

M A R N I

MARNI SPRING/SUMMER 2020

ACT I

Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce myself first. I am here, but I am also there. Today I am woman, tomorrow I don't know. I live by the words *Everything was forever until it was no more*. I am MC Magma, the vocal spirit of transformation, and I am very happy to have you all here, standing up on this field of dots, oblivious of the cloud of waste that hovers over our heads - it won't escape transformation, too, so there is no need to fear - to celebrate the marriage between our beloved friends Truman Capote and Ernesto Che Guevara. Truman embarked in such a long trip to charm Ernesto, leaving his world of swans and lost beauties behind to embrace the jungle of radicalism. We have to admire and celebrate his endurance and suaveness, just as we have to rejoice for Ernesto's urge to give it all up in the name of mutation.

The rite we are celebrating is a union between two souls, and the respective liveries of course, but it is also a way for us, each one of us, to reconsider our presence in this world, what we stand for, what we strive for. Let's act up, dear friends. Let's rebel. Let's be vocal about are beliefs, or lets's just wear them. Lets's ignite a tropical guerrilla, suited or camouflaged, like fauves in the favela, jazzing in the garage and madly hatted. Let's do it, pleaurably. Rebellion is beautiful and beauty is rebellious. Let the rite commence, and never end.

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A study in clashes, and the uneven harmony that ensues by mixing opposite worlds, jumbling it all together.

The extreme graphic properness and formality of suits.

The radical rebelliousness of field jackets and militaria, with a tropical slant.

The immediacy of landscapes - lyrical views of mother nature, complete with the waste that thrashes it nowadays - painted onto shirts, turned into a jacquard.

Little objects of beauty, to front a tropical expedition: stripy polos, little shirts, compact knits.

Camouflage is everywhere, never proper and hardly literal: slashed onto jackets and fatigues, turned into a chiné motif, getting a little fauve.

Blazers and trousers as sum of fabrics.

Ritual hats, made of garbage by Georgian artist Shalva Nikvashvili. A bestiary of bizarre animals, on charms and jewelry. Silver brooches by Japanese artist Kazuma Nagai.

Slippers assembled from remnants and cut offs, plimsolls dipped in oil, bags that are harvest big.