

Part Two

Prologue

The story of the formation of the Jewish-Hasidic movement in east Europe is something that always fascinated me. Initiated by Rabbi Israel ben Eliezer¹ (1700-1760) it evolved around the Kabbalistic idea of the imminent god. Such ideology meant for them that god is in everything², therefore everything is from god and should be accepted and loved. A known part of their teachings is the approach to the emotions. They believed that happiness represents a stronger light of god, and that sadness is further away. Rabbi ben Eliezer and his followers were preaching therefore for happiness and joy. Happiness during one of the darkest times for the Jewish people, that was rejected, expelled, Persecuted and killed for its religion and difference. The third generation of this movement knew one of its greatest leaders – Rabbi Zalman Shneor of Liadi (1775-1812). In his times the persecutions did not stop and were joined by the excommunication from their own Jewish society and the Napoleonic wars that put in further risk his community. Through all these difficult times the Rabbi preached his people to become better and accept joy in their lives.

The early Hasidic's perspective on a cruel world through the complex eyes of the Kabala, made their story especially appealing for me.

¹ AKA Habaal shem tov – master of the good name

² In different levels of being. Some only contain a little spark. But it too is the godly spark

The story: A tale of two lights

A story of the third generation of the Hasidic movement

An historical story-telling performed with music

Section two of the master research paper *To be melodramatic*

By Yotam Gaton

Prologue

(Violin improvises over drone, hinting for *Tsamaa lecha*. Then stops. Drone stays)

Gather 'round friends. Listen carefully wise people, for from far away I bring you my story, selected beyond the mountains and over the boisterous river. A story from the cold lands hidden in the sheds and whispered around the fire.

Yes my dears, today I bring you a tale that was never told.

It is a tale of two lights. The occult and the narrated. A tale of divine teachings and traditional knowledge. A tale of the king of kings and the crown that lies here on earth. A tale of righteous souls and distant sparks.

This is a tale of darkness. A tale of the other side. A tale of fear and hatred.

It is a story of upper and lower worlds and the everlasting light that runs in between them.

(Singer improvises over drone, hinting for *tsamaa lecha* goes on as the text is recited)

far-far away looking east; beyond the Carpathian mountains and into the vast plains of great Russia, scattered all the way up to the Polish Lithuanian common wealth , long-long ago there lived a people. A nation that has been far from home and was never able to find it again, losing itself on the way. Living in tiny villages they kept their costumes and tradition inherited to them from their great forefathers. Their religion was the only thing they were still able to keep but being Jewish wasn't easy:

(Nigun *Tsamaa lecha nafshi (my soul thirsts for you)* together with the text)

1535 – The Kabbalistic school of Rabbi Caro is formed

1537 – The Jews of Saxony are expelled

1543 – Martin Luther printed his book ‘the Jews and their lies’

1555 – In Ancona, Italy, 25 forced Christians that reclaimed their Jewish believe were burned at the stake

1558 – Kabbalistic books are printed in Italy

1569 - Pope Paul the 4th orders to burn tens of thousands sacred Hebrew books

1648 – The Cossack revolt and war. 50,000 Jews are murdered.

1655 - Thousands of Jews are murdered by the Polish army

1657 – The Polish Lithuanian blames the Polish Jews for Treason

1666 – Shabtai Tzvi, the Messiah according to many Jews, is forced into Islam

1745 – The Jews of Prague and Bohemia are expelled

1751 – Pope Benedict the 14th demanded to take away from the Jews in Poland all their sources of living

And in those very times - holy individuals and righteous souls discovered the secrets of the Kabala. It was a passage to the above and beyond, to complex and transcendent knowledge of upper and lower worlds. It was a light. So bright and infinite that it filled every corner of one's conscious and every chamber of one's heart.

Like a source of heavenly water it poured love and awe in those who were granted with it.

The truth was now given to them and suddenly nothing else mattered.

Profane problems of everyday doings gave its place to an observation and a direct communication with angels, ghosts and spirits that set in spiritual and divine worlds.

These great minds were given a path to a power and aspired to live where god's presence is always seen.

They asked to study this power and to reside within it.

Now they were able to influence and shape the whole turning of their lives and death. The very knowledge of creation was within reach.

Those chosen ones that were given the kabala treated it like a treasure and kept it away from all. Only merited and unique souls were given a glimpse to see the light. Overflowing with it they retreated from society and deepened their study even deeper as they were pulling the light into this very finite world.

(I am banished to the desert. Only singer)

The commoners weren't aware of the doings of these men. They were not of sufficient capacities to absorb that truth, risking their own mental state and the misuse of the power. At the midst of this new age and the approaching of the light, they were kept in the dark, chased and tormented.

In a remote corner behind lousy wooden sheds they run away to the old tales and legends. The hunger hazes their mind and the cold paints them blue. 'tell us that story again tata, of that brave king and how god was on their side'. No one wants to go to bed, the silence is unbearable. When in the freeze of the night a violated girl screams or a poor father weeps, no covers could stop these sounds from entering... no this is not the romantic shtetel you heard about. No fiddlers play on the roof here. Far from any watching eye they're all left here to the wills of drunken men, their destiny put in the hands of a blowing cold wind. Life is a sad turning of events.

(Nigun atik (*old tune*). Only singer once.)

but around those houses something else dominated the air. Some sort of charm, of magic that surrounded the house. The ground reacted differently to ones steps. The trees moved distinctively gesturing their leaves and branches with awe and respect. Even the wind blew differently. It was not that lashing winter wind. It was a caressing one whispering holy words speaking in praise of the light. The sounds that reached to ones ear came not from the town and its inhabitants but from far away. They were seraphic sounds unheard nowhere in these lands. Sounds of song and glory that lured all the way from Jerusalem.

The lost souls that often came there were drawn by a light that radiated warmth even in the coldest nights. Sanctity was in the air and all bowed to it.

There, poverty and persecution were left far behind and misery and agony could not penetrate a facade-like protection made by a divine presence.

(Nigun atik sung by all. Goes down as the recitation starts)

The singing of the brothers coming out through the walls, so unite and open-hearted, was at times tormented and sad and at times lively and comforting. It came out directly from their loving hearts and through their wounded bodies in an affectionate manner. Their singing, like their whole philosophy and belief, was created by god and meant for him.

Like in kings castles their houses were called courts for indeed it was a royal palace where the presence of the king of kings was almost tangible.

(No music) Inside things were made slightly differently. Striving to reach and experience god, the Hasidics – those pious believers, danced and sang bringing up joy and love. They prayed

deeply for hours, moving from side to side, forward and backwards – driven by a never ending energy. They sang, they howled, they cried and they laughed - experiencing the transcendental worlds, realizing that god is among them. And they danced. Spiritual and relentless dances, wild and untamed letting the light reach every movement, every step.

Their everyday dreadful troubles not only did not make them sad but they made them happy as they embraced it all. For everything and in everything there was god.

Their great Rabbi they called Habaal Shem. Master of the good name

And when their rabbi pronounced the words of the almighty, the floor trembled and the air filled with its holiness. He became adhered with the Holy Spirit as the godly message was pronounced accompanied by angels. He knew the secrets of the creation and did not differentiate holly from profane. Everything was divine. The infinite light was everywhere.

He regarded each and every one of them as sacred and special and so did everything that came across in his life; his message and teachings are an everlasting love.

Rabbi of two lights

In 1745 was born baby Zalman son of Baruch. ‘‘A new soul joined earth today, such that will light the world with two lights: one with the secrets of the Kabala and the other with the teachings of the Hasidics. He will be called Shneor – a soul of two lights’’. So said the Master of good name.

And so the baby grew up. That little one that was marked as the successor proofed amazing skills in all life aspects. By the age of 12 he was referred to as the Rabbi. When he was asked to take the court leadership he refused, claiming not to have the capacities of his teachers and Rabbis. And he stayed away for years.

The old Rabbi died and a part of the community, leaded by their Rabbis, left to the holy land. There they thought, they will be even closer to god and will pray for the salvation of their miserable people in the diaspora. But when redemption was not delivered the people dispersed. Their cry was not heard and they looked for answers elsewhere.

(Bortniansky sonata in c major. Second movement)

In the plains of the great wide empire, off the river Dnieper, just between great Russia and White Russia stood a poor town named Liadi **(end in bar 7)**.

(bar 9) And in Liadi set the young rabbi Shneor and prayed for his god. Prayed and studied the high teachings of his teachers and ancestors **(end in bar 15)**.

(bar 16) Seating few steps underneath the lord he pulled his presence closer with his mind, **(high c)** touching the never ending light with the understanding of the creation **(end in bar 23)**.

(bar 24) And earthly troubles did not touch him. **(bar 26)** And other matters weren't of his concern. **(bar 28)** Just him and the books. And God.

(bar 31) In 1786 he finally accepted the pleads of his rabbis and became the leader of the Hasidic movement in White Russia. **(bar 35)** He knew that these were the times to stand for his own people., **(around upbeat to 39)** to win their hearts and brains and give them hope again.

(bar 41) To guide them and show them the way.

(no repeat)

(double bar/da capo) In his leadership he brought the people the word of god **(bar 45)**. He taught them how to strive for him, and the way to follow in one's life **(bar 49)**. In his teachings he conducted them in their minds and hearts. He loved his disciples and was able to touch their souls with his sheer words **(end in bar 57. repeat again the double bar or only back to bar 50, adding some ornaments)**

The Rabbi of two lights did everything for his community, being there for them at all times. They were all his brothers, dearest so to his heart, as he saw the reflection of god in each and every-one of them.

He guided them and lifted up their spirits in difficult times

(Tish nigun in g minor slowly as the narrator recites the letter)

‘‘To my love, my wonderful brother

My love, don’t let your heart break.

Let your heart be sure of god that will grant everything you need. But please, brother, do not run away from the misery and don’t turn your back to your agonising soul, for it is what god loves that he proves right. There will be no stopping for god to save, even when the door to redemption seems shut. And he will send blessing and prosperity in everything that you come across.

Wishing for your good as my soul to you it seeks

Zalman Shneor’’

These words acted on the addressee and lifted up his spirit. So the Rabbi did with so many of his brothers and his name became known to all.

God and the divine light

(No music)

What is ‘god’? and how can one love and have awe to something he does not see?

‘remember (my son) that your god a king he is. King of life and death, of lower and upper worlds, creator and ruler of the whole universe. And everything that he created, he is part of, and his presence is infinite and forever. And when you respect your king - your emperor, your awe comes not for his clothing, for his royal crown or shining shoes. It is his inner self, his liveliness and title that gives him the power and rule over an entire nation. And this power your eyes do not see, but rather your mind perceive.

So it is with god, present in every corner, visible to us only through this creation - like the king’s garments. One cannot see the power of the king of kings, ruler of all emperors, but rather aspire to understand it through one’s mind. ‘

In the year 5556 to the creation, the rabbi wrote the Tania. Knowing the secrets to all, He served his people with guidance to life, based in the occult and seen.

(The beinoni (intermediate) nigun.)

‘The entire human reality and being are based in the sacred and divine powers. As god is everywhere and everything, even the man’s impure actions are a consequence of divine light that in the stairs from its very high place lost its sanctity.’

Great and wise Rabbi, if all is god and god’s creation why not all men are born righteous and why is the mind not pure and completely set to god’s will?

‘For it is his part and duty in lightning this world. Because when he comes closer to god he helps spreading love and light in the whole cosmos.’

And the Rabbi trusted his people to follow the right way

(John field nocturne in E flat major)

(start in the second phrase in bar 5)’... For the brain rules over the heart (around the high c) already from the creation of man.(end in bar 7).

(start towards the end of bar 8) And the wisdom overcomes the ignorance (around the c flat) as even the smallest of lights (around the grace notes) overcomes the darkness.

(bar 12) And the divine wisdom will rule in the men’s heart directing their feelings towards the king (end in bar 15).

(Bar 16) And they will avert their minds from the bewilderment and lust as they will devote their beings to the great holiness of god (end in bar 19).

(bar 20) The wisdom of man nurses its liveliness from the supreme source, governing the hearts and desires.

(bar 24)There it conducts the heart to love. A true love powered by the beauty of the creation and the close presence of the holy spirit (to down beat of 26).

(**Middle of bar 27**)The human love is like a face reflected in the water as it awakens love in the other creatures (**end in bar 30**).

(**end of bar 31**) Pure it arouses love that grows in return even more (**end in bar 34**).

(**up-beat to bar 35. I could pay attention to high points like the octave jump or the high a flat**)The love to the creator is endless times bigger as it echoes in the universe and comes back even greater (**end in bar 38**).

(**upbeat to bar 39**) It affects and appraises god's love arousing an endless one in return granting the soul with infinite joy (**end slower in bar 42**).

(**A little breath and on from upbeat to bar 43**)

(**bar 43**) Embrace life and all of its moments. (**bar 45**)Exalt for god resides in you.

When you're up (with the high e) and when you're down, when you walk and in your sleep (**to the end of the phrase – rejoice god (finish at the end of bar 49) .**

(**bar 50, start before the right hand begins**) And hard times will come and your spirit might want to break. Do not be sad for sorrow alienates god (**bar 53**).

(**bar 54**) The bad and poor in life are not really so – they are good that the man simply cannot see (**end in bar 57**).

(**bar 60**) yes be happy and good to the creatures.

(**bar 62 until the end**)Look deep and allow yourself to see where you tripped in your way. And let tears of remorse to come, and they will wash away your sins and you will be pardoned.

“The creation, my dears, was not made by a bearded god that ordered the world to form. Nor was it devised by a finite being that watches our deeds. It is a continuation. It never stopped nor will it ever. It is a sublimation, an endless light filling every corner of the creation - being it.”

(**Glinka trio Pathetique largo, cello solo**)

(**bar 21**) The world and the universe are shining from this endless light. (**bar 23-24**) Without it, the whole cosmos would fall into itself. (**bar 25 – half note**) It is the sun and the planets.

(**bar 25 - quarter note**) It is the earth and the seas. (**bar 26 with upbeat**) It is life.

(**bar 27 with upbeat**) And every breath we take, and the things that exist around us (**bar 28**) are a result of the divine light that creates all that - over and over again.

(**bar 29 - 30**) It is a loving light but no one can see it.

(**bar 31**) It is from here to eternity, a light so (**last beat**) bright (**bar 32**) one cannot look at.

(**bar 33-34**) Like a father leaning over to his child, the light reduces itself and so... we see it in the (**bar 35**) form of faces, (**second beat**) of stars and planets. (**bar 36**) It is everything we are. (**music goes on until the end of the movement**)

No other Jewish leader developed such a compound theosophical doctrine, being at times sophisticated and yet relevant to any Jewish soul, having its roots deep in the Kabala.

(**Beginning of the fantasia in c minor by Hassler. Repeating of the first four bars**)

“Your god is the creator and ruler of the whole universe. And everything that he created, he is part of, and his presence is infinite. (**four bars for the first time end here**).

(**four bars second time**) And his holy Torah, forever is God. From his divine presence to it's written words.

It is holy Water running down the divine stairs (**5th bar**).

Pouring from his crown it is all of his wisdom (**6th bar**).

And it goes down and round (**7th bar**)
 Through the spheres and the planets (**8th bar**)
 Collecting different forms (**9th bar**)
 And words, and phrases (**10th bar**)
 appearing on papers and scripts (**11th**)
 Until it is. (**bar 12**)
 the holy book of the Torah (**just down beat of bar 13 with a big fermata**)
 (**bar 13. slower beginning of the playing, then go faster**) And the Torah is life,
 (Bar 14) it is the night and the day
 (bar 15) It is the source and the light
 (bar 16) It is words and rules
 (bar 17) Commandments and tellings
 (bar 18) and it saves and protects
 (bar 19) secretive and shown to all
 (bar 20) it is the bread and butter
 (bar 21) a feast to the mind
 (bar 22) water to the soul
 (bar 23) stars and comets
 (bar 24) white and black
 (bar 25) It is all of his words and teachings
 (bar 26 **slower**) it is god almighty
Bars 27 and 28 will probably be left without music.

(**after the chord in bar 37**) It is love that made god reduce his infinity into the Torah just to
 make the man come closer to god and his endless worlds (**to the down beat of 40**)
 (**after the down beat of 40**) And when the man will follow this love - he will be closer (**chords**
in 41-42)
 (**after the down beat of bar 42**) And when he will see the ruler of all worlds – (**chords in 43-**
44) he shall know no earthly troubles
 (**after the down beat of 44**) As he'll step-up his love will burn to all ends.
 Blazing hate and misery (**chords in 45. The chords should wait until the narrator finishes**
the previous phrase)
 (**until the end of the fantasia without text**)

The conflict with the opposition

This is a story of love and divine worship to the immanent god and his presence in every corner of this universe. It is a story of enlightenment and rationalism. Of new ideas and conservative ones.

It is a story of hate. Of envy and fear. Fear of the unknown, of the different and unique. It is a story of fierce hatred to one's brother; and a brother that always loves.

(Glinka trio first movement, finish on the tonic)

In times of great misery, when the Jewish diaspora in Europe was hated and rejected by their own national neighbours, some individuals stood up. They tried to lead the flock, now spread over 3 continents, to salvation. In Izmir at the Ottoman Empire, one, named Shabtai Tszvi even claimed to be the Messiah and promised redemption to Jews all over the world. Supported by a growing number of believers he became known to all. But his imprisonment, converting of religion and eventual great failure not only caused a terrible downfall and helplessness but it created great suspiciousness and intolerance. Any amendments or diversions from the traditional streams of Judaism were now perceived as dangerous and threatened the belief and its flag holders.

The Hasidic followers who practiced their Judaism differently and regained hope from that, were treated as hereditists. The communities gathered up to fight them until their complete destruction.

The head of their opposition stood the greatest Rabbi of Lithuania – the great wise of Vilnius. A rational man and strict man, he opposed fiercely to the Hasidic movement.

When local Vilnius Hasidics refused to abandon their ways a war was declared on all of the Hasidic streams within the Polish and Russian territories. In the same year of 1772 a convoy of Hasidics that was sent to negotiate their acceptance in the Jewish society, was imprisoned by the Jews with whom they were supposed to negotiate with. Finally the big Jewish communities of Poland and Russia banned the Hasidic movement and forbidden its practices.

Fear can create hatred among those who are miserable. When hope is replaced by hostility the belief collides into walls and borders. Even between brothers.

(Humming of the Shamil's nigun) ‘‘And you beloved brothers, you judged us unfairly as our voice of defence was never heard (**finish together the first two bars**). And how cruel you were when you sentenced us for life of solitude and persecution as you excommunicate your own blood. In your verdict you trusted false testimonies and ignored the hundreds of this country that would swear of our good ways and pure deeds. And you condemned us like our mutual inquisitor like our biggest anti-Semite haters. ‘‘

(with Shamil's nigun on the cello Few phrases music and text alternating)

(Bars 1-2 without the text. stay on the last note) ‘‘Oh dreadful land, **(bars 3-4 without the text. stay on the last note)** old country. **(bars 5-6 without the text. Stay on the high d)** please do not shroud us as we bleed and do not accept our cry, **(bars 7-10, stay on the g in bar 10)** until our father will look and see, **(Bars 11-12)** and hand us to the mercy of our own merciful brothers **(jump to the two last bars. (now the piano joins - Bars 1-2 again. No text. Stay a**

little longer on the last note) Great god, **(bars 3-4)** may you open their hearts, **(bars 5-6 together text and music)** and they will hear our pray before their holy splendour **(-together/around the high d) (bars 7-8 together)** not to condemn us for never did we harm them. We are their flesh and soul.” **(end the nigun here)**

From his followers the great Rabbi asked not to fight. “These are hard times” he said. “they are made for us to trust his word and pray for salvation until peace will be restored”. “Restrain yourselves” he plead them “and do not rise against your aggressor. He is your brother and his soul is a divine one.”

In the midst of this turbulence, the winds of change and light that brought the Hasidic teachings reached the younger generation and turned their pages to a new divine world. The passion of this younger generation, children to strict opposition fathers, soon reached their community and aroused their rage. In return the old leaders banned their sons from the Hasidic teachings. It was then that the Rabbi of two lights spread his wisdom and good heart again as he wished to regain peace:

(I am banished to the desert. First an instrumental version)

(bars 1-2 together) “Dear Rabbi, whom my soul loved but I did not get to know. **(bars 3-4)** My ears heard of you – brave one, true seeker of god – **(bars 5-6)** upon whom the spirit of god lays and the heart rests assure **(bars 7-8)** as you lead your community safely and wisely.” **(the last bar again, as in the song)**

(bars 1-2) “I write to you as I thrive for peace. **(bar 3-4)** False tales about our doings made wings.

(5-6) Know my brother that we are as orphans in this world **(bars 7-8)** seeking to awaken our lonely soul”. **(the last bar again, as in the song)**

(bars 1-2) “Can you recognize great one? **(bars 3-4)** We only strive to follow the word of god. **(bar 5-6)** That word me and you my beloved, **(bars 7-8)** have been repeating so many times.” **(the last bar again, as in the song)**

(bars 1-2) “Now that your followers have discovered our way **(bars 3-4)** please mercy their soul and do not punish them. **(bars 5-6)** it is of his will that the souls will reconcile **(bars 7-8)** and love, not hatred, will rule our hearts.” **(the last bar again, as in the song)**

(Another time the 8 bars, now without text)

The Rabbi’s letter acting like magic-words opened the hearts of some of the great opponents. His spirit, guided by god himself found its way and reconciled his haters.

First flowers of peace began to bloom on that year’s spring when Rabbi Shneur sat again to write to one of his hostile brothers:

“And I spoke my voice louder that day as I was praising him who put breath in me and to whom all my being is ought. Praised he who woke righteous souls and brought the sweet

message of peace and truth to my ears. My ears that heard of a good man and his soul leading great people, and his spirit is lucid and to God are his ways. You honourable rabbi is the man of whom my ears tell. May this message of peace that I heard restore pure love to our brotherhood.”

(Minor version of *I am banished*)

The fierce opposition to the Hasidics refused to die out. As the conflict and hatred seemed to calm down, The wise of Vilnius, the great leader of the opposition since 25 years, published a letter dismissing any acceptance of “them”:

“Hear me now sons of Israel as my word should reach all those who the love of god is dear to their heart. Those people who call themselves the pious ones – Hasidics in their language – are an evil sect. It is of our duty to fight them off and defeat them until their destruction.”

In 1796, the year of the publication of the Tania by the Rabbi-of-two-lights, a crowd, raptured by their leader’s letter, went to scatter hatred and terror. On the eve of Passover, commemorating their freedom, the heritage book of their first and great Rabbi was burned. In it the holy sayings of the great master, secrets of creation, the Torah and the entire existence – put to flames by their Jewish brothers.”

These are of the darkest times in Jewish history, as enemies and friends were regrouped in hate and hostility.

The Rabbi of two lights, broken hearted, sat down to write a yearning tune. Yearning for his god. **(Nigun Keeyal Taarog)**

He then wrote to his people:

“It is of our duty to stand still and accept these pains with love, as they are labour pains, from which our whole community will rise giving birth to thousands of new born, singing and praising glory to god. And these sufferings will be forgotten and you will be rewarded for your fine deeds. For it is time to do for your god, father of all creation.”

And those who did not know him they spoke of him as a leader of a cult – dark and mysterious. His rule is unbreakable and unlimited. His words are sacred - they could drive a child to murder his father. One should be prudent when it comes to this Rabbi for his powers are unknown and his people would follow him in great numbers everywhere that he’ll lead.

In 1797 the wise of Vilnius died. The leader of the opposition, General prosecutor in a trial of life and a key figure in the mind of thousands – was gone.

His death, not only did not end years of execution and gloating, but it marked the beginning of darker times of violence and extreme brother to brother hatred.

It was told that the Hasidics celebrated the wise’s death. Violence then spread and they were flogged, insulted, excommunicated and sentenced by their own brothers.

At the heights of these actions the new opposition leadership denounced Rabbi Shneur Zalman to the authorities accusing him for high treason.

In October 1798, the year 5559 to the creation of man, the Rabbi of two lights was put in detention as the world of an entire community was put at risk. This chased, hunted and bitten-up flock was now deprived of its shepherd and a dark cloud was hanging over it.

(music without text. *I lost what I loved* – variation on a Russian folk song op.4 no 2 by Khandoshkin)

The Rabbi is brought to trial. There he is the advocate, the defendant and the accuser, fighting for himself and an entire society of persecuted and oppressed people:

(Glinka waltz fantasia. Alternating and then together. Bar 1-2 without text) “What is my crime for which I am held here? **(bar 3-4 without text)** who did I offend? **(bars 5-8 without text)** Bring before me that one soul that will testify of any crime that I committed to god or this country’s laws.

(bars 10-12 together) You lock me in a prison, **(bars 13-15 together)** you through me in the hole

(no music) Am I held here for my sermons? Were my words of love any harm?

(bars 22-24 together) We teach of good actions, **(bars 25-27 together. Last note in bar 27 should be c# as we go back later to 22)** we teach for a great goal

(no music) Are my teachings different than my brother’s? We both teach for god’s glory

(again bars 22-24 together) Does my brother not teach for hatred **(bars 25-27 together)** as I tell of his good soul?”

(bars 33-36) “Was I brought here for the way we pray, **(bars 36-39)** directing our hearts as we face god? **(bars 39-42)** we only clear our minds to god almighty. **(bars 42-45)** what wrong does our prayer bring?.

(upbeat to 46-50 no text)

(music stops) Only good intentions fall on god’s ears.”

(more insane/frightening) “They say that we are heretics **(bar 1-2 again. No text)** That our rapture to god is dangerous **(bars 3-4. no text)** That we bring upon them disgrace” **(bars 5-8)**

(bars 10-12 together) “Haven’t they read? **(bars 13-15 together)** Don’t they remember the stories? **(bars 16-21 together)** How our religion was joyful and all danced for the wonder of god”

(bars 22-24) “Was our King David to be ashamed? **(bars 25-27)** dancing full of ecstasy to his god?

[we only revive the old ways of our forbearers]”

(bars 33-36) “And we are accused of robbing, **(bars 36-39)** of deteriorating our youth, **(bars 39-42)** of corrupting the religion **(bars 42-45)** and following foreign customs. **(music goes on until bar 50)**

(no music) so much rage we aroused in our own blood.”

(bars 52-54) “The Rabbis in these countries, **(55-57)** gained corrupted Polish power **(58-60)** It was the grace of you great emperor, **(61-63)** that saved us from the vicious Polish rule, **(64-66)** that allowed our good men to lead us again”. **(finish in bar 71)**

(no music) “Your eminence, dear followers of justice and truth, do not let yourself be led by lies, and please forgive my brothers as their jealousy blinded them. As they see our loving and passionate ways to God they are faced with something so pure and deep that makes them wonder about their own ways. Their fear brought them to madness.

And if only the emperor, ruling this land with justice and mercy had suspected my deeds, may his highness approach any of the crowd that came to me and hear his testimony of my pure doings. For my accusers never heard my words. As Joseph was thrown to the well by his brothers, so did my own blood as they plot to throw me in confinement.”

(looking up) “And it is my prayer to you (angels), ministers of elevated splendour, to judge me with justice and mercifulness.”

(Valse Fantaisie from bar 118 of the finale)

The Rabbi spent a month in imprisonment. As there were no evidences against him, the emperor ordered to release him in what meant for the Hasidics a permission and acceptance of their way.

“Glory to God and praise his name for he blessed me with his wonders and rescued me out of the well as he did to Joseph. His marvels are known to all and kings will see his deeds and will bow to him.”

It is told that the Rabbi was set to freedom as he ended his prayer “redeem my soul in peace”. His worried and frightened followers celebrated his liberty. They considered it a miracle and a major sigh was felt through-out the Hasidic land. His day of liberation is marked since as the day of redemption.

French Invasion of Russia

(Ogiński farewell. text starts only in the C major part)

(**Ogiński farewell bar 21-24**) In 1806 Napoleon occupied lands of Prussia and Austria, inaugurating his own Duchy of Warsaw. (**bar 25-28**) Thousands of Jews under Polish rule, having suffered centuries of persecution, awaited the French and the justice he was about to restore.

(**bar 29 second half**) “Finally”, they thought, an enlightened leader will be in charge and they’ll get an even chance within the society.

(**Repeat. bar 21-24**) Hundreds of them excitedly welcomed this little man on a white horse as redemption was at their gates. (**bar 25-28**) “Wipe away your tears sisters. Out of the misery brothers. It is a new dawn. (**bar 29-32**). Long live our freedom. Long live the Emperor. Praise god and his messengers “

(**da capo**) But as the disillusioned citizens in the west learned, so the Polish Jews saw their hopes thrown to oblivion, facing another mocking regime and the same old vicious mob.

Not only Jews were not given their full rights, the little they had - allowing them to worship their god, was taken away from them.

Once again and not for the last time the Jewish people was deprived of basic moral values as they were pushed even further back.

At the end of June 1812 the Grand Armée of Napoleon occupied Kovna and Vilna of the Russian Empire, entering Belarus on their way to Moscow and St Petersburg. 650,000 soldiers entered the cold empire as they were about to crown their French emperor and the promises he once held of Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood.

Old Rabbi Shneur-Zalman saw in the French emperor a demonic figure that was about to shatter the already cracked Jewish entity. He recognized Napoleon crave for power denouncing and disrespecting god and morality, as he was about to land a fatal hit on the future of millions.

Rabi Zalman, who heard and later saw the destruction that the French brought, knew that the revolution promises were nothing but a veil over an endless war and a thirst for blood.

“We should pray to god for his presence will not leave one Jewish soul to their worship and possession. He is the devil, acting against all good. His heart is evil and his eyes see nothing but death”. The old Rabbi as he marked his prosecutor, scarred of the destruction Napoleon was to bring upon his people, had to find now his ally, the associate that will help and win the most powerful army in the world. And fast he found his saviour, one to whom the Rabi will grant his spiritual and political influence as he was about to enter the battle of his life. His decision, rather surprising on a personal level, was the most logical one:

Tsar Alexander I, almighty emperor, a brutal and envious ruler that arrested the Rabbi twice and acted against the Hasidics, was to him now a saviour.

The Rabbi’s world a Kabbalistic one, he crowned the Tsar a king of grace, emperor ruled by the power of god, his coming war against the French is the war of good against the bad:

“I am assured of the French loss” he said “for the higher grace rest upon the king of the North as of the north - prosperity will come.”

(different tone) “And he that comes from the south, of lower circles and inferior being is. He of his arrogance, patronizing over the nations as he trust but his own power and self. His thirst for blood and scorn to god will land upon him a disgraceful lost. His fall will be caused only by his pride and he will vanish from earth.

His adversary, our great king Alexander is his exact opposite. He that forgives, he that pardons the good and the bad. His rule is right and good - he gave us our liberty to worship truly our god. In god he trusts and in modesty he will conduct, for he knows that not in the power of arm he will win. Most undoubtedly all kings and angels will be on our lord’s side.”

And the Rabbi of two lights would read psalms and plead and implore to god so that he would grant his good and will expel the bad. Every day he prayed hard for the triumph of the Tsar and for the defeat of the emperor.

(Nigun *bnai hicholoh* by the Rabbi)

In the summer of 1812, as the French army entered Borisov located one day ride from the seat of Zalman Shneor, the old Rabbi sent his men to spy on the French progress, providing the information they got to the Russian commander in Belarus. As the French armies came closer some of the Russian commanders even stayed in the very house of the man that was a light to so many people.

This close collaboration was the start of a relationship made of sincere and deep respect between the court of the Rabi and the one of the Tsar.

In August that year (1812) the French forces lead by Marechal Davout invaded Shklow.
(Shir Hamaalot Gozinow.)

Bleeding august skies foresaw another bloody French march that crushed all local Russian resistance. Guns and cannons thundered the air. The streets emptied out and all stayed in, trembling behind their shed’s doors.

As the shooting ended it was death’s turn to march. She filled the air with her unbearable silence. Her scent, a triumphant mark over green meadows and fading out summer. Spreading like mist, she covered the town and put to a never ending sleep so many of its inhabitants. She danced her own melodies as all was hushed.

Then a sound. Few notes. A melody. From one house a beautiful playing was heard. Attracted to the sweet sound, clouds of death approached the aura-covered house. In it a little child and a divine soul was singing. Singing through a simple instrument made of wood and straw. And every tapping of his, illustrated a world of images and sentiments. His name was Joseph Gozikow and he too was a Hasidic follower.

Closed in his little room he interacted with the creator as he was seating on a higher step. His sounds were tangible and from them the divine light was shining. With every note he improvised, singing to his lord tunes of praise, the air filled up with holiness.

When the French have left the town, continuing their journey into Russia, death had stayed to listen to that little boy who carried in his play divine messages of love and compassion.

The legend tells, that death fell in love with Gozikow and his tunes. Every day as another set of deadly battles ended, she came and set down to watch him play. And there she was for hours, admiring this Jewish boy without being able to come too close to him, as her presence would kill him. And death protected him. Around him she kept collecting her daily toll as the horrors of war created havoc and misery. Gozikow was never touched.

Soon he became known and legends of the Hasidic musician spread all over Europe. Princes, generals, Famous artists and commoners: They all talked about the young Hasidic sensation that bewitched thousands.

His tender eyes and naïve expression captivated regards of people all over the continent.

Gozikow became a handsome man of whom all the women dreamed. Even his religious earlocks became a hair style fashion amongst them. They fell in love with him as his melody flirted with their ears and hearts.

And death? She followed him to wherever he went, growing jealous and heart broken.

Attending his last concert in Germany, the great Felix Mendelsohn told of that bearded Jew that appeared to be both a devil and an angel, moving the crowd to tears, playing a straw and wood instrument.

His movements seemed controlled by some outer being, as his soft regard laying on his audience was never troubled. He smiled, an embarrassed and yet flirting smile, as his hands moved slow and then fast on that cymbal-like creation of his. His tunes were soothing and breath-taking at ones; his playing to some, was a proof of a divine existence.

The concert lasted for hours, as the audience demanded one encore after the other. They stayed standing when he played and improvised Jewish tunes and prayers. When these where over, he added local folk tunes and popular songs, improvising them in the most ingenious manner, to the wonderment and admiration of all.

When he finally left the stage, people in the crowd sworn to follow him as he moved-on on his tour. But death had other plans.

It was after that concert, at the young age of 31, that his oldest fan and companion, so moved by his passionate playing, too jealous to let him wonder along in this mortal world, had taken him with her to the kingdom of the underworld.

The Hasidic kid, who conversed with god and made death fall for him, had died.

(Shir Hamaalot Gozinow.)

When Rabi Zalman heard of the horrors from Shklow he decided to take his whole family and leave the place that has been his home and court for 11 years

“Please guide us my lord”

Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka. The Lark arranged for piano solo by Mili Balakirev.

(Music and text alternate)

(bars 1-2) That day it was all quite and mist covered the air. One bird was heard but not seen

(bars 3-4)

“Let us leave this house and go east, let us not stay not even for one day”. **(bars 5-6)**

And the Rabbi was old and ill. And the bird sang (**Bars 7-8**)

And so they left the town that has been the Rabbi's second name (**bars 9-10**). Onto the plains of Russia. Accompanied by a wondrous creature (**bars 11-12**)

Afraid, they didn't know where to go.

(**andantino bars 14-15 together**) It is of this people's destiny. (**bars 16-17**) They seem to be bound for a life-long of wondering. of running away. (**bar 18**) And always they find god. (**bar 20**) God that brought them there and that will show them the way

(**Third phrase**)" May it be Your will, God, that You should lead us and direct our steps in peace, and guide and support us to reach our destination in life and joy.

And bestow upon us abundant kindness and hearken to the voice of our prayer, for You hear the prayers of all.

(**bar 30**) Blessed are You God, who hearkens to prayer".

(**bar 32**) And the bird heard the Rabbi's prayer. And the bird danced.

(**Bar 33 no text**)

(**bar 34/bar 14 again**) They were now for long on the road. (**bar 16**) Behind them the sounds of war are constantly approaching

(**bar 18**) When fear threatened to paralyze them, (**bar 20**) they were given hope.

(**bar 22**) Help was sent for them by the Tsar. (**bar 24**) A great sigh. Their prayers were answered.

(**bar 26**) Russian Soldiers came for them. (**bar 28**) To protect and lead them in peace

(**bar 30**) Heading discretely into great Russia (**bar 32 long**) An enlightened leader of persecuted people was escorted by the King's men.

Fleeing deep to the forest they heard their town falling under heavy French bombardment.

On the 9th of August on the first day of the month of Elul - the last month on the Hebrew calendar - The family arrived to Smolensk.. Terrified and exhausted from their nocturnal stay in the woods they finally left the bleeding and ravaged lands of white Russia. Arriving to the surroundings of Smolensk, when Moscow is only two riding days away , they knew that the Tsar's army would be ready and put at the gates of the fortified city.

The French's conquests so far on White Russia's land were met with very little resistance. Small towns with little political significance were given away almost with no struggle. In the mainland, the Rabbi knew, it'll be a different story. In Smolensk the brave Tsar's soldiers will put an end to Napoleon's campaign to rule the world and the old order will reign once again. Zalman's family could now come back home safely.

(**No music**)In Smolensk, during the hot days of August, the wind does not blow and the air seems to be heavier. As if it is too exhausted to be carrying its own weight, leaning on the poor creatures that happen to wander outside. Within the city walls the animals gather under a few trees, immovable, obeying to the slow and heavy rhythm of things. While the shaded and sombre bars and inn's are crowded, the streets are empty. An unlucky horse leading a loaded carriage steps slowly in an impossible cross of a city where even the time ticks slower. At the bank of the Dnieper River careless soldiers escaping from the heat bathed in the cold water.

On that warm summer day arrive the family as only few days behind them the Grand Armée is Marching east, heading to Moscow. And how shocked they were when they walked into the gates of the city to find it off guard. ‘But where are the canons?’ ‘and where are the defence lines?’ ‘and the thousands of soldiers?’. They passed the whole town and their steps echoing through that sleepy afternoon summer.

The Russians did not know that the French were heading towards Smolensk. It was Rabbi Zalman Shneor himself who warned them: ‘their end is near. the vicious conquistador is coming!’. As he heard the words of the Rabbi, Michael Andreas Barclay de Tolly, supreme commander of the first army of the west, assumed all of his power, and by the next day 130,000 soldiers took their position to defend the fortified city, in what would become one of the biggest battles in history.

(Shalom Alichem Malachei Hashalom) And These are days of Awe and repentance. The awful days in which each man looks inwards and repents his bad deeds done to his friend. And the holy day of Shabat comes. A day of prayer and togetherness. A day of rest symbolizing God that halted after the creation of the world. A day of peace as the angels consecrate it and the skies open as god listens to the people’s pray and repentance.

(no music) At the wall of Smolensk the Russian and the French are counting their forces **(Glinka Tarantella in a minor. Every fact/sentence equals a phrase of 4 bars)** 130,000 Russian. 100 artillery machines. **(f)** 3 tons of munitions. **(p)** The Citizens they hide. **(f)** Soldiers at the Fortified bastion. Guards at the tower. **(p)** Cavalries outside. **(p)** watchers at the walls. **(bar 32. scared)** All eyes to the French. **(more scared. bar 36)** Led by the Emperor. **(bar 41. f)** August 14 1812. French army at the walls. Hit and run. 200 canons. 6000 retreating infantry. **(bar 61)** 175,000 soldgiers. 1200 cavalry. **(f)** Units around the fortifications. **(bar 73 p)** General Poniatowski at the river. **(bar 77 sfz)** General Bruguière at the outskirts. **(bar 81 sfz)** General Davout at his back. **(bar 85 less)** Marechal Ney at the forefront. **(bar 89 less)** The emperor at the headquarters.

(no music. Whispering intensely) Here there will be blood.

(Again shalom aleichem) And God blessed the Seventh Day and made it holy, for on it He rested from all His work which God created to function. Come in peace, angels of peace, messengers of the Most High, of the Supreme King of Kings, the Holy One, blessed be He. And blessed are You Lord, who hallows the Shabbat.

(no music) On the 15th of August before the first grains of gunpowder were burnt into deadly shots, the Rabbi and his family fled the fortified city of Smolensk. Desecrating their holy day to save their souls they were once again on the run. Homeless they were left to the mercy of their lord.

(Glinka to Molly Cello version)

The next day started the siege of Smolensk. For three days heavy artillery bombed the old town causing its complete destruction. The city’s walls fell and the Russian army retreated. The whole town went on flames as canons kept thundering over ‘Our lady of Smolensk’ and 13,000 householders. A conqueror with no god destroyed the Lords’ house and killed all of its

inhabitants. 25,000 people lost their lives in one of the deadliest battles recorded in modern history.

And the family kept on running away to the west, behind them Napoleon's army.

(Field c minor nocturne)

(text starts in bars 36-39) The summer is now gone. Cold days arrived to Russia. **(bars 40-43)** The food and supplies ran out and the soldiers were weakening.

(44-47) Like them, the old Rabbi, was becoming feeble too. **(48-51)** How long can an old man take all that. **(52)** Again a new town, **(53)** and the scenes, **(54)** and the prayers **(55)** and the hope... **(56-59)** and again to leave. To wonder away. The war is not over yet.

(60-63) In the rain and the cold he won't despair. **(64-67)** He won't sleep tonight. His eyes to the horizon they stare.

(No text until bar 76)

(76-79. Jewish sighs) 'oh' 'oi' 'oi' 'oivei' **(80-83 the same)**

(no music) On the eve of the new Jewish year, Rabbi Shneor called his son and tears in his eyes. He told him that Napoleon will reach his goal and will defeat the Russians. 'As we will repent our sins and cry for our lord, Moscow in tears will fall.'

On New Year's Day, on a sermon that he delivered in Trotzi Sirgi the old Rabbi completed his prophecy:

'Mark my words my beloved crowd. Remember that I tell you. I have seen in my prayers the fall of the murderer. By fire and water his rampage will come to an end. No canos and no thunder. Cold death will stop him. In the Silent he will be defeated.'

The word came out amongst the Jewish communities spreading around Western Russia, through the battle fields as a messenger on a horse, fast as a bullet. It is said that the prophecy of Zalman Shneor, an enlightened Rabbi that sat close to god, reached all the way to Napoleon Bonaparte himself. Dismissing another apocalyptic prophet he laughed at it. No one has ever stopped him. Certainly not a mad old Rabbi.

And the family kept on running east and Napoleon behind them. As if he had to catch the Rabbi to make sure that his prophecy, albeit ridiculous, will not come true.

Sure of his power, convinced in its ways he led his army on.

On the 14th of September The Grand Armée took over Moscow. Napoleon has entered the Kremlin. The First Throne, Third Rome, The white-stone one, the city of thousand golden domes was now French.

(Glinka la separation first 8 bars. Music and text alternate. Text here is in Russian). (bar 1) Boge moy (my god). **(Bar 2)** Nash gorod (our city). **(bar 3)** Gorit (Burning). **(bar 5)** Bolshoy bog (Great god). **(bar 6)** Prosti nas (Forgive us). **(bar 7)** Prosti nas.

(music goes on. Until the F minor cadence/end)

Moscow fell on Atonement day. The family was on torment as every year on the most holy day of them all. The sky opened and they revealed their hearts asking forgiveness for all their sins.

Moscow was falling as their prayers in sorrow-tears gone up. The first part of the prophecy was fulfilled.

(no music) In Moscow the French triumph was not like any other. The official ceremonies that accompanied so many of Napoleon's conquests did not take place. The Tzar did not come to negotiate his surrender. Napoleon did not get the city Keys. No one received him. No one feed his soldiers. In fact no one was there. When the French Army entered Moscow it was empty. No cries of Joy, or yells of sorrow. No flowers were thrown at them; not one shot was aimed at them. Only silence and the whisper of the fire that consumed and devoured one of the most important centres in the world. A city of 300,000 inhabitants was deserted.

As he sat alone in the Kremlin Napoleon felt deprived of his victory. He reached the top but wasn't allowed to celebrate. He wasn't carried on the arms of thousands that cheered his name. He wasn't recognized as the new ruler. The rules were not respected and the game was changed without anyone telling him about it. The whole cause was lost. Instead he was left with hungry, ill, injured and exhausted soldiers. The ghost town in which he was now seating - frightened him. That Rabbi's prophecy still in his mind. The smell of the burned down town and that unbearable silence drove him crazy . 'Ils sont où ces lâches?! Apporte-moi ce rabbin!' (Where are those cowards? Bring me that Rabbi!).

The empty spaces were now hosting an emperor that was losing his mind.

Then came father winter. The temperature dropped and heavy snow covered what was once Moscow. With no way of sheltering his weaken soldiers he saw them dying by the hundreds. Sporadic Russian attacks have acted like a poisonous animal waiting to its pray to become paralyzed. These were the last nail in the coffin of the French conquest of Moscow. In the following weeks as they retreated from Moscow and eventually from Russia, the French army lost more than 300,000 of its soldiers. The prophecy came true.

(second half of la separation)

The news of Napoleon's defeat reached the ill and drained Rabbi. After running away for months, crossing 600 KM, having to suffer the cruelty of the locals and lacking of food - he finally stopped. A long journey came to an end. Like Napoleon, the great old Rabbi, leader of thousands, was losing his powers.

On December 27th 1812, two weeks after Napoleon was defeated on the cold soil of Russia, the most admired and respected Hasidic leader in Eastern Europe, died. Now that the French emperor was defeated, as he won his last battle, the Rabbi's work here was done. Rabbi Shneur Zalman, the Rabbi of two lights, was recollected to his creator. He left after him on earth his great teachings and the secrets of the creation.

The years passed and terrible times brought the misery of this people in these lands to an end. May their soul, together with their Rabbi's, rest in peace.

This was the tale of two lights. Remember dear people, as a wise storyteller said: "If you didn't tell a story throughout your life, it is as if you never lived. And if no one told a story about you, it is as if you were never born"

(Glinka second movement until the end)

Analysis

History and background

My story is based on historical facts and tales, woven from the Jewish and Kabbalistic worlds.

The world of the third Hasidic³ generation involves different aspects in history, religion, philosophy and politics. When telling the story of these people, one cannot overlook the core of their Jewish believe, the Kabala: a philosophy and teachings of what considers to be the deepest most profound *secrets* of the Torah.⁴ The Kabala is therefore also called the teachings of the occult. A study of this philosophy involves a constant shift between inner and outer, lower and upper worlds. Although we tend to see the world of these very religious people, as closed and detached of the 'real world', the years of the Napoleonic wars have shown differently. Due to various political and religious reasons, these people found themselves in the midst of a great historical happenings that shook the whole world.

The main figure of my story, Rabbi Zalman Shneur (1745-1812), a third generation to the Hasidic movement, was one of the most important leaders of the Hasidics⁵, and the founder of a great dynasty. His story, like the story of his people, is interwoven in the history of Europe and its wars after the French revolution. In trying to tell these Jewish people's stories, I have included both their personal inner experience of life and god⁶, alongside their daily conduct in a lower world⁷. In the same way I have tried to bring their inner community life⁸, and the Chasidics struggle for acceptance, alongside the life as Russian or polish citizens in the midst of a worldly turbulence⁹.

³ Religious movement that started its way in the 17th century, uncovering the secrets of the Kabala.

⁴ Known as the *Pentateuch* in Christianity, or the five first books of the old testament.

⁵ The 'pious ones' in Hebrew

⁶ See story chapter *god and the divine light*

⁷ See Ibid

⁸ See story chapter *The conflict with the opposition*

⁹ See story chapter *The French invasion to Russia*

Program to accompany my story

I have chosen the music of the program in respect of the story's different tangible and metaphysical aspects. The story takes place in the Russian Empire¹⁰, at the end of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th century. Thus I have only chosen composers of these times¹¹ that were from/lived/worked around the relevant places to the story. Most of the Russian composers brought here were closely connected to St. Petersburg¹², The seat of the Russian Tsar. The Jewish *Nigunim*¹³ are either composed by the Rabbi himself, or by his followers.

Johann Wilhelm Hässler (1747 - 1822)

*Fantasia in c minor*¹⁴

Hässler was a German composer, organist and pianist. Worked and lived in Moscow and St. Petersburg and influenced the musical life of Russia.

Ivan Yevstafyevich Khandoshkin (1747-1804)

I lost what I loved – variation on a Russian folk song op.4 no 2

Khandoshkin was one of the first Russian virtuoso violinist in the Russian tradition. He served as Kapellmeister at the Russian court.¹⁵ His work at the Imperial court and his numerous folk-songs arrangements made his music very representative of the different Russian influences.

Mariya Voinovna Zubova (1749–1799)

I am banished to the desert for voice and piano.

Zubova was born in Saint Petersburg. ‘‘Described as the most pleasant woman singer at the beginning of Catherine’s reign’’¹⁶.

Dmytro Stepanovych Bortniansky (1751–1825)

Sonata di Cembalo in C major

Borniansky was a Ukrainian and Russian composer and conductor. Born in Hlukhiv he was one of the "Golden Three" of his era, along with Artem Vedel and Maksym Berezovsky. In 1796 he was appointed Director of the Imperial Chapel Choir.¹⁷

¹⁰ Most of the story is of the people and places in modern days Belarus and Russia. Other parts take place in the Polish-Lithuanian common wealth (modern days Poland) and Podolia (modern days Ukraine)

¹¹ The oldest composer on the program is Ivan Yevstafyevich Khandoshkin (1747 – 1804). The youngest is Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka (1804 –1857)

¹² Rabbi Shneur was arrested twice and was sent to St. Petersburg. Later he helped the Empire in its fight against the French. The place of the Russian court in this story is of great importance

¹³ ‘‘Tunes’’ in Hebrew and Yiddish

¹⁴ Geoffrey Norris/Klaus-Peter Koch. ‘‘Hässler, Johann Wilhelm’’. Oxford Music Online

¹⁵ Geoffrey Norris/R. ‘‘Ivan Yevstafyevich Khandoshkin’’. Oxford Music Online

¹⁶ Oleg Timofeyev. ‘‘Music of Russian Princesses’’. Music Album. Dorian Recordings. (New York, 2002)

¹⁷ Marika Kuzma ‘‘Dmytro Stepanovych Bortniansky’’. Oxford Music Online

Michał Kleofas Ogiński (1765 – 1833)

Polonaise *Les adieux à la Patrie*

Ogiński was a Polish composer, diplomat, politician and a senator of Tsar Alexander I¹⁸. Involved both in the Russian Empire and, as a diplomat, in the French Regime, his personal story, as reflected in his music, is strongly connected to this program¹⁹.

John Field (1782 – 1837)

Nocturnes in E flat and in c minor.

Field Lived in St Petersburg where he published the Majority of his principal works²⁰.

Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka (1804-1857)

- *The Lark* arranged for piano solo

- *Tarantella in A minor*

- *To Molly* arranged for cello and piano

- *Trio Pathétique* arranged for violin, cello and piano

- *Valse-fantaisie*

- *Nocturne in F minor la separation*

“his work represent cornerstones of what are known as the ‘Russian classics’, and furnished models for later 19th-century composers²¹”. Was born in Smolensk, where one of the scenes of the story takes place.

Rabbi Zalman Zhneur (1745-1812)

Keeyal Taarog (*As the deer longs. Psalms 42*)

Bnei Hichala (*Children of the temple. old Kabbalistic text.*).

Tsamaa lecha nafshi (*My soul thirsts for you. Psalms 62*)

Few other anonym tunes are also included in the program

¹⁸ “Michał Kleofas Ogiński”. Oxford Music Online

¹⁹ See later example

²⁰ Robin Langley. “John Field”. Oxford Music Online

²¹ Stuart Campbell. “Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka”. Oxford Music Online

Comparisons between my melodrama and existing melodramas analysed in section one

The comparison is divided into *differences* and *similarities*

Differences

My story includes several melodramas²². Although made by using some of the older techniques, my joining of text and music doesn't fall under any of the old standards/categories of Melodramas:

- The use of the orchestra is dramatic. Of the piano is poetic. My story includes piano but my melodramas are not poetic.
- My Melodramas are more storytelling than they are dramas.
- The early-Melodrama characteristic alternation between music and text does not define my Melodramas. Despite the use of this technique in some of my Melodramas.
- Although most of the Melodramas in my story are accompanied by a solo piano (resembling in that to the Romantic tradition) it is not the only instrument in use. Some are accompanied by cello, piano and cello, violin, and even a singer.

²² They are called here Melodramas according to the scholastic definition. See *Melodrama – Definitions* chapter.

Similarities - (1) Music and text alternating and (2) music and text coinciding.

I have used several techniques of joining text and music. The bigger and more obvious ones are the alternation between the two and their co-existence. Then, depending on the context and music, I have varied these techniques, trying to enforce the shared idea given by the two while creating a story that is varied in its reciting ways. Below are examples of the different melodramas. Each example is taken from a different chapter of the story, indicated in italics²³. The indications regarding the music and the placements with the text are written in bold letters in brackets.

Examples of music and text alternating

The conflict with the opposition

In chapter three about Benda's *Medea* I have shown how Benda decomposes his theme, placing the text in rests made between the two halves of a period. In the text placed with *Shamil's Nigun* I did the same when dividing each of the four periods into two halves (antecedent and consequent), placing the text in between.

In *Medea*, the text in between the bars is often short – only a couple of words, maintaining the musical *feel* also during the breaks. The sentences are 'broken' by the music that in return is cut by the text.

In this part of the story where the Rabbi prays and laments I have cut the musical lines to fit in a short text. When longer sentences come they are built up by shorter ones that precede them. Finally other than the musical structure I tried to fit with the text the affect that is in the music. In this way the repeated little varied theme with its high point in the middle (bar 6), is followed by a plead of the Rabbi, matching that craving gesture in the music.

At the end of this Melodrama, I have joined the text to be recited over the music, adding the piano and creating a dramatic effect, enhancing the imploring prayer

Shamil's Nigun.

(Cello solo. Music and text alternate)

(Bars 1-2. Then stay on the last note) Oh dreadful land, **(bars 3-4. stay on the last note)** old country. **(bars 5-6. Stay on the high d)** please do not shroud us as we bleed and do not accept our cry, **(bars 7-10. stay on the g in bar 10)** until our father will look and see, **(Bars 11-12)** and hand us to the mercy of our own merciful brothers **(jump to the two last bars)** **(now the piano joins - Bars 1-2 again. Stay a little longer on the last note)** Great god, **(bars 3-4)** may you open their hearts, **(bars 5-6 together text and music)** and they will hear our pray before their holy splendour **(- together/around the high d) (bars 7-8 together)** not to condemn us for [never did we harm them.] We are their flesh and soul. **end the Nigun here)**

²³ For explanations regarding the specific choice of music, see chapter *Background details for the story*

Napoleon's invasion to Russia

The melody line of the song is written here in bars 1-2, 5-6, and 9-10.

The bird-like 8th notes ornamented in the high register illustrate the Lark from the song and my story. Here in bars 3-4, 7-8, 11-12.

Divided originally between the piano and the voice, in this arrangement both are played by the piano, but in alternating lines. This happens until they are played together in bar 34.

In the Andante at the beginning they are separated by *fermatas*.

I have used these *fermatas* and the alternating lines to place my text in between the musical phrases. In this way I have lengthened a little the rests, but didn't cut the music.

When the andantino starts with its 8th notes *arpeggi* in the left hand, illustrating a movement, I have added the text to the music, describing the journey of the Rabbi's family towards the unknown:

Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka. *The Lark* arranged for piano solo by Mili Balakirev.

(Music and text alternate)

(bars 1-2) That day it was all quite and mist covered the air.

One bird was heard but not seen **(bars 3-4)**

“Let us leave this house and go east, let us not stay not even for one day. **(bars 5-6)**

And the Rabbi was old and ill. And the bird sang **(Bars 7-8)**

And so they left the town that has been the Rabbi's second name **(bars 9-10)**. Onto the plains of Russia. Accompanied by a wondrous creature **(bars 11-12)**

Afraid, they didn't know where to go.

(Music and text coincide)

(14-15) It is of this people's destiny. **(bars 16-17)** They seem to be bound for a life-long of wondering. of running away. **(bar 18)** And always they find god. **(bar 20)** God that brought them there and that will show them the way

(Third phrase)” May it be Your will, God, that You should lead us and direct our steps in peace, and guide and support us to reach our destination in life and joy.

and bestow upon us abundant kindness and hearken to the voice of our prayer, for You hear the prayers of all.

(bar 30) Blessed are You God, who hearkens to prayer”.

(bar 32) And the bird heard the Rabbi's prayer. And the bird danced.

(Bar 33 no text)

(bar 34/bar 14 again) They were now for long on the road. **(bar 16)** Behind them the sounds of war are constantly approaching

(bar 18) When fear threatened to paralyze them, **(bar 20)** they were given hope.

(bar 22) Help was sent for them by the Tzar. **(bar 24)** A great sigh. Their prayers were answered.

(bar 26) Russian Soldiers came for them. **(bar 28)** To protect and lead them in peace

(bar 30) Heading descreetly into great Russia **(bar 32 long)** An enlightened leader of persecuted people was escorted by the King's men.

Examples of Music and text co-insiding

Napoleon's invasion to Russia

In chapter seven about Schubert's *Abschied von der Erde*, I have shown how Schubert writes the music to accompany the structure of the poem's text without synchronising the two. In his special way he colours and matches the music to the meaning of the text.

In this Melodrama of the story, I matched the text to the four bar-phrase structure of the piece, without matching the meter of the sentences to the music. I tried to use the musical sentiment in a way that is reflected in the text. In my story I've chosen to start the 'a' part of the Polonaise without the text, illustrating a melancholy feeling of the Jewish life in Poland before the arrival of Napoleon.

The major 'b' part is where the narrator joins, telling of the Jewish excitement upon the arrival of the French army. The text is adapted to the length of the phrases, each one consisting of four bars. The march like beginning of the 'b' part has the text on top of it, telling of Napoleon conquest of the Polish land. The ascending scales in c major, and the octave changes in bar 25-29, suggest an excitement and celebration. The text tells of the Jew's that lift up themselves and smile as their new future is at their doors. On the second time the 'b' part is played - I have used the repeating fragments in bars 29-31 to place their cries of joy and admiration to the French Emperor.

Recited over the repeat of the 'a' part with its minor sad theme, is the text that talks of the Jewish people facing reality and the breaking of their hopes. The sentences are placed over the two four-bar phrases, but their placement is not accurate, coming after the beginning of the bar, illustrating a disillusionment and fatigue.

Michał Kleofas Ogiński. Polonaise *Les adieux à la Patrie*

(Text starts only in the C major part)

(‘B’ part. bar 21-24) In 1806 Napoleon occupied lands of Prussia and Austria, inaugurating his own Duchy of Warsaw. **(bar 25-28)** Thousands of Jews under Polish rule, having suffered centuries of persecution, awaited the French and the justice he was about to restore.

(bar 29 second half) “Finally”, they thought, an enlightened leader will be in charge and they'll get an even chance within the society.

(Repeat. bar 21-24) Hundreds of them excitedly welcomed this little man on a white horse as redemption was at their gates. **(bar 25-28)** “Wipe away your tears sisters. Out of the misery brothers. It is a new dawn.” **(bar 29-32).** Long live our freedom. Long live the Emperor. Praise god and his messengers “

(da capo) But as the disillusioned citizens in the west learned, so the Polish Jews saw their hopes thrown to oblivion, facing another mocking regime and the same old vicious mob.

Napoleon's invasion to Russia
The battle of Smolensk

In chapter six about Beethoven's *König Stephan* I have shown how at the end of the last Melodrama, the music and text coincide in an independent manner, following the general intensifying line. I tried to pursue this idea when placing the words to Glinka's Tarantella. I have followed mainly the dynamics of every phrase of four bars and occasionally I followed the sentiment present in the music. Since the text and the music are continuous and because of the affect I wanted to show, the two have their own line, creating together a feeling of uneasiness:

- The count of soldiers and artillery I have placed with the forte at the beginning.
- The scared citizens that hide I have placed on the piano in bars 13-16.
- The nerve breaking awaiting for the French army and emperor I have placed on the pedal point and its restless, full of dissonances - right hand line in bars 33-40.
- Then the even more tensed and full of dissonances line in bars 41-48 marked *f* - go with the scary and powerful side of the French.
- The *piano* ending leaves a feeling of insanity. It is right after that the narrator is left alone, whispering the phrase: "Here there will be blood"

Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka. Tarantella in a minor

(Every fact/sentence equals a phrase of 4 bars) 130,000 Russian. 100 artillery machines. (*f*) 3 tons of munitions. (*p*) The Citizens they hide. (*f*) Soldiers at the Fortified bastion. Guards at the tower. (*p*) Cavalries outside. (*p*) watchers at the walls.

(bar 32. scared) All eyes to the French. **(more scared. bar 36)** Led by the Emperor.

(bar 41. f) August 14 1812. French army at the walls. Hit and run. 200 canons. 6000 retreating infantry. **(bar 61)** 175,000 soldiers. 1200 cavalry. (*f*) Units around the fortifications. **(bar 73 p)** General Poniatowski at the river. **(bar 77 sfz)** General Bruguière at the outskirts. **(bar 81 sfz)** General Davout at his back. **(bar 85 less)** Marechal Ney at the forefront. **(bar 89 less)** The emperor at the headquarters.

(no music. Whispering intensely) Here there will be blood

Epilogue

The conflict with the opposition

The Rabbi's cry for his fellow Jewish people to accept him

Music – shamil's Nigun²⁴

The first decades of the new Jewish movement, known today as the Hasidic movement, were a great struggle for survival. Persecuted by their local compatriots, these religious men were now attacked and excommunicated by their own Jewish people. Becoming one of the most renown Chasidic leaders in East Europe, Rabbi Zalman Shneur gathered all of his forces to have his own Jewish people accept him and to achieve peace. It is said that the Rabbi invented a few *Nigunim* and that in response to questions, he would sometimes reply by singing such tune. In the story few of his *Nigunim* are spread.

The *Nigun* that I used for this Melodrama is not by him but is attributed to the last great Rabbi of the Chabad dynasty. It is one of the most famous tunes used in the Hasidic world, expressing the longing of a soul to its previous divine state and the hope for a better future.

Napoleon's invasion to Russia

Escaping east

Music - Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka. The Lark arranged for piano solo by Mili Balakirev.

In 1840 Mikhail Glinka wrote his song collection *Farewell to Saint Petersburg*.

No. 10 of this collection is the song the *Lark*. It tells of a song that is heard from the field, without seeing who the singer is. The song is sung louder and louder, joined by the lark in the sky. The wind carries this song not knowing to whom. Only the one that receives it will know who it is from. "pour on song of sweet hope" says the girl who receives it. "someone remembers me and sighs furtively"²⁵.

For my story I have used an arranged version for piano solo. In the story this is the part where the narrator tells of the old Rabbi and his family leaving their home as they flee from the French invasion. I have used Glinka's idea of two different motives here. Instead of the singer to be unknown, as suggests the text, it is the bird that is unseen. Following the wondering and frightened family the bird guards them from above, representing the godly spirit. Thus the melody represents here the humans, and the bird motive represents the bird and the metaphysical.

²⁴ 'Tune' in Hebrew and Yiddish

²⁵ The complete translation is made by Johanna Hoffman and Barbara Miller © 1997. Found on the website www.lieder.net

*Napoleon's invasion to Russia*The expectations and disappointment of Napoleon*Music - Michał Kleofas Ogiński. Polonaise Les adieux à la Patrie*

The French campaign in Europe, led by Napoleon and his liberal ideas, had created hopes for a better future among groups and individuals. The Jewish people settled in Poland that had known difficult times of persecution and discrimination was especially waiting for the emperor. The later was one of the first leaders in history to acknowledge publicly their rights to be integrated in the society. But words and actions apart. He declared reservations on few of his ideas and retracted from others. Where in France the things were not changing for the good, in Poland they became worst. Invading Poland, Napoleon created the Duchy of Warsaw, and left the locals to run the country as he proceeded in his attempts to expand his empire. The locals that saw the Jews celebrating the French win, had now one more reason to hate their compatriots.

The Jews were not the only ones to become disenchanted of Napoleon's ways.

Michał Kleofas Ogiński (1765 – 1833), a polish diplomat and musician, was waiting for Napoleon to save his motherland. Like Beethoven²⁶, he too dedicated his only Opera - *Zelis et Valcour* - to Napoleon. Disappointed of Napoleon and the Tsar that have torn apart his Polish-Lithuanian commonwealth, he eventually withdrew from the public life and moved to Italy. His Polonaise *farewell to the homeland*, though written on another occasion of leaving his country, seems to represents all these feelings of disillusion and love for one's country. In this context His farewell of his home country, seems like the farewell of the Jewish people of their hopes.

*Napoleon's invasion to Russia*The battle of Smolensk*Music - Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka. Tarantella in a minor*

The battle of Smolensk in 1812 is one of the most important battles of the French invasion to Russia. 130,000 Russian soldiers were standing behind the walls of the fortified city as the French army approached with its 175,000 soldiers and heavy armoury. The Rabbi's family, escaping east, had passed in the city and was able to leave it just before the French attack started.

Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka was born in Smolensk. He was 8 years old when the French attacked, causing the death of thousands of people. Though his Tarantella is not "war music" I find it quite dramatic, and insane²⁷. With its sudden dynamic changes and tensed 7 chords, it transmits a scary feeling that related for me to a pre battle counting of forces, before the first shots are taken. It is then a count of forces on each side.

²⁶ Eroica symphony was first dedicated to Napoleon.

²⁷ Originating in southern Italy, this dance and music were used to cure girls that were possessed by the devil.