

**PRESENTATION OF DELPHINE VALLI'S SOLO SHOW – "LES REVOLTES LOGIQUES", FOR RENT/FOR SALE #2, 79 VIA BRUXELLES, ROME, MAY 2014**

Dear Delphine;

Looking back, three clear mental pictures of the two of us come back to mind. The first one in Bologna. Interior/Night. A small cheap hotel downtown. It is the night before the opening of "Artefiera" in 2005; my first experience as a gallerist in Bologna, and you with me in the role of my assistant.

Between checking the price list, and a comment on our new hairdos made by a mediocre but expensive hairdresser, we start making daring speeches on major issues. The adrenaline runs as high as the anxiety for our upcoming presentation.

The second mental picture is in Rome. In my home terrace. Exterior/Sunset. It's one of those days of mid-May, as they were in the past : warm, with a taste of the coming summer, the air filled with the smell of jasmine which pervades Roman terraces. The sky is blemish-pink and seagulls flutter around above us.

The third picture of us is strong and tender at the same time. Orte. Interior/Day. Winter. We are in the countryside in November with Alfredo, Paolo, Alessio, India – your strong hand resting on my big belly- I am seven months pregnant. I am mourning while generating two lives.

I left you while you were taking the first steps in the world of art, writing, drawing, making photographs, small sculptures... I find you now, after seven years during which we totally lost sight of each other, with the same intensity as before, as ever. Your work is moving, it fascinates and intimidates me, to be honest. I use this strong term because I think it takes great courage to venture out and work with sculptures. This feeling in me is provoked, I suspect, by what lies behind, aside and beyond your work: I sense a bridge that you unconsciously threw between the visible and the invisible dimensions, and trying to establish with every one of your pieces a personal dialogue with the mysterious world that surrounds us, protecting us, but which we do not have the instruments to decrypt, being human beings with limited skills, except in rare moments of interior tranquillity. In that sense your research is absolutely rigorous, and becomes evident in all those instances - and knowing you there are many of those - in which with child-like poetic enthusiasm you have the capacity to be amazed by a small detail, like a street that had seen many times before but re-discover: that capacity you have to transform the banality of routine into a magic, unique moment of pure delight and joy.

Trying to follow a common thread in all your work, a short sentence written on a piece of paper during my first pregnancy, which coincided to a period of personal mourning, comes to mind: "The sweet presence of the absence", but in your case I would say: "the presence of the absence" tout court. Through your work it seems that you re-claim possession of everything that lies beyond what is Visible, underlying through sculpture, as you say yourself, the quality of emptiness, adding thus value to emptiness and the invisible, meant as values of space, at least as much as concrete presence and visibility.

With stubbornness, and extreme delicacy, you claim possession of a space redefining its boundaries, and suggesting to your audience how misleading perception can be. With the photograph of our "Aurelian wall" you have immortalized time, your Master of form. Powerful, reaching to the sky, they reveal forms in the form deeply rooted in space. Through your drawings, an autonomous body which is not only a reference for other artworks, you investigate the outer space carefully balancing out the colour surfaces to reveal their hidden side. With the coated plates you fill the space without ever oppressing it, leaving a place for other visual perceptions. With the moulds, made with the iron square ruler, you invite us all to sharpen our visual perception in order to welcome in the global vision of the object the apparently invisible part defined by the

shadow as well. With the elastic rope installation you immerse us the physical usability of the sculpture inviting us to carefully observe where the shape multiplies itself by means of the shadow. With the drawings on glass plates finally, you introduce a new language, between painting and writing, encouraging us to savour the various facets of perspective.

We meet again now, after seven years, and between vibrations and interest, I quote a little sentence you say all the time: It's incredible. Absolutely!

Who would have thought even a few months ago that we would meet again to share this new adventure!

Betta

Rome, May 4, 2014