

tonalestate

2016

Ora che invade le oscurate menti
Più aspra pietà del sangue e della terra,
Ora che ci misura ad ogni palpito
Il silenzio di tante ingiuste morti,
Ora si svegli l'angelo del povero,
Gentilezza superstite dell'anima...
Col gesto inestinguibile dei secoli
Discenda a capo del suo vecchio popolo.
In mezzo alle ombre...

G. Ungaretti, L'angelo del povero
(Il Dolore, I ricordi, 1942-1946)

UN MUNDO

IO SONO QUEL CHE SARAI

SIN MAÑANA

Grant Wood, American Gothic, dipinto a olio, 1930, Art Institute, Chicago

3-6 AGOSTO Passo del Tonale (BS-TN) Ponte di Legno (BS) Vermiglio (TN)

tonalestate.org



THE INHERITANCE



“And I shot on Dolokhov because I felt offended; and King Louis the XVIth was executed because they had considered him a criminal, while, a year later, were led to death those who had executed him, for one reason or another. What is bad? What is good? What must be loved, or hated? What is worthy to live for and what am I?”

This is how the noble and awkward Pierre questions himself in “War and Peace”, a masterpiece as well as a “La Recherche” is, and we humans would not probably be worthy of them, if Tolstoj and Proust had not made us worthy of: two very humble and very known but perhaps not enough read ingeniousness.

These are also the questions written in the souls of the two proud American farmers, sign of the strength and perseverance and wish of foundation proper of the pioneers - and proper of whoever does not allow

himself deluded by the stupidity or by the inactivity - painted by Grant Wood in the 1930. And they are the questions written inside the theme - the inheritance - that the “Tonalestate” proposes us for the edition of the 2016: what can we leave in inheritance to our children (and what will you transmit to their own children), if we don't know who we are and we don't know of what nature is the seed that today, with either prudence or lightness, with either hate or love, we do plant with our life and our choices of every day? What future do they prepare for us those who govern us, and whose faces are actually stranger faces? And what future have in their mind those who are opposing them with weapons or with their ideas?

A mundo sin mañana (a world without tomorrow) sang, in 1974, a Venezuelan revolutionary, Alí Primera: his words were undoubtedly shocking, waking us today, after more than forty years, from our discontent and ineffective restless. Nobody succeeds indeed in thinking about a world without tomorrow, yet everything leads us to believe it. Wars, distant or near, hunger, poverty, slavery, exploitation, injustices, oppression, abuses, business and the misgovernments: all this surprise us, even if in his ancient, rhythmic, almost trivial and cruel repetition. A few red houses, made of old bricks among stunted tamarisks which are becoming more and more pale; scrubby creatures lost in dreadful visions.

But is it really only this way? With a light delicate voice, similar to a lace of Bruges, Ungaretti, in his saga on the pain, questions the rise, among those age-old bricks and that horror of visions, the angel of the poor. Who is this angel of the poor? Perhaps is that you? Am I? Are we all? Who can turn into a quivering heart our fiery stone on which walk and operate the darkened minds of those who govern us? Who is able to bring out of us and out of them, the surviving gentleness of our souls?

The Tonalestate, as well as every year, with its guests, and in front of young people and adults who wish to be united by a friendship, that desires to be part of this kindness, will make us meet more than one of these angels of the poor, as well as it will make us think of those initial questions that every man should consider not only when a hundred year old man or woman, but from the first rising of the smile of dawn that we call adolescence.

A theme, then, that of 2016, disturbing and generous, important and vital, and, while we think and while we prepare to the Tonalestate, in its internationality, invites everybody to “feel the burn”.