



LE LANGHE NON SI PERDONO

JAZZ OPERA INSPIRED BY CESARE PAVESE

**GIANNI VIRONE
& FFM JAZZ FACULTY**

ENGLISH BOOKLET



LE LANGHE NON SI PERDONO

JAZZ OPERA

INSPIRED BY CESARE PAVESE

- | | | |
|------|--|-------|
| [01] | PROLOGO | 13:59 |
| | SOLOISTS: HUMBERTO AMESQUITA (TB), CLAUDIO CHIARA (AS) | |
| [02] | PAVESE | 06:47 |
| | SOLOISTS: GIANNI VIRONE (TS), FABIO GORLIER (P), FRANCESCO BERTONE (B) | |
| [03] | ARMSTRONG A TORINO | 08:13 |
| | SOLOISTS: CESARE MECCA (TP), ALESSANDRO CHIAPPETTA (G), SONIA SCHIAVONE (V),
FABIO GORLIER (P), ALDO CARAMELLINO (TB), RUBEN BELLAVIA (D) | |
| [04] | DA TORINO AI COLLI | 13:23 |
| | SOLOISTS: SONIA SCHIAVONE (V), FABIO GORLIER (P), GIANNI VIRONE (B.CLAR) | |
| [05] | NUTO | 04:48 |
| | SOLOISTS: GIANNI VIRONE (CL), FABIO GORLIER (P) | |
| [06] | TU SEI COME UNA TERRA | 05:27 |
| | SOLOISTS: CLAUDIO CHIARA (SS) | |
| [07] | LA CITTÀ DISILLUSA | 09:26 |
| | SOLOISTS: SONIA SCHIAVONE (V), FULVIO CHIARA (FLUG),
ALESSANDRO CHIAPPETTA (G), RUBEN BELLAVIA (D) | |
| [08] | LE LANGHE NON SI PERDONO | 09:01 |
| | SOLOISTS: SONIA SCHIAVONE (V), FULVIO CHIARA (TP),
HUMBERTO AMESQUITA (TB), GIANNI VIRONE (TS) | |

GIANNI VIRONE & FFM JAZZ FACULTY

PINUCCIO BELLONE	NARRATOR
SONIA SCHIAVONE	VOICE, NARRATOR
CLAUDIO CHIARA	LEAD ALTO SAX, SOPRANO SAX, FLUTE
GIANNI VIRONE	ALTO SAX, TENOR SAX, BARITONE SAX, CLARINET, BASS CLARINET, FLUTE, ALTO FLUTE
CRISTIANO TIBALDI	LEAD TRUMPET, FLUGELHORN
CESARE MECCA	TRUMPET, FLUGELHORN
FULVIO CHIARA	TRUMPET, FLUGELHORN
ALDO CARAMELLINO	TROMBONE
HUMBERTO AMESQUITA	TROMBONE
GIANFRANCO MARCHESI	BASS TROMBONE
FABIO GORLIER	PIANO
ALESSANDRO CHIAPPETTA	GUITAR
FRANCESCO BERTONE	BASS
RUBEN BELLAVIA	DRUMS

ALL MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY **GIANNI VIRONE**.

ALL TEXTS WRITTEN BY **PIERFRANCESCO DI NOIA**.

THE LYRICS OF THE SONGS ARE BY **CESARE PAVESE**.

POEM TRANSLATIONS BY **RITA APGAR**.

ENGLISH VERSION DISCLAIMER

PLEASE NOTE THAT THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THESE NOTES IS PROVIDED FOR REFERENCE PURPOSES ONLY. IT MIGHT NOT REFLECT THE EXACT CONTENT, MEANING, OR INTENT OF THE ORIGINAL VERSION. FOR ANY CLARIFICATIONS, DISCREPANCIES, OR DOUBTS, ALWAYS REFER TO THE ORIGINAL SOURCE. THE PUBLISHER IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY MISUNDERSTANDINGS, INACCURACIES, OR MISINTERPRETATIONS ARISING FROM THE USE OF THE ENGLISH VERSION.

PROJECT PRESENTATION

This project was conceived between 2020 and 2021, a period profoundly marked by the COVID-19 pandemic. Despite the inherent challenges of that time, I found an unforeseen opportunity to delve deeper into artistic endeavors than my previous professional commitments had allowed.

In November of that year, Maestro Gianpiero Brignone, the director of the Fossano Music Foundation and a cherished colleague and friend, approached me with the proposal to compose music for a performance dedicated to Cesare Pavese. This was at the behest of the Pavese Foundation in Santo Stefano Belbo. This initiative ignited my interest in Pavese's works, leading me to discover poems and novels previously unfamiliar to me.

Feeling a profound resonance with Pavese's themes and narratives, I embarked on composing pieces inspired by his texts. For the concert, I adopted one of Olivier Messiaen's limited transposition modes, believing it aptly captured Pavese's essence.

Throughout the creative process, I closely collaborated with Pierfrancesco Di Noia, a noted Pavese scholar and clarinet enthusiast, and with Maestro Brignone. Di Noia envisioned a performance with Pavese at its heart, narrating his life and relationship with the world, all set against a contemporary jazz soundscape.

From this collaboration arose the production titled "Le langhe non si pèrdono," inspired by the poem "I mari del nord." This piece accentuates Pavese's deep connection to the Langhe region, juxtaposed against the bustling life of Turin.

The live performances feature a nonet from the Fossano Music Foundation and actor Pinuccio Bellone as Pavese. For the recording, the music was re-orchestrated for a larger jazz ensemble, comprising distinguished musicians from Piedmont, to whom I extend my deepest gratitude.

Gianni Virone

BIOGRAPHY

Cesare Pavese, a cornerstone of 20th-century Italian literature, led a life that was both brief and intense. Beyond his roles as a poet and literary critic, Pavese introduced many works of Anglophone literature to the Italian audience through his translations. Despite his prominence in the literary world, his personal life was marked by solitude and introspection, culminating tragically in his suicide at the age of 41.

Born in September 1908 in Santo Stefano Belbo, Piedmont, Pavese began his education locally before moving to Turin. It was here that he developed an admiration for Anglophone literature, culminating in a thesis on Walt Whitman. During this period, he undertook the translation of numerous English works into Italian.

Politically aligned to the left in a fascist-dominated Italy, Pavese faced arrest in 1935 for possessing letters from a political prisoner, which led to his exile in Southern Italy. However, he returned to Turin the following year, engaging in editorial and translation work for a left-leaning publisher.

After avoiding military service due to an asthma diagnosis, Pavese returned to Turin, only to find the city under German occupation. He chose to seek refuge in the surrounding hills. His writings often touched on themes of solitude and mistrust in relationships. A liaison with the actress Constance Dowling seemed to accentuate his melancholic tendencies. Nevertheless, Pavese held dear memories of his youth in the Langhe region, setting several of his stories there and attributing to the area an almost mythological significance.

In his later years, even as a member of the Italian Communist Party and a contributor to affiliated publications, his literary output bore the hallmarks of deepening depression and disillusionment. In 1950, after being awarded the prestigious Strega Prize for "La Bella Estate," Pavese tragically chose to end his life.

@FONDAZIONE CESARE PAVESE



Cesare Pavese

[01] PROLOGO

The Turin our friend cherished remains largely unchanged. Yes, some elements have evolved - a few underpasses, added trams - but there are no new cinemas. The old ones persist, retaining their nostalgic names, names we, as children, knew all too well.

Now, we reside elsewhere, but on returning, just crossing the train station's hall and inhaling the misty boulevards makes us feel at home once more. This city evokes a melancholy that is simultaneously familiar and alienating because here, in our Turin, where we spent our youth, only a few living memories remain. We are greeted more by a host of recollections and shadows that, as they approach, push us away.

Our city resembles the friend we lost, one who cherished it, because Turin, industrious and resolute, also has a penchant for daydreaming and leisure, just like him. Here, we feel the presence of our Cesare everywhere; around every street corner, we half-expect to see his tall figure, dark coat, face shrouded by its collar, hat pulled low over his eyes.

Cesare roamed the city with his lengthy, stubborn, and solitary stride. He took refuge in the most secluded and smoky cafes. Swiftly discarding his coat and hat, yet always keeping that unattractive pale scarf around his neck. As he wrote, he'd twirl strands of his brown hair around his fingers, suddenly ruffling it with a swift gesture. He filled pages with his expansive, rapid handwriting, furiously scribbling out errors. In his verses, he celebrated the city...

Cesare lived in the city as a perennial teenager, right up until the end. His days were lengthy like a teenager's, brimming with time. He found hours to study, write, earn a living, and still wander the streets

he adored. Meanwhile, we floundered between laziness and diligence, wasting hours in uncertainty about our disposition.

For many years, he resisted the confines of a fixed office schedule or a defined profession. Yet, once he accepted an office desk, he transformed into a tireless worker. Despite his fondness for leisure, he ate his meals quickly, consumed little, and barely slept. At times, he was deeply melancholic. We long believed that he'd outgrow this sadness when he matured. It seemed a youthful type of gloom. Occasionally, he'd visit in the evening, sitting pale with that scarf around his neck, twirling his hair or crumpling a paper. He'd often remain silent the entire evening, not reacting to our queries. Suddenly, he'd grab his coat and leave. Humble and perplexed, we'd wonder if our company had disappointed him or if he simply sought a silent evening under a lamp other than his own.

Yet, we were surely his friends. Whenever any of us faced hardship or distress, he'd unexpectedly become solicitous and attentive, responsive to our every need. It amazed us every time.

[02] PAVESE

If my friends see me this way, imagine what strangers think. I always come off as the fool. Everyone remembers me as reserved; they say I'm difficult. It's true, I cherish silence, but only because it allows me to listen. To the sounds. Of the earth and words, of people and objects. I stroll through Turin for hours on end, always alone, as my job dictates. But do you know my profession? Uncovering literature. Some recognize me because Einaudi published my writings, but penning novels is merely a release, a diversion; my true calling is discovering books and authors. I've found many, and translated even more,

but nobody mentions that.

I need movement to think. I can't remain seated at my desk for long; in fact, I avoid it as much as possible. The street's ambiance comforts me, making me feel close to life, to those dreams that suddenly become written words. While walking, I encounter those peculiar myths we study in school; they come alive amidst the people, in the cafes, markets, and along the Po River's avenues. It's there that they become flesh and blood.

Hailing from the countryside, these streets have helped me understand America. Suddenly, America became both the subject and the allure of my university studies.

We and Black Americans are the same people, nurturing identical dreams, fears, and ancient beliefs.

[03] ARMSTRONG A TORINO

I brought so much of America to Italy, had so much music sent to me by my friend; every night, I was glued to the radio.

Those weren't times for concerts. The regime controlled the music, but luckily, jazz still circulated, covertly. One evening, I even managed to see Louis Armstrong, right here, in Turin. America came to me. It captivated me.

...

Let me explain why that concert was so pivotal.

It was 1935, at the Politeama Chiarella Theatre. In Armstrong's notes, there was the raw soul of music. I saw it. I was intoxicated by it. Jazz is the rhythm pulsating within everyone, making us feel alive.

There, I truly realized how deceptive the regime was in denying us that music. I felt the chain tightening around my neck, even if I couldn't resist it.

Outside, in the square, there was order and

discipline; inside the theatre, there was life.

...

Perhaps I fled, once again seeking refuge in silence; I chose to rediscover my roots, to hide where my name is known and remembered.

[04] DA TORINO AI COLLI

I walked extensively upon my return to Langa. My stride remains the same, in Turin as in Santo Stefano. I wander the mid-hill paths, those that lead into the vineyard rows, where occasionally a hare or pheasant darts out. Langa bestows upon my skin a sun-kissed hue, one that clashes with my urban attire. My shoes are muddied, and I slip down the slope, but in doing so, I feel closer to the earth. I observe my relatives and see reflections of them in the elongated features of my face; they're like me. They're not accustomed to my foreign ways and my music, that American sound. To them, it's distant and alien. Yet, it makes me reconnect with the rhythms of these people, my people, who live off the land just like those far away.

...

My hill breathes words, composed of earth and sweat. Its time is timeless, akin to the rhythm of music.

I write diligently every day, with precision and care, for only then can I grasp the essence of the words that resonate from the earth, for within lies what I seek. The literati do not truly know poetry; they can only learn it. When I forget who I am, I create it. I listen and translate sounds into words. In those moments, I feel blessed, for the secret of my Langa feels tantalizingly close. I delve into it as one immerses oneself in a lover.

C'è un giardino chiaro, fra mura basse,
di erba secca e di luce, che cuoce adagio
la sua terra. È una luce che sa di mare.

Tu respiri quell'erba. Tocchi i capelli
e ne scuoti il ricordo.

Ho veduto cadere
molti frutti, dolci, su un'erba che so,
con un tonfo. Così trasalisci tu pure
al sussulto del sangue. Tu muovi il capo
come intorno accadesse un prodigio d'aria
e il prodigio sei tu. C'è un sapore uguale
nei tuoi occhi e nel caldo ricordo.

Ascolti.

La parole che ascolti ti toccano appena.
Hai nel viso calmo un pensiero chiaro
che ti finge alle spalle la luce del mare.
Hai nel viso un silenzio che preme il cuore
con un tonfo, e ne stilla una pena antica
come il succo dei frutti caduti allora.

...

Ho veduto cadere
molti frutti, dolci, su un'erba che so,
con un tonfo. Così trasalisci tu pure
al sussulto del sangue. Tu muovi il capo
come intorno accadesse un prodigio d'aria
e il prodigio sei tu. C'è un sapore uguale
nei tuoi occhi e nel caldo ricordo.

...

*There is a fair garden, between low walls,
of dry grass and light, which slowly
bakes the land. It is light that tastes of sea.*

*You breathe that grass. Touch your hair
and shake free the memory.*

*I watched fruits fall,
many, sweet, on grass I know,
with a thud. The way you too start
at the skip of your blood. You move your head
as if all around befell a prodigy of air
and the prodigy is you. There's a similar taste
in your eyes and the warm memory.*

Hear.

*The words you hear barely touch you.
On your calm face you've a fair thought
that fashions behind you the light of the sea.
On your face you've a silence that presses the heart
with a thud, and extracts an ancient pain
like the juice from the fruits that fell then.*

...

*I watched fruits fall,
many, sweet, on grass I know,
with a thud. The way you too start
at the skip of your blood. You move your head
as if all around befell a prodigy of air
and the prodigy is you. There's a similar taste
in your eyes and the warm memory.*

...

Ogni occhiata che torna, conserva un gusto
Di erba e di cose impregnate di sole a sera
Sulla spiaggia. Conserva un fiato di mare.
Come un mare notturno è quest'ombra vaga

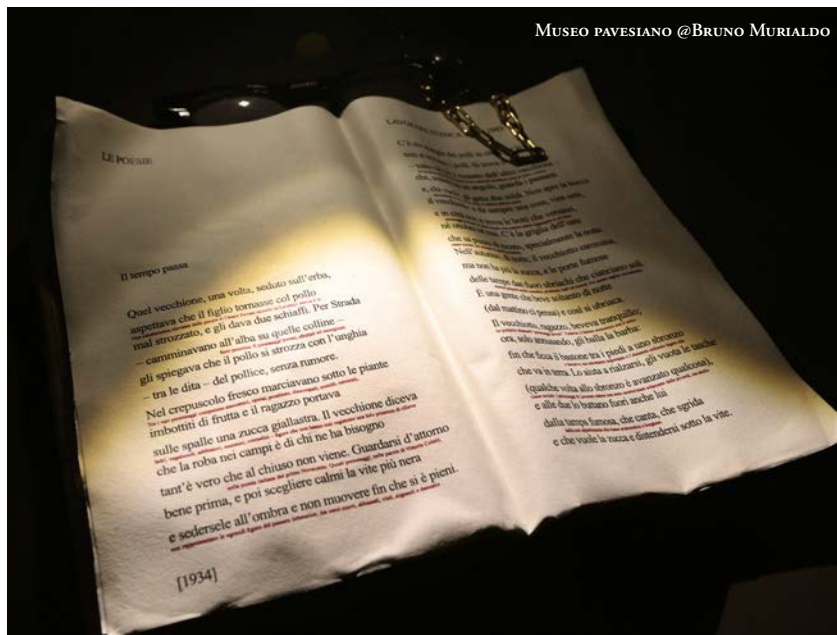
Di ansie e di brividi antichi, che il cielo sfiora
 E ogni sera ritorna. Le voci morte
 Assomigliano al frangersi di quel mare
*Every backward glance at twilight brings
 the taste of grass and things imbibed
 in the sun soaked shore .*
Each carries with it the breath of the sea.
Spread over the night time sea the darkness

*is a veil of foreboding and ancient pall
 that the heavens spread every evening on return.*
The stilled voices echo as if they are the lapping tide.

[05] NUTO

I spoke at length with Nuto. He believes that one
 needs a homeland, if only for the pleasure of leaving
 it. Having a homeland means not being alone,

MUSEO PAVESIANO @BRUNO MURIALDO



knowing that within its people, its plants, and its soil, there's a piece of you, and that even when you're gone, it waits for your return.

Nuto, who in comparison to me has never ventured far, claims that to truly live in this valley, one must never leave it. This comes from the very man who, as a young lad, played the clarinet in a band, traveling beyond Canelli, reaching as far as Spigno and Ovada, towards where the sun rises.

Nuto, who stayed behind, became the carpenter of Salto, my partner in crime during our initial escapes to Canelli. For a decade, he played the clarinet at every festivity, at every dance in the valley. To him, the world had been one continuous celebration. He knew all the drinkers, the performers, the joys of each village.

...

Each time I make my escape, I visit him. He resides midway up the slope of Salto, on the open road. His place exudes the aroma of fresh wood, flowers, and wood shavings: the scent of the road, of musicians, of the villas in Canelli where, as a boy, I had never been. I used to pester him for stories, to pry the secrets of the dances and the art of courting a woman from him. Those women who overlooked me, making me feel foreign even to myself. Understanding them meant understanding both myself and the Langhe.

[06] TU SEI COMA UNA TERRA

My homeland resembles the women who tread upon it; they know of its taste.

In America, I dated many women, but none were farmers. Even those from the high valleys didn't know how to milk a goat. The scent of vineyards and figs filled the air, but the farmers were Armenian, Mexican, Italian; they seemed newly arrived, tending to the soil as the street cleaners in New York sweep

the sidewalks.

Rosanne asked me why I didn't become an American. "Because I'm a wop," I replied. An Italian peasant. She argued that brains and money made a true American.

I didn't marry Rosanne. In the end, my roots prevailed. They have powerful ties; they always beckon you back.



@FONDAZIONE CESARE PAVESE

Tu sei come una terra
che nessuno ha mai detto.
Tu non attendi nulla
se non la parola
che sgorgnerà dal fondo
come un frutto tra i rami.
C'è un vento che ti giunge.
Cose secche e rimorte
r'ingombrano e vanno nel vento.
Membra e parole antiche.
Tu tremi nell'estate.

...

Tu sei come una terra

...

Tu non attendi nulla
se non la parola

...

C'è un vento che ti giunge.
Cose secche e rimorte
Tu tremi nell'estate.

*You are like a land that
no-one has ever called by name
You wait for nothing
if not the word that
will spring from the earth
as does fruit among branches.
A wind dishevels you.
Things dried and lifeless
thwart you, tossed about in the wind.
ancient words and structures.
You tremble in the summertime.*

...

You are like a land that

...

*You wait for nothing
if not the word*

...

*A wind dishevels you.
Things dried and lifeless
You tremble in the summertime.*

[07] LA CITTÀ DISILLUSA

From the city, the Langhe has become brief escapes for me. Turin obliges me to work, confines me to the office. I don't mind the work; it's the landscapes I detest, the ones I see from the window. Workers in their overalls move frantically, exhausted, empty, devoid of any hint of joy. Work is tiring, but it kills them. The city, which lets them raise their heads in the evening, forces them to bow them again in the morning.

...

Here, the fog doesn't bring the scent of mushrooms; it's as toxic as the factory shifts. There's no joy or longing.

The life that overflowed there in the Langhe sleeps dormant here in Turin, in hibernation. My reflection

...

Logoro, disilluso, disperato
di mai riuscire a suscitare
nell'anima degli uomini
una vampa di passione
con un'arte ben mia;
così vivo triste nei lunghi giorni...
eppure a tratti
mi sento traboccare
d'una vita caldissima, potente che,
oh! se mai riuscissi a esprimere
sarebbe colma tutta la mia esistenza

is in the gaze of others who pass by without looking, knowing nothing beyond their work shift.

...

Turin is made of trams and asphalt. My steps are heavy and vacant. Too much gray. From the window, I don't see the Po river, but I can already guess its color. Gray. Not like the Belbo, teeming with life.

...

I realized I'm uprooted in Turin after talking with Nuto for hours by the Belbo. I'm uprooted because I can't find that sense of connection to the weary beings of the fields. Here, I have friends, but I don't have my homeland.

*Worn out, disenchanted, despairing
of ever being able to kindle
in the soul of men
a surge of passion
with this art that is distinctly mine;
and so I live with sadness these long days....
and yet there are times
when I feel an overflowing
from an ardent and powerful life
that oh! if I were just able to express
it would be the summit of my entire existence.*

[o8] LE LANGHE NON SI PERDONO
Logoro, disilluso, disperato

Here in the city, I've decided to start playing. If I play, maybe my friends won't always see me as the perpetual grump who hasn't yet learned to smile. But play with what? With time.

However, a time far from the siren of Mirafiori. If I can't return to Santo Stefano, I want to weave all the stories told by the few who correspond with me. The time of yesterday as that of today. In the city busy producing cars, I want to relive the carriages of Langa; it will comfort me. It will be my refuge. I'll speak of myself, of my family, of the tales on the banks of the Belbo. To the rhythm of my steps.

...

I already feel too old for life; I've adopted a pace that's like that of a blues. The last blues.

*'T was only a flirt
you sure did know-
some one was hurt
long time ago.*

*All is the same
time has gone by-
some day you came
some day you'll die.*

*Some one has died
long time ago-
some one who tried
but didn't know.*

Now I want to recount the lives of the men from whom I was born, recreate the days that preceded my life, seize Langa as the subject of my poetry, find redemption for my existence.

...

Life flows fervently within me through a vein; I feel it, it seeks a way out. The river of my poetry will find its delta, my joy. That pleasure I feel when I think about life perpetuating in the fields, reborn in the fire as it rises against the night sky. Towards the moon!



GIANNI VIRONE
PHOTO @ ENZO FORNIONE



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE A SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOSSANO MUSICA FOUNDATION, PRESIDENT GIAN FRANCO RIORDA, AND DIRECTOR GIANPIERO BRIGNONE FOR GIVING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO CREATE THIS PROJECT AND FOR THEIR ONGOING SUPPORT IN ALL THE ACTIVITIES I'M INVOLVED IN WITHIN THE SCHOOL. THANK YOU TO PIERFRANCESCO DI NOIA FOR HIS TEXTS AND THE LOVELY AFTERNOONS SPENT DISCUSSING THIS WORK. THANKS TO THE CESARE PAVESE FOUNDATION FOR PROVIDING THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIAL.

ANOTHER SPECIAL THANKS GOES TO FULVIO CHIARA WHO ASSISTED ME THROUGHOUT THE EDITING AND MIXING PROCESS. WITHOUT HIM, I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN HOW TO PROCEED.

THANKS ALSO TO ALL THE MUSICIANS AND TO PINUCCIO FOR THEIR AVAILABILITY, FOR CONTRIBUTING THEIR PRECIOUS TALENT TO THIS PROJECT, MAKING THIS RECORDING UNIQUE, AS WELL AS FOR ALL LIVE PERFORMANCES. A FINAL SPECIAL THANKS TO RITA APGAR FOR TRANSLATING THE POEMS CONTAINED IN THIS WORK

GIANNI VIRONE

