

REVIEWS



to Golia and
arti," 2009.

covered in dust), Marti digitally scans the resulting arrangements to create photographic images of spatial ambiguity, playing with our sense of depth.

A roughly two-foot-wide opening in one of these photographs led inside the structure; crawling into the shadows amid the odor of wood, one came upon seven hidden works by Golia. The viewer unexpectedly confronted pieces such as *19 Mercedes Hood Stars Ring*, 2005, a framed, circular chain of Mercedes-Benz hood stars, and *Concrete Cube with Juicer*, 2007, a Philippe Starck fruit juicer set in concrete with its legs protruding, all created recently but rarely or never exhibited. The arrangement formed an atemporal passage through this artist's oeuvre, removed from the context of Marti's formal references to the early twentieth-century avant-gardes, with their allusions to the scientific and the subcultural. Rather, Golia's sequestered work turned inward, toward a personal past, one culled from the oxymorons and artifacts of American popular culture. Not only visible but also invisible ruins, a kind of postindustrial melancholy, remained.

—Francesco Stocchi

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

NAPLES

Giulia Piscitelli GALLERIA FONTI

A *protocol*, in Italy, is a register in which documents and data of every type are transcribed, usually related to a subject or company under review. It serves to identify and describe a person or a thing—characteristic elements, peculiarities, and relevant factors. It is a sort of cataloging that, if conducted correctly, can take on an appearance of certainty. The same cannot be said of the exhibition "*Protocollo*" (Protocol), compiled by Giulia Piscitelli. Here, data are catalogued and exhibited in the gallery—suggesting autobiographical references that are nevertheless difficult to trace back to any definite, unified subject. Piscitelli implies many different truths, despite the citation of apparently objective factors such as illness, psychological elements, and material objects. Each of her apparently objective elements gives rise to an infinite series of possible visions, offered up for the viewer's scrutiny beneath powerful neon lights.

Our apprehension of this data is gradual. The artist decided to place the most hermetic works, those that seem inscrutably personal and idiosyncratic, in the first room of the gallery. Thus she implied that one could detect psychological factors through signs made on two

small sheets of graph paper, both titled *Quando inseguo la mia ombra* (When I Follow My Shadow, all works 2009)—works created by tracing the shadow of her own hand. The pencil mark spans the sheet but is uneven; it traces torturous paths, spins around and around itself, at first appears rapid and nervous, then becomes calmer, full, and dense. It is as if within a few minutes, the various emotions and thoughts that passed through her mind were charted. In a large tapestry on the wall, *Tornado (Il formidabile destriero di Zorro)* (Tornado, [Zorro's Extraordinary Steed]), Piscitelli has created an image that brings to mind the tail of a horse, rendered by selectively bleaching the black fabric. In this case, the artist works via subtraction—as if excavating the image. The drawing is a kind of phantasm that reemerges from the unconscious.

In the second room of the gallery, the artist's thoughts and obsessions took the form of images rather than traces. Within a photographed mass of hair, a sneer seemed to emerge, as if it were possible to glimpse a human presence behind the tangle—someone who might be familiar to the artist, as the title of the work (*Non ti riconoscevo per un pelo* [I Didn't Recognize You by a Hair]) suggests. Specters of the imagination became increasingly vivid in the video projected on the wall, *Plessimetro* (Pleximeter), a black-and-white depiction of human silhouettes in movement. The accompanying sound recalls that of a ball bounced repeatedly on the floor—a noise that bears no relation



to the action of the figures visible in the video. These are evanescent, indistinct presences, due to the grainy image and the fact that Piscitelli has deliberately blurred their faces. On the opposite side of the wall was *Sunshine*, a gigantic scan of a Polaroid depicting the head of a woman seen from the back. Her face is turned away but one can intuit an interior drama—the sparseness of the woman's hair is evidence of illness, exposed without modesty in order to put in place the final piece of an extremely personal protocol.

—Filippo Romeo

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

STOCKHOLM

Jonas Dahlberg GALERIE NORDENHAKE

Were Jonas Dahlberg a film director, his camera work might be described as front and center or a little bit square—but that's OK, because his work is otherwise flush with mystifying dramas. In his earlier three-screen video *Three Rooms*, 2008, domestic interiors simply melt into nothing. There's no trace of special effects, you can't