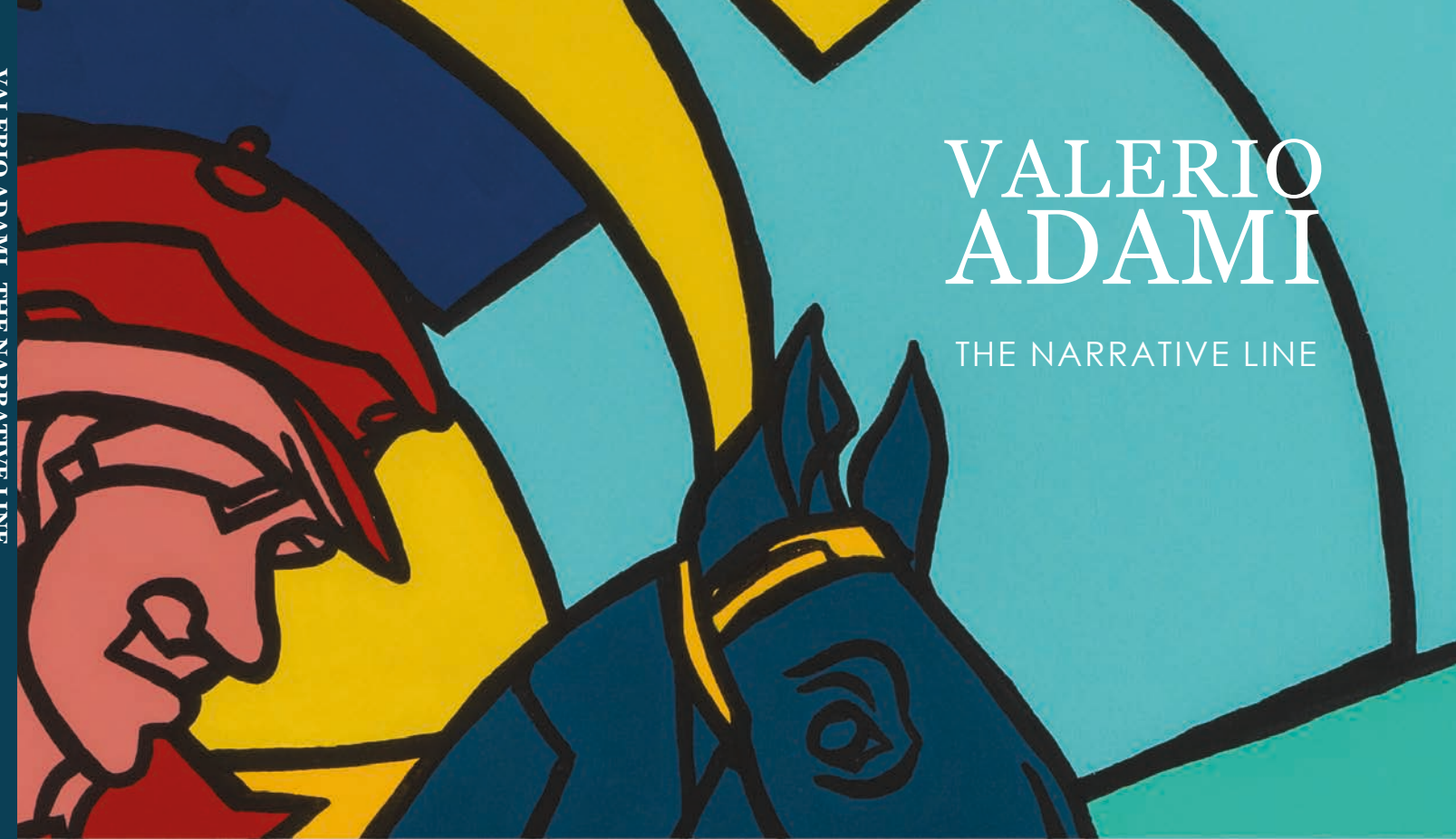
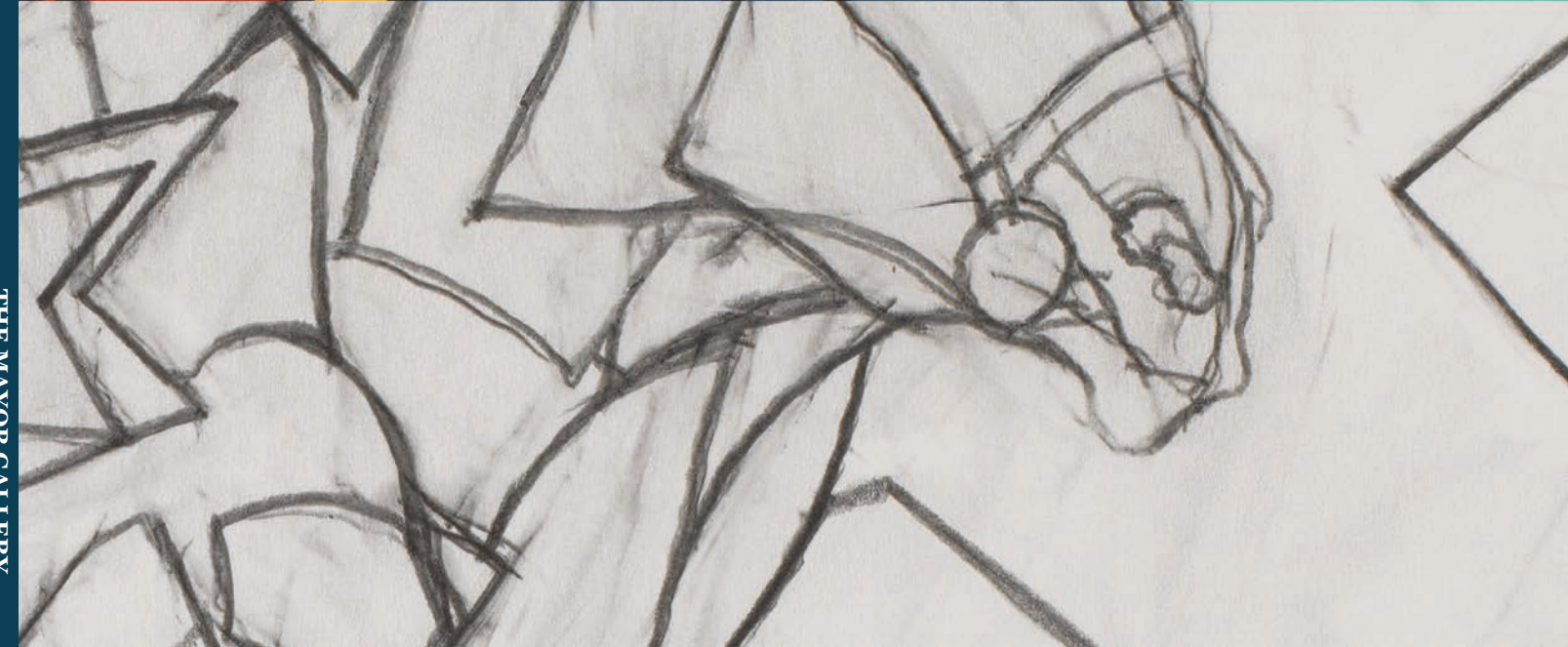


VALERIO
ADAMI

THE NARRATIVE LINE



VALERIO ADAMI THE NARRATIVE LINE



THE MAYOR GALLERY

**THE
MAYOR
GALLERY**

Cover image: In cammino verso l'Est (pg 25)

VALERIO ADAMI

THE NARRATIVE LINE

**Recent Paintings
& Sketches**

**THE
MAYOR
GALLERY**

‘The fruit tree adapts to the seasons
and resists wind and frost. All of my
drawings stand between Drawing and
my Life like road signs; a drawing
today, a new one tomorrow...’

I draw in prose but from time to time a rhyme slips in. You have to use the imagination cautiously; it's so speedy, it can spring up anywhere. Drawing is slow, it moulds closed forms, locked in themselves; it starts where the words stop.

The subject becomes a drawing when words are not adequate to describe it; looking at it, you must re-establish the order amongst multiple conflicts; the drawing must be stable and rigid, never betraying its creator's uncertainties.

While drawing, my attention focuses at first on all vertical lines and then on all horizontal ones; if the subject is a product of emotion, it will be different from another that is a product of knowledge. That way open and closed forms take shape; the closed forms may have some open parts, the open forms may have some closed parts.

The fruit tree adapts to the seasons and resists wind and frost. All of my drawings stand between Drawing and my Life like road signs; a drawing today, a new one tomorrow...

Our emotions are born spontaneously before the sight of the sunset or of the storm; nevertheless, we must put some order, to make the drawing 'orderly'. The attributes of the objects are infinite and lie beyond time and our vision; however,

things must get rid of their anterior meaning. The less flexible a cultural tradition is the tenser its style; I know for certain that style means discipline, so I try my best and to give my picture a flawless form.

Whatever reaches our conscience activates a system of signs: precisely this process is the nature of Drawing itself. Its roots are to be found in the invisible erasures under the white sheet of paper; the more solid the drawing becomes. Only when two clashing lines frame a picture the conflict is solved.

In this 'branch' of art the secular outlook has prevailed. In other words, you serve a secular, cosmic ideal: drawing is not a dogmatic truth; on the contrary, it asks what the truth is.

When a body is being drawn, it loses its matter and sheds its identity transforming itself to a mere representation; often, the same form reflects on itself upon our body. That is, many parts of the work depend on the position of my arm; for example, the lines that extend or mingle against your will; the classical drawing was born out of Raphael's ribs in exactly this way.

Art has to describe a hero. 'Brutus' by David stood out as a tragic archetype, as well as the more recent 'Thermopylae' by Oscar Kokoschka. However, the meaning

of tragedy moved away from the destiny that the gods had imposed on the world, mankind went straight ahead and the collective hero became a loner. His tragedy was his unhappiness. It's a sad story: space lost its perspective, turned into a flat room and at the same time into the centre of a spiral form.

You walk among the tombs, your memories and your loves...

The outset of a drawing usually implies a time-devouring toil that starts when we pick elements from the archives of our impressions, those that were registered during our strolls in the city, in our personal diary, etc. The drawings will pour in its mould and that will be all. Seize the day! That's what it must say to the one is making it as well as to the one who will see it.

It seems that Homer died because he was unable to solve an enigma. Whoever tries to understand life, puts the world in order, a poetic process where the paradox becomes acceptable and where the founding of representation becomes the whole of the contraries; it's a stark fact that tragedy, irony and eroticism have double entities, that is why they are expressed by facts... There is no better place to hide our contradictions and our desires than a painting. Drawing, passions climb from the paper up to our hand through the tip of the pencil; thus, we learn to follow the pencil,

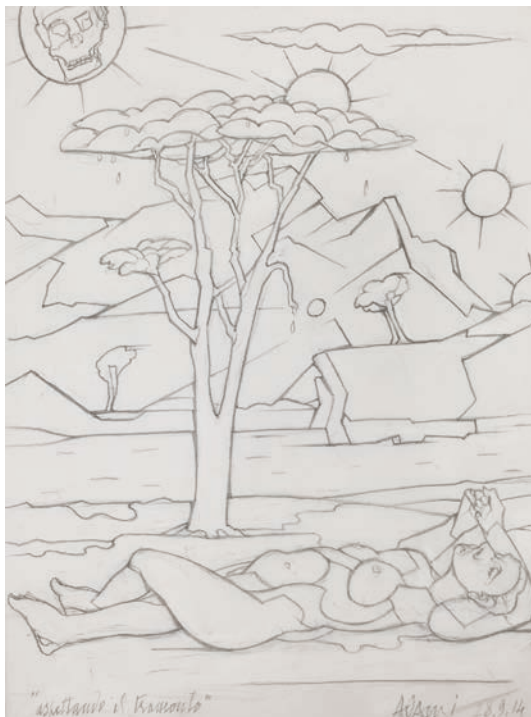
thus you become an artist and so on...

The first impulse doesn't have a lucid form. But then, impulses are the impatience to act, and the latter will disappear when the dot will become a line. Consequently, the hand that draws starts its movement from a confused state, only to bring about a serenity of form as soon as the impatience goes away. The line often gets interwoven, the form has no meaning anymore and, exploring on and on till the limit, the erased sections reappear. However, it's impossible to follow all variations.

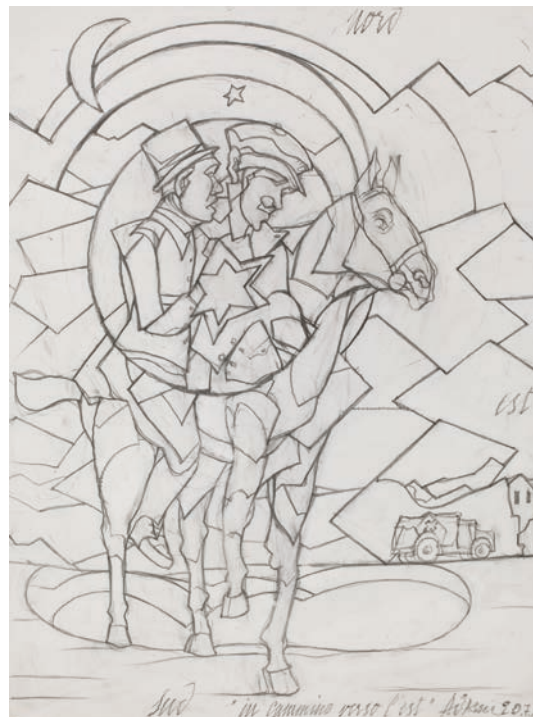
In conclusion drawing is knowledge, that it does not express but it means; that it is aware of the results but not of the causes and that it constitutes the end of all the above. Drawing is an idea and at the same time the sacrilege of the idea; shading is not an ingredient of this drawing.

The drawing does not intend to create emotion. Emotions must be sought elsewhere, at the movies or in the arena. The drawing illustrates emotions but hardly induces them.

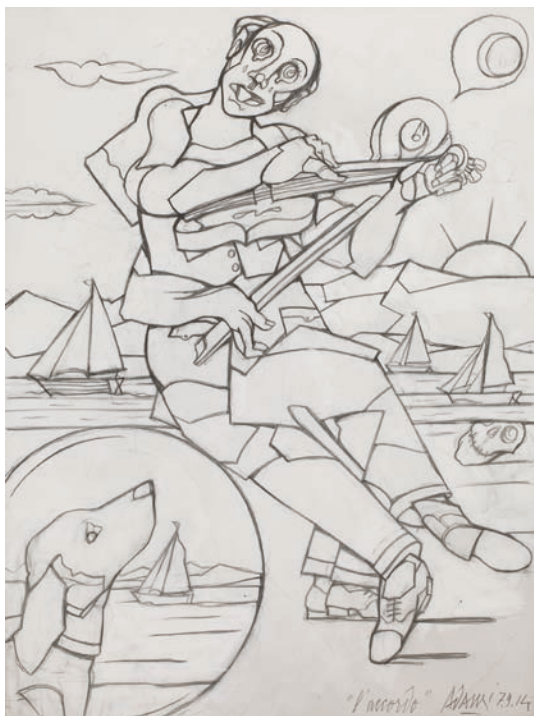
Valerio Adami
Translated by Soti Triantafyllou



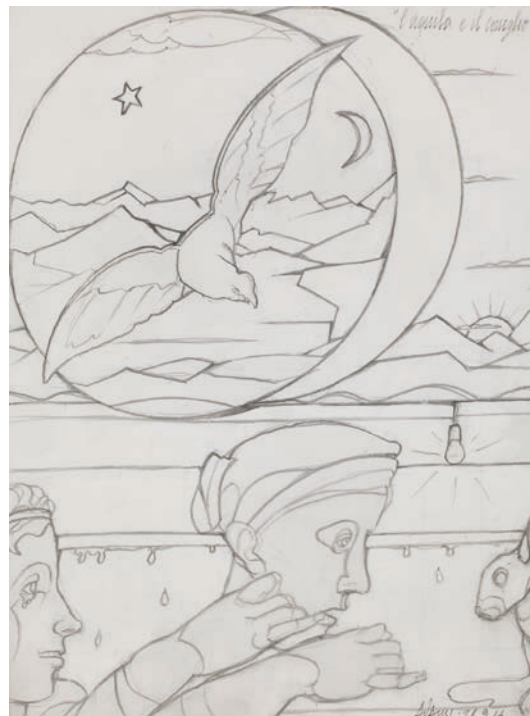
Aspettando il tramonto, 2014
Graphite on paper, 47.5 x 36 cm



In cammino verso l'Est, 2014
Graphite on paper, 47.5 x 36 cm



L'accordo, 2014
Graphite on paper, 47.5 x 36 cm



L'aquila e il coniglio, 2014
Graphite on paper, 47.5 x 36 cm



Gente che passa, 2014
Graphite on paper, 47.5 x 36 cm



Il cervo volante, 2014
Graphite on paper, 47.5 x 36 cm



Figura mitologica, 2014
Graphite on paper, 47.5 x 36 cm

‘Drawing is a literary business. I don’t leave the drawing until I can write the word ‘end’...I would like it if in painting one could use the terms prose and poetry as well, so that I could define my work as painting in prose. The narrative impulse is essential...’

In each of the arts a particular sense is predominant. In music it is the sense of hearing, in painting, sight. And in each art the predominant sense needs the presence of another, which is at the same time its interlocutor and its contradictor, its counterpoint and its completion. In poetry, hearing is in constant relation with sight; the poet hears his verses but he sees his images as well. In painting, touch is the complementary sense of sight; the painter, as everyone else, sees with his eyes but, unlike others, he also touches and feels with them. For him, seeing is touching. And therefore we talk about warm colours and cold ones. The dialogue between sight and touch repeats itself during the history of painting. Some artists are primarily draughtsman; others are colourists. Sight, the sense that mediates and distributes the space, guides the hand of the draughtsman; touch, the seeing blind man, directs the eye of the colourist. Two organs: the head and the heart; two faculties: understanding and feeling; two traditions in constant struggle and fusion. Between the two families of painters, the sons of line and the sons of colour, the draughtsmen and the chromatists, Valerio Adami undoubtedly belongs to the first. His paintings, whatever their subject and the technique applied, impress us first-and-foremost by their composition: the distribution of space and the clever architecture between the distinct planes. Looking at them, we do not confront

an inert surface: what we see is a living space, built with lines which are subtle and powerful at the same time.

It is self-evident that neither type of artist is pure: the draughtsman Matisse was a great colourist as well, while the chromatic vibrations of Monet are sustained by an invisible structure of lines. Even if the predominance of one or another tendency defines each artist, it remains certain that all are fascinated by the other medium of their art. An artist is not a true artist if he is unable to contradict himself. Posted at uncertain frontiers, the artist is alone in his struggle with the past and the present, with his masters and his contemporaries, but, above all, with himself. Valerio Adami, a born draughtsman, has always felt an invincible attraction to colour. In his paintings space does not appear as an abstract extension but as a chromatic vibration. This vibration is condensed in solid masses of pure colours, limited by exact drawing and supported by a structure of lines. For Adami, colour cannot be separated from space. And so space is born out of his drawing. An unfelt transformation of the line, creator of spaces, into great blocks of colour. More than a completion of the drawing, the colour is its maturation, its full-grown fruit.

At one of its extremes, the drawing is geometry. Mathematics which can be

touched, proportion and number turned into figures, circles and triangles conceived not only with the brain, but with the eyes as well. That is why Duchamp's label 'bête comme un peintre' (stupid as a painter) cannot be applied to painters who are sons of the line, and least of all to Duchamp himself, who was a remarkable draughtsman. It can hardly be applied to Valerio Adami. Not only is Adami a very intelligent painter, his painting itself is intelligent; which is to say, it tempts not only our sensibility but our reason as well. Adami's paintings intrigue us and make us think. His is an art with questions, something rather rare nowadays. At present, most artists are busy declaiming, affirming, declaring and also shouting; nobody wants to listen. Even less do they want to contemplate. Never was the silent art of painting nosier than at the end of this century.

As an intelligent artist, Adami also writes. That is nothing unusual: writing is another art born out of silence. Naturally, he is not a professional writer; he writes on the margin of his painting, as a comment, or, more exactly, as its accompaniment. His case is not unique; among the great painters of our century many have written poetry and prose. What makes Valerio Adami different from the majority of these artists is the character of his writing; these are neither verbal outpourings nor childish

provocations like the writings of Picasso, nor are they poetical inventions like these by Arp or Ernst: these are reflections. The images of Adami's paintings provoke various emotions in us; all of them resolve into a question. His art can be defined as a painting of riddles which can be seen. And then, his reflections- in the double meaning of reflected images and conceived ideas- are a verbal translation of these visual questions. I emphasize: his notes are not an answer, but a way of approaching these paintings and hearing their question more clearly. But can one hear a painting?

In one of his notes, Adami confides in us: 'Drawing is a literary business. I don't leave the drawing until I can write the word 'end'...I would like it if in painting one could use the terms prose and poetry as well, so that I could define my work as painting in prose. The narrative impulse is essential...'. The line, a constitutional element of drawing, creator and generator of form, is successive. Therefore, as Adami shrewdly observes, it is comparable to literature. Whether a poem, or a novel, whether a play or a review, every text is a succession of words; whereas the line is a succession of points, or rather a succession of bridges between one point and the other. Time is linear, and, as it turns out, people have invented nothing better than a line for representing time. Whether straight or crooked, circular or spiral, the line always

goes from one specific point to another. The line starts out, doubles itself incessantly and incessantly tells us about its itinerary: the line is forever on its way. That is why it is a narrative. And what does the line tell? All kinds of successive events, all kinds of ideas about time, which are time. Nevertheless, the line does not speak; in order to tell, it only needs to invent forms. The stories told by the line are the forms it draws. The forms drawn by Adami, with this unique, rapid and secure, free and elegant movement of his hand, are closed forms. Or, more exactly, forms closed in themselves. They talk among themselves and provoke within me an indefinable unease.

If the lines tell a story, how is it possible for us to see what they tell? Let us listen again to Valeri Adami: 'The means for reading a drawing is the colour, like the voice which is a means for reading the written word'. Crossed metaphors: the voice- the intonation- is the colour of writing; the colour is the voice of painting. Colours give a voice to Adami's forms; his drawings speak through his greens and greys, his blues and ochres, his reds and oranges. While advancing the line tells a certain story and follows this story or several stories; the colours give these stories a body and a voice. The voice used by the colourful forms of Adami is clear and precise, grave without being pathetic.

His is an art of painting which never raises its tone. On the contrary, it tends to be reserved. I could add that these paintings- I almost wrote: these confessions which are his paintings- almost always end in silence. They are the contrary of a shout. There are no 'chiaroscuro', no medium hues; nothing is further away from darkness and from expressionism than the large surfaces of Adami. Compact and metallic colours, yet weightless, as if painted by air and light, the two great illusionists of the natural world; a motionless surge of colours which seem petrified, or more exactly, hypnotized by the look of the painter. The sight, the sense identified with thought, controls Adami's painting; his drawing eyes filter the turbid river of colours distil and purify it. Its colour is like an alcohol that does not cause drunkenness but a lucid dizziness. Limped colours and precise shapes, immediate presences endowed with insidious powers of confusion. They are what they are, concealing nothing: that is why they are even more disquieting. Paintings where the great wave of time was detained in one fearful instant. An instant – we do not know if it is the instant before or after.

At an equidistance between geometry and doodling – the sky and the underground of drawing – the line of Adami, with a certain meandering fatality (hazard or destiny?) shapes forms which are crystallizations of time. No measured time but time both

lived and living: men and women in a manor with a bed and a table with an open book, people on holiday at the foot of the mountain, an old man with an axe or with scissors, a woman sitting in front of a petrified sea, an orthopaedic device which is, perhaps, an instrument of torture, cyclists riding towards their decapitation, a window open to nowhere. In addition to these scenes and situations which show images constantly presenting disquietude, Adami has painted portraits of writers, philosophers, musicians and historical personages. They are not realistic portraits and they all make me shudder. Almost no portrait resembles its model; if some show a superficial likeness to the original, they correct it by showing unknown and troubling aspects of the personality. They are not portraits but symbols of the successive and disparate riddles time invents. Opposite the would-be lessons of history and biography, Adami places the immeasurable depth of each and every soul. He does not paint unknown people; he paints the unknown hidden in every one of us. Actually he does not paint it, as this is impossible; he points to it. A moral closer to metaphysics than to history and psychology: nobody resembles himself. Frequently, Adami's line invents people in forced and unnatural positions. Or people wearing clothes vaguely reminiscent of a straitjacket. Not one of them is 'bien dans sa peau' (feels comfortable with himself).

At times, the figure is double, and we are unable to figure out whether it is meant to be two-that-are-one, usually a bi-sexual figure, or a reduction and strange extension of a duality. A torture or an embrace? More than that: a torture and an embrace. A veiled and glacial eroticism (but was not Sade's Juliette accused, by one of her libertine friends, 'that she is putting too much passion in her excess?'). I confess that of all these psychological riddles I am mainly attracted by the everyday ones. These are mysterious ceremonies held in an anonymous room, and the participants are two or three personages, nameless but possessed by secret forces. Ambiguous revelations. Do we witness preparations for a crime, are we present at a conjunction, or is somebody on the verge of confessing a dark secret? Or maybe everything has already passed, and whatever is floating in the air of the closed room is the remorse or the satisfied desire, silence after a shout? Or nothing has happened and nothing will happen, except the fantasies – cruel, banal, ephemeral – of our enchained imagination? The questions multiply and, when answered, show that, notwithstanding their diversity, one single obsession dominates them all: not the secret of history, but the secret history of everyone. Between metaphysics and confidence, Adami's line runs through the picture and advances from one point to another. Time becomes a long line of suspended points...

Octavio Paz

Incontro
2014-2016
Acrylic on canvas
116 x 89 cm
45 5/8 x 35 inches



Aspettando il tramonto

2016

Acrylic on canvas

162 x 130 cm

63 3/4 x 51 1/8 inches



Illustrated on pg 8



Stella Mattutina

2014

Acrylic on canvas

162 x 114 cm

63 3/4 x 44 3/4 inches



In cammino verso l'Est
2014
Acrylic on canvas
162 x 130 cm
63 3/4 x 51 1/8 inches



Illustrated on pg 8



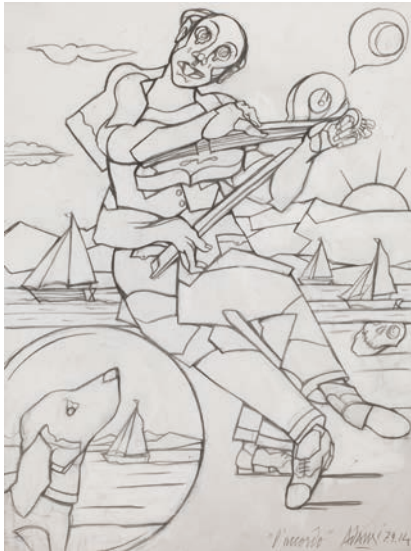
L'accordo

2014

Acrylic on canvas

162 x 130 cm

63 3/4 x 51 1/8 inches



Illustrated on pg 9



L'aquila e il coniglio

2014-2016

Acrylic on canvas

116 x 89 cm

45 5/8 x 35 inches



Illustrated on pg 9



Gente che passa

2014

Acrylic on canvas

130 x 97 cm

51 1/8 x 38 1/8 inches



Illustrated on pg 10



Il cervo volante

2014

Acrylic on canvas

130 x 97 cm

51 1/8 x 38 1/8 inches



Illustrated on pg 10



Figura mitologica

2014

Acrylic on canvas

162 x 97 cm

63 3/4 x 38 1/8 inches



Illustrated on pg 11





Studio per il ponte
2016
Acrylic on canvas
65 x 147 cm
25 5/8 x 57 7/8 inches





Valerio Adami was born in Italy, on March 17th 1935. Deciding at a very young age to become a painter, he first studied in the studio of Felice Carena in Venice. At the age of sixteen, he met Oskar Kokoschka, a major figure in art, who encouraged him to create his own style, to make his voice heard. In the eyes of Achille Funi, at the Fine Arts School in Milan, he draws whole days. Then in 1955, he left for Europe, the Americas, Africa and Asia, leaving everywhere behind him paintings admired by critics and collectors. In 1964, he hangs his canvases at Documenta III in Kassel. In 1968, he obtained a room at the Venice Biennale. He is hailed in 1970 by a first retrospective at the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris, which will be followed by another at the Centre Pompidou in 1985. A total radiance that lasts ...

Married since 1962 to Camilla, also a painter, Valerio Adami shares today his life between Paris, Monaco and Meina, his Italian haven. Of course, he continues to work without pause, approaching his table as he would approach an altar. "In the evening, my drawing is finished, I find myself with my hands clasped - homo religious" he whispers.

Selected Solo Exhibitions

1964	Galerie Krugier, Geneva, Switzerland		Retrospective, Israel Museum, Jerusalem, Israel
1966	Galleria Schwartz, Milan, Italy Galleria Marconi, Milan, Italy Palais des Beaux-Arts, Brussels, Belgium Museo de Bellas Artes, Caracas, Venezuela	1983	Galerie Maeght, Paris, France Fuji Television Gallery, Tokyo, Japan
1970	Retrospective at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, France Galerie Maeght, Zurich, Switzerland	1984	Marisa del Re Gallery, New York, USA
1972	Galerie Maeght, Zurich, Switzerland Museo de Bellas Artes, Caracas, Venezuela Galerie Schmela, Düsseldorf, Germany	1985	Valerio Adami, Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre Pompidou, Paris, France
		1986	Valerio Adami, Palazzo Reale, Milan, Italy
1973	Valerio Adami-Kunstverein in Hamburg, Hamburg, Germany	1990	IVAM – Institut Valencià d'Art Modern, Centro Julio González, València, Spain
1975	Galerie Maeght, Zurich, Switzerland	1994	Magazzini del Sale, Siena, Italy Palazzo Medici Riccardi, Florence, Italy Retrospective, Kunstmuseum Bochum Germany
1976	Galerie Maeght, Barcelona, Spain CAPC Musée d'Art Contemporain, Bordeaux, France	1996	Palazzo delle Stelline, Milan, Italy Tel Aviv Museum of Art, Tel Aviv, Israel
1978	“Dessins”, Transgarden, Hellerup, Copenhagen, Denmark	1998	Adami, Umberto Di Marino, Giugliano in Campania, Italy Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes de Buenos Aires, Argentina
1979	Museo de Arte Moderno, Mexico City, Mexico		

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|------|--|------|--|
| 1999 | Pop Art, Teheran Museum of Contemporary Art, Teheran, Iran
La raccolta Spajani, GAMeC
Galleria d'Arte Moderna et Contemporanea di Bergamo, Italy | 2009 | Valerio Adami: Postlude, The Mayor Gallery, London, England |
| 2000 | Valerio Adami – Opere 1990-2000, Galleria dello Scudo, Verona, Italy | 2010 | Pinacoteca Comunale Casa Rusca, Locarno, Switzerland
Boca Raton Museum of Art, Miami, USA
Dessins, Galerie Daniel Templon, Paris, France |
| 2002 | Marlborough Gallery, New York, USA
Valerio Adami, Marlborough, Monaco
Galerie Forsblom, Helsinki, Finland | 2011 | Quadri di lettura, Italian pavilion, Venice Biennale, Italy
Drawings, Galleria Usher arte, Lucca, Italy
Paintings, Claudio Poleschi Arte Contemporanea, Lucca, Italy
Watercolours, Lucca center of contemporary art, Lucca, Italy
Opere 1971-2011, Museo Provinciale Sigismondo Castromediano, Lecce, Italy
Galerie IUFM Confluence(s), 11e Biennale d'art contemporain, Lyon, France |
| 2004 | Préludes et Après-ludes, Galerie Daniel Templon, Paris, France
Retrospective, Frissiras Museum, Athens, Greece | | |
| 2005 | Valerio Adami, Fondation d'entreprise espace Ecureuil pour l'art contemporain, Toulouse, France | | |
| 2006 | Valerio Adami, Galleria Biasutti Giampiero, Turin, Italy
Adami d'après Adami, Contemporary art museum, Lisbon, Portugal | 2012 | Tableaux et dessins, Galerie Hass AG, Zurich, Switzerland
New Painting – Photographic Work from the Sixties, Galerie Daniel Templon, Paris, France
Figure nel tempo, Galleria Tega, Milan, Italy
Oeuvres graphiques, Galeri Nev, Ankara, Turkey
Valerio Adami, les années 1960, |
| 2007 | Jusqu'ici, Galerie Daniel Templon, Paris, France | | |
| 2008 | Galerie Michael Haas, Berlin, Germany | | |

Galerie Laurent Strouk, Paris, France

2013 Mosaïques, Museo d'Arte della città
di Ravenna, Italy
Valerio Adami, Aquarelles, Galleria
Biasutti & Biasutti, Turin, Italy

2014 Valerio Adami, Disegnare, Depingere,
Galleria Andre, Rome, Italy
Valerio Adami, Impressions de
Voyage, Centre d'art graphique de
la Métairie Bruyère, Parly, France

2015 Retrospective for Valerio Adami's
80th Birthday, touring exhibition:
Museum of Turin and Mantua, Italy
Valeri Adami, Centre d'art
contemporain
À cent mètres du centre du monde,
Perpignan, France
Adami, signed Prints and
Lithographs, Graham Hunter
Gallery, London, England

2016 Valerio Adami, Transfigurations,
Chapelle Saint-Sauveur, Saint-
Malo, France
Valerio Adami, Peintures et dessins,
Musée de l'Hospice Saint-Roch,
Issoudun, France
Adami dal 1964 al 1999, Fondazione
Marconi, Milan, Italy
Valerio Adami, Recent Works,
Galerie Daniel Templon, Brussels,
Belgium

Selected Group Exhibitions

1960	Young Italian Painters, Modern Art Museum of Kamakura, Japan	1995	Venice Biennale, Italy
1961	Italian Artists, Cambridge Art Association, Cambridge, USA	1996	Spoletto Festival, Perugia, Italy Acquisitions récentes du Musée national d'Histoire et d'Art, Casino Luxembourg, Forum d'art contemporain, Luxembourg
1964	Documenta III, Kassel, Germany I Massacri privati, Galleria Schwartz, Milan, Italy	2000	Une ville - Une collection, Centre de la Gravure et de l'Image imprimée, La Louvière, France
1968	Venice Biennale, Italy	2003	Anthropogeographie – The Human Figure at the Beginning of the 21st Century, Frissiras Museum, Athens, Greece Group exhibition, Marlborough Monaco
1977	Documenta IV, Kassel, Germany	2004	Suggestioni astratte e figurative, Galleria d'arte 2000 & Novecento, Regio Emilia, Italy Walter Benjamin und die Kunst der Gegenwart/Schrift - Bilder – Denken, Haus am Waldsee, Berlin, Germany Christmas Art Gifts, Artiscope, Brussels, Belgium Frissiras Museum, Athens, Greece
1978	Le disque, medium artistique: du futurisme à l'art conceptuel, Contemporary Art Museum, Montreal, Canada From Nature to Art, from Art to Nature, Venice Biennale, Italy	2005	Anthropography III, Frissiras Museum, Athens, Greece Obras maestras del Siglo CC en las colecciones des IVAM, Museo de Arte Contemporáneo Esteban
1985	13th Biennale de Paris, France		
1987	Hommage à Ferrari, Fondation Cartier pour l'art contemporain, Paris, France		
1988	Gran Pavese, The Flag Project, MHKA Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst Antwerpen, Antwerp, Belgium		
1989	Une histoire de collections: dons 1984-1989, Contemporary Art Museum, Montreal, Canada		

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|------|---|------|---|
| | Vicente, Segovia, Spain
Hommage à Matisse, Artiscope,
Brussels, Belgium
Bologna contemporanea, Bologna
Museum of Modern Art, Bologna,
Italy
Eye of the Storm: The IMMA
Collection, Irish Museum of
Modern Art, Dublin, Ireland
Pop Art Italia, Galleria Civica di
Modena, Italy | | Camilla et Valerio Adami, Maison
Elsa Triolet-Aragon, Saint-Arnoult-
en-Yvelines, France |
| 2006 | Selecció del fons de la galeria, Art
Vall, Andorra la Vella, Andorra
Italian Pop, The Mayor Gallery,
London, England
Artists and their Models, Hong
Kong Museum of Art, China
Arbeiten auf Papier, Galerie
Michael Haas, Berlin, Germany
Exposition de groupe, Marlborough
Monaco | 2009 | Riccardo Licata e gli amici di
Venezia e arigi, Palazzo della
Promotrice delle Belle Arti, Turin,
Italy
Pop, Polit und Pin ups. Pop Art
Grafik aus der Sammlung Beck,
Städtische Galerie, Bietigheim-
Bissingen, Germany
Fixsterne: 100 Jahre Kunst auf
Papier, Stiftung Schleswig-
Holsteinische Landesmuseen
Schloss Gottorf, Schleswig,
Germany
Hot Spots, touring exhibition:
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Milan, Turin,
Italy; Los Angeles, USA; Kunsthaus
Zurich, Switzerland
Passions d'art, collections privées,
Musée éphémère, Montélimar,
France
Italics, Italian Art between
Tradition and Revolution, 1968-
2008, Museum of Contemporary
Art of Chicago, USA |
| 2007 | Arte italiana 1968-2007 Pittura,
Palazzo Reale, Milan, Italy | | |
| 2008 | La Figuration narrative, Galeries
nationales du Grand-Palais, Paris,
France
Signe écriture signe, Musée d'Art
Moderne et d'Art Contemporain,
Liège, Belgium
Time & Place, Milan-Torino 1958-
1968, Moderna Museet, Stockholm,
Sweden | 2010 | Arte Svelata, Fondazione Palozzo
Magnani, Reggio Emilia, Italy |
| | | 2013 | Collection LGR, MAMAC, Nice,
France |

- 2014 Figuration narrative, Adami, Erró,
 Klasen, Monory, Morteyrol,
 Velickvic, Atelier Gabrielle,
 Salernes, France
 Estampes et oeuvres sur papier,
 Galerie Atelier 28, Lyon, France
- 2015 189th RSA Annual Exhibition,
 Edinburgh, Scotland
- 2016 De l'œil à la main, et son
 détournement, Centre d'art
 contemporain de Châteaufort,
 Châteaufort, France
 Espace, Espaces!, Fondation
 Maeght, Saint-Paul-de-Vence,
 France
 Italian Pop Tuornabuoni Art,
 London, England
 The Silo, Garth Greenan Gallery,
 New York, USA

Musées royaux des Beaux-Arts de Belgique,
Brussels, Belgium
Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst, Ghent,
Belgium
Musée d'Art moderne et d'Art
contemporain, Liège, Belgium
Amos Anderson Art Museum, Helsinki,
Finland
Maija and Urpo Lahtinen Foundation, Villa
Urpo, Tampere, Finland
Aboa Vetus & Ars Nova Museum, Turku,
Finland
Musée Picasso, Antibes, France
Musée d'Art moderne, Grenoble, France
Musée Cantini, Marseille, France
Fonds national d'Art contemporain, Paris,
France
Musée d'Art moderne de la Ville de Paris,
France
Musée d'Art moderne, Centre Pompidou,
Paris, France
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Printed on the occasion of the exhibition:

VALERIO ADAMI
THE NARRATIVE LINE
11 Jan - 10 Feb 2017

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Edition of 300

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ISBN: 978-0-9934755-8-0

