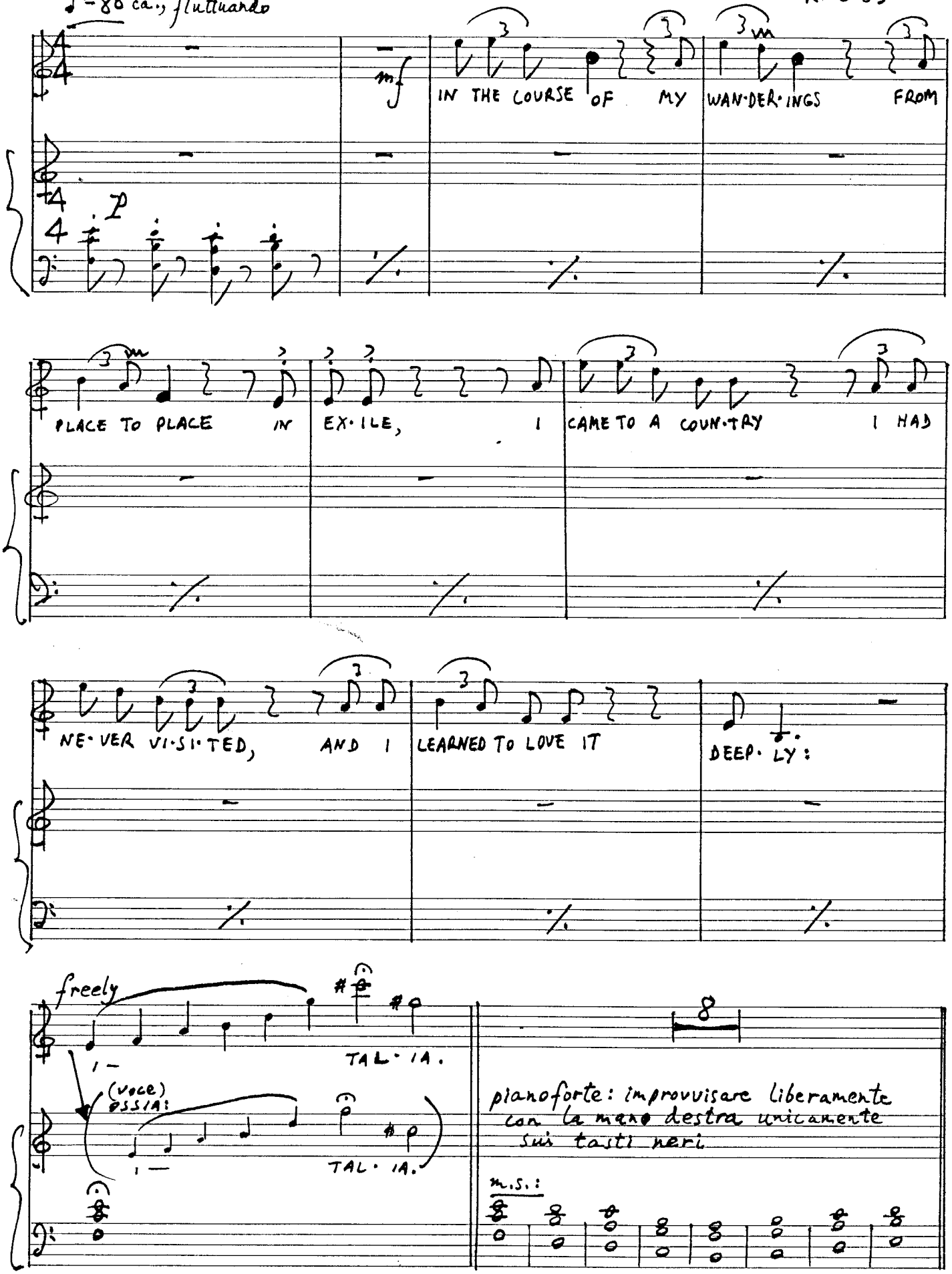
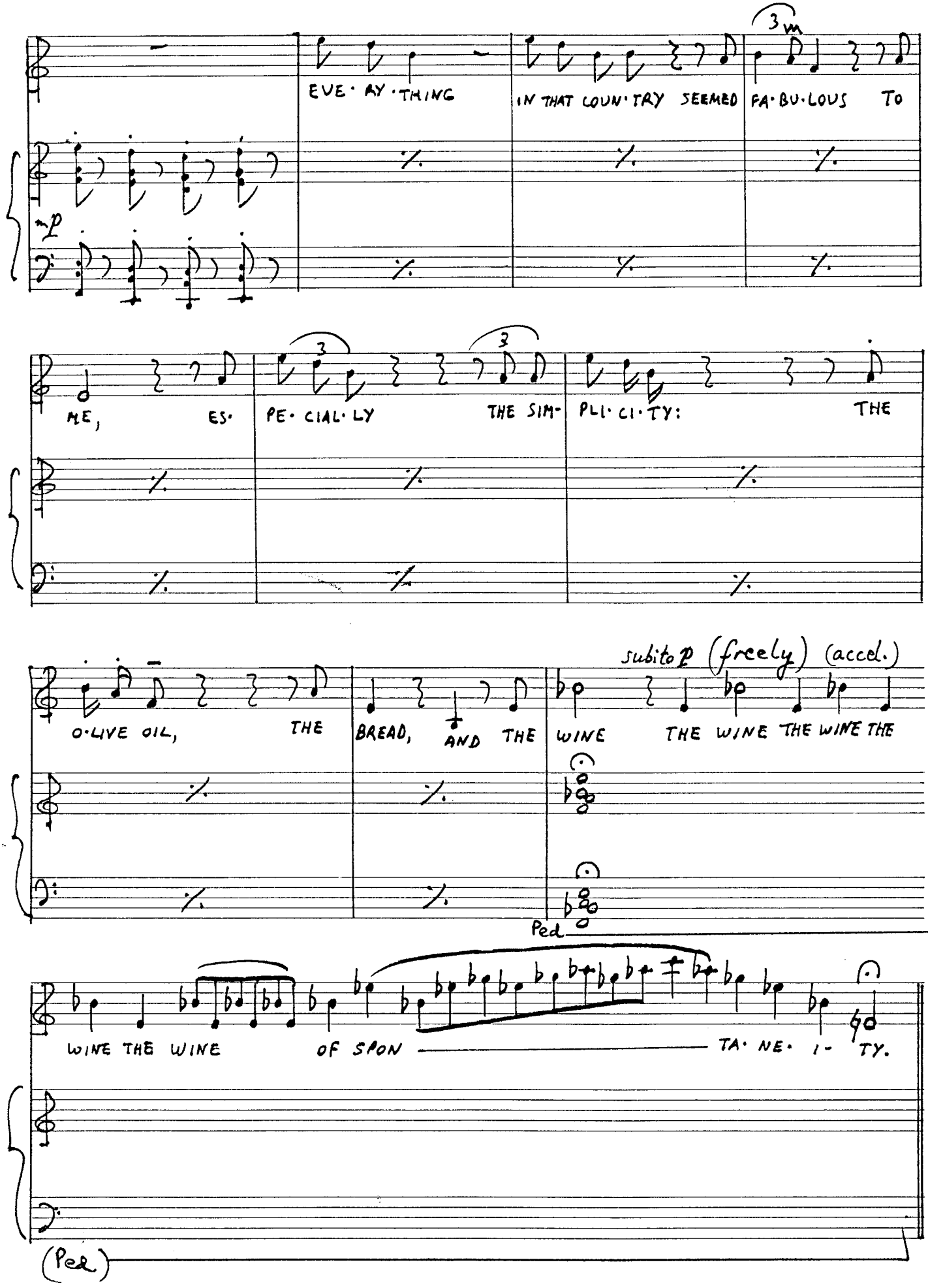
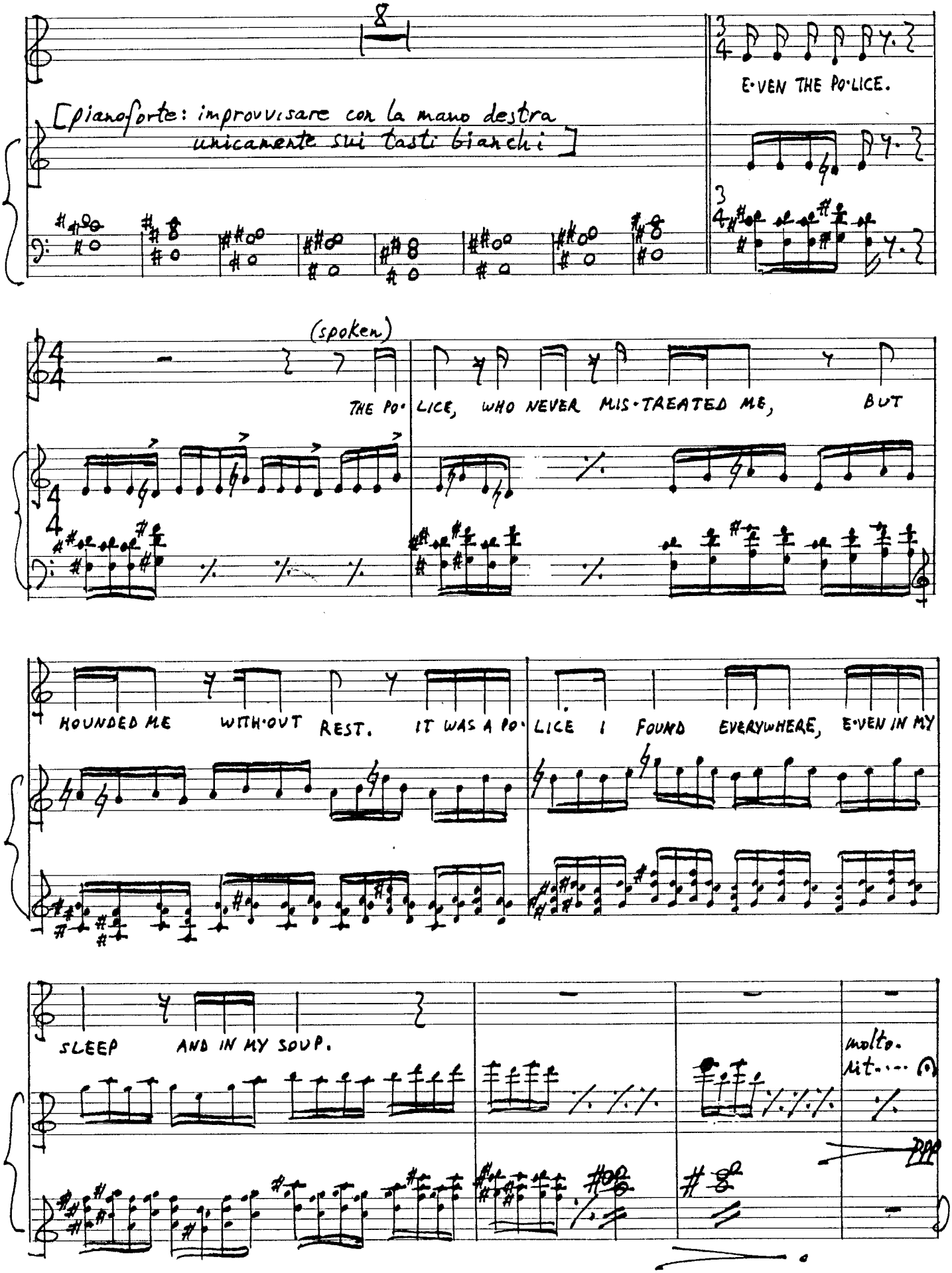
PABLO NERUDA IN EXILE

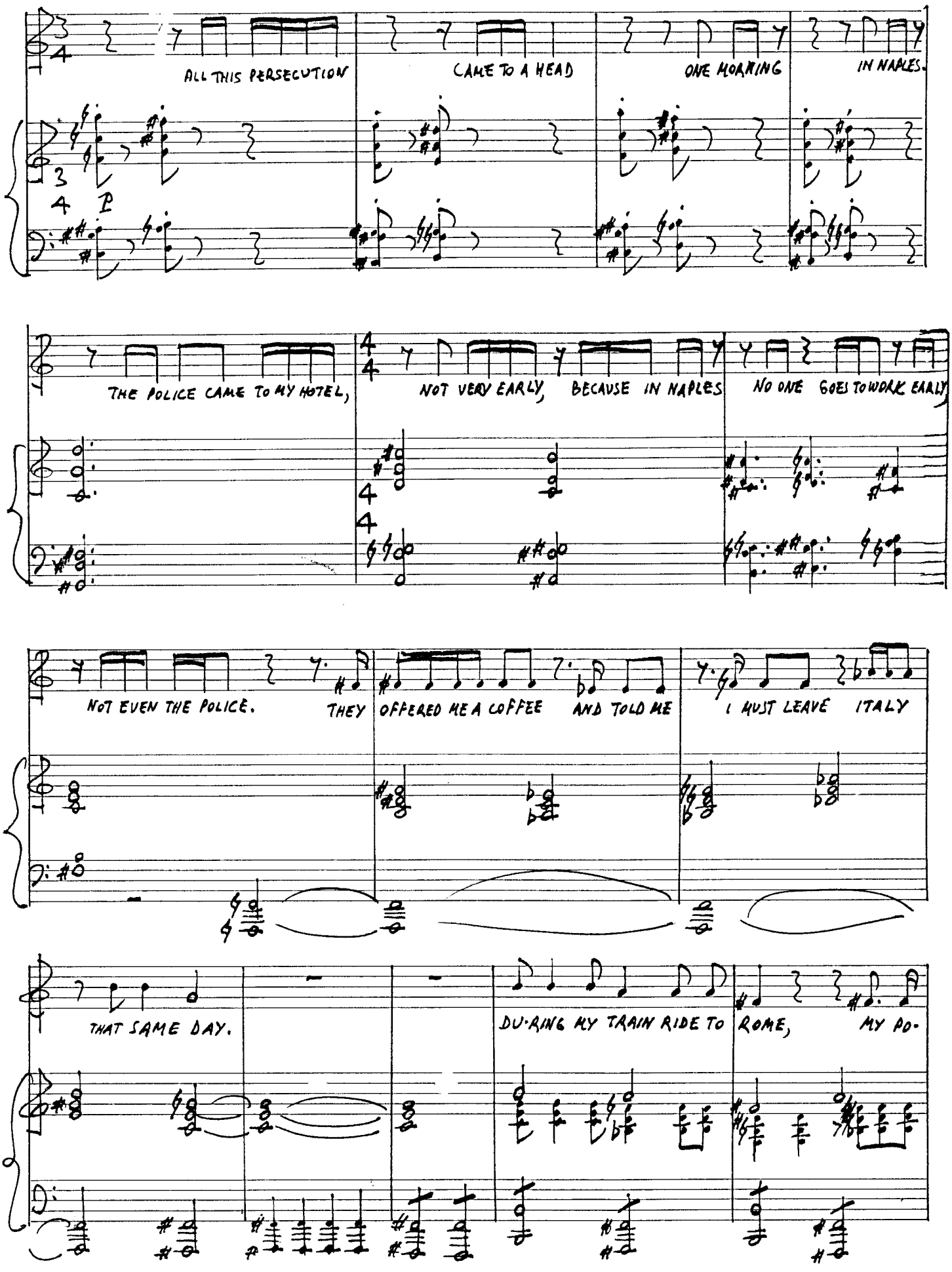
TEXT: NERUDA
MUSIC: FREDERIC RZEWSKI
21.6.83

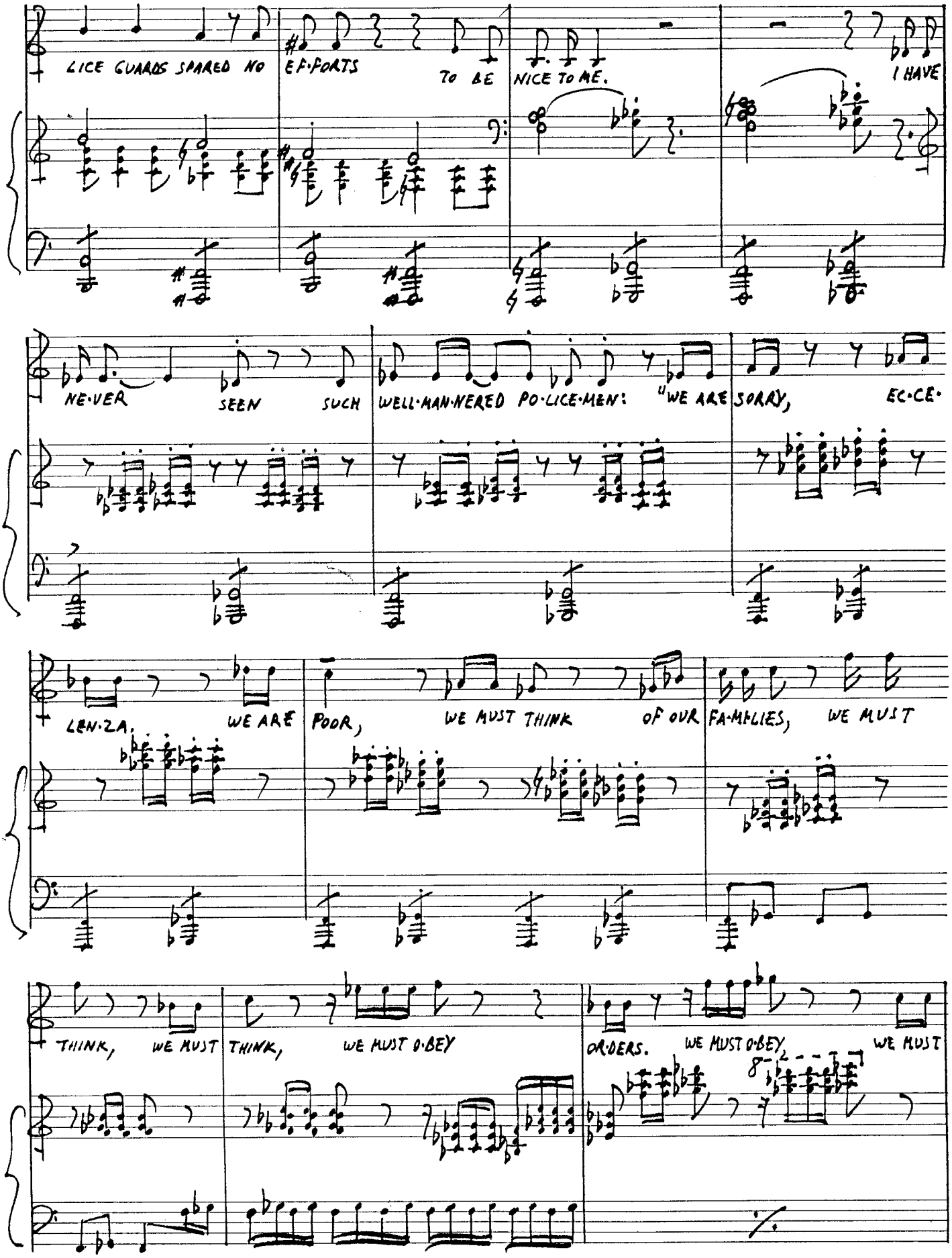


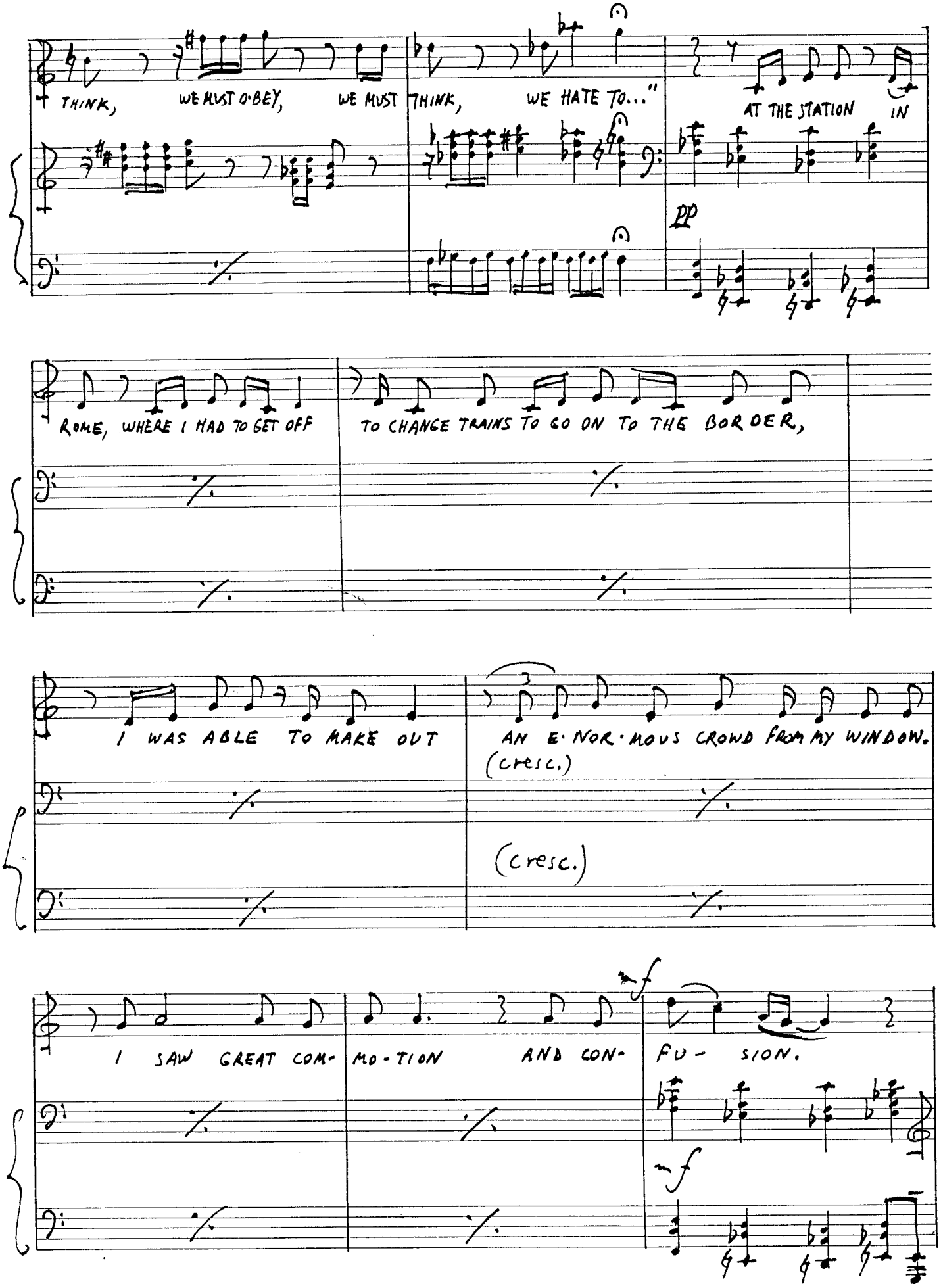

EVE· RY·THING
IN THAT COUN·TRY SEEMED
FA·BU·LOUS
TO
ME,
ES·
PE·CIAL·LY
THE SIM·
PLI·CI·TY:
THE
O·LIVE OIL,
THE
BREAD,
AND THE
WINE
subito p (freely) (accel.)
THE WINE THE WINE THE
WINE THE WINE
OF SPON
TA·NE·I·TY.
Ped
(Ped)

SCORLEGNA

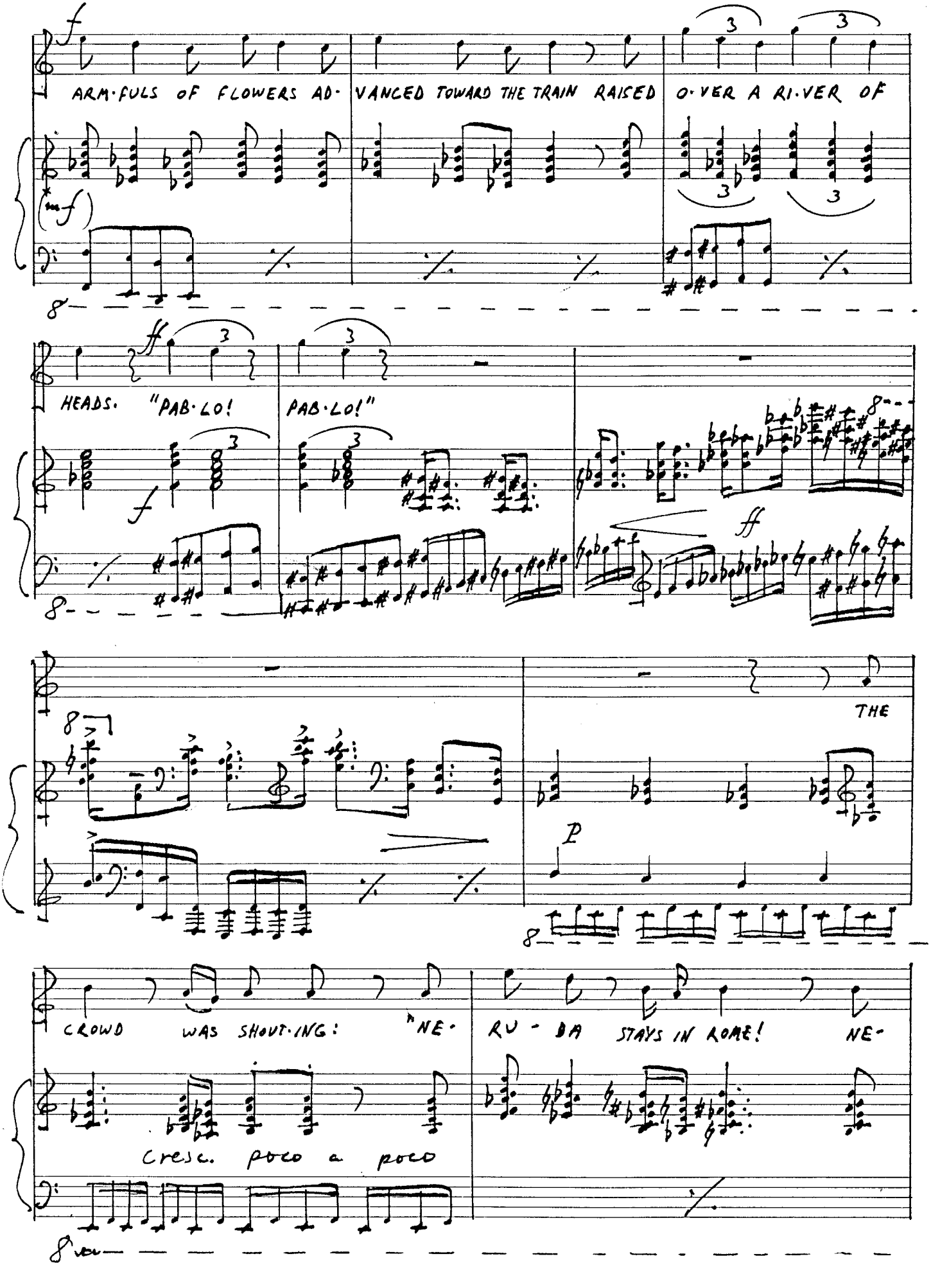

8
[pianoforte: improvvisare con la mano destra unicamente sui tasti bianchi]
E·VEN THE PO·LICE.
(spoken)
THE PO· LICE, WHO NEVER MIS·TREATED ME, BUT
HOUNDED ME WITH·OUT REST. IT WAS A PO· LICE I FOUND EVERYWHERE, E·VEN IN MY
SLEEP AND IN MY SOUP.
molto.
lit.

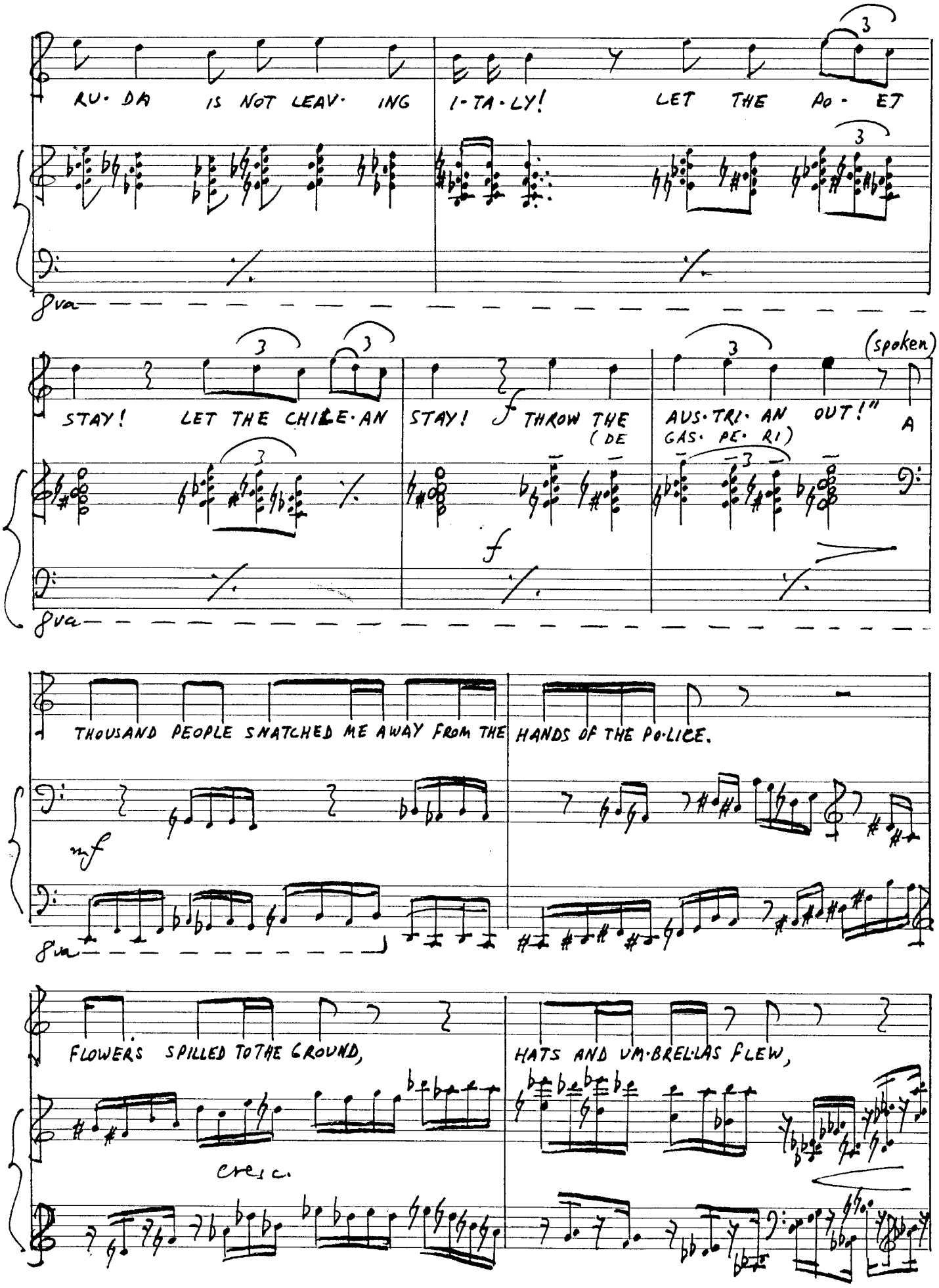

ALL THIS PERSECUTION
CAME TO A HEAD
ONE MORNING
IN NAPLES.
P
THE POLICE CAME TO MY HOTEL,
NOT VERY EARLY, BECAUSE IN NAPLES
NO ONE GOES TO WORK EARLY
NOT EVEN THE POLICE.
THEY
OFFERED ME A COFFEE
AND TOLD ME
I MUST LEAVE
ITALY
THAT SAME DAY.
DU-RING MY TRAIN RIDE TO
ROME,
MY PO-


LICE GUARDS SPARED NO EF·FORTS TO BE NICE TO ME. I HAVE
NE·VER SEEN SUCH WELL·MAN·NERED PO·LICE·MEN: "WE ARE SORRY, EC·CE·
LEN·ZA, WE ARE POOR, WE MUST THINK OF OUR FA·MILIES, WE MUST
THINK, WE MUST THINK, WE MUST O·BEY OR·DERS. WE MUST O·BEY, WE MUST

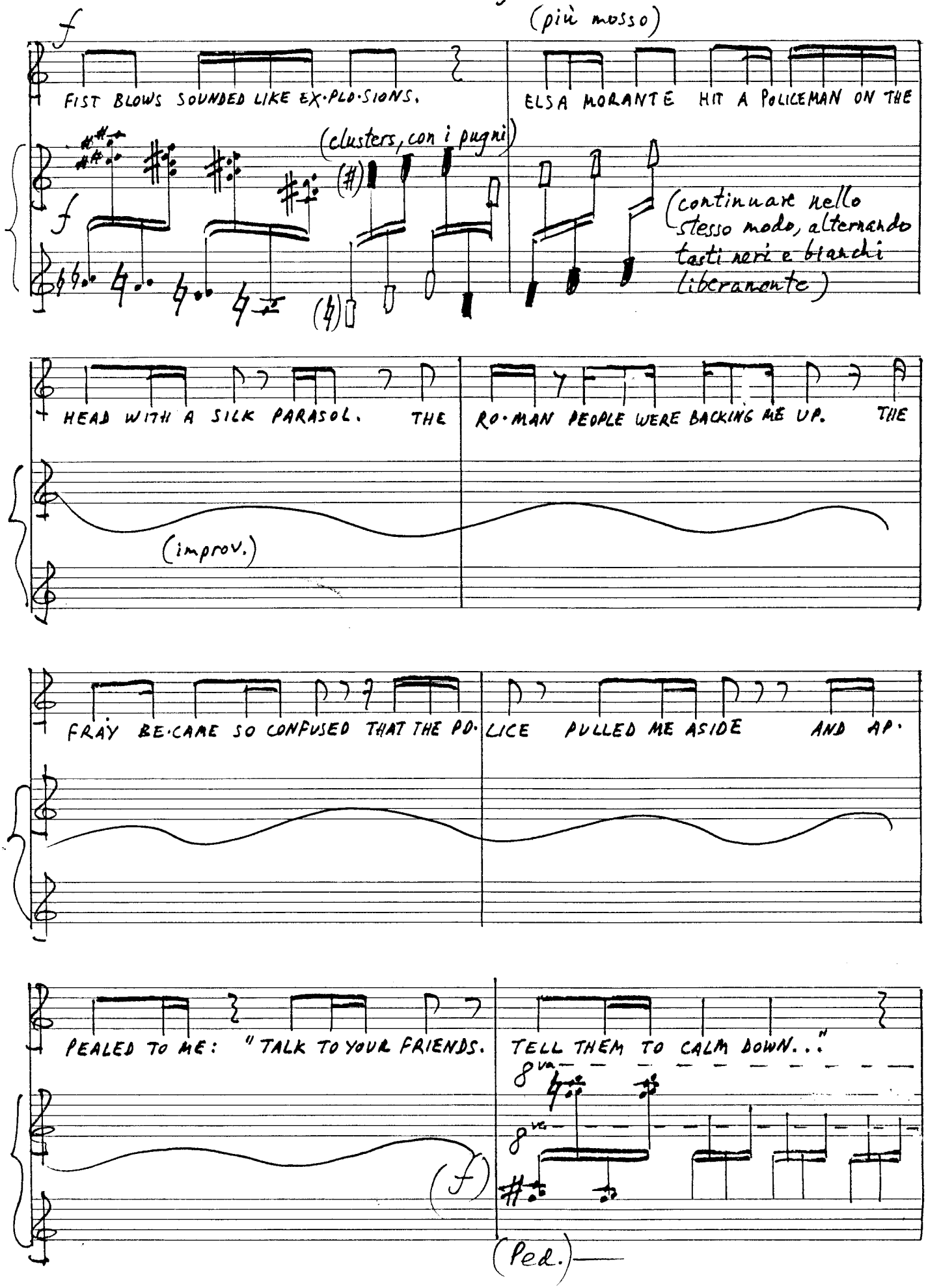

THINK, WE MUST OBEY, WE MUST THINK, WE HATE TO..."
AT THE STATION IN
pp
ROME, WHERE I HAD TO GET OFF
TO CHANGE TRAINS TO GO ON TO THE BORDER,
I WAS ABLE TO MAKE OUT
AN E·NOR·MOUS CROWD FROM MY WINDOW.
(cresc.)
(cresc.)
I SAW GREAT COM- MO-TION AND CON- FU- SION.
mf
mf

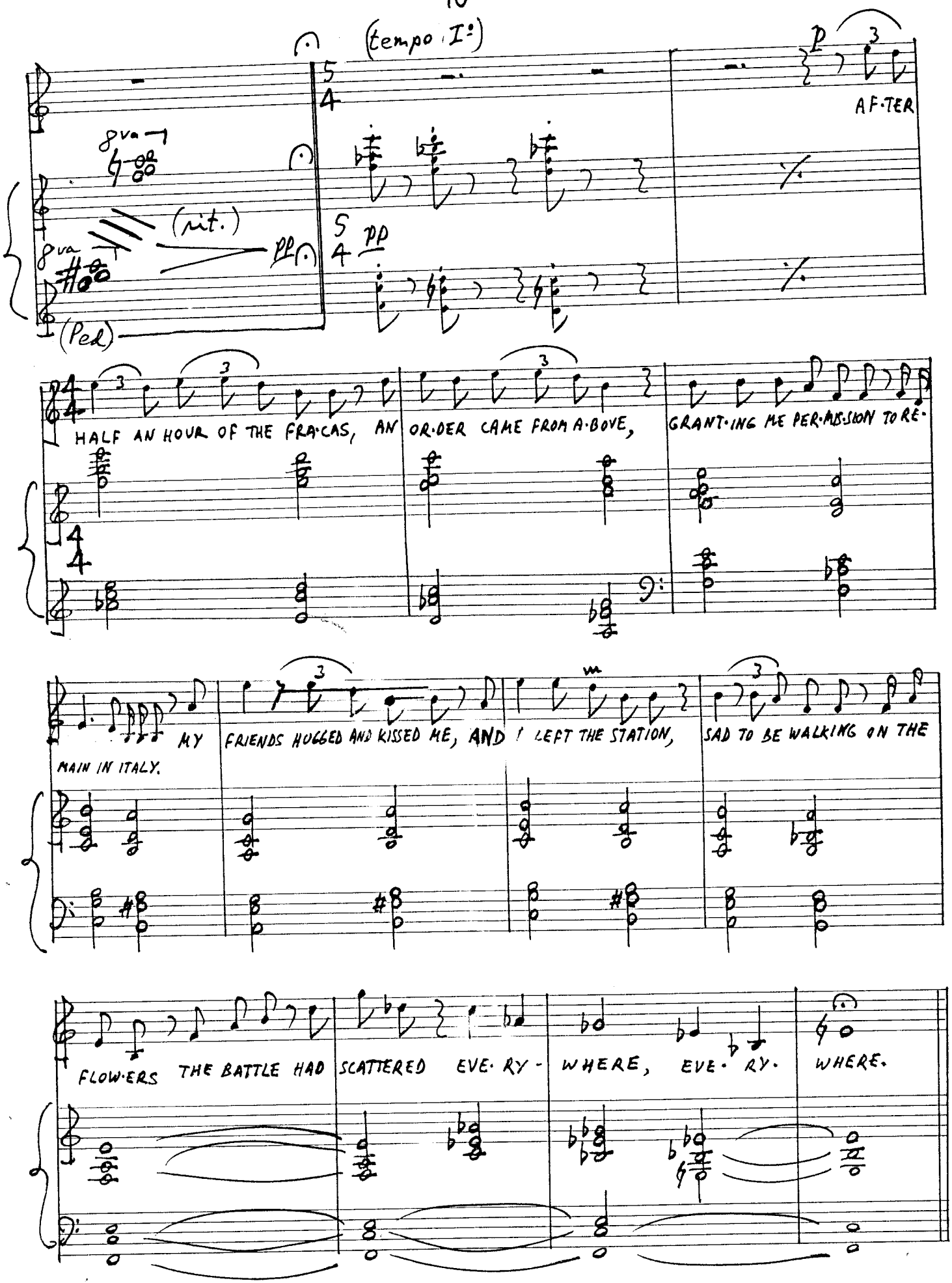
SCOMEGNA


ARM·FULS OF FLOWERS AD·
VANCED TOWARD THE TRAIN RAISED
O·VER A RI·VER OF
HEADS. "PAB·LO!
PAB·LO!"
THE
CROWD WAS SHOUT·ING: "NE·
RU - BA STAYS IN ROME! NE-
Cresc. poco a poco



SCOMEGNA CASA EDITRICE MUSICALE


(più mosso)
f
FIST BLOWS SOUNDED LIKE EX·PLO·SIONS.
ELSA MORANTE HIT A POLICEMAN ON THE
(clusters, con i pugni)
f
(continuare nello stesso modo, alternando tasti neri e bianchi liberamente)
HEAD WITH A SILK PARASOL. THE
RO·MAN PEOPLE WERE BACKING ME UP. THE
(improv.)
FRAY BE·CAME SO CONFUSED THAT THE PO·
LICE PULLED ME ASIDE AND AP·
PEALED TO ME: "TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS.
TELL THEM TO CALM DOWN..."
8va
8va
(f)
(Ped.)


(tempo I°)
8va
(rit.)
pp
(Ped)
p
AF·TER
HALF AN HOUR OF THE FRA·CAS, AN
OR·DER CAME FROM A·BOVE,
GRANT·ING ME PER·MIS·SION TO RE·
MY
FRIENDS HUGGED AND KISSED ME, AND I LEFT THE STATION,
SAD TO BE WALKING ON THE
MAIN IN ITALY.
FLOW·ERS THE BATTLE HAD SCATTERED EVE·RY - WHERE, EVE·RY·WHERE.