



PROANTIC
LE PLUS BEAU CATALOGUE D'ANTIQUITES

18th Century French School, Circle Of Fragonard. Pan And Syrinx. Ovid, The Metamorphoses.



4 850 EUR

Signature : Ecole Française Du XVIIIè, Entourage De Fragonard.

Period : 18th century

Condition : Très bon état

Material : Oil painting

Length : 46 cm, 61 cm avec le cadre

Width : 37 cm, 52 cm avec le cadre

Description

French school of the 18th century, circle of Fragonard. Pan and Syrinx. Relined canvas measuring 46 x 37.5 cm. Antique carved wooden frame measuring 61 x 52.5 cm. Our painting from the second half of the 18th century depicts a well-known scene from Ovid's Metamorphoses. Syrinx, wanting to escape the ardor of Pan who was pursuing her, prays to her river sisters to transform her. The god rushes forward and... disappointed, embraces only the reeds of the marsh. He sighs in pain and the air he exhales, passing through the long stems, produces a dull moan. He then softens and murmurs to the nymph: "For me, these plants will remain the means of speaking to you forever." He then cuts reeds of unequal length. With wax, he glues them together. Thus, in his hands, Pan's flute is born.

Dealer

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The flute, also called by the beautiful name of the one for whom Pan will always play desperate melodies, Syrinx. The Metamorphosis of Syrinx, Book I of the Metamorphoses. Ovid. "Then the god said: "At the foot of the icy mountains of Arcadia, among the Hamadryads of Nonacris, the most famous was a Naiad whom the nymphs called Syrinx. More than once she had escaped from the satyrs who pursued her and from the gods who haunt the shady forests and the lush fields. She honored the goddess of Ortygia by her activities, and even vowed her virginity to her; girded too in the manner of Diana, she could have been mistaken for the daughter of Latona, had she not had a bow of horn, instead of the goddess's golden bow. Even so, they were confused. One day when she was returning from Mount Lycaeus, Pan saw her and, wearing a crown of pine needles on his head, addressed these words to her..." It remained for the god to relate Pan's speech, and the nymph's disdain for his prayers and his flight across the fields, until she arrived at the sandy edge of the peaceful Ladon; there, the waters stopping her course, she had prayed to her liquid sisters to metamorphose her. Pan already believed Syrinx to be at his mercy, but in his hands he grasped only reeds from the marsh and not the body of the nymph. And as he sighed, the air he had displaced through the reeds produced a faint sound, a kind of lament. Seduced by this novelty and the sweetness of this melody, Pan said: "For me, this will remain a means of conversing with you." And so, thanks to unequal reeds joined together by a wax seal, he perpetuated the name of the young girl."