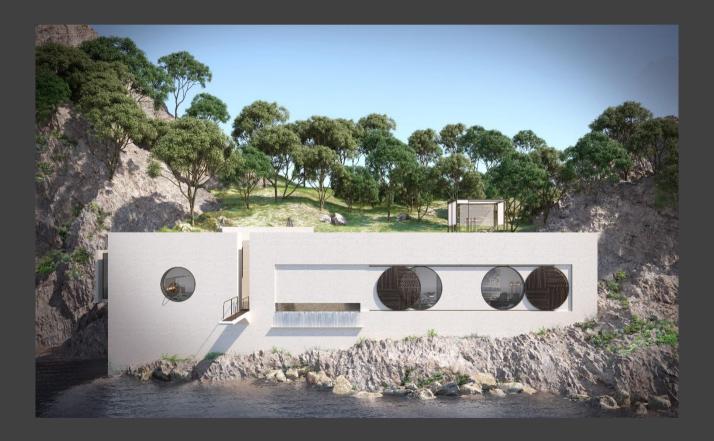
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Let us contemplate for a while that the planet Earth we live on is not spherical, and that we can no longer travel around it. We are now going off the tangent and in front of us, there is an immense extent of a horizon, flat and meeting no barriers or limits.



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Under this hypothetical circumstance, there is still a car we can drive from here to there, perhaps out of the fear of going alone further and deeper into the unknown territory, we return back to where we were. Or a train, with the momentum of a collective effort and the comfort of having more people to come along, we ride from here to there, with lesser fear, we may reach a lot further than a car. But then as far as the track goes, the train does stop at the most remote station, and however unwillingly, it comes back to where we once departed. The ocean too, is now a stretch of infinite sea that will sure fail any Columbus of today for the attempt of one day to reach the same port of embarkment by charting a straight course.

Despite how far an ocean liner can voyage, it too will come to a halt somewhere even the waters there is claimed by no one nor under any jurisdiction. Again, predestined, we return. Imaginably, there is also a plane we can take from here to there, faster and can go much much further. Even the whole plane is loaded with the most inconceivable fuel, equipped with a space energy of some sort, somehow it has to land at the furthest runway, even though what is presented at the arrival only reveals how insignificant a distance we have covered, regardless of the resources and ambition we have gathered at the origin of departure



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Without putting a precaution to our optimism, we are tightly bound by limitations throughout the history of humanity and there is no exception even in this space age. If the fact that we have not been exploring far enough at all of our frontiers, it is largely due to the unsatisfiable ambition inherent in our nature and faculty: new achievements could only bring about more unfulfillable ventures. At least physically, we are terribly bound by the means we have invented so proudly. And without feeling ungrateful to the achievements of science, let us rethink the concept of distance and infinity. In so doing, we may overcome distance not by vehicles and approach infinity not by spaceships. Indeed real travel is not exactly about distance, and venture is not all about risk. Ironically, we can travel very far by just staying within four walls, and conversely, we travel very little even if we were all professional pilots, jetting off from airport to airport everyday nonstop.



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Let us redefine the finitude set by physical laws to which we are born to accustom, while enduring the human condition that we can never be able to ride above them. Consider, if the human mind is the fuel, and the body is this ingenious craft that will never betray us, a new form of "travel" will open up in front of us. We can go as far as we want, and have clearer perspective to comprehend well beyond the swift and blurred pictures that come almost as defaults outside the window of all forms of transportations. We will visit not only places imprinted on our memory, but also places that offer, according to our will, a relief from the present, and further beyond to places in vivid imagination that conjures up a future, for us to ponder upon if it is worth our while to march towards it, if it is really our final destination. If not simultaneously, we will fall into an abyss darker than Dante's Inferno, but we will also risep to a nirvana that is more befitting and fulfilling than a crowed heaven.



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Is there a place, or a particular nowhere; a hidden passage where time could not find us, or a quietly shined corner of the day... that we can dwell on, in the finest of imagination, a boundless journey towards a suspended province beyond, towards the innermost center of a spiritual domain?

Inevitably, we could not but to revisit the intimate spaces of Gaston Bachelard, to open his receptacles and drawers that hold our memories and dreams, to enter his cellars and attics that infuse with our being and perfect imperfection, to hang a beautiful moment on his handles and hooks, to sew an inner lining of wishes inside his nests and shells...



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The White Cliff may be such place to embark for this journey. Situated between water and land, at the interface where the solid madness of convention dissolves into a placid reservoir of ideas, at the juncture where a life-long servitude to mere unconventional standards suddenly releases itself and breaks free, the White Cliff is a launching terrace for far-reaching views and a harbor to protect and foster forever a fragile antidote that checks and balances any deterioration of confidence and consciousness. Here, what is relinquished is nothing other than a self-imposed burden, and when it is finally shed, this journey will meet no bounds, or any demarcation that can bisect here and there, being and non-being, tangible and those to be felt.



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