

Isabella Nurigiani bends matter to her will, inserts herself into straight movements by imposing soft curves that create iron forests damaged by angry corrosions. Seeing new perspectives through metallic Floras, keyholes in the perceptions doors where, an unexpected explosion of the levels, takes place. By carefully watching, languidly erected wires seem to vibrate by touching and kissing each other, generating orchestral dissonances where reemerge the rigour of Woyzeck scene, who listen the wind in the poppy field, in Werner Herzog's masterpiece. In a severe mixture of shapes, grey takes harsh and caustic tones meanwhile anthropomorphic beings, proudly show their welds, extreme and accentuated symbol of an obsolete union of the shapes.

Micol Di Veroli