Elliott Carter

SCRIVO IN VENTO

for flute alone
SCRIVO IN VENTO, for flute alone, dedicated to the wonderful flutist and friend, Robert Aitken, takes its title from a poem of Petrarch who lived in and around Avignon from 1326 to 1353. It uses the flute to present contrasting musical ideas and registers to suggest the paradoxical nature of the poem.

It was first performed July 20, 1991, (coincidentally on Petrarch’s 687th birthday) at the XVIIIe Rencontres de la Chartreuse of the Centre Acanthes devoted to my music at the Festival of Avignon, France, by Robert Aitken.

— E. C.

Beato in soggno et di languir contento,
d’abbracciar l’ombre et seguir l’aura estiva,
nuoto per mar che non à fondo o riva;
solco onde, e ’n rena fondo, et scrivo in vento;
e ’l sol vagheggio si ch’ elli à già spento
col suo splendor la mia vertù visiva;
et una cerva errante et fugitiva
caccio con un hue zoppo e ’nfermo et lento.
Cecco et stanco ad ogni altro ch’ al mio danno,
il qual di et notte palpitando cerco,
sol Amor et Madonna et Morte chiamo.
Così venti anni, grave et lungo affanno,
pur lagrime et sospiri et dolor merco:
in tale stella presi l’esca et l’amo!

— Petrarch, RIME SPARSE 212

Blessed in sleep and satisfied to languish, to embrace shadows, and to pursue the summer breeze, I swim through a sea that has no floor or shore, I plow the waves and found my house on sand and write on the wind;
and I gaze yearning at the sun so that he has already put out with his brightness my power of sight; and I pursue a wandering, fleeing doe with a lame, sick, slow ox.
Blind and weary to everything except my harm, which I trembling seek day and night, I call only Love and my Lady and Death;
thus for twenty years—heavy, long labor—I have gained only tears and sighs and sorrow: under such a star I took the bait and the hook!

— Translated by Robert M. Durling*


Duration: ca. 5 minutes

77

 mf > pp
 p, espr.

82

 p
 ff, violento, marcatiss.

84

 f

86

 f

89

 p
 mp
 mf, espr.

92

 3
 3
 p
 mf
 f
 mf, espr.