

Diego Gualandris

ANTARES

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Tale 03#

The other day Giancarlo the warlord met Giulio the warlord who, just like him, was having veil butter for a snack. They went to see the prince Samberrütt, both of whom were secretly in love with.

‘Buongiarco pranco Samberrarco’

‘...’

‘Cocciò?’

‘Nopie’ Samberrütt said sadly smiling ‘Suvvia pranco a noi puoi drarco’

‘Bè, uno scorpiozzo è entrato nel mio castozio’

‘Nin ta praccapaura, sa ni starà trinquollo in un baco’

‘Temo di no purtrauco.. pesa 700 chilograuco’

‘Porcoplutarco!’

‘Già..’

‘Fanno scafo gli scorpiuti’

Vongo’

Without flinching, the two warlords unsheathed their swords and entered dashing into the castle haunted by the filthy poisonous arachnid. The huge scorpion had half destroyed the castle’s furniture. Yellowish stains of drool covered sofas, pillows, tablecloths, carpets, beds and chandeliers.

The two warlords exchanged an accomplice look.

‘Il mastro ì feràto’

‘Pribabalmonta ì giò marta’

‘Mh...’

‘Quinto scimmiotta?’

‘6000 EYPΩ’

‘Indoti!’

6000 EYPΩ was a really big amount to bet. They both were practically risking the monthly subscription to the scooter-cloud.

‘Li vado!’ Giancarlo shouted in a low voice “sembra un grosso sacco dell’amanbracca, pieno di occhi, aculei e misciotte’ ‘Raccapracaramacapricciancanatenete... comunque ho vinto lo scommasso’ Giulio mumbled. The scorpion noticed their presence, its eyes simultaneously rolled towards the two petrified warlords. Three eyes on Giulio, four on Giancarlo and the last one stubbornly stuck on the monster’s shapeless genital organ, which he couldn’t stop admire it since its birth.

It probably would have stopped a little after.

At two to twenty-two, Kevin (the scorpion's name) shook its deadly arm and the dripping blade could only suggest the worst of deaths. Blades, shields, dodges, serrated claws, catarrh and the old castle with red scraped walls and the chess floor smelling like sweat and pizza with pork and eggplant. The two warlords wiggled more hysterically between the creature's clutches. 'MmmmMmMmuori!' Giulio babbled energetically saddling it with his sword inside the belly.

The eyes of the rotating scorpion closed one after the other in six seconds. Only one struggled to close. The one which wouldn't stop orbiting around that sort of slimy funnel under the abdomen.

Fiup! An ebony arrow with feathers of pigeon, crow and seagull, stuck in Kevin's good eye and it finally collapsed muttering something about an orangutan. Prince Samberrütt held in one hand a bow made with narwhal's bow. In the other, a silver microphone. He was also wearing very beautiful sunglasses.

While Giancarlo clapped, Giulio was fixing the room. He had already chopped Kevin's remains, switched on the oven, vacuumed and cleaned the floors.

The prince, inspired like never before, turned on his cylindrical chamber. A sweet arpeggio suddenly came out of it and magic words started scrolling on the room's scraped wall, crawling like water between rocks of a fountain:

*Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!
Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken*

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, Viafarini in residence, Milano. He has been awarded the Pollock-Krasner Foundation Grant in 2020.