

5-2018

## Diary of A Runagate

David Jon Phillips  
*Dominican University of California*

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/2018.hum.06>

**Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.**

---

### Recommended Citation

Phillips, David Jon, "Diary of A Runagate" (2018). *Graduate Master's Theses, Capstones, and Culminating Projects*. 349.  
<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/2018.hum.06>

This Master's Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Scholarship at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Graduate Master's Theses, Capstones, and Culminating Projects by an authorized administrator of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact [michael.pujals@dominican.edu](mailto:michael.pujals@dominican.edu).

**Diary of a Runagate**

by

David Jon Phillips

A culminating project report submitted to the faculty of Dominican University of California in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Humanities.

Dominican University of California  
San Rafael, CA  
May 2018

This Culminating Project, presented under the direction of the candidate's thesis advisor and approved by the Chair of the Master's program, has been presented to and accepted by the Faculty of the School of Liberal Arts and Education in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Humanities. The content and research methodologies presented in this work represent the work of the candidate alone.

David Jon Phillips

May 2018

Candidate

Joan Baranow, Ph.D.

May 2018

Graduate Humanities Program Director

June Choi Oh, M.M.

May 2018

Thesis Advisor

Copyright © 2018, by David Jon Phillips

All Rights Reserved

## Table of Contents

Abstract		v
Full text and translation		1
I. <i>Andante</i>	<i>Potkal jsem cigánku</i>	I met a gypsy
II. <i>Con moto</i>	<i>Ta černá cigánka</i>	Dark gypsy
III. <i>Andante</i>	<i>Svatojanské mušky</i>	Fireflies dance
IV. <i>Andante</i>	<i>Už mladé vlaštívky</i>	Baby swallows
V. <i>Adagio</i>	<i>Těžko sa mi oře</i>	Plowing
VI. <i>Allegro</i>	<i>Hajsi!, vy siví volci</i>	Hey, you gray oxen
VII. <i>Con moto</i>	<i>Ztratil sem kolíček</i>	The linchpin is lost
VIII. <i>Andante</i>	<i>Nebojte sa o mne</i>	Don't worry about me
IX. —	<i>Vítaj, Janičku</i>	Welcome, Ian
X. <i>Un poco più mosso</i>	<i>Daj mi poznat</i>	Let me know
XI. <i>Con moto</i>	<i>Táhne vůňa k lesu</i>	Aroma fills the forest
XII. —	<i>Na to štvoro</i>	These four things
XIII. <i>Andante (Piano solo)</i>		
XIV. <i>Adagio</i>	<i>Slnéčko sa zvihá</i>	Sunrise
XV. <i>Allegro</i>	<i>Co na mne hledíte</i>	What are you looking at?
XVI. <i>Adagio</i>	<i>Co sem to udělal</i>	What have I done?
XVII. <i>Recit.</i>	<i>Co komu súzeno</i>	Whatever's fated
XVIII. <i>L'istesso tempo</i>	<i>Nedbám já včil o nic</i>	I don't care 'bout nothing
XIX. <i>Andante</i>	<i>Letí straka, letí</i>	Fly, magpie, fly
XX. <i>Con moto</i>	<i>Mám já panenku</i>	I've a sweetheart
XXI. <i>Meno mosso</i>	<i>Můj drahý tatíčku</i>	My dear father
XXII. <i>Andante</i>	<i>Sbohem, rodný kraju</i>	Goodbye, native land
Translation Notes		15
References		16

## Abstract

*Ztratil sem količek.* The linchpin is lost, and our young hero's quest for a new one is highlighted by his faith, awareness of his natural surroundings, and an awakening desire to make sense of life and love. Set in Moravia during the early twentieth century's technological, political and cultural upheaval, the quest takes him away from his family and the tenant farm. Becoming a runagate is Jano's destiny; he leaves with the gypsy girl Zefka to begin a new life and family.

The translation finds unexpected discoveries in the poet's language. Following a dramaturgical thread, the *Self-taught Pen* of the poet Kalda is represented by repeating and developing a simple graphic image—beginning as a pen—which is manipulated and combined to form thorns, birds, a dagger, a cross and, of course, a linchpin. A linchpin museum artifact, in a three-dimensional facsimile, accompanies the print work. The facsimile was produced in California with the help of files made available by The British Museum's education and 3D photography departments.

The combined elements were presented as part of a public performance of Janáček's masterpiece of art song, *Zápisník zmizelého*, on March 12, 2018.

---

LEOŠ JANÁČEK  
1854-1928



ZÁPISNÍK  
ZMIZELÉHO  
JWV/12  
*Diary of a Runagate*

„I am finishing my life’s work—although it is not in the shape  
that I would wish it to be.” - Leoš Janáček 5 Oct. 1919

# Team Zápísník!



Marian Marsh  
Professor of Applied Music

Nate Ben-Horin  
Pianist

Janice Gartin  
Wardrobe

Gabrielle Lochar, soprano  
Ana Miranda, mezzo-soprano  
Signa Love, alto

Special thanks to the Trustees of the British Museum!

**About our Iron Age linchpin:** Artifact 1847.0208.77 from the museum's permanent collection was reproduced in London by the museum's 3D photography staff—and delivered to me electronically as state-of-the-art 3D image files. My multicolor facsimile uses **Sculpteo's** advanced 3D systems.

The British  
Museum



## Peeking at the *Diary*

In 1992 a group of undergraduate students at Dominican College gave a reading of Janáček's *Diary*—with only about 6 rehearsals! Robert Shulz was the faculty pianist, and I sang the tenor part. Since 1992 I have performed in many traditional operas: works by Mozart, Verdi and Wagner...Stravinsky, Hindemith and Britten. With its hybrid format—different from art song, certainly not an opera—*Diary* remains the mightiest challenge of my music life...**Let's do this!**

---

David (BA '01) lives in San Francisco, and in 2018 was granted e-Residency in Estonia. His fifth-great grandfather John Phillips was an immigrant to North America. 18th century court records indicate John was a civic leader before the American Revolution (despite being a pacifist). Tax and census records show the family owned land, but no slave.

Born and raised on the Southern edge of the North American High Plains, after finishing public school David was made Secretary to Maestro Nicola Rescigno. The Italian-American conductor and impresario is known for work in the *bel canto* repertoire and for regularly presenting the US debuts of important foreign-born artists. With the chorus of The Dallas Opera, David sang under Maestro Roberto Benaglio, also chorus master of La Scala, Milan and the Vienna State Opera.

He left Dallas in 1988 to attend Dominican College, studying voice with John Hudnall as an undergraduate music major. In 1991 he was awarded a special scholarship from The Bernard Osher Foundation (later the foundation endowed a permanent scholarship at Dominican). After 1992, he coached privately with Maestro Jiří Pokorný, chorus master of the Czech National Opera ('93), sang in Barcelona's Viñas Competition ('97) and was part of the auxiliary chorus of San Francisco Opera under Maestro Ian Robertson ('96-'00). In Marin, Sonoma and San Francisco community productions, he sang leading tenor roles—mostly in works of the 20th century.

David Jon Phillips

Professors Marian Marsh & Y. June Oh

Music 5503

12 March 2018

Diary of a Runagate

**Mowing**

There was never a sound beside the wood but one,  
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.  
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;  
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,  
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound—  
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.  
It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,  
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:  
Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak  
To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,  
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers  
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.  
The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows.  
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

*Robert Frost*

Leoš Janáček (1854-1928)

*Diary of a Runagate*

*Zápisník zmizelého*, JW V/15 (1919)

After poems by Ozef Kalda, *Z péra samoukova*, “From a Self-taught Pen.”

I. *Andante*  $3/4$  (♩=76) – *Potkal jsem cigánku* – I met a gypsy

Potkal jsem mladou cigánku,  
nesla sa jako laň,  
přes prsa černé  
lelíky a oči bez dna zhláň.  
Pohledla po mně zhlboka,  
pak vznesla sa přes <sup>1</sup>peň  
a tak mi v hlavě ostala  
přes ce lučkový, celučký deň.

I met a young gypsy  
she moved like a doe  
Black braids over her breasts  
How deep her eyes.  
She stared me down,  
then leapt over a treefall.  
She's in my head  
the whole day.

---

II. *Con moto*  $2/4$  (♩=83) – *Ta černá cigánka* – Dark gypsy

Ta černá cigánka kolem sa posmětá,  
proč sa tady drží, proč sa tady drží,  
proč nejde do světa? Proč nejde,  
proč nejde do světa?

That dark gypsy's lurking  
Why does she stay?  
  
Why in the world don't you go ?

Byl bych snad veselší,  
gdyby odjít chtěla;  
šel bych sa pomodlit  
hnedkaj do kostela.

I'd be happy  
if she left.  
Then I'd go pray  
in the church.

---

III. *Andante*  $3/4$  (♩=52) – *Svatojanské mušky* – Fireflies dance

Svatojanské mušky tančíja po hrázi,  
gdosi sa v podvečer podle ní prochází.  
Nečekaj, nevyjdu,  
nedám já sa zlákat,  
mosela by po téj má maměnka plakat.

Fireflies dance along the dam,  
in twilight someone rambles 'round.  
Don't wait; I'm not coming,  
I will not be tempted and  
cause my mother to weep.

Měsíček zachodí, už nic vidět není,  
stojí gdosi, stojí, v našem záhumení.

The moon fades, all is darkness;  
someone's standing on our land.

Dvoje světélka záříja do noci.  
Pane Bože, pane Bože nedaj!  
Stoj mi, stoj mi ku pomoci!

Two eyes shine in the night  
Lord God, don't allow this,  
Stand by me and help me!

IV. *Andante* 2/4. (♩.=76) – *Už mladé vlaštůvky* – Baby swallows

Už mladé vlaštůvky ve hnízdě vrnoží,  
ležal sem celú noc jako na <sup>2</sup>trnoží.  
Už sa aj svítání na nebi patrní,  
ležal sem celú noc jako nahý v trní.

Baby swallows tweet in their nests,  
I lay all night as if on tumbleweeds.  
Dawn;  
...as if naked on thorns.



Baby swallows tweet in their nests,

I lay all night as if on tumbleweeds.

Dawn;

...as if naked on thorns.

V. *Adagio* 2/4. (♩.=44) – *Těžko sa mi oře* – Plowing

Těžko sa mi oře,  
vyspal sem sa málo,  
a když sem odespal:  
o ní sa mi zdálo. Oní sa mi zdálo.

It's hard plowing  
I slept so badly  
When I finally slept  
she filled my dreams.

VI. *Allegro* 3/4 (♩.=63) – *Hajsi!, vy siví volci* – Hey, you gray oxen

Hajsi!, vy siví volci, bedlivě orajte,  
nic vy se k<sup>3</sup> olšíně nic neohledajte!

Ode tvrděj země pluh mi odskakuje,  
strakatý fěrtúšek listím pobleskuje.

Gdo tam na mne čeká nech rači  
zkamení

moja chorá hlava v jednom je plameni.

Gdo tam na mne čeká, nech rači  
zkamení.

Hey, you grey oxen, plow carefully,  
Don't look toward the alder trees;  
don't look!

My plow recoils off the hard earth;  
A colored scarf glimmers in the leaves.

Who's stalking me should turn to  
stone

My aching head is on fire.

Who's stalking me should turn to  
stone.

---

VII. *Con moto* 3/4 (♩.=63) – *Ztratil sem količek* – The linchpin is lost

Ztratil sem<sup>4</sup> količek, ztratil sem  
od nápravy,

postojte, volečci, postojte,  
nový to vyspraví.

Půjdu si pro něho rovnú já do seče.

Co komu súzeno, tomu neuteče!

The linchpin is lost  
off the axle,

Hold on, oxen, hold it;  
I'll fix this.

I can get one by the clearing.

Destiny is inescapable.

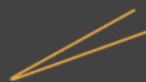
The linchpin is lost off the axle,

Hold on, oxen, hold it;

I'll fix this.

I can get one by the clearing.

Destiny is inescapable.




VIII. *Andante* 3/4 (♩.=50) – *Nebojte sa o mne* – Don't worry about me

Nehleďte, volečci, tesklivo k <sup>5</sup> úvratím, nebojte sa o mne, šak sa vám neztratím!	Don't stare, my oxen, sadly at the turnrow, Don't worry about me, I won't go astray.
Stojí černá Zefka v olšíně na kraju temné její oči jiskru ligotajú.	There's dark Zefka by the alder grove; in the dark her eyes are sparklers.
Nebojte sa o mne, aj gdyž k ní přikročím, dokážu zdorovat uhrančlivým očím.	Don't worry about me, even if I go near her, I'll prove I can resist those wicked eyes.

---

IX. — 2/4. (♩.=66) – *Vítaj, Janičku* – Welcome, Ian

„Vítaj, Janičku, vítaj tady v lese! Jaká šťastná trefa, šťastná trefa, ť a sem cestú nese? Vítaj, Janičku! Co tak tady stojíš? Bez krve, bez hnutí, či snad sa mne bojíš?“	„Welcome, Ian, welcome to the forest! What stroke of luck brings you 'round? Welcome, Ian! Why the stance? Ashen, motionless, perhaps you fear me?“
„Nemám já sa věru, nemám sa koho přišel sem si enom <sup>4</sup> nákolníček ut'at.“ bát,	„I truly have nothing to fear. I came only to fetch a linchpin.“
„Neřež můj Janičku, neřež <sup>4</sup> nákolníčku! Rači si poslechni cigánskou písničku!“  <i>Ruky sepjala, smutno zpívala, truchlá písnička srdcem hýbala.</i>	„Don't cut, Ian, don't cut a linchpin! Come hear a gypsy song!“  <i>Hands together, sadly she sang, A mournful heartbreaking song.</i>



*Hands together, sadly she sang,  
A mournful, heartbreaking song.*

X. *Un poco più mosso* 21 – *Daj mi poznat* – Let me know

„Bože dálný, nesmrtelný,  
proč s cigánu život dal?  
By bez cíle blúdíl světem,  
štván byl jenom dál a dál?

„God, far off and immortal,  
Why did you give life to the gypsy,  
To aimlessly roam the world,  
Hunted and displaced.

„Rozmilý Janíčku, čuješ i skřivánky?  
Přisedni si přeca podlevá cigánky!“

„Earnest Ian, do you hear the skylark?  
Sit down here, close to your gypsy.“

*(Truchlá pěsnička srdcem hýbala)*

*(A mournful song...moves the heart)*

„Bože mocný, milosrdný!  
Než v pustém světě zahynu,  
daj mi poznat, daj mi cítit, daj mi cítit.

„God, mighty and merciful,  
Before I depart the desolate world,  
Let me know; give me some feeling!

*(Smutná pěsnička srdcem hýbala)*

*(Such a sad song...moves the heart)*

„Pořád tady enom jak solný slp stojíš,  
všecko mi připadá, že sa ty mne bojíš.  
Přisedni si blíže, ne tak zpozdaleka,  
či ťa moja barva přeca enom leká?  
Nejsu já tak černá jak sa ti uzdává,  
gde nemože slnce, jinší je postava!“

„You stand there like a pillar of salt,  
...sure seems like you fear me.  
Sit closer, not so far;  
my color makes you skittish?  
I'm not as black as you think...  
where the sun don't shine there's a  
difference.“

*Košulku na prsoch krapečku shrnula,  
jemu sa všecka krev do hlavy vhrnula.*

*She drops the shift from her breasts;  
the blood rushes to his head.*



*She drops the shift from her breasts;  
the blood rushes to his head.*

XI. *Con moto* 2/4 (♩=96) – *Táhne vůňa k lesu* – Aroma fills the forest

Táhne vůňa k lesu z–rozkvetlé

pohanky–

Aroma fills the forest–flowering

buckwheat–

„Chceš, Janku, vidět,

jak spíja cigánky?“

„Wanna see, Ian,

how the gypsy sleeps?“

Halúzku zlomila, kameň odhodila.

„Tož už mám ustlané,“

v smíchu prohodila.

Broken twigs; place some stones.

„I’ve got this,“

she snickered.

„Zem je mi za polštář,

nebem sa prikrývám

a rosú schladlé ruce

v klíně si zahřívám.“

„Soil is my pillow,

heaven is a cover

If dew makes my hands cold

I warm them here in my lap.“

V jedné sukénce na zemi ležala

a moja poctivost pláčem usedala.

In one last layer

upon the land she’s lain;

I wept as she used my innocence.



XII. —  $2/4$  ( $\text{♩}=59$ ) – *Na to štvoro* – These four things

Tmavá olšinka, chladná studénka,  
černá cigánka, bílé kolénka:  
na to štvoro, co živ budu,  
nigdy já už nezabudu.

Dark alders, cold spring water,  
Black gypsy, white knees  
These four things, as long as I live,  
Will not be forgotten.

XIII. *Andante*  $2/4$  ( $\text{♩}=60$ ) – (*Piano solo*)

XIV. *Adagio*  $4/4$  ( $\text{♩}=92$ ) – *Slnéčko sa zvihá* – Sunrise

Slnéčko sa zvihá, tín sa krátí.  
Oh! Čeho sem pozbyl,  
Gdo mi to navráti?

The sun rises, shadows shorten.  
Oh, what have I lost,  
Who can give it back?

(fr. JA MZM)

XV. *Allegro* 3/4 (♩.=76) – *Co na mne hledíte* – What are you looking at?

Moji siví volci, co na mne hledíte?

My grey oxen, what are you  
looking at?

Esli vy to na mne, esli vy povíte!

Are you going to tell on me,  
going to talk?

Nebudu já biča na vás šanovat,  
budete to potem budete banovat.  
Nejhorší však bude, vrát'a sa k polednu,

I won't spare the rod,  
You will regret it.  
The worst will be when I go home  
at noon and  
can't look my mother in the eyes.

jak já jen maměnce do očí pohlednu!

---

XVI. *Adagio* 7/4 (♩=112) – *Co sem to udělal* – What have I done?

Co sem to udělal?

What have I done?

Jaká to vzpomněnka!

The memory won't go away

Gdyž bych já měl pravit

Could I call a

cigánce: maměnka.

gypsy mother...or a

Cigánce maměnka, cigánu tatíček,

gypsy father?

rači bych si uťal

I'd rather chop a finger

od ruky malíček!

off my hand!

Vyletěl skřivánek

A skylark flew,

vyletěl z ořeší,

flew out of the nut tree

moje truchlé srdce nigdo nepotěší.

My troubled heart

cannot shake this off.

---

XVII. *Recit.* 2/4 (♩=56) – *Co komu súzeno* – Whatever's fated

Co komu súzeno, tomu neutče.

Whatever's fated is inescapable.

Spěchám já včil často

High tail it

na večer do seče.

in the evening to the mow.

Co tam chodím dělat'?

What for?

Sbírám tam jahody.

To gather strawberries.

Lístěček odhrňa, užiješ lahody.

Set aside the leaves, enjoy a treat.

XVIII. *L'istesso tempo* 2/4 (♩=56) – *Nedbám já včil o nic* – I don't care about nothing

Nedbám já včil o nic,  
než aby večer byl,  
abych já si s Zefkú  
celú noc pobyl.

I don't care about nothing,  
only twilight's coming,  
I'll be with Zefka and  
stay all night.

Povšeckým kohútom  
hlavy bych zutínal,  
to aby žádný z nich svítání nevolal.

As for the cocks,  
I should chop off their heads,  
so they can't herald the dawn.

Gdyby chtěla noc na věky trvati,  
abych já na věky mohl milovati!

If night never ended,  
I could make love forever!

---

XIX. *Andante* 2/4 (♩=69) – *Letí straka, letí* – Fly, magpie, fly

Letí straka, letí, křídla chlopotá,  
ztratila sa sestře košulenka  
z plotu.

Fly magpie, fly, wings a-flapping,  
My sister's blouse went missing  
from the garden.

Gdo jí ju ukradl? Oj, gdyby věděla,  
věckrát by se mnú řečnovat nechtěla.

Who took it? Oh, if she finds out,  
she'll never speak to me again.

Oh, Bože, rozbože,  
jak sem sa proměnil,  
jak sem své myšlenky  
ve svém srdci změnil.

God a'mighty  
How I've changed,  
My thoughts  
and even my heart are different.

Co sem sa modlíval,  
už sa hlava zbyla,  
jak gdyby sa pískem zhlybeň zařútila!

I used to pray,  
now I'm out of my mind,  
it's like sand is sifting into my head.

---

XX. *Con moto* 2/4 (♩=100) – *Mám já panenku* – I've a sweetheart

Mám já panenku ale po, po, po  
kolenka,  
už sa jí zdvihá režná ko, ko, košulenka.

I've a sweetheart...up...the knees,  
Watch her blouse fly off.

XXI. *Meno mosso* 2/4 (♩=84) – *Můj drahý tatíčku* – My dear father

Můj drahý tatíčku, jak vy sa mýlíte,  
že sa já ožením, kterou mi zvolíte.

My dear father, how you're wrong,  
That I'd marry your choice.

Každý, kdo pochybil, nech trpí za vinu:  
svoje osudu rovněž nevyminu!

Screw up and you must suffer for it:  
From my fate there is no escape!

---

XXII. *Andante* 2/4 (♩.=66) – *Sbohem, rodný kraju* – Goodbye, native land

Sbohem, rodný kraju,  
sbohem, má dědino!  
Navždy sa rozlúčit, zbývá mi jedino.  
Sbohem, můj tatíčku, a i vy, maměnko,  
sbohem, má sestřičko,  
mých očí <sup>7</sup>poměnko!

Goodbye, native land,  
goodbye, my village!  
Leaving is my only option.  
Goodbye, my father, and you, mother,  
goodbye my sister,  
apple of my eye!

Ruce vám obtúlám,  
žádám odpuštění,  
už pro mne návratu  
žádnú cestú není!

As I kiss your hands,  
please let this go,  
...too late to change things now!

Chci všechno podniknúť,  
co osud poručí.  
Zefka na mne čeká,  
se synem v náručí!

Every part of me wants to obey  
what fate commands.  
Zefka's waiting for me,  
with my son in her arms.

Transversions™

Say it like you mean it.

### Translation Notes

- 1/ peň treefall: a felled tree trunk, creating a berm
- 2/ trnoži tumbleweed: the *Amaranthaceae* flowering plant *Kali tragus* (native to Eurasia) is the so-called "Russian thistle," introduced to Western North America in shipments of flax seeds, perhaps about 1870.
- 3/ olšíně alder (tree) *Alnus*, belongs to the birch family *Betulaceae*.
- 4/ kolíček /[ná] kolníček lynchpin/linch-pin
- 5/ úvratím turnrow: a ploughed berm at the (headland) edge of a field
- 6/ seče mow: fresh, drying cuttings, as a barley mow or a hayrick
- 7/ (mých oči) poměnko apple (of my eye) (*fr. Lat. pomum, Fr. pomme*) Instead of *jablko* (also meaning apple), choosing poměnko makes a poetic allusion to a near-homophone: *pomněnko* (add'l *n*), the "Forget-me-not" flower in the family *Boraginaceae*, genus *myosotis*.
-

## References

- Cheek, Timothy. *Singing in Czech: A Guide to Czech Lyric Diction and Vocal Repertoire*. Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield. 2015. Print.
- Heaney, Seamus (trans./adapt.) in: Janáček, Leoš, Seamus Heaney, and Ozef Kalda. *Diary of One Who Vanished: A Song Cycle*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1999. Print.
- Janáček, Leoš. *Souborné Kritické Vydání Děl Leoše Janáčka =: Complete Critical Edition of the Works of Leoš Janáček, Series E / Volume 4, Zápisk Zmizelého =: The Diary of One Who Disappeared*. Brno: Editio Janáček. 2004. Musical score.
- Janáček, Leoš. *Zápisk Zmizelého: Pro Tenor, Alt, Tři Ženské Hlasy a Klavír = the Diary of One Who Disappeared*. Kassel : Bärenreiter. 2016. Musical score.
- Keefe, Bernard (trans.) in: Janáček, Leoš, Bernard Keefe. *Zápisk Zmizelého: Pro Tenor, Alt, Tři Ženské Hlasy a Klavír : Na Slova Neznámého Básníka = the Diary of One Who Vanished*. Praha: Editio Supraphon, 1978. Musical score.
- Kennedy, Paula (trans.) in: Janáček, Leoš, Thomas Adès, Diane Atherton, Ian Bostridge, Deryn Edwards, Susan Flannery, Ruby Philogene. *The Diary of One Who Disappeared: Piano Works*. London: EMI Classics, 2001. CD-ROM.

(JA MZM=Janáček Archive of the Moravian Museum in Brno)