



MIL CARAS DE EUROPA A TRAVES DE LA PALABRA

MEETING ITALY



I.I.S.S. "CARLO MARIA CARAFA" MAZZARINO AND RIESI

1th April - 5th April 2019

Mazzarino, Italy

Erasmus Translation

Orlando: Angelica! Angelica! It's me, your brave Orlando! My queen, you are wandering and I'm looking for you. What can I read around? Angelica and Medoro? An arrow in the middle of the heart. Oh, what a beautiful work, written with coloured chalk and charcoal. I'm starting to doubt that Lady Angelica had a lover.

Angelica, my beloved! Object of my love, what are these writings? Balls, arrows and hearts? Angelica, don't turn a deaf ear. The thing is very serious and the writings are too many. Angelica, answering to those who question you is a sign of good manners. Don't be dumb and obstinate, because if I lose patience, I'll kick you. My heart is tormented by a storm. It seems to me I'm getting crazy. I beg you, sweet Angelica, do not make me get angry! This helmet, which is my friend, has always made everyone afraid of. If I get nervous, look, I destroy it. My sword is already quivering, because it overheard that my reputation has been hit. Hey calm, sweet sword, don't be quivering because now the lady will explain us everything. Angelica, why are you silent? You only use your mouth for kisses. What a terrible doubt, what a fool I was! You look sweet and angelic and instead you tricked me. When you showed yourself kind and elegant, you were lying to steal the brilliant rings. While Orlando was risking his life in fight for you, you ran to Medoro to be his lover.

Look at me, because of anger, I have become cross-eyed!

I don't want to be serious, I don't want to be crazy, I'm good and polite, but watch out, I'm pissed off! Angelica!!! Angelica!

Angelica! If the heart were sea, you would see the waves. If the heart were wind, you would feel the blows. If the heart were the sun, you would see the sunbeams and the heat would be all around. But under this mask of the brave hero, there is a man in love, a poor man. If I take off the armour, I'll be a miserable man, a man like many others.

Speak to me, tell me a word, if you are an honest person, if your heart is sincere. Just tell me it's not true. I am ready to believe you and all these writings I will erase, but you are taking advantage of my weakness. Angelica, answer me! You, mountain of garbage, filthy, slob, ignoble person. Tell me a word, sweet Angelica, I came here only to meet you! Tell me a word!

Angelica: Cuckold!