

Emilio Villa, *Nuvolo*, exhibition brochure, Galleria La Tartaruga, Roma, 1958

Nuvolo was born in the northernmost district of Umbria in 1926. In Città di Castello he cultivated his secret trade as a painter, and since 1950 he has worked in Rome. His first solo exhibition, at the Galleria delle Carrozze in Rome, was in May 1955; almost at the same time Corrado Cagli presented his second solo show in Florence, at "Numero." A year later at the Gargnano del Garda gallery, the University of Milan welcomed his third, stupendous, trial. Three solo shows last year: in February in Milan, in May in Città di Castello, in June in Perugia. Sensing the exceptional value of even profound, but above all profoundly genuine production, the Brooklyn Museum of Modern Art and the Tel Aviv Museum of Art secured his works. Not yet many, but all the highly sensitive ones, private collections, up to Peggy Guggenheim's very lively collection, count paintings by the Umbrian painter.

Personally, I consider it an adventure, a rare fortune, to have been able to witness such an unexpected birth of his vocation. One night in 1951 he invented his system of work, his instrument, fit to pick up the vibrations of the pulse; and thus entered, from memory, speaking of painting and love like a blind man, into the most solemn degrees of restrained modern naturalness, into the most alarming sounding of the automatic springs, into the register of that industrious participation in the Platonic spheres of elegance, into the firm and almost cheerful paraphrase of those ideal verisimilitudes, in which style and hope consist: and the mythical temptation to coordinate the scattered limbs, the relics, of the emblematic god (obscurely sung in the great liturgical hymn, *immotus in te permanens*). After so many contracted exclamations, sudden surreal allusions to atmospheric myths and theurgical semblances, his painting today tends to explain, in serene and admirable patterns, a very intimate vocation of his to White Energy (and still Orphic sources: dear perhaps to Timothy of Locri or the Melville of the pages on the white).