



Oil On Canvas Early 18th Century: Psyche Discovering Love.



4 800 EUR

Period : 18th century

Condition : Bon état

Material : Oil painting

Width : 83 cm

Height : 68 cm

Description

Very beautiful oil on canvas from the beginning of the 18th century representing "Psyche discovering the face of Love".

This popular theme was also taken up by Pierre Paul Rubens, Lagrenée and Jacopo Zucchi.

Cupid forbade Psyche to see his face, although he shared her bed every night. Afraid of having a monster in her bed, this one night transgresses the ban and brings her oil lamp close to her lover's face. In the emotion facing the divine face, Psyche drops a drop of oil on Cupid who wakes up and leaves her. From this episode will be born the long journey of Psyche, which could pass that of Hercules for a summer camp.

The painting by Lagrenée, known as the eldest,

Dealer

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Louis Jean François, is part of the decoration of the King's Bedroom, at the Château de Belle-Vue.

Here is the original text of "Cupid and Psyche" by Apuleius, describing this scene:

"She advances the lamp, seizes her dagger.

Farewell to the shyness of her sex. But the couch instantly lights up, and here are its mysteries brought to light. Psyche sees (what a sight!) the loveliest and most private of monsters, Cupid himself, that charming god, sleeping in the most seductive attitude. At the same moment the flame of the lamp expands and sparkles, and the sacrilegious iron shines with a new brilliance.

Psyche remains appalled at this sight, and as if deprived of her senses. She turns pale, she trembles, she falls to her knees. The better to hide her iron, she wishes to plunge it into her bosom; and the effect would have followed the intention, if the dagger, as if afraid of becoming an accomplice in the attempt, had not suddenly slipped from his misguided hand. She surrenders to despair; but she nevertheless looks, and still looks at the marvelous features of this divine figure, and feels like being reborn in this contemplation. She admires this radiant head, this halo of blond hair from which exhales a perfume of ambrosia, this milk-white neck, these purple cheeks framed by golden curls which are gracefully shared on this beautiful forehead, or are staged behind the head, and whose dazzling brilliance dims the light of the lamp. At the shoulders of the fickle god seem to grow two small wings, of a nuanced whiteness of the incarnate of the heart of a rose. Even in inaction, we see their delicate extremities quivering, which never rests. All the rest of the body joins the happiest proportions to the most uniform white. The goddess of beauty can be proud of the fruit she has borne. At the foot of the bed lay the bow, the quiver and the arrows, insignia of the most powerful of the gods. The curious Psyche never tires of seeing, touching, ecstatically admiring the formidable weapons of her husband. She draws

an arrow from the quiver, and, to try its temper, she presses the end to her thumb; but his hand, which trembles while holding the line, imparts an involuntary impulse to the point. The sting cuts into the epidermis, and causes a few drops of pink blood to flow. Thus, without suspecting it, Psyche fell in love with Cupid herself. More and more in love with the one by whom we fall in love, she bends over him with her mouth open, and devours him with her ardent kisses. She only fears one thing, that the sleeper wakes up too early. But while intoxicated with her happiness, she forgets herself in these too sweet transports, the lamp, either treacherous, or jealous, or (what do I know?) impatient to also touch this body so beautiful, to kiss it, so I dare say, in turn, pours from its luminous focus a drop of boiling oil on the right shoulder of the god. O clumsy and reckless lamp! O too unworthy minister of love! must it be through you that the god who sets fire everywhere also knows the burn! by you, who no doubt owed it to the genius of some jealous lover of darkness, and who wanted to dispute with them the presence of the adored object! The burned god wakes up with a start. He sees the secret betrayed, the faith violated, and, without saying a single word, he will fly away from the looks and the embraces of his unfortunate wife. »

Very good condition, original canvas.

An old small restoration.

First half of the 18th century.

Dimensions: 83cm / 68cm.

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I await your visit,

Géraldine Buisson.