

«But what do you know about dreams? Those are mine — I'm not selling them»

Mango, La rondine

«Ugh, I'm afraid of the dark — especially other people's»

Marracash ft. Elisa, Neon - Le Ali

«According to God, I was born from a rib / But he doesn't know that he was born from my fear»

Madame, Disincanto

For some time now, night has become uncertain territory. Sleep eludes me, I wake constantly, suspended in a state of half-sleep; I have no desire to do anything, not even to wait for sleep to return. I lie there, motionless, while my gaze amplifies every small shadow, making negative thoughts larger than they are. Then, with a clear mind, I realize that nothing is truly so dark, yet the following night I fall into it again.

Suspended between sleep and waking, the city and the home overlap, becoming a single mental landscape. Streets, architecture, and domestic interiors blur together; the boundaries between public and private fade, and the perception of space expands and inverts: what is horizontal becomes vertical, what is outside folds inward. Darkness amplifies this contamination, turning the everyday into an imaginative territory where environments intertwine and deform.

In this unstable threshold, the duende surfaces: a formless presence, internal and elusive, which recalls the sense of destiny (evoked by James Hillman in *The Soul's Code*). It refuses to be pinned down, acts through shifts and slippages, emerges between one thought and another. In the half-sleep it interferes with perception, alters proportions, intensifies shadows. It neither guides nor consoles: it excavates. And in doing so, it opens an ambiguous vision, one that adheres to the nocturnal experience. It is not something to be mastered, but a force to be traversed.

Everyday mythologies and hidden desires take shape in a visual narration that traverses the present.

In the sleepless hours, the home ceases to be a refuge; it extends into the deserted street, thins until it blurs with the periphery. It is no longer just a bed, a window, a corridor: it is an interior space that pulses to the rhythm of the city, of the world. In wakefulness and shadow, the possibility of giving form to uncertainty opens up.

As in the *Merdacene*, a term that defines a present marked by a proliferation of waste, residues, and unstable transformations, where the surface of things becomes a repository. No longer a neutral place, but a field of accumulation and stratification, in which what remains — fragments, excesses, traces — continues to mutate, to resist, to alter itself, to decay. What appears as waste becomes testimony, what is marginal gains centrality. Surfaces hold time, record passages, preserve an unstable memory.

Sciame

Bronze figures appear as shadows hurled against the wall, in the half-sleep of night. Space is not only physical, but also temporal: it harbors what one would like to erase, what is, and the desire for what could be.

The bodies of the sculptures are lost-wax castings of branches and flowers. Branches cultivated with the hope of gathering fruit, grown through patient care. In contrast, ailanthus branches — an invasive and tenacious plant that reaches toward the sky, so much so that it is called the tree of heaven. Then there are cut roses, gifts from dear friends: a consoling presence and testimony to clear bonds. Carob pods, cast in bronze, are arranged like ribs: structural and protective elements that recall the nutritive and resistant function of the plant, forever linked to survival and continuity in arid contexts.

The faces, partial cuttings, emerge from the wall like suspended apparitions, halfway between presence and absence. Made up with blush, eyeshadow, and powder, they bear the marks of a fragile intimacy, of a daily gesture that attempts to restore form and dignity. They are faces that do not show themselves entirely, but surface like incomplete images.

Ammonium sulfide, with the help of flame, darkens the surfaces, transforming them into a skin traversed by heat. The material blackens, wounds itself, thickens into a patina that retains the passage of fire: not a simple finish, but a sedimentation of lived experiences, of absences, of presences.

La dea crea il padre

The acrylic drawings on paper change slightly with each replacement of the sheet, so that each image differs from the previous one. These are gestures reiterated on variable surfaces, in which the slightest alteration progressively modifies the mark and its perception. In these works, the mark takes on an obsessive and nocturnal dimension, tied to half-sleep and the unstable repetition of images. Here the duende acts as an internal pressure that guides and distorts the line.

The bodies represented are nude female figures, crossed by a tension between vulnerability and presence, in which the head is replaced with fetal forms: ambiguous nuclei, suspended between origin and deformation, between thought and undefined fear.

Then I wake up, and what I have traversed in the night does not disappear, but remains part of me, sedimented in perception and in the shape, I continue to produce, which become sculptures.

Milan, April 2026

Lucia Leuci



Via Giulia 96, 00186 Rome, IT
info@galleriaeugeniadelfini.it
galleriaeugeniadelfini.it

+39 06 976 039 46
Tuesday – Saturday
3 – 7 PM or by appointment