October in Galicia

for soprano and chamber ensemble, with tape

by

Karen J. Siegel

A composition submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Music in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York

2014
This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in Music, in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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Abstract

**October in Galicia**
for soprano, chamber ensemble and tape

by

Karen J. Siegel

Adviser: Professor Tania León

*October in Galicia* is a setting of selections from the Czech poet Ewald Murrer’s fantastical book, *The Diary of Mr. Pinke*, translated into English by Alicie Pišt’ková. The surreal day-to-day happenings of Mr. Pinke occur in a timeless group of villages revealed by a translator’s note to be modeled on the historical region of Galicia (now part of Poland, Ukraine, and Russia). The tape part (or more accurately the digital audio files), which appears in “October 23rd,” consists of an organ recording that has been manipulated electronically. The electronic manipulations are subtle enough that the original pitches are always recognizable; therefore, the tape part is notated as pitches in the score.
**Instrumentation**

soprano

flute

oboe

clarinet in B flat

bassoon

horn in F

percussion (1 player):

glockenspiel

tambourine

marimba

2 violins

viola

cello

double bass

organ, pre-recorded and electronically manipulated
Performance Note

To obtain the audio files and parts for performance, please email chestnutoak@gmail.com.

Text

October 1st

A cockcrow

in the day’s din.

A wonderful rumor reached the village, even my ears. Apparently Mr. Fuks catches his unicorns here in our region. He cuts off their horns and sells them as talismans. The horn of a unicorn brings good luck (as does the unicorn). It is also medicinal, it cures evil spells, jinxes, thin blood, aches of the head as well as those of the soul.

The nature of a unicorn is to act as a sentry. The unicorn is the silent protector of secret knowledge. A taciturn scholar. A wise visionary.

Mr. Fuks sells the unicorn, whose horn he has cut off, as an unusual breed of horse. These horses do not remain with their buyers long, however, for they bolt at the first chance.
This animal can only be caught with the help of a virgin.

Mr. Fuks has a daughter, Abigail.

**October 4th**

*The voices of dogs*

*beyond the mountains.*

Early morning, a dream chased me from bed. A difficult dream. The white body of a unicorn flying above me. I could not breathe, I was sweating.

The unicorn’s horn pierced the sky. Stars poured swiftly to the ground like fruit blossoms.

The Fuks’ awoke around five in the morning. I do not exactly know the time, there is no clock in the house.

We rode donkeys in the cool dew.

We came to a stop in mysterious, fragrant marshes. Fuks slouched with his finger at his lips. Abigail whispered something into her hands.
In those places, it was as if there were no sunrise. Quite the opposite, the darkness thickened.

Silently, we waited.

And finally, from the distance, a unicorn was approaching.

Abigail closed her eyes and, for some time, did not open them. Fuks tinkered with something by the donkey. I stared mutely at the magnificent animal, that dream come to life.

Then it happened. Abigail cried out. My unicorn ran off. We returned empty-handed. Surrupitiously, they looked at me. Perhaps I was the cause of the failure.

Then silently, it drizzled. The landscape went damp.

October 23rd

Are you not the moon,
you have such a white face.
I saw you behind the hill
and you fled.
I read through bulky old books with the rabbi. The rabbi blew the dust off their spines.

Unicorns reveal themselves in dreams. In the rabbi’s books, we discovered the ancient homeland of these animals.

Organ music from the heavens.
October in Galicia

Ewald Murrer
Alicie Pišt'ková, translation

Karen Siegel

October 1st

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October in Galicia

Sop.

Fl.

Ob.

Bs Cl.

Bsn.

Tamb.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

16

P senza vib

---
in our region.

---
stroke edge

---
mp

---
minimal vibrato, throughout
October in Galicia

cuts off their horns and sells them as tal-i-s-mans.

The horn of a...
October in Galicia

*Misterioso

mf arco sul tasto

pp arco sul tasto

mf arco sul tasto

mf arco sul tasto

mf arco sul tasto

mf arco sul tasto

mf arco sul tasto

* alternate between pitches at an indeterminate rhythm, avoiding metrical alignment
October in Galicia

It cures evil spells, jinxes, thin blood, aches of the head as well as...
October in Galicia

Sop. Rustic

Fl.

Obo.

Br. Cl.

Tamb.

Vln. I Rustic

Vln. II a normale

Vla. a normale

Vc. a normale

D.B. m.f

those of the soul.
October in Galicia

The nature of a unicorn is to act as a sentry. The unicorn is the silent protector of secret knowledge. A taciturn scholar.

A wise...
October in Galicia

Sop.

Bb Cl.

Tamb.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

66 poco vib.

horn he has cut off as an unusual breed of horse

These horses

66

D

Mister Fulks sells the unicorn, whose
October in Galicia

E Misterioso

Misterioso

Sop. mp limited vib., slightly breathy

This animal can only be caught with the help of

Fl.

pp

Glk.

pp

Vln. I sul tasto

pp sul tasto

Vln. II sul tasto

pp sul tasto

Vla. sul tasto

pp

Vc. sul tasto

pp

D.B.

pp

* alternate between pitches at an indeterminate rhythm, avoiding metrical alignment
October in Galicia

Mister Fuks has a daughter.
Abigail.

Fla.

Ob.

Br. Cl.

Glk.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.
The voices of dogs beyond the mountains.

Sop.

October 4th

Surreal

Sop.

limited vib., slightly breathy

Mrb.

a normale

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

p

Early morning, a dream chased me from bed. A difficult dream.
The white body of a unicorn flying above me.

I could not breathe; I was sweating.
October in Galicia


114

f

senza vib.

The unicorn’s horn pierced the sky. Stars...

120

poured swiftly to the ground like fruit blossoms.

P
October in Galicia

The Fuks' a-woke a-round five in the mor-ning, I do not ex-actly know the time, there is no clock in the house.
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Fuks slouched with his finger at his lips. Abigail whispered something into her lips.

Finberg with his finger at his lips. Abigail whispered something into her lips.

Mrb. (mp norm.)

Vln. II (mp)

Vla. (mp)

19
limited vib., slightly breathy

In those places, it was as if there were no sunrise.

[sul tasto]

with sordini

if there were no sun rise.

October in Galicia
October in Galicia

Quite the opposite, the darkness thickened. Silent, we waited.

Norm.  

Senza vib.
October in Galicia

And finally, from the distance, a unicorn was approaching.
October in Galicia

Sop.

Bc Cl.

Hn.

Mrb.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

"Abigail closed her eyes..."
and for some time did not open them. Fuku

Fuks

something by the

senza vib.
October in Galicia

Sop.

no

Fl.

Bs Cl.

Bs n.

Hn.

Mrb.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

senza vib.

I stared mutely at the magnificent animal. that

man, at the magnificent animal. that

an

at the magnificent animal. that

an

at the magnificent animal. that

an

at the magnificent animal. that

an

at the magnificent animal. that

an

at the magnificent animal. that

an

at the magnificent animal. that

an

at the magnificent animal. that

an

at the magnificent animal. that

an
October in Galicia
October in Galicia
Then it happened. A - bi-ga l cried out. My u-ni-com ran off.

October in Galicia

p

Then it hap-pened. A - bi-ga l cried out. My u-ni-com ran off.

pp

My u-ni-com ran off.
October in Galicia

Sop.  We re-turned emp-ty-hand-ed.  Sur-rep-ti-tous ly, they looked at me.  Per-haps

Vln. I  

Vln. II  

Vla.  

Vc.  

Db.  

Sop.  I was the cause of the fail-ure.  Then si-lent-ly, it driz-bled.  The land-scape went damp.

Msb.  

Vln. I  

Vln. II  

Vla.  

Vc.  

Db.
October in Galicia

October 23rd

Are you not the moon, you have such a white face. I saw you behind the hill and you fled.

\( \text{\textcopyright 2019 by 26'} \text{\textcopyright 2015 by } \)
rab-bi blew the dust off their spines. I read through bulky old books with the rab-bi. The rab-bi blew the dust off their spines.
spines. I read through bulky old books with the rabbi. The rabbi blew the dust off their spines.
I read through bul-ky old books with the rab-bi. The rab-bi blew the dust off their spines.
October in Galicia

Sop.  Fl.  Ob.  B.Cl.  Org. (p-r)

L = 52

mf

warm, normal vibrato

U - re - cows... re - veal... them - selves... in... dreams.

In the rab-Ta’s books... we... dis - co - vered... the... an - cient... home - land...
October in Galicia

of these animals.
October in Galicia

from the heavens

from the heavens.
Look up to the sky, for remainder of recorded music.
October in Galicia

March 2009, Astoria, NY
Duration: ca. 13 min.