





FALLING ASLEEP IS LIKE FALLING IN LOVE

You cannot catch the moment. When it arrives it is already too late. Dream, love, night are simultaneously physical and immaterial, visible and impossible to grasp. Were we to find ourselves dreaming in the bed and the head of Emilio Maraini, what would we see? What would we taste? Beet sugar. Thousands of roots ready to be transformed into a foodstuff, precious enough to construct a colossal fortune. How many beets need to be grown to make just one meringue? If Villa Maraini has roots, they are undoubtedly beetroots. From them, a garden of plants and flowers from all over the world has sprouted. The entrance to the park and the villa opens onto a dark, damp vision. It is the cave. Three dreamcatchers decorate this space of the unconscious, foreshadowing the fabrics of which the rest of the installation is composed. Duvet covers, pillowcases and tablecloths, produced in relation to the exceptional career of the industrialist of Swiss origin (the design of the fabrics has been done in collaboration with Noémie Gyax, no-do), hang between the palms of the garden. While the dreamcatchers are decorated with the feathers of a planetary tropical paradise, the “vulgar” beetroots are transformed into European, African, American, Asian and Australian flowers. Certain specimens were personally gathered by Donatella Bernardi’s father. Explorers and the nouveaux riches are always excessive, free of any socialist or democratic inhibitions.

Barbabietole e meringue

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