



Articoli tradotti in lingua straniera

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si spegne una delle ultime stelle del Novecento nostrano, un artista estremamente eclettico che la storia contemporanea d'Italia l'ha attraversata tutta a passi lunghi e ben distesi, passando per il teatro, la letteratura, il cinema, la radio, la televisione e la pittura. Fo non se ne va certo in sordina, visto il capitale culturale che ci lascia in eredità; non solo culturale, ma anche civile, considerando la critica sociale e politica che da sempre ha caratterizzato la sua opera. Censurato dalla Rai democristiana, lontano dal "teatro borghese" –

così lo chiamava Fo - recitava le sue commedie nelle piazze, nelle fabbriche e nelle Case del Popolo, dove incontrava il pubblico meno abbiente, che poteva così assistere a uno spettacolo di satira, divertente quanto tagliente, senza eguali.

Un commediante d'arte...

Si improvvisava un commediante d'arte, Dario Fo, e lo era, in effetti, in tutto e per tutto; ce lo ricordiamo ancora, con quel fare giullaresco che appartiene ai

secoli passati, saltellare da una parte all'altra del palco, rielaborando testi antichi in uno strano miscuglio parodico di idiomi reali e onomatopoeie, il cosiddetto "grammelot", una lingua che giusto Dario Fo poteva recitare. Risale al 1969 la prima edizione di "Mistero buffo", una "giullarata popolare" composta da monologhi di argomento biblico (e non solo, nelle centinaia di edizioni successive) che ha fatto divertire, e allo stesso tempo riflettere, una generazione intera. In questo e in gran parte dei suoi spettacoli, Fo si accompa-

gnava alla compagna, d'arte e di vita, Franca Rame, venuta a mancare tre anni fa. Persino in quell'occasione, ai funerali della moglie, Fo non perse mai il sorriso, se non per qualche secondo, come se la maschera del commediante proprio non gli venisse via. I capelli grigi, che grigi lo erano da tempi immemori, gli occhi vispi e accesi, i denti dell'arcata superiore grandi, forse più della norma, e sempre in mostra, sicuramente più della norma: sempre uguale a se stesso, sembra impossibile ricordare un Dario Fo diverso da

questo. Forse la verità è che la maschera che indossava Fo «riproduceva esattamente la sua faccia», come ipotizza Ascanio Celestini ricordando il maestro, «una maschera per dire che le maschere non esistono». Ma se questo è vero, e lo è, quello che salutiamo non è solo un artista straordinario, un personaggio storico della contemporaneità, ma anche un uomo vero di grande coraggio e ironia, cultura e umiltà, un insegnante e un compagno.

■ Laura Spataro

A modern minstrel at the king's court



The Nobel Prize for literature awarded to Bob Dylan is matter of discussion but the image and words of the singer-songwriter are indelible in everyone's heart

The truth is that everyone has their favourite Bob Dylan. The nostalgics of the '60s still have his image pinned on their shirts with the most famous songs, adopted as pacifist and ecologist paeans by the civil rights movement. The lovers of classic rock, the one all guitars, drums, and sweat, have impressed in their heart the songs of the electric evolution of 1965 (in full Newport Folk Festival, where the most uncompromising purists of folk-only-acoustic guitar-and-harmonica forced him to leave the stage), which redeemed rock & roll from the infinite imitations of Elvis, to open new ways for it. Those who were young in the '90s and amusing themselves slashing their throats and scratching their hands on electric guitars must have played "Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door" hundreds of times, thinking it was a piece by Slash and Guns'n'Roses. Bob Dylan has crossed fifty years of music history, leaving traces of his presence every-

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where; but actually Dylan has always been secretive and elusive. Starting from the "mythical" '60s, when he abandoned the protest song passing from libertarian paeans such as "Blowin' in the wind" to the feverish existentialism of "Like a rolling stone". I met my personal Bob Dylan in 1983 when I, for the first time, listened to "Jokerman", a sumptuous rock ballad that for almost six minutes pours out words sung by the incomparable grating and abrasive voice, making a series of biblical-oneiric images worthy of a Rimbaud in an intoxicated mood. Unfailing is the proverbial harmonica at the end, as if to remind us that he is the king of storytellers. To this collection of memories we must add a brand new one, the one relative to 13 October 2016, date on which the Nobel Prize for literature has been granted to Bob Dylan. Needless to say that this award has caused great astonishment both among men of letters and among the most observant Dylan fans. What is the link between Bob Dylan and literature? And the one between songs and poetry? When

someone says that songs are poetry, there is always someone else saying that real poetry does not need music, while the texts of the songs cannot exist without music. An endless issue... The Nobel Prize could have brought all this to an end; the written words that leave a mark, have the same dignity, whatever is the vehicle by which they arrive to the audience. The important thing is that they narrate a story, and narrate it well. The motivation for the assignment of the Nobel Prize to Bob Dylan is clear: «For having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition» and receives full approval also by the New York Times: «The Nobel establishes what for a long time we have perceived: Mr. Dylan is among the most authentic that America has ever produced, a creator of bold images and sounding like Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson». Maybe the real question is why the prize arrived so late, fifty years after the publication of his most famous and "immortal" texts. Probably, as some "pure" writer has maliciously said, it is a sort of pledge for the nostalgia of "The good old days" of a generation that after so many years wanted to dignify its own roots. However, what really counts are the still "Blowin' in the wind" words. Different points of view, just like different and contrasting are the images of the "minstrel" from Duluth, Minnesota, who went to New York when he was very young to meet Woody Guthrie and whose destiny was to change the history of the music, and much more. ■