

SPIRITUAL RESISTANCE MUSIC FROM THERESIENSTADT

WOLFGANG HOLZMAIR, Baritone
RUSSELL RYAN, Piano

PAVEL HAAS (1899-1944)

ČTYŘI PÍSNĚ NA SLOVA ČÍNSKÉ POEZIE -

FOUR SONGS AFTER WORDS OF CHINESE POETRY (14:08)

1. *Zaslechl jsem divoké husy (I Heard the Cry of the Wild Geese)* (3:02)
2. *V bambusovém háji (In the Bamboo Grove)* (2:12)
3. *Daleko měsíc je domova (Far is My Home, O Moon)* (5:07)
4. *Probděná noc (A Sleepless Night)* (3:44)

KAREL BERMAN (1919-1995)

REMINISCENCES (1938-45, SUITE FOR PIANO SOLO) (3:00)

5. II. *Family-Home*

HANS KRÁSA (1899-1944)

FÜNF LIEDER (FIVE SONGS), OP. 4 (4:57)

6. *Ihr Mädchen seid wie die Gärten (You Girls Are Like the Gardens)* (:59)
7. *An die Brüder (To My Brothers)* (:51)
8. *Mach, daß etwas uns geschieht! (Make Something Happen for Us!)* (1:04)
9. *Die Liebe (Love)* (:56)
10. *Vice versa* (1:04)

KAREL BERMAN

REMINISCENCES

11. III. *March 15th, 1939 - Occupation* (4:55)

VIKTOR ULLMANN (1898-1944)

DER MENSCH UND SEIN TAG, OP. 47

(MAN AND HIS DAY) (14:23)

12. *Gang in den Morgen (Morning Stroll)* (:57)
13. *Gesang (Song)* (:59)
14. *Heimat (Homeland)* (1:07)
15. *Der Liebsten (To My Lover)* (:51)
16. *Blüten (Blossoms)* (:43)
17. *In der Stube (In the Parlor)* (1:43)
18. *Der Nachbar (The Neighbor)* (:48)
19. *Gebete (Prayers)* (1:18)
20. *Im Walde (In the Forest)* (1:14)
21. *Verdämmern (Twilight Dawning)* (1:39)
22. *Nacht (Night)* (1:32)
23. *Stille (Stillness)* (1:27)

KAREL BERMAN

REMINISCENCES

24. IV. *Factory* (1:14)

ILSE WEBER (1903-1944)

25. **ICH WANDRE DURCH THERESIENSTADT** (:59)

(I WANDER THROUGH THERESIENSTADT)

ZIKMUND SCHUL (1916-1944)

26. **DIE NISCHT-GEWESENEN** (WHAT NEVER WAS) (1:29)

VIKTOR ULLMANN

27. **DER MÜDE SOLDAT** (THE WEARY SOLDIER) (3:23)

**KAREL BERMAN
REMINISCENCES**

28. V. Auschwitz - Corpse Factory (2:32)

GIDEON KLEIN (1919-1945)

TRÍ PÍSNĚ (THREE SONGS) (10:02)

29. Vodotrysk (*The Fountain*) (2:13)

30. Polovina života (*The Middle of Life*) (2:54)

31. Soumrak shůry sesouvá se (*Twilight Sank from High Above*) (4:54)

**KAREL BERMAN
REMINISCENCES**

32. VI. Typhus in the Kauffering Concentration Camp (1:25)

VIKTOR ULLMANN

DREI LIEDER (THREE SONGS), OP. 37 (6:29)

33. Schnitterlied (*Reapers' Song*) (1:33)

34. Säerspruch (*Sowers' Cant*) (1:45)

35. Die Schweizer (*The Swiss*) (3:09)

**KAREL BERMAN
REMINISCENCES**

36. VIII. New Life (3:49)

GIDEON KLEIN

37. Ukolébavka (*Lullaby*) (1:56)

Total Time: (75:08)

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Spiritual Resistance: Music from Theresienstadt

"...our will to create culture was as strong as
our will to live." -Viktor Ullmann

The German annexation of the Sudetenland in 1938 and dismemberment of the remainder of Czechoslovakia in 1939 brought to an end the short history of a vibrant Republic that had emerged from the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire at the end of World War I. In addition to its Czech- and Slovak-speaking majorities, Czechoslovakia had sizable German, Polish, and Hungarian minorities, and in all of these communities were citizens of Jewish ancestry, some still living apart in historically segregated enclaves and ghettos, others fully assimilated into the larger civic fabric.

Czechoslovakia's Jews were among the first to suffer the oppressive weight of Nazi occupation. Racial decrees put severe restrictions upon employment, educational, and housing opportunities, and limited physical and financial mobility. At the end of 1941 the small eighteenth-century garrison town of Terezín, also known as Theresienstadt, was transformed into a re-settlement camp to sequester the country's Jewish population. By July 1942 the town's original population of 7,000 had been forced out to make way for the growing influx of Jewish inmates, whose number would reach nearly 60,000 by September 1942. Living conditions were dire under such overcrowded conditions; privacy was non-existent, food rations minimal, and disease was rampant in the absence of medicine and adequate medical staff.

Despite all this, Nazi propaganda presented Theresienstadt as a model "city for the Jews," a self-governing ghetto with all the embellishments of "normal" civic, educational, and cultural

life. This was the image presented to the world in a very public and unconscionable six-hour inspection by a committee of the International Red Cross in June 1944. What these inspectors saw was a façade for the Nazi's brutal system of extermination.

The bitter irony remains that in Theresienstadt there was indeed a remarkable flowering of cultural life between 1942 and 1944, involving concerts, opera performances, theater and cabaret, lecture series, art exhibitions, and literary soirees—in short, a range of activity that reflected the enormous creative diversity of the camp's population, which in the end was drawn not just from former Czech lands, but from Germany, Austria, Holland, and Denmark, as well as other regions of occupied Europe. Some of Theresienstadt's Jews were devoutly religious, some militantly secular; Protestant and Catholic converts shared quarters with committed socialists and communists; they came from all walks of life, and from the most varied cultural, educational, and linguistic backgrounds. It is little surprise, then, that the camp's musical life represented a similarly broad spectrum of talents and interests.

Two generations of composers are represented in this recital. Pavel Haas, Hans Krása, Viktor Ullmann, and Ilse Weber, all born just before or after 1900, came of age during the First World War and established their careers and creative identities during the first years of Czechoslovakian independence. Zikmund Schul, Gideon Klein, and Karel Berman, from a still younger generation, were just finishing their studies when the German army invaded their homeland. This cross-section of composers includes both Czech and German speakers, confirmed nationalists and cosmopolitan internationalists.

Both generations built upon a rich national inheritance that was

the legacy of Bedřich Smetana and Antonín Dvořák as transmitted through such revered figures as Josef Suk (1874-1935) and Vítězslav Novák (1870-1949). More immediate influences included the post-war luminaries Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959), Alois Hába (1893-1973), and Erwin Schulhoff (1894-1942), whose international fame rested on a mix of everything from French-influenced neo-classicism to micro-tonality and jazz. And towering above them all was Leoš Janáček (1854-1928), the distinguished master of a much older generation who set an extraordinary example of Czech individuality with a musical language largely independent of inherited German models.

Pavel Haas (1899-1944), born in Brno, the capital of Moravia, studied composition with Janáček at the Brno Conservatory and served as a correpetitor at opera houses in his hometown and in Saarbrücken before returning to his native city to make his living as a free-lance composer. Haas was best known for his songs and chamber music, although he also wrote film music and an opera, *The Charlatan*, which was given its premiere in Brno in 1938. When the Germans marched into Czechoslovakia Haas divorced his non-Jewish wife in order to protect both her and their young daughter from reprisal. He was one of the first to be sent to Theresienstadt in December 1941, where he suffered from severe depression. With the encouragement of his fellow musicians, among them Gideon Klein, he gradually returned to composition.

Among the works Haas wrote in Theresienstadt were his four songs on Chinese texts drawn from the Czech-language collection *New Songs from Ancient China* by Bohumil Mathesius. These songs represent a well-integrated cycle whose over-arching theme is longing for a distant home. In the first song, "I Heard the Cry of the Wild

Geese," Haas introduces a motive from the St. Wenceslas chorale, a musical idea that returns in the third and fourth songs as well. It is a tune with deep resonance for all Czech patriots and, taken together with the pervasive use of syncopated rhythms characteristic of Moravian folk music, serves to underscore Haas' deeply personal interpretation of these poems. The somber mood of the cycle is lightened by the more sanguine tone of the second song, and by the anticipation of return in the final poem. These songs, written for the bass Karel Berman between February and April, 1944, were given their premiere by Berman and the pianist Rafael Schächter in a recital in the Theresienstadt town hall on July 11, 1944. Haas was deported to Auschwitz on October 16, 1944 and was murdered upon arrival the next day.

Even after the First World War, Prague continued to have a thriving German-language community with its own cultural institutions, including a music academy. **Hans Krása**, born in Prague, studied composition there with Alexander Zemlinsky, who was also the music director of the city's German-language opera house. Like Martinů, Krása studied with Albert Roussel in Paris (in 1923), but whereas Martinů remained in France, Krása returned to Prague, where he held positions as a correpetitor, conductor, and piano teacher, and attained distinction as a composer. His first opera, *Betrothel in a Dream*, was awarded the Czechoslovakian State Prize in 1933.

During the first years of the German occupation, Krása was active in the anti-fascist activities of the Hagibor Jewish orphanage, for which he wrote the children's opera *Brundibár*. After he was transported to Theresienstadt in August 1942 he revised the work which received a total of 55 performances there, including one on the

occasion of the infamous visit by the International Red Cross in June, 1944. Krása's op. 4 cycle of songs, written in 1925, centers on themes of love and nature. In this music one can hear traces of Krása's study in Paris, as well as the lingering influence of the more chromatic style of his teacher Zemlinsky. Like Haas, Krása was deported to Auschwitz on October 16, 1944, where he was killed a few days later.

Viktor Ullmann, born in Teschen in 1898, was probably the best-known of these composers outside Czechoslovakia. He studied with Arnold Schoenberg in Vienna in 1918 and 1919, and was Alexander Zemlinsky's assistant at the German Opera in Prague from 1920 until Zemlinsky's departure for Berlin in 1927. Thereafter Ullmann served as music director of the opera house in Aussig (today: Ústí nad Labem) and as a conductor in Zurich. Ullmann was an ardent adherent of the anthroposophy of Rudolf Steiner and from 1931 and 1933 even abandoned his conducting career to run an anthroposophical bookstore in Stuttgart. His musical language incorporates diverse influences from Vienna (Gustav Mahler, Alban Berg, as well as his mentor Zemlinsky) and Russia (in particular Scriabin) to create a style that is at once warmly expressive and harmonically distinctive.

Ullmann was interned in Theresienstadt in 1942 and quickly assumed a leading role in the camp's musical life as conductor, performer, organizer, and director of the Studio for New Music. During his two years in the camp, Ullmann was surprisingly productive, completing over two dozen works (although many were revisions of earlier pieces), including songs, choral works, three piano sonatas, his third string quartet, and the opera *The Emperor of Atlantis*. He was also active as a music critic and articulated in reviews and in a diary the view that the camp's musical culture served as a form of

spiritual resistance, writing that Theresienstadt had spurred rather than hindered his musical creativity. He and his colleagues, he wrote, "did not just sit by Babylon's rivers bewailing our fate," adding: "our will to create culture was as strong as our will to live."

Songs were a central focus of Ullmann's compositional activity and among the most important works he wrote in Theresienstadt was the cycle *Der Mensch und sein Tag*, settings of twelve short Haiku-like verses by the Czech poet Hans-Günther Adler that present sometimes disconnected images tracing a series of moods and experiences over the course of a day. Adler (1910-1988), who survived the war and wrote the definitive history of Theresienstadt, was largely responsible for preserving Ullmann's manuscripts.

Ullmann's setting of "Der müde Soldat," a poem by Shi-king adapted by the German poet Klabund (Alfred Henschke), has a certain affinity to the music of Alexander Zemlinsky. Indeed, Zemlinsky's own opera, *The Chalk Circle* (1933), was based a Klabund play for which Ullmann had in turn written incidental music in 1925. Interestingly, "Der müde Soldat" was also set by Hanns Eisler in 1917, a song Ullmann may well have known. The theme of the weary soldier returns in Ullmann's anti-war opera, *The Emperor of Atlantis*.

The three settings of texts by the Swiss poet Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, completed in the fall of 1942, probably represent a revision of a now lost earlier opus. Even in Theresienstadt Ullmann demonstrated a remarkable capacity for humor, as is evident in the third of these songs, "Die Schweizer." "The deepest pain," he once observed, "cannot become music." Instead he held that it was the composer's duty to write music that "stands in complete opposition to the surrounding world." Ullmann's op. 37 songs were given their premiere in June,

1943. On October 16, 1944, Ullmann was deported to Auschwitz where he was killed upon arrival the next day.

Ilse Weber, née Herlinger, was a successful author of children's books, the best-known of which was *Mendel Rosenbusch: Tales for Jewish Children*, published in 1929. In February 1942 she and her husband, Willi Weber, and their young son (they had managed to send another son to Sweden) were sent to Theresienstadt, where she worked in the children's infirmary. Although not a professional musician Ilse Weber had studied music and set many of her own poems, which she often performed, accompanying herself on the guitar. In October 1944 she voluntarily joined her husband when he and their son, Tommy, were deported to Auschwitz. She and her son were both gassed upon arrival; Willi Weber survived his wife by thirty years. A collection of Ilse Weber's poetry written in Theresienstadt, "Inside these Walls, Sorrow Lives," was published in 1991.

The German composer **Zikmund Schul** was born into a deeply religious family in Chemnitz in 1916, spent his childhood in Kassel, and went to study in Prague in 1933, where his composition teacher was Alois Hába. Schul even studied briefly with Paul Hindemith in Berlin in 1935 and 1936 before completing his studies in Prague in 1938. In November 1941 Schul and his young bride were deported to Theresienstadt, where he contracted tuberculosis and died after a long illness on June 2, 1944. Schul's song, "Die Nischt-Gewesenen," dates from 1937. Despite its brevity it is a strikingly distinctive setting of a text of heart-breaking poignancy. Less than ten compositions survive by this gifted composer, whom Viktor Ullmann eulogized as a "great hope."

Gideon Klein, born in Moravia in 1919, was a child prodigy who

at age eleven entered the Prague Conservatory, where, like Schul, he studied with Alois Hába. The German occupation put an end to Klein's studies at the Conservatory and at the Karl University, where he had begun a degree in music history. The war likewise prevented him from accepting an invitation to study at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Klein was transported to Theresienstadt in December 1941, where he played a prominent role as a pianist and composer. In October, 1944 he was deported first to Auschwitz and then to the concentration camp in Fürstengrube, where he was murdered at the beginning of 1945.

Klein's Theresienstadt compositions were preserved by friends, but it was only in 1990 that a collection of earlier compositions was found, including his opus 1, three songs written in May and June 1940. The original German texts of these songs were set in a Czech translation by E. A. Saudek, to whom the songs are dedicated. Klein's style suggests a familiarity with the works of Arnold Schoenberg and Alban Berg, whose music he may have come to know through Viktor Ullmann, whom he met well before their time together in Theresienstadt. Klein's arrangement of a well-known Hebrew lullaby contrasts its melodic simplicity with an accompaniment of restless harmonies and ever-changing textures.

The bass **Karel Berman** born in Jindřichův Hradec in 1919 and had already begun his studies at the Prague Conservatory when he was deported to Theresienstadt. There he gave recitals, performed in stage works, and composed a number of songs and piano pieces. His suite, *Reminiscences*, written between 1938 and 1945, is a sequence of autobiographical reflections, including memories of a happy childhood, German occupation, incarceration, sickness, death,

separation, and liberation. Berman is the only one of these composers to have survived Theresienstadt and the war. After completing his studies in 1946 he embarked on a distinguished career as a singer, stage director, and voice teacher. He died in 1995, having lived to see his homeland finally free from both German and Soviet domination, the music of his Theresienstadt friends and colleagues restored to the repertory, and their lives preserved in memory. Performing this music, recovering these memories is to touch a raw and open wound which does not permit closure. These works and these murdered lives can never be free of their tragic associations. We must neither suspend our mourning, nor mourn them solely as victims. In celebrating their achievements as artists we restore some measure of the dignity due each individual voice.

—Christopher Hailey



Audience in the hall of the former gym (from propaganda document)

PAVEL HAAS

ZASLECH ISEM DIVOKÉ HUSY

(Wej Jing-wu)

Domov je tam,
daleko, daleko,
daleko tam, daleko tam,
mělo bys domů,
zbloudilé srdce!
Daleko tam, domov, domov.

Zacíží noci,
v podzimním dešti,
kdyžnejvíce studil
smutku chladný van:
ve vysokém domě svém
zaslech jsem křik divokých husí.
Právě přilétly.
Domov je daleko tam.

V BAMBUSOVÉM HÁJI

(Wang Wej)

V bambusech nejsou lidé,
v bambusech sedím sám,
tu na loutnu zahraju tise,
tu sobě zahvizdám.

Kdo, řekněte, lidé kdo vi
kde v bambusech sedím sám, sám,
kde v bambusech sedím sám,
a na východ srpečku luny
bambusem pozírám.

I HEARD THE CRY OF THE WILD

GEESE (Wej Jing-wu)

My home is there,
far, far away
far, far away
you ought to go home,
lost wand' ring heart!
So far away, my home.

In foreign darkness,
autumn rain falling,
the coldest moment
of the sad night wind:
from the height of my strange home
I heard the cry of the wild geese.
They've just flown in.
My home so far, far away.

IN THE BAMBOO GROVE

(Wang Wej)

The bamboos screen no people,
here I am all alone,
now I play a soft tune on my lute,
or whistle a quite tone.

Who, tell me good people, who knows
where the bamboos hide me, only me,
in the bamboos all alone,
in the east I see — a sickle moon
through bamboos overgrown.

DALEKO MĚSÍC JE DOMOVA

(Čchang Ťiou-lin)

Z temného moře
vyrůstá měsíc,
v daleké, v daleké zemi
ted' rozkvétá též.

Láska svůj truchlí daremný sen,
láska truchlí svůj sen,
čeká, čeká na vzdálený večer,
na vzdálený večer.

Jasněji měsíc svítí
v hoře mé.

Oblékám noční šat,
chladné je jíní.

Ruce mé, ruce,
kterak jste prázdné, říci to všechno,
říci to všechno!

Spánku, sendej mi, spánku,
sendej mi o návratu domů,
o návratu domů, domů!

Spánku, sen nemůžeš dát:
mé toužení stále mne budi.

FAR IS MY HOME, O MOON

(Čchang Ťiou-lin)

The moon glows from
black darkness of the sea,
in that far land it is blossoming too.

Love is lamenting its hollow dream,
love is lamenting its dream,
it waits, it waits
for a far-off evening.

The moon shines ever brighter through my tears.

I put on nighttime clothes,
rimefrost chills so much.

Hands of mine, my hands,
that are so empty
to say everything!

Oh sleep
give me a dream of going back home,
returning to my home, my home!

Sleep, you can give me no dream:
my yearning keeps me awake.

V PROBLĚNÁ NOC

(Chan I)

Větrem se bambus houpá,
nakámen měsíc sed.
Dochvění Mléčné dráhy stín divoké kačny vzlét.

Na naše shledání myslím,
na naše shledání,
shledání myslím,
víčka má míjí sen,
víčka má míjí sen,
Zatím, co radostí zpívám,
co radostí zpívám, zpívám,
strak repot vzbouzí už den,
vzbouzí už den, vzbouzí den!

la la la la la la la la la

HANS KRÁSA

IHR MÄDCHEN SEID WIE DIE GÄRTEN

(Rainer Maria Rilke)

Ihr Mädchen seid wie die Gärten am Abend im
April:

Frühling auf vielen Fahrten,
aber noch nirgends ein Ziel.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

(Chan I)

The moon glows from
Bamboo swaying in the wind,
the moon sits on hard Stone.
Shadow of wild ducks flying fast
across the Milky Way.

I am thinking
of our meeting,
meeting again,
my dream like sun's ray,
quivering sun's ray,
And now while I'm singing for joy,
while for joy I'm singing, singing,
mag - pie's chatter
awakes the day, wakes the day!

la la la la la la la la la

YOU GIRLS ARE LIKE THE GARDENS

(Rainer Maria Rilke)

You girls are like the gardens on an April evening:
Hot on the trails of spring, but as yet with no
destination in sight.

AN DIE BRÜDER

(Lettisches Volkslied)

Hebt nun, Brüder, meine Kasten,
sind darin drei Tränenbecher;
zwei sind voll mit meinen Tränen,
die als Mädchen ich vergossen,
und der leere und der größte ist für meine
Frauentränen.

MACH, DASS ETWAS UNS GESCHIEHT!

(Rainer Maria Rilke)

Mach, daß etwas uns geschieht!
Steh, wie wir nach Leben beben.
Und wir wollen uns erheben wie ein Glanz und
wie ein Lied.

DIE LIEBE

(Catullus)

Ach, ich hasse und liebe.
Du fragst, warum ich das tue.
Weiß nicht.
Ich fühle nur:
es geschieht und tut weh.

TO MY BROTHERS

(Latvian folk song)

Now, brothers, lift these baskets from my back—
they contain three cups of tears;
two filled with the tears I cried as a girl
and the empty one—the biggest of all—is for the
tears I shall cry as a woman.

MAKE SOMETHING HAPPEN FOR US!

(Rainer Maria Rilke)

Make something happen for us!
Look, the way we quake for life.
And we long to rise up like a burst of light, or of
a song.

LOVE

(Catullus)

Ah, how I hate and love.
You ask, why I do it.
Don't know.
I just feel:
it happens, and it hurts.

Hans Krása



VICE VERSA

(Christian Morgenstern)

Ein Hase sitzt auf einer Wiese,
des Glaubens, niemand sähe diese.
Doch im Besitze eines Zeißes betrachtet voll
gehaltne Fleißes
vom vis-a-vis gelegnen Berg ein Mensch den
kleinen Löffel-Zwerg.
Ihn aber blickt hin wieder um ein Gott von fern
an, mild und stumm.

VIKTOR ULLMANN

(12 Images by Hans Günther Adler)

GANG IN DEN MORGEN

Der Blick. Die Hände vor die Brauen und
mütterliches Licht.
Die Auen. Ein Halm. Ein Schritt.
Die Blüten tauen.

GESANG

So viel. So viel und immer mehr.
Es strömt, es rauscht,
ein weites Meer, die Flötenleicht,
die Hörner schwer.

HEIMAT

Im Grund, im kühlen Grund.
So bunt.
Der Felder Wogen, Wiesen rund.
Im Grundgeborgen Herz und Mund.

VICE VERSA

(Christian Morgenstern)

A rabbit in his grassy lair
Imagines none to see him there.
But aided by a looking lens
A man with eager diligence
Inspects the tiny long-eared gnome
From a convenient near-by dome.
Yet he surveys, or so we learn
A god from afar, mild and stern.

MORNING STROLL

The look. The hands on the brows
and maternal light.
The meadows. A stalk. A step.
The blossoms thaw.

SONG

So much. So much, and forever.
It rolls, it churns,
a vast sea, the flute is light,
the horns heavy.

HOMELAND

On the ground, on the cool ground.
Colors galore.
The fields' billows, round as meadows.
Firmly planted on the ground, heart and mouth.

DER LIEBSTEN

Bei dir, in Lachen und in Tränen.
Die Nähe, Hand und Mund.
Da Sehnen vergeht.
Bei dir kein blindes Wähnen.

BLÜTEN

Innig, warm und dicht verschlungen.
Atem - Leben zugesungen.
Bunte Kelche, Lippen, Zungen.

IN DER STUBE

Zueinander, dicht gestaut.
Sorgend mühsam aufgebaut.
Ding und Wesen. Stumm und laut.

DER NACHBAR

Gut ist Hilfe. Hand an Hand.
Tür an Tür und Wand an Wand:
Ganz einander.
Bund und Band.

GEBETE

In frommen Schalen
ausgestreut das reife Korn
und darbeut dem Hort und Borne,
der erfreut.

IM WALDE

Gesprenkelt, dicht und weit und Duft.
Die Sonne träumt, es schläft die Luft.
Es knistert, sintert. Bäume. Duft.

TO MY LOVER

By your side, in laughter and tears.
Close, at hand and mouth.
Longing subsides.
By your side, blind delusion disappears.

BLOSSOMS

Intimate, warm and tightly entwined.
Breath—an ode to life.
Colorful chalice, lips, tongues.

IN THE PARLOR

Close-knit, side by side.
Built with effort and care.
Thing and essence. Silent and aloud.

THE NEIGHBOR

Help is good. Hand over hand.
Door to door and wall to wall:
One on one, together.
Bound and bonded.

PRAYERS

Ripe seed,
scattered in hallowed vials
an offering to hearth and font:
they smile.

IN THE FOREST

Sprinkled, near and far and fragrant.
The dreaming sun, the sleeping air.
It crackles, sinters. Trees. Fragrance.

VERDÄMMERN

Hinab, hinab. Die Glocke stimmt.
Wolken glühen. Abend glimmt.
Hinab, hinab.
Der Mondhauch schwimmt.

NACHT

Komm, weicher Schlaf!
Komm süße Nacht! Komm süße Nacht!
Entspannt das Land,
gedämpfte Pracht, gedämpfte Pracht.
Und einsam in den Grund gedacht,
in den Grund gedacht.

STILLE

Ruhe. Schweigen.
Schauen und Beachten.
Still in seligem Betrachten.
Vor der Gottheit übernachten.

TWILIGHT DAWNING

Down, down. The bell tolls.
Clouds glimmer. Evening gloams.
Down, down.
The moon's whisp afloat.

NIGHT

Come, gentle slumber!
Come sweet night!
Unloose the land,
subdued splendor.
And in solitary go aground.

STILLNESS

Stillness. Silence.
Seeing and observing.
Quietly in solemn sight.
Spending the night before God.



Viktor Ullmann, by Petr Kien

ILSE WEBER

ICH WANDRE DURCH THERESIENSTADT

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt,
das Herz so schwer wie Blei
Bis jäh mein Weg ein Ende hat,
dort knapp an der Bastei.

Dort bleib ich auf der Brücke steh'n
und schau ins Tal hinaus:
Ich möcht so gerne weiter gehen,
ich möcht so gern nach Haus!

Nach Haus!- du wunderbares Wort,
du machst das Herz mir schwer.
Man nahm mir mein Zuhause fort,
nun hab ich keines mehr.

Ich wende mich betrübt und matt,
so schwer wird mir dabei:
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,
wann wohl das Leid ein Ende hat,
Wann sind wir wieder frei?

I WANDER THROUGH THERESIENSTADT

I wander through Theresienstadt,
my heart is heavy as lead.
Till suddenly my way ends
Over by the bulwark.

I stand there on the bridge
and look down into the valley:
I'd like so much to go farther,
I'd like so much to go home!

Home!- You miraculous word,
You make my heart feel heavy.
My home has been taken away from me,
I have none anymore.

I turn away, saddened and weary,
how hard it is to do so!
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,
when will our suffering end?
When shall we again be free?

ZIKMUND SCHUL

DIE NISCHT-GEWESENEN

Über ein Glück, das Du flüchtig besessen tröstet
Erinnern,
tröstet Vergessen, tröstet die alles heilende Zeit.
Aber die Träume, die nie errung'nen, nie vergess'nen
und nie bezwung'nen,
nimmer verlässt Dich ihr sehndes Leid, ihr
sehndes Leid.

VIKTOR ULLMANN

DER MÜDE SOLDAT

(Klabund)

Ein kahles Mädchen.
Heckenblaß entlaubt.
Sie steht am Weg,
ich gehe weit vorbei.
So steh'n sie alle Reih' an Reih' und Haupt and Haupt.
Was weiß ich noch
von heiligen Gewässern,
was von des Dorfes Abendrot.
Ich bin gespickt mit tausend Messern und müde...
müde von dem vielen Tod.
Der Kinder Augen sind
wie goldner Regen,
in ihren Händen glüht die Schale Wein.
Ich will mich unter Bäumen schlafen legen und kein
Soldat mehr sein.

WHAT NEVER WAS

The loss of a fleeting glimpse of good fortune once
known—memory can compensate for that,
forgetting can compensate, as can time that heals all
wounds.
But the dreams never come true, never forgotten,
never realized—the pain of their longing, the pain of
their longing never subsides.

THE WEARY SOLDIER

(Klabund)

A barren maid.
Her head shorn bare.
She stands on the road,
I pass her by in a wide arc.
That's how they all stand, row on row, head to head.
What do I know
of holy waters,
of the village sky, crimson red at dusk.
I'm riddled with the wounds of a thousand knives and
weary,
weary of all this death.
The children's eyes are
like golden rain,
the wine goblet glistens in their hands.
I want to lie down to sleep beneath trees, and be a
soldier no more.

GIDEON KLEIN

VODOTRYSK

(Johann Klaj)

Světelné stříbro,
s nímž touživé spítá stínovi lípa ratolstítá,
lahody tvojí světelný jas zpívá i v nás.

Šumí a ševeli mokřivé zdroje,
lími to zeleno zplozeno je,
smějí se smutně a tuší už teď
sněhy a led.

POLOVINA ŽIVOTA

(Friedrich Hölderlin)

Pln zlatoplavých hrušek
a planých růží sklání
se k jezeru břeh.
Vy labutě,
slícné a potíbký zpity
noříte tvář do
svatě střízlivé vody.

Žel mně, kde vezmu,
až tu bude zima,
kvítí a kde svít sluneční
a stínu kde vezmu?
Jsou němé zdi,
mrazivě mlčí, ve větru
praporeky řinčí.

THE FOUNTAIN

(Johann Klaj)

The luminous silver with which the linden branch
longingly braids its shade, the luminous sheen of your
lusciousness sings also in us.

The trickling springs murmur and rustle, from them
the green is spawned, laughing sadly in foreboding of
snow and ice.

THE MIDDLE OF LIFE

(Friedrich Hölderlin)

With yellow pears
and full of wild roses,
the land hangs over the lake,
you fair swans,
and drunk with kisses
you dunk your heads
into the sacred, neutral water.

Woe is me! where, when
it is winter, will I get flowers,
and where the sunshine,
and the shade of the earth?
The walls stand
cold and mute; in the wind
the weathervanes rattle.

SOUMLAK SHŮRY SESOVÁ SE

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Soumrak shůry sesovává se,
blížkost vzdaluje se tmou.
Večernice v nážné kráse pozvedla se
nade mnou.

Vše se rozplývá a mění mlhy táhnou
neviš kam.
Tuň jen vrací, v zrcadlení šero černým
hlubinám.

Hle, již měsíc na východě žlutne
žhavým leskem svým,
vrby sklánějí se k vodě třesoucím se
větvořím.

Mihotáním stínů padá hebece luny
čarovsit,
okem se mi v duši v krádá konejšivý
chlad a klid.

VIKTOR ULLMANN

(Three songs, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer)

SCHNITTLIED

Wir schnitten die Saaten,
wir Buben und Dirnen,
mit nackenden Armen
und triefenden Stirnen,
von donnernden,
dunklen Gewittern bedroht.

TWILIGHT SANK FROM HIGH ABOVE

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Twilight sank from high above;
All that was near already is far,
Yet first is raised high
The fair light of the evening star.

Everything shakes with uncertainty,
A mist creeps slowly upward;
Darkness steeped in black
is reflected calmly in the sea.

Now in eastern areas
I feel the moon's brightness and glow,
Hair-like branches of slender willows
Play on the nearest tide.

Through the play of moving shadows
trembles the moon's magical shine,
And through my eyes creeps the cool
air, gently in toward my heart.

REAPER'S SONG

We reaped the seeds that were sown,
we lads and lasses,
With bare arms
and sweat-drenched brows,
Under threat of thunderous,
dark storms.

Gerettet das Korn! Und nicht Einer, der darbei
Von Garbe zu Garbe
Ist Raum für den Tod.
Wie schwellen die Lippen des Lebens so rot!
Hoch thronet ihr Schönen auf güldenen Sitzen,
In strotzen den Garben,
unflimmert von Blitzen,
nicht eine, die darbe, wir bringen das Brot!
Zum Reigen, zum Tanze, zur tosenden Rundel!
Von Munde zu Munde ist Raum für den Tod.
Wie schwellen die Lippen des Lebens so rot!

SÄERSPRUCH

Bemesst den Schritt,
bemesst den Schwung.
Die Erde bleibt noch lange jung!
Hier fällt ein Korn,
das stirbt und ruht.
Die Ruh' ist süß, es hat es gut.
Dort eins, das
aus der Scholle bricht.
Es hat es gut – süß ist das Licht.
Und keines fällt aus dieser Welt und jedes fällt,
wie's Gott gefällt

The grain was saved! And not one of us suffered want!
From sheaf to sheaf,
therein lies room for death.
Oh how life's lips do swell, crimson red!
You precious ones, seated high upon your gilded
thrones,
Milfoil by the fold, glistening between lightning strikes.
None shall suffer want, we shall bring the bread!
Strike up the round, the dance, rejoice unrestrained!
From mouth to mouth, therein lies room for death!
Oh how life's lips do swell, crimson red!

SOWER'S CANT

Measure your step,
measure your gait!
The soil will stay fresh for many a day!
Here, a grain drops,
dies and is laid to rest.
Rest is sweet, its lot the best.
There another breaking
through the sod.
Sweet is the light—it has a good lot.
And not a one of them is of this world, and each
one drops by the will of God.

DIE SCHWEIZER

Sie kommen mit dröhnenden Schritten entlang
den von Raffaels Fresken verherrlichten Gang,
in der puffigen alten,
historischen Tracht,
als riefte das Horn sie zur Murtener Schlacht:
"Herr heiliger Vater, der Gläubigen Hort,
so kann es nicht gehen und so geht es nicht fort!
Du sparst an den Kohlen, du knickerst am Licht
an deinen Helvetiern knaus're du nicht.
Wenn den Himmel ein heiliger Vater gewann,
ergibt es zwölf Taler für jeglichen Mann – so
war's und so bleibt's von Geschlecht zu Ge-
schlecht,
wir pochen auf unser historisches Recht.
Her heiliger Vater,
du weißt wer wir sind,
bescheidene Leute von Ahne zu Kind.
Doch werden wir
an den Moneten gekürzt,
wir kommen wie brüllende Löwen gestürzt!
Herr heiliger Vater, die Taler heraus,
sonst räumen wir Kisten und Kasten im Haus.
Pötz Donner und Hagel und höllischer
Pfuhl, wir versteigern dir den
apostolischen Stuhl."
Der heilige Vater bekreuzt
sich entsetzt und zaudert und langt in die Tasche
zuletzt.
Da werden die Löwen zu Lämmern im Nu –
"Herr heiliger Vater, jetzt segne uns du!"

THE SWISS

Here they come marching with booming steps,
glorious as in Raffael frescoes, their gait,
clad in the history's buxom old dress, as if called
by the bugle to the battle of Morat:
"Lord, Holy Father, to the faithful, fortress and
rock, it cannot be thus, nor can it go on in this
way! You scrimp on the coals, you skimp with the
light—
don't be so stingy with your Helvetian clan.
When the Holy Father ascended on high,
there were twelve thalers for every man—that's
how it was and ever shall be,
for generations on down,
we won't forego now our claim to the crown!
Heavenly Father,
you know who we are,
humble people, the young and the old.
But if our wages
are slashed,
like roaring lions we lash!
Holy Father, out with the cash,
or the roof and the walls, down they will crash.
Hail and brimstone and thunder will drone,
we'll auction off your
Apostolic Throne!"
The Holy Father the cross
did invoke, He hemmed and he hawed,
then in his pocket did poke.
The lions turned to lambs in a flash,
"Holy Father, now bless us at last!"

GIDEON KLEIN

UKOLÉBAVKA

(Emmanuel Ha'Russi)

Lež, synáčku, lež klidně,
Lež, synáčku, lež klidně,
neplač, co se děje zlého
Tvá matka sedí u tebe,
chrání tě před každým zlem.
Kvílí, kvílí v lese šakal,
vítr, vítr se tam zvedá.
Lež, můj synku, lež klidně,
dřímej, dřímej, spi.

Noc, noc, noc, noc, stín
velmi rychle přeběhne,
nesmi se, nesmi se, nesmi se zdržovat,
zítra musí pracovat.
Zítra půjde tatínek orat v brázdě,
v brázdě bude otec chodit,
ale ty, můj malýsynku,
dřímej, dřímej, spi.

LULLABY

(Emmanuel Ha'Russi)

Sleep, my son, lie restfully.
Do not weep bitterly,
your mother sits next to you
and guards you from all evil.
The jackal howls outside,
the wind is blowing there,
lie down, my son,
sleep, sleep.

The shadow of night
will quickly fly away.
One must not be lazy.
tomorrow one must work.
Tomorrow father goes to plough,
he will go in the furrows.
But now, my little son,
sleep, sleep.



Gideon Klein

WOLFGANG HOLZMAIR, Baritone

Wolfgang Holzmaier was born in Vöcklabruck, Austria, and studied at the Vienna Academy of Music and Dramatic Art with Hilde Rössel-Majdan (voice) and Erik Werba (lied).

The singer performs in recital throughout the world, including London, Lisbon, New York, Washington, at the Risør Festival (Norway), Bath Festival (UK), Menuhin Festival (Switzerland), Bregenz Festival and Carinthian Summer Festival (Austria), and in 2008 and 2009 again in London, New York and Washington, as well as Southampton, The Hague, Salzburg, Graz, Linz and other places. Alongside his outstanding artistic relationship with the British pianist Imogen Cooper and his collaboration with a number of well-versed accompanists, his partners include Till Fellner, Andreas Haefliger, and Lars Vogt.

Holzmaier is also active in the opera world. He recently appeared as Papageno (*Magic Flute*) in Dallas under Graeme Jenkins, Faninal in *Der Rosenkavalier* in Seattle under Asher Fish and in Hong Kong under Edo deWaart, Don Alfonso (*Così*) in Lyon under William Christie and in Toronto under Richard Bradshaw, the Music Master in *Ariadne* in Madrid under Jesús López-

Cobos, Wolfram (*Tannhäuser*) in Erfurt under Gugerbauer, and Eduard (*Neues vom Tage* by Hindemith) in Ancona. Future plans include Eisenstein (*Fledermaus*) in Dallas, Demetrius (*A Midsummernight's Dream*, Britten) in Toronto and the Father (*Hansel and Gretel*) on a Japan tour under Ozawa.

Equally in demand on the concert platform, he has sung with leading European and American orchestras, such as the Israel Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Cleveland and Concertgebouw Orchestras and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, under eminent conductors including Blomstedt, Boulez, Chailly, von Dohnany, Frühbeck de Burgos, Haitink, Harnoncourt, Kreizberg, Norrington, Ozawa. Upcoming engagements include Britten's *War Requiem* with Dresden Philharmonie under Hickox and *3rd Symphony* by Carl Nielsen with the Orchestre Symphonique de la Monnaie.

Wolfgang Holzmaier has an extensive discography, and his recordings have met with critical acclaim. His numerous recordings include lieder by Clara and Robert Schumann and Eichendorff songs by various composers, all with Imogen Cooper (Philips), various Schubert recordings with

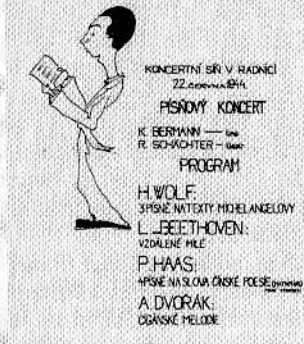
Gérard Wyss (Tudor), *Pelléas et Mélisande* with Haitink and the Orchestre National de France (Naive), and Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem* with Herbert Blomstedt, which won a Grammy award. For years he has also been a committed advocate of works, especially lieder, by formerly persecuted composers as is evidenced by his Krenek, Mittler and Zeisl CDs (ORF, epo). Since 1998 he has taught lied and oratorio at the Mozarteum in Salzburg and given master classes in Europe and North America.

RUSSELL RYAN, Piano

Russell Ryan, born in North Dakota, USA, received his first piano lessons at the age of six. After his studies at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music he continued his musical training at the Juilliard School in New York. Subsequently he went to Austria, where he studied piano chamber music under Prof. Georg Ebert at Vienna's University for Music and Performing Arts, graduating with honors.

In 1985 he became a member of staff of the vocal department at Vienna's University for Music and Performing Arts, where as of 1991 he worked as assistant in the lied-class of Edith Mathis. For several years he was also accompanist of the Wiener Singverein

and frequently gave Master Classes for lied, opera and musical theatre at international festivals, such as the Jugendfestival Bayreuth, the Wiener Meisterkurse, the Gino Bechi Festival in Florence and the Oslo Music Academy. Currently he is Professor of Practice for Collaborative Piano at Arizona State University, and is guest instructor at the Institute for the International Education of Students (IES) in Vienna, where he is in charge of the Vocal Performance Class. He also is a guest artist at the Fairbanks Summer Arts Festival. He performs regularly as a soloist and accompanist in Europe, the USA, Israel and China. He appeared in many radio and television broadcasts, recorded as a soloist and accompanist in Europe, the USA, Israel and China. He appeared in many radio and television broadcasts, recorded several CDs and concertized at numerous venues including the Wiener Festwochen, the Menuhin Festival Gstaad, the Grieg Festival Oslo and the Schleswig-Holstein Musikfestival in Germany. In addition he performed at New York's Carnegie Hall, accompanying Hugo Wolf's major song-cycles on several evenings.



Clockwise from upper left corner: Pavel Haas; Karel Berman in later years; Program featuring Karel Berman singing the premiere of songs by Pavel Haas; Ilse Weber and her family

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