

Emilio Villa, *Nuvolo*, "Arti Visive", II serie, n.1, 1954;
exhibition brochure, Galleria Le Carrozze, Roma, 1955

Nuvolo was born twenty-eight years ago in Città di Castello on the very borders of Umbria with Tuscany. Three years ago, he came to Rome to find a way to paint something else, after he had already painted everything that could be painted in Città di Castello: the scenes of the Provincial Theatre, the papier-mâché of the Madonnas and the banners of the Confraternities, the rooms of the Patricians and the nocturnal cycles with Bengal illuminations.

From Città di Castello he brought with him the tender landscapes, the spectres of quails in the lair of the green valleys, the nightly laughter on the town hall square, the technique of conjuring tricks for the boys in the oratory. And still he has within him the feelings of prodigy, of illumination, of invention, the instinct of genius. With a gesture between artisanal and contemplative, between metaphorical and proletarian, with the patience, the flair, the cunning of a country boy, of a Renaissance hero, of a Cistercian monk, with a technique invented from scratch, with scraps of the finest silk with a loom and nitrocellulose colours. Nuvolo invents a land of the mind by night, destined to be populated by ghosts that will become everyday, friendly, popular, and plausible writings. The studio in Via Margutta where all the butterflies of the Pincio come to die, and where Nuvolo perfects an unprecedented craft, is today one of the most germinal places where painting elaborates ideas and solicits imagination, reasoning, in colour. The work of this new painter is rightly conducted along the critical work where the form does not distinguish itself from the indistinct, but openly collaborates with it, like an interrogative exclamation, and where the weave, the sign, the neuma, seems as carefree as air and instead is calculated like breath, like necessity, where the atmospheric monstrous is electrified as if inside a nervous or anatomical apparatus, where the fortuitous simulacrum ends up becoming disconcerting like the most mathematical of joints. And chance provokes chance, and chance solicits chance, and together they work out colourful delicacies and shifts, some of the most emotive to be seen today.

It is perhaps the first time that so-called non-figurative painting, especially in its non-formal condition, opens its eyes and desire to a free landscape where fairy tales are also born.