



deepening sheet - **Romeo's Balcony by Daniel González**

THE BOY NEXT BALCONY

A recent television advertisement shows a Princess in a tower who asks for help to an uncaring Prince, a Charming Prince of course. The story of Romeo and Juliet is not dissimilar to those of fairy tales involving a Prince and a Princess, if not for the final tragedy: is actually the non-happy ending that sets it apart from the rest of reassuring fairy tales, but everything takes place according to the typical pattern.

Daniel Gonzalez is an artist of our times, and as such he should interpret one of the most sweetly weepy place in the world: it can be obnoxious - like turns to be everyone who reveals an unpleasant truth or a difficult to accept one - but the new human behaviours require a review of the roles, so Romeo is no longer at the foot of Juliet who sighs from the balcony, but is on the opposite balcony, in a completely different formal, conceptual and visual relationship.

Is he the boy next door? The street guy as in "West Side Story"?

Probably yes, but even this is nothing more than a further stage of the emancipation of women, forcing Romeo, every Romeos of the world, on a balcony. Since the balcony that Daniel builds opposite Juliet's one, directly originates from the latter, after centuries of fake poisonings and real daggers. Today the tragedy of lovers turns out to be a comedy, but luckily not yet a farce.

It is a lively, a little bragging and very insecure Romeo the one who ideally appears at the balcony, whose is its object reflection: he is flat as in the game of Meccano, superficial and colourful at the same time, visible, attractive in his appearance, and even sweetly feminine for the fresh and delicate flowers that grow in the shade of his ostentatious manners. Before him, Juliet is even austere at her stone balcony that has been there for six centuries: her role, the female one, however transposed to the current world, still retains an atavistic residue of social stability.

Between a girl and a boy, today the latter is the one feeling off guard, in search of a specific identity, and such a failure is masked by the way the stage is conceived, a place Daniel builds with the irony that, you know, is also the counterpart of a deep empathy, as a result the shimmering sequins of the boxes piled up on the balcony at the end turn out to be a little sad.

Since, what words that Romeo will ever say from that balcony?

Neither Francis of Rostand's Cyrano will succeed in being more clumsy, nor those Hispanics of North American ghettos that entrust their charm to the rocker cushions of their Cadillac. As happens today, all the Romeos of the world are silent, on "display", and especially cannot wait to be courted.

Marco Meneguzzo