



AMERICAN CLASSICS



LORI LAITMAN

The Secret Exit

I Never Saw Another Butterfly

Living In The Body

KALMEN OPPERMAN

Un seul

DIANA ROSENBLUM

Winter Rain

Kristine Hurst-Wajszczuk, Soprano

Denise Gainey, Clarinet



KALMEN OPPERMAN (1919–2010)	
1 Un seul for solo clarinet (2000)	4:04
LORI LAITMAN (b. 1955)	
The Secret Exit (2017)	16:31
<i>(Texts: Nelly Sachs, 1891–1970)</i>	
2 No. 1. What rose out of the white leaves of your body	6:47
3 No. 2. When in early summer	5:09
4 No. 3. Child	4:35
I Never Saw Another Butterfly (1996)	
(version for voice and clarinet, 1996, rev. 2018)	16:43
<i>(Texts: Pavel Friedmann, 1921–1944, Miroslav Košek, 1932–1944, Hanuš Löwy, 1931–1944, Franta Bass, 1930–1944, Bachner [dates unknown], Anonymous – all children imprisoned in Terezin concentration camp)</i>	
5 No. 1. The Butterfly	4:40
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8 No. 4. The Garden	2:05
9 No. 5. Man Proposes, God Disposes	0:52
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Living In The Body	12:18
(2001) (version for voice and clarinet, 2018) (excerpts)	
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11 No. 1. Burning the Woods of My Childhood	3:54
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DIANA ROSENBLUM (b. 1983)	
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<i>(Text: Christina Rossetti, 1830–1894)</i>	

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Lori Laitman (b. 1955) • **Kalmen Opperman** (1919–2010) • **Diana Rosenblum** (b. 1983)
The Secret Exit

Kalmen Opperman (1919–2010)

Un seul (2000)

Kalmen Opperman's hauntingly lyrical *Un seul* for solo clarinet was written in 2000 for renowned virtuoso clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, a lifelong student of Opperman. Born in 1919 on the Lower East Side of Manhattan in New York City and raised in Spring Valley in upstate New York, Kalmen Opperman's introduction to the clarinet came at the age of ten when his father, an artist and flutist from Vienna, became his first teacher. As a teenager, he studied with Simeon Bellison, principal clarinetist of the New York Philharmonic. By the age of 19, he had enlisted in the army, joining the West Point Band, and shortly thereafter began an intensive six-year period of study with Ralph McLane. After being discharged from the army, he began a career that would span more than 50 years playing in the orchestras of Broadway musicals. Opperman was also principal clarinetist of the American Ballet Theatre, Paris Ballet, Ukrainian Folk Ballet and played in commercials on radio and television. In the words of Richard Stoltzman about Kalmen Opperman, "He has held an unwavering torch of truth, for honesty, beauty, and discipline on the clarinet, and in life. His dedication to each of his students is absolute, his judgment is fierce and his life is a testament to commitment."

Denise A. Gainey

Author of Kalmen Opperman: A Legacy of Excellence, 'Passing on the Flame' (Carl Fischer Music, 2018)

Lori Laitman (b. 1955)

Described by *Fanfare* magazine as "one of the most talented and intriguing of living composers," Lori Laitman has composed multiple operas and choral works, and hundreds of songs, setting texts by classical and contemporary poets (including those who perished in the Holocaust). Her music has generated substantial critical

acclaim. The *Journal of Singing* wrote: "It is difficult to think of anyone before the public today who equals her exceptional gifts for embracing a poetic text and giving it new and deeper life through music."

Laitman's opera *The Scarlet Letter*, with a libretto by David Mason, was released on Naxos (8.669034-35) and named a Critic's Choice by *Opera News* and one of the top five albums of 2018 by *Fanfare* magazine. *The Three Feathers*, Laitman's fairy-tale opera with librettist Dana Gioia, premiered in 2014 and has since been heard throughout the US and in Singapore. *Uncovered*, her opera based on Leah Lax's memoir, will premiere in April 2021 at Utah State University.

Laitman has received many prestigious commissions, including from the BBC and the Royal Philharmonic Society, OPERA America, Opera Colorado, Seattle Opera, Grant Park Music Festival, Music of Remembrance and the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. A *magna cum laude* Yale College graduate, she received her Master of Music from Yale School of Music, which awarded her the Ian Mininberg Alumni Award for Distinguished Service in May 2018.

For more information, please visit www.artsongs.com.

The Secret Exit (2017)

The Secret Exit is a song cycle for soprano and B flat clarinet, commissioned by the University of Alabama at Birmingham for soprano Kristine Hurst-Wajszczuk and clarinetist Denise Gainey.

Kristine had approached me about composing a "sequel" for my Holocaust-themed song cycle *I Never Saw Another Butterfly*. She was particularly interested in the poetry of Nelly Sachs, a German Jewish poet who escaped the Nazis by fleeing to Sweden in 1940. Sachs became widely known for her poems about the Holocaust, and in 1966, she was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

I chose three poems that reflect on life and death. *What rose out of the white leaves of your body* examines

the poet's enormous grief following the death of her mother. This poem is a contemplation of the finality of death, the true separation – but includes memories of a lifetime spent together. The musical technique of word painting is used throughout. The opening rising and falling motif, first heard in the clarinet, is how I envisioned the mother's spirit attempting to leave her body. As the poet asks question after question, trying to come to terms with the death, the music quickens and becomes more complex. Finally, as the poet accepts the inevitable, the music calms, and to sum up the forever bond between mother and child, I repeat the word "Love".

When In early summer contrasts the wonders of nature with the inhumanity of man. The song opens with a lively tempo, happier harmonies and joyful jumping gestures in the clarinet, which are later imitated by the voice. An extended clarinet cadenza leads to an anguished cry to the heavens, asking how the world could ignore the existing tragedy while "little children were thrown like butterflies ... into the flames." The song winds down, with dirge-like music, as the poet realizes there is no justice, and the world will continue on as always, without caring. The song ends with a whisper.

Child is a heart-breaking poem, focusing on the fate of the many children who perished in the Holocaust. This child, "already without a voice" seeks "the secret exit of death," which I depict by wide upward leaps in the clarinet, as if searching for the "exit." The cycle ends with a clear reference to the concentration camp ovens, as I repeat the words "Child, Already without a voice, breathing out smoke."

I Never Saw Another Butterfly (1996, rev. 2018)

I Never Saw Another Butterfly was composed between late 1995 and January 1996. The premiere took place at Shriver Hall in Baltimore, MD in February 1996, with soprano Lauren Wagner and saxophonist Gary Louie, for whom the piece was written. The cycle was later arranged for clarinet, as performed here. The texts are taken from a collection of poems written by children from the Terezín (Theresienstadt) Concentration Camp. This camp, originally a city Joseph II built northwest of Prague and named after his mother, was used during the Second

World War "to protect Jews from the vagaries and stresses of the war." A Nazi propaganda film was made to show this mythic, idyllic city to which Jews were taken from the Czech lands and eight other countries.

In Hitler's quest to stave off any uprisings or objections around the so-called civilized world, notable musicians, writers, artists, and leaders were sent there for "safer" keeping. This ruse worked for a very long time, to the great detriment of the nearly two hundred thousand men, women and children who passed through its gates as a way station to the east and probable death. Of the vast majority of Czech Jews who were taken to Terezín, 97,297 died: 15,000 of them were children.

Each of the six poems I chose has very different imagery, allowing for a variety of musical styles. *The Butterfly* opens the cycle with a cantorial-style clarinet part, conjuring up images of a fluttering butterfly. The vocal line is set independently, while the clarinet hauntingly comments on the text. The poem was written by Pavel Friedmann, who was born on 7 January 1921, deported to Terezín on 26 April 1942, and died in Auschwitz on 29 September 1944. To me, despite the tremendous sadness of the text, the message of the poem is one of undying spirit.

Yes, *That's the Way Things Are* was written by three children – Košek, Löwy, and Bachner, whose initials combine to form the name Koleba. A very ironic text, it is set ironically. Harmonic surprises are wrapped into a quasi-folk song with a quirky, but descriptive clarinet accompaniment. Miroslav Košek was born on 10 March 1932 at Horelice in Bohemia and was sent to Terezín on 15 February 1942. He died on 19 October 1944 at Auschwitz. Hanuš Löwy was born in Ostrava on 29 June 1931, deported to Terezín on 30 September 1942, and died in Auschwitz on 4 October 1944. There is no information on Bachner.

The author of *Birdsong* is unknown. The poem is preserved in manuscript. Again in this poem, the author is able to rise above the living conditions and focus on the loveliness of life. The voice and clarinet are equal partners in this song, and the main stanzas are separated by a series of interludes where the voice and clarinet combine in a wordless duo.

The feelings of hope manifested in the earlier songs die in *The Garden*. It was written by Franta Bass, who was born in Brno on 4 September 1930. He was sent to Terezín on 2 December 1941, and died in Auschwitz on 28 October 1944. The simple tune in the voice is accompanied by a weaving clarinet part with subtle rhythmic changes. The melody builds to a climax, then abruptly comes to a close, mirroring the text's image.

Man Proposes, God Disposes was written by the three children who signed their names Koleba. The text is a commentary on what used to be, and what is. The voice is dramatically set over a rhythmic accompaniment in two sections, following the structure of the poem. Vocal glissandi descriptively end each section.

The Old House, also written by Franta Bass, ends the cycle. The poem conveys barren images, and the musical setting reflects this. The clarinet repeatedly plays one note, like a bell tolling, while the voice lyrically and hauntingly decries the sadness, futility, and desolation of the situation. The cycle draws to a close with the voice alone.

Living In The Body (2001, arr. 2018)

I find Joyce's poetry to be full of beauty, humor and honesty. Combining these poems allowed me to create a cycle about love, memory and resilience. The cycle's title comes from the second song, which progresses from humor to deepest truth. It is the poem I chose to read at my mother's funeral.

This new version for soprano with clarinet was created in 2018.

Lori Laitman

Diana Rosenblum (b. 1983)

Nearing completion of her Ph.D in Composition at Eastman School of Music in Rochester, NY, Diana Rosenblum crafts musical works that engage her long-standing love of formal counterpoint within a 21st century tonal idiom. She has written extensively for historical keyboard in 2019, foregrounding canons and fugues. Her

recent works for organ include *Prelude, Trio and Fugue (after Bach)* and *Canonic Dances*, both composed for organist Chelsea Barton as part of an ongoing collaboration. Her collection of *Curiosities* for solo harpsichord (which includes a crab canon and an "inter-manual" invention) is lovingly dedicated to her brother, Andrew Rosenblum.

At Eastman, Rosenblum has been recognized for academic achievement by way of the Imagination Fund, the Samuel Adler Scholarship and Pi Kappa Lambda membership, in addition to a four-year Sproull Fellowship, the University of Rochester's most prestigious doctoral award. She is a two-time winner of both the Belle S. Gitelman Award (2020, 2019) and the Wayne Brewster Barlow Prize (2017, 2018), and winner of the Carolyn Donato Prize (2016). She served on the Board of OSSIA New Music and, from 2015 to 2017, co-hosted a weekly new music radio show, *Music Matters*, on Rochester's LP station, WAYO 104.3 FM. Her principal composition teachers were David Liptak, Robert Morris, Ricardo Zohn-Muldoon, Robert Kyr, and David Crumb. She holds a B.A. in Philosophy from Princeton University, where her senior thesis was advised by Hendrik Lorenz, and an M.M. in Composition from the University of Oregon, where she was named Outstanding Graduate Scholar.

Please visit www.ovanovi.com for more information about the composer (who happens to be the daughter of Lori Laitman).

Winter Rain (2013)

I composed *Winter Rain* on a January day in Oregon for the Eugene Contemporary Chamber Ensemble's March 2013 program *Signals in the Noise*. No doubt the weather of the Pacific Northwest winter figured into both my choice of poetry and the musical expression accompanying its central idea: that the verdant Spring is only borne of a long-wrought season of ongoing rain... but the loveliness of the latter depends on the drabness of the former!

Diana Rosenblum

Lori Laitman (b. 1955): The Secret Exit (2017)

❷ What rose out of the white leaves of your body

What rose out of the white leaves of your body
You whom before your last breath
I still called mother?

What kind of longing-forsaken thing lies on the linen sheet?

What wound closes the suffered time
which ran out of your pulse
with starry music?

Where is the wreath of your warm embrace?
In which azure your whispered blessing?

What smile was born
at the airy sign-language
of your finger?

On which track
shall I seek the poetry of your blood?
Where inquire for your salvation?

How push away
the sucking ball from under my feet
to storm up the stair of death?

We were often
invited
to time-transcending receptions
petrified bark
pushing back curtains of sea and fire —

But now:
the woman love dismissed bent
here over the sorrow-stone-tragedy
musing on the hair of separation

and creating a time of the heart
where death breathing fills itself
and again diminishes —

❸ When in early summer

When in early summer the moon sends out secret signs,
the chalices of lilies scent of heaven,
some ear opens to listen
beneath the chirp of the cricket
to earth turning and the language of spirits set free.

But in dreams fish fly in the air
and a forest takes firm root in the floor of the room.

But in the midst of enchantment a voice speaks clearly
and amazed:
World, how can you go on playing your games
and cheating time—
World, the little children were thrown like butterflies,
wings beating into the flames—

and your earth has not been thrown like a rotten apple
into the terror-roused abyss—

And sun and moon have gone on walking—
two cross-eyed witnesses who have seen nothing.

❹ Child

Child
Child
in the hurricane of parting
kicking with the toe's white-flaming foam
against the burning ring of the horizon
seeking the secret exit of death.

Already without a voice — breathing out smoke —

Lying like the sea
but with depth beneath it
tearing at the mooring
with the spring-tide of desire —

Child
Child
with the interment of your head
the seed pod of dreams

grown heavy
in final submission
ready to sow another land.

With eyes
turned to maternal soil —

You
cradled in the notch of the century
where time with ruffled wings
drowns bewildered
in the flood
of your endless doom.

Nelly Sachs (1891–1970)

Permission to use these texts was granted by Suhrkamp Verlag and Farrar, Straus and Giroux. *What rose out of the white leaves of your body*, *When in early summer*, and *Child* from *The Seeker and Other Poems* by Nelly Sachs, translated by Ruth Mead (dates unknown), Matthew Mead (1924–2009) and Michael Hamburger (1924–2007). Translation copyright 1970 by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc. Reproduced by arrangement with Farrar, Straus and Giroux. All rights reserved. *Was stieg aus deines Leibes weisen Blättern, Wenn im Vorsommer, Kind*, by Nelly Sachs. Nelly Sachs, Kommentierte Ausgabe in vier Bände © Suhrkamp Verlag Berlin 2010.

I Never Saw Another Butterfly (1996)

❺ The Butterfly

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone ...
Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to
kiss the world goodbye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto.
But I have found what I love here.
The dandelions call to me

And the white chestnut branches in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
In the ghetto.

Pavel Friedmann (1921–1944)

❻ Yes, That's the Way Things Are

I.
In Terezin in the so-called park
A queer old granddad sits
Somewhere there in the so-called park.
He wears a beard down to his lap
And on his head, a little cap.

II.
Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums,
He's only got one single tooth.
My poor old man with working gums,
Instead of soft rolls, lentil soup.
My poor old greybeard!

*Koleba – Miroslav Košek (1932–1944),
Hanuš Löwy (1931–1944), Bachner (dates unknown)*

❼ Birdsong

He doesn't know the world at all
Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.
He doesn't know what birds know best
Nor what I want to sing about.
That the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
And earth's aflood with morning light,
A blackbird sings upon a bush
To greet the dawning after night.
Then I know fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open up your heart
To beauty; go to the woods someday
And weave a wrath of memory there.
Then if the tears obscure your way
You'll know how wonderful it is
To be alive.

⑧ The Garden

A little garden,
Fragrant and full of roses.
The path is narrow
And a little boy walks along it.

A little boy, a sweet boy,
Like that growing blossom.
When the blossom comes to bloom,
The little boy will be no more.

⑨ Man Proposes, God Disposes

I.
Who was helpless back in Prague,
And who was rich before,
He's a poor soul here in Terezín,
His body's bruised and sore.

II.

Who was toughened up before,
He'll survive these days.
But who was used to servants
Will sink into his grave.

Koleba – Miroslav Košek, Hanuš Löwy, Bachner

Anonymous

⑩ The Old House

Deserted here, the old house
stands in silence, asleep.
The old house used to be so nice,
Before, standing there,
it was so nice.
Now it is deserted
rotting in silence —
What a waste of houses
What a waste of hours.

Franta Bass

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Living In The Body (2001)

⑪ Burning the Woods of My Childhood

I am burning the woods of my childhood, tree by tree,
I am warming myself by the fire of those days.
I am remembering the faces I can no longer see.

And the places I loved that are gone from me
and the roads and the paths and the open ways,
I am burning the woods of my childhood, tree by tree.

Where the elm trees stood, where the fox ran free,
and we listened to the owl and the screeching jays,
I am remembering the faces I can no longer see.

For those who walked under the pines with me,
who cannot join me at the fire as I sit and gaze,
I am burning the woods of my childhood, tree by tree.

Thinking old dreams that no longer can be
Watching them fall into ashes, the reds into grays
I am remembering the faces I no longer can see.

While the fire goes low and night is around me,
the memory of that time rises up from the haze.
I am burning the woods of my childhood, tree by tree,
I am remembering the faces I no longer can see.

⑫ Living in the Body

Body is something you need in order to stay
on this planet and you only get one.
And no matter which one you get, it will not
be satisfactory. It will not be beautiful
enough, it will not be fast enough, it will
not keep on for days at a time, but will
pull you down into a sleepy swamp and
demand apples and coffee and chocolate cake.

Body is a thing you have to carry
From one day into the next. Always the
same eyebrows over the same eyes in the same
skin when you look in the mirror, and the
same creaky knee when you get up from the
floor and the same wrist under the watchband.
The changes you can make are small and
costly – better to leave it as it is.

Body is a thing that you have to leave
eventually. You know that because you have
seen others do it, others who were once like you,
living inside their pile of bones and
flesh, smiling at you, loving you,
leaning in the doorway, talking to you
for hours and then one day they
are gone. No forwarding address.

⑬ Lost at Table

The weave in the green tablecloth
is open. Enter, it says, and I do,
sinking down into warp and woof,
snug in a tiny linen homestead, somewhere
east of candlestick and west of tapestry napkin.

And if my disappearance is noticed,
they have ways to bring me back again:
conversation will hover, like heat-detecting
helicopters over endless acres of cornfields
and find me sleeping between the rows

or walking aimlessly, singing my song
to turn a thousand ears from green to gold.

⑭ Bring on the rain

Bring on the rain and bang the leafy
drum with sudden sticks of water.
Pull down the silver-chained curtain
and fill the window with streams
of widest water falling through
the shoreless air.

Let the rainy sky be filled with jazz:
drizzling saxophones, rivers of
trumpet, xylophone pools.
Send down some Billie Holiday
to write sorrow on our
dusty hearts.

And long may the rain fall, whispering
in a green tongue, just a summer's night
slipping like a silk dress over the
lovely bones of earth,
misty in the fields.

⑮ Crossroads

The second half of my life will be black
to the white rind of the old and fading moon.
The second half of my life will be water
over the cracked floor of these desert years.
I will land on my feet this time,
knowing at least two languages and who
my friends are. I will dress for the
occasion, and my hair shall be
whatever color I please.
Everyone will go on celebrating the old
birthday, counting the years as usual,
but I will count myself new from this
inception, this imprint of my own desire.

The second half of my life will be swift,
past leaning fenceposts, a gravel shoulder,
asphalt tickets, the beckon of open road.
The second half of my life will be wide-eyed,
fingers sifting through fine sands,
arms loose at my sides, wandering feet.
There will be new dreams every night,
and the drapes will never be closed.
I will toss my string of keys into a deep
well and old letters into the grate.

[The second half of my life will be ice
breaking up on the river, rain
soaking the fields, a hand
held out, a fire,
and smoke going
upward, always up.]

Joyce Sutphen (b. 1949)

Poems by Joyce Sutphen (b. 1949). *Burning the Woods of my Childhood*, *Living in the Body* and *Crossroads* by Joyce Sutphen, from *Straight Out of View*, © 2001 Jim Perlman, Holy Cow! Press, Duluth, Minnesota. Reproduced with permission. *Lost at Table* from *Coming Back to the Body* and *Bring on the rain* © 2000 Joyce Sutphen. Reproduced with permission.

Diana Rosenblum (b. 1983)

❏ Winter Rain
Every valley drinks,
Every dell and hollow;
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,
Green of Spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks
Buds will burst their edges.

Weave a bower of love
For birds to meet each other,
Weave a canopy above
Nest and egg and mother.

But for fattening rain
We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
But for soaking showers.

*Christina Rossetti (1830–1894),
adapted by D. Rosenblum*

Denise Gainey



Denise Gainey is professor of clarinet and instrumental music education and associate chair of the Department of Music at The University of Alabama at Birmingham. She is a Backun Artist/clinician and a Légère Reeds endorsing artist, and serves as president-elect of the International Clarinet Association. An avid chamber musician, Gainey is sought after as a clinician and performer throughout the United States and abroad, performing with the Amicitia Duo and the UAB Chamber Trio, with recordings available on Naxos, Ravello Records, and Potenza Music. She has compiled and edited a collection of clarinet solos, *Solos for Clarinet*, (Carl Fischer), and authored a book on master teacher Kalmen Opperman, *Kalmen Opperman: A Legacy of Excellence* (Carl Fischer) in 2018. Gainey holds degrees from Florida State University, the University of North Texas, and the University of Kentucky.

Kristine Hurst-Wajszczuk



Soprano Kristine Hurst-Wajszczuk was featured in the title role of *Dido and Aeneas* with Bourbon Baroque, Louisville's period instrument ensemble, and Cavalli's *Erismena* at Amherst Early Music Festival. Other engagements include Boulder Bach Festival, appearances with the Alabama and Tuscaloosa Symphony Orchestras, and several appearances with Opera Birmingham, Alabama. Radio broadcasts include Wisconsin Public's Radio *Live from the Chazen*. Devoted to both early music and recent works, Hurst-Wajszczuk regularly appears with the Birmingham Art Music Alliance (BAMA). Premieres include songs by Lori Laitman, Craig Biondi, Zeke Hecker, and performances and recordings of music by David Hogg. Her solo album of Dowland lute songs was released in 2008 by Centaur Records. Hurst-Wajszczuk is also an accomplished opera stage director: her operas have won three National Opera Association awards.

Kalmen
OPPERMAN
(1919–2010)

1 **Un seul** for solo clarinet (2000) 4:04

Lori
LAITMAN
(b. 1955)

2–4 **The Secret Exit** (2017)* 16:31

5–10 **I Never Saw Another Butterfly**
(1996) (version for voice and clarinet,
1996, rev. 2018) 16:43

11–15 **Living In The Body** (2001)
(version for voice and clarinet, 2018)
(excerpts) 12:18

Diana
ROSENBLUM
(b. 1983)

16 **Winter Rain** (2013)* 3:26

***WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING**

Kristine Hurst-Wajszczuk,
Soprano **2–16**

Denise Gainey, Clarinet

A detailed track list and full recording and publishing details
can be found inside the booklet. The sung texts are included in
the booklet and may also be accessed at
www.naxos.com/libretti/559890.htm

Booklet notes: Denise A. Gainey, Lori Laitman,
Diana Rosenblum • Cover photo by Christian Steiner



AMERICAN CLASSICS

This collection of songs with voice and clarinet has at its heart Lori Laitman's profoundly moving cycle *I Never Saw Another Butterfly*, which sets the words of hope and desolation written by children imprisoned in the Terezín concentration camp. Inspired by this poignant music, Kristine Hurst-Wajszczuk and Denise Gainey commissioned a follow-up, *The Secret Exit*, on poems by Nobel Laureate Nelly Sachs that reflect on life and death. Newly arranged for voice and clarinet, *Living In The Body* is a cycle about love, memory and resilience. The program is completed with Diana Rosenblum's delightful setting of *Winter Rain* and Kalmen Opperman's haunting *Un seul*.

www.naxos.com

Playing
Time:
53:17