

Charles Traub's **Dolce Via Nova** found its appropriate place in the White Cube for becoming an observatory, melancholic and light-hearted, of an Italy that is lost in standardisation.

The White Cube exalts the image as a window that mends the relationship between space and a world that finds here protection and care. In the material noise of the city, Magazzini carves out a chance to meditate on a lost landscape that filters through the windows and is transformed in Traub's gaze.

Decontextualisation and continuous recontextualisation combine windows and frames that spin around us in a carousel of which we are the central pivot.

Because Traub's version is an Italy that no longer exists. An Italy of fragments, of different sites, heterogeneous, provisional places. An Italy that is collected by the camera in a very recognisable non-place. Just like the White Cube on which the dot and the chromatic counterpoint travel to dictate the beats, the pulsations of a minor Italy.

We feel its air and colours, but any reference to facts and people is purely lighthearted and ironic.

"Dolce Via Nova" is not just one place: it has a unitary time, those eighties crossed - certainly not for the first time and not just once - from Lombardy to Sicily to direct the compass of the lens on a personal G-/I-graphy, a map along recognisable but sentimental tracks.

Perhaps in search of the Italic DNA, perhaps of the genius loci, only apparently different landscapes are found in those recurrences that so captivated other travellers from northern Europe: the warm light of the cities, of the countryside and the sharp light of the sea, the indolence, the rhetorical and spectacular weight of history, the stubborn carefreeness.

There is something in every shot that gives us something familiar, recognisable of places that do not even belong to our experience. There is a bottle of beer among the rocks by the seafront, the watermelons along the road tracing a crooked, oblique line on Traub's map.

Along that line are walking fellinian characters, tourists in their own right, performers and actors in an all-Italian comedy, extras and caricatures of a theatre that is populated to resist homologation. Even if something in these pictures takes us back to Corot's Florentine and Roman canvases,

Traub's cheerful gaze between leaps and dashes of nostalgia, has the curiosity of that Luigi Ghirri with whom, travelling the peninsula from North to South, he shares an unprecedented view of things.

Because after all, Charles Traub believes that the photographer is a unique kind of tourist, one who is driven "with a kind of purpose to discover, in what we are seeing, ourselves".

Curatorial text by Francesca Marra and Simone Azzoni