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# The Golden Peacock, Once Again

## A Yiddish Literary Evening with Evgeny Kissin and Katerina Kuznetsova

Dienstag, 1. Oktober 2024 | 18:00 Uhr

Atrium Hof 7, Universitätsring 1, 1010 Wien



Author  
Reading

photo by Ádám Hűsregyi



# About the Evening

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Yiddish, the traditional vernacular of East European Jewish communities and also long associated with the past and/or Ultra-Orthodox and Hasidic circles, has recently seen a vigorous revival. In its modern incarnation, Yiddish is often consciously chosen as a means of literary expression by authors who have not, or at best marginally, been raised in that language.

This event brings together two modern Yiddish writers who employ very different poetic styles and assign different personal meanings to the language. The readings will be interspersed with recordings of musical compositions by Evgeny Kissin.

## About the Authors

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**Evgeny Igorevich Kissin**, born 1971 in Moscow, is one of the world's most renowned concert pianists. He has been playing the piano since the age of two and started studying the instrument professionally at six years old.

The beginnings of his journey into Yiddish literature reach back to the 1990s. Mr. Kissin's first anthology featuring his own Yiddish poetry and prose was published in 2019.



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**Katerina Kuznetsova**, born 1989 in Moscow, is a Yiddish-language lyricist, researcher, and teacher as well as co-founder of the platform "Yiddish. Berlin" <https://yiddish.berlin/wp/en/blog/>.

She studied Yiddish at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and lives today in Berlin.



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# Programme

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**Tuesday, 1 October 2024, 18:00**

Atrium Hof 7 („Tiefparterre“, between staircases 11 and 9 – [Floor Map](#))  
Universitätsring 1, 1010 Vienna

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## Welcome and Introduction

[Andreas Brandtner](#)

Director, Vienna University Library

[Monika Schreiber](#)

Jewish Studies Library, Vienna University Library

## Author Reading and Talk

[Evgeny Kissin](#)

[Katerina Kuznetsova](#)

*Moderation:*

[Kriszta Eszter Szendrői](#)

Department of Linguistics, University of Vienna

## Vegetarian reception



Dokuforte/ Provided by Judit Kinszki, photo by Imre Kinszki, 1933

# Evgeny Kissin: Di Simferopolski tsvishngas, 8 Number 8, Simferopolsky Passage

A royster moyer finfgorndiker. In tsvey  
reyen dernebm  
shteyen azelkhe nokh nayn. Far  
Khrushchovn m'hot zey oysgeboyt.  
Hob ikh gelebt dort di ershte kimat  
fertsn yor fun mayn lebm -  
un davke dort kh'hob gevolt ikh zol trefn  
mayn toyt.

Vu ikh zol nit geven zayn - fun der shul,  
fun di ershte kontsertn  
oder fun gest fleg ikh demolt zikh  
umkern tomid ahin.  
Un di dermonungen vegn dem ort mikh  
dervaremem, tserrlen,  
un kh'veys, azoy vet zayn shtendik, kol-  
zman af der velt do ikh bin.

Layblekher hoyf - voser ort af der velt  
kon zayn tayerer, liber  
(khuts, efsher, Yerusholaim - nor s'iz  
epes andersh, avade)?  
Koym vos kh'dermon zikh in im - un vi  
epes a zislekher fiber  
kumt in mayn hartsn un breyngt fun  
gefiln a gantse kaskade.

Yo, far a fremdn zet oys dort gants  
umheymlakh, mies afile,  
ober far mir iz dos ort ful mit heymisher  
sheynkayt un prakht.  
Un ikh hob moyre derzen, az me vet im  
tseshtern, kholile,  
dem robyn moyer, vu kh'hob mayne  
kindershe yorn farbrakht.

A red five-story building. In two rows  
alongside it  
are nine more like it. They were built in  
Khruschev's time.  
I spent the first fourteen years of my life  
there,  
and it was precisely there that I wanted  
to meet my death.

Wherever I may have been—in school, at  
my first concerts,  
on a visit to someone—I would always go  
back there.  
My reminiscences about that place warm  
me and caress me,  
and I know that it will always be like that  
as long as I live.

My native courtyard - what place on  
earth could be dearer to me  
(except, perhaps, Jerusalem, but that, of  
course, is something different)?  
I have but to remember it - and a sort of  
sweet fever  
comes to my heart and brings a whole  
cascade of emotions.

Yes—to a stranger it looks unwelcoming,  
even ugly,  
but for me that place is full of homey  
beauty and splendor.  
And I fear that they will destroy it, God  
forbid,  
the red building where I passed my  
childhood years\*.

Neyn, gor nit alts, vos ikh hob dort  
farzukht, iz tsum nemen in moyl,  
in yenem hoyf fun mayn kindhayt mit  
hoydes un beymer a sakh.  
Hob ikh dort ibergelitin fil mol aza sines-  
yisroel,  
az ikh vel es mayn gants lebm  
gedeynken un zayn af der vakh.

In mayn neshome, kol-zman ikh vel  
otemen, vet zikh alts tsien  
yene dermonung, vi freylekhe yingelekh  
fun undzer geske  
hobm gefunen an ayzernem shtekl un  
lustik geshrien  
hobm tsu mir: "Mirl makhn fun dir a  
shashlik po-yevreyski!".

Un dokh... nor libshaft ba mir tsu mayn  
layblekhn hoyf iz geblibm.  
Az ikh dermon zikh in im, vert mayn  
harts ful mit beynkhaft un likht.  
Un ven tsum letstn mol bin ikh geven  
inem hoyf maynem libm,  
in zikh "Mayn shtetel Belts" dort mit  
flater gezungen hob ikh.

Kumt er a mol in khaloymes tsu mir,  
beys ikh shlof oder driml...  
Un af der vor troym ikh oft, az kh'bin alt,  
kum ahin un derze  
dem roytn moyer, di hoydes, di beymer,  
dem likhtikn himl -  
un kh'gey besholem avek funem oylem-  
haze.

No, by no means was everything I tasted  
there pleasant,  
in that courtyard of my childhood, with  
trees and swings.  
Many times I suffered such anti-  
Semitism  
that I'll remember it all my life and  
remain on guard.

In my soul, as long as I breathe, the  
memory will tug at me  
of happy little boys from our little street  
finding an iron rod and shouting merrily  
to me:  
"We'll make a Jewish shashlik out of  
you!"

And yet, only love for my native  
courtyard has remained with me.  
When I recall it, my heart gets full of  
yearning and light.  
And when I was in my beloved courtyard  
for the last time, I quaveringly sang "My  
Shtetel Belts" to myself there.

It sometimes comes to me in dreams  
when I am sleeping or dozing off.  
And when I am awake, I often dream that  
I am old, that I go there and see  
my red building, the swings, the trees,  
the bright sky -  
and I leave this world peacefully.

\*\*"Where I passed my childhood years"  
are words from the famous  
Yiddish song "Mayn shtetel Belts",  
mentioned a few lines later.

# Katerina Kuznetsova: איך בין אָלִין - Ich bin eine Lüge

איך בין אָלִין	Ich bin eine Lüge.
ニシット קַיִן ווֹאֶרט פּוֹן אַמְתָה	Kein Wort an mir wahr.
ニシット קַיִן אוֹת	Kein Buchstabe.
איך בין אָשָׁטָן וּוֹאֵס בֵּיט צִין לְעַנְג אָן פְּאָרָם אֲפֻהָעָנְגָיָה	Ich bin ein Schatten ändere Länge und Form je nach Sonne und Wolken.
פּוֹן דָּעָר זֹן אָן ווֹאַלְקָנָס	
קוּוֹעַקְזִילְבָּעָר בֵּין אִיר כְּצַעְלוֹרְפָּר אָוֹרְפָּדָעָר ווּעַלְט	Quecksilber bin ich, zerfließ in der Welt
כְּגַיִ זִיר צְנוֹנִיףּ פּוֹן סְנִיּ	und komm wieder zusammen.
איך האָב אָהָונְדָעָר פְּנִימָעָר אוֹן קְלוֹלוֹת	Ich hab hundert Gesichter und hundert Stimmen.
איך קְעַן צִין אַלְץ	Ich kann alles sein
וּוֹעֵן בָּאַמְתָה בֵּין אִיר גָּאָרְנִישָׁט	und in Wirklichkeit gar nichts.
מַעַ קְעַן מִיר נִשְׁטָן אַנְכָּאָפָן וּוְיִלְאָיר אַלְיָן ווֹיִיס נִשְׁטָן	Man kann mich nicht fassen, denn ich weiß selbst nicht,
וּוְעָרָאֵךְ בֵּין הַיְבָנָת	wer ich heute bin
אוֹן וּוְעָרָאֵךְ וּוְעָלָזִין מַאָרָגָן דָעָר סּוֹד פּוֹן דָעָר אַיְבָּרְלָעְבָּנָג	und wer ich morgen sein werde. Ständige Verwandlung ist
אַיְזָדָעָר שְׂטָעַנְדִּיקָעָר בֵּיט	das Geheimnis des Überlebens.

# Katerina Kuznetsova:

## א שמוועס אין אוננט

# Ein Gespräch am Abend

די לופט צוישן אוננד אייז האניך	Die Luft zwischen uns ist Honig
מיר וווערן פֿאָרְהַונְקָעָן אִין סְטוּלְנִיק פֿוֹן ווּרְטֶעֶר	Wir ertrinken in Bienenwabe von Wörtern
וְאָס רִינְגָּן אַרְאָפּ פֿוֹן שְׁפִיצֵן פֿינְגְּעָר פֿוֹן שְׁפִיצֵן לִיפּן	die von den Fingerspitzen herablaufen von den Lippenspitzen
די בלְיִקְון אָונְדְזָעָרָע קלְעָפָן זִיר מִיטְאָנָאנְד	Die Blicke unsere Kleben sich zusammen
וְוִי בְּלוֹמְעָרְבָּלְעָטְלָעָר שְׂוּעוּרָע פֿוֹן זְוּמְעָרְטָוִי	Wie Blütenblätter schwere Vom Sommertau
די רָעְדָע פֿאָרְלִירָט אִיר צַיל אוֹן זִין	Die Rede verliert ihren Zweck und Sinn
נָאָר מִיר רָעְדָן נָאָר אַלְץ זִיסְעַ נִיכְלְאָזָע נָאָרִישְׁקִיטִין	Aber wir reden immer noch Süße, nutzlose Dummheiten
די לופט צוישן אוננד אייז האניך דורכגעשטאָקָן מִיטּ שְׁקַיעָה־שְׁטְרָאָלָן גָּאָלְדָּ זְוּרָקָ גָּאָלָדָ.	Die Luft zwischen uns ist Honig Durchdrungen von Strahlen des Sonnenuntergangs Gold durch Gold.



Dokuforte/ Provided by Judit Kinszki, photo by Imre Kinszki, 1933

# Katerina Kuznetsova: די גאָלדענע פֿאווע נאָר אַ מאָל Nochmals der goldene Pfau

אַיר האָב נעכטן געגעלעט די גאָלדענע פֿאווע, און זי איז געוווען אָזוי שלְאנָק, מלְאִיךְן, זַי ווֹאלְט אוּסְגָּעָמְעָקְט אַלְעַ מִינְעַ קָאַשְׁמָאָרָן, געגעבן די ווֹאלְט ווֹאס אִז רִיכְטִיךְ אָן שֵׁין.	Gestern hab ich den goldenen Pfau gestreichelt, er war so schlank und voller Anmut, er würde alle meine Albträume auslöschen, der Welt geben, was richtig ist und schön.
און ווֹוֶיר געוווען אִיז אַיר פרעכטיקער פֿעדַעַר, דער פֿלִיסְיַיךְ עַר שֵׁין פֿון שְׁמָאַרְאָגְדָּן אָן גָּאָלְד. כִּיגְלוֹבִיךְ, זַיְזַי גַּעֲקוּמָעַן פֿון הִימְלָשָׁע סְעַדְעַר, זַי הַאַלְטָן אַוְיפְּ אַיְבִּיךְ אַיר האָב שֵׁין געווֹאַלְט.	Und weich war sein prächtiges Gefieder, ein fließender Glanz von Smaragd und Gold, ich glaube, er kam aus himmlischen Gärten, bei mir ihn behalten auf ewig hätt ich gewollt.
נאָר די גאָלדענע פֿאווע פֿאַרטָּאגָס זַיְאַגְּעַפְּלִוְיָגְן.	Doch im ersten Frühlicht ist er davongeflogen. Bloß eine Feder halt ich jetzt in der Hand, ich Kalb! Der goldene Pfau mit den Saphiraugen ist geblieben mein süßester Alb.
אַ פֿעדַעַר אַין האָנט בְּלוֹזִיךְ, אַיר בֵּין אָזָא נָאָר! די גאָלדענע פֿאווע, סַאַפְּרִיעַנְעַ אַוְיגְּן – זַי גַּעֲבַּלְיָבִן זַי מִינְסָאמָע זִיסְטָעַר קָאַשְׁמָאָר.	

# Evgeny Kissin: Yidishe verter - Yiddish words

Fun der yidisher shprakhs  
umgehayere oytsres  
nor a teyl gor a kleynem  
bahersh ikh.  
Un fundestvegn, iz dort an  
oytser far mir yedes vort...  
Un es vilt zikh mir filn zey mit  
ale khushim:  
zey aroysreydn, hern, farzukhn  
un kushn.  
Vil ikh, zoln zey shpiln mit  
kolerley farbm, kolirn -  
vi Mones peyzazh-bilder, vi  
"Tayms-Skver" in ovnt.  
Zoln klingen zey oykh mit  
farsheydene klangen:  
vi a vaserfal, duner, vi yam-  
khvalyes' plyesken,  
vi a valdroysh, a foygl-lid,  
grozshpringers' tsirken.  
Kh'vil, az zey zoln zingen mit  
shtimen  
fun Karuzo, Shalyapin, fun  
Shvartskopf un Kalas.  
Vil ikh, shmekn zey zoln mit  
alerley reykhes:  
vi a duftike royz, vi der yam un  
di zamdn af baltishe plyazhes,

Of the Yiddish language's  
enormous treasures,  
I have mastered only an  
extremely small portion,  
and yet—every word there is a  
treasure for me,  
and I want to feel them with all  
my senses:  
to pronounce, hear, taste and  
kiss them.  
I want them to sparkle with all  
kinds of colours:  
like Manet's landscape paintings,  
like Times Square in the evening.  
Let them also ring with various  
sounds:  
like a waterfall, like thunder, like  
the slapping of the ocean waves,  
like a forest's rustling, a bird's  
song, grasshoppers' chirp.  
I want them to sing with the  
voices  
of Caruso, Chaliapin,  
Schwartzkopf, and Callas.  
I want them to emit all kinds of  
aromas:  
like a fragrant rose, like the sea  
and sands on the Baltic beaches,

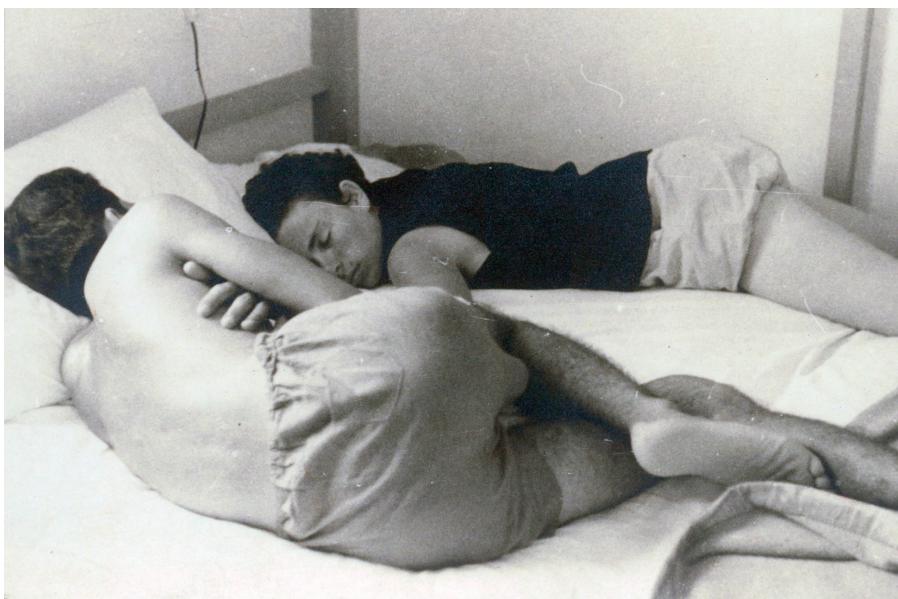
vi "Shanel", vi benzin, vi fun  
hey stoygn frishe -  
un vi er, der gebenchter un  
heylicher duft fun an ishe...  
Libe yidishe verter! Ikh vil ir  
zolt lakhn un veynen,  
shpringen, flien, valsirn,  
glantsn, blishchen un finklen,  
brenen, shtromen, zikh  
shleynglen,  
blondzhen, beynen un  
hoykhn...

Nor s'iz orem mayn teyl funem  
oytser  
un mayn kenen iz dalesdik,  
vorem keyn shrayber kh'bin  
nisht.  
Un kh'kon gebm aykh, yidishe  
verter,  
nor mayn libe...

like Chanel, like gasoline, like  
fresh haystacks—  
and like the blessed and holy  
fragrance of a woman.  
Dear Yiddish words! I want you  
to laugh and cry,  
jump, fly, waltz,  
shine, sparkle, burn, stream,  
wriggle,  
wander, yearn, and exhale...

But my portion of the treasure is  
paltry  
and my knowledge is poor, for I  
am no writer,

and I can give you, Yiddish  
words,  
only my love.



גלאית שעון וידמן Dokuforte/ Provided by

# Evgeny Kissin: Bam leyenen "Koyheles" On Reading Ecclesiastes

Se veyst nit fun rakhmim Koyheleses vort, nor erlekh iz es un legamre gerekht. I emes i khokhme a guzme iz dort. Alts nisktikayt iz: makht, ashires un knekht...

Shoyn alts iz geven do, un gornisht iz nay.

Az kentshaft me mert, mert men veytog un tsar; geyt tomid der vint rund arum frank un fray - un glaykh iz der khokhem in toyt mit dem nar.

S'iz umyoyscher unter der zun iberal, a sakh more-shkhoyre. Alts vist iz un trib...

Nor shaynen di verter aroys, vi a shtral: "Dayn lebm genis mit dem vayb, vos host lib."!

Beemes, vos beser un shener kon zayn, un gresern tayneg farshafn kon dir, vi fun ir neshome di tsertlekhe shayn, vos varemt un treyst on a sof, on a shir?

Vos gikher un zikher fargringt yedes mol yesurim un avles, inuyim un payn, vi ir tayer, hartsik un libeful kol, vos gist in dir tomid nekhome arayn?

Koheleth's\* words know nothing of mercy, but they are honest and absolutely correct. There is lots of truth and wisdom. All is meaningless: power, wealth, and slaves...

Everything has already happened and nothing is new.

When one increases his knowledge, he increases his pain and sorrow. The wind blows constantly, free as a bird, and in death the wise man is equal to the fool.

There is injustice everywhere under the sun, much melancholy, much desolation and sorrow. Only these words shine out like a beam of light: "Enjoy life with your wife, whom you love!"

Truly, what could be better and more beautiful and could give you more pleasure than the tender glow from her soul, which warms and consoles endlessly and beyond measure?

What more quickly and certainly eases suffering and injustice, torment and pain, than her dear, hearty, loving voice, which always pours consolation into you?

Ven nokh hostu, mench, a hanoe aza,  
vi dan, ven zi fraygebik sheynkt dir ir guf,  
un ir yeder eyver vi zogt dir: "Na! Na!  
O, nem mikh, fun mir hob hanoe, fli uf

When else do you, O man, have such a pleasure  
as when she voluntarily gives you her body,  
and every part of her body says to you:  
"Here! Here! Take me, have pleasure from me; fly up

mit mir afn zibetn himl! - un zi  
fargeyt zikh un brent mit a heysn farlang  
fun tsertlekhkayt dayner; un s'trogts ayer  
fli  
aykh hekher un hekher, un umendlekhs  
lang

with me to the seventh heaven!" - and she melts and burns with a hot desire for your caresses; and your flight carries you higher and higher, and endlessly

es dukht zikh, vi s'hot zikh di tsayt  
opgeshtelt?.. Yo, dos iz di beste matone  
fun Got.  
Yo, shener iz gornisht nito af der velt.  
Un zol zikh alts dreyen fun lebm dos rod

it seems to you that Time has stopped?.. Yes, that is God's best gift— there is nothing in the world that is more beautiful. And let the wheel of life continue to turn,

mit ale puronyesn, plogn un shlek -  
alts kon men gring baykumen un goyver  
zayn, ven s'zaynen dernebm, baloykhtn  
dem veg yents libeful kol, yene  
tsertlekhe shayn.

with all of its calamities, plagues, and disasters— everything can be overcome and vanquished when there is, nearby, illuminating your road, that lovely voice, that tender glow.

Alts nishtikayt iz, un di tsayt traybt un  
traybt fun lebm di rod mit ir nishtikn  
skrip...  
Iz zol zayn azoy! - abi hobm dos vayb,  
vos du host zi lib un vos zi hot dikh lib...

All is meaningless, and Time drives and drives the wheel of life with its meaningless squeaking. So let it be thus! - as long as you have your wife, whom you love and who loves you.

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\*The putative author of Ecclesiastes.

# Katerina Kuznetsova: א גוט ליד וועגן אָפָאָקָאַלִיפָס Ein gutes Lied über die Apokalypse

ס'וועט די וועלט זיך ענדיךן רוּף מיר אַין דֵיַן סָאָד.	Die Welt geht dem Ende entgegen ruf mich in dein Garten.
אַיך וועלט זיך דְאָרט רְיִיךְן אַין דָעַם בְּלוֹיעַן גְּנָאָד.	Dort werde ich mich ausruhen in der blauen Gnade.
טרעַף מיר בַּיִּיכְאָלִילְקָעַלְעַ וועַן דָעַר טָאג אַיז רְוִיט.	Triff mich bei der kleinen Pforte im Morgenrot.
ברעַנג מיר אוּפְּיכְאָטְעַלְעַרְלָ שְׂטִיקְל פְּרָאָסְטָן בְּרוּיט.	Bring mir auf einem Teller ein Stückchen schlichtes Brot.
ברעַנג מיר אוּפְּיכְאָטְעַלְעַ מִין בָּאַלְבִּיטָן וַיְיַיְן.	Bring mir auch ein Gläschen von meinem Lieblingswein.
סְאַיז נִישְׁטָא קְיַין נַעֲכַתְנָ מַעַרְ סְאַיז נִישְׁטָא קְיַין הַיְיַנְטָ.	Es gibt kein Gestern mehr, es gibt kein Heute.
חִצְנָ מִיר אָוָן שְׂוִיגָן מִיר צְוַיְשָׁן גְּרִינְבָּן וְעַנְטָן.	Dann sitzen wir und schweigen zwischen grünen Wänden.
אַין דָעַר שְׂטִילְקִיט קְוֹקָן מִיר - ס'וּוּעָרֶט די וועלט פְּאַרְבְּרָעָנֶט.	In der Stille sehen wir zu, wie die Welt verbrennt.
וועַן דִי וועלט אַיז חַרְבָּ שְׂוִין אַיז אַלְץ קְלָאָר אָוָן שְׂיַין.	Wenn die Welt dann zerstört ist, ist alles klar und schön.
גְּלִיקְלָעֶר בֵּין אַיךְ דְאָנְקָעַן גָּאָטָ בֵּין אַיךְ נִישְׁטָא אַלְיאַיְן.	Glücklich bin ich, Gott sei Dank, ich bin nicht allein.

# Katerina Kuznetsova: וועגן פֿאַרְאָדָאָקְסָן פֿוֹן צִיּוֹט Über Paradoxien der Zeit

אַנְ עֲפָאָס ווּעֶרֶת אַנְ עֲפִיזָאָד, צְעַבְרָאָכְן הָאָרֶץ – אַנְ אַנְעַקְדָּאָט, דָּאָס יָאָר פֿאַרְדָּרְיִיט טַעַג אֵין אַ רָּאָד אָזְוִי אָט.	Aus einem Epos wird eine Episode, Gebrochenes Herz – eine Anekdote, Das Jahr dreht die Tage im Rad So was.
פֿוֹן טְרוּמָעָן ווּעֶרֶן טְרָאוּמָעָס (אוֹן להיפֿר) אַ מָּאֵל נָאָר לְאַנְגָּעָר צִיּוֹט, אַ מָּאֵל שְׁוִין תִּיקְּפָּה.	Träume werden zu Traumen (und umgekehrt) manchmal erst nach längerer Zeit, manchmal sofort.
סְ'אֵיז נָאָר אַ קָּאָרְנוֹווֹאָל בְּאַזְוְנְדָעָרָש שְׂטוּל נָאָר סְעַרְפָּאָנְטִינָעָן שְׂוֹרְשָׁעָן אוּפְּן דָּיל.	Es ist immer noch ein Karneval besonders ruhig Nur Liftschlangen rascheln auf dem Boden.
די דְּרָאָמָעָס טְאַנְצָן קָאָרָהָאָד, עַס טְרָעָט די צִיּוֹט מִיטְ שְׂוֹוָעָרָן טְרָאָט. נָאָר וּוָאָס ווּעֶט בְּלִיבָּן – בְּלִיבָּט אַ סּוֹד. אַ שְׁאָד.	Die Dramen tanzen Karahod, Die Zeit schreitet mit schwerem Tritt, Doch was bleiben wird – bleibt ein Geheimnis. Schade.



Dokuforte/ Provided by Judit Kinszki, photo by Imre Kinszki, 1933

## Cooperations

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Fachbereichsbibliothek Judaistik (Jewish Studies Library),  
Universitätsbibliothek Wien

Fachbereichsbibliothek Musikwissenschaft (Musicology Library),  
Universitätsbibliothek Wien

Institut für Sprachwissenschaft (Department of Linguistics), Universität Wien

Institut für Judaistik (Department of Jewish Studies), Universität Wien

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## Musical compositions by Evgeny Kissin

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Four Piano Pieces op. 1, Nr. 2: Dodecaphonic Tango. Piano: E Kissin. Source: YouTube.

Four Piano Pieces op. 1, Nr. 4: Toccata. Piano: E Kissin. Source: YouTube.

String Quartet op. 3: 3. Largo drammatico. Kopelman Quartet. Recording: Shostakovich: String Quartet No. 2, Elegy & Polka / Kissin: Quartett (2016), Kopelman Quartet, Label: Nimbus © 2018.

*Selection: Reinhard Ellensohn, Musicology Library, Vienna University Library*

## Publications

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Kisin, Evgenij Igorevič, and Boris Sandler. *A Yidisher sheygets : noveles, lider, iherzetsungen*. Nyu-York: Yidish Branzshe, 2019.

Poems and essays by Katerina have appeared in: *Afn shvel* (no. 394-395), *Yiddishland* (no. 19, 20, 21), *Birobidzhaner shtern* <https://www.gazetaeo.ru/125256-2/>, as well as in the debut issue of the new Yiddish magazine *Di goldene pave* <http://stichtingjiddisj.nl/>