Nostalgia

By Andrei Tarkovsky
Speak Italian
We've arrived. I stopped here
so we could stretch our legs
It's a marvelous painting
I cried the first time I saw it
This light reminds me
of the autumn in Moscow
Come on.
-I don't want to
I'll wait for you inside.
-I don't want to!
"I'm tired of seeing these
sickeningly beautiful sights"
"I want nothing more
just for myself"
"That's enough"
Have you come to pray for a
baby too? Or to be spared them?
I'm just looking
If there are any casual onlookers
who aren't supplicants
then nothing happens
What is supposed to happen?
Whatever you like,
whatever you need most
But you should at least kneel down
I can't.
-They're used to it
They're used to it
They have faith.
-Probably
Can I ask you something?
Why do you think
it's only the women
who pray so much?
You're asking me?
You see so many women here
I'm only the sacristan
But you must wonder why
women are more devout than men
You should know
Because you're a woman?
No, I've never understood
these things
I'm a simple man
But I think
a woman is meant to have children
to raise them
with patience
and self-sacrifice
That's all she's meant for?
I don't know.
-Thank you
You've been a great help
You asked what I thought
You want to be happy
There are more important things
Wait!
Pitiful Mother, merciful Mother
Painful Mother, tormented Mother
Merciful Mother,
compassionate Mother
Anxious Mother, blessed Mother
Loving Mother, bright Mother
Mortified Mother, holy Mother
Painful Mother, proud Mother
Inspired Mother, bright Mother
Mother of all mothers, who knows
the pain of being a mother
Mother of all mothers, who knows
the joy of being a mother
Mother of all children, who
knows the joy of having a child
Mother of all children, who knows
the pain of not having a child
Mother who understands all, help
your daughter to become a mother
I just don't understand you
You go on and on about
the Madonna of Childbirth!
We drive halfway across Italy
in the fog
And you don't go in to see her
What are you reading?
Arseni Tarkovsky's poems
In Russian?
It's a translation
Quite a good one
Throw it away
Why?
The translator's a very good poet
Poetry is untranslatable,
like the whole of art
You may be right that poetry
is untranslatable
But music?
What is it?
Oriental music
But how could we have got to know
Tolstoy, Pushkin
and so understand Russia?
None of you understand Russia
Nor you Italy then
If Dante, Petrarch
and Machiavelli don't help
It's impossible for us poor devils
How can we get to know each other?
By abolishing the frontiers
Which?
Between states
Hello
You know a maid in Milan
set fire to the house?
Which house?
-Her employers' house
She missed her home
and family down South
So she burned the thing
that stopped her going back
Why did your musician, Sosnovsky
go back to Russia if he knew
he'd be a slave again?
Why won't you confide in me?
Read this.
You understand
What?
The letter from
the Bologna Conservatory?
Yes. Was Sosnovsky
successful when he returned
to Russia?
Was he happy?
He started drinking
and then
He committed suicide?
-Exactly
I'm sorry, I was asleep
Do you have any identification?
I'll go and get the keys
Those aren't the other
hotel keys, I hope?
No, they're to my house
Here's your key
It's our best room
Good night, Andrei
Your room is on the next floor
It's nice here
The countryside's pretty too
There's the river, the mushrooms
People keep coming back,
they often fall in love here
You and your boyfriend
will like it
He's not my boyfriend
Go on, he's sad
because he's in love
No, his mind's on other things
Did you knock?
-I hadn't yet
Do you want to call Moscow?
You haven't talked
to your wife for 2 days
No, thanks
One, two, three
Andrei
Andrei, get up.
We'll be eating soon!
I'll be downstairs.
It's lovely here
St. Catherine used to come too!
I'm coming
What does this Russian do?
He's a poet.
-What's he writing?
A biography of a Russian musician
In Italy?
This musician studied in Bologna and came to these baths. 

When? 
At the end of the 1700s. 
Was it Tchaikovsky? 
No, his name was Sosnovsky. 
Didn't he marry a local woman? 
No, he was in love with a Russian slave and died for her. 

What's the hurry? 
Does your poet like Italy? 
Too much so. 

What's this strange music we keep hearing day in and day out? 
Wonderful music! 
Beats Verdi any time. 
Hands off Verdi. 
This is Chinese stuff. 
A different civilization with no sentimental wails. 
Voice of God, of nature. 

Pretend they're not there. 
Just go on your way. 
It's gotten into my mouth. 
Move slowly. 
What does it taste like? 
-It's a liquid sulfur! 
So it's good for the skin. 
-Disgusting! 
I'm fine. 
I'm falling asleep. 
In the 60's a drowned body was found here. 
Don't talk about it. 
otherwise I get scared. 
In the war I've seen thousands of dead soldiers. 
Now listen, it's never too late to learn. 
Whatever happens, don't interfere. 
Have you heard their talk, what they're interested in? 
You've got to be different. 
You know why they're in the water?
They want to live forever
Look who's here!
Look at them!
My cigar's gone out,
anyone got a light?
Why do they make fun of him?
He shut himself up in the house
with his family
for 7 years to wait
for the end of the world
A religious fit, they say
Nonsense
He was jealous of his wife
Later she ran off with the children
Jealous my foot, he's nuts
That's not it, he was just scared
Scared of what?
Everything
You're wrong, he's a man
of great faith
And how, he kept his family
locked up for 7 years!
When they broke down the door
his kid shot out like a rat
and he chased after him
We thought he wanted to kill him!
Here's the Russian poet!
Miss, I don't smoke
but could I have a cigarette?
Of course, as you don't smoke
It's gone out.
-So it has
Thank you
Never forget what he said to her
He who?
And her?
Saint Catherine!
So what did God say
to St. Catherine?
"You are she who is not"
"but I am he who is"
Did you hear that?
Bravo, Domenico!
Did he speak to St. Catherine
himself?
Don't tease him
Domenico has a degree!
In what?
What is "faith"?
Even your Italian was better
when you first came
What does "faith" mean?
In Russian it's "vera"
Why do they say he's mad?
He's not mad.
He has faith
There are lots of these lunatics
at large in Italy
Asylums have been closed down
but the families won't have them
What is madness?
They're troublesome, inconvenient
We refuse to understand them
They're alone
But they're certainly
closer to the truth
He has another fixation now
What?
He gets into the pool with
a lighted candle
Everyone's afraid he wants
to drown himself
so they throw him out and save him
I don't believe it
Ask them
Can we ask him to have lunch
with us?
When?
-Now!
Now - you don't know what time is it
What time is it?
-It's 7 in the morning!
In the morning?
Does that man with the wet shoes
come often?
It depends. Sometimes he does,
sometimes he doesn't
Where does he live?
Up above Bagno Vignoni
In the square
What's so funny?
Andrei!
Stop!
Why?
You're prettier
in this light
I'm beginning to understand
What?
Why do you think he locked up
his family for 7 years?
How should I know?
There he is
I've brought a famous
Russian writer
My life is normal, there's
nothing interesting about it
But we hear you had
a lovely experience
I read about it too, in the papers
Tell him about it
It's not worth it
Maybe not, but this gentleman
has come from Moscow
For me?
He's come a long way
What did he say?
-He doesn't feel like talking
Try again,
it's very important
Stop for a minute!
-Go!
What's wrong?
Have you offended him?
You've offended me!
He's crazy! It's not up to me
whether he talks or not!
I'm going!
You try
you know a bit of Italian
If you don't like the way I work
say so
But I'm a good translator
and I even improve on the original
I'm going back to Rome.
Our trip's over
All right
Excuse me
I think I know why you did that
What?
The bicycle?
Before, with your family
I'm tired
Where are you?
Come in!
Did you hear that?
It's Beethoven!
One drop plus one drop
makes a bigger drop, not two
May I?
-Smoke
When I don't know what to say
I ask for a cigarette too
But I never learned to smoke
It's too hard
You have to learn
to not smoke,
to do important things
Such as?
Some wine?
We need bigger ideas
What?
I was selfish
I wanted to save my family
Everyone must be saved,
the whole world
How?
It's simple
You see the candle?
All right
Why do you say "all right"?
You're confusing me
You cross the water with
the lighted candle
Which water?
The hot water
St. Catherine's pool
by the hotel
the steaming water
All right, when?
Now
I can't do it
I don't want
When I light the candle
and get into the water
they pull me out
They kick me out
And they shout, "You're crazy!"
Get it?
All right.
-All right?
It's all wrong!
Help me
Help me.
-All right, but
Of course
The taxi's here for the Russian
who's going to Bagno Vignoni
It's late
I must go
Thank you
Why me, of all people?
You've children?
-Two, a girl and a boy
Is your wife pretty?
You know the Madonna of Childbirth?
By Piero della Francesca
She's like that but all black
Go with the candle
We're planning
something big in Rome
Zoe!
Where are you?
Answer me!
I'm scared of being alone
I know what you're thinking,
but that's enough now
It's wrong to keep thinking
the same thing
What do you want?
Dad
Is this the end of the world?
Are we going?
Stand back!
They're letting them out!
I knew they were in there
I used to listen in secret
The water had run out
in my bathroom
Do you mind?
I thought you'd left
No, I'm still here
Good.
-You don't look pleased
Look what he gave me
Who?
-Domenico!
You're a funk!
Full of complexes
You're not free
You all seem to want freedom
but when you get it you don't know
what to do with it
or what it is
That's enough
It must be this country,
the air one breathes here
Because in Moscow
I met some wonderful men
What are you all after? This?
Not you!
You're a kind of saint
You're interested in Madonnas
You're different!
One "intellectual" tried
to keep me locked up!
Can't I ever meet the right man?
I don't mean you, you're the worst
But I swear I'll find
my kind of man!
And I have, he's waiting for me
in Rome
You dress badly too
And you're boring
You're the kind I'd sleep with
rather than explain why
I don't feel like it
What are you saying?
Don't you see?
I found myself in a most
embarrassing position!
I've had enough!
I can't take any more!
I'd like to sleep for 10 days
and wipe you out
Maybe there's nothing to wipe out
because you don't exist
It's my problem
Why do I like idiots?
Men with no charm
I might look young but I know
all about charm!
Go, go, please
You know
the night I met you
I dreamt that a soft worm
with lots of legs
fell on my head
It stung me. It was poisonous
I kept shaking my head
until it fell off.
I tried to squash it
before it reached the wardrobe
but it was no good
I kept just missing it
I just couldn't
squash it.
Since that night
I keep touching my hair
Thank God there's been
nothing between us!
Just the thought makes me sick!
She's insane
Run back to your wife!
Though you nearly betrayed her!
You're a pig!
Anything else?
Hypocrite!
We're going to listen
to some music
What's going on?
-Nothing, nothing
Oh God! Now the General
and his Chinese music!
But you won't drive me away!
Dear Pyotr Nikolayevich
I've been in Italy 2 years
very important ones
both for my profession
and for my everyday life
Last night I had a bad dream
I had to stage an opera in
the theater of My Lord the Count
The first act was set
in a park full of statues
but they were naked men
forced to stand motionless
And I was a statue too
I knew I would be harshly
punished if I moved
because our lord and master
was watching us
I could feel the cold rising
from my marble pedestal
as the autumn leaves settled
on my upraised arm
Yet I stood still
But when I sensed I could
resist no longer
I awoke
I was afraid
For I knew it had been no dream
but my reality
Yet I would die if I never
returned to Russia
if I never again saw
my homeland
the birches,
the air of my childhood
An affectionate greeting
from your abandoned friend
Pavel Sosnovsky
Maria
Andrei!
As a child I fell ill
from hunger and fear
I tear shreds of skin
from my lips. In my memory
I lick traces of salt,
of freshness
And still I walk
I sit on a doorstep,
looking for warmth
I stagger deliriously
as to the piper's tune
I was hot, I opened my collar
and I lay down
The trumpets sounded.
A light pierced my eyelids
High above the pavement mother
flies, beckons with her hand
and flies away
Now beneath the apple-trees,
I dream of a white hospital
As a child I fell ill
I must go and see Dad
I've a jacket in the wardrobe.
It's been there three years
I'll wear it again
when I'm home in Moscow
I never go anywhere,
I never see anyone
What are you doing here?
Don't be afraid
Don't be afraid of me.
It's I who should be afraid of you
You could shoot me
Everyone shoots in Italy
And there are too many
Italian shoes!
Dreadful!
Why does everyone buy them?
These are 10 years old.
It's not important
All right!
You know of great romances
no kisses
nothing at all.
Very pure!
Hence great
Feelings
unspoken feelings are unforgettable
Here it's like in Russia
I don't know why
You know
I don't speak Italian well
Here's a story
A man saves another who
was sinking into a slimy pond
thereby risking his own life
Now they are both lying
on the edge of the pond
out of breath, exhausted
The rescued man says:
"Idiot"
"why did you do that?
I live in there!"
He was offended
What's your name?
Angela, good girl
Are you glad?
About what?
About life
Yes
Good girl
Sight grows dim, my strength
is two occult, adamantine darts
Hearing weavers for my father's
house breathes distant thunder
The tissues of hard muscles weaken
like hoary oxen at the plough
and no longer when night falls
do two wings gleam behind me
During the party,
like a candle I wasted away
Gather up at dawn my melted wax
and read in it whom to mourn,
what to be proud of
How, by donating the last
portion of joy
to die lightly
and in the shelter
of a makeshift roof
to light up posthumously,
like a word
Why must I think of this?
I have enough worries
My God, why did I do it?
They're my children, my family,
my own flesh and blood
How could I?
Years without seeing the sun,
fearing the light of day!
Why?
Why this tragedy?
Lord, do you see how he's asking?
Say something to him
But what would happen
if He heard my voice?
Let Him feel your presence
I always do,
but He's not aware of it
I'll bring the car around
in 10 minutes
Mr. Gorchakov, phone call for you
For me?
Please wait
Hello?
It's Eugenia
How are you?
Fine
Guess why I called?
Your Domenico is here,
the lunatic from Bagno Vignoni
No, I know he's not mad
It was so you'd understand
He's here in Rome
for a demonstration
He's been making speeches
for 3 days
Come and say goodbye to him
I'm leaving, immediately
He keeps asking if you've done
what you were supposed to do
Of course
I'll tell him right away
Thank you
I'm glad we could say goodbye
I'm going away with Vittorio
We'll probably go to India
Vittorio's my man
he's from a distinguished
family in Orvieto
Good, Eugenia,
I wish you all the best
Same to you.
Say hello to Moscow for me
How are you keeping?
How's your heart?
I don't know,
I've reached the limit
I'm bored
I want to go home
Hello, Vittorio
I'm going to buy some cigarettes
I want to change my ticket,
I'm leaving in 2 days' time
What's happened?
Nothing
Can you drive me to Bagno Vignoni?
When?
-Now
I'll have to let Italy-USSR know
I wait, right?
-Right
Trust him not to leave today
What ancestor speaks in me?
I can't leave simultaneously
in my head and in my body
That's why I can't be just
one person
I can feel myself countless
things at once
There are no great masters left.
That's the real evil of our time
The heart's path is covered
in shadow
We must listen to the voices
that seem useless
In brains full of long sewage pipes
of school wall, tarmac
and welfare papers
the buzzing of insects must enter
We must fill the eyes
and ears of all of us
with things that are
the beginning of a great dream
Someone must shout that
we'll build the pyramids
It doesn't matter if we don't!
We must fuel that wish
and stretch the corners
of the soul
like an endless sheet
If you want the world
to go forward
we must hold hands
We must mix
the so-called healthy
with the so-called sick
You healthy ones!
What does your health mean?
The eyes of all mankind
are looking at the pit
into which we are plunging
Freedom is useless
if you don't have the courage
to look us in the eye
to eat, drink
and sleep with us!
It's the so-called healthy
who have brought the world
to the verge of ruin
Man, listen!
In you, water, fire
and then ashes
And the bones in the ashes
The bones and the ashes!
Wait for me in the car
Hello
Where am I when
I'm not in reality
or in my imagination?
Here's my new pact:
it must be sunny at night
and snowy in August
Great things end
small things endure
Society must become united again
instead of so disjointed
Just look at nature and
you'll see that life is simple
We must go back to where we were
to the point
where you took the wrong turn
We must go back
to the main foundations of life
without dirtying the water
What kind of world is this
if a madman tells you
you must be ashamed of yourselves!
Music now
Music!
I forgot this
O mother!
The air is that light thing
that moves around your head
and becomes clearer when you laugh
The music doesn't work!
Zoe! Zoe!
To the memory of my mother