



mercoledì 20 aprile 2005

Cos'hanno in comune superstizione e disco music anni '70, estasi mistica e trance sintetica, scintillanti membri virili (leggi: *sculturette*) e complementi d'arredo così algidi da apparire aberranti? A sorgere spontanea, per una volta, è la risposta: poco o nulla.

Così, per convincerci del contrario, **Delia R. Gonzalez** (Miami, 1972; vive a New York) e **Gavin R. Russom** (Providence, 1974; vive a New York) stilano un repertorio di ipnosi *take away* intorno ad un tema, sua maestà il rito, che con forza universale –e soprattutto primordiale– seduce e stordisce. Sulfurei frutti-amuleto, svettanti e vermigli come candeline; sonorità elettroniche estreme dall'impatto fermo e lancinante; astrazioni abbaglianti, tra il bersaglio e il mandala, di disegni indifferentemente neri o lattescenti, quasi miniati nonostante l'allure siderale. Insomma, cos'altro raccontare se non la verità dell'uomo "*before and after science*", come recitava un bel disco di Brian Eno di qualche lustro fa?

Ecco allora servito, tra antropologia e psichedelia, un trip massimalista –tutto è remoto, tutto è plausibile– fatto di armi e bagagli per l'occasione camuffati da chincaglieria. Sugli scudi, neanche a dirlo, la premiata ditta Energia & Liturgia –ovvero, ma soltanto in teoria, quanto di più estraneo la nostra epoca riesca a immaginare–, evocata dalla puntualità di un ghigno che sceglie di farti la festa, in modo fosco e divertito, semplicemente parlando, con dovizia di particolari, della festa e basta.



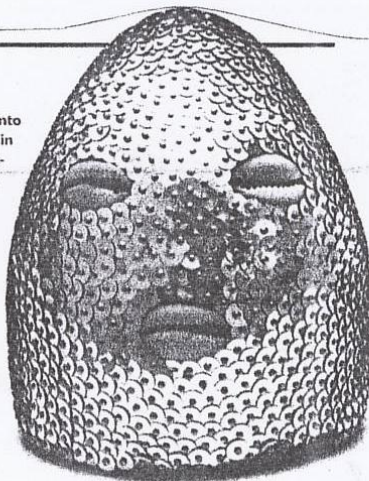
Si scherza col fuoco, insomma, a partire dalla fibrillazione torva dei titoli con cui questa coppia (per ora) terribile sceglie di presentare il veleno del proprio lavoro (*Evolution is Extinction*; *Dream Machine*: così le due precedenti personali newyorchesi). Fino a questo fluttuante *I feel love*, intorno al quale una galleria napoletana diventa uno spettacolo da non perdere, connotata –ovvero trasformata, e non è poco– da cima a fondo: un laboratorio-tempietto-dancefloor, perfetto per farti cogliere (letteralmente) in fallo, come fosse un'invasata qualsiasi, proprio la tecnologia. Per sorprenderti a stanare la storia e i suoi lacerti a braccetto con (tanti) totem e tabù, ancora una volta ma senza la retorica solita. Ebbene sì, al postmoderno non si arrivò per caso: tu chiamali, se vuoi, fiori della decadenza.

pericle guaglianone

mostra visitata il 26 marzo 2005

LAST SHOT NOTHING IS SACRED

Minimalism tends to separate the viewing public into believers and nonbelievers, and never more so than in the current blockbusters on both coasts. The eclectic spirituality of artists, dancers, and electronic musicians Della R. Gonzalez and Gavin R. Russom, at Daniel Reich, offers a worthy alternative to the Church of Judd. Reich has a weakness for New Agey, totemic installations (witness Nick Mauss and Shelby Hughes's crystal-strewn shrines last winter), and this show is no exception: Peering out from a landscape of black boxes is the mischievous, sequined face of Elegua (pictured, 2004), the Afro-Cuban guardian of thresholds and a reminder of just how varied religious experience can be. (Through May 22; see "Galleries: Solo Shows—Chelsea.")



The New York Times

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 2002

Della R. Gonzalez And Gavin R. Russom

Daniel Reich
308 West 21st Street, No. 2A,
Chelsea
Through July 21

Della R. Gonzalez and Gavin R. Russom often work collaboratively on performance pieces under the name Dream Machine, though at Reich they're each showing paintings and sculptures. Ms. Gonzalez draws on her Cuban background in politically inflected shrines dedicated to Santería deities like St. Barbara and St. Lazarus with Fidel Castro and Che Guevara playing the role of demons.

Mr. Russom's work also follows a spiritual path, but a trippier, more abstract one. His paintings and drawings, with their crystalline forms, astral symbols and triangular mountains, are like a combination of Joseph Yoakum and Joseph Beuys, and lovely. Collaboration comes in a video with the (to me) enigmatic title "Initiatic Journey Through the Vibrational System of the Planetary Eye." Its woozy color images look like television viewed through a dense filter, with artists in metallic makeup looking like space travelers or shamans.

Young artists are doing interesting, funny things with occultist theater and retro-60's spirituality these days. And when, as in the case of Ms. Gonzalez and Mr. Russom, the great Jack Smith appears to be an influence, you're already on sublimely funky ground. Reich has just published an attractive little book by them, and the artists will be offering performances, live and taped, at the gallery later in the month. Call for information and take your own headphones.

HOLLAND COTTER

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Delia Gonzalez and Gavin Russom

GALLERIA FONTI

Via Chiaia 229

March 24–May 06

In their first solo exhibition in Europe, Delia Gonzalez and Gavin Russom entice passersby to enter the gallery, luring them with the sounds of a synthesizer emanating from the gallery to the sidewalk. The sound is a fundamental element of the show, allowing visitors to immerse themselves in the psychedelic and sensual atmosphere created by this New York-based duo. A series of collages, drawings, and small sculptures are positioned throughout the gallery. Near the entrance, bunches of grapes perch on three tall pedestals of laminated white plastic. A quintessentially Italian symbol of fertility and abundance, the grapes are completely covered in spangles, as are the surfaces of various phallic-looking sculptures. The gleam of the surfaces, the ironic and playful spirit of the work, and the ambiguity of the iconographic references catapult the viewer into Gonzalez's and Russom's surreal world. It is a complex exhibition, rich with meanings that weave themselves through the minutely detailed, Rorschach-like images in the artists' collages, which play with the contrast between references to '70s Italian B-movies and analogies with the avant-garde architecture of Superstudio.



Exhibition view.

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

—Filippo Romeo

TALK BACK (0 messages)

< Milan | Naples | Rome >

New York

- Carter Mull
- Anthony Goicolea
- Mungo Thompson
- Philippe Parreno
- Nicki Stager
- Eliot Shepard
- Gonzalo Puch
- Amir Zaki
- Wayne Gonzales
- Emily Sartor
- Marlene Dumas

Chicago

- "In Sight: Contemporary Dutch Photography..."

San

Francisco

- Tariq Alvi
- Tracey Snelling

London

- Guillermo Kuitca
- Rezi van Lankveld
- Carey Young

Paris

- Loris Gréaud

Milan

- Christian Boltanski

Naples

- Delia Gonzalez and Gavin Russom

Rome

- "Area"

The New York Times

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NEW YORK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 2005

ART REVIEW

Latino Art, And Beyond Category

By HOLLAND COTTER

At its most rapid, talk about contemporary art is marketing talk, hem-length talk, trend talk. Painting is back. Pleasure is in. Like that. And because trends are cyclical, there's always a "new" to talk about, even though it's old.

Ideas about art, as distinct from styles, also come and go. But they can be tenacious. Their vogue may pass, but they still shape art in fundamental ways. Historians writing decades from now will surely note the lingering impact of 20th-century multiculturalist thinking on early 21st-century art. And they will acknowledge the way identity politics, and its aesthetic of marginality, continued to transform visual culture long after being absorbed into it and rendered effectively obsolete.

We see this absorption in process in two large museum group shows that are serving as prequels to the new season. One, "The (S) Files/The Selected Files 2005," is at El Museo del Barrio in Manhattan; the other, "AIM 25/Artist in the Marketplace," at the Bronx Museum of the Arts.



Left, "The Faceless Soldier" by Fawad Khan, at the Bronx Museum. Below, Alfonso Muñoz's "Boy in a Mercury Forest," at El Museo del Barrio.



El Museo del Barrio was established in 1969 by a group of New York artist-activists, most of them of Puerto Rican descent, who felt themselves excluded from New York City's major cultural institutions. After a decade as a neighborhood fixture in East Harlem, the museum moved to Fifth Avenue and expanded its mission to embrace art of the entire Caribbean and Latin America. More recently it has been working hard to establish an international presence, while continuing to describe itself as "New York's leading Latino cultural institution."

Embedded in this institutional ambition is a changing concept of what "Latino art" means. And "The (S) Files," the museum's

Continued on Page 27

The New York Times

Exhibitions of Latino Art, Moving Beyond Category

Continued From Weekend Page 25

modest biennial, now in its fourth edition, is a fair indicator of what that change looks like.

Organized by Deborah Cullen, director of El Museo's curatorial programs; Miki Garcia, executive director of the Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum; and Mayroel Nieves, curator of contemporary art at Museo de Arte de Puerto Rico, the exhibition was drawn mostly from unsolicited proposals submitted by artists in the greater New York area. The resulting show — clean, well-schooled, coolish, with solid work, if no obvious center — is therefore shaped to some extent by the play of chance. But it also seems to reflect a continuing curatorial effort to break down the notion of Latino art and artists as a fixed category and to demonstrate its integration into the art world mainstream.

All but absent, at least at first glance, are elements that once virtually defined art as Latino, at least in New York: religious im-

agines Martin and slightly soiled flags. Once you learn that all the work is based on fabric patterns that the California-born artist remembers his mother and sister wearing in the 1960s, many other references open. Suddenly, pop abstraction becomes art about personal memory.

An ethereal sculpture by Milton Rosa-Ortiz, made from hundreds of clear glass shards suspended by filaments, is also a memory-piece, memory in this case being historical. Although Mr. Rosa-Ortiz has arranged the fragments in the shape of a cumulus cloud, an abstract harbinger of fair weather, the glass was gathered from the beach in Puerto Rico where invading United States forces landed at the beginning of the Spanish-American War.

Mr. Rosa-Ortiz is by no means alone in approaching art as a kind of critical, materialized poetry. Fay Ray does so in cancerous-looking collages made from images of gems cut from magazines; and Alfonso Muñoz is a photograph of a dark-skinned doll armed with a tiny ax, and set like a vengeful imp in a forest of antique silverware.

Even didactic pieces deliver their messages with an eye to entertainment, as in Carlos Agosté's clever graphic coding of cholera, and Michael Paul Brito's "Ghetto Games," a video that turns an image of children playing on a found mattress into a slow-motion ballet. Carlos Motta catches the psychological manipulations of military training in an evocative merging of image and spoken text. Karina Aguilera Skvirsky, in her video "Blowback," uses horror movie scores to accompany a spectral army of global refugees marching through Central Park.

And a few artists subject old-school identity politics to an update. Josie Negron, known as Bubu, one of four Puerto Rican artists picked by Ms. Nieves, tackles the overworked theme of Latino spirituality by turning a religious pilgrimage into a bruising, hairpinning binge. Ostensibly honoring a promise he made to his mother to quit drinking, he traveled from Puerto Rico to Mexico, penitently hugging her wheelchair with him and drinking all the way. He documents his via crucis with an archive of photographs, a video and a relic: the wheelchair itself.

In place of a huddled-masses view of immigration, Chao Flores offers, in a wall drawing, a wry, street-wise cartoon-strip account of her own move from Lima to New York just two days before the destruction of the World Trade Center. Another wall drawing, this one by the Bronx-based artist Wanda Raimundo-Ortiz, rips into the very idea of ethnic identity, specifically the "Latina" identity that women like herself are pressured to adhere to.

Ms. Raimundo-Ortiz has more work on the same theme in "AIM 25" at the Bronx Museum. No art institution in the city has been more diversity-conscious than this one. And its Artist in the Marketplace program, a 12-week residency that focuses on the mechanics of career development and culminates in an exhibition, reflects this. While all of this

year's 35 participants live in the United States, many were born elsewhere, including Brazil, Germany, India, Israel, Japan, Libya, Mexico, the Philippines and Croatia.

(the intriguing photographer Vlatka Horvat).

Comparisons between the two exhibitions are interesting. There is even less overt political work in the Bronx show than at El Museo. A text-based installation by Yusef Mithi and a group of drawings by Fawad Khan that includes a striking but enigmatic image of a blank-faced soldier, are pretty much it. At the same time, the shows have many points of formal overlap.

An assemblage sculpture by Brian Caverly, a cut-paper relief by Beth Gillilan and a neon sculpture by Esperanza Mayobre, all at the Bronx Museum, have counterparts by José Enrique Krapp, Nicola López and Ilana Emilia Garcia at El Museo. All this work, in turn, finds ready correlatives in Chelsea galleries, raising the question of whether smaller museums are serving as alternatives to, or mirrors of, the mainstream. This is not to say that the Bronx show — organized by Lydia Yee, the museum's senior curator, and Amy Rosenblum Martin, assistant curator — is without distinctive entries. It has its share, in Ben Colebrook's pointed sculptural re-creation of the self-help section of a Barnes & Noble bookstore; in Ernest Concepcion's absurdist mural drawing of universal war; in an installation by Olen Hsu that includes a full-scale paper plane.

And there are two noteworthy videos. One, by Ivan Monforte, shot with a digital camera, shifts languidly from house cats playing, in hip-hop dancers dancing, to shots of moths attracted to light. With its grainy color and spacey metabolism, it is strange and beautiful. Mr. Monforte is worth keeping an eye on.

So, maybe, is Steven Lam. His "Desperate Attempts in Making Something Out of Nothing: Toward an Illegitimate Practice" borrows from the wackiness of very early video art and adds slacker wackiness of its own. Unlabeled style is part of the point. The only identity under scrutiny is Mr. Lam's as geek-anarchist artist. And the big idea, as suggested by the title, takes the form of another question, one that a lot of people have been asking in these postidentity, postpolitical days: beyond the film-flam of passing trends, where does art go from here?

Are smaller museums serving as alternatives to, or mirrors of, the mainstream?

agery, a rhetoric of political resistance and nostalgia for a rooted, preimmigration life. Actually, all of this is still in place, but in new ways. Far from taking the "Latino" out of art, much of the work simply presents it, sotto voce, as a subliminal, oblique, even optional content.

This content is all but invisible in several Minimalist works. A delicate sculpture and sound piece by Delia Gonzalez and Gavin Russom, for example, looks like a cross between a mirrored Art Deco vanity, a set of Donald Judd boxes and space age furniture with a programmed hum. Only the addition of two bunches of sequined grapes suggests a link to the altars of popular religions related to Ms. Gonzalez's Cuban heritage. David Cabrera's contributions are sparer still. Four collages of cut-paper flowers or stars on a solid ground have a gente Matissean bounce. Six printed digital "paintings," composed of horizontal bands in indeterminate brown, white and blue, bring to mind

"The (S) Files/The Selected Files 2005" remains at El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, (212) 831-7272, through Jan. 29. "AIM 25/Artist in the Marketplace: Remains of the Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1049 Grand Concourse, at 265th Street, Morrisania, (718) 681-9999, through Oct. 2.

The New York Times

By KEN JOHNSON

CONTEMPORARY sculpture knows no boundaries. There is no material or technology, from dirt to video, that sculpture won't pick up and exploit for its own ends, and there are no formal parameters like, say, the flatness of painting to constrain it.

Certainly there is no primary style right now setting visual or conceptual limits. About the only thing sculpture cannot tolerate, at least in theory, is being restricted to two dimensions. This makes sculpture a zone of enormous creative freedom.

The down side is, if sculpture can be anything, then maybe it is not anything in particular. It loses a sense of tradition, identity and purpose. And it becomes hard for people to care very passionately about it (the way many people still care about painting), much less evaluate it. If you think that artists, like children, need limits, you may not like what has become of sculpture.

Freedom or delinquency then? You could start an investigation into the state of contemporary sculpture this weekend by visiting gallery shows in Manhattan.

It would profitably begin with some historical stage setting, provided by exhibitions of Minimalist boxes by Donald Judd, an architectural excision by Gordon Matta-Clark and metal reliefs from the mid-1970's by Frank Stella.



Delia R. Gonzalez And Gavin R. Russom

An installation by the young team of Delia R. Gonzalez and Gavin R. Russom at the Daniel Reich gallery in Chelsea has an altogether darker mood. The artists have filled the gallery with boxy modules, all painted glossy black; they variously assume the forms of book cases, end tables and speaker cabinets.

Some have metal control panels built in with knobs for fine tuning the weird electronic sound effects that reverberate through the gallery. Square, all-black paintings hang on the walls and here and there are sculptures that look like rounded modern office buildings made of beach sand.

Also appearing in different places are odd little totemic, sequin-covered coneheads with cowrie shells for eyes and mouths. With a short, extremely low-budget, semi-abstract horror movie also on view, the whole show immerses you in a suburban, lower-middle-class Neo-Gothic romance.

delia gonzalez and gavin russom

DELIA GONZALEZ: BORN IN MIAMI/FLORIDA/USA IN 1972

GAVIN RUSSOM: BORN IN PROVIDENCE/RHODE ISLAND/USA IN 1974

LIVE AND WORK IN NEW YORK CITY



TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME 2001

1601 FORMICA, ALUMINUM, ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS, SPEAKERS, ENTHRONES, BEQUIN, PEARLS, FLUORESCENT LIGHTS
DIMENSIONS VARIABLE, BASED ON A MODULAR FORM, 12 CUBICAL, 3 WORKS 12 1/4 X 12 1/4 X 12 1/4 INCHES, 45 X 15 X 15 INCHES,
34 X 14 X 12 INCHES, 11 1/2 X 12 X 12 INCHES, 11 1/2 X 12 X 12 INCHES, 11 1/2 X 12 X 12 INCHES, 11 1/2 X 12 X 12 INCHES, 11 1/2 X 12 X 12 INCHES

The precise, highly produced line and surface of Delia Gonzales and Gavin Russom's modular formica sculptures draw as much from the industrial seriality and clarity of minimalist forms as they do from a scaled replication of the dimensions of Nazi monumental architecture. Arranged in this installation as if a model for Fascist urban planning, the pristine planes of the rectilinear sculpture also suggest a highly stylized bedroom set, conflating these distinct «sacred» arenas of private and public, personal and monumental. The gloss finish of the formica is polished to a reflective sheen, evoking a mirrorlike dissolution of surface. Elements of rococo ornamentation are also present in the addition of two sequined seashells, embellished with pearls and displayed in the display case like their own reliquaries of sources unknown, memories lost but still precious. The sound component of the work, embedded within but controllable on the exterior, is initially repetitive and electronic, though with sustained listening it seems to change, cycle

and breathe in a manner that mimics an organism. The sound evokes a concurrent thread of meaning in the piece, what the artists call «the sacred characteristic of disco culture and music with its emphasis on repetition, reflective surface, light and particularly collective ecstatic experience outside of any particular religious or political ideology.» Twining similarly ecstatic theatricality, cultural transformation, and the exploration of political power, the piece is entitled «Tomorrow Belongs to Me.» the song that the Hitler Youth sing as things begin to disintegrate toward the latter half of Bob Fosse's Cabaret.

The artists' interest in Fascist architecture lies in the power still embedded in, even emitted by, those forms, and their potential for that energy to be redirected towards different goals. The notion of ritual resonates in the idea of the monument, of elevating and assigning power to a symbolic form, as does the clear (though manipulated) architectural

reference to classical temples. Similarly, like the stolar talisman, the sequined icon sculptures become themselves baroque amulets, holding transformative power. As they write, «combining this architectural dimension with a vaguely familiar domestic setting and a reduced scale transforms its power from that of oppression into that of personal empowerment. The secular ideology behind these buildings gives their sacred dimension a much more egalitarian character. ... This parallels the ecstatic impulses of disco culture, also secular, and focused on collective celebration of the body, glitter, beauty, and losing it.» Bringing together structurally similar ideologies and lifestyles in a single installation, coupled with the tension in the material contrasts within, conceptually evokes an idea of ritual and possible reinvention and transformation.

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GARDAR EIDE ENARSSON
DELIA GONZALEZ AND GAVIN RUSSOM
TERENCE KOH
CHLOE PENE



Delia & Gavin
Vanity "Untitled"
 2006
 Peres Projects



Delia & Gavin
Fainting Couch 1
 2006
 Peres Projects



Delia & Gavin
Fainting Couch 2
 2006
 Peres Projects



Delia & Gavin
Untitled (fountain)
 2006
 Peres Projects

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

by Kathryn Garcia

Delia & Gavin, "Ceremonies of Consummation," May 4-June 24, 2006, at Peres Projects, 969 Chung King Road, Los Angeles, Ca. 90012

The work of Delia Gonzalez and Gavin Russom has long been a fusion of sculpture, music and performance, with references to the occult, Santería and contemporary ritual (their 2002 inaugural solo exhibition at Daniel Reich gallery in New York was titled "Dream Machine"). Their current suite of minimalist noise-machines at Peres Projects in L.A., titled "Ceremonies of Consummation," plays on the relationship between glamour and tragedy through the lens of Hollywood's own artist-mystic, Kenneth Anger.

In the opening scene of Anger's surreally moving 1949 short film *Puce Moment*, we watch the extravagantly made-up actress Yvonne Marquis. Feedback blares on the soundtrack as Marquis strikes glamorous poses in front of a mirror, and then throws herself dramatically on a puce daybed. She sighs, her eyes roll back in ecstasy, shadows turn the room light and dark as though the bed is moving through a passageway -- and then we see her lying on her porch, transported, the Hollywood Hills in the background.

Delia & Gavin's show is a monument to this moment of sublime, enigmatic transformation. Upon entering the gallery, you come face-to-face with your reflection in a theatrical gold vanity mirror, set atop a ziggurat-like pedestal of gold steps with a base of Artschwager-esque marble-patterned gray Formica, evoking Marquis' encounter with the mirror in the movie. Flanking you on either side are two sculptures of the same immaculate gold color, resembling the daybeds that function as backdrop for the actress' fainting in the film. The configuration has a riddle-like character to it.

Embedded within these objects are analog synthesizers that play pulsating, trance-like, repetitive drones, similar to the feedback on Anger's soundtrack. Music is a key aspect of Delia & Gavin's work: Their recent four-song album, *The Days of Mars* was released on DFA, a popular label with other indie bands like Black Dice and the Lcd Soundsystem, filled with synthesized melodic interludes redolent of Kraftwerk, Brian Eno and M83 -- somewhat more emotive than the drone emanating from the sculptures at Peres Projects, but with a common interest in playing around with listeners' expectations about musical climax.

The sounds from the Sphinx-like, mirrored objects produce an eerie, tranced-out feeling. The setting comes to seem like the elements of a Dadaesque theater where some ceremony is to take place, conveying divine, magical value on these objects. The prop-like character of the duo's work stems from their respective backgrounds. Both have been involved, with Christian Holstad, with the dance/performance troupe Fancytanz, while Russom has performed magic acts under the pseudonym The Mystic Satin, with Gonzales as assistant.

In Peres' downstairs gallery, a blue formica fountain lined in gold is centrally placed, sputtering ambient sound instead of water. Though somewhat of a departure from the glowing mirrors above and with no obvious Anger reference, the work continues the haunted, theatrical feeling of the rest of the work. (In fact, the piece was inspired by the duo's recent travels to Istanbul.)

A suite of accompanying drawings, installed upstairs from the main gallery, also relates to the idea of ecstatic states. Gonzalez has three works, each symmetrically composed and employing patterns of interlinked circles that resemble impenetrable mystical symbols. Russom's two drawings have a similar cryptic quality but use abstracted shapes that seem to be draft sketches for their Formica sculptures, emanating wavy colored lines -- a synesthetic depiction of the sound emanating from the objects?

The Russom images get at the heart of this show, depicting via color a world where sound fuses with sculpture in experience. The drawings make it clear that sound serves here as a kind of ecstatic "other space" that unfurls outward from the interior of the objects.

The fact that Delia & Gavin's minimalist objects are altars to Anger adds another layer of referentiality to their cosmic oeuvre. Anger's *Puce Moment* depicts an actress channeling her glamorous and tragic past, driving herself into a frenzy that transports her to another state of consciousness. Delia & Gavin's installation knowingly parallels this act, channeling the spirit of art's glamorous and tragic past -- Anger himself, with his tortured and personal modernism -- reflecting and refracting its spirit through their gold constructions.

These are the kind of ironic games with reference that artists love. What makes "Ceremonies of Consummation" special, however, is that Delia & Gavin's use their references as a jumping off point for something that feels genuinely like a gateway to an alternate reality.

KATHRYN GARCIA is an art writer in Los Angeles.

Delia Gonzalez

02.07.11

Author: [Eugenio Viola](#)

12.16.10-02.26.11 Galleria Fonti



Delia Gonzalez's second solo exhibition at Fonti is completely different from her 2005 show with Gavin Russom, whom she often works with. While the earlier work was suspended between anthropology and psychedelia, totem and taboo, her latest efforts are much more introspective. "In Remembrance" is an extremely refined exhibition, conceptually divided into two interdependent parts. The 2010 video that gives the show its name is inspired by a passage from Anaïs Nin's diary that compares Henry Miller, Nin's lover at the time, to Oberon, mythical

protagonist of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Gonzalez uses Nin and Miller's dark passion as the entry point for transposing certain themes—incurable conflicts between reason and sentiment, freedom and necessity, private vices and public virtues—from Nin's literary output to a visual medium.

Through their cadenced, deliberately repetitive, and often hypnotic sequence of movements, two ballerinas seem to be transformed, with the help of suffused lighting, into almost abstract entities that sublimate Nin's erotic recountings into something more formal and abstruse. Presented via the metaphoric language of the body altered into Baudrillard's "carnage of signs," the work conveys the complexity of desire and the dynamics of amorous interactions. The artist opts for an intimate approach proceeding from a deliberately absorbed, interior, private point of view. The rhythmically paced images also suggest the evanescence of memory and the oneiric atmosphere of an introspective journey that traverses the twists and turns of human emotion. Meanwhile, the two photographic diptychs in an earlier room—stills from *In Remembrance*—both draw meaning from and prepare the viewer for the final epiphany that is the video. In addition, this room contains four aniconic drawings on paper that are compelling for more than their undeniable technical virtuosity; they seem to open up a panoramic view into the artist's unconscious. These works function as a hyphen between the perceptible and the contemplated, unifying the two portions of the show.

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.