

Marco De Luca GEMMAE LUCIS

Pallavicini 22 Art Gallery from 17th to 25th April 2021

Curator of the exhibition Roberto Pagnani

Marco De Luca. Le Pale di San Martino by Luca Maggio

(free translation)

"It is much more necessary for wells of light to open here and there." Christian Bobin

Three stelae. Thus the latest mosaic architecture by Marco De Luca: *Le Pale di San Martino* (2020). Three peaks, a synthesis of the Dolomites, are witnesses of the artist's enchantment in front of the sublime of this million-year-old Alpine stretch and captured in the moment of sunset, the eternal daily return of the fall of the day in its farewell, embracing the body immense of the mountain, erotic of the light on an open mass of slopes and crevasses and peaks, then sedimented in the memory of a man, in the minute and individual time, filtered by the rays of the iris to the folds of the hands, skilled in cutting and leading at home, tile after tile, trend by trend, every glaze or breath of marble emerging from the stony wall of the background.

Each element is in turn arranged inside quadrangular micro-fields that are never the same and composed of tones ranging from the gray of the lateral ends - to resume the support - to the darker ocher earths at the base and gradually clarified by the insert of commas celestial and above all by the many variations of precious pinks (used centuries ago for the faces of ancient Byzantine saints), here prevalent and aimed at restoring the chromatic echo of dolòmia, the living flesh of the rock that lights up thanks to the charm of the gold inserts denser at the apex, secret substance of these structures, ascending rain that awaits every drop of the other light, that of the solar star.

Of different heights and shapes, two antecedents, the last to fill the horizon, the three *Pale* recall a certain fascination expressed by Shaftesbury in his moral essays: "Even the rugged cliffs, the mossy caverns, the irregular caves and the unequal waterfalls, adorned with all the graces of wildness, they appear to me all the more fascinating because they more clearly represent nature and are enveloped in a magnificence that far surpasses the ridiculous counterfeits of princely gardens."

De Luca's dreams actually arise from nature, transfiguring it into something else, above, in meditation. And it seems to perceive, approaching these three terrestrial yet sacred fingers, such as those of the Orthodox blessing, unexpected melodies, the choirs of Mansurian's poetic Ars, the miracle of Garbarek's Officium and The Hilliard Ensemble, sounds that rise incessantly continuously, human and instrumental notes that chase each other like tesserae and fold and rise again, originating from an elsewhere where they know how to lead those who listen to them and feel them as their own, like someone kidnapped who gets lost among the colors of De Luca's peaks.

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