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Every man has been building a house around him, whether that be a physical place or a mental state. He often pondered upon these whenever he found a corner of a day from where he could dwell on... Where his house could situate, the soil it would take root, the culture it would embed, the people he wanted to be with in his domain; the nature this house would grow old with, the scent of seasons, that setting sun, those drops of rain, across the field that wind would blow, the drama of clouds... He would survey, on a plateau, by a valley, on the other side of a headland, would that be embraced by a bay, a safe harbor in which every ship and every soul would wish to anchor; how far his house should be from the nearest neighbor to maintain a gentleman relationship, how close it should be with others without being devoured by the magnitude of a city.



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On solid foundation, he raised four walls and a roof. Inside this darkness, he carved it out with light. What he could see inside led him to see outside. The idea of what he must let in or what he must keep out seized him. So fundamental as: if this could be the air to breathe, the water to drink; if this could be the material to build, the tone to infuse; if this could be the furniture that would be with him for long, if this could be the object which he would cherish. If his cloth could be worn out quickly by fashion, if his hand watch could be nothing but as annoying as to only remind him of being late...



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To no one else, in that moment of revelation, he was faithful once for all only to himself. Every decision and selection were conscious and deliberate. He expressed his preference as well as indifference, without the obligation to explain nor to please anyone but himself. In respecting his freedom, he never underestimated this involving decision.



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Burden of his accumulation, the weight of tradition, the load of others' expectation, they all came on top of him at once. He denounced them, or better, reinterpreted and redirected them, in the hope of finding a continuity from what he had been to what he wanted to become. Through a house, his inner house, its solidity and intangibility, its sheer presence, only though from the aura it radiates... reflected this innate spirit that have been nourished underneath. Now it has become all so revealing, laid open in light, unbelievably in front of his eyes.

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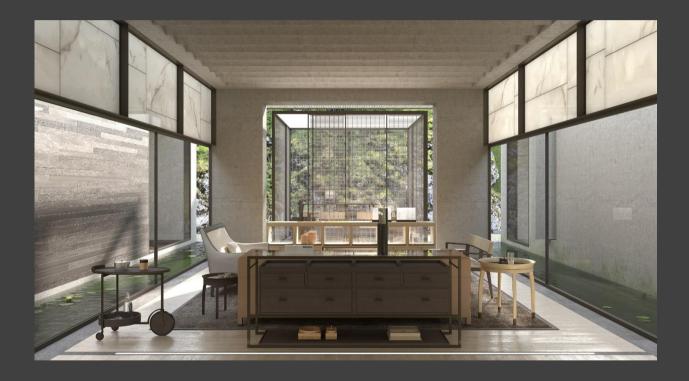


Here he would sleep, wash, eat and work, to share his thoughts with others, to be totally alone... in every corner of his mind and in specific space. Like what he has conceived, perhaps the generosity of a house should be this kind and considerate as to inspire and support every spontaneity and imagination.

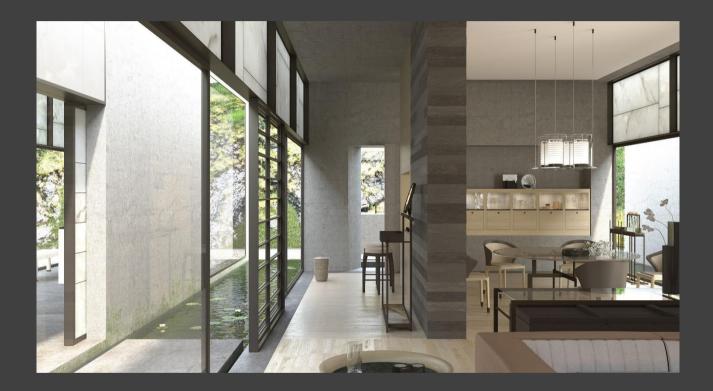
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His house, a repository of his natural instinct, he has been the very curator of his own life, the explorer of his own vision, searcher of how he would see the meaning of existence and his pursuit, in resonance with what he has been longing deep inside. Once on this "tepui" *, someone asked this man long long time ago, "what will you do with your life?" He replied, "I just want to build a house here of my own, if not just in my mind." *A tepui, or tepuy, Spanish: te'pui, is a table-top mountain found in the Guiana Highlands of South America. The word tepui means "house of the gods" in the native tongue of the Pemon.

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