



BERLIN ELECTRIC

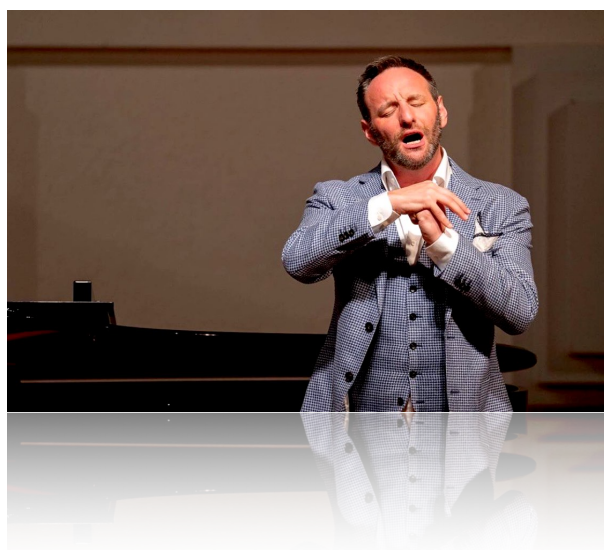
BRAD COOPER & GALINA DIMOVA

AN ELECTRIFYING JOURNEY THROUGH
THE SONGS AND STORIES OF WEIMAR BERLIN

Experience the outrageous talents of
BRAD COOPER and **GALINA DIMOVA**
and embark on a wild Weimar fuelled evening of
satire, hedonism, innuendo and gay abandon.

Experience the songs of Weill, Spoliansky,
Holländer, Korngold, Eisler, Stolz, Mackeben
and more...

From devastation to celebration, **BERLIN ELECTRIC**
is an evening of German Kabarett not to be missed!



PROGRAMME

PART ONE

Tonight or Never

1. Heute Nacht oder nie

Mischa Spoliansky

2. Die Nacht ist nicht allein zum Schlafen da

Theo Mackeben

First World Problems

3. Bänkel vom Business

Wilhelm Grosz

Sultry Lavender Nights

4. Das Lila Lied

5. Morphium (piano solo)

Mischa Spoliansky

Silver Screen Escapes

6. Frag nicht, warum ich gehe

Robert Stolz

Cabaret to Kabarett

7. Wir Wollen alle wieder Kinder sein !!

Friedrich Holländer

Joseph Schmidt: Ein Stern fällt...

8. Ein Lied geht um die Welt

Hans May

PART TWO

The Cosy Corner: Männer zu verkaufen

**1. Schöner Gigolo, armer Gigolo /
Eine Kleine Sehnsucht**

Leonello Casucci / Friedrich Holländer

Anti War Songs: Death - Burial - Uprising

2. Lied einer deutschen Mutter

Hanns Eisler

3. Zu Potsdam unter den Eichen

Kurt Weill

4. Ballade von der Krüppelgarde

Hanns Eisler

The Dead City: Resurrection

5. Glück, das mir verblieb

Erich Wolfgang Korngold

Flowers in the Garden

6. Mein kleiner grüner Kaktus

Marcuse & Reisfeld

Friendship & Hope

7. Ein Freund, ein guter Freund

Werner Richard Heymann

BRAD COOPER • TENOR

Born in Sydney Australia, **Brad Cooper** is a dynamic performer, equally at home in the world of Opera and Cabaret.

In the 2022/23 Season Brad returns to **Kammeroper Schloss Rheinsberg** as **Belmonte** in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, following his critically acclaimed 2021 role debut there as **Florestan** in **Beethoven's Fidelio**. He appears in the role of **Agamemnon** in Ernst Krenek's 1930 opera *Leben des Orest* for Theatre Münster before returning to Australia as **Siegfried** in Melbourne Opera's **Bendigo Ring Cycle**. In concert he performs **Messiah** with St Andrew's Cathedral Choir in Sydney and continues to perform his wildly successful Weimar Republic Kabarett, **BERLIN ELECTRIC** in Cyprus.

Brad's operatic career has seen him tour throughout China as Radamès in *Aida*, perform Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte* for **Opera Australia, Oper Köln & English Touring Opera**, Belmonte in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* for Oper Köln, Albert in *Albert Herring*, Raoul de St. Brioche in *Merry Widow* for Opera Australia, Almaviva in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* for **Opera Holland Park** in London, Don Alonse in Grétry's *L'amant jaloux* for **Opera Comique** in Paris, Davey in Jonathan Dove's *Siren Song* & Aubry in Marschner's *Der Vampyr* for **Grachtenfestival** in Amsterdam, Emilio in *Tutti in Maschera* at **Wexford Festival** and create the role of Clem in Misha Hamel's *Snow White* for **Nederlandse Reisopera**.

In concert Brad has performed Jonathan in Handel's *Saul* & Beethoven's 9th Symphony for **Philharmonia Choirs** at **Sydney Opera House**, Britten's *St Nicolas* at **Newcastle Music Festival**, *Messiah* and *Mozart Requiem* with St Andrew's Cathedral Choir, Sydney, the title role in Haydn's *L'orfeo* under the baton of **Richard Bonyng**.

Brad is passionate about sharing his love of music. His 'crossover' shows **A NIGHT in VIENNA**, **ARIAS in the OUTBACK** and **BERLIN ELECTRIC** have proved hugely popular. His **MAGIC FLUTE WORKSHOP** has brought the fantastical world of Opera to thousands of children in Australia, while his 2018 choir & band project, **TERRA AUSTRALIS**, introduced hundreds of Ohio students to Australian Music.

Brad studied with Maree Ryan at the **Sydney Conservatorium of Music**, the **National Opera Studio** in London and with Marilyn Horne at **Music Academy of the West**, California. He is thankful for the support of *Nance Atkinson Trust*, *Wagner Society in NSW*, *Tait Memorial Trust*, *Australian Singing Competition* and the *Dame Joan Sutherland & Richard Bonyng Scholarship*.

To keep up to date with Brad's activities visit

www.bradcooper-tenor.com

or follow Brad on social media by searching

BRAD COOPER TENOR

GALINA DIMOVA • PIANO

Born in Chirpan, Bulgaria, she studied piano at the Hristina Morfova Music Lyceum in Stara Zagora and graduated in 1990 from the Academy of Music, Dance and Fine Art in Plovdiv with an M.A. in Music Education and Piano Pedagogy. In 2017, Galina obtained a PhD on the piano compositions of Cypriot pianist and composer Nicolas Economou under the advisory of Professor Dr. Romeo Smilkov. She presented her work at the International Scientific Conference of Art and Education in Plovdiv, Bulgaria (2014); Modus-Modi-Modality - European University, Nicosia, Cyprus (2017); Moesgaard Museum – Aarhus, Denmark (2017) and many other institutions. She has authored multiple publications in English, Greek and Bulgarian.

Galina performs extensively as a soloist and is an avid chamber musician. She has given numerous solo recitals, took part in the concert *Five Steps into the Future* (2017) as part of the Paphos 2017 Cultural Capital of Europe, *Francophonie* (2017), *Piano Synergies* (2018), *J.S. Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.5* (2019), *From Theory to Practice* (2019), *Clara Schumann - 200th Anniversary of her Birth* (2019), *Homage to Bach* (2021) and many others. Galina initiated the project *Musical Bridges: The Piano Quartet* in 2019 and performed in all major concert venues in Cyprus. In July 2021, she was a musician-in-residence in NES, Skagaströnd, Iceland, where she performed *Sonitus Borealis*, a multidisciplinary collaboration between visual and sound artists, poets, writers, and musicians. Galina is a regular guest at festivals in Cyprus such as the Winter Music Festival, Bach Festival, and others. She has been a jury member in international piano competitions and collaborates regularly as a performer and composer with video artist Yiannos Economou.

Galina is the Head of Music at The International School of Paphos and a piano tutor at the Paphos Music Schools..

WEIMAR BERLIN - A CULTURAL GLIMPSE

WEIMAR ORIGINS

It's 29th of October 1918, WWI is drawing to its crashing close and unrest breaks out in the port city of Kiel on Germany's northern Baltic Coast with the formation of the **Arbeiter und Soldatenräte** (*Workers' and Soldiers' Councils*). By November 9 2018 this '**November Revolution**' had spread quickly throughout all Germany, culminating in the abdication of **Kaiser Wilhelm II** and the establishment of the **Deutsche Republik** (German Republic), better known today as the **Weimar Republic** after its Constitution was signed in the city of Weimar on 11 August 1919.

Following this soul destroying defeat Germans began throwing off the shackles of Imperialism and indulged in a period of hitherto only dreamed of personal freedom of expression, and nowhere more so than in Berlin.

Berlin became a vibrant nighttime Metropolis. The most modern capital in Europe, this sparkling neon lit City of Light attracts visionaries, thinkers and artists to flock there, enjoying the freedom to create wildly original cutting edge works of art in fields from Bauhaus, modernist music, experimental theatre, jazz and opera through to art, film, live performance and the Kabarett scene on Ku'damm.

BERLIN ELECTRIC

German **Kabarett** as a genre featured political satire, *Galgenhumor* (gallows humour), and employed cynicism, sarcasm and irony in songs, poetry and literature. French **Cabaret**, by comparison, indulged in a lighter style of comedic song, dance and theatre.

Composers **Friedrich Holländer**, **Mischa Spoliansky** and **Werner Richard Hermann** all worked together producing 'acidic material' for Max Reinhardt's *Literarische Kabarett* (literary cabaret): '*Schall und Rauch*' (noise and smoke) in the basement of Berlin's 3,500 seat *Großes Schauspielhaus*.

The **Großes Schauspielhaus** (Great Theatre), seating 3500, was an impressive example of Expressionist Architecture was designed in 1919 by Hans Poelzig for Max Reinhardt's large scale stagings, its enormous grotto like dome dotted with coloured lightbulbs forming celestial constellations. The Nazis, taking control of it in 1933, labelled it an example of *Entartete Kunst* (Degenerate Art), installed a hung ceiling to hide the original stalactite structures, renamed it the *Theater des Volkes* (Theatre of the People), and staged their infamous '*Kraft durch Freude*' Revue (Strength through Joy). After WWII it re-opened as the *Friedrichstadt-Palast*. In 1988 strong subsidence and moulding of its supports sadly saw its demolition. The *New Friedrichstadt-Palast* now stands at Friedrichstraße 107.

Undoubtedly though, the popular cultural phenomenon of the Weimar era, aside from Weill and Brecht's genre defining work *Dreigroschenoper*, was the 1930 film **Der blaue Engel** (*The Blue Angel*), starring Marlene Dietrich performing Holländer's '*Ich bin von kopf bis Fuss auf liebe eingestellt*' (Falling in love again).

While all this explosive creativity and freedom was to be swept away in the absolute annihilation Berlin witnessed in WWII, the same spirit of creativity, excess, excitement, personal freedom and limitless opportunity can still be felt in the city today.

...and it remains Europe's most exciting capital.

BERLIN ELECTRIC

TEXT TRANSLATIONS by Brad Cooper & Christian Steiner

HEUTE NACHT ODER NIE

Lied und Slowfox aus dem Film „*Das Lied der Nacht*“ *Song and Slowfox from the film “Song of the Night”*

Musik: Mischa Spoliansky (*Polish/late British 1898-1985*)

Text: Marcellus Schiffer (*a.k.a. Otto Schiffer*) (*German 1892-1932*)

Performed in the film by Jan Kiepura (1932)

MISCHA SPOLIANSKY

The song *Heute Nacht oder nie* cemented Spoliansky's international reputation. At a time when foreign performers and composers were being hampered by Unions in the UK, it ensured his successful application for British Citizenship after fleeing Nazi Germany in 1933 because of his Jewish heritage. He went on to compose for film in England and collaborated closely with Alfred Hitchcock, Paul Robeson, Richard Tauber and Marlene Dietrich.

JAN KIEPURA

Polish tenor Jan Kiepura (1902-66), perhaps appropriately, was known to introduce himself as 'The Great Kiepura'. One of the most celebrated Movie Musical stars of his day, his operatic vocal style secured him to engagements at *Covent Garden* in London, *Opéra-Comique* in Paris and *Staatsoper Berlin*. In 1936 he married fellow screen performer Marta Eggerth and soon after they emigrated to the United States due to Kiepura's Jewish ancestry. Along with this song, Kiepura is best known for premiering Robert Stolz's *Ob Blond, ob Braun, ich liebe alle Frau'n*.

Tonight or never you'll tell me you love me and I'll sing to you until dawn!

Since I first saw you I can't think of anything else.

Since I first saw you I can't resist you.

I know this night will make us both happy.

REFRAIN

Heute nacht oder nie
sollst du mir sagen nur das Eine,
ob du mich liebst !

Heute nacht oder nie
will ich dich fragen,
ob du deine Liebe mir gibst?

Heute nacht oder nie
will ich für dich allein nur singen
bis morgen früh.

Nur die Melodie:
Heute nacht oder nie !

VERSE

Seit ich dich einmal geseh'n,
ist's um die Ruhe geschah'n.
Ich denk' an dich,
an dich allein,
denk' ich bei Tag und Nacht !

Seit ich dich einmal geseh'n,
kann ich dir nicht widersteh'n,
ich weiß es gewiß,
das diese Nacht uns beide glücklich macht !

TONIGHT OR NEVER

Song and Slowfox from the film “Song of the Night”

Tonight or never you'll tell me you love me and I'll sing to you until dawn!

Since I first saw you I can't think of anything else.

Since I first saw you I can't resist you.

I know this night will make us both happy.

REFRAIN

Tonight or never
you'll tell me this one thing,
if you love me!

Tonight or never
I want to ask you
If you give your love to me?

Tonight or never
I want to sing for you alone
Until morning dawns.

Only this Melody:
Tonight or never!

VERSE

Since I first saw you,
I can't be peaceful anymore.
I think of you,
Of you only,
I think day and night!

Since I first saw you,
I can't resist you,
I know it truly,
That this night will make us both happy!

DIE NACHT IST NICHT ALLEIN ZUM SCHLAFEN DA NIGHT ISN'T JUST THERE FOR SLEEPING
Schneller Foxtrott aus dem Film „Tanz auf dem Vulkan“ Fast Foxtrott from the Film “Dance of the Vulkan”
Musik: Theo Mackeben (German 1897-1953)
Text: Otto Ernst Hesse (German 1891-1946)

Performed in the film by Gustaf Gründens (1938)

THEO MACKEBEN

Theo Mackeben studied violin and piano at the Hochschule für Musik Köln. In the 1920's he became active in Berlin as a cafe and radio pianist, especially at *Café Größenwahn* and *Hotel Esplanade*. In 1928 he conducted the Premiere of Weill and Brecht's *Die Dreigroschenoper* at the *Theatre am Schiffbauerdamm*, going on to compose music for stage and over 50 films. After WWII he became chief conductor of the *Metropol-Theatre* (now *Komische Oper Berlin*).

**Everyone else is home, tucked up in their nightcaps...
Let's dress up, hit the town and party 'til dawn.**

**Night isn't just there for sleeping, it's there for making things happen.
Drink, love, laugh and live out the most beautiful moment.
A night spent intoxicated means happiness and bliss!**

1. VERSE

Wenn die Bürger schlafen geh'n
in der Zipfelmütze
und zu ihrem König fleh'n,
daß er sie beschütze:

Ziehn wir festlich angetan,
hin zu den Tavernen,
Schlendrian, Schlendrian
unter den Laternen.

REFRAIN

Die Nacht ist nicht allein zum Schlafen da,
die Nacht ist da, dass was gescheh'.
Ein Schiff ist nicht nur für den Hafen da,
es muß hinaus, hinaus auf hohe See !

Berauscht euch, Freunde,
trinkt und liebt und lacht
und lebt dem schönsten Augenblick.

Die Nacht, die man in einem Rausch verbracht,
bedeutet Seligkeit und Glück.

3. VERSE

Wenn der Morgen endlich graut
durch die dunst'gen Scheiben
und die Männer ohne Braut
beieinander bleiben

Schmieden sie im Flüsterton
aus Gesprächen Bomben
Rebellion, Rebellion
in den Katakomben !

REFRAIN... x2

1st VERSE

When the people go to sleep
wearing their night-caps,
and plead to their King
to protect them:

We leave all dressed up,
and hit the Taverns.
strolling, strolling
under the lanterns.

REFRAIN

Night isn't just there for sleeping,
night is there for making things happen.
A ship isn't just there for the Harbour,
it must sail onto the high seas!

Intoxicate yourselves, friends,
drink and love and laugh
and live out the most beautiful moment.

The night one spends intoxicated,
means bliss and happiness.

3rd VERSE

When finally dawn breaks
through the hazy windows
and the men remain
without their women

Their whispers forge
talk of bombs.
Rebellion, rebellion
in the catacombs!

REFRAIN... x2

BÄNKEL VOM BUSINESS - Op.31, Nr.4

BENCH SONG* OF BUSINESS

Musik: Wilhelm Grosz (Austrian 1894-1939), Text: Carola Sokol (nothing known)

Composed for Rundfunk (radio) Breslau (1931)

WILHELM GROSZ studied piano with Richard Robert, composition with Franz Schreker and completed his Ph.D in Musicology at the Vienna Academy in 1920. He won the 1917 *Zusner Prize* and his orchestral works were premiered in 1921 by the Staatskapelle Dresden and the Vienna Philharmonic under Felix Weingartner. In 1924 feared critic Julius Korngold wrote 'in comparison with all these other would-be Mahlerian's, Grosz rises far above'

In 1921 he became conductor of the Mannheim Opera, relocated to Berlin in 1927 as artistic director of *Ultraphon Recording Company* and then, upon Hitler's rise to power in 1933, back to Vienna as conductor of the *Kammerspiele Theatre*. In the 1930's he broke free from his earlier Late Romantic style with Jazz inspired works like *Afrika-Songs*, using texts by African American poets, including Langston Hughes, and the cabaret style *Bänkel und Balladen*. Fleeing again to London in 1934, the British Musician's Union ban on foreign composers and performers saw Grosz working under the pseudonyms Will Grant, Hugh Williams, and André Milos.

In 1939, with the help of Erich Korngold, he travelled with his wife Elisabeth to New York and composed music for Warner Studios' Errol Flynn film *Along the Santa Fe Trail*. His daughter Eva and stepson Peter, being classified 'enemy aliens' in the UK, were prevented from joining them shortly after. On 10 December 1939, while performing Strauss' *Rosenkavalier Trio* at the home of Werner Liebman, he collapsed from a heart attack and died.

Fritz was a Business Genius and engaged to Ann-Marie, but only until yesterday's fight.

Listen and learn from it, sisters!

Anne-Marie visits Fritz at the office, only to find him more 'engaged' with his telephone than with her.

Explaining how important the telephone is for business, Fritz promises to be with her again shortly.

The usually gentle Ann-Marie, outraged by a second such 'ugly and disturbing telephone signal', screams furiously:

Go to your 'ting-a-ling' - here's your engagement ring back - I won't stay 'falsely connected'!

You've already given up love, soul, sport and Jazz, so what do you need with a wife?

Even while kissing you're still doing Business!

Get engaged to your telephone, you Business Napoleon! Adieu, we're finished!

1. VERSE

Fritz war ein Geschäftsgenie
und verlobt mit Ann-Marie.

Aber nur bis gestern.

Gestern gab es Krach.

Lernt dabei, ihr Schwestern.

Macht es alle nach !

Das war so:

Ann-Marie kam ins Büro

In sein Arbeitszimmer.

Es war nett wie immer.

Da ertönt das Telefon.

Fritz fuhr auf und rief: „Pardon !

REFRAIN

Mein Kind, mich ruft das Business.

Ich bitte, laß mich los !

In Birmingham ist Kupferbaisse,

in New-York Messinghausse !

Du weißt, das ich dich nie vergess'

jedoch mich ruft das Business,

das Business, das Business,

versäume ich das Telefon,

läuft mir das Business davon !

Geliebter Schatz, pardon !

Pardon !

Pardon, wir sind gleich fertig !"

CONTINUED...

1st VERSE

Fritz was a Business Genius
and engaged to Ann-Marie.

But only until yesterday.

Yesterday they fought.

Learn from it, dear sisters.

Everyone imitate it!

Let me tell you how:

Ann-Marie visited his workplace,

Walked into his office.

It was pleasant as always.

Suddenly the telephone rings.

Fritz jumped up and called: "Pardon!

REFRAIN

My child*, Business calls me. (*my dear)

Please, let go of me!

In Birmingham copper is down,

in New York brass is up!

You know, that I'd never forget you,

However Business calls me,

Business, Business,

if I miss the phone,

Business will run from me!

Beloved darling, pardon!

Pardon!

Pardon, we'll be finished right away!" CONTINUED...

2. VERSE

Knapp darauf saß Ann-Marie
wiederum auf seinem Knie.
Fünf Minuten später gab's das zweite Mal
höllisches Gezeter, Telefonsignal gräßlich laut!

„Stell es ab“, ersucht die Braut.
„Ich find es empörend
grell und häßlich störend !“
Aber Fritz sprach sanft: „Pardon !“
„Wichtig ist das Telefon !“

REFRAIN

Ich brauch es doch zum Business !
Ich bitte, laß mich fort !
Zwei Sätze sprech' ich nur expreß
mit Vanderbilt und Ford !

Du weißt, das ich dich nie vergess'
jedoch mich ruft das Business,
das Business, das Business,

Versäume ich das Telefon,
läuft mir das Business davon !
Geliebter Schatz, pardon !
Pardon !
Pardon, wir sind gleich fertig !”

3. VERSE

Die sonst sanfte Ann-Marie
wurde wütend.
Und sie schrie, Zorn im Angesichte:

„Geh zu deinem Kling-lingling !
Danke ! Ich verzichte !
Das ist der Verlobungsring !
Aus, mein Herr !

Mich erblickst du nimmermehr !
Keine zwei Sekunden
bleib ich falsch verbunden !
Hör, was ich noch sagen muß,
dann mach ich endgültig Schluß !

REFRAIN

Du liebst doch schon dein Business,
was brauchst du eine Braut?
Hast Liebe, Seele, Sport und Jazz
schon lange abgebaut !

Du machst beim Küssen noch indes
per Telefon dein Business,
nur Business, nur Business,

Verlobt dich mit dem Telefon,
dann läuft dir keine Braut davon,

Geschäftsnapoleon !
Adieu, Adieu,
Adieu, wir sind schon fertig !
Fertig !”

2nd VERSE

Shortly afterwards Ann-Marie sat
again on his knee.
Five minutes later came for the second time
a hellishly nagging telephone signal, terribly loud!

“Turn it off”, requests the Bride.
“I find it outrageous
garish and terribly disturbing!”
But Fritz spoke softly: “Pardon!”
“The Telephone is important

REFRAIN

I need it for my Business!
I entreat you, let me go forth!
Two sentences I'll speak quickly
with Vanderbilt and Ford!

You know, that I'd never forget you,
However Business calls me,
Business, Business,

If I miss the phone,
Business will run from me!
Beloved daring, pardon!
Pardon!
Pardon, we'll be finished right away!”

3rd VERSE

The usually gentle Ann-Marie
became angry.
And she screamed, fury in her face:

“Go to your ‘ting-a-ling’!
Thank you! I renounce you!
Here is the Engagement Ring [back] !
It's over, my Sir!

You'll never set eyes on me again!
Not for two seconds more
will I remain ‘Falsely Connected’!
Hear what else I have to say,
then I'll finally make a close! (*I'll finally finish*)

REFRAIN

You already love your Business,
what need have you for a Bride?
You have love, soul, sport and jazz
already renounced for it long ago!

You are, even while kissing, still doing
via telephone your Business,
only Business, only Business,

‘Engage’ yourself to the Telephone,
then no Bride will run from you,

Business Napoleon!
Adieu, Adieu,
Adieu, we are already finished!
Finished!”

BÄNKEL - In Germany itinerant Balladeers performed *Moritat* or *Bänkelsang* (bench song) shows for four centuries until the Nazis banned the practice in the 1940s. The genre survives in works such as Weill's *Dreigroschenoper*.

GAY BERLIN

DR MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD

Following his 'First International Conference for Sexual Reform', which called for regulations on sexual behaviour to be based on scientific research instead of religion and other cultural traditions, **Magnus Hirschfeld** established his *Institute für Sexualwissenschaft* (Institute for Sexual Science) on 6 July 1919. It was raided by the Nazis in 1933 which resulted in Hirschfeld fleeing to France where he died of heart failure in 1935 aged 67.

DAS LILA LIED (*The Lavender Song*)

Possibly the world's earliest LGBT+ Anthem this rousing song was composed by **Mischa Spoliansky** under the Pseudonym Arno Billing and dedicated to the work of Hirschfeld. It takes its sub-title from the 1919 German gay themed film *ANDERS ALS DIE ANDERN* (*Different from the Others*), which was banned in 1920. A postcard from Spoliansky to the *Schall und Rauch* revue director Hans von Wolzogen (held in the Deutsches Kabarettarchiv, Mainz) suggests that '*Das lila Lied*' was first performed there.

MASKULINUM - FEMININUM

A witty song about the eradication of gender hierarchies. Berlin born lyricist, **Marcellus Schiffer** teamed with Mischa Spoliansky to create a sensation with their 1928 musical, *Es liegt in der Luft*. It featured the wildly popular lesbian themed duet '*Wenn die beste Freundin*' which Schabach's wife, the French singer and actress Margo Lion, performed with a young Marlene Dietrich. It is tempting to interpret '*Maskulinum-Femininum*' as a confession of Schiffer and Lion's own marriage, as they were both rumoured to be homosexual. Schiffer, suffering from depression, ended his life by taking an overdose of sleeping pills.

MORPHIUM

As 'baby faced and bald' composer **Mischa Spoliansky** noted concerning the state of serious political Kabarett: "*what interests the audience: hunger, misery, suffering millions, thousands rotting away in jail? Does that interest the audience? Alas, the naked bottom of Anita Berber: that interests the audience.*"

Anita Berber, a bisexual erotic dancer, complete with alcohol, cocaine and sadomasochistic dance routines, was naturally the most notorious figure performing on the Weimar Stage. She was known to mix chloroform and ether in a bowl, dip a rose in and eat the petals. She and her dance partner Sebastian Droste, would often perform dressed in not more than low strung loincloths, which she placed well below her breasts. Perhaps most scandalously she was known to leap up on tables and drink from a wine bottle whilst simultaneously urinating on her audience members. Berber died aged 29, but not before she'd created her infamous '*Cocaine Dance*' for masked patrons at *Das Weisse Maus* (The White Mouse) on Friedrichstraße to Spoliansky's *Morphium*, turning it into a major hit for the next 5 years.

LAVENDER in LGBT+ HISTORY

Lavender, in Western culture, has long been considered a colour of desire. As early as 7th century BC the poet Sappho wrote of her erotic predilections for younger women sporting "violet tiaras".

With the invention of purple synthetic dye in the 19th century, the colour become popular in fashion. Men would pair lavender moleskin or doe-skin trousers with blue waistcoats or claret-coloured coats without anyone batting an eye. By the 1920s women would gift each other lavender flowers to signify their interest.

Towards the end of the 19th century, however, the public began linking lavender with Aestheticism and homosexuality. Newspapers denounced Aesthetes as effeminate, not least one of the prominent leaders of the movement, Oscar Wilde, who frequently reminisced about his "purple hours" spent with rent boys, and provoked a moral scandal with the homoerotic themes in "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

The 1930s saw gay men in America taunted for possessing a "dash" or "streak" of lavender, thanks in large part to Abraham Lincoln's biographer Carl Sandburg, who described one of the president's early male friendships as containing a "streak of lavender, and spots soft as May violets."

DAS LILA LIED - Anders als die Andern

Dem unermüdlichen Forscher und Freund
Herrn Sanitätsrat Dr MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD
zugeeignet.

Dedicated to the tireless researcher and friend
Mr. Medical Councillor Dr MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD.

Gemächliches Foxtrott

Leisurely Foxtrott

Musik: Arno Billing (a.k.a. Mischa Spoliansky) (Polish/late British 1898-1985)

Worte: Kurt Schwabach (German 1898-1966)

1. VERSE

Was will man nur?
Ist das Kultur,
das jeder Mensch verpönt ist?

Der klug und gut, jedoch mit Blut
von eigener Art durchströmt ist,

daß grade die Kategorie
vor dem Gesetz verbannt ist,
die im Gefühl bei Lust und Spiel
und in der Art verwandt ist.

Und dennoch ist die Meisten stolz,
daß sie von anderm Holz ! ♀

2. VERSE

Wozu die Qual?
Uns die Moral
der Andern aufzudrängen.

Wir, hört geschwind, sind wie wir sind,
selbst wollte man uns hängen.

Wer aber denkt, daß man uns hängt,
den müßte man beweinen,
doch bald gebt acht, wird über Nacht
auch unsre Sonne scheinen.

Dann haben wir das gleiche Recht erstritten,
wir leiden nicht mehr, sondern sind gelitten !

REFRAIN

Wir sind nur einmal anders, als die Andern,
die nur im Gleichschritt der Moral geliebt,
neugierig erst durch tausend Wunder wandern,
und für die's doch nur das Banale gibt.

Wir aber wissen nicht, wie das Gefühl ist,
denn wir sind Alle anderer Welten Kind,
wir lieben nur die lila Nacht, die schwül ist, ♀
weil wir ja anders als die Andern sind.

1st VERSE

What do we want?
Is this our culture,
that everyone is outlawed?

Who, though clever and good, just as with blood
that courses, loves the same 'blood type',
that nevertheless this 'Category' (*category of people*)
is banned by law,
those who feel, when at pleasure and play,
that they (this 'type') relate to each other.

And still most of us are proud,
that we're 'cut from different wood'! ♀

2nd VERSE

Why do we need to punish ourselves?
By trying to fit ourselves into morals
that those others impose.

We (*listen quickly*) are who we are,
even if they wanted to hang us.

But whoever thinks that they can hang us,
must be pitied,
but soon (*beware*), as night passes
so too our Sun will rise.

Then we'll have fought for Equal Rights.
we'll suffer no more, rather be accepted!

REFRAIN

We are undeniably different from the others,
who, in lockstep, are belov'd of morality,
who curiously wander through a thousand wonders,
but only banality remains for them.

We however don't know what this feeling is,
since we are all 'children of another world',
we love only the 'Sultry Lavender Night', ♀
because we truly are different from the others.

♀ also: **Von anderm Ufer**
= 'from the other side of the river'.

♀ **Schwül** - C17th = sultry, hot and humid

♀ **Schwul** - C18th = modern euphemism for Homosexual.

Builds on the Berlin Dialect 'warmer Bruder' (warm brother), ie. "he's sultry"

MASKULINUM - FEMININUM

Quasi Ländler

Musik: Mischa Spoliansky (*Polish/late British 1898-1985*)

Worte: Marcellus Schiffer (a.k.a. Otto Schiffer - German 1892-1932)

1. VERSE

War ein Maskulinum und ein Femininum,
hatten beide sich so gern !
Sprach das Maskulinum zu das Femininum
"Ich vertrau dir etwas ganz intern !

*Du bist Femininum, doch sehr Maskulinum,
ich bin Maskulinum, doch sehr Femininum,
So ein Maskulinum und ein Femininum,
die sind heut' zutage streng modern !*

*Darum liebes Femininum,
sei mein Maskulinum, ich dein Femininum
und dann, was uns beide fehlte,
was uns beide quälte, ist vorbei."*

2. VERSE

Und das Femininum ging als Maskulinum,
trug sein Frack und einen Stock,
und das Maskulinum ging als Femininum,
trug die Haare lang und einen Rock,

und das Femininum Kämpft für Maskulinum,
und das Maskulinum Kocht fürs Femininum,
doch das Maskulinum und das Femininum
s'hassen beide einen Bock + !

Ja, ja, denn das Femininum
bleibt fürs Maskulinum, doch ein Femininum,
und schwupps was den beide fehlte,
was sie beide quälte war vorbei.

3. VERSE

Denn ein Femininum bleibt ein Femininum,
in des weiter keiner sieht !
und ein Maskulinum beliebt ein Maskulinum,
mit den Männern steht's in Reih und Glied !

Und das Maskuline starke Femininum,
schenkt den Femininum schwachen Maskulinum,
etwas schwaches, starkes Masku-femininum,
einen kleinen Hermaphrodit !

Ja, ja, ein neutrales Neutrum *,
ein fatales Neutrum, ein totales Neutrum,
*"O Gott, dieses Maskulinum
macht das Femininum"* Nutt-Nutt-Nutt ? *

1. VERSE

There once was a Masculine and a Feminine,
both loved each other so much!
Said the Masculine to the Feminine
"I entrust to you something completely from within!"

*You are Feminine, yet very Masculine,
I am Masculine, yet very Feminine,
Such a Masculine and a Feminine
they are these days strictly modern!*

*Therefore dear Feminine,
be my Masculine, I your Feminine
and then what we were both missing,
what tormented us both is over."*

2. VERSE

And the Feminine went as the Masculine,
wore his tailcoat and a cane,
and the Masculine went as the Feminine,
wore long hair and a skirt,

and the Feminine fights for Masculine,
and the Masculine cooks for the Feminine,
but the Masculine and the Feminine
they both hate it +.

Yes, yes, because the Feminine
remains for the Masculine, still a Feminine,
and 'hey presto' what then both were missing,
what tormented them both was over.

3. VERSE

Because a Feminine remains a Feminine,
in a way no one sees!
and a Masculine remains a Masculine,
with other men he 'stands' in rank and file!

And the 'masculinely strong' Feminine,
'gifts' to the 'femininely weak' Masculine,
a somewhat weak, strong 'mascu/feminine',
a little hermaphrodite!

Yes, yes, a neutral 'Neuter' *,
a fatal 'Neuter', a total 'Neuter',
*"O God! This masculine
makes the feminine"* 'Nutt-Nutt-Nutt' ?" *

+ **Ich habe keinen Bock** - slang for: *I don't feel like doing it.*

+ **Hermaphrodite** - the couple have a 'genderless' child.

* **Neuter** - this couple's exchange of masculine & feminine traits creates a future devoid of gender hierarchies.

* **Nutt-Nutt-Nutt** dialect for 'nicht, nicht, nicht?' = isn't that right?

DAS LIED IST AUS **(Frag' nicht, warum ich gehe)**

Lied und English Waltz aus dem gleichnamigen Film *Song and English Waltz from the 'same-named' Film*

Musik: Robert Stolz (Austrian 1880-1975)

Text: Walter Reisch (Austrian 1903-83)

First recorded by Marcel Wittrisch (11 September 1930)

With the advent of the *Tonfilm* (Talkie) Berlin became the most exciting place in Europe to make movies. Composers like Graz born **ROBERT STOLZ** left careers in their homelands and flocked to Berlin to compose for the Silver Screen. Stolz's greatest triumph of this period was the 1930 film *Zwei Herzen im Dreivierteltakt* (Two Hearts in Waltz Time), the title song of which remains a Stolz favourite. Commuting regularly between Berlin and Vienna Stolz managed on 21 occasions between 1933 and 1938 to smuggle Jews and political refugees out of Berlin under a carpet in the rear seat of his Limousine. In his autobiography he recalls saving an unknown mother and her two children. Being a recognisable public figure guards would regularly wave him and his driver, Braun, through checkpoints, even on occasion requesting autographs for their wives. After a 1938 raid on his home in Austria Stolz fled to Zürich, then Paris. In 1939 he was interned as an enemy alien, but released in 1940 with the help of friends, making his way to New York, where he and his wife Einzi were neighbours of similarly exiled Hungarian composer, Emmerich Kálmán. Stolz returned to Vienna in 1946 and to this day is celebrated as one of Austria's greatest composers, with songs like '*Im Prater blüh'n wieder die Bäume*' still providing a soundtrack to the city of Vienna itself.

Don't ask me why I'm leaving. I can only tell you I love and wish you all the best in life.
The song is over, the melody has faded, nothing remains but an echo of love.
We have to part, tomorrow another will kiss you and then you'll no longer ask 'why'!

REFRAIN

Frag' nicht, warum ich gehe...
frag' nicht, warum !
Was immer auch geschehe...
frag' nicht, warum !

Ich kann dir nur mehr sagen: Ich hab' dich lieb ! *

Das Schönste im Leben wollt' ich dir geben!

Frag' mich bloß nicht das Eine,
frag' nicht, warum !
Frag' nicht, warum ich weine...
frag' nicht, warum !

Wir gehen aus einander...
morgen küßt dich ein and'rer,
dann wirst du nicht mehr fragen warum !

VERSE

Das Lied ist aus,
das du für mich gesungen,
beim letzten Klang
war mir nach dir so bang.

Das Lied ist aus,
die Melodie verklungen,
nichts blieb von der Musik zurück,
ein Echo nur von Liebe !

Die Rosen, die ich dir gebracht,
sind jetzt ein welker Blumenstrauß...
Das Lied ist aus...

*** GERMAN TERMS OF ENDEARMENT**

Ich Liebe dich = I love you (Romantic love and close family, ie. parent or grandparent to a child)

Ich hab' dich Lieb = I have love for you (Platonic love. Used while dating, close family or friends)

THE SONG IS OVER **(Don't ask me why I'm leaving)**

REFRAIN

Don't ask me why I'm leaving...
don't ask me why!
Whatever happens...
don't ask me why!

I can only tell you: I have love for you! *

The best in life I want to give you!

Don't ask me that one thing,
don't ask me why!
Don't ask my why I'm crying...
don't ask me why!

We have to part...
tomorrow another will kiss you,
then you will no longer ask why!

VERSE

The song is over,
which you sang for me,
at the last sound
I was so worried for you.

The song is over,
the melody faded,
nothing remained of the music
only an echo of love!

The roses, that I brought to you
are now a withered bouquet...
The song is over...

WIR WOLLEN ALLE WIEDER KINDER SEIN !!

(Ein Rundgesang)

Worte und Musik von Friedrich Holländer (German 1896-1976)

First performed by Rosa Valetti (1931)

We Germans were so greedy for blood! Everyone was terrified by our 'wild manly courage'!

Thunder echoed, waves surged, so we went to the front! Yes, we're all 'Little Huns', we can't help it!

Now that's over let's enjoy a good beer, skip work, loosen our belts, embrace nudity and return to nature!

We all want to be like children again. Weak and harmless, like before the Great War.

Let's live pure hearted lives of blue skied paradise and frolic, frolic, frolic upon the green meadow.

1. VERSE

Ach was war'n wir Deutschen
doch so gierig nach dem Blut ! *Hei !*

Jedem grauste gräßlich
vor dem wilden Mannesmut ! *Hei !*

Donnerhall und Wogenprall !
So ging'n wir auf den Strich !
Ja, wir sind das Hunnenvölkchen
anders tun wir's nich' !

Gott, zur Zeit der Kieler Wochen
war'n wir noch so friedlich;
und die größte Keilerei,
die war direkt gemütlich !

Dann gab's plötzlich einen Krach !
Und der Furor wurde wach !
aber heute sind wir wieder schwach ! *Juhu !!*

REFRAIN

Wir wollen alle wieder Kinder sein,
so lieb und harmlos wie vorm großen Krieg !
Wir woll'n nicht mehr die alten Sünder sein.
wir wollen würdig sein der Republik !

Ein reines Herzchen wie der Himmel blau,
ein Leben wie im Paradise !

Wir wollen alle wieder Kinder sein
und woll'n uns tummeln, tummeln,
tummeln, tummeln auf der grünen Wiese !

3. VERSE

Siehste wohl, nun hab'n wir wieder
unser gutes Bier ! *Hei !*

Trink, geliebtes Deutschland !
Halt dir senkrecht ! Wir sind wir ! *Hei !*

Löhne steigern ! Arbeit weigern !
Siehste, das erfrischt !
Sei Naturmensch ! Pflücke Blümchen !
Aber sonst tu nischt !

Wir ersetzen den Verlust
an unserem Charakter
durch den edlen Körperkultus:
täglich geh'n wir nackter !

Kleider sind ja bloß Glasur !
Löset eure Gürtelschur,
kehren wir zurück zu der Natur ! *Juhu !*

WE ALL WANT TO BE CHILDREN AGAIN !!

(A Round Song)

We Germans were so greedy for blood! Everyone was terrified by our 'wild manly courage'!
Thunder echoed, waves surged, so we went to the front! Yes, we're all 'Little Huns', we can't help it!
Now that's over let's enjoy a good beer, skip work, loosen our belts, embrace nudity and return to nature!
We all want to be like children again. Weak and harmless, like before the Great War.
Let's live pure hearted lives of blue skied paradise and frolic, frolic, frolic upon the green meadow.

1st VERSE

Oh, why were we Germans
so greedy for blood! *Hey!*

Everyone was terribly terrified
before the wild 'manly courage'! *Hey!*

Thunder echoed and waves surged!
So we went to the front-line!
Yes, we are the 'little Huns'
We can't be otherwise!

God, in the time of the 'Kiel Regatta'
we were still so peaceful;
and the biggest conflict,
was comparatively cosy!

Then suddenly came a crash!
And the furore re-awoke!
But today we are weak again! *Woo-hoo!*

REFRAIN

We all want to be children again,
as sweet and harmless as before the Great War!
We don't want to be the 'Old Sinners' anymore.
We want to be worthy of the Republic!

A pure heart like the blue sky,
A life like in Paradise!

We all want to be children again
And want to frolic, frolic,
frolic, frolic on the green meadow!

3rd VERSE

Look well, now we have again
our good Beer! *Hey!*

Drink, beloved Germany !
Hold yourself upright! We are who we are! *Hey!*

Increase wages! Refuse to work!
You see, that refreshes us!
Be a nature-lover! Pick Flowers!
Otherwise do nothing!

We make up for the loss
of our character
through the noble 'Body Cult':
everyday we become more naked!

Clothes are only a 'glaze' (*veneer*)
Loosen your belt cord,
let's return to nature! *Woo-hoo!*

EIN LIED GEHT UM DIE WELT

Lied und langsamer Foxtrot aus dem gleichnamigen Film

Musik: Hans May (Austrian 1886-1959)

Text: Ernst Neubach (Austrian 1900-68)

First performed by Joseph Schmidt (1933)

JOSEPH SCHMIDT

The Austrian-Hungarian/Romanian tenor Joseph Schmidt developed his voice as a boy soprano in the *Czernowitz Synagogue* and with Hermann Weißbenborn at the *Königliche Musikschule* in Berlin. He possessed a sweet lyric voice with an incredible high extension and versatility of style and language that made him the perfect artist for the burgeoning virtual mediums of radio and film. His first major engagement came in 1929, performing the lead in Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* on radio in Berlin. His stature of just 1.5m/4'11" directed his talents to the Silver Screen, where his phenomenal vocal performances have been preserved in films such as *Ein Lied geht um die Welt* and *Heut' ist der schönste Tag in meinem Leben*.

In 1939, as war broke out, he became stranded in France. After an unsuccessful escape attempt to Cuba he fled to Switzerland, only to be interned in a refugee camp at Girenbad near Zurich in October 1942. By November 1942 his health had declined and on the 16th he suffered a fatal heart attack, aged just 38 years old. His is one of the most tragic and wasteful losses suffered by Jewish performers during this period and we are so lucky the work of this inspirational performer has been well documented for the ages.

A song of hope encircles the earth for all eternity.

The day will come when we realise our existence together is beautiful.

REFRAIN

Ein Lied geht um die Welt !

Ein Lied das euch gefällt !

Die Melodie erreicht die Sterne,
jeder von uns hört sie so gerne !

Von Liebe singt das Lied,
von Treue singt das Lied,

Und es wird nie verklingen,
man wird es ewig singen,
flieht auch die Zeit,
das Lied bleibt in Ewigkeit !

VERSE

Wer hat noch nie vom Glück geträumt,
wenn der Winter Abschied nahm?

Wer hat noch nie verliebt gereimt,
immer wenn der Frühling kam?

Denn in uns allen
blüht die Sehnsucht nach dem einen,
von dem wir meinen,
es wär' das Glück: Die große Liebe !

Es kommt der Tag',
wo wir versteh'n:
Dasein, wie bist du schön !

REFRAIN...

A SONG GOES AROUND THE WORLD

Song and slow Foxtrot from the 'same-named' Film

JOSEPH SCHMIDT

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A song of hope encircles the earth for all eternity.

The day will come when we realise our existence together is beautiful.

REFRAIN

A song goes round the world!

A song that pleases you!

The melody reaches the stars,
all of us like to hear it!

The song sings of love,
the song sings of fidelity,

And it will never stop-ringing,
someone will always sing it,
time flees onwards,
the song remains eternally!

VERSE

Who has never dreamed of luck,
when winter took its leave?

Who has never rhymed in love,
always when spring came?

Then in us all
blossoms the longing for the one,
by whom we mean,
it would be our luck: the great love!

The day will come,
When we'll understand:
Existence, how beautiful you are!

REFRAIN...

SCHÖNER GIGOLO, ARMER GIGOLO

Lied und Tango

Musik: Leonello Casucci (Italian 1885-1975)

Text: Julius Brammer (Austrian 1877-1943)

First performed by *Kammersänger* Richard Tauber (5 November 1929)

BEAUTIFUL GIGOLO, POOR GIGOLO

Song and Tango

1. The 'Little Lieutenant', he was the best horseman, kisser, dancer... all hearts flew to him. Returning in glory, yet having nothing, he become a Gigolo.

2. By dancing for his daily bread, he lightens his Mother's poverty. At parties, where he once enjoyed champagne and singing, he dances again, but only as a Gigolo.

Refrain: Beautiful Gigolo, poor Gigolo, don't dwell on past glory.
Uniform gone. Lovers say: Adieu. Your beautiful world lies in tatters.
Though your heart is breaking, put on a smiling face.
People pay and you must dance.

1. VERSE

Der kleine Leutnant, er war der beste Reiter,
und alle Herzen, sie flogen ihm gleich zu.
Er konnte küssen und tanzen wie kein zweiter,
er kam und sah und siegte auch im Nu.

Viel Monde hat er gekämpft in Frankreich drüben,
bald an der *Weichsel* *, *Piave* *, irgendwo.
Jetzt ist ihm nichts mehr geblieben,
er wurde Gigolo !

REFRAIN

Schöner Gigolo, armer Gigolo,
denke nicht mehr an die Zeiten,
wo du als Husar, gold verschnürt sogar,
konntest durch die Straßen reiten !

Uniform passée, Liebchen sagt: Adieu !
Schöne Welt, du gingst in Fransen !
Wenn das Herz dir auch bricht,
zeig' ein lachendes Gesicht,
man zahlt und du mußt tanzen !

2. VERSE

Er wurde Tänzer; die Erde dreht sich weiter,
der kleine Leutnant tanzt für sein täglich Brot.
Wenn nur das Mütterchen einmal wieder heiter,
Sie darf nichts fühlen mehr von bitt'rer Not.

Dort, wo beim Sekt
er gelauscht der schönen Lieder,
Wo er getanzt hat in *dulci júbilo*,
dort tanzt er täglich jetzt wieder,
doch nur als Gigolo !

Segue into *Eine Kleine Sehnsucht*

* **Weichsel** - river in Poland (*Vistula*)

* **Piave** - river in Italy

1st VERSE

The little Lieutenant, he was the best rider,
and all hearts flew to him immediately,
He could kiss and dance like no other,
He came and saw and conquered in no time.

Many moons he fought over in France,
Soon at the the *Weichsel* *, *Piave* *, wherever.
Now for him there's nothing more left,
He became a gigolo!

REFRAIN

Beautiful Gigolo, poor Gigolo,
think no more about the times,
where you as a Hussar, with braided gold,
could ride through the streets!

Uniform gone, lovers say goodbye!
Beautiful world, you fell apart!
When your heart breaks,
show a smiling face,
People pay and you must dance.

2nd VERSE

He became a dancer; the earth keeps turning,
the little Lieutenant dances for his daily bread.
If only his mother could be cheerful again,
she should no longer suffer bitter poverty.

There, where with a champagne
he once listened to beautiful songs,
Where he danced in *sweet jubilation*,
he now dances there again daily,
But only as a gigolo!

EINE KLEINE SEHNSUCHT

Lied und Tango

aus der Bühnenmusik zu Fritz von Unruhs „Phäa“

Text und Musik: Friedrich Holländer (German 1896-1976)

First performed by Friedrich Holländer und seine Jazz-Symphoniker (April 1930)

A LITTLE LONGING

Song and Tango

from the Stage Music to Fritz von Unruhs “Phäa”

1. Our days are grey, long and fearful. Surely we'll be rewarded.

Let's join hands and go beautifully through them together.

Refrain: Everyone needs a little longing to be happy.

A little ray of sunshine. A fleeting dream picture that will never be fulfilled.

2. We deceive ourselves into an inner world, imagining we're a Prince & Princess!

Our days are golden and happy; forget the student in the attic and the girl from the office.

1. VERS

Mein Tag ist grau, dein Tag ist Grau;

lass uns zusammen geh'n !

Wir wollen beide an den Händen uns fassen

und uns so recht versteh'n !

Lang ist der Weg, bang ist der Weg,

sicher wird man belohnt;

wir woll'n recht fest an etwas Schönes denken

und an ein Schloss im Mond !

1st VERSE

My day is grey, your day is grey;

Let's go together!

We both want to join hands

and truly understand each other!

Long is the way, fearful is the way,

Surely we'll be rewarded;

we will hold on to beautiful thoughts

and our castle on the moon!

REFRAIN

Eine kleine Sehnsucht

braucht jeder zum Glücklich sein !

Eine kleine Sehnsucht,

ein Stückchen Sonnenschein.

Eine Sehnsucht für den grauen Tag.

Eine Sehnsucht, ganz egal wonach !

Eine kleine Sehnsucht,

ein flüchtiges Traumgebild,

eine Sehnsucht,

die sich niemals erfüllt !

REFRAIN

Everyone needs a little longing

to be happy!

A little longing,

a little piece of sunshine.

A longing to help ease the grey day.

A longing, no matter what it's for!

A little longing,

A fleeting 'dream picture',

A longing,

That will never be fulfilled!

2. VERS

Lügen wir uns, trügen wir uns

in eine Welt hinein,

und lass uns dann in dieser Welt ganz verzaubert

Prinz und Prinzessin sein !

Du bist aus Gold, ich bin aus Gold

und unser Tag ist froh;

vergessen der Student* im Dachstübchen

und das Mädchen vom Büro !

2nd VERSE

We lie to ourselves, we deceive ourselves

into an inner world,

and let ourselves in this world, all enchanted,

be a Prince and Princess!

You're made of Gold, I'm made of Gold,

and our day is happy;

forget the student* in the attic [**male gender*]

and the girl from the office!

Segue back to *Schöne Gigolo* refrain

LIED EINER DEUTSCHEN MUTTER

SONG OF A GERMAN MOTHER

Musik: Hanns Eisler (*Austrian/late East German 1898-1962*)

Text: Bertolt Brecht (*German/late Austrian 1898-1956*)

(written: 1939, composed: 1941, Published: 1943)

My son.

I gifted you the boots and Brown Shirt, *
but had I known then what I know today,
I'd have rather hanged myself.

I saw your hand 'greet Hitler' and wither.
I saw you march after him and never return.

I saw you in your Brown Shirt and didn't oppose it,
because I didn't know what I know today:
it was your Burial Shroud.

Mein Sohn, ich hab dir die Stiefel
und das braune Hemd * geschenkt,
doch hätt' ich gewußt, was ich heut weiß,
hätt' ich mich lieber,
hätt' ich lieber mich aufgehängt.

Mein Sohn, als ich deine Hand sah
erhoben zum Hitlergruß,
wußt' ich nicht, das dem, der ihn grüßet
die Hand verdorren,
die Hand verdorren muß.

Mein Sohn, und ich sah dich marschieren
hinter dem Hitler her
und wußt' nicht, daß, wer mit ihm auszieht,
zurück kommt er nimmer,
zurück kommt er nimmermehr.

Sah ein braunes Hemd dich Tragen,
hab mich nicht dagegen gestemmt.
Denn ich wußte nicht, was ich heut weiß:
Es war dein Totenhemd.

My son, I gifted you the boots
and the Brown Shirt, *
but had I known what I know today,
I'd have myself rather,
I'd have rather hanged myself.

My son, when I saw your hand,
raised in the 'Hitler Greeting', (*Hitler Salute*)
I didn't know, that whoever 'greet' him
the hand withers,
the hand must wither.

My son, and I saw you march
after Hitler
and didn't know, that, whoever leaves with him,
he would never return,
he would nevermore return.

I saw you wearing a Brown Shirt,
and I didn't oppose it.
Because I didn't know, what I know today:
It was your burial shroud.

* **Brown Shirt** - Hitler's early paramilitary group, the SA or 'Sturmabteilung' (lit. Storm Detachment) was colloquially known as the *Braunhemden* (Brown Shirts) because of their uniform colour.

In 1934 Hitler withdrew his support of the SA, ordering the 'Röhm Putsch', better known as 'Die Nacht der langen Messer' (Night of the Long Knives). This gave rise to the now more memorable and feared SS or Schutzstaffel (lit. Protection Squadron).

ZU POTSDAM UNTER DEN EICHEN...

Aus „DAS BERLINER REQUIEM“

Musik: Kurt Weill (German, 1900-1950)

Text: Bertolt Brecht (German/late Austrian 1898-1956)

First performance for Radio Frankfurt - Hans Grahl, Johannes Willy & Jean Stern

with Frankfurt Rundfunkorchester & Ludwig Rottenberg, cond. (May 22, 1929)

Late 1928 **KURT WEILL** composed 'Berliner Requiem' for a Radio Frankfurt commission. Weill and Brecht crafted a "secular Requiem that gives voice to contemporary Man's feelings about death". The Requiem honours the forgotten dead; faceless war casualties, or victims of violent crime whose bodies are secretly disposed of. The work is scored for tenor & baritone soloists, three-voice male chorus, wind band, guitar, banjo and organ.

At Potsdam under the Oaks. In broad daylight, a procession.

Up front a drum, at the rear a flag, in the middle a coffin they carried.

At Potsdam under the Oaks. Through the hundred year old dust

six men carried a coffin with a helmet wreathed in oak leaves.

And on the coffin in red lead was crudely written a verse: Every Warrior's True Home.

A memorial for many dead men, born in the Homeland, fallen on the *Chemin des Dames*.

Ensnared with heart and hand, tricked by the Fatherland.

Rewarded with this Coffin of the Fatherland. Every Warrior's True Home.

So they parade through Potsdam, for the man from *Chemin des Dames*.

Here came the police dressed in green and beat them up.

Zu Potsdam unter den Eichen
im hellen Mittag ein Zug,
vorn eine Trommel und hinten eine Fahn',
in der Mitte einen Sarg man trug.

Zu Potsdam unter den Eichen
im hundertjährigen Staub,
da trugen sechs einen Sarg
mit Helm und Eichenlaub.

Und auf dem Sarge mit Mennigerot
da war geschrieben ein Reim,
die Buchstaben sahen häßlich aus:
„Jedem Krieger sein Heim !
Jedem Krieger sein Heim !“

Das war zum Angedenken
an manchen toten Mann,
geboren in der Heimat,
gefallen am Chemin des Dames. *

Gekrochen einst mit Herz und Hand
dem Vaterland auf den Leim, +
belohnt mit dem Sarge vom Vaterland:
jedem Krieger sein Heim.

So zogen sie durch Potsdam
für den Mann am Chemin des Dames,
da kam die grüne Polizei ☆
und haute sie zusammen !

AT POTSDAM UNDER THE OAKS...

From "THE BERLIN REQUIEM"

At Potsdam under the Oaks
in broad daylight a procession,
at the front a drum and the rear a flag,
in the middle a coffin they carried.

At Potsdam under the Oaks
in the hundred-year-old dust
there carried six men a coffin
with a helmet and oak leaves wreathed.

And on the coffin in red lead
there was written a verse,
the lettering looked ugly:
"Every warrior his true home!
Every warrior his true home!"

That was to the memory
of many dead men,
born in the homeland,
fallen on the 'Chemin des Dames'. *

Ensnared completely with heart and hand
tricked by the Fatherland, +
rewarded with the Coffin of the Fatherland:
every warrior's true home.

So they paraded through Potsdam
for the man from 'Chemin des Dames'
the police arrived, dressed in green ☆
and beat them up!

* **Chemin des Dames (Ladies Path)**

Bloody 1917 WWI offensive between France & Germany
French losses: 37,000 - German Losses: 35,000

+ **auf den Leim gegangen**

literally: gone on the glue (and now you're stuck)

☆ **grüner Polizei** - Berlin Police wore green uniforms

BALLADE VON DER KRÜPPELGARDE

Op.18, Nr.1 (Published 1930)

Musik: Hanns Eisler (Austrian/late East German 1898-1962)

Text: David Weber (a.k.a. Robert David Winterfeld) (German 1899-1978)

**We are the Crippled Brigade.
The most beautiful Brigade in the world.**

**Our Lieutenant comes from the grave.
Our Captain has a stump.**

**Our Field Marshall crawls along the ground
now he's only a torso.**

**We are the Brigade of the Crippled
and every second man is fitted with a wooden
club directly onto the bone.**

Wir sind die Krüppelgarde,
die schönste Garde der Welt;
wir zählen fast eine Milliarde,
wenn man die Toten mitzählt.

Die Toten können nicht mitgehn,
die müssen im Grabe sein
und wir können nicht im Schritt gehn,
die Mehrzahl hat nur ein Bein.

Unser Leutnant kommt von den Toten,
unser Hauptmann hat einen Stumpf,
unser Feldmarschall kriecht am Boden
und ist nur noch ein Rumpf.

Wir sind die Garde der Krüppel
und jedem zweiten Mann
schnallt man solide Knüppel
direkt an den Knochen an.

Sie sagten:
*Es sind die Prothesen
viel schöner als Arm und Bein.*

Sie sagten:
*die blinden lesen
mit den Fingern noch mal so fein.*

Und könnten die Toten genesen,
sie brächten sie auch noch in Trab,
statt hoffnungslos zu verwesen
in einem Massengrab.

Sie sagten:
*Nun geht man wieder an die Arbeit
und faulenz nicht.*

Sie sagten:
*Es tun die falschen Glieder
am Fließband auch ihre Pflicht!*

CONTINUED...

BALLADE OF THE CRIPPLED BRIGADE

**They say: *prosthetics are more beautiful than limbs.*
They say: *the blind read better with 'these' fingers.***

**They'd rather teach the dead to march
than let them rot in a mass grave.**

**They say: *get back to work and don't be lazy.*
They say: *artificial limbs help your conveyer belt duties!***

**Just wait, though we limp
we'll march full strength against you.**

We are the first line in the World Revolution!

We are the Crippled Brigade,
the most beautiful brigade in the world;
we number almost a billion
if you count those who are dead.

The dead can't march along,
they have to stay in their graves,
and we cannot march in step
as most of us have only one leg.

Our Lieutenant comes from the dead,
our Captain has a stump,
our Field Marshall crawls along on the ground,
now that he's only a torso.

We are the Brigade of the Crippled
and every second man
is fitted with a solid club (*wooden leg*)
directly onto the bare bone.

They said:
*These prosthetics are
more beautiful than legs and arms.*

They said:
*The blind read
With these fingers, so much better.*

And if only the dead could recover,
They'd teach them to march in step,
Rather than hopelessly let them rot
in a mass grave.

They said:
*Now everyone go back to your work,
and don't be lazy.*

They said:
*These artificial limbs allow you to
perform your duty on the conveyer belt!*

CONTINUED...

Wartet ab, wenn wir auch hinken,
gegen euch werd'n wir stramm marschier'n.
Was tut's wenn wir zum linken
das rechte Bein verlier'n.

Wir sind die Krüppelgarde,
das stärkste Bataillon,
die allererste Reihe
in der Weltrevolution.

Just wait and see, though we limp,
we'll march full strength against you.
What does it matter, if next to our left
We also lose our right leg.

We are the Crippled Brigade,
the strongest corps,
the front line
in the World Revolution!

HANNS EISLER

Hanns Eisler is one of the most fascinating musical figures of the interwar and post-war periods.

Son of Rudolf, a philosophy professor and Jewish, and Marie, a Lutheran, Eisler's bother, Gehart, was a communist journalist and his sister, Elfriede, a leader in the *German Communist Party* and member of the *Reichstag* (German Parliament) 1924-28. Elfriede eventually turned anti-Stalinist, even testifying against her brothers before the *House Un-American Activities Committee*. With this family pedigree it's perhaps unsurprising Eisler joined a Socialist Youth Group aged 14.

WWI saw Eisler wounded several times as a front-line soldier in the Austro-Hungarian Army. 1919-23 he returned to Vienna to study under Arnold Schoenberg. Moving to Berlin in 1925, Eisler quickly became involved in the *Novembergruppe* (November Group), a leftist organisation of artists taking its name from the month the *German Revolution*, a conflict at the close of WWI, commenced, resulting in the overthrow of the Monarchy and the establishment of the *Weimar Republic*, and whose members included composers Kurt Weill and Stefan Wolpe. He was also an active member of the *Communist Party of Germany* and taught at the *Marxist Workers' School*.

Around this same time, to Schoenberg's dismay, Eisler's style moved away from the *twelve-tone* and *serialist* techniques of the *Second Viennese School* and towards a more jazz, cabaret and politicised output. At this same time he met Bertolt Brecht and their songs from this period looked at life from the perspectives of prostitutes, hustlers, the unemployed and working poor. This collaboration lasted the rest of Brecht's life.

Eisler and Brecht, along with Weill and countless others, headed into exile when their work was banned by the Nazi's in 1933. Initially making two visits to the United States Eisler emigrated to New York on a permanent visa in 1938. 1942 he joined Brecht in California, completing his *Hollywood Songbook* (1938-43) and composing music for eight Hollywood films, of which *Hangmen Also Die* (1944, with Fritz Lang and Brecht) and *None but the Lonely Heart* (1955) were nominated for Oscars.

One of the first artists to be placed on the *Hollywood Blacklist*, Eisler was dubbed "*the Karl Marx of music*". Supporters, including Charlie Chaplin, Igor Stravinsky, Aaron Copland and Leonard Bernstein, staged concerts to fund his defence, but couldn't prevent his deportation on 26 March, 1948. Eisler returned only briefly to Austria before settling in East Germany for the remainder of his life. In his new homeland, in quite a departure from his usual style, Eisler composed the DDR's rousing National Anthem "*Auferstanden aus Ruinen*" (1949, "Risen from Ruins") and completed his *Deutsche Sinfone* (1935-58, texts by Brecht and Ignazio Silone). Following Eisler's death East Berlin's main music university was re-named *Hochschule für Musik "Hanns Eisler"* in his honour, and remains so today.

GLÜCK, DAS MIR VERBLIEB

Aus „Die tote Stadt“

Musik: Erich Wolfgang Korngold (Austrian 1897-1957)

Libretto: Paul Schott (a.k.a. Julius & Erich Korngold)

After the 1892 novel 'Bruges-la-Morte' by Georges Rodenbach

Duel Premiere: Köln + Hamburg (4 December 1920)

Köln: Karl Schöder/Joanna Klemperer (*Paul/Marietta*), Otto Klemperer (*conductor*)

Hamburg: Richard Schubert/Annie Münchow (*Paul/Marietta*), Egon Pollak (*conductor*)

JOY, THAT HAS REMAINED WITH ME

From "The Dead City"

Die tote Stadt was one of the great cultural hits of the 1920's, and the first international success for then 23 year old **ERICH KORNGOLD**. The work's central theme of overcoming grief and loss undoubtedly fuelled it's success in a world still recovering from the trauma of WWI. Performances followed all around the world, including the Metropolitan Opera in New York. The Berlin premiere on 12 April 1924 starred Lotte Lehmann and Richard Tauber under the baton of George Szell. Banned by the Nazi's due to Korngold's Jewish heritage, it fell into obscurity until a Volksoper Wien production in 1967 re-awoke the world to this Late Romantic masterpiece.

In 1934 Max Reinhardt invited Korngold to score his first American film, *A Midsummer Nights Dream*. Korngold quickly became the father of the American film score, composing celebrated music for many films, including Errol Flynn's *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, *Captain Blood* and *Kings Row*, starring a young Ronald Reagan.

Paul's wife Marie has died.

He recalls a song she used to sing and longs for them to be together again.

Joy that remains with me, give me back my true love.

Though sorrow draws near, turn your pale face to me, death won't part us.

If you must leave me, believe, you'll rise again.

*Glück, das mir verblieb,
rück zu mir mein treues Lieb.
Abend sinkt im Hag
bist mir Licht und Tag.
Bange pochet Herz an Herz
Hoffnung schwingt sich himmelwärts.*

*Wie wahr, ein traurig Lied.
Das Lied vom treuen Lieb,
das sterben muß.*

*Ich kenne das Lied.
Ich hört es oft in jungen,
in schöneren Tagen...*

*Es hat noch eine Strophe
weiß ich sie noch?*

*Naht auch Sorge trüb,
rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.
Neig dein blaß Gesicht
Sterben trennt uns nicht.
Mußt du einmal von mir geh'n,
glaub, es gibt ein Auferstehen.*

*Joy, that has remained with me,
give me back my true love.
Evening sinks in the grove,
you are my light and day.
Anxiously beating heart near heart
Hope soars heavenward.*

*How true, a sorrowful song.
The song of true love
that must die.*

*I know this song
I heard it often in younger,
more beautiful days...*

*It has another verse
Do I know it still?*

*Although dismal sorrow draws near,
Return to me, my true love.
Turn your pale face to me
Death won't part us.
If you must leave me,
believe, you will rise again.*

MEIN KLEINER GRÜNER KAKTUS

Musik: Albrecht Marcuse (a.k.a. Rolf Marbot) (Polish 1906-75) & Bert Reisfeld (Austrian 1906-91)
Text: Hans Herda (a.k.a. Bert Reisfeld), adapted from the French song: *J'aime une Tyrolienne*
Recorded by Comedian Harmonists (1934)

Flowers in the garden, about twenty varieties: roses, tulips and daffodils.

These days the fine folk can afford them, but I don't need to know any of that...

My Little Green Cactus sits on the balcony, *hollari, hollari, hollaro!*

What do I need with red roses, what do I need with red poppies?

And when a villain says something nasty I fetch my cactus and it stings, stings, stings.

At 4am there's a knock at the door. A visitor so early in the day?

It was Mr Krause, from the neighbour house. He says: *Excuse me when I ask:*

You have a cactus outside on your Balcony? It just fell down, what do you think about that?

It fell onto my face, whether you believe it or not. Now I know your Little Green Cactus stings.

Kindly keep your cactus somewhere else.

1. VERSE

Blumen im Garten,
so zwanzig Arten,
von Rosen, Tulpen und Narzissen,
leisten sich heute die feinen Leute.
Das will ich alles gar nicht wissen.

1. REFRAIN

Mein kleiner grüner Kaktus
steht draußen am Balkon,
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

Was brauch' ich rote Rosen,
was brauch' ich roten Mohn,
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

Und wenn ein Bösewicht
was ungezog'nes spricht,
dann hol' ich meinen Kaktus
und der sticht, sticht, sticht.

Mein kleiner grüner Kaktus
steht draußen am Balkon,
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

3. VERSE

Heute um viere klopft's an die Türe,
nanu, Besuch so früh am Tage?
Es war Herr Krause vom Nachbarhause,
er sagt: "Verzeih'n Sie wenn ich frage:

3. REFRAIN

Sie hab'n doch 'nen Kaktus
da draußen am Balkon,
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

Der fiel soeben runter,
was halten Sie davon?
Hollari, hollari, hollaro!

Er fiel mir aufs Gesicht
obs' glauben oder nicht
jetzt weiß ich, daß Ihr kleiner grüner Kaktus sticht.

Bewahr'n Sie Ihren Kaktus
gefälligst anderswo,
hollari, hollari, hollaro!"

MY LITTLE GREEN CACTUS

Musik: Albrecht Marcuse (a.k.a. Rolf Marbot) (Polish 1906-75) & Bert Reisfeld (Austrian 1906-91)
Text: Hans Herda (a.k.a. Bert Reisfeld), adapted from the French song: *J'aime une Tyrolienne*
Recorded by Comedian Harmonists (1934)

1st VERSE

Flowers in the garden,
about twenty varieties,
Roses, tulips and daffodils,
Today the fine folk afford these for themselves.
I don't want to know any of that.

1st. REFRAIN

My little green cactus
stands outside on the balcony
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

What do need red roses for,
what do I need red poppies for,
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

And when a villain
says something nasty,
I fetch my cactus
and it stings, stings, stings.

My little green cactus
stands outside on the balcony
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

3rd VERSE

Today, at 4am, there's a knock at the door
Oh, a visitor so early in the day?
It was Mr. Krause, from the neighbour house
He says: "excuse me if ask you:

3rd CHORUS

Don't you have a cactus
outside on your balcony,
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

It just fell down,
what do you think about that?
hollari, hollari, hollaro!

It fell on my face
whether you believe it or not
now I know that your little green cactus stings.

Kindly keep your cactus
somewhere else,
hollari, hollari, hollaro!"

EIN FREUND, EIN GUTER FREUND

*Marschlied aus der Tonfilm-Operette
„Die drei von der Tankstelle“*

Musik: Werner Richard Heymann (German 1896-1961)

Text: Robert Gilbert (a.k.a. Robert David Winterfeld) (German 1899-1978)

First recorded by Marek Weber (1930)

Performed in the film by: Willy Fritsch, Oskar Karlweis & Heinz Rühmann

A FRIEND, A GOOD FRIEND

*Marching-song from the Talkie-Operetta
“The three from the Petrol Station”*

Working at a petrol station, three friends inadvertently fall for the same woman.

**To avoid jeopardising their friendship they all swear to forsake her,
as true friendship is the greatest treasure on earth.**

1. VERSE

Sonniger Tag ! Wonniger Tag !
Klopfendes Herz und der Motor ein Schlag !
Lachendes Ziel ! Lachender Start
und eine herrliche Fahrt !

Rom und Madrid nehmen wir mit.
So ging das Leben im Taumel zu dritt!
Über das Meer, über das Land
haben wir eines erkannt:

1. REFRAIN

Ein Freund, ein guter Freund,
das ist das Schönste was es gibt auf der Welt.

Ein Freund, bleibt immer Freund,
und wenn die ganze Welt zusammen fällt.

Drum sei auch nie betrübt,
wenn dein Schatz dich nicht mehr liebt.

Ein Freund, ein guter Freund,
das ist der größte Schatz, den's gibt.

2. REFRAIN

Ein Freund, ein wirklicher Freund,
das ist doch das Größte und Beste
und Schönste was es gibt auf der Welt.

Ein Freund, bleibt immer dir Freund,
und wenn auch die ganze, die schlechte,
die wacklige, alberne Welt
vor der Augen zusammen dir fällt,

ja, so sei auch niemals betrübt,
wenn dein Schatz dich auch nicht mehr liebt.

Ein Freund, ein wirklicher Freund
das ist doch der größte Schatz, den's gibt.

1st VERSE

Sunny Day! Blissful Day!
Pounding heart and the engine banging!
Laughing target! Laughing start!
and a wonderful journey!

Rome and Madrid, we'll take with us.
So goes life in a frenzy for three!
Over the sea, over the land
We've known one thing:

1st REFRAIN

A friend, a good friend,
that is the most beautiful thing there is in the world!

A friend, remains always a friend,
even if the whole world ends.

Therefore don't be sad,
when your darling no longer loves you.

A friend, a good friend
that is the greatest treasure there is.

2nd REFRAIN

A friend, a real friend,
that is however the greatest and best
and most beautiful that there is in the world.

A friend, remains always your friend,
and if also the whole, the bad,
the shaky, silly world
before your eyes around you falls,

Yes, so be also never sad,
when your darling you also no longer loves.

A friend, a real friend
That is truly the greatest treasure there is.

TEXT TRANSLATIONS ©2021

BRAD COOPER & CHRISTAIN STEINER

PROGRAMME CREATED BY BRAD COOPER

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