

# Bobok

## SCENE I

A writer, fairly drunk, walks about  
a cemetery with a bottle of liquor in his hand

Andy Aand

♩ = 66

Piano *mf*

Musical score for measures 1-6. The piece is in 9/8 time. The piano part features a steady bass line with chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 66. The dynamic is mezzo-forte (mf).

7

*mp*

Musical score for measures 7-10. The time signature changes to 12/8. The piano part continues with a similar texture. The dynamic is mezzo-piano (mp).

11

*mf*

Musical score for measures 11-15. The piano part features a more active melodic line in the right hand. The dynamic is mezzo-forte (mf).

16

*p* *mf*

Musical score for measures 16-20. The piano part features a more active melodic line in the right hand. The dynamic starts piano (p) and moves to mezzo-forte (mf).

21

*mf*

Musical score for measures 21-25. The piano part features a more active melodic line in the right hand. The dynamic is mezzo-forte (mf).

26

mf

f

31 Writer

W. *mp*

It was just yes-ter-day Se-myon Ar-da-lyo-no-vich

*p*

36

W. *mockingly, with unpleasant high voice*

said to me: "I - van, will you e - ver be so - ber?" A strange de -

*f* *hiccup* *mf*

40

W. *loud whispering in a grumbling manner*

mand. I don't re - sent it, I am a ti - mid man. But they've

*f*

*mf*

The writer drinks from his bottle

W. *ma-naged to make a mad-man out of me.*

W. *An*

W. *ar-tist hap-pened to paint my por - trait: "Af - ter all." he says,*

*mf* *hiccup* *nasal voice* *mf* *p*

57

W. *f* *nasal voice* *p* *mf*

"you're a man of let-ters." I let him do it, and he ex -

60

W. *f* *p* *f*

hi - bi-ted it. I read: "Go and see this face-

63

W. mor - bid, on the verge of in - sa - ni - ty,"

65

W. *mf* *f* *mf*

All right, but how can one say it so blunt-ly in print?

69

W. *f*  
*hiccup*

Oh... In print e - very-thing

*p*

*p* *mf* *p*

72

W. *mf*

ought to be no - ble with i - deals. Put it in - di -

*mp*

*mf*

75

W. *f* *mf* *f*

rect-ly, that's what style is for. But no. He does not care to

*f* *p*

78

W. *f*

be in - di - rect.

*f* *p* *mp*

81 *p* *mf* *p* 6

W. Now - a - days hu - mor and fine

84 *mf* *p*

W. style are dis - ap - pea - ring and a - buse is

87 *f* *mf*

W. ta - king the place of wit. I wrote a

90 *f* *mf* *f* *mp*

W. no - vel: it was not pub - lished. I wrote a

93

W. *f* <sup>2</sup> *mf* *f* <sup>2</sup>

co - lumn: it was re - jec - ted. There was no

*f* *mf* *ff*

97

W. *mf* *hiccup*

salt in them, I was told. What sort of salt do you want? At-tic salt?

*ff*

Sub - - -

*meno mosso*

102

W. *a tempo* *mf* *hiccup*

Oh... Ex-cuse me!

*mf* *p*

106

W. *p* *mf* *p* <sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup> *mf*

Last year ma - ny peo-ple a - mong us were

*mf*

110

W. *ff*  
 put down as mad.

113

ad lib.  
mockingly and irritating  
*f*

W. "Given such an original talent... And that's how it turned out toward the very end..."

115

W. However it should have been foreseen long ago." Well!!!

*f*  $\bullet = 144$

118

W. And

*f*  $\bullet = 132$



121

W. *ff*

back they came wi - ser than e - ver.

126

W.

They know how to drive peo - ple mad,

131

W.

but they have not made a - ny - one

*f*

138

W.

wi - ser. The wi - sest of all

*mf*

145

W. *is he who will at least once a month call him - self a fool-*

151

W. *a fa - cul - ty un - heard of now - a - days!*

156

W. *For - mer - ly a fool knew at least once a*

163

W. *year, that he was a fool, but now - no fear!*

W. 
  
And they have so mud - dled things

W. 
  
up that you can't tell a fool from a wise man. They've

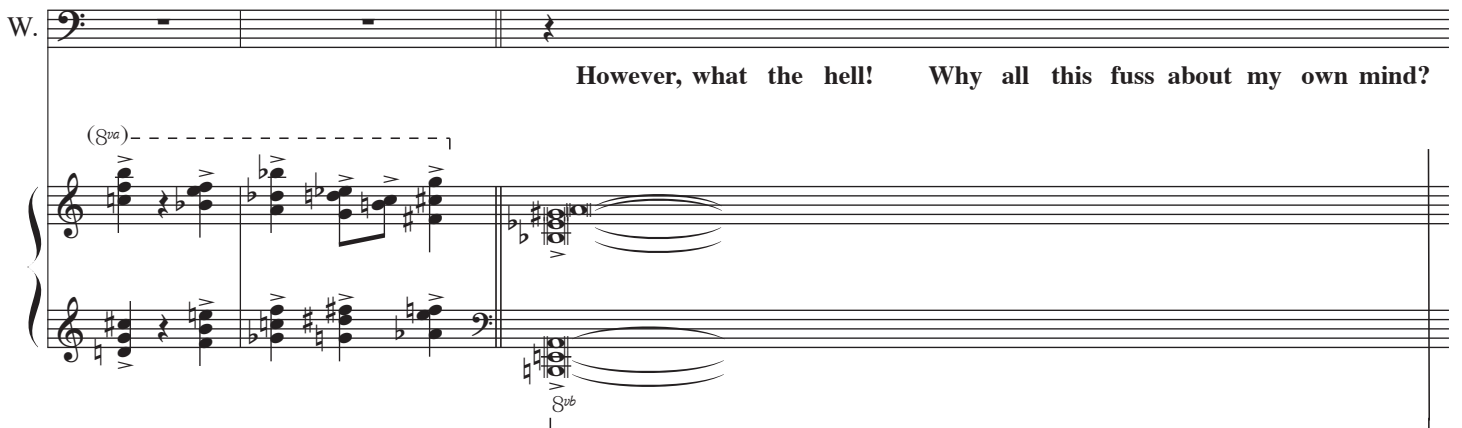
W. 
  
done this on pur - pose.

189

*poco rit.*

191

*ad lib.**f* acted in absolute drunkish manner

W. 

However, what the hell! Why all this fuss about my own mind?

Grumbling and grumbling. Even my maid-servant is fed up with me.  
 Yesterday a friend dropped in: "Your style is changing," he said, "it's choppy.  
 You chop and chop - you interpolate a clause, and then another interpolated clause within it,  
 and then you add still something else in parenthesis, and you chop even more."  
 My friend is right. Something strange is happening to me. My character is  
 changing, and my head aches. I begin to see and hear  
 strange things; as though someone beside me goes: "Bobok, bobok, bobok!"

192

 $\text{♩} = 66$ *f*

W. 

But where am I? Ce-me-te-ry? Some place!

W.

W.

W. *mf* <sup>2</sup> Count Kli - ne - vich... Hm... Le - be - zyat - ni - kov...

W. *mf* That must be the court coun - cil - lor that I knew. What an un - plea - sant fel - low.

215

W. *p* *mp*

"Here rests the bo - dy of Ma - jor- Ge - ne - ral Per - voy e - dov... Re -

220

W. *p*

pose, o dear re - mains, un - til the joy - ous morn."

224

W. *mf*

I think I will sit down and be - come en - grossed in ap - pro - pri - ate

The writer sits down on the tomb stone that is positioned on the left side of the stage; the lights gradually fade out.

227

W. *p*

thoughts.

230

A gentle green light starts to gradually illuminate, on the opposite side of the stage, a large chamber with coffins of various sizes.

233

235

The light reaches the right side of the stage. General and Councillor are playing a card game by memory. The Lady is walking back and forth in a slow pace.

239

End of Scene One