
*Ekaterinoslav: One Family’s Passage to America* is a one-act dramatic musical composition based on a 2012 collection of poems by the critically acclaimed, bestselling author Jane Yolen, who suggested the project to me based on our previous collaboration. Scored for singers with a chamber orchestra of strings, clarinet, keyboard, and percussion, the composition lyrically recounts the story of the Yolen’s family’s emigration from a small Ukrainian Jewish village to Ellis Island in 1910–1914. Her story of rediscovering a family history and heritage evokes broader issues of truth and lies, and how a cultural identity can be found or lost through stories people tell about themselves. It movingly depicts a noteworthy period in twentieth-century Jewish, American, and European history, shedding both factual and emotional light on the struggles, fears, and hopes of the immigrant experience. *Ekaterinoslav* is the poetry of displacement, and of self-constructed identities. My musical setting accentuates the poems’ lyrical appeal, incorporating some ethnomusicological research into early 20th-century Jewish and Ukrainian traditional melodies. The resulting work is an innovative hybrid of musical theatre, opera, monologue, and memoir. Minimalistic staging is combined with projected digital and archival images to portray the idea of reconstructed history, while singers take on multiple roles and interpretations of characters as their stories are told and untold.
ASPECTS OF COLLABORATION AND
QUESTIONS OF IDENTITY IN
EKATERINOSLAV

by

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A Thesis Submitted to
the Faculty of The Graduate School at
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Master of Music

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CHAPTER I

“THE ACCIDENTAL FEAST”: MUSICAL COLLABORATION WITH JANE YOLEN

Jane Yolen (b. 1939) is an acclaimed author and poet with over 300 published books in diverse genres including children’s books, young adult literature, fantasy, and science fiction, to steady critical and popular acclaim. Her many literary honors, as listed on her website, include “the Caldecott Medal, two Nebula Awards, two Christopher Medals, the World Fantasy Award, three Mythopoeic Fantasy Awards, the Golden Kite Award, the Jewish Book Award, the World Fantasy Association’s Lifetime Achievement Award, and the Association of Jewish Libraries Award among many others.”¹ Some reviewers have dubbed her “the Hans Christian Andersen of America.”²

I had been familiar with Yolen’s writing since childhood, often encountering her classic picture books from the lyrical Owl Moon to the jocular Commander Toad in Space. As I grew older I had occasion to study some of her academic writings on fairy tales, including new literary variations on old fairy tale forms.³ This mirrors one of my recurring sources of artistic inspiration, as can be seen in recent compositions including

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The Juniper Tree (solo multiple percussion, 2013) and The Boy Who Dreamed of Flying (string quartet, 2012), as well as my published short fiction.⁴

Although it would be presumptuous at best for me to compare my own modest artistic output with Yolen’s accomplishments, there was clearly a degree of similarity between our creative interests. However, the idea of collaborating did not occur to me as a possibility until my brother John Patrick Pazdziora, then a Ph.D. student in Literature at the University of St Andrews in Scotland, made Yolen’s acquaintance through a mutual literary friend. At the time, John and I were completing a collaboration of our own, a madcap song cycle for soprano with an ensemble of alto saxophone, violin, piano, contrabass, and percussion, entitled Doctor Milliner’s Marvellous Musical Flying Machine (2012). John’s texts cleverly repurposed nursery rhymes and folk ballads to create what one listener called “whimsical songs about death.” When Yolen expressed an interest in John’s poetry, I suggested that he might also mention our recent project as an example of working with a composer. (An additional earlier collaboration of ours, a folk song called “Dinosaur,” suggested a promising parallel to Yolen’s How Do Dinosaurs… series of books for young readers.⁵) Yolen responded keenly to the idea of having her poems set to music, and soon had written a set of original lyrics for a song cycle that we entitled The Accidental Feast of the Holy Fools (2013).

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Composing *The Accidental Feast of the Holy Fools* proved to be a highly enjoyable process. Although we worked independently, Yolen adopted a few of my suggestions for concepts or imagery in the lyrics. I suggested that a song might play on the connection between madness and the moon; she replied mere hours later with a fully formed text that became the song “Moonstruck.” In turn, hearing a recording of an early version of the song, she expressed her pleasure that the music illustrated the words by “waxing and waning,” using dynamics that crescendo and decrescendo to a recurring high and low point within a strophic form (see Figure 1). This suggested further directions for later revisions of the songs, such as deepening their intertextuality with additional subtle musical allusions (in the case of “Moonstruck,” to *Pierrot Lunaire* and *Clair de Lune*).

After completing *The Accidental Feast*, I began to wonder if a more ambitious collaboration with Yolen might be a worthwhile project for my Masters composition thesis, a larger-scale work along the lines of a chamber opera. Rather than write an entire libretto from scratch, Yolen suggested that I might use some of her published collections of poetry for adults as a source for texts. In particular, her 2012 book *Ekaterinoslav* presented an intriguing possibility, offering a multifaceted narrative involving complicated characters from Yolen’s family history.
Figure 1. Waxing and waning dynamics in “Moonstruck” from The Accidental Feast of the Holy Fools.
CHAPTER II

“TO REINVENT MOMENT AND MEMORY”: THEMES OF DISPLACEMENT IN

EKATERINOSLAV

Ekaterinoslav: One Family’s Passage to America is a book of poems telling the story of Yolen’s father’s immigration from Ukraine to New York with his family, which came over in 1910–1914. However, her father chose to suppress this part of his story, keeping the truth from her almost until his death. Yolen writes, “[M]y father had insisted until I was almost middle-aged that he had been born in New Haven (or was it Waterbury) until I found the original Ellis Island papers with his name on it. He’d been seven when he came over with his mother and father and three of his seven siblings. (The other four had come to America several years earlier.) Not to put too fine point on it, my father had lied to me all those years.”6 The real story was that her father had spent his early childhood in a small shtetl, or Jewish village, the name of which was forever linked with the brutality and the tragedy of the pogroms: Ekaterinoslav.

Faced with a dearth of concrete facts about her family history, Yolen attempted to reconstruct—or re-invent as poetry—the truth of her family’s flight to America, using old photos and neglected documents to discover the oral history her father never gave her. Yolen’s vivid imagination fills in details about her relatives’ personalities and adventures, but also struggles to come to terms with her bereavement and betrayal by her father,

whose lies and silences denied her the chance to appreciate her heritage, and fully understand her own story.

My setting of a third of Yolen’s poems from this collection navigates a space between song cycle and chamber opera, as dramatic monologues and dialogues give sketches of scenes from her family’s immigrant experience and her own search for identity. The central personal drama is depicted in the poem “Round Frame,” in which Yolen reflects on a picture of her father as a young boy: “He stares out at me, through me, daring me / to take away his manufactured birth / in Connecticut.” Through the stories that her father told about himself, and more significantly the stories he suppressed, he shaped not only his own identity but also his children’s. As “Round Frame” continues, Yolen laments the absence of connection to her Ukrainian heritage:

All those years Ekaterinoslav
was lost to me, when I could have celebrated
Ukrainian winters, learned words of love,
fashion, passion, paternity;
how to season the fish with pepper, not sugar;
how to cut the farfl from flat sheets of dough.
All I had was New Haven.  

Considering its multilayered emotional development, I decided to divide “Round Frame” into three sections with repeated thematic material, providing a framing musical narrative that first sets up and finally offers some resolution to the story of a family history lost, rediscovered, and reconstructed.

In her preface to *Ekaterinoslav*, Yolen writes of the difficulty of determining the family’s history with any degree of accuracy when, sadly, all the original participants are gone and only secondhand stories remain: “…I have no one to check with about the facts in these poems except my cousins and second cousins who know only a bit more than I do. As the Yolens are all storytellers, making up what we don’t really know or remember, I can’t vouch for the authenticity of what I’ve been told. But the major truths (as opposed to the facts) are here.”

This sense of truth as distinct from fact, Yolen goes on to claim, is the domain of poetry, which can establish its own sense of reality in a different way than a formal historiography or memoir. In the concluding poem in the book (not included in my final composition), Yolen explains her purpose for writing: “I have written these / poems as resurrection. / I have molded these words / to reinvent moment and memory.”

This function of poetic narrative as resurrection or reinvention allows for a greater artistic freedom while preserving the essential core of the story.

Although I do not have any Ukrainian or Jewish heritage as far as can be determined, I do identify with Yolen’s frustration with a lack of detail about my own immigrant ancestors from Poland and Ireland. An opportunity to reconstruct or discover facts about their history is always tantalizing, especially their possible musical traditions. As I prepared to set the poems from *Ekaterinoslav* to music, I did some preliminary research into Ukrainian and Jewish music from the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Moshe Beregovski’s authoritative collection *Old Jewish Folk Music* proved particularly

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illuminating, containing tunes, contextualization, and analysis of tunes recorded in
Ukraine, with such distinct characteristics as an altered Dorian scale.\(^\text{10}\) I determined,
however, that to attempt a detailed reconstruction or pastiche of genuine Jewish music
would be counterproductive to the artistic goals of the composition, which is not about
meticulous authenticity but about memories imagined without the benefit of immediate
connection to historical context. In the end I used a few characteristic klezmer modes and
rhythms only sparingly, most prominently in the movements “Bottle” (see Figure 2),
“Picture This,” and “Pogrom”, reinterpreting them with irregular meters and extended
harmonies to fit Yolen’s poetry.

\(^\text{10}\) Moshe Beregovski, *Old Jewish Folk Music: The Collections and Writings of Moshe Beregovski*, ed.
Similarly to “Round Frame,” the text of “Bottle” appeals specifically to a piece of family memorabilia. Yolen reflects on a glass bottle manufactured by her grandfather, a product he would have sold in both the Old and New World. The artifact, sitting on her shelf, serves as a tangible link to history, a reminder of “a moment from the past / when we had

Figure 2. Evocation of klezmer modality and rhythm in “Bottle.”
dreams.” She concludes that we “are now much richer / than grandfather ever dreamed of, / and somehow poorer as well.”

In her reinvention of the past, Yolen draws from the few surviving historical records to create pictures and vignettes of her family’s immigrant experience. The opening poem invites us, “Picture this small shtetl, / packed dirt streets / rutted with market day traffic.” A picture of her uncle Lou, dressed to the nines with a cane and a jaunty hat, becomes the lighthearted “Dapper Dan,” with its subtext of early immigrants trying their best to assimilate into their new culture. On more somber notes, “Cholera” and “Pogrom” deal with the harsh realities of disease and persecution that motivated many Ukrainian Jews to consider emigration.

Emigration itself is portrayed as both an adventure and a hardship:

The cuticles of travel are raw, bloody, chewed down, but still we are safer here, or so we believe. [...] More feared, though, are the knives of the horsemen of the steppes, the unknown safer than the known.  

In the process of immigration, the family’s names are changed: “Lev becomes Louis, Lou. / Rachil Rose, Aron Harry. / My father, Wolf, tamed into Will.” Rather than an enforced authoritarian renaming, the immigrants are constructing their own identities. “Manifest / transliterations change vowels, consonants, till we all sound American...” Yolen

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11 Yolen, Ekaterinoslav. 39.

12 Ibid. 16.
pointedly describes this change of identity as “Ellis Island mathematics,” a process of “extraction, attraction, subtraction.” By gaining their new identity as “sound Americans,” something of their past identity becomes lost, perhaps irretrievably.

The question of identity is at the heart of the emotional crisis in Yolen’s own experience. In a climactic poem, “Will,” Yolen attempts to come to terms with her father’s cover-up of his own story and his original name. “The past will not lie buried,” she begins, with a canny double wordplay on several meanings of the name “Will” and the word “lie.”

All the years he denied it, that name, that place of birth, that compound near Kiev, and I so eager for the variants with which he lived his life.

Whatever Will Yolen’s reasons for denying the facts may have been, the result, as for many Americans of immigrant descent, is a sense of displacement and disconnection. The creation of music and poetry in collaboration offers a chance “to reinvent moment and memory,” creating pictures that are not actually remembered but imagined as though they had been.

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13 Ibid.

14 Ibid. 48.
CHAPTER III
CONCLUSIONS

Setting the texts of *Ekaterinoslav* proved to be a rewarding musical and emotional challenge, as I had to create music that would offer engaging melodic settings of poems with highly complex meters while being faithful to the story of Jane Yolen and her father’s family. While my foray into Jewish ethnomusicological research had less effect on the finished score than I might have anticipated, forms of musical expression that came more naturally to me suited the texts well. The combination of my music with words that were often highly dramatically charged provided many opportunities to be expressive without the need to resort to heavy-handedness. Overlapping ostinati of varying lengths proved to be a simple but useful technique for illustrating some of Yolen’s appeals to mathematics as a metaphor for change or loss (most obviously in “Cholera” and “Ellis Island Mathematics’’). I also found it was often effective to provide opportunities for unmetered patterns and improvisation, which I would like to explore more in further compositions. I would welcome the chance to collaborate on other projects with Jane Yolen, whose prolific output of poetry certainly can provide more opportunities for further musical settings.


APPENDIX A

SCORE OF EKATERINOSLAV
EKATERINOSLAV

ONE FAMILY’S PASSAGE TO AMERICA

for

Two voices, B-flat clarinet, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, Piano, and Percussion

words by
JANE YOLEN

music by
ERIC PAZDZIORA
EKATERINOSLAV

ONE FAMILY’S PASSAGE TO AMERICA

1. Round Frame (I)
2. Picture This
3. Names
4. Dapper Dan
5. Pogrom
6. Cholera
7. Bottle
8. Round Frame (II)
9. Second Wave
10. Passage Through the Great Hall
11. Admitted
12. Ellis Island Mathematic
13. Will
14. Round Frame (III)

“Ekaterinoslav: One Family’s Passage to America” by Jane Yolen
Used by Permission of Curtis Brown, Ltd.
Copyright © 2012. All Rights reserved.
1. Round Frame (I)

Jane Yolen

Very freely, colla voce
My fa-ther’s past lies hidden

Soprano

Mezzo-Soprano

Clarinet in B♭

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Sul pont.

Cello

Double Bass

Very freely, colla voce

Piano

Susc. Cym.

Percussion

© 2014

Improvise freely from notes in cells.
The child there has plump cheeks, un-colored eyes.

1. Round Frame (I)
a heavy Russian hat perches awkwardly on his baby curls. He stares out at

1. Round Frame (I)
1. Round Frame (I)

me, through me, da-ring me to take a-way his man-u-fac-tured birth in Con-nec-ti-cut.
1. Round Frame (I)

C Moderate \( \frac{4}{4} = 120 \)

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
1. Round Frame (I)
1. Round Frame (I)
2. Picture This

Soprano

Mezzo-Soprano

Clarinet in B♭

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Double Bass

Piano

Percussion

© 2014
2. Picture This

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
2. Picture This

Picture this small shire, packed dirt streets rutted with market day

Music notation with actors' lines:
- S
- Mezzo
- B♭ Cl.
- Vln. I
- Vln. II
- Vla.
- Vc.
- D.B.
- Pno.
- Perc.

Cymbals with 'choke' notation

Notes:
- 3+2+2+2
- 3+3+3

Music symbols and annotations for each instrument.
2. Picture This

\[ \begin{array}{c} S \\
\text{Mezzo} \\
\text{Bb Cl.} \\
\text{Vln. I} \\
\text{Vln. II} \\
\text{Vla.} \\
\text{Vc.} \\
\text{D.B.} \\
\text{Pno.} \\
\text{Tambourine} \\
\text{Perc.} \end{array} \]
2. Picture This

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
In the town center, Jews sell eggs, cheese, chickens, milk.
2. Picture This

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2

3+3+2

2+2+3+2
In front of the but-cher shop, close by the black-smith's, my grand-fa-ther sets up a
His bottles of kerosene.
like good soldiers—up right, polished, shining—stand in five straight lines.
2. Picture This

\( \text{(} \frac{3}{4} \text{)} \)

[Soprano]

[Mezzo]

[Bass Clarinet]

[Violin I]

[Violin II]

[Viola]

[Violoncello]

[Double Bass]

[Piano]

[Percussion]

\( \text{pp} \)
2. Picture This

Mezzo:

A river of gentles flows in, almost drowning the street's popu-

Vln. I:

Vln. II:

Vla.:

Vc.:

D.B.:

Pno.:

Perc.:
2. Picture This

The la-tion, moving sluggishly amongst the Jews.
2. Picture This

sound of Ukrainian, Yiddish, Russian rattles around the stalls.

Ukrainian, Yiddish, Russian rattles around the stalls.

the stalls.

tattles a round the stalls.

---

38
The speakers talk about weather, and whether the rains will catch...
2. Picture This

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
2. Picture This

zum ahf dein kop! on your head.

Good health on your head.

Good health on your head.

pizz.

p

p
They argue about the price of flour, vodka, grain for the cows,
but never about the tsar.

for the cows,

Shh! That's a topic for the hidden

Shh!
2. Picture This

S

Mezzo

p la c es:

Bb Cl.

h oo ses.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

hedge rows, shul. A feir zer in trefen!
2. Picture This

S

Mezzo

He should burn up!

Some things are best ne-ver said a·loud.

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

Shh!
2. Picture This

S

Mezzo

Bc. Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

G

2+2+3+2 ($d=\flat$)

G

$G$

2+2+3+2 ($d=\flat$)

G

2+2+3+2 ($d=\flat$)

G

2+2+3+2 ($d=\flat$)

G

2+2+3+2 ($d=\flat$)
2. Picture This

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
2. Picture This

For a while gentile and Jew sound like intimates, but no one is really fooled.
2. Picture This

religion, history, language, custom, like the

2. Picture This

walls of a medi eval ci ty

keep them di vi ded, their pre ju di ces hold ing them,
now, for this moment, a live,
2. Picture This

for now, for this moment, a-live, for now, for this moment, a-live, for

-- --
2. Picture This

now, for this moment, live,

live, and a part.

live, a, and a part.
2. Picture This

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
3. Names

Moderate $\frac{4}{4} = 135$

Soprano

Moderate $\frac{4}{4} = 135$

Clarinet in B♭

Moderate $\frac{4}{4} = 135$

Violin I

Moderate $\frac{4}{4} = 135$

Violin II

Violin I

Moderate $\frac{4}{4} = 135$

Viola

Cello

Moderate $\frac{4}{4} = 135$

Double Bass

Piano

Enter when cued. Play the notes in the cell in rhythm, repeating indefinitely.

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3. Names

S
the scamp, from the first family. The twins, Eva and Sylvia,
an inch and a pound apart from the start.

Vera, sweet as summer fruit.
3. Names

S
Sam, ill-fitted linchpin.

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

Rose the pocket Venus.
3. Names

Will the self-proclaimed outlair.
3. Names

S

Harry the baby.

Not their real names, of course,
only what they were given at Ellis Island, little markers like Hansel's white stones,
3. Names

flung into the witch's forest
that they might find their way forward, not back,
through the New World woods.
4. Dapper Dan

Coney Island strut \( \text{\texttt{= 138}} \)

Soprano

Mezzo-Soprano

Clarinet in B♭

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Double Bass

Piano

Percussion

© 2014
4. Dapper Dan
4. Dapper Dan

Louis moustache, like inverted commas,
4. Dapper Dan

sets off his upper lip.

Not a
as if he was frozen in time,
4. Dapper Dan

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

knows he's a look-er, a la-dies man,
Two wives before he's barely grown and still he's not
4. Dapper Dan

The others may be green-horns,
our first footprint in America, and fine boots, too.

but Lou, your first, but Lou!
4. Dapper Dan

marking his territory with those heels,
4. Dapper Dan

he's a con-sid-er-a-ble young man.
4. Dapper Dan

He's got cash and dash, the gold standard.
4. Dapper Dan

Check out the hat, the cane, the broad lapels.
4. Dapper Dan

He's no nudnik, but he's a considerable young man.
4. Dapper Dan

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

knows stuff, this Dapper Dan,

Check out the hat, the cane,
he's a considerable young man.

the broad lapels.
4. Dapper Dan

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

Dapper Dan
4. Dapper Dan
4. Dapper Dan
4. Dapper Dan

Border and bootlegger.
gin-ger haired gin mil - ler luck - y and le - git.

4. Dapper Dan
He's no nud nik, but knows stuff, this Dapper Dan.
4. Dapper Dan

Dapper Dan

He's a considerable young man.
4. Dapper Dan

Bot tl er and boot leg ger, gin ger haired gin mü ler
4. Dapper Dan

S
luck - y and le - git,
most - ly,

Mezzo
luck - y and le - git,

B♭ Cl.
pizz.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.
pizz.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

On - ly his ac - cent giv -
and the shadows that may be fear, in those
4. Dapper Dan

ten-der searching eyes.
4. Dapper Dan

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
5. Pogrom

Ferociously \( \dot{\text{d}} = 120 \)

Soprano

Mezzo-Soprano

Clarinet in B

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Double Bass

Piano

Percussion

First it looks like a mob,

© 2014
5. Pogrom

The text includes musical notation and is too detailed to transcribe accurately.
5. Pogrom

tell a different tale
5. Pogrom
5. Pogrom
The officials condone this, looting incidental to the beatings.

First it looks like a mob, a fire with vodka or schnapps.
5. Pogrom

S

Mezzo

But soon the weapons, knives, whips, cudgels even guns tell a

B-Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
5. Pogrom

that come when they are called.

diff-erent tale.
Here in old Odessa, in the Pale, pogroms are conversion by knife,
5. Pogrom

S: conversion by knife.

Mezzo:

Bo-Cl.:

Vln. I:

Vln. II:
arco

Vla.:

Vc.:

D.B.:

Pno.:

Perc.:
5. Pogrom

would have

as if that gentle Jewish Christ would have

109
5. Pogrom

sanc-
tioned this bru-
tal trans-
sub-
tan-
ti-
a-
tion,
Our
He-
brew blood for
their
5. Pogrom

S

Mezzo

Bo-Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

wine.

wine.
5. Pogrom

When grand-pa was a
5. Pogrom

young man, all of Kiev tangled in a pogrom A wild fire
5. Pogrom

burning across four years
5. Pogrom

Kadish was sung in
S

Mezzo

Bo-Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

5. Pogrom

every shul, every street corner.
5. Pogrom

In every home the candles burned.
5. Pogrom

Dreams of America were born then,
in the little houses where
amulet with the names of three angels hung over the cradles of newborns
5. Pogrom

S

Mezzo

to keep the babies safe from demons

to keep the babies safe from demons

Bb Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

123
and from their Ukrainian cousins, who came in the night, not with vodka.
5. Pogrom

S

Mezzo

B♭ Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.

but with cud-gels and knives.
5. Pogrom
My grandmother lay down

6. Cholera
6. Cholera

in her Ukranian bed,

--

6. Cholera
two children at her breast, one child at her back, and
one curled dog-like at her feet.
6. Cholera

all touched by fire and the calculus of pain.
They lay in their sweat like her rings in brine.
6. Cholera
6. Cholera
who mourns the children, who calculates the
6. Cholera

loss, the village so halved
6. Cholera

"it was beyond weeping."
6. Cholera

She lay down with four, a - rise with one.
6. Cholera

How could she get up again, now knowing God's
causal mathematics, the subtraction that so divided
6. Cholera

her un-count-a-ble heart.
7. Bottle

Sprightly \( \frac{4}{4} = 160 \)

Soprano

Mezzo-Soprano

Clarinet in B♭

Sprightly \( \frac{4}{4} = 160 \)

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Double Bass

Piano

Sprightly \( \frac{4}{4} = 160 \)

Percussion

Snare Drum

© 2014
7. Bottle
7. Bottle
My grandfather was as shiny as the
bottles he sold, what was on the outside as important as
7. Bottle

what sloshed with in.  Ker- o- sen in the old coun- try
warmed the family to life, cared through the street until we were rich enough to...
come to America second class.

Pno.
7. Bottle
7. Bottle
7. Bottle

In A - mer - i- ca, his horse - pow - ered trucks

arco
7. Bottle

carried bottles filled with Coca Cola long before the magic formula
entered the mix, a franchise sold too soon.
What was in the bottles served us then, later it would have served us.
7. Bottle
On my shelf a single seltzer bottle, a mem-

7. Bottle
oral, a memory, a moment from the past when we had
dreams, when we were almost rich, who are
now much rich-er than grand-fa-ther ev-er dreamed of, and
somehow poorer as well.
8. Round Frame (II)

Freely, unmetered

All those years

© 2014
E·kat·er·in·o·slav was lost to me.
how to season the fish with pepper, not sugar,
how to cut the far-f from flat sheets of dough. All I had was
8. Round Frame (II)

New Haven.
9. Second Wave
The Girls Hold Hands Across the Sea

They have never seen such dark water, endless, like the mind of G-d.

Improvis e freely from pitches in cells, without meter.
The boat plunges through troughs, shaking with the force of them, and Vera weeps, afraid.

9. Second Wave
But the twins cry out with a wild joy they never show when on land.
9. Second Wave

hands clasped so tightly, their fingers whiten, as if they are still wombed, bonded,
though ashore they hardly ever touch.
Ahead, behind, porpoises shadow the ship, guardians from a different culture, riding in/between the keel's shadows.
9. Second Wave

The girls give themselves to the pagan, even Vera, who in that instant of recognition, thanks,
"This is what be-com-ing new means, what be-com-ing an Am er-i-can is all a-bout."
9. Second Wave

Afterwards, she spends as much time as she can looking over the rail, seeing the future, letting the

A /f_t

erwards, she spends as much time as she can looking over the rail,
9. Second Wave

splash wash away everything that was Ekaterinoslav
the dirt streets, the slash of trenches, the wind blowing across open ground...
9. Second Wave

everything except the name.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

Adventrously $\frac{1}{e} = 120$

Soprano

Mezzo-Soprano

Clarinet in B♭

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Double Bass

Piano

Percussion

© 2014
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

So many days on water, the white-tipped waves wild,
Shu-muel and Wolf stay by the rail,
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

un·der Pa·pa’s un·for·giv·ing eye.
Shu-muel will own his own boat one day. Be Captain Sam.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

Small tyrant in the way of all captains.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

In the second class cabin that has become their
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

home, the others shrink from the relentless waves.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall
10. Passage Through the Great Hall
10. Passage Through the Great Hall
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

Mezzo

Ma - ma and Ra - ch - ul and A - ron, ne - ver for - get lit - tle A - ron who will be -

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

come a world trav - el - er And Ra - chil who will live by the
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

ocean as if remembering the passage over.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall
So many hours in the red brick building under the copper-domed towers,

10. Passage Through the Great Hall
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

S

wait-ing to be accep-ted in-to Amer-i-ca.

Pno.

Perc.

D.B.

Vc.

Vla.

Vln. II

Vln. I

B♭ Cl.

Mezzo
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

Papa holds tight to their papers, afraid they will be ripped from him,
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

Sending the family back across the sea. In a...
let, ter, Lou has warned him of the New World Cossacks in the Great Hall.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

dets hust-lers, con men who would take their baggage tickets, grab their...
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

So many hours under the barrel vault

children, change their names.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall

Ceiling in aisles outlined by iron railings.
Mama holds the children close, keeping them from making friends with

---

10. Passage Through the Great Hall
lice-headed boys, coughing girls, hundreds of them, thousands of them, the ragged refuse.
coming to these shores.
10. Passage Through the Great Hall
11. Admitted

\[ \text{\textit{spoken}} \]

At last, the inspector stamps their papers

\[ \text{ADMITTED.} \]

\[ j = 140 \]

Improvisate from pitches in cells, following meter

© 2014
11. Admitted

Papa shepherds them through a large green door, with a sign in English he cannot yet read:
11. Admitted

"Push to New York!"

but he pushes nonetheless.
They board the ferry, the double-decker that spews them out
11. Admitted

Mezzo

into that grotty, growling, growing city...
12. Ellis Island Mathematics

With energy $\frac{f}{4} = 140$

\begin{align*}
\text{Soprano} & : 2+2+3 & 3+2+2 & 2+2+3 & 3+2+2 & 2+2+3 \\
\text{Mezzo-Soprano} & : 2+2+3 & 3+2+2 & 2+2+3 & 3+2+2 & 2+2+3 \\
\text{Clarinet in B} & : 2+2+3 & 3+2+2 & 2+2+3 & 3+2+2 & 2+2+3 \\
\text{Violin I} & : & & f \\
\text{Violin II} & : & & f \\
\text{Viola} & : & & f \\
\text{Cello} & : & & f \\
\text{Double Bass} & : & & f \\
\text{Piano} & : & & f \\
\text{Percussion} & : & & f
\end{align*}

Ride cymbal

Kick drum

218
12. Ellis Island Mathematics

The old world scrambles for
12. Ellis Island Mathematics

S

Mezzo

B&Cl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Pno.

Perc.
12. Ellis Island Mathematics

\textit{hang ing on by bro ken fin ger nails,}
The cuticles of travel are raw, blood-y, chewed down but
still we are safer here, or so we believe.
Here in the squalling ranks of immigrants,

Cowbell
More

the family are cattle fearing the knacker's knife.

12. Ellis Island Mathematics
feared though are the knives of the horse-men of the steppes, the
unknown safer than the known,
The family tries on new...
names as easily as a lady of means tries on a hat at the milliner's.
12. Ellis Island Mathematics

Lev becomes Lou - is. Lou

Rachel Rose,

pizz.

arco

Pno.

Perc.
12. Ellis Island Mathematics

2+2+3

S

Mezzo

Yole?

Bo-Cl.

2+2+3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

2+2+3

Pno.

Perc.

\textit{Manifest transcriptions change vowels, consonants,}
till we all sound American.
Till we are all sound A-mer-i-cans,

Till we are all sound A-mer-i-cans,
12. Ellis Island Mathematics
12. Ellis Island Mathematics
12. Ellis Island Mathematics
12. Ellis Island Mathematics
13. Will

With anger $\frac{d}{d} = 64$

Soprano

Clarinet in B♭

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Double Bass

Piano

Cymbal

Snare Drum

Kick Drum

© 2014
13. Will

The past will
har - rowed from grave's soil tell dif - ferent tales.
My father's bank box told me.
in a paper signed by his own hand, the name quite clearly:
All the years he denied it, that name, that place of
birth, that compound near Kiev.
And
13. Will

I so eager for the var i ants, with which he lived his life.
13. Will

In the
13. Will

Middle of my listening, death, that
old in·ter·rupt·ter, with the un·kind·ness of all co·ro·ners, re·vealed his

13. Will
13. Will

S

third name to me

Not Wil liam, not Will, but Wolf.

Bb Cl.

pp

Vln. I

pp

Vln. II

pp arco

Vla.

pp

Vc.

pp

D.B.

pp

Pno.

Perc.
13. Will
13. Will
And so at
last I know that story, my old story,

my old
13. Will

wolf, white against the Russian Snows, the cracking of...
13. Will

his bones, the stretching sinews, the coarse hair growing boldly on the belly, below the
13. Will

eye, Why, grand-father.
13. Will

my children cry, what great teeth you have.
before he devours them as he de
13. Will

voured me, all of me...
bones and blood,
13. Will

all of my life.

all of my life.
13. Will
14. Round Frame (III)

Freely $\frac{d}{4} = 90$

Soprano

Mezzo-Soprano

Clarinet in B♭

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Double Bass

Piano

Percussion

© 2014
14. Round Frame (III)
14. Round Frame (III)

Would I go there now,
14. Round Frame (III)

when E - k a - t - er - i - no - dav no lon - ger ex - ists;
Go and see what Cossacks,

Chernobyl could not conquer,

Hitler.
that little shrub
my father alone destroyed
by never speaking its name?
14. Round Frame (III)
I shall stay here at home, instead, gazing back at the boy.
14. Round Frame (III)

accel.

whisper to him, through him, dare him whisper

who stares at me, whisper to him, through him, dare him whisper to him,

accel.

him, through him, dare him whisper to him,

who stares at me, whisper to him, through him, dare him whisper to him,

accel.

through him, dare him whisper to him,

him, through him, dare him whisper to him,
to him, through him, dare him
14. Round Frame (III)

Tell me the story of Ekaterinoslav,

Tell me the story of Ekaterinoslav,
14. Round Frame (III)

the picture it self speaks.
till one day speaks.

the picture it self speaks.

the picture it self speaks.

the picture it self speaks.
APPENDIX B
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November 25, 2013

Eric Pazdziora
28B Aspen Drive
Greensboro, NC 27409

Dear Mr. Pazdziora:

This letter, when signed by you (hereafter “Composer”) and returned to me within 60 days, shall serve as an agreement granting you the non-exclusive right to use:

EKATERINOSLAV: ONE FAMILY’S PASSAGE TO AMERICA (hereafter the "Work") by Jane Yolen (hereafter the "Owner").

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Sincerely,

Kerry D'Agostino  
Dramatic Permissions Department

SIGNED AS IN AGREEMENT:

[Signature]

Eric Paizdomena  
4/4/14  
Date

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