

Apollo and Dafne

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Cupido is derided by Apollo and so he avenges himself demonstrating the power of his arch to the god of the sun : to him is addressed the gold arrow that makes him fall in love with Dafne. who was unaware of everything, to her the lead one that will make her run away from that love. Once shot the arrows, the victim pierced, the hunting starts. Ovidio tells us in his Metamorphosis the famous love escape that concludes with the metamorphosis of the nymph in a laureal oak, a moment which remained forever petrified in the well-known marble by Bernini.

Robustelli opts for the escape that was desperate for both the prey and the hunter, and he entrust it almost completely to the watercolour. There is not a narration of the events rather several moments of the out of breath running, of the thoughts emitted from the heads of Apollo and Dafne that change themselves in other things, inebriating and colouring the places in which they go through.

We could hear ,shouted from those open mouths, words of love from one and words of fear from the other, in addition to the gasping breath of the running: it is the action, both physical and emotional ,which envelops and overwhelms them, it changes them because pierced by the arrow, they always change even when still, melting them into emotions. Dafne runs away, scared, Apollo in flames chases her and runs through the nature and its shades, they blend in it and they are absorbed by it, assuming its features, now the marine manes made of seaweeds and fishes, then branches, leaves and trees of the country. It is not the arrow who changes them but the running itself. Cupido activates the change but both wear all that they encounter along the way. During the escape, the stronger the step is, the more the heads of air and the emotions flutter caught in thin shades. While they chase each other and escape, these touched each other and crash and melt into a fluid dialogue. Apollo's feelings hold his lover to attract her to himself, the Dafne's ones reluctant, at first soft as feathers, became now sharp branches, spines that wound him so much that make slip the colour of his feeling away. Apollo glides from the sky, he touches lightly Dafne's hair moved by the wind but now it's late: the earth hugs and attracts her to itself. Dafne is not anymore, the trunk envelops her legs and from her arms leaves arise, kissed by the sun, they had turned their backs to that god and wrap his head.

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