At sixty years of age, Nancy Grossman has been often defined as an "artist is artist". Although she has been exhibiting regularly for over forty years, her popularity lays in the support and appreciation she receives from other fellow artists, rather than the art world. Her heads have been defined difficult sculptures, not much for the leather and zippers that cover them, reminiscing sadomasochism and fetishism, but for the message the they express: humankind is restrained, its freedom is narrow, communication is limited or null. When I asked her about them, Grossman - in her disarming unassumingly simple way - told me that she wanted to fill the space with friends. "These heads are self portraits. The reason I covered them with leather was because I was using old wood that I would laminate together in order to have a piece big enough for the work". Yet they encompass the whole existential history of humankind, from Michelangelo to now; and in this effect Grossman is a true Renascence artist: her heads take a year each to complete, and her studio is filled with drawings, collages, and three-dimensional paintings that she is been producing throughout her career. The journey through her newest collages start with the move (from Manhattan to Brooklyn) she had to endure after thirty years in the same studio. Faced with a mountain of found objects, she decided to classify them all and take them to their new space. These small Cornellian collages have the same inner strength of her heads or leather lavascapes, yet they hold a more distant approach. In a sense, it is as if the artist has left the possibility of a society change for itself and has now taken the task of being an observer. Any New Yorker would know the meaning of scattered bullets on her collages, and, once again, we are facing the inhuman side of our being.

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