

Corrado Cagli, *Nuvolo*, exhibition brochure,
Galleria Numero, Firenze, 1955

Lately, the most poetic contribution to painting comes down to Rome, from the upper Tiber valley, and it happens that the young painters who are working with more assured fervour come from their Umbrian-Marchigiana homeland. Whether they come from Fabriano or Spoleto, from Foligno or Città di Castello, whether they are called Alberto Burri or Renato Cristiano, they will meet in Rome, or sooner or later with Emilio Villa, who, in spite of himself, linked to the destiny of Baudelaire and Apollinaire, will instil in the carpenter's mind the suspicion of the tree as 'deity'.

The patient craftsman then becomes a poet, when the relationship between pigment and magma is no longer absurd.

The painter Nuvolo, born in Città di Castello, comes to painting from a workshop relationship with Burri and a meeting in Rome with Villa. To the tars, to the bitumen, to the black-on-black additive, contrasting the subtractive chromaticism of the silk frame, to Burri's lunar howl he responded with a shower of party-day confetti.

And if, while you go throwing handfuls of confetti, a man bars your way and asks you the reason for your gesture, as happened to Nuvolo when he ran into Villa, you, later reading the chalk traces on the asphalt, discover in the childish games of the snail and the bell the persistent memory of Umbrian-Etruscan rituals.

In Nuvolo's early period, a myriad of tiny operettas, perfectly executed, also sold out at minimal prices, as if to stifle in irony the voice of that misery that dictated their meagre size, the invention of the new material and the excitement of having invented it, stemmed from a small industry and not from craftsmanship.

To support the inventive and emotional plots of that early period, Nuvolo insinuated the unsuspected warp of an extreme oriental finesse that transformed the machine into a cloud, the cloud into an omen, the omen into an ideogram. Perhaps the meeting with Villa broke, or interrupted, that playful spell; the eyes of the mechanic in love with the monotype no longer ask the vapours, the clouds, the intervals planes, the sky for answers; even the gesture stopped, the last confetti descended on the cobblestones of via Margutta.

To the many "whys" you lower your gaze and there is the earth; to the furrows, to the schists, to the landslides, to the rustic borders, Nuvolo asks for a new warp that supports inventive and emotional wefts, now, for many whys stretched on the widest looms.

The former weave changes meaning as the new warp takes over and the transition from transparent to opaque, from empty to full, from concave to convex, from mute solitude to human conversation takes place. Conversations, such as this one, now frequent in our city, are refining the expressive means of a new consciousness, which will never resort to 'manifestos' to make itself manifest in time. Painting not beyond the true therefore, but as far as possible within the true.