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EMILIO VILLA

All the attributes of today's art that I have put in place and in motion are to be understood as a protraction of given and manifest symptoms, as the operation of a promoter, in itself absolutely vulnerable to the epiphanies, explosions and eclipses of so-called painting, as it has enunciated itself, vulnerably, in its high names, and in its forced roots, in its cautions, in its resonances comparable only to its origins, in its radical and secluded mirages. That is why one can also oscillate, back and forth; one can go back a moment; to some enlightened portion that has perhaps been voluntarily left out, or pushed back to its own intense refuge, like an indispensable anachoresis, awaiting its advent. Nuvolo's painting (and let us again employ this conventional and almost useless definition for a management that borders on much higher and more solemn interests; unfortunately, people do not accept other names than the conventional ones, so let us continue to say painting) had been an affair so close and congenial to me, so welcomed within, that I have always neglected to write about it with the necessary fervour. But it is precisely on primary, albeit clandestine, actors such as Nuvolo, on figures of the deepest canon that we are able to recognise the landslide that separates the painters, fakes, merchants, narcissists, from the serious men; the rhetoricians from the living.

Host of his only splendid hermitage (*rectas facite vias*: minimal cosmos of trepidation dissected, fouled, in innumerable fields of uninhabited congestion), assumed (in *extremis*, *ab infimo*) in his own desperate vigorous personal resolution; but above all of putting together, articulating, contracting, concentrating, binding, enclosing, consuming plots and contexts of minor fields; the enchanted ('chessboards'), often in the incessant manoeuvres of 'collection', himself a collector of the dispersive 'sensibilia' of colour, of villanous tortures, of 'memorabilia', of demons conceived in guttal form, of floods of fluid tests, on the slopes on the tracks on the spiders of Militant Blindness, Nuvolo is dangerously testimonial, a dark and jovial martyrdom of the great expertise, of the *Dèveloppement Egal* of the Simbol-reperto, which was the imposing theatre of painting in the world between '45 and '60, in the rigorous chaos of the openings and closures of sense and meaning, like a door that always slams.

Amidst pelotes girouettes echevaux, buissons, Nuvolo invented before my eyes, under the hypothesis of the absurd, with unprecedented tools (impregnations on the perished wreckage of the screen-printing frame), walls and walls protruding directly from the earliest anxieties (I spoke then of *uri eden-precox*), silent suburbs, hortician populations, storms not perceptible to the fragmentary psyche, overturned (positively not negatively, the three of us said). And raucous turns, rubs, nodules, nervous spheroids, protozoic flabellous, and afflatuses in search of the emblematic radical. So Nuvolo was attempting, for us supports of the impregnable shadow that cannot be erased by the futile gestures of reality, of history, of the everyday, he was attempting unspeakable, vanished matters, perhaps he was attempting the very wording and energy of darkness, he was attempting an oscillating crown and ceremony of coloured rants, of dissolving torches, last glares, he was attempting dark seals scratched nebulous: a sudden repulse, hilarious even, of an imaginary lucidity, and incisive repulse; and act of abolition, of robbery, and escape from all hatching. It was to ripen the shadow, to give on the shadow without mediation, but only through the frenzied or idle wandering pulse; to ripen representations not yet lit, and

therefore not extinguished, of topodàimones (or even anthropodàimones), but without anatomy, without registry, without certainty; only repertoire of ascending descending fluids, liquefaction extereffected, subterranean, subfleshed, unactuated temporalities; which have dwelling, bed and settlements in themselves, and in their own identifying level; and in themselves have the sources of their own translocation of biological ruin, and traced in a long vital context of evidently hypocalyptic recall and command of the extensive congeries of seals. It is the turbid and tumultuous landscape invented at the last hour, at the last overhang, at the last waste of the insidious, of the Threat, of the Ultravacuous: an experience conceived in the simple circulation of simple, indefinite, declining vehemence, the heart of the torn anaphora, rampant in hypobasis and hyperbasis. It ignited that kind of work, opus, irredeemably, fatally blind, impassioned, delirious; which, consuming all at once the arid coincidences connections and commissures, did not hesitate to penetrate into the subtle limbo (stratomargine under level) stretched beyond the disused clarity and forced senses; in the incessant shroud of intentional and unintentional apparitions, evoked, divined and deflected, encountered and clashed; killed, even, in the semblance of the funereal. When from the 'operative' arose (began) the mirror (analytical, disintegrating speculum) of himself as manoeuvring the territory, the domain, the field (campus of pores, of patterns made by the labile wearisome drafting, tension, silkiness; those silken "tables"!) intonator of resuspended echoes, of diametries closed in the formed nothingness, then the occasional gushing geography of the excursus, the plantatigraphy in brief linear collutations, became Parvenza, or rather Parvenza bread, and nitrocellulose as part of presence, as Assistance. And at every fragmen of those Parvenzes, I would say to myself: *en illa quam semper optasti tui ipsius dirupta parvaque sepcies, ferox hospes, atque defuncta; ecce animi tui foranima atque lubrica*. In endless numbers came out and out and out the frustula of the Parvenza. Geomatic confusions with exponents of coloured lubrications, of dusty encumbrances, of polishings; reflections of the Circular Alarm; an omniverse of the infinitesimal globulation, which tightens and blinds in its own solution the tunnels through which pass empty eversions stasis and wounds that we do not know resonate in the obscure reticular memories, in the obscure osculations rhombic auscultations, algebraic rumblings, lightning mediations and trembling trepidations that imprint the banners of shadow, of horror, of the radical mythical, and mythomathic, of exultation, of the indispensable incoercible awakening, of the united and unique instant, without sequel, of extinguished counts, paradoxical intercalaries of discontinuous gradient impatience, of the culminations. Not painting, nor drafting, nor composing, nor any of these, inertia: but projection ritual (almost periodic) for the search of cardinal points in the process of extinction. Certainly, initiations and deceptive, illusory existences, fine: and recurring fictions, chased and accepted; but always, in the meantime, detersions and tensions of small infinities that spiral and plunge onto the dull straight line or contract with ever greater negative potential, or invert and lose altitude and direction, and thus force the futile fiction (function?) of 'space' to surrender: as in a tomachia (archaically: theomachia). And at each onset I would say to myself: O death, where is your débâcle? Where is your wound? Where is your space? Because I have gone mad for this opera for this life of painting (which the critics, lexicalists and idiots as always, have called and still call 'informel', and who knows what that means), and which Nuvolo vivified among the very first, *verus nuncius amnioticus*. *Ab ovo*. And *Elensino*. The intercalated, intimate ear. The clam pass. The crossing of the envoûtement, of the atonement. The unravelling, the unravelling of (symbolic) luminescence from its physical, physiological sources. The shattered, decomposed envelope of the premised by inviolable margins. The parabolic convex, the split, the raised, the shear insertion, the orthostat. The search for an ever more charged omniscentricity; and consequent "topical" figurations, with an outstretched soul, should they ever one day signal ge-

ometrical or counter-geometric demons, and their wild name, in a spontaneous way, with ratty, vertebrate, uncontested, fertile archaisms: signal dense predi-positions to the rarest stimuli of existence to panoramas (theorems) flagrant from high flattery, to the meticulous stubborn selections and vehement mixtures of evocative flows; to the true 'first fruits' of those who watch. Thus, nuntius frigidus, nuntius calidus, Nuvolo's work provided a somatoctonic (presentation, breathing invoice) representation (somatophony), (athletic) of Nothingness multiplied by Man, homo homini celatus: an inescapable pact of life, pact-commitment of a Nuntius celatus. With all his works always before me, I would say to myself: posuisti me in ore meo in ore tuo, in ore omniverso; incarnatio oralis! et in cerebro imo ipso vocasti nomen-colorem, ipso vocanti (vacanti?) colore! signa praecipua firmasti in occipuo (occipite?) suo!

Rome, September 1971

FORTUNATO BELLONZI

Dear Nuvolo, ours is the time of research, nor therefore do we pretend to doubt that so were the times before us, and since the times of the ages, if it is true that the spirit of research is the élan vital of man himself. (I am re-reading Lucretius, in the spirit of writing something on the problems of vision in the *De Rerum Natura*, on light, colour, perspective, of whose knowledge - and application in ancient painting - almost everyone has missed Lucretius' limpid testimony: what an experimenter of the Latin language was he ever in his arduous, revolutionary fury of "lexical, syntactic, metric, phonic and stylistic" inventions!)

But, of course, we simply want to say that research today has become more conspicuous, insistent and popular, to the point of risking, as always happens in moments of enthusiasm, becoming manic and amused, that is, irrelevant, proof of which is the improper extension of the analytical-experimental method to fields that remain substantially extraneous to that method, being able to resort to it solely for the provision of new tools and thus to enrich, not impoverish, the signs and meanings of art.

That is why, if it is not moved by a sincere need, an authentic thought, a frank adhesion to the reality of the present, and even an intuition of the future, whose mysterious thresholds are crossed by a legitimate mythopoeic operation; If, finally, imagination does not take it by the hand, the «reine des facultés» as Baudelaire called it (I am speaking of artistic experience, rather than aesthetics, not wanting to get lost in the shifting sands of sensibility), the quest too often appears arid and mute, playful but of a sterile game, which does not involve us, ultimately a nonsense. And when it is (how many times!) succumbing to and imitating the practical applications of science, it generates the unintentional parodies of technological products. And this is why I gladly bear witness to your esteem, as well as affectionate friendship, having received, and from the very beginning, along with your native willingness to experiment, the gift of knowing how to guard against considering it a self-sufficient operational justification. And just as you consciously lord over the possible interventions of chance and inspiration, which are thus stripped of their fortuitous accidentality, so you claim the rights of your personal freedom, and make human, the coldness of mathematical and technical calculation.

Your path, from the material images of the 1950s to the transpositions in painting of the graphic procedures exhibited by Piattelli last June, takes place under the banner of creative freedom, of expressive spontaneity, research remaining a means and not an end, so much so that our mutual friend Crispolti is right to point out to us, for example, your “way of responding imaginatively, with a different dimension of the iterative process, to the iteration of the mechanical standard”; and the imaginative (see Dante, *Purg*, XVII, 13-18: you are too intelligent and ‘modern’, dear Nuvolo, to be annoyed that my testimony begins with Lucretius and ends with Dante!) is synonymous with the imaginative. Welcome, then, every possible experiment.

Rome, October 1971

CORRADO CAGLI

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.

Rome, June 1955

ETTORE COLLA

I first met Nuvolo a few years ago in Rome, at the studio of the painter Burri, his fellow citizen and friend. He had just come from his native Umbria, where he had grown up in the solitude of landscape and nature, where men, like things, are characterised by enchanted summer nights and deep winter nights. Only from beings completely different from what we know, and so stigmatisable, can such free and freshly poetic figurations arise. His works, in fact, appear as images of a beautiful dream, precisely because they belong to an extraordinary unreal truth. The means with which Nuvolo works, partly artisans, are ready and useful to weave colour between the warps of his canvases, to obtain a material that can also happily surprise us.

We would not wish to be considered excessive, in stating that, among today's painters, Nuvolo is the one who most deserves our indication.

Rome, September 1956

BRUNO CORA'

All the expressive power of the image was based on the indirect assumption of matter, whatever morphology it had or has and whatever its roles and functions, for the formulation of an ideopoetic message that the artist brings to the levels of the conscious and reality.

From Altamira to the environment where the historical avant-gardes operate, the sign of stone and therefore stone and a sign, colour, canvas, imaginary geometries without structure through materials, in cities, in deserts, in the subsoil, the artist has always used matter as a tool in the tension of representation. The 1950s of this century suddenly gathered and developed a new instance of the formulation of the poetic pictorial language; which, strengthened by the evidence that each new reality of thought that has surfaced possesses, compared to the previous ones, for its incontrovertible capacity to germinate actions, immediately asserts itself without perplexity, also being the result of a contraction of the spirit that has lasted throughout history and therefore being itself a liberating event. Matter, its uncontrollable metamorphoses, its absolute radical biological organicity, its evolution in the fixity of the mysterious reasons of its origin, the vastness of the content of the world that it possesses in scale, in each of its elementary portions, is the message; and at most the artist in presenting it from time to time and in inventing its archetypes or processes, emphasises its infinitesimal physiognomies, its indefinable characteristics with the isolating and figural intervention.

Matter, like every concrete-abstract concept and as an algebraic quantity, seems to elude origins and limits. It therefore closely resembles the object (this time completely abstract) of the research of that artist who only has an opinion of dimensions between the real and the imaginary and who, even though he knows their characteristics and uses them, tends to get rid of them by overcoming them in the area of poetry. Finally, the artist, in this new sense of representing the concrete-abstract, gives his work a less emotional, more scientific and courageously utopian meaning.

Nuvolo therefore, in all these years, in that fertile creative region that was 'ORIGINE' and its lively foundation, as a protagonist close to the major exponents of the two great cultural moments, as a researcher of forms and enunciator of instrumental and technical possibilities, undergoing mutilations towards a more conspicuous public recognition, which the 'laboratory' inflicts on its affectionate, he has continuously carried out a true thesis on the poetic of matter and its forms, on the images of objectuality, on the abstract, opening with very few, and continuing with new other artists, the climate of seasons in which artistic expression no longer has a decorative value but an experimental dimension of reality through analysis and criticism. In the arc of his work, the action dedicated to pictorial research on the abstract, the objectual, the material, combined with his innate instrumental inventiveness, is relevant, just as speculative curiosity and analysis for any scientific universe reducible to poetry, a vehicle for discovery, wonder, experience, is dominant in him.

Paris, September 1971

ENRICO CRISPOLTI

This Roman "rentrée" of Nuvolo's relies on a precise group of brand new works, elaborated in the last few years by retrying an umpteenth unsuspected possibility of the serigraphic medium, that is to say, by carrying on a sort of "serigraphic challenge", which Nuvolo has been carrying on for twenty years, not so much to the more common and popularised lesson of a particular heritage of "graphics", as much as to "painting" itself, ever since he started that "monotypical" use of serigraphy in 1952 (and in '54, dated '53 and '54 itself, appeared in "Arti Visive"), which a few years later Emilio Villa baptised with the term "serotypes". Here too, serigraphy challenges painting first rather than the circumscribed sphere of serigraphy as a graphic technique; and yet it is precisely this challenge that can only lead to the imposition of solutions in painting that can only be realised through the use, undoubtedly prestigious in its dual aspect of technical mastery and experimental proposition, of the serigraphic medium itself.

Now the medium is paper, no longer canvas as in Nuvolo's materic imaginings of the mid-1950s; that is, the interaction is to refer to a sort of graphic essentiality of the sign process, imposed, however, I would say, by the sheet of monumentality that painting undoubtedly has compared to it. And the graphic essentiality is also assumed by the line of a simple and elementary chromatism, all in function of the rhythmic chromatic frequency ratio introduced in the seriality of the module (and indeed these serial developments are monochrome).

A widespread, simplistic mentality, of formalistic conditioning, makes one believe that seriality is possible only in the geometric structure, the geometric module appearing to be the only one possible to rhythmic iteration. The assumption of a structural module that Nuvolo proposes to us here instead implicitly demonstrates exactly the opposite: the possibilities, that is, that modular iteration develops a starting module that is completely free, even born from a process of graphic automatism. Thus the rhythmic-combinatorial possibilities will be infinitely richer, and will not be structurally monochordal. Rather, by avoiding the geometric 'trompe l'oeil', they will move towards a structural complexity that tends to overcome the very nature of rhythmic iteration.

Moreover, in this iteration, Nuvolo introduces the element of rhythmic-chromatic frequency, which rarefies or, on the contrary, assimilates (in a new structural nature) the original modular sign, which in turn does not appear as the rhythmically iterated term, but rather almost as a sort of filigree, of an internal weave, which only allows itself to be discovered in the first bar.

And so here the frequency is just as important as the iteration. The latter in fact almost offers the mechanism to the imaginative motion of the former, even if, of course, the combination is strictly interfering. On the other hand, frequency has its way of being in the intensification of the chromatic presence, which structurally influences the modular sign to the point of modifying it into a new structure: so that the texture of the first modular iterations is quite different, all graphic in the light, from the sonorous and compact chromaticism of the highest points of the darks. There is thus a recovery of the modular possibility as a free sign, spontaneously configured, and there is thus a recovery of the iterative possibility as the discovery of a rhythmic frequency not planned abstractly (in the Vasarelyan sense, for example, according to an abstract figure of structural and chromatic geometric projection), but found in the concreteness of the process, on the sheet, making the screen-printing device a sort of manual extension.

With the recovery therefore of a freedom of process within the serial dimension, not necessarily univocal therefore, for Nuvolo. The free sign that offers the initial motif is Orphic, and the process is reduced to an extreme simplicity and essentiality precisely to accentuate the almost magical imaginative provocation constituted by the results of the iterative rhythm of that modular sign. In

in this sense, Nuvolo's current discourse re-proposes an entire specific heritage of sign experimentalism and orphic and imaginative rhythmic iterations that found in Rome, at the highest level of European avant-garde culture, its most consistent developments in the 1950s in particular (and it was precisely the magazine "Visual Arts" that was its mouthpiece). Indeed, there is also in these new Nuvolo's tests the desire to refer to an instrumental 'heritage', against all mechanistic conditioning, precisely also perhaps to finally contrast a sort of orphic and imaginative mechanical allusiveness with a 'mechanical style' of geometric determination. And this happens not only, I would say, in the concluded, serially structured images, but precisely in the intention to propose a non-static, but intimately processual dimension of the image: in short, not by fetishising a sign, but by developing the sign into a module that is only valid in its iterative combinations, in the play of variations in chromatic frequency. A way therefore of responding imaginatively, with a different dimension of the iterative process, to the iteration of the mechanical standard.

Rome, June 1971

NELLO PONENTE

Notwithstanding, as Cennino Cennini said six centuries ago, that "el fondamento dell'arte... e il disegno e 'colorire', it remains to be seen how this drawing and colouring are understood and employed. That in fact it cannot just be a matter of chopping, grinding etc. (which would only be a mechanical way), but it has always been a matter of highlighting in drawing and colour, and perhaps by means of various and non-canonical materials, a precise condition; of revealing, ultimately, a critical intentionality. Such that it was never enough, as we have seen and are seeing more and more often more and more often, to change material or drawing form to manifest that adherence to a historical reality that is a necessary justification for any artistic discourse. Now, it is clear that in Nuvolo's experience - over twenty years, at least as far as I am aware - the choice of certain materials and procedures, different from and substituting traditional ones, was not a game of academic circumvention, but a necessity consequent to the development of a poetics that still today, in the progress and transformation of linguistic structures, does not renounce the principles once established. Testifying, I would say, to the fact that this adoption

had been a true critical choice, capable therefore to determine the typology of language. In effect, Nuvolo adopted the silk-screen process (as well as paper collage and later leather collage) not so much to make a distinction from more current painting techniques (which, all things considered, would have been too easy a solution), but rather to propose a different modality, corresponding to a need for regulation of pictorial acts and incidents. All this took place, significantly, at the time of the greatest flourishing of those poetics that came to be known as informal, whose suggestions were certainly great for anyone working in the artistic field at the time, and thus also for Nuvolo. But he also sought an order, he wanted to set a restricted horizon for the too boundless (at times) freedom of gesture. He was therefore looking for a control that would save him from the dangers of an action smudged with sentimentality or rhetoric. At the same time, he eschewed any preordained (and predestined) geometric, constructivist-type structure in order not to renounce the vitality of his own automatisms. Serigraphy (later also used in collage) solved this problem for him. The silk-screen printing technique, in fact, by its very nature led to a more accurate control of the gesture, created in itself a series of acts, incidents, normalised movements and while not limiting the freedom of extension of the form, it nevertheless forced it into a more organic dimension in which the automatisms themselves became constant, but not geometrical, elements constant, but not geometrical, elements of a series. All this took place in the 1950s and Nuvolo's choice, when one thinks of the time, was therefore sufficiently countercultural. On the contrary, it anticipated later solutions (and I am thinking of Rauschenberg, for example) that would have externalised, through technical change, the collusion and intermingling of processes. Other complex dimensions of consciousness. Apart from this, it must be said that Nuvolo's serigraphic technique, which was not subordinated to concerns of object multiplication, already posited the principle of a morphological modularity which, he demonstrated, did not necessarily have to be geometric. He avoided the cheap assemblages that were becoming fashionable after the Informal, and instead set his own type of figuration as the basis of his broad compositional organisms, not subordinated to superficial events, elaborated in relation to an inner density of emotion and always developed according to the method of fruitful automatic combinations.

And even where he did not feel the need for serigraphic insertions, in those compositions of stitched skins that he began to make around 1960, the acquired normality pacified the spaces (without slowing down the dynamic directions), organised, ultimately, regular dimensions, intentionally adapted to a modular principle. All this can be found in the most recent works. Admittedly, they appear different and are different because Nuvolo evidently wants to propose a less ambiguous image, not only morphologically, but above all in relation to the space in which it is placed, a space that is closer to a geometric dimensioning. However, in these very works, whose organicity is manifested in the controlled expanding rhythms according to vertical or horizontal, the starting point remains that pictorial nucleus that had been elaborated in the past. A nucleus that by now is clearly a module (without ambiguity, I repeat), an isolated and enlarged detail of an old intuition and formation, but that arrives at a diversity of meanings both because of its different location and because, by repeating itself in a series, it constructs a new image. And even in this case, the construction, although still achieved by means of the silk-screen technique, avoids the schematisms of both form (of triangles and squares) and colour, but above all those of an accustomed condition. Once again, therefore, Nuvolo is positively ment and committed to demonstrating the validity and necessity of an invention, in the ancient yet still topical sense of the term.

Rome, October 1971

CESARE VIVALDI

Nuvolo was one of the protagonists of the young Roman avant-garde of the 1950s, one of the liveliest of those artists - then aged between twenty and thirty, roughly - who were looking for their own space, their own personal definition, in the not easy field of the trends of the moment. A moment in which, beyond the noisy controversy between abstract-concrete and realism, some of the central experiences of the new Italian art were being elaborated; those gathered around the Origine foundation and then the magazine "Arti Visive".

Nuvolo, from Città di Castello like Burri and pictorially very close to Burri, trained precisely at the school of 'Visual Arts', and on the pages of the magazine some of his works were presented for the first time in 1954 in an article by Emilio Villa. Nuvolo's cultural and pictorial personality, always rather secluded but never peripheral, with his friendship for Burri and Colla, and at the same time for Cagli and also for his contemporaries with different training such as Dorazio and Perilli, should not, however, only be seen in a post-Burri context.

His painting 'derives' from Burri's - to which it is linked in the use of materials and often in the layout schemes - towards very personal, lyrical and elegiac rather than dramatic results with a subdued and delicate colouring, at times broken by the sudden flashes of silkscreen interventions. It is a painting that opens up, however, to neo-Dadaist possibilities, thus culturally alongside the art of Colla and already "beyond" not Burri (what would be the point of such a statement?) but "Burrismo". Here then is Nuvolo exhibiting in 1958 at the Tartaruga, at that time the true forge of the Roman avant-garde, and in 1959, in the same gallery, he took part in a memorable polemical exhibition of the 'Giovane Pittura di Roma', together with Scarpitta, Perilli, Novelli, Carla Accardi, Sanfilippo, Bignardi, Rotella, Marotta and Buggiani, with a truly remarkable painting, in which the Burrian scheme was superimposed by the imprint of an iron: a typical neo-Dadaist gesture, since the use of that branded fabric, that is, marked by previous human intervention, was already a way of appropriating the real. It is not for me to talk about Nuvolo's long absence from the art scene, which lasted more than a decade, which I think is more about the man than the painter, nor about his very recent 'comeback' and his new screen-printing and modular painting, which Enrico Crispolti has of course taken care of by presenting him in a catalogue at the Piattelli in June of this year.

at the Piattelli in June of this year. The present occasion, which has the great merit of re-proposing twenty years of Nuvolo's artistic activity, albeit in brief, is only worthwhile for me to point out what I find essential in his work: he has always been central, always at the heart of the renewal ferments that have agitated Roman culture for so many years.

Rome, October 1971