

# MOQUÉM M DA QUE DEV RA

## 1. INTENTIONAL ERROR // ERRO INTENCIONAL

**Brazil is born regurgitated.**

A country chewed up, so present in the stomach of those who swallow it – that it insists on emerging as something of its own, something new, unrecognizable to those who tried to consume it.

**Anthropophagy**, before it was philosophy, was ritual. Among the Tupi-Guarani peoples, to devour the enemy was not to destroy them – it was to absorb them. To claim their strength, their courage, their voice. **To transform the other into oneself.**

Modernist art in Brazil understood this before it needed a name. It devoured the foreign with sophistication and returned it to the world with an accent, with sweat, with the scent of wet earth. It did not copy Europe – **it ate it**. And what came out the other side was something Europe could never have imagined on its own.

Brazilian **identity** was never a single thing. It was always a fire – fed by many hands, many woods, many winds. It does not belong to one people, one time, one territory. It belongs to the process. To the heat. To what survives the flame and becomes, in surviving, something more concentrated, more itself.

**Moquém is that slow fire.**

Among the Tupi-Guarani, the moquém was a wooden grill suspended over embers – a method of smoking meat that could preserve it for days, **intensifying its flavor without losing its essence**. Not the violence of direct flame, but the patience of slow heat. The knowledge that what is truly valuable does not need to be consumed quickly – it needs to be tended.

This project does not pay tribute to Brazil: it digests it. It builds its own moquém – a slow structure over a quiet fire – and places upon it everything that makes this country impossible to swallow whole. The contradiction. The color. The wound. The joy that insists on existing beside the wound.

**And what emerges from those embers is an identity that does not ask permission to exist.**

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## 2. CARNE É CULTURA // CONTEXT DEVELOPMENT

**The body has never been neutral.**

In Brazil, the body is archive. It carries in its skin the memory of everything that was imposed upon it – and everything it refused to surrender. It is the first territory, the most disputed, the most alive. To dress it is to take a political position. To expose it is to make a statement. To celebrate it – in all its excess, its asymmetry, its heat – is an act of resistance that predates any manifesto. Before there was a flag, before there was a border, before there was a name for this place, there was the body. Moving. Sweating. Remembering.

To be "origin" in Brazil today is not a romantic condition. It is a negotiation. **Between what was taken and what was kept.** Between the colonial gaze that classified, catalogued and diminished – and the gaze that looks back, unblinking, and decides for itself what is beautiful. Origin, here, is not nostalgia. It is not folklore preserved behind glass. It is a living tension – the daily act of existing in a country that has always been many countries at once, many peoples, many wounds, many celebrations happening simultaneously in the same square.

The Brazilian body learned to carry **contradiction** as posture. To mourn and dance in the same breath. To be dispossessed and generous in the same gesture. This is not paradox – it is sophistication of the highest order. A culture that has survived everything it has survived does not emerge simple. It emerges layered, syncretic, impossible to flatten into a single narrative. And it is precisely in that impossibility that its beauty lives.

**Brazilian popular culture understood beauty long before the institutions did.** In the street markets, color is not chosen – it is felt. Stall beside stall, fabric against fabric, the visual noise of the feira is not chaos. It is composition. The body moves through it with a naturalness that no art school has ever managed to teach, because it was never learned – **it was inherited.** Passed down through hands that knew how to arrange, adorn and transform without ever consulting a theory of aesthetics.

In the festivals – the Congadas, the Folia de Reis, the Bumba-meu-boi, the Festa do Divino – the costume is not decoration. It is transformation. **The body becomes myth, becomes force, becomes something larger than itself.** Sequins and ribbons and mirrored fabrics are not vanity – they are invocation. The light caught in the fabric is the same light offered to the saint, to the orixá, to the ancestor. To dress for the festival is to dress for the sacred. And in Brazil, the sacred has never been afraid of color.

Volpi captured the soul of popular celebration in his flags and façades – the geometry of the festive, the poetry hidden in the repetition of simple forms, **color pressed against color** until something sacred emerges from the ordinary. His work did not translate popular culture into fine art – it revealed that popular culture was already art, and had been for centuries before anyone thought to hang it on a wall.

There is an aesthetic in Brazil that the European tradition called ugly – and that Brazil, over time, reclaimed as its own signature. The excess. The saturation. The ornament that does not apologize for itself. The body that takes up space without asking whether it is welcome. The color combination that breaks every rule and arrives, somehow, at something undeniable. This is not accident. This is not naivety. This is a refined and deeply intentional relationship with beauty – **one that was forged not in academies but in streets**, in terreiros, in markets, in the back rooms where the costumes are sewn the night before the procession.

The **“leio que vira belo”** – the ugly that becomes beautiful – is perhaps Brazil's greatest cultural contribution. The recognition that the categories themselves are instruments of power. That what has been called excessive, primitive, loud or graceless has often been called so by those who feared what it expressed. Moquéim does not rehabilitate this aesthetic. It never accepted that it needed rehabilitation. It simply wears it – deliberately, loudly, without apology.

Oscar Niemeyer understood this through architecture. He took the distorted, organic figure – **the curve that defies the straight line**, the form that breathes rather than stands – and transformed it into the language of an entire nation. His buildings do not impose themselves on the landscape. They emerge from it, as if the earth itself had decided to take shape. The dome, the arc, the column that leans as if listening – these are not structural solutions. **They are philosophical statements.** The body, like the building, does not need to be rigid to be strong. It does not need to be straight to be true.

Roberto Burle Marx extended this philosophy into the ground itself. His gardens were not arrangements of nature – they were conversations with it. Sprawling, asymmetric, alive with the colors and forms of native Brazilian flora, his landscapes refused the geometry of European formal gardens in favor of something wilder and more honest. He looked at what already existed in the Brazilian earth and saw, without alteration, without importation, without apology, that **it was enough. More than enough.** He made the native radical. Moquéem does the same.

The body in Moquéem follows this same logic. It is not a mannequin, not a surface, not a hanger for fabric. It is a landscape. Organic, political, impossible to reduce to a single silhouette. It curves where it wants to curve. It expands where it wants to expand. It carries its history visibly, without concealment, because concealment was never the point. The point was always transformation – the slow, deliberate, fire-tended process of becoming something that could not have existed anywhere else.

Moquéem looks at the body the way Brazil has always looked at itself at its best – with the recognition that what is irregular, layered, contradictory and difficult to define is not a problem to be solved. It is the origin of everything worth making. It is the territory from which this collection was drawn. And it is the territory to which it returns – dressed, transformed, and entirely itself.

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### 3. MANIFESTO TÊXTIL // CONCEPT EVOLUTION

**"Tupi or not tupi, that is the question."**

– Oswald de Andrade, Manifesto Antropofágico, 1928

**Moquéem does not cite. It devours.**

There is a fundamental difference between **reference** and **digestion**. Reference keeps the original intact – it observes from a distance, pays homage with gloves on. Digestion is something else entirely. **It is total contact.** Chemical transformation. The moment when what was ingested ceases to belong to the other and becomes, irreversibly, your own. Oswald de Andrade's Manifesto Antropofágico did not propose that Brazil imitate Europe with sophistication. It proposed that Brazil swallow it whole – and that what emerged from the other side would be **unrecognizable to those who thought they were doing the consuming.**

This piece operates by the same logic. Every technique, every reference, every cultural movement that passes through Moquéem enters as influence and exits as something else. There is no citation without transformation. **There is no borrowing without digestion.**

Patchwork is perhaps the most honest example of this operation. A technique of foreign origin – born from necessity, from scarcity, from the salvaging of scraps that would otherwise be discarded – it became, in the

hands of Brazilian popular culture, a language of its own. In the markets, in the homes of the interior, in the quilts passed from generation to generation, Brazilian patchwork is not recycling. It is composition. It is the aesthetic intelligence of those who learned that the fragment is not the absence of the whole – **it is the whole**, reorganized. Moquéem devours this tradition and places it back onto the body: the scrap as manifesto, the seam as argument, **the imperfection of the join as deliberate signature**.

At the same time, the collection turns its eye toward traditional haute couture – not to revere it, but to disarticulate it. The nervure, a structural technique of European tailoring, appears here displaced from its original context. Not as a marker of prestige, not as a signal of impeccable finish, but as the visible architecture of the body – **an exposed rib, a structure that does not hide**. The nervure in Moquéem does not hold the garment together. It holds an idea together: that construction can be part of the aesthetic, that the skeleton can be as beautiful as the skin.

**The material, in this project, is not a support. It is a concept.**

Leather runs through the Brazilian popular imagination with a depth that no other fabric reaches. It is present in the figure of the vaqueiro nordestino – the gibão, the hat, the leg guards – the man who faces the sertão with the hide of the ox as a second skin. It appears in the festas juninas, where leather is not merely protection but identity, costume, celebration – a culture that built its aesthetic from the earth and the cattle. Volpi painted the little flags of the festa junina with the same seriousness with which he might have painted a cathedral – because for him, and for the Brazil he understood, **they were a cathedral**. Moquéem begins from the same premise: the leather of the festival is as sacred as the leather of haute couture. Perhaps more so.

There is also an economic and ecological dimension that Moquéem does not ignore. Brazil is one of the world's largest exporters of beef. Cattle farming has always been part not only of the economy but of the cultural imagination of the country – from the ox of the Bumba-meu-boi to the herds that define the landscape of the cerrado and the sertão. Leather, the **inevitable byproduct of this chain**, carries within it a question of sustainability that is also a question of honesty: **to waste it would be to ignore what already exists**. To use it is to acknowledge the complete cycle – **from earth to body, from animal to archive, from necessity to beauty**. Moquéem does not use leather in spite of its origin. It uses leather because of it.

The glossary of this collection is not technical. It is **philosophical**.

*To devour – to absorb without losing hunger. To transform the other into oneself without erasing the trace of the transformation.*

*Scrap – the fragment that does not apologize for not being whole. The part that carries the whole in another way.*

*Nervure – the skeleton that appears. The structure that decides to also be surface.*

*Leather – the second skin that was once a first. The material that carries the memory of a body before it carries a garment.*

*Moquéem – the slow fire that does not destroy. That preserves, concentrates, intensifies. That transforms without erasing the origin.*

The diagram of influences in Moquém is not a timeline. It is a **dining table** – where everything that arrived was tasted, chewed, and returned to the world with a different flavor. European haute couture took a seat. So did popular patchwork. The vaqueiro's leather, Volpi's little flags, Niemeyer's curve, Burle Marx's garden, the Manifesto Antropofágico. **Nothing left the way it arrived. Nothing needed to.**

This piece is not an archive of references. It is the result of a long, slow digestion – fed by the fire of the Moquém – and what lives in these garments is not citation. It is what remained after the fire did its work.

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## 4. PIGMENTO CONCRETO // COLOUR PALLETE AND MATERIALS

**Color, in Moquém, is not decoration. It is argument.**

The palette of this collection begins with an apparently simple gesture – the colors of the Brazilian flag – and **subverts it with discretion**. There is no patriotic ostentation, no literal citation. The green, yellow, blue and white appear as **chromatic memory**, as a substrate the eye recognizes before it can name. These are the colors of a country still being written – and it is precisely for this reason that white predominates.

White, here, is not absence. It is possibility. It is the canvas before the gesture, the fabric before the festival, **the country before it decides what it wants to be**. In Moquém, white is the **point of departure** that can be dyed, stained, embroidered, transformed. It does not represent purity – it represents openness. The potency of one who has not yet closed themselves into a single version of themselves. Like Brazil, which after more than five hundred years has still not finished discovering itself, the white of this collection is a **permanent invitation to transformation**.

The other colors appear as interventions upon this ground – geometric, deliberate, constructed with the precision of those who understand that color does not exist alone. Abraham Palatnik, pioneer of Brazilian kinetic art, demonstrated that color is always relational: **it changes according to what surrounds it**, the light that passes through it, the angle of the one who looks. Lygia Clark went further – she transformed color and form into tactile experience, into something not contemplated but **inhabited**. The palette of Moquém was built with this awareness: each tone was chosen not only for what it is, **but for what it does to what surrounds it**.

Volpi, once again, lends his vocabulary. His little flags – simple forms, repeated, vibrant – taught that popular geometry is not naive. It is rigorous. It is a mathematics of celebration, an **architecture of joy**. Moquém takes this lesson: the chromatic interventions upon the white follow a constructive logic, not a decorative one. **Every mark has intention. Every contrast has argument.**

The predominant material of this collection is leather – but not a single leather, not a homogeneous surface. It is many leathers, of many textures, many origins and treatments. Smooth and rough. Matte and satin. Soft as skin and rigid as bark. **This multiplicity is not an aesthetic accident – it is a conceptual declaration.**

Brazil was not built from a single material. It was built from parts, from fragments, from cultures that met with violence and with beauty, with imposition and with resistance. The leather in Moquém carries this memory: each texture is a different face of the same country, a different layer of the same skin. To touch the collection is to touch an archive – to feel, at the tips of the fingers, that what appears unified is, in truth, composed.

Texture, here, is **political surface**. What the touch communicates is not merely material quality – it is complexity of origin. It is the refusal to flatten into a single smooth and uniform surface everything that was built through friction, through mixture, through the tension between what arrived from outside and what was already here.

And then there are the beads.

Small, insistent, impossible to ignore. The miçangas in Moquéem are not ornament – they are coded resistance. The Afro-Brazilian religions were built through a process that is, in itself, deeply anthropophagic: faced with the imposition of colonial Catholicism, the orixás were not erased. They were covered. The Catholic saints became vessels for the African divinities, who continued to exist beneath, intact in their essence, transformed only at the surface. **Digestion as survival strategy**. The appearance of assimilation as a form of **resistance**.

The beads carry this history on the body. Their colors are not arbitrary – each orixá has its chromatic code, its signature of light. The white of Oxalá. The blue and white of Iemanjá. The yellow of Oxum. When the beads appear over the white leather of Moquéem, they do not decorate – **they write**. They inscribe upon the open surface of white a memory that survived everything that tried to **silence** it.

The relationship between leather and beads is, in itself, a metaphor for the entire collection: the material that comes from the Brazilian earth, from cattle farming, from the sertão – meets the ornament that comes from the African diaspora, from religious resistance, from the beauty that insisted on existing even when it was forbidden. Two elements that might seem opposed. That together, are **Brazil**.

#### *Chromatic Glossary:*

*Open White – the country before it decides. The canvas. The point of departure that invites transformation.*

*Cerrado Green – not the green of the flag, but the green of the brush before the road. Dense, alive, anterior.*

*Feira Yellow – the yellow that is not gold. It is turmeric, it is corn, it is the market stall under the midday sun.*

*Palatnik Blue – the blue that changes with the light. Kinetic, unstable, honest about its own impermanence.*

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## **5. PLANO PILOTO DO CORPO // SILHOUETTE**

**Brasília was not built. It was designed.**

There is a fundamental difference between what grows and what is conceived – between the city that forms through the accumulation of human gestures over time, and the city that is born whole from a vision, from a sheet of paper, from an audacity. Brasília is the second thing. An idea materialized in the middle of the cerrado, a thousand kilometers from any coastline, as if Brazil had decided, once and for all, to stop looking outward and build something that could only exist **here**.

Moquéem looks at Brasília not as a political symbol, but as a **philosophy of form**. As proof that it is possible to design something that escapes entirely the logic of what came before – and that this **deviation**, far from being

error, can be the most truthful thing ever made.

The central silhouette of this piece is a dress. But not a dress that follows the body. **A dress that proposes another body** – one that refuses the traditional logic of feminine curves as the only possible vocabulary, and offers in their place something Niemeyer had already intuited in his façades: the curve that does not follow anatomy, but transcends it. The curve that does not embrace – that projects. That creates void where volume was expected, and volume where void was expected. Like the Cathedral of Brasília, which narrows before it opens. Like the Palácio da Alvorada, which floats before it lands. The silhouette of Moquéem does not dress the body. It inhabits it – as if the body were the terrain and the dress were the building erected upon it.

The nervures that run through the garments of this collection are not merely structure. They are relief.

Roberto Burle Marx understood that the garden is not the negation of nature – it is its **reinterpretation**. His beds followed the contour of the cerrado itself, the organic lines of the biome, the topography that existed before any human project. The nervures of Moquéem operate in the same way: they follow the body not to mold it, but to map it. They are like altitude lines on a geographic chart – they reveal the relief, they do not invent it.

But there is another reading. The nervures are scars. Marks that time, labor and construction leave upon a surface. In leather, the nervure is not sewn on top – it emerges from within, as if the material already contained it and the process of making merely revealed it. It is the beauty born of what was pressed, of what was **shaped by force**. The scar is not the opposite of beauty – it is beauty's most honest form. Moquéem does not hide the construction process of its garments. It displays it, proudly, as if to say: this was made. This had a cost. And it is more beautiful for it.

And then there are the shoulders.

The shoulder pads of this collection are not an aesthetic device borrowed from eighties fashion, nor a reference to the corporate power of the structured tailleur. They are a tribute. A direct reversal to the “Monumento aos Candangos”, the work by Bruno Giorgi inaugurated in Brasília in 1959 – two stylized, elongated human figures, arms open and shoulders raised, cast in bronze at the **heart of the capital they themselves built**.

The candangos were the workers who came, mostly from the Northeast, to build Brasília with their own hands. They came without guarantees, without comfort, often without return. They built a capital that celebrated the future while they lived in the most precarious present. Giorgi's monument does not represent them as victims – it represents them as force. As figures that grow beyond human scale, that reach toward the sky with open arms, that occupy the space of the capital with the same dignity with which they raised it.

The shoulder pads of Moquéem carry this memory. They elevate the silhouette beyond what the body naturally proposes – not to intimidate, but to monumentalize. To remember that the body that wears this collection descends, in some way, from those who built this country with their hands. That the grandeur the shoulder suggests is not arrogance – it is recognition. It is the form that fashion found to say: you also raised something. **You also deserve to be a monument**.

The complete silhouette – the dress that escapes conventional curves, the nervures that map the body's relief, the shoulder pads that monumentalize whoever inhabits it – **is itself a pilot plan**. A project for a body that does

not need to ask permission to occupy space. A body that was **designed**, like Brasília, to exist where no one expected. To be, where everything suggested it would not be possible, something entirely new.

The body in Moquéem is not a landscape to be contemplated. It is a city to be inhabited.

And like every city worth inhabiting, it does not surrender itself at once. It reveals itself in layers – in the texture of the leather that changes with the light, in the nervure that is only seen up close, in the shoulder that is only understood from afar. It has its floor plan, its voids, its exposed structures. It has its candangos, who built it from within before anyone wore it from without.

Brasília was raised in three years. This collection took as long as it took. What matters, in both cases, is not the speed – it is that when it was finished, **it was impossible to imagine that it had not always existed**.

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## 6. SÔ ME INTERESSA O QUE NÃO É MEU // CLOSURE

Oswald de Andrade wrote that line as **provocation**. As a declaration of method. As the most honest confession a Brazilian artist could make in the twentieth century – and which, curiously, remains the most honest one can make now.

*“I am only interested in what is not mine”.*

Not because what is mine has no value. But because what is not mine still has everything to offer – the resistance of the unknown, the friction of encounter, the possibility that contact transforms both sides. Anthropophagy is not a praise of copying. It is a praise of hunger. Of the willingness to approach the other with the appetite of one who knows they will leave the encounter changed.

Moquéem was built with that hunger.

It devoured the Manifesto Antropofágico and returned it in leather. It devoured European haute couture and returned it with nervures that resemble scars. It devoured popular patchwork and returned it as argument. It devoured Brasília and returned it as silhouette. It devoured the slow fire of the Tupi-Guarani and used it to smoke, with patience, every aesthetic decision, every choice of material, every gesture of construction that composes this piece.

**And now the fire has finished its work.**

What was over the moquéem – exposed to slow heat, turned with care, preserved in what is essential and intensified in what is genuine – is ready. Not in the sense of finished, of closed, of resolved. Ready in the sense that **it has reached the point where it can be delivered**. Where it can leave the hands of those who made it and pass into the hands of those who will inhabit it.

Because that is what this piece ultimately proposes: **to be inhabited**.

Not contemplated from a distance, not preserved as object, not handled with the gloves of reference. To be worn, used, sweated in, folded, stored and taken out again. To have the leather receive the marks of whoever wears it, and for those marks to become part of the project – because Moquéem always knew that the work

does not end when it leaves the hands of its maker. It ends – or rather, it continues – **when it meets the body that will devour and be devoured by it.**

The invitation of this collection is the same as Oswald's: **arrive hungry**. Bring what is yours. Let the encounter transform both sides. **Resignify** the pieces with your origin, your history, the specific weight of what you carry. Moqué<sup>m</sup> was not made for an ideal body. It was made for a real one – one that has relief, that has scars, that has its own topography and deserves a project equal to it.

This project leave behind a philosophy of making that is also a philosophy of seeing. The conviction that Brazil does not need to look outward to find sophistication – it was already here, in the hands that sewed scraps together, in the gardens that followed the cerrado, in the shoulders that raised a capital in the middle of nowhere. The certainty that identity is not a destination – it is a process, an ember that never fully extinguishes, that **always retains enough heat to begin again.**

This piece does not resolve the tension. The contradiction. The productive discomfort of existing in a country still being invented. Moqué<sup>m</sup> does not offer answers – it offers a method. A way of relating to what came before, to what is here, to what is yet to come. The slow fire does not resolve the ingredient. It transforms it. **And transformation, by definition, is never entirely finished.**

What comes after this rupture is what always comes after a good manifesto: **the work.**

Brasília was drawn before it was built. The Manifesto Antropofágico was written before the digestion could be tasted. **The moqué<sup>m</sup> is prepared before the meat arrives.**

**The fire is lit. The heat is right. What comes next is inevitable.**