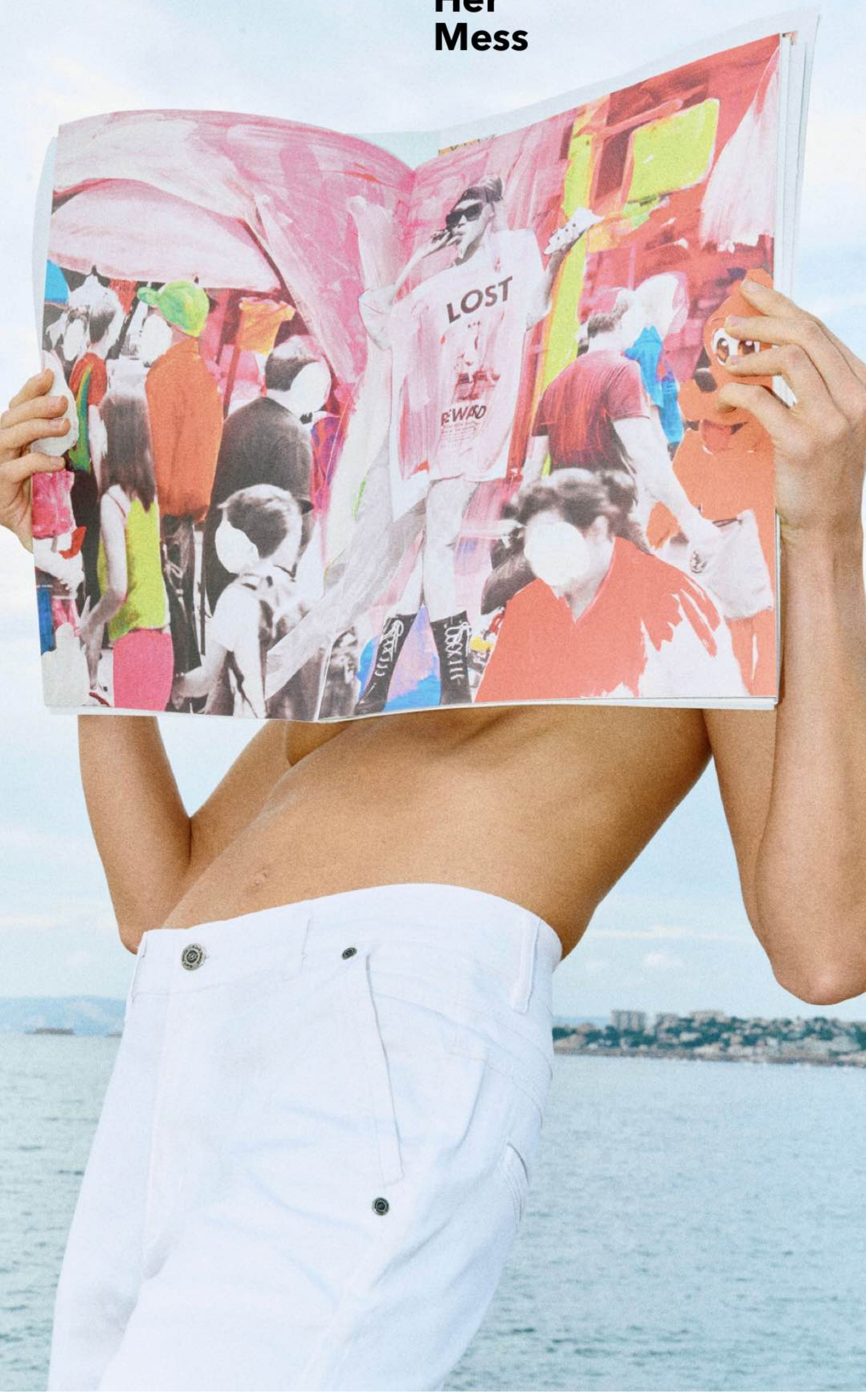


Harness Her Mess



Self-liberation

is the flow in which we are fully aligned with who we are in the very moment, embracing all the imperfections that are no longer seen as such.

Self-trust

comes into the playground, and we no longer take ourselves too seriously.

Effortlessness

becomes our lover.

I'm coming home, even if I'm late. I'm coming home—I don't care how long it takes. I'm coming home. I came home late, but I'm finally home.



EDITOR'S NOTE

This playful mood-mag delves into self-liberation through the lens of fashion, exploring how our attire and attitudes shape our everyday lives in a world obsessed with materialism and nostalgia. This image-driven capsule invites readers to declutter their lives and make space for their true potential, all with a touch of humour.

Co-creator MiA MiU uses herself as a canvas, through a range of alter egos, to illustrate change and non-attachment as keys to self-liberation. Through her unique lens as a singer-songwriter, model, and creative lead, Mia celebrates the allure of luxurious lifestyles in her own way, where self-worth is worth more than expensive clothes—yet the material aspect still enhances and beautifies our quality of life. Mia advocates for decluttering our minds, relationships, and homes in order to create space for greater joy. This invitation to release attachments, societal pressures, and insecurities encourages us to approach life's complexities with humour and delight.

This edition's playful theme, 'Harness Her Mess' invites us to embrace our individuality, tame our chaos, and fall in love with ourselves—the most important person in our lives. In the midst of global chaos, it's easy to feel lost. It's also easy to dislike ourselves—for our weaknesses, for not having the answers to our existential questions or beyond. Shame and guilt run deep in our society. Societal pressure and gender inequality don't help. Yet, if we pause—if we embrace ourselves fully—we unlock something powerful: a sense of home. A home within. Too often, we search for home in positions, possessions, wealth, or romantic partners. But home isn't found there. True home comes when we face our own mess—when we meet ourselves with radical honesty, when we harness everything within us with compassion and love. That's when we land in a space that is real, safe, and ours.

Having lived in five countries and searched deeply, Mia will take you on a journey of self-liberation—a path that, though terrifying at times, is also a sweet spot.

See you there.

I'm leaving, but I'm coming home, even if I'm late. I'm grateful for the time we had, but you never saw my truth. I got lost chasing love, I took a detour. So I'm coming home late.









The time we had was good in so many ways. I hope I've learned some lessons, so I can rest with more blessings. No more stops at someone else's door. I'm whole, and I have my own home.







I thought there was wisdom to find, so I lingered, hoping it wasn't wasted time. But now it feels like it was too much holding onto imperfections, tolerating the unexpected. My patience has its limits. Be well, be blessed and please forget me soon, so your thoughts won't cloud my sun. I'm coming home late. But I'm finally home.

My home is mine when I
clear the mess, by my own
hands, no more, no less. But
if some chaos dares remain,
I'll call it art, not just a stain.
That is home. That is me—
order and wild in harmony.







We strive to define, to comprehend,
Yet what if we let go, and transcend?
Continue our work, our endless quest,
But ease into nothingness, finding rest.



It's A Wrap!

Home is the ultimate paradox—simple yet infinitely complex, fleeting yet eternal. It's messy, transformative, and deeply personal.

The algorithms bring us different images and truths about how people live. But how do we want to live? How do our homes look when there is absolutely no one to compare them to? How would our hobbies, ambitions, and partners change if we don't see them in others? How simple can this be—to just delve into our own preferences and follow those instead of looking elsewhere? How simple is that? Why don't we just do it? Now?

I remember when I was a little girl, I did not feel at home in my own home, but I felt at home—alone, when I was dreaming and creating things that made me feel I was bigger than the whole world. This was mainly music—making up lyrics and singing, or paging through magazines and imagining myself in different lifestyles and timelines. I would cut out pieces and stick them into my notebooks. I would look in the mirror, pretending it was a camera and I was posing. I felt at home when I thought about an unlimited future, one that transcends limitations, where no one is abusive, loud, drunk, or scared.

My full-time music education was my home for sure. Then, aged 16, I discovered acting and books by Osho delving into spiritual and transcendent topics. A new door was opened to me through ancient wisdom and biographies of artists. I followed this, knowing my home was far from my family home, discovering that the blood connection is not the ultimate home. Almost spellbound, I moved to London, then Madrid, then Warsaw, London again, Berlin, Nice, Paris—wherever I felt I was supposed to be at that time, I made those places home. I guess my deep connection with my true self was there, allowing me to follow what I truly felt. Though I'm not a big fan of "feeling" over being smart, most of my life was based on the former, as if something propelled me in that direction.

All things I tried to fathom through my intellect, I was not too successful. So, at some point, I let go, chilled, and thought: Hey! I don't care if I am this or that... I want to be joyous, relaxed, and experience.

I can't tell you what home truly is for you. I wish you to discover it and stay there. To me, home is me. It's the love I have to share, to connect through. It's independence—emotional, financial. It's about positive thinking, but not the forced kind. Not lying to myself. It's staying calm in the face of uncertainty. It's my health, my creativity. It's feeling alive. And when I feel stagnant, it's about looking for a spark—and finding it. Home, to me, is constant change: the evolution of my behaviour, my perspective. It's letting go when I'm stressed, and showing up every day. Being present in the moment. Listening with intention—but not taking in what doesn't align with me. Home is knowing no one else can give me that space, yet staying open to what those who love me want to share. Receiving it with a smile. And continuing to give—but never to exploit. Only as much as feels light.

I was lost. I was found. I've built a home in my own heart. I invite you to my home. See you there!



Editor: In this issue, you've used lyrics from your songs. Even though they're not literal, it's clear you once felt "lost"—trying different things, searching for answers. You've now realised what you were looking for was already within you. How would you translate this for our readers?

Mia: My journey has been about challenging my early impressions of what life should be, exploring different lifestyles to discover what's truly mine. I believe we all need to do this—ask questions, search for answers ourselves—because no one else's lessons can teach us what we must learn firsthand. There were moments I felt "stupid" for stopping at someone else's door, meaning, looking for the answers in others. But those detours were necessary. Without going too far left or right, how would we recognise the right path? It may sound obvious, even cliché, but I see so many people afraid to explore. They cling to their first choice, but how can they be sure it's the best one?

So my message is this: don't fear imperfection while searching for your home. Keep looking. Trying, failing, and questioning are part of the process. And if you've stayed somewhere too long, don't feel guilty—some lessons take time. Of course, some people find home right away, and that's great. But if you don't feel like you've arrived, don't stop searching.

Editor: We don't know the details of your journey or what you see as "imperfections." From the outside, you seem to have a dream life—an artist, a traveler, always smiling, always looking great. Can you elaborate on that image?

Mia: You mean the image of a happy, successful person, young enough for a breakthrough, mature enough to avoid major mistakes? And where are the imperfections? (laughs)

First, it's all about perspective. A glass of water—half full, half empty. That's life. That's my message across all my work: perception shapes reality. Things are never one-sided.

Yes, I consider myself lucky—I was born in a free country, raised by open-minded parents who prioritised my education. I had the intuition to pursue my path, move to London, take care of my mental and physical health. But beyond the basics, my journey wasn't necessarily "lucky." I always believed my passion, persistence, and confidence would lead to a smoother road. Yet, my adult life has been full of challenges and uncertainty. Still, I refused to complain. People are drawn to positive energy, not to those who dwell in struggle.

So I made a choice—to show my best self, even in my lowest moments. When I was at my weakest, I dressed beautifully, smiled, and walked out the door as if nothing was wrong. My training in acting helped me separate emotions from expression. On stage, you can be grieving yet perform a scene of pure joy. I applied that to real life. I processed pain privately—not by unloading it on people who couldn't help. Many struggle with this. They wear their problems on their faces, blaming others for their unhappiness. That leads nowhere. I wanted to inspire—even in small ways, through attitude, a smile, optimism. So no matter how much my heart ached, I kept moving. I met people, celebrated successes—mine and theirs—because dwelling on sadness wouldn't change a thing.

My path hasn't been straightforward—career, finances, relationships. Why? I don't know yet. Maybe there's no deeper reason. People tend to overanalyse, but sometimes things just are. Regardless, I keep searching, testing solutions, learning. I never get lazy about self-study. No one knows me better than I do. The answers are inside—I just have to be ready to hear them.

Editor: In this issue, you said you've finally found home. Do you still feel that way? And if so, how will being home manifest on your path as an artist, a woman, a human?

Mia: I do feel home. Paris became home in 2023, which I never expected. It wasn't on my list. Yet, when I arrived, staying at my friend Félix's place—a fashion photographer—I immediately felt I should stay. It made no sense. I knew two people in the city, barely acquaintances. But something inside me said, You're staying. You have three days to find an apartment. And I did. How? That's a story for another time. (laughs)

Over the months, I understood why I was drawn here. Finding home wasn't about a place—it was about understanding myself. I uncovered patterns from childhood that held me back. I let go of self-imposed pressure, resolved emotional baggage, and became certain of my skills and direction. Before, I resisted chaos, trying to build success from a safe, controlled bubble. Now, I embrace the world as it is. I trust my own order, no longer afraid of getting "dirty" in the process.

This newfound clarity will manifest in my art, my relationships, my life. I want to help people trust themselves more—because no one can "fix" them but them. I'll share the importance of a clear space, inside and out, to unlock focus and creativity. I'll continue advocating for mental and physical health, because that was crucial for me. I'll become a more grounded love partner who will not cry on the floor in the face of my career challenges, or at least I'll do it less often. (smiles)

And I'll keep smiling—showing that success and happiness are possible, no matter how bumpy the road. My next projects will reflect that self-confidence, both in my creative work and in my business collaborations. I've spent years working on projects based on my own experiences—now I'm ready to contribute to others' visions as well. I love making people feel good. If what I do can help others' work shine, I'll keep doing it.

