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Caligo is a light mist often overtaking the entire lagoon and renders everything half-visible. Or, in that respect, half of the world, half of the history, half of what is supposed to be real... could be lying ahead to be experienced all over again. At least, if mist, for its creative purpose of suspending a cloud of uncertainty in the air, could inspire renewed insight and appreciation for those that might have otherwise slipped out of attention, then all that is ahead is a journey in slow-motion of rediscovery, reinterpretation, reconnection, recreation...



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Mist sets its own pace. ...the landing by the water some steps down slowly dissolves in the hydrosphere as the hue of the aquatic green loses its vibrance. In front, gradually revealing itself, the railing of the bridge holds our hands to its first step on the parabolic arc that throws into the mist. At that very moment, a paradox is hanging at its lightest but most intense of being: if there is anything across, it must have been firm and as tangible as eternity! Time suddenly reveals itself and has stood there still, rarely, wanting to be caressed... What is the shape of time, its contour, colour; its materiality, texture? Does time discriminate the young, and only fond of the old? How does time, the ultimate judge, appreciate the labour of approaching beauty, and yet how could time, without bias, let fall most of these same attempts into oblivion. Where is time when at its sublimity is timeless?

For many, history provokes both love and hate: it is simultaneously a reservoir, where all sources of ideas converge to nourish further ideas; and a wall, thick and tall, imposing and often offensive, disheartening any attempt of jumping across.

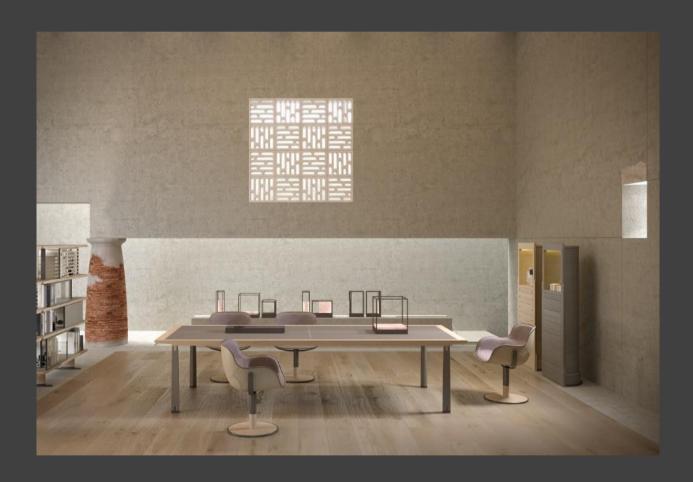


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Here, history, on which a hand can lay, never seems to be perceived as a linear, chronological array of events, even have they happened sequentially. They are now fragments of isolated episodes and remnants of fading memories that have scattered here and there along our journey searching for the identity of the present. Yet, if present could ever be detached, singled out independently as a recognizable testimony of our current existence and aspiration, then how bare and withered it could have been, alone, without a context to relate to, and to justify its every impulse; lacking the frame of time against which present could stand validly; not knowing where present is coming from or going to, why it has taken such a turn, how present would regenerate itself, growing healthily again without the root from which every life and idea, of any origin and of any past, have germinated?



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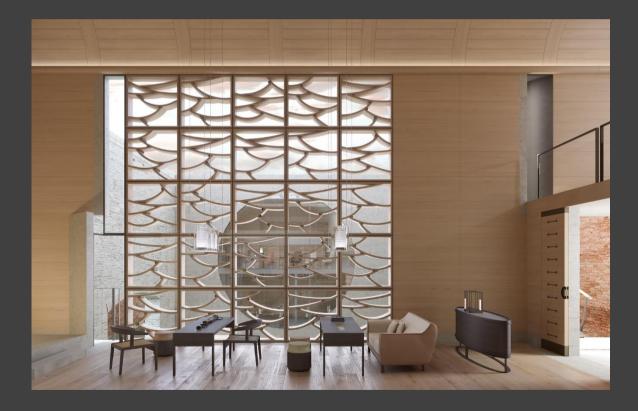
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By wiping the slate clean, on the other hand, the search for a pure modern identity, or a more desirable present one would say, is often an act of delusion. The idea of Tabula Rasa in human mind has long been discussed in Western philosophy, but has there been a physical nothingness awaiting anyone to begin a new beginning, where one could shed the burden of history, relinquishing all conventions for a new, alternative reality? If indeed, with the infinite empowering of technological knowhow, the world is no more an unexplored territory, nor has the history of ideas left out much to be unthought of, then the strive for originality, a faculty much encouraged and cherished deep in our heart, would need to be questioned. Have many changes that have been brought about are out of true necessities, have many so called original "inventions" been of real relevance? Perhaps, by carving a vacuum out of amnesia for just any pursuit of "originality" as a pastime in modern days has its own fulfillment, however brief and inconsequential.



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Hidden at an inlet of a *rio* (small canal), the Ponti di Caligo comes to sight under an arch opening wide enough for small boats to get through. Over this sheltered calm water, the bridge connects the two inseparable parts of a private gallery. New and fresh as it is, realized with the latest technology as it should be, the light and discreet bridge must have been there always. As though, against the background of a wall of almost one thousand year old, the bridge too has long taken that same patina of truth and life, with the honesty of material it upholds and the love of craftsmanship it celebrates silently. Here, under this same sky, the aura of permanence appears to cast a unifying tonality on every detail, ancient or recent; every crack, large or small; every stain, deep or faint; every wash, gentle or otherwise, on the algae that lines the water level.



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It is of immense challenge to see the collection housed in this private gallery on both sides of the Ponti di Caligo, putting all the disciplines, hopes and dreams of DIMENSION CHI WING LO in juxtaposition with the most noble attempts in art, design and making of the past, which are also very much alive in our memory. Time will wear every stone and will grind every metal, till each becomes dust and vanishes forever. Even then, the passion that has been ignited, as warm as the fiery orange red bricks that have been cracked open through the centuries, will perpetuate with tolerance and optimism.



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