

## Diego Gualandris

### ANTARES

3 October | 28 November 2020

*Tale 01#*

The other day a red supergiant and a disco, both called *Antares*, met. They went for an ice cream at the bastard uncle's shop chatting in a weird incomprehensible slang.

'Cume stut, bup o mup?'  
 'Mup'  
 'Parmarana?'  
 'Non ho un centup'  
 'Neanchup. Ti servono dei sup?'  
 'Naum, graum. Farò un rapaum'  
 'Mi so mpozzata? È peracalaure'  
 'Nin ta praccapaura'  
 'S'impazzaut'  
 'Mah...Magari è mausen sequestrare un persausen'  
 'Uno rauc perauc'  
 'Chiaramanibe!'

They then decided to go kidnap someone, willing to ask for a lavish ransom and free themselves from poverty, after spending their only savings on that ice cream. It was a good one though.

'Have kids! Have kids! Have kids! Have kids! Have kids!'. Somebody prompted two young pigeons to procreate from the other side of the street. "... Have kids, now or never!'

The supergiant's cell phone started to ring intensely

'Chi cozza valo chiste?'  
 'Cuì?'  
 '2013'  
 'Incoro?'  
 'Sa...'  
 'Nin raspandara'  
 'Ahaha! Nin ho un cattovo idoo'

2013 had a short fling with the supergiant that didn't end up very well.

'Sinto, hi n'idao' said the disco 'Siquastrioma 2013, li mittiomo nel garage del morbius'  
 'Ahaha! Nin ho un cattovo idoo'

Obviously, they were joking. They actually knew very well who they intended to kidnap. It will happen next Wednesday. At ten to twenty-two they made their way to the former fruit and vegetables shop in via Sant'Anna, found in front of church whose writing on the wall says IT'S ME and the one to the side that says FRANCO.

The karaoke had started and the old shop with the yellow scraped walls and the smooth floor scented like detergent and pizza with pork and eggplant. A terminally ill dentist welcomed with open arms the two *Antares* and kept singing even while eating pizza and peach ice cream with vodka.

'Binvonautesan! Sin erriveti le rigiane del fasto!'

On the indistinguishable faces of the people present were red and silver glitter. An orange dim light mixed everything in one hectic and screaming mango-flavoured homogenized. Somewhere in the room the floor exerted a greater gravitational force. Many would slip and then tangle themselves like dalmatian or greyhound puppies. Liquids and shapes, both in the sky and in that former fruit and vegetables shop, mixed like molecules guided by an instinctive and necessary force.

The disco started to twerk while the supergiant laid two bottles of a delicious icy rosé on the table. An icy asteroid looked at the scene annoyed and intolerant, he was having a mental breakdown but in the end he started singing the song coming from down there:

*Cimo pramo  
pi do pramo  
t'omiréééé  
Li to ovato  
Li mo ovato  
To diréééé  
Simbro n sagno  
Rovadirta, acchirezzorta  
Li mo mona  
Li to mona  
Strongiare incheeeeer*

Diego Gualandris (Bergamo, 1993) lives and works in Rome. He graduated in Painting in 2018 at the Accademia Carrara di Bergamo.

Recent exhibitions include: 2020 – Quadriennale d'arte 2020, *FUORI*, curated by Sara Cosulich and Stefano Collicelli, Palazzo delle Esposizioni, Rome (upcoming); *ANTARES*, ADA, Rome. 2019 - *The Italian open*, Galerie Rolando Anselmi, Berlin. 2018 - *Caradrio*, with Riccardo Sala, Tile Project Space, Milan; *Il vello d'oro*, Giorgio Galotti, Turin; *Figure di spago / Pratiche di narrazione*, curated by Caterina Molteni, Fondazione Baruchello, Rome; *L'isola portatile*, curated by Caterina Molteni, ADA, Rome. 2017 - *Gattacornia*, Altalena, Maccagno. Residencies projects include: 2019 - Castro, Rome; Painting Workshop, Nuoro, Quadriennale di Roma. 2018 - Residenza la Fornace / Autunno, Spino d'Adda. 2016 - VIR, Viagarini in residence, Milano. He has been awarded the Pollock-Krasner Foundation Grant in 2020.