

Maestro, as you paint this picture would you tell me
what-what's going on in your mind.
Now the cross, the mystical vertical cross.
Out of black paint,
(...via con questo coso per... cortesia...)
a cross comes down from the top left hand side of the
canvas.
(via con quella testa per cortesia!)
he has just thrown a bunch of gold paint which has not
only hit me in the face,
(...ostia...)
but has gone across the canvas to the applause of the
crowd below.
(...calma... aspetta... ahó aspetta cazzo, eh... adesso,
aspetta!)
now some black paint
(...giù con quella testa! giù la testa nico... via via con
quel coso lí porcoddio...)
This is the head, this is the head-this is the head of
the black death.
The canvas and the photographers are covered with
paint.
I might add, its black paint and gold paint on a white
canvas.
(...un pochettino un pochettino! così così dai! più in
lá!)
(crowd)
that was a – a big slash of paint.
What is this.
(Ah aaah ah ah [dialetto] è bellissimo?? non va più
via... [dialetto] guarda, No, no, no! Eeehh!)
Now he got even with the photographers who have been
covering the canvas,
And opens the canvas and out comes twelve pigeons! Ha
ha ha!
Twelve homing pigeons have just flown out of the
canvas.
Maestro, what are you doing?
(applause)
You call this painting...
Le Lion de St. Mark.
The lion of St. Mark.
Hommage à Venice.
Homage to Venice, the home (ha ha) of the lion of St.
Mark.