

"B.'s Silent Dance"
(by Loredana Finicelli)
(from the catalogs of "DNA, Dance Nature Art" and of "Metaphysical Dance",
personal exhibitions, Rome, 2005 and 2006)

B. chose the dance. And its premise: music. Soundless music, deaf to the ears and to the eyes of the beholder. B. listens to it, perceives it distinctly and, at its rhythm, constructs figures with suspended, at times, unnatural vaults. The pieces by B. are anatomical poetry pieces, drawn to the sound of a dream melody. Margherite Yourcenar says giving voice to the words of Alexis: "I had not abandoned the music, I felt on the contrary, a great ease to move with it; you know the lightness that you feel in the depths of dreams". Dance, music and dreams. The new artistic research of B moves towards this infinite aesthetic itinerary: attracted by the most elusive form and, among all, the most complete. Form of woman, body in movement, limbs in supple contortion, abandoned to the rapture of sound, what only the artist feels in the vivid moment of his creation. Of course, the precedent is illustrious: it's called Degas. And his singer is exalted: his name is Valéry. But the merciless, vigilant and inquiring eye of the French master, attentive to the contracted muscles and twisting of the limbs, which runs along the edges of a poised decency never exceeded is something quite different from that of B. and therefore sweet, delicate, not less seductive and enchanter. Aestheticism. More than a century has passed, but celebrating Degas, Valéry seems to observe B.'s paintings and, therefore, reunite opposite sensibilities. Opposite because they are of a different kind but sometimes meet and, in others, live together in a single being: "Not women, but creatures of an incomparable substance, diaphanous and sensitive, madly irritable glass meats ...". "No terrain, no solid for such absolute dancers; no floor, but a means where one leans on all the points that yield to where one wants". Singing the universe of the symbol, Valéry anticipates the enigmatic dimension of the pure dream: that of metaphysics, which when it materializes on de Chirico's brush overwhelms so much painting and a lot of subsequent representation as a hurricane. Here, therefore, the mystery of B. revealed in silence, synthetic and stylized symbols of women dancing in the dreamlike dimension of elsewhere. Elsewhere from reality, of course, but in the concrete and sure groove of our inexhaustible tradition.

Loredana Finicelli