



# LA NARRATIVA

# Tipologie



Romanzo

- Testi in prosa lunghi
- Generalmente inventati o con elementi fantastici
- Trame complesse, più protagonisti
- Commerciale o d'autore?



Racconto

- Testi in prosa brevi
- Inventati o meno
- Trame più semplici, un protagonista
- Raccolte con filoni comuni



Bambini,  
Ragazzi e  
YA

- Attenzione al linguaggio
- Uso delle immagini
- Riferimenti culturali
- Nomi parlanti



**Romanzi e racconti hanno moltissimi sottogeneri:**

- Avventura
- Formazione
- Fantascienza
- Fantasy
- Giallo
- Rosa
- Storico
- Thriller
- Erotico
- Epistolare
- Psicologico
- Umoristico
- ...



# STILE AUTORIALE

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- Se nella saggistica è possibile intervenire in parte sullo stile di scrittura, nella narrativa bisogna essere molto più cauti
- Attenzione alle scelte sintattiche e lessicali
- Bisogna identificare la "voce" dell'autore

# IL LINGUAGGIO INCLUSIVO

La lingua è uno strumento in continua evoluzione, che si adatta ai cambiamenti del mondo che la circonda.

Negli ultimi anni ha assunto sempre più rilevanza il concetto di "linguaggio inclusivo", cioè una lingua che non discrimini per sesso, età, disabilità, credo religioso, condizione sociale ecc.

**Se l'autore usa un linguaggio inclusivo, noi dobbiamo fare altrettanto!**

## **Risorse utili:**

[Guida pratica al linguaggio inclusivo](#) di Ruben Vitiello

[Le parole giuste per parlare di disabilità](#), Intesa San paolo



# QUESTIONI DI GENERE

L'italiano *non* è una lingua neutra.

Cosa succede se:

- Non si può rivelare il genere di un personaggio fino alla fine
- Ci sono personaggi non binari
- Ci sono 3 o più generi

...

I can't be arsed to think about my band look, so fuck it: checked shirt, jeans, white T-shirt underneath, that's my usual uniform. Lumberjack-pro, Rose calls it.

At least I don't have to think about my hair anymore since I shaved most of it off.

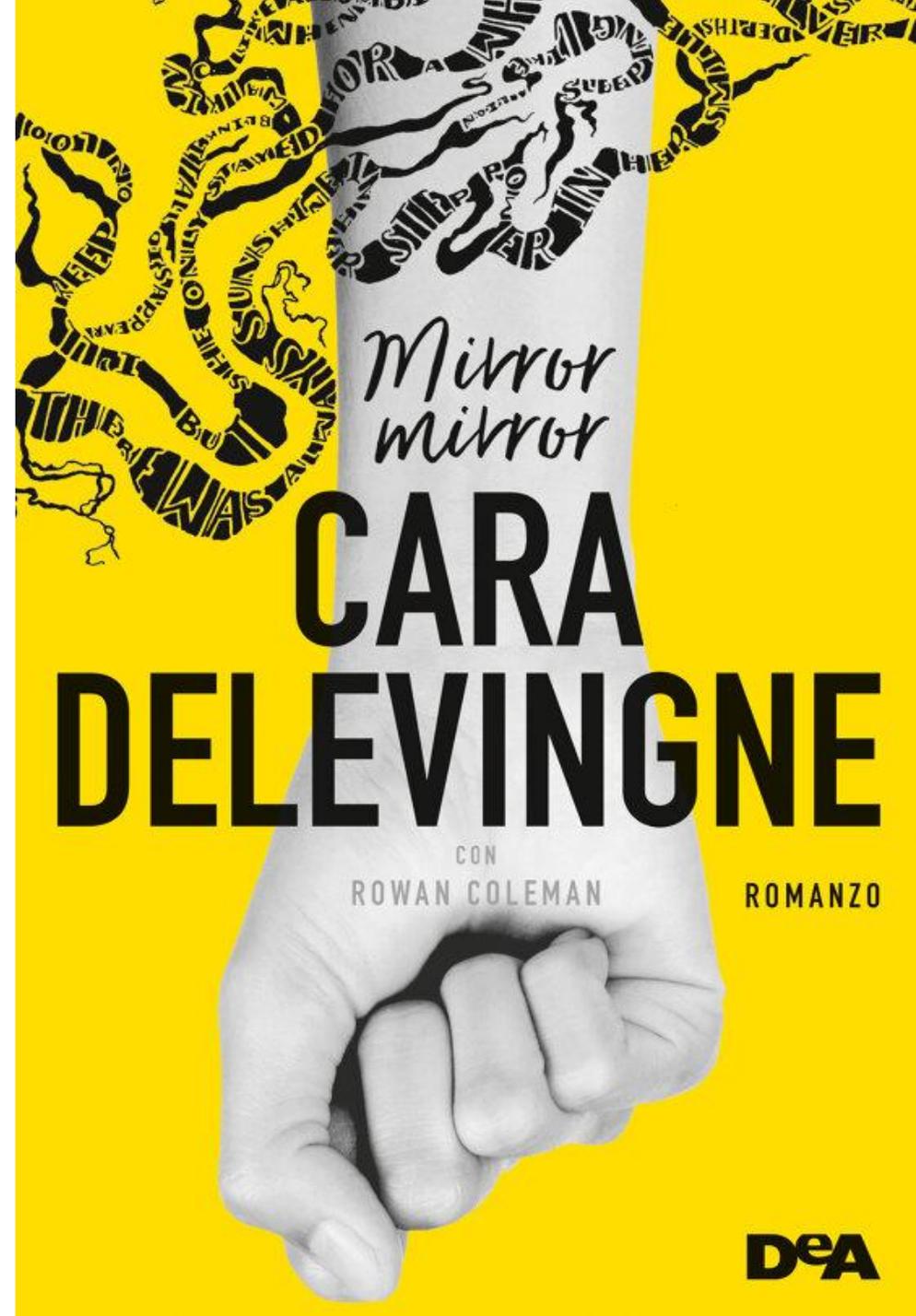
Carrot top.

Ginger Nuts.

Dickhead.

All names I've got just for being a redhead, and not just any old ginger, no, a curly haired redhead, at that. Jesus, I grew up looking like an invitation to kick my head in. There are things I could do about it, Rose likes to tell me. She's desperate to put product on my hair and straighten it. And I'm like, er no. And about every three days or so she offers to dye it black, but again I say no, I'm ginger, OK, deal with it.

Besides, if my hair was black they couldn't still call me Red, and my nickname is the coolest thing about me.



# CARATTERIZZAZIONE DEL PERSONAGGIO

[...] It's when there are girls around that I turn into **a fuckwit**. How do I walk again? What do I say that isn't a string of shit? **Am I funny? Am I a loser?** All these thoughts chasing each other at maximum speed, racing round and round my head. I even have to tell myself to walk when I'm around girls I fancy. I have to say, 'Those are your feet **dumb-ass**, they go one in front of the other.'

She shakes her head. 'Fuck's sake, Red, **keep it in your pants**. This isn't your chance to pull any old slut that walks in.'

'Emily's not a slut,' Leo says. 'I liked her.'

'Jesus, you **simple minded fuckheads**. Really all it has to have is tits on it and you're like sheep.'

Leo and I exchange a glance, repressing a smile.

It's all right for Leo, the dude just gets out of bed and he looks on-point.

He picks up his guitar and he might as well be God; girls worship him as if he is. It doesn't seem fair, really, that at the age of sixteen, he can be so together, like he came fully-formed and deep-voiced, tall and muscular.

Me, though, I'm still in that awkward phase. I live in that awkward phase, I *am* that awkward phase. If there was an emoji for awkward phases it would look like me. I fully expect to still be in the awkward phase when I'm forty-five and almost dead.

I *want* to look cool, but Leo cool; plain white T, jeans, hoodie and immaculate white high tops isn't the sort of cool that I can do. There isn't any sort of cool I can do, except the cool I borrow from being Leo's **mate**.

# Definition of 'mate'

## mate

(meɪt  )

Word forms: mates , mating , mated 

► **noun:** (colloquial, British, Australia, New Zealand, Ireland, South Africa, sometimes elsewhere in the Commonwealth) A friend, usually of the same sex.  
► **noun:** (colloquial, British, Australia, New Zealand, Ireland, South Africa, sometimes elsewhere in the Commonwealth) Friendly term of address to a stranger, usually male, of similar age.

### 1. countable noun [usually with poss] B1+

You can refer to someone's friends as their **mates**.

[British, informal]

He's off drinking with his mates. 

A mate of mine used to play soccer for Liverpool. 

**Synonyms:** friend, pal [informal], companion, buddy [informal] [More Synonyms of mate](#)

[ as form of address ] UK informal

**used as a friendly way of talking to someone, especially a man:**

- Have you got the time, mate?

there seems to be a shift in terms of how *mate*, as an address term, is used and understood. Whereas *mate* has traditionally been understood as a male solidarity term used 'by males and for males', this preliminary survey shows that more young women, aged between 18 and 29 years, are reporting their use of the address term *mate* compared to women aged over 50 years. The preliminary study seems to suggest that instead of *mate* being characterized as a neutral term used by men to show equality and egalitarianism, young women now see *mate* as a friendly and fun term that, along with many other address forms, is available to show intimacy.

‘Shut up,’ Rose says. ‘You’re brilliant, funny, kind, loyal, the best drummer in the known universe, and the best dancer, and I love the way your hair falls in your eyes, and you wear those stupid checked shirts every day and . . . Red, there’s something I swore not to tell you, but I can’t keep anything from you . . . ’

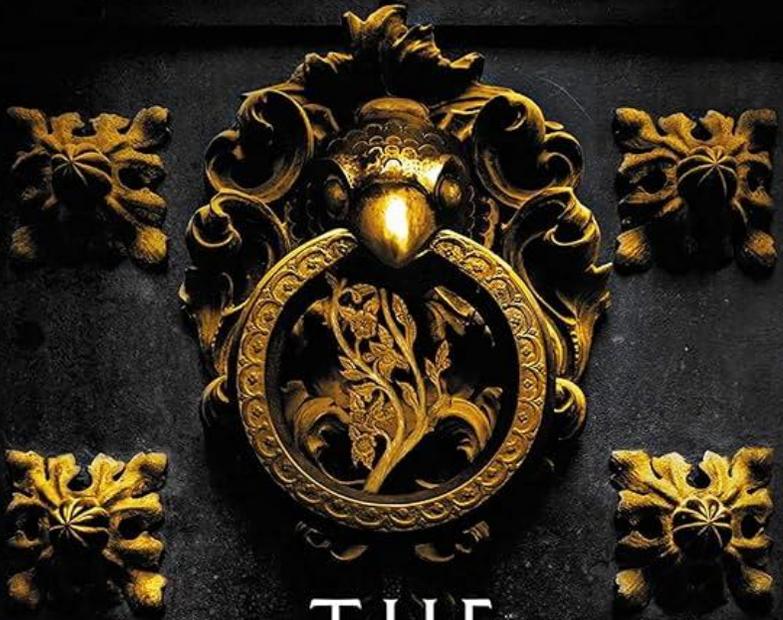
*Come lo tradurreste? 10 min per tradurre in classe*

"It's a delight to read something so different, so wonderful and strange."

—PATRICK ROTHFUSS

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

ANN LECKIE



THE  
RAVEN  
TOWER

Uno dei personaggi viene presentato così...

Mawat—and Vastai—I knew, but I had not seen you before, and so I looked closely. Slight, and shorter than Mawat—it would be a wonder if you were not, the residents of the fortress in Vastai eat so much better, and so much more regularly than the peasant farmers who were your likely origins. You had cut your hair close to your scalp, a single arm ring and the haft of the knife at your side the only gold on you, your trousers, shirt, boots, and cloak solid and sturdy, all dull greens and browns. The hilt of your sword was wood wrapped with leather, undecorated. You sat stiff in the saddle, even at a walk. Possibly because you'd woken early to a summons and then ridden for three days with only what rest the horses required, and likely before you became a soldier you'd had very little experience riding.

You looked at him, your expression wary. "My lord."

"I know I promised I wouldn't pry. But when I'm Lease, I'll be able to ask for things. I mean, anyone can, but there's always a question of whether or not the Raven will listen, and there's always a price. The Raven will at least hear me out, and my price is already paid. Or it will be. I can ask for some extra favors. The Raven is a powerful god. He could... he could make it so you could..." He gestured vaguely. "So you could be who you are."

"I already am who I am," you snapped. "My lord." And after a few moments of silence, "That's not why I'm here."

You looked hastily down. “My name is **Eolo**, lady. I came with the lord Mawat.”

“Whatever for?” asked Tikaz.

“**He’s** the lord Mawat’s aide,” put in Giset, when you didn’t answer immediately. “So a servant, but too good to fetch food for his master, or be any use to anyone else otherwise.”

Tikaz scoffed. “Is Mawat sleeping with you, then?”

There was an uncomfortable silence. Then you looked up, looked Tikaz directly in the eye, and said, “Would you be jealous if he was?”

Tikaz scoffed again. “Jealous of which one of you?”

“Either one, my lady. As you prefer.”

“I’ve already turned Mawat down a dozen times, and I’ll turn him down again if he needs it. And as for *you*...”



**Se gli altri personaggi gli si rivolgono al maschile, uso il maschile anche in traduzione**

When Hibal had explained to Radihaw what he wanted, Radihaw frankly stared at you standing there before the bench. “**Young man,**” he said, apparently having reached some conclusion, or solved some puzzle. “You are going to have an experience few of your station have had. I would advise you to remain sensible of this.”

“My lord,” you said, bowing your head. Perhaps in deference, perhaps to hide the expression on your face.

“Come,” said Hibal, rising from the bench. “Patience is not a young **man’s** virtue, and I don’t doubt we are trying **Eolo’s**.”

“Can I ask you a question?” When you did not reply, she plunged ahead as though that were all the permission she needed. “Are you one of those women who pretends to be a man so she can fight? Or are you actually a man?”

“I’m not a woman,” you said. Your eyes still closed, as though you didn’t want to see her reaction to that.

**Se il protagonista si identifica come uomo uso il maschile?** Sì, ma solo dopo che la cosa è stata resa esplicita nel testo (soprattutto in caso di ambiguità voluta)

“My lord, I can’t go in there.”

“I’ve already told you,” he said. “The forest isn’t going to do anything to you.”

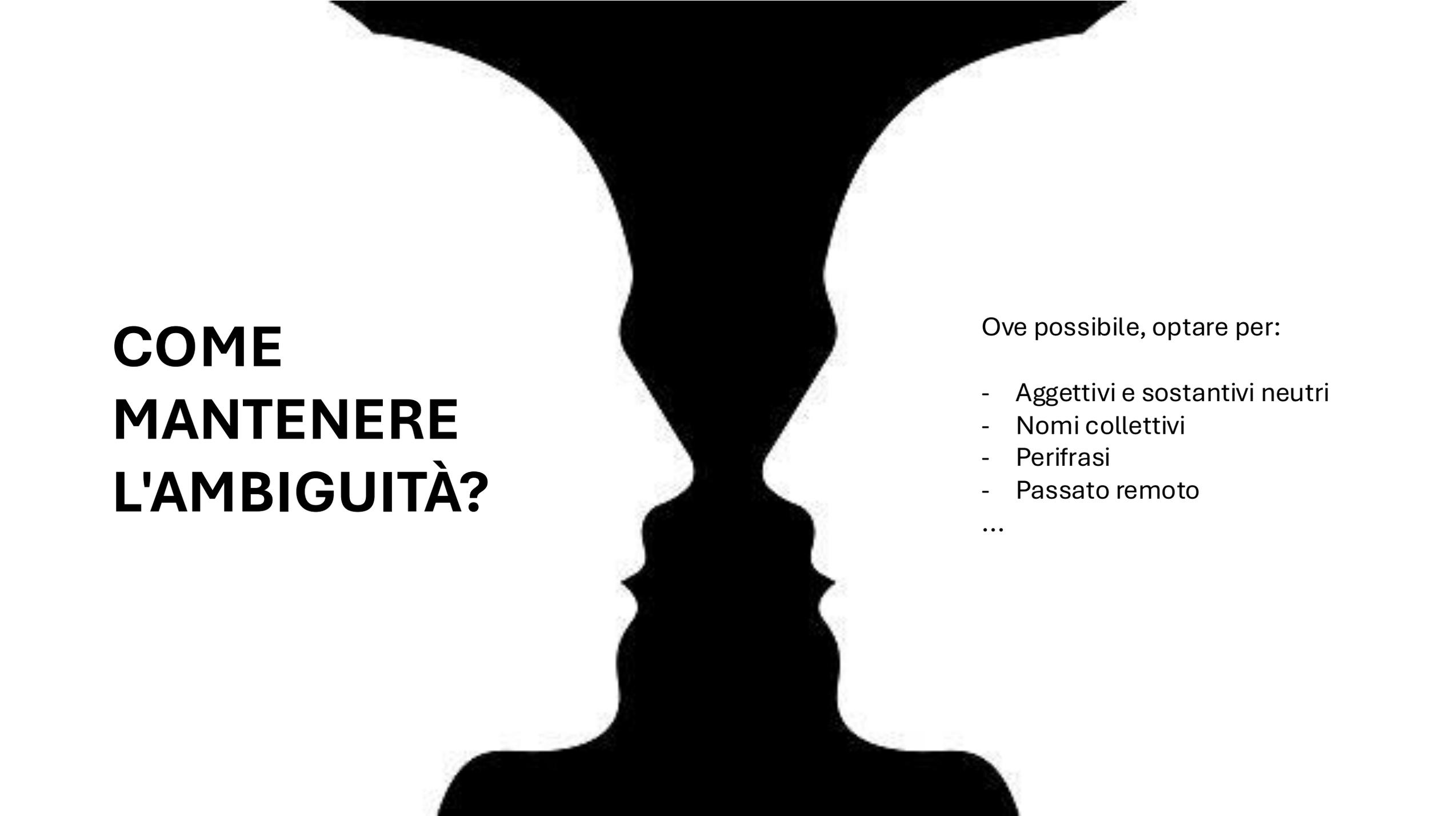
“I’m not going in there,” you insisted.

“Why are you being stupid about this?” Mawat demanded. “Zezume is in there, and the god told me to talk to Zezume.”

“Only women can go in there. I’m not a woman.”

“I never said you were,” said Mawat. “*I’m* going in there. I’m going in there now.” He turned away.

“Let go of me!” you cried. “I’m not going in there!”

The background of the slide features two black silhouettes of human heads in profile, facing each other. The negative space between the two profiles forms a central, hourglass-like shape. The overall composition is minimalist and high-contrast.

# **COME MANTENERE L'AMBIGUITÀ?**

Ove possibile, optare per:

- Aggettivi e sostantivi neutri
- Nomi collettivi
- Perifrasi
- Passato remoto
- ...

50TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

# THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS

URSULA K. LE GUIN

Includes a New Introduction by DAVID MITCHELL  
and a New Afterword by CHARLIE JANE ANDERS

## LA FANTASCIENZA

...UN MONDO A PARTE

Può capitare che gli autori si inventino pianeti con civiltà di **alieni asessuati**, come in *The Left Hand of Darkness* di Ursula K. Le Guin...

...oppure con **tre o più sessi**, come in *Zartog's Remote* di H. Brennan e N. Layton.

Ma Zartog era molto maturo per la sua età. Per questo nessuno dei suoi tre genitori fece obiezioni quando lui chiese di pilotare un disco volante.

– Non superare il limite di velocità – lo ammonì sua madre.

– Va bene, Ma’ – promise Zartog.

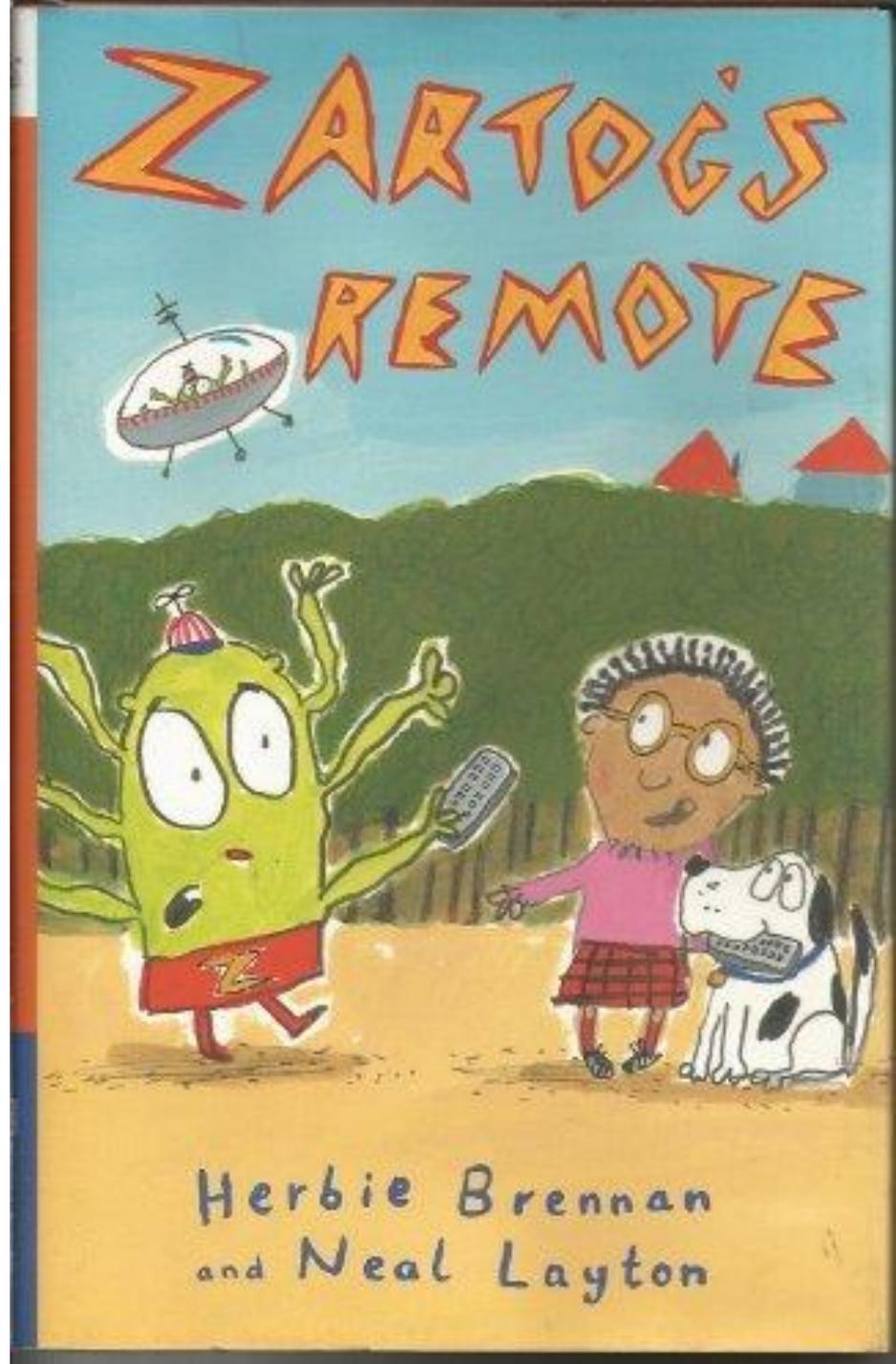
– Non oltrepassare la Cintura di Orione – disse suo padre.

– Va bene, Pa’ – promise Zartog.

– E soprattutto non sognarti di inserire la velocità stratosferica – brontolò suo gadre.

– Va bene, Ga’ – promise Zartog.

\*traduzione italiana: Zartog e il magico telecomando, di Michele Piumini



### The Rogue Elf Castel Joins the Quest

The first roommate to join my still bare apartment was Cast, who I've mentioned in passing. Castel "Cast" Ocampo grew up outside Atlanta to a Peruvian father and a Jewish mother yet was raised Buddhist. Cast, in this way, was perhaps destined to be an outsider. After moving to New York City to attend the film program at NYU (full scholarship), they'd "found a city as confused and cobbled together as myself."

Cast and I met inside the massive, wondrous floor of one of New York's most science-fictional architectural structures: the Javits Center. Swooping steel bars soared overhead, while the sky was made of windowpanes arranged into futuristic geometry. That day was especially vibrant. Everywhere, colorful banners were hung. Vast throngs of people dressed in bizarre outfits wandered around, bartering and philosophizing in strange languages. Yes, it was Comic Con. The annual gathering of geeks, nerds, otakus, cosplayers, cyberpunks, and all lovers of the imagination.

I was in line for an Ann Leckie signing dressed as Gregor Samsa Clegane. (An improvised cockroach costume and a plastic battle-axe in one hand.) In front of me stood a striking beanpole figure in a battery-powered getup. They turned and looked me up and down, then burst out laughing. I stepped backward, my space opera volumes held up as an impromptu shield. Reflexes from secondary school bullying. However, there was warmth in this laughter.

"I like your getup," they said. They pointed at my House Clegane banner. "If Kafka and George R. R. Martin had a baby, right?"

I lowered my stack of Imperial Radch tomes. "Yeah." I looked the stranger over. They wore a black sweatshirt splattered with white paint for stars. Two glowing spheres, one pink and one blue, were attached to curved hanger wires as if they were orbiting the midsection. "Gender-reveal supernova?"

"Close! Non-binary star."

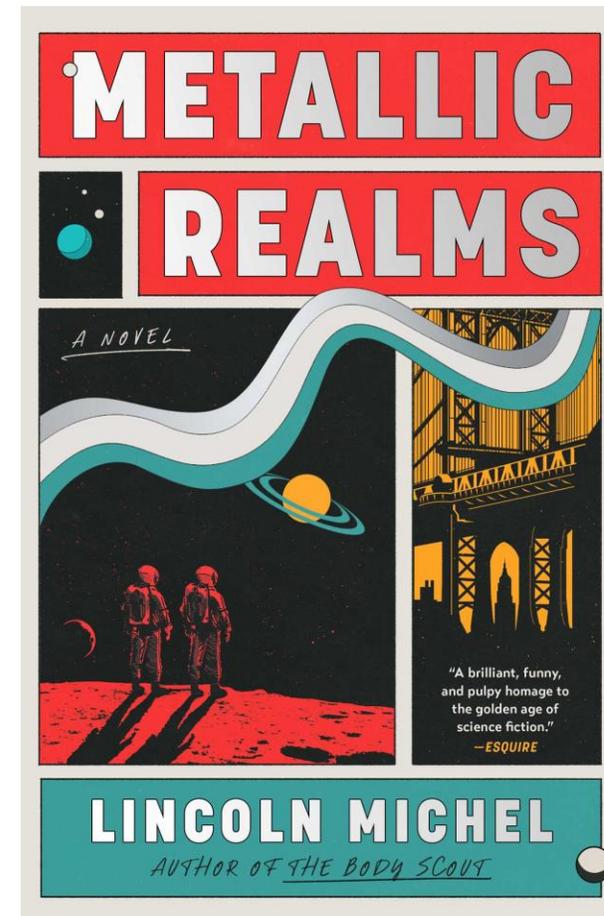
"Ah. Bravo. Although binary in the solar sense."

A laugh followed by a proffered hand. "I'm Cast. They/them, lawful neutral, Pisces. I used to say Hufflepuff but screw that TERF Rowling."

We shook hands. Cast was nearly as tall as Taras with luxurious black hair

down to the shoulders. Their smile was wide and I could see their white teeth glint beneath the fluorescent Javits Center lights. The line inched forward. We continued our small talk. I was thrilled to learn Cast shared a disdain for a certain overrated franchise—"although *Deep Space Nine* with Sisko was pretty dope"—and even more thrilled to learn they were looking for a new apartment. I told them about my vacancy. The rest, as they say, is history.\*

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La lingua è lo specchio della società  
La letteratura racconta un mondo in continua evoluzione  
La traduzione deve fare altrettanto!