

CEDILLE



Jewish Cabaret In Exile

New Budapest
Orpheum Society

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New Budapest Orpheum Society

Julia Bentley, mezzo-soprano
Stewart Figa, baritone
Ilya Levinson, piano
Iordanka Kissiova, violin
Henry Tausend, drums
Stewart Miller, bass
Philip V. Bohlman, artistic director

**To the memory of our friend
and fellow New Budapesteer
Peter Blagoev**

Ruik, ruik shokelt ir geloktes grines kep'l mayn vaysinke
Beryozkele un davent on a shir;
yedes, yedes, bletele irs sheptchet shtil a t'file
zy shoin, klein Beryozkele, mispalel euch fa mir.

*Peacefully, peacefully rock your little green-braided cap,
My little white birch, who prays without peace.
Each little leaf quietly makes a wish,
Dear little birch, accept my prayer among these.*

— from Viktor Ullmann, *Three Yiddish Songs*

Acknowledgments

The twentieth-century creators and performers of Jewish cabaret never failed to recognize that their endeavors reflected an intense engagement with the work of the collective. Inspired by our musical forebears, the New Budapest Orpheum Society is no less indebted to the many rather than the few, and we wish to thank all those who make our labors and this CD possible. An Ensemble-in-Residence at the University of Chicago, we thank Martha Roth, Dean of the Humanities Division and stalwart on the Committee of Jewish Studies, as well as Martha Feldman, Acting Chair of the Music Department. We do not forget all that Mary Jean Kraybill did as we extended our public beyond the University of Chicago. George Rosenbaum was a special friend, because he really cared; we have included a song by Hermann Leopoldi especially for him. The debt of thanks we owe to Cedille Records is simply enormous: Special thanks to Jim Ginsburg, Bill Maylone, Cindy Ross, Melanie Germond, and Nancy Bieschke. Peter Blagoev was in our midst during the years we prepared this CD, and we are thankful to be able to sound his voice once again.

Producer: James Ginsburg / Engineer: Bill Maylone / Graphic Design: Melanie Germond
Cover: Boris Borvine Frenkel (1895–1984): *Jewish Musicians in the Snow*, c.1930 (oil on canvas) © Bridgeman Art Library
Recorded April 2-4, 2008 in the Fay and Daniel Levin Performance Studio, WFMT, Chicago

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PROMISE ME, YOU WILL NOT SUDDENLY FALL SILENT JEWISH CABARET IN EXILE

Philip V. Bohlman

Du kleiner Kasten, den ich flüchternd trug
Daß seine Lampen mir auch nicht zerbrächen
Besorgt von Haus zum Schiff, vom Schiff zum Zug
Daß meine Feinde weiter zu mir sprächen

An meinem Lager und zu meiner Pein
Der letzten nachts, der ersten in der Früh'
Von ihren Siegen und von meiner Müh:
Versprich mir, nicht auf einmal stumm zu sein!

You, tiny box I carried while I fled,
So no harm would come to your lamps,
From house to ship, from ship to train, in my care,
So that my enemies might still speak to me,

Wherever I am, and despite my distress,
At night's close, at dawn's break,
About their victories and about my struggle:
Promise me, you will not suddenly fall silent!

Bertolt Brecht: Auf den kleinen Radioapparat
From *Steffinische Sammlung*; set by Hanns Eisler as
An den kleinen Radioapparat, in *Hollywood Songbook* (1942–43)

Jewish History as Exile

Song has been the language of exile throughout the long course of Jewish history. Song chronicled the possibilities of survival, through hopefulness and in despair. Song provided a home in which the language of the everyday lived on, be that language Yiddish or Ladino, or even more the literary languages that never would have known modernity without Jewish influence. Song preserved all that was precious. Song resisted oppression and the oppressors, fighting back even as the last resort. Song struggled under the burden of futility and irony. In the exile unleashed by diaspora (the centuries of exile endured by Jews after the destruction of the Second Temple in Jerusalem in 70 CE), and holocaust alike, song echoed the language of the victor no less than of the vanquished (see Kertész 2003).*

Jewish cabaret was born of and borne by the exiled language of song, and it was thus destined to perform a vexed doubleness. Bertolt Brecht's "Auf den kleinen Radioapparat" ("On the Little Radio") and its transformation into one of the great anthems of Jewish cabaret in exile, Hanns Eisler's "An den kleinen Radioapparat" (*Dancing on the*

Edge of a Volcano track [18]), could not bear more trenchant witness to that doubleness. Through the 1930s and 1940s Brecht and Eisler followed intersecting paths of exile, variously through Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, the United States, and then back to a Germany divided into two.

They did not travel alone on these paths of exile, but were joined, however briefly, by fellow travelers of exile, among them Kurt Tucholsky, Anna Seghers, Friedrich Holländer, Joseph Roth, Kurt Weill, Arnold Zweig — the cast of characters envoicing the language of exile is as endless as exile itself. When these fellow travelers survived — and many did not — they translated the fragile and traumatic world around them with the language of exile. Their medium of translation was the common voice that song, like no other form of expression, made possible.

Cabaret conjoins the paths of exile as metaphor and reality, always taking the closing command of "To the Little Radio" seriously. In his setting of the Brecht poem, Hanns Eisler sets a critical modulation in motion. Indeed, he did this with all the Brecht poems that he gathered from the poet's Hollywood collections (see Brecht 1981: 727–821) and reassembled for his *Hollywood Songbook* (see

*see bibliography on p. 32 for complete citations

Roth 2007; Bohlman and Bohlman 2007). The slight adjustment of the title from “On the Little Radio” to “To the Little Radio” affords the song a new agency. Ironically, the radio in the song embodies the disembodied voices of the poem. Whereas the text comes to a halt in the poem, in the song it continues to ring forth. The music that continues to ring forth because of those who carried these repertoires with them during exile powerfully inflects the language of that exile with the linguistic and political dialects mustered by cabaret.

The creators and performers of cabaret are unusually and uncannily drawn into its rootlessness in the rootlessness of exile. It is in the uncanny transience of cabaret, moreover, that the question of its Jewishness arises. The songs on this CD raise that question in many different forms, but they resist conclusive answers to it. Cabaret does not lend itself to a division between Jewish and non-Jewish. Brecht, after all, was not Jewish, Eisler was. Jewish cabaret forms when the non-Jewish and Jewish intersect, when, that is, they become inseparable. What becomes evident in the songs gathered by the New Budapest Orpheum Society for this CD is that, in the course of the twentieth century, so dominated by exile, cabaret was overwhelmingly Jewish. Jewish cabaret lent

its voice, insistently, to the languages of exile (see Bohlman 2006).

The link of cabaret to Jewish exile draws us into larger discussions of Jewish music itself, so fraught throughout cultural history with the dilemma of identity. So explicit is exile in Jewish music that we might ask whether it is fundamental to making music Jewish. Friday evening Sabbath services open when *Shechina*, the feminine presence of God, is musically welcomed into the Jewish community gathered in the synagogue with the song “Lecha dodl,” (Come, My Beloved). Symbolically, also physically and musically, the Sabbath Bride of “Lecha dodl” thus represents a moment of rest in the journey of exile and diaspora.

Diaspora, in its core of historical meaning and capacity to generate diversity within Jewish culture, also provides a critical repertory of metaphor to make music Jewish within exile. How, of course, is it possible to separate exile from diaspora? Ritually or musically? Placelessness and pogrom (the physical attacks on and destruction of Jewish towns), too, accompany diaspora and are accompanied by exile, realizing the aesthetics of silence and tragedy, but also of soteriology (the capacity to arise again from destruction and death), that is of revival (see,

e.g., Adler 2008; Benz and Neiss 1994; Mertz 1985; Sebald 1992). Jewish folk song and traditional music assume new form through revival as icons of wandering and exile, the path even of Jewish children toward a promised land, as in the “Wanderlied” published by the great chronicler of Jewish music in diaspora, Abraham Zvi Idelsohn, in Figure 1 below juxtaposing the very humanness (*Mensch*) of exile with song:

- Gad, Efraim, Chaim, Dan,
Let’s go, we want to journey to the
Garden of Eden!
Stand in rank and file,
We soldiers, march forward!
One, two, halt! One, two, halt!
- Hands to your side, back straight!
Pay attention to where you’re going!
Everyone march straight ahead!
Make sure you march quickly on!
One, two, halt! One, two, halt!
- The sun is as warm as the oven coals,
Sweat runs from every brow;
But be silent! Put your hand over your
mouth!
Who would hum on a day like today?
One, two, halt! One, two, halt!

Fig. 1
Wanderlied für Kinder
Marching Song for Children
by Abraham Zvi Idelsohn

MENSCH
Zum Spielen und Singen für Kinder

שיר לילדים (Wanderlied für Kinder)
Marchenstempel 2/4 Takt (2. Strophen ohne 3. Halb)

1. Gad, Efraim, Chaim, Dan,
Lasst uns gehen in den Garten
Stellt euch auf in Reih und Glied
Wir Soldaten, marschier, marsch!
Eins, zwei, halt! Eins, zwei, halt!

2. Hand zur Seite, Rücken gerade!
Achtet gut auf euer Schritte!
Jeder nur marschiere aufrecht!
Ruh! euch, schweigt laut und schweigt!
Eins, zwei, halt! Eins, zwei, halt!

3. Sonne leuchtet wie Ofenglut,
Schweiß von jedem Haupte rann,
Aber schweigt! Hand auf den Mund!
Wer wird brummen an solchem Tag?
Eins, zwei, halt! Eins, zwei, halt!

גאד, עפראים, צחיים, דן,
לסען אונזערן גארטן
שטעל אונז אפ אין ריי און גליד
ויר סאלדאטן, מארשיר, מארשיר!
ענס, צוויי, האלט! ענס, צוויי, האלט!

האנד צו די זייטן, רוקן גראדע!
אכט אדער גוט אפ אונזער שטעפן!
יעדער נאר מארשירע אפריכט!
רוה אונז, שוועיגט לויט און שוועיגט!
ענס, צוויי, האלט! ענס, צוויי, האלט!

די סונע לעכט ווי אפגעגוט,
שווייס פון יעדער האפט ראן,
אבער שוועיגט! האנד אפ דעם מונד!
ווער וועט ברוםען אן סאלעם טאג?
ענס, צוויי, האלט! ענס, צוויי, האלט!

The cabaret stage gathers Jewish songs of exile, revoicing them as narratives of and responses to the exile from which the cabaret performer takes them. We might turn briefly to the endeavors of the cabaretiste, searching for the aesthetics of exile on the stage of the Jewish cabaret, which so often provides the way station of exile.

Jewish cabaret is a phenomenon of modernity following the industrialization of rural Jewish life that swept across Europe at the end of the nineteenth century. Beginning in the 1880s especially, Jews were forced once again into exile, from the country to the city to escape the accelerating pogroms and prejudice of European non-Jewish society to find jobs in the factories of Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin, and to send their children to universities and trade schools. Exile and the displacement of Jewish families to the city fill cabaret songs, often tales of the hapless immigrant, barely able to speak German, who nonetheless finds the wherewithal to earn a fortune or find success (see, e.g., tracks 1–6 on *Dancing on the Edge of a Volcano*).

The modern city as a way station for exile is everywhere in the songs on this CD. Indeed, from song to song we follow a type of city map in the broadsides we bring to the stage,

particularly in the songs by Hanns Eisler and Edmund Nick to texts by Kurt Tucholsky and Erich Kästner. By the end of World War I and with the collapse of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires, the streets, clubs, and stages of Berlin, Munich, Prague, and Vienna were filled with popular music, created and performed by Jewish immigrants. These cities each boasted their Tin Pan Alleys, and like their American counterpart, they were cauldrons for Jewish popular music.

The songs on this CD also represent people and music in movement, which increasingly expanded to exile in the twentieth century. Even as modern exile songs come into existence, they reflect the dynamic flow of recent migration and centuries-old diaspora. Fifty years later, on the eve of the Holocaust, another type of movement enters the songs (listen, especially, to the songs by Hanns Eisler on the present CD). In the 1930s, as Jews were increasingly excluded from public life by the German and later Austrian fascist governments, they faced decisions about leaving the worlds to which they had adapted for several generations. They faced, in a word, exile, and accordingly Jewish song turned into a voice for exile — a means of responding to the crisis that loomed ever larger on the horizon. This is ultimately

realized in the opening lines of songs such as “Hotel Room 1942,” from another of the great monuments to exile, Hanns Eisler’s and Bertolt Brecht’s *Hollywood Songbook* (listen to the recording on track 19 of the CD accompanying Bohlman 2008b).

Against the white-washed wall stands the
black suitcase, filled with manuscripts.
Beyond it rests the smoking materials,
next to the copper ashtray.

With its restaging of Jewish cabaret, the New Budapest Orpheum Society illuminates the path of Jewish exile against the backdrop of the tragedies of twentieth-century history (for a collective biography of musicians repressed by the Holocaust see Weniger 2008). Each path of exile is given its own musical narrative — realized on this CD in the themes of each section or set of songs — which the ensemble brings to life in settings and arrangements, many of them never previously heard, most recovered from the tragedy of World War II and the Holocaust. In addition to the songs from Central Europe during the era of fascism and holocaust, the New Budapesters also sing songs from Yiddish cinema, which thrived only during the 1930s in Poland before destruction in World War II, but form a counterpoint with Friedrich Holländer’s

brilliant parodies, composed in Berlin and Hollywood alike. This CD also includes songs from Jewish musicians who did not survive, such as Viktor Ullmann’s concentration-camp songs, *Three Yiddish Songs (Březulinka)*, op. 53 (1944), which sustain musical life even in the face of death.

The tragedy in the songs of Jewish cabaret in exile is never a cry of hopelessness. Through song, poets, composers, musicians, and audiences all confronted modernity in its most brutal forms, but they knew that music made crucial forms of survival possible, above all through exile. The songs on *Jewish Cabaret in Exile* live, ultimately, in the generations that follow, the musicians who perform them and the listeners who experience their power. In this way, musically, the New Budapest Orpheum Society keeps the promise to Eisler, Brecht, and the other poets and composers whose songs fill this CD: we “will not fall silent suddenly.”

Political Song and Jewish Cabaret

Jewish cabaret is public and political. Those who create and perform its songs take direct aim at the ills and evils of society, and in so doing the artists of cabaret take the side of those in disadvantaged positions. Cabaret is

the music of alterity, that is, of an otherness born of the abuse of power. Taking the side of the Other and the Outsider also places cabaret performers at risk. The politically powerful often seek to drive cabaret players from the stage. The choice faced by many cabaretistes, including most of those for whom the songs on this CD were created, was silence or exile. With few exceptions, the second option was always preferable.

The potency of popular song to mobilize the political lies in the ways it mixes genres. By turning genres inside-out and juxtaposing them in unexpected ways, the songsmith and composer unleash the play of parody and *double entendre*. Tunes move malleably from one repertory to another, or from folk to popular to classical genres, and in so doing they expose meanings that might not have been originally apparent. The quotation of the melody of the German national anthem, the “Deutschlandlied” (commonly known as “Deutschland über alles”) that opens the Eisler-Tucholsky “Unity and Justice and Freedom” on this CD, therefore, undermines rather than supports the values of the song’s title. Song elements that at first hearing seem innocent — the frequent reliance on folk melodies that many hearing this CD will think they have

heard before — often contain some of the most cutting social critique.

A song text that at one moment seems cloyingly nostalgic launches a full-fledged social commentary the next. The satirical and the serious intersect, as do the lament and the love song. At first hearing it may surprise many to hear the several instances of lullaby (e.g., “The Father’s Lullaby” and “The Little Birch”) and tango (e.g., “Deep as the Night” and “Marianka”), but it is precisely in their familiarity that they become the catalyst for the deeper political meaning evident in the parody of lullaby employed by Hanns Eisler for “My Mother Is Becoming a Soldier.” Hybrid genres, moreover, challenge the censor because their “real meanings” are difficult to pin down. The moment everything seems to make sense, the political songsmith slips into another style or skirts the subject that is too obviously suspect. Chameleon-like, political song acquires its power as more and more hybridity accrues to it.

When examining the ways in which genre undergoes processes of hybridization in political song, the New Budapest Orpheum Society begins by taking the idea of genre in its rather literal sense. The genre lying at the heart of many songs on the CD is the

ballad, in other words the strophic narrative form that unfolds as a series of dramatic scenes. It is this narrative-musical structure that allows new meaning — the trauma of the concentration camp — to accrue to the folk songs of Viktor Ullmann’s *Three Yiddish Songs*. The ballad contains a cast of characters who are stereotyped and idealized, who are then mixed with a real and historical cast of characters. The mother seeking the lost love of her son (“Song of the Lost Son”) is both real and ideal, a symbol of a nostalgia generated by the modernity of Weimar Germany. A Tucholsky *couplet* (“Couplet of the Beer Department”) locates a cast of comic characters on the stage, where they become metaphors for the machines of social decay.

The ballads rely on hybridity in still other ways. They rely on the common practice of connecting folk song in oral tradition to popular and art song in written tradition. The poetry of Erich Kästner, Kurt Tucholsky, and Georg Kreisler appeared first in literary journals and newspapers, from which songwriters adapted them because they dovetailed with popular tunes that might well lead them to the top of the charts. Recognizing the pregnant moment resulting from the cross-fertilization of the oral

and the written, Kästner and Tucholsky, and the composers with whom they collaborated in the first and fourth sets of songs on this CD deliberately employed genres at the nexus of folk, popular, and art song, not just the ballad but also the *Moritat* (the German street broadside, the text of which expresses a moral lesson) and the worker’s song. With each new genre and style added to the mix, the songs resonated for new audiences and more diverse publics.

The frequent presence of humor in cabaret songs also contributes to the ways in which they mix genres and engender complex meanings. Humor provided a means of keeping ideological opposition alive on the popular stage, allowing performers to chronicle the lives of the working class and poor, or of urban immigrants escaping the pogroms and political repression of Eastern Europe for the promise of the industrial city. In many of the songs on this CD, the listener meets individuals whose follies have placed them in improbable situations where their actions, whether in vain or simply misguided, are meant to be greeted by laughter, but also by serious reflection on the tribulations that have been inflicted upon them. Humor, the stock in trade of a cabaret ensemble such as the New Budapest

Orpheum Society, seldom remains isolated in the political songs. The songs stir a full range of emotions, which together make it possible for audiences to identify the songs with their everyday worlds.

It is in popular song, especially, that the political undergoes a transformation that simulates the everyday. The poets of the 1920s and 30s crafted an aesthetic aimed at rescripting seemingly extraordinary events so that they felt commonplace, hence drawing all citizens close to the events in the texts. To match the shift of the political to the everyday in the poetic texts, the composers whose song settings fill this CD also forged musical styles and vocabularies that enhanced the sense that the poems and music belonged to the people and gave voice to their concerns. Cabaret provided an impetus, ideologically and musically, for a modulation of the modernist into the everyday, a stylistic sea change that one hears most dramatically in the differences between Hanns Eisler's *Newspaper Clippings* and his settings of Tucholsky texts. Working with musical materials that stressed the familiar and the accessible, composers of the interwar period and the Holocaust, such as Eisler and Kurt Weill, crafted melody and harmony that possessed the ring of the popular,

drawing audiences to their song repertoires while their power lay in their textual clarity and steadfastness of purpose. It is this quality we encounter when we hear these songs, recognizing some as enduring popular songs (e.g., Weill's "Mack the Knife" or Eisler's "Solidarity Song"; cf. *Dancing on the Edge of a Volcano* track 17) and feeling an affinity with all as somehow "our" songs. In countless respects, they have also become some of the most memorable musical moments of the twentieth century.

There are yet more reasons that many of the songs on *Jewish Cabaret in Exile* feel strikingly familiar: In one version or another, these songs found their way to the stage, where some thrived and a few even became hits. Stage, in this sense, has both general and specific meanings, literal and figurative forms. From the end of the nineteenth century until the 1930s, the one stage that would pick up many of these songs was the cabaret, with its mixture of skits, satirical and sentimental songs, and parodies of scenes from operas and operettas alike. The sensibility of cabaret runs through all the songs, for it was the theatrical venue that attracted Kurt Tucholsky and Friedrich Holländer in the 1920s and 1930s just as seductively as the creators of broadside and

couplet (comic scenes, often sung by duos on the cabaret stage) in *fin-de-siècle* Vienna and Berlin. After World War II, that sensibility once again attracted the socially engaged singer-songwriter to the cabaret, as the songs by Edmund Nick, Hermann Leopoldi, and Georg Kreisler richly illustrate.

Succeeding in the world of the popular stage, of course, meant that a song had to be flexible. Cover versions were the rule rather than the exception, and parody and stereotype left no one's sensibilities unchallenged. The stage allowed tradition to be historicized no less than bowdlerized. It was on the popular stage, moreover, that the most serious issues of the day could be clothed such that they would be recognizable to the audience while remaining opaque to the censors looking for hidden meanings while the actors and singers were wearing the real point on their sleeves. The composers creating the repertoires on this CD fully recognized the political and popular potential of the stage. The listener will witness that recognition strikingly among the cabaret songs in the second set of songs with Yiddish texts, some seemingly sacred, others overtly secular, all engaging the musical possibility of the shift from cabaret stage to sound film. The range of

theatrical genres is even more expansive in the songs by Friedrich Holländer and Hanns Eisler, both of whom wrote extensively for movies the moment sound film became viable. The hybridity of popular-song genres for the stage was revolutionary precisely during the era of the 1920s and 1930s, and beyond in the exile of the 1940s, when music for the cabaret found new homes on the stage of the American musical and the Hollywood film.

From their composition and dissemination to their performance and reception the songs on *Jewish Cabaret in Exile* frequently had to tread a thin line between the sanctioned and forbidden, and between the legal and illegal. Their creators and performers also negotiated social and ethnic religious differences, particularly the distinctions between what was perceived as Jewish or not. Whereas some of the songs, especially those with an indebtedness to oral tradition (e.g., Viktor Ullmann's *Three Yiddish Songs*), probably circulated almost exclusively in Jewish popular culture, many others are the products of remarkably fruitful collaborations between Jewish and non-Jewish musicians and writers. Collaborations such as those between Hanns Eisler and Bertolt Brecht, or between Edmund Nick

and Erich Kästner are notable because they so richly reveal that the sources for popular and political music in the twentieth century lay in the blurring of cultural borders.

The Jewishness of the songs, indeed, often remained open to question less for religious reasons than for political ones. For what kind of public were they intended? Just how did the Jewish and non-Jewish intersect and designate that public? To what extent were questions about race and religion being forced to the central position in the pre-Holocaust agendas of rising fascism? These were the questions tackled by Jewish popular musicians and the issues confronted head-on by Jewish cabaret, the tradition upon which the New Budapest Orpheum Society draws.

The metaphors and tropes of modern Jewish history run through these songs, transforming them into a roadmap through prejudice and peril alike, indeed through the multiple landscapes that stretched into exile. Thus this CD charts the course of a historical journey, fraught at every turn with detour and displacement, yet ironically following the path also familiar to people accustomed to discovering their “homeland in the book.” The security of the book, however, lay not in its

permanence, which Nazi book-burnings in the 1930s directly threatened, but rather in its capacity to accompany exile, borne so often by song. Exile and its persistent counterpart in Jewish history, diaspora, also find their way into the journey that cabaret songs document. These are, indeed, the songs of exile and survival, which provided alternative courses for a journey encumbered by censorship and halted by book-burnings that threatened Jewish and non-Jewish poets alike. As political and popular songs, they survived by charting the very possibility of exile.

Toward a Poetics of Jewish Cabaret in Exile

Year after year, my soul has wandered,
Measuring the world in its pace,
Seeing with sadness so many happy
lands—
Oh, soul, why are you so ill!

And yet my soul returned,
Coming from blossoming lands,
Into the land, poor and holy—
Poor and healing—like a cradle

Samuel Jacob Imber – *Gevandert hot yorn mayn sele / Year after Year, My Soul Has Wandered* (from Imber 1912–1915; from the German in Soxberger 2008: 22)

Does exile transform song? How is it possible to speak of an aesthetic of exile when it results from tragedy and in trauma? These questions, rather than their answers, accompany the poem that opens this section, one of the great Yiddish poetic anthems to exile. Samuel Jacob Imber (1889–1942) chronicled the life of exile that was his own, a life that ended when he perished in the Holocaust, killed in his own Galician border region shared by modern Poland and Ukraine. The nephew of Naphtali Herz Imber, whose poem, “Ha-Tikva,” serves as the text for the Israeli national anthem, Samuel Jacob Imber escaped pogrom and war in Galicia to arrive in Vienna and then the United States in the 1920s, where he became one of the great voices of Yiddish literary modernism.

Imber’s own life, like the allegorical soul in this poem, was in constant exile. It was only in poetry and song that it found its home, its “cradle,” that symbol of the lullaby, which also provides an essential link to many of the songs on this CD. With this poem, the aesthetics of exile and exile itself become one, far more than a symbol, rather a meaningful moment for the artistic realization of exile itself. It is to this end — this cradle of healing and holiness — that so many songs of *Jewish Cabaret in Exile* aspire.

An aesthetic of exile is only possible through the type of performativity that gives life to the cabaret stage. To this end, the songs of the New Budapest Orpheum Society constitute a performative act, empowering the ensemble to act upon its repertory as translators: hearing and listening, reading and singing, sounding and healing. Translation thus also becomes a creative form of artistic expression. Translation — and here we must be specific, for we mean translation that is intertextual, intergeneric, interactive — aspires to the possibility of a wholeness, seemingly rerouted and made ill by years of exile. Translation empowers with a new aesthetic and a new language, what Imre Kertész calls “the exiled language” (Kertész 2003).

The New Budapest Orpheum Society empowers translation in this way because we believe these songs are not shadows of the original, diminished in some way because of the loss of traces of originality. The translator musters many tools, which allow her even to continue the task of creating, not to complete it as such, but to expand — to listen between and beyond the rhythm of the poetry — to expand the stepwise journey of the melody. The translator — Ilya Levinson in his arrange-

ments and orchestrations, Philip Bohlman in his live cabaret role as *compère* (the emcee who provides scholarly and comic commentary during performance) — dares to think that life can be breathed into fragments, and that the sounds of the poet's voice need never be abandoned to silence. Translating the music of Jewish cabaret that has been displaced restores for it the place it has lost. This is the poesis of exile.

It is a poesis that has particular resonance in the context of work on Jewish history in the twentieth century, its trauma and tragedy. First, the translator in some measure searches for sound in the silence, searches for voice in the loss of voice. The poetic ontology must creatively be given to the silence. We act by listening to — by listening *into* — silence. Second, the translator breathes *new life* into the silence, but does not primarily use translation to rescue and reiterate the *lost life*, whereby it would only confirm loss by multiplying it. Third, the translation opens new and alternative modes of performing poetry and song. Through the translation of performance the New Budapest Orpheum Society seeks to know a new wholeness of place that at once recognizes and defies the impossibility of fully dislodging music from exile.

Music mobilizes the journey into exile by juxtaposing the everyday and the telos (the goal or end-point) evoked by the end of time. Time and timelessness become interdependent; ending and beginning become one (see, e.g., the treatment of time in Adler 2008). Accordingly, we find a proliferation of songs about journey in the aesthetics of exile. Songs of exile resist the journey beyond the homeland, coming to rest only through exile. Once again, a song joined by Hanns Eisler and Bertolt Brecht in the *Hollywood Songbook* becomes itself far more than a symbol of exile and return.

Die Vaterstadt, wie find ich sie doch?
 Folgend den Bombenschwärmen
 Komm ich nach Haus.
 Wo liegt sie mir? Wo liegt sie mir?
 Dort, wo die ungeheuren Gebirge von
 Rauch stehn.
 Das in den Feuern dort ist sie.
 Die Vaterstadt, wie empfängt sie mich
 wohl?
 Vor mir kommen die Bomber.
 Tödliche Schwärme melden euch meine
 Rückkehr.
 Feuersbrünste gehn dem Sohn voraus.

*My home city, how does it seem to me?
 After the massive bombing*

*I am coming home.
 Where is it? Where is it?
 There, where the monstrous mountains of
 smoke rise.
 There it is, in the fires.
 My father city, will it welcome me?
 The bombers came before me.
 Deadly swarms announce to you my return.
 Firestorms precede the son.*

Die Heimkehr/ The Homecoming (Hanns Eisler and Bertolt Brecht; from *Hollywood Liederbuch*; for a recorded performance by the New Budapest Orpheum society see the CD in Bohlman 2008b: track 19)

The paradox of a return that is preceded only by death becomes the arrival that marks the end of exile. That paradox is also evident in the final word of S. Y. Imber's poem, *Wiege*, which lends itself to translation literally as "cradle" and metaphorically as "coffin," suggesting both birth and death (see the discussion of lullabies on *Jewish Cabaret in Exile* that follows below). Eisler and Brecht's "The Homecoming" is redolent with irony as the journey of exile comes to its end. We find ourselves at once con-signed and resigned to an aesthetic of exile that is also an aesthetic of transcendence. At some point — along the journey itself — the boundaries between the two aesthetics blur. We recognize this as those



Fig. 2 – Cover of Nick and Kästner, *Die möblierte Moral* (drawing by Georg Grosz, 1922)

following the aesthetic journey find they can no longer extricate themselves from it, can no longer find a detour from the path that lies ahead.

The songs on *Jewish Cabaret in Exile* chart the very path of exile itself, each set articulating the conditions of transit along a

journey consisting of one way station after another. Cabaret and the songs created for it depend on mobility, the capacity to create in vocal styles that admit to improvisation and changing possibilities for instrumental accompaniment and orchestration. The composer, poet, and singer-songwriter discover the materials for their songs in the everyday — vernacular speech, folk song and dance, fragments of speech and broken pieces of literary texts, the sounds of a world enriched rather than disarmed by the abrasive and the dissonant.

The way stations that unfold on this CD are broadly historical, beginning in the wake of World War I and the collapse of the long nineteenth century. They resume as cabaret launches response and resistance to the disintegration of the political climate between the wars, but they then accrue around new way stations in the 1930s, as cabaret realizes the new potential in sound recording and film. By the late 1930s cabaret, especially Jewish cabaret, is forced into the disturbing trajectories of inner exile and the trauma of the Holocaust. It is both telling and tragic that cabaret also survived to play again even at the way stations of the concentration camps, which all-too-often proved to be the final stage.

The CD concludes with groups of songs that chart new paths of transit: reprise, return, revival. Even at these way stations the composer and performer take to the boards, perhaps finding refuge in nostalgia, but more often opening new avenues for memory and memorial. The transits of Jewish cabaret in exile provide mirrors of the everyday and the *longue durée* of the Jewish experience of modernity. The way stations that form the sets on this CD remind us powerfully of the broad sweep of twentieth-century Jewish history.

THE SONGS

Growing from and responding to the class and religious difference, and political and ethnic diversity, of twentieth-century Europe, cabaret — and above all, Jewish cabaret — became the voice of the collective, striving for a common ground that all individuals and groups in European society could claim. From the vantage point of twenty-first-century revivals, the Central European Jewish cabaret that appeared in clubs, theaters, dance halls, and literary gatherings after the dissolution of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires in the wake of World War I might seem at first glance esoteric, the aesthetic fantasies and experiments of leftist intellectuals doomed

because of the rise of fascism. Those who created and performed cabaret, however, spoke not only among themselves, but they conceived of an art-form that could penetrate to the farthest reaches of a society undergoing dizzying change.

The repertory chosen by the New Budapest Orpheum Society represents this passion to find the collective voice and enact the change necessary to halt and reform the slide into chaos. We have gathered songs from different media, different anthologies, and different stylistic directions. The songs on *Jewish Cabaret in Exile* capture as many of those directions as possible. There are sets that hold true to the melos of folk song; others strive to be openly modernist; there are the nuanced gestures toward aesthetic trends evoking the everyday and those responding to an era of machines. The ways in which so many songs conform, even deliberately, reflect an awareness of the literary journal and the sound recording alike, both stressing the poignancy of the fragment. Perhaps most collective of all, many of the songs on the CD seized the aesthetic possibilities opened by film, especially those that could powerfully convey the ways in which music for the stage synthesized the collective.

Critical to the power of the collective voice was also the symptom of the dangers it faced: censorship, the destruction of resources, prejudice and racism, violence and the flight it necessitated. The collective voice of the song sets on this CD would not have been possible without a passion toward collaboration. In each set we see the ways in which cabaret brought poets, composers, and performers together. The opening set on the CD provides resounding evidence of one of the most fruitful and forgotten of twentieth-century cabaret collaborations, that formed by Edmund Nick (1891–1973) and Erich Kästner (1899–1974). In their day jobs, the two followed very different paths: Nick as a composer and music administrator, working especially with genres for the stage and new media, such as radio and film, and Kästner as perhaps the best-known German author of children's literature in the twentieth century. Together, however, they created more than 60 songs. They collaborated before World War II, as Germany slid into the "great ennui," and again after the war at the Schaubude cabaret in Munich. Neither was Jewish, though their biographies intersected with Jewish musical and literary traditions, forcing both into inner exile during the war (on the Jewishness of Jewish popular music see

Bohlman 2006 and Bohlman 2008a: 237–45; on inner exile see Haarmann 2002). Coeval with the rise of fascism, both employed a critique of the collapse of German society and the growing danger to those who did not conform. Kästner's novel, *Fabian*, of 1931 was a brilliant satire, which took the reader inside the bureaucracy of the office and into the cabaret alike, drawing fire from the German censors and eventually succumbing to the fires of the Nazi book-burning on May 10, 1933.

The early song collaborations of Nick and Kästner in Weimar Germany are largely forgotten, in part the victim of the historical moment of social upheaval they documented. The six songs of *Die möblierte Moral* (*The Well-Furnished Morals*) with which we open this CD clearly reveal why the New Budapest Orpheum Society has so actively sought to recover these songs. The lyrics of the songs wear social criticism on their sleeves, targeting the totally non-idealized world that had become the target of resistance from the cabaret stage. On the surface, the social worlds of songs inhabited by the wealthy and privileged, by those comforted by homes and hotels that shut out the rest of the world, and by the very ideal of maintaining the status quo contrasts with those

displaced by familial and generational differences. Verse by verse, however, each song reveals a social despair that could not be sustained, especially in a Germany attempting to avoid the obvious rise of new forms of inequality and prejudice.

Musically, the *Well-Furnished Morals* speaks brilliantly to the diverse musical styles and meanings that are crucial to cabaret as music. Each song satirizes a different genre — a lullaby (“The Father’s Lullaby,” track [2]), an elegy (“Elegy in the Forest of Things,” track [3]), or a pair of tangos (again “Elegy,” track [3], and “The Chanson for Those Who Are Born Better,” track [5]). Composed for voice and piano, the songs lend themselves to improvisation, which Ilya Levinson has exploited fully in his arrangements, at once capturing the jazz-inflected sound of the early 1930s and making place for the intervention of later styles (e.g., “The Song ‘Once Again One Must . . .’” that closes the set). Figuratively and literally, Nick and Kästner set the stage for a new moment in the history of cabaret, in which the collective voice gained even more power to muster difference and sharpen resistance.

The Yiddish songs that Stewart Figa draws together for the second set on the CD

reflect the dual roles he knows as a cantor for a Conservative synagogue and a long-time engagement with the Yiddish stage in its many forms from the past century. In both roles, sacred and secular, he is indebted to repertoires that confront the “end of time.” Yiddish theater, including Yiddish film musicals, thrived from the late nineteenth century until the late 1930s, that is, until the eve of the Holocaust. Its practitioners found their way to Vienna, Berlin, and the United States, where they were distinctive for the many ways in which they responded to the shifting contexts of Jewish identity, be these traditionally religious, as in Moses Milner’s “In the Cheder” or secular, as in Mordechai Gebirtig’s “Abe, the Pickpocket,” a folklike song that comes from the final days of the Polish Jewish community; Gebirtig himself perished, but the incomparable range of his poetic imagination survives in his poetry and songs. Abraham Ellstein’s “Deep as the Night” is a Yiddish anthem of a different sort, truly a hit song that has transcended the fate of the Yiddish theatrical tradition. Yiddish musicals and films survived the Holocaust, but at enormous cost: the deaths of many of the greatest performers and singer-songwriters, and of the audiences in Warsaw, Vilna, and Odessa that kept Yiddish song going.

With the two songs from Hanns Eisler’s *Zeitungsausschnitte*, op. 11 (*Newspaper Clippings*) we begin to follow yet another course of exile through the politics of the twentieth century, capturing a fleeting but also profound glimpse of the composer in transit and compositional style in transformation. Dating from 1925–26, the *Newspaper Clippings* appeared during the moment Eisler was moving from Vienna and resettling in Berlin and capture a moment in which he rethinks the very meaning of the material he uses to create his songs. The reasons for his transit from Vienna to Berlin were many and complex. Biographically, the move intensified and focused his commitment to socialism, especially its engagement with the working classes, for it was upon arrival in Berlin that Eisler officially joined the Communist Party. Musically, Eisler was turning in frustration away from the modernism of the New Viennese School, above all Arnold Schoenberg, with whom he openly quarreled in 1926. He sought instead a music of the people, which could serve its collectives, among them the workers’ choral and theatrical groups in Vienna and Berlin (e.g., *Das rote Sprachrohr*), for whom he created new works.

“Little Marie” and “My Mother Is Becoming a Soldier” capture both the fragility and

the conviction of this moment of transit in Hanns Eisler's life. On one hand, they stunningly express the potential of an aesthetic formed from "found objects." As their name suggests, the *Newspaper Clippings* are settings of texts from the press, in fact, of statements and advertisements from the classified sections of Viennese newspapers. Eisler sets them without author or addressee, elevating song to the role of social criticism. He adapts a modernist language to them, and in so doing translates them from a form of literal evidence of the everyday to an indictment of the historical moment. It is this process of translation that Ilya Levinson's arrangements extends. On the other hand, Eisler's settings of the *Newspaper Clippings* rely on a new commitment to the unmediated, direct response of music. "Little Marie" employs a style that struggles to break into dance, as the opening evocation of a slow waltz collapses into a rough march that cruelly draws attention to the classified author's depiction of a physically deformed Marie, whose salvation lies ironically in the beautiful song of a German men's chorus. Compared with the other lullabies on this CD, "My Mother Is Becoming a Soldier" is an anti-lullaby, violently shifting between the lyrical opening and the martial admiration of a child who watches a mother deluded

by war march toward her eventual death. The dual meanings of *Wiegenlied* (lullaby) could not be more poignant and political: Cradle (*Wiege*) and casket become one.

The collaboration between Hanns Eisler and Kurt Tucholsky (1890–1935) that occupies the central position on the CD provides compelling evidence for cabaret at its most public and political. Eisler and Tucholsky had arrived in Berlin in the 1920s following paths that were far more similar than different. Both had served in World War I, Eisler in the Austro-Hungarian army, Tucholsky in the German, but the experience of war had turned them ideologically against the social and political elites that had long played the roles of power brokers in Central European history. Disillusioned, both found inspiration in the ideas coming from Eastern Europe and the growing influence of communism, which offered new alternatives to the status quo and economic decline of Weimar Germany. Perhaps more than any other cultural impetus from their turn to the politics of the left, it was the activist agenda of socialism and Marxism that shaped their artistic voices and led, by the late 1920s, to the common voice that Eisler and Tucholsky would find in creating songs for the stage.

A gifted writer who never found a true home and eventually took his own life in the despair of exile in Sweden after the ascension of Nazism in Germany, Kurt Tucholsky found his *métier* in the critical and satirical essence of the essay and the *chanson* text (for a collection of his newspaper and journal writing see Lenze 2007). It was song that provided the thread connecting his social criticism. On one hand, many of the poems he wrote for literary journals (e.g., the *Weltbühne*, for which he was an editor for many years) took the form of songs, with names such as *couplet* or in the form of narrative song genres such as "Berliner Drehorgellied" ("Berlin Hurdy-Gurdy Song"; *ibid.*: 41). On the other hand, Tucholsky sought inspiration, intellectual, if not spiritual and sexual, in the night scene occupied by cabaret, and this led him frequently to write reviews and criticisms about "Berlin Night Culture" or "Berlin Cabarets" (*ibid.*: 12–16). There were times when he wrote song texts and reviews so feverishly that he used pseudonyms — Theobald Tiger, Peter Panter, Ignaz Wrobel, and Kaspar Hauser, to name a few — and it was not long before his poetry found its way to the very stages it mirrored (Scheer 2008; see also Jelavich 1993 and Stein 2006).

As he was making his own turn from the modernist style of *Newspaper Clippings* to a socially and politically engaged art, Hanns Eisler discovered an ideal lyricist in Tucholsky (see the compilation of their songs in Eisler 1972). The poetry was already musical, but more important, it captured the images and imagination of the Berlin vernacular. Tucholsky's lyrics were direct and biting, clever and funny. They epitomized the different possibilities for cabaret song as it found its way from the stage to the larger public sphere. They offered poet and composer alike a new template for the "poetics of exile," for they decried the possibility of living in a society that continued to justify itself on the basis of war production and the repression of difference. Songs such as "Couplet for the Beer Department" and "Sweetbread and Whips" satirically undermine the mores of a German society driven to modernize and industrialize. The politics of "Unity and Justice and Freedom" and "To the German Moon" exposed the paradox of maintaining the German history that led to the destruction of World War I and the rise of fascism. If there is hopefulness in songs such as "Today between Yesterday and Tomorrow" and "Civic Charity," it remains tinged with irony, ultimately more suitable for the stage of the cabaret than for the stage of history.

The six Eisler-Tucholsky songs on the CD mark a moment of dramatic change in the work of their creators and symbolically in the role of cabaret song in Central Europe. For Eisler, the vernacular voice-of-the-everyday that he found in Tucholsky's poetry would shape the core of his output, soon thereafter in the collaborations with Bertolt Brecht in the late 1930s and 1940s, which in



Fig. 3 – Hanns Eisler with Ernst Busch (after 1950)

turn laid the foundation for a nascent musical aesthetics of the German Democratic Republic, to which Eisler returned after expulsion from the United States because of his politics (Bohlman and Bohlman 2007). For Tucholsky, irony soon turned to the politically engendered hopelessness that forced the most public Jewish social critic of his day into exile from Germany.

The songs of the fifth set are among the most brilliant *Lieder* settings produced by the Czech-Jewish composer, Viktor Ullmann (1898–1944). They were created in the trauma of the path of inner exile that led to the concentration camps. It was in the camp at Theresienstadt/Terezín that Ullmann established a Jewish voice for his compositions, especially his vocal works. Ullmann grew up in an almost entirely assimilated world, in which he received virtually no Jewish education whatsoever. Coming of musical age in the expressionism of post-World War I Central Europe, he followed several distinctive modernist directions, enjoying acclaim in Czechoslovakia but also beyond its borders, especially in Germany. Forced from his position at the Stuttgart Opera, Ullmann returned to Prague after 1933, where he continued to compose until his deportation to Terezín in 1942. It was in the camp, with its

diverse stages for musical performance, that Ullmann turned toward Jewish themes, setting songs in both Hebrew and Yiddish, neither of which he knew prior to the camps.

The *Three Yiddish Songs* of op. 53, also known as *Březulinka*, are products of Ullmann's confrontation with his own Jewishness in the trauma of an everyday world that enforced Jewishness. An examination of the sketches for the songs in the archives of the Paul Sacher Stiftung in Basel, Switzerland reveals that Ullmann took the melodies and lyrics from a collection by Menachem Kipnis, published in Warsaw soon after World War I (Kipnis n.d.). He set the melodies more or less exactly as they appear in Kipnis, though he relied on a transliteration of the Yiddish texts. In virtually every respect, his settings of the *Three Yiddish Songs* represent a retreat into a musical inner exile. It is as if Ullmann was searching again for the sound and texture of folk songs before they reached the metropole. There are scarcely any traces of the expressionistic or modernist techniques of earlier Ullmann styles, which he also retained in works for the stage composed in the final year of his life, notably *Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Christoph Rilke* (*The Chronicle of Love and Death of the Flag Bearer Christoph Rilke*) (1944).

"Berjoskele" ("The Little Birch") opens the set as a lullaby, a gentle cry for peace in a world realized through metaphor. "Margaritkele"



Fig. 4 – Berjoskele / The Little Birch (Kipnis n.d.: 63)

("Little Margaret"), in contrast, is a *Ländler* (the canonic Austrian folk dance in triple meter); in Ullmann's setting, however, it evokes the innocence of children rather than a traditional Central European courting dance. Ullmann reserves the heightened emotions of the courting dance for the final song, "Ich bin a Maydl in di Yorn" ("I'm Already a Young Woman"). Here we experience a march-like style, seemingly shifting the gendered focus of the *Three Yiddish Songs* for the first time to the male. Ullmann's choice to order the songs as a cycle that begins with birth, moves through youth, and then concludes with possibility of marriage, results from his own decisions about the Yiddish songs in Kipnis's *Folkslider*. He has retreated from the irony and pessimism of his major works from Terezin, including the opera, *Der Kaiser von Atlantis* (*The Emperor of Atlantis*) (1943), in search of a new realization of the unreality of exile, in a past that was retrievable only through song.

Was it irony or destiny that cabaret prospered after the Holocaust? Does the return to German-speaking Europe of cabaret composers and performers such as Armin Berg, Hermann Leopoldi, Friedrich Holländer, and Hanns Eisler reflect continuity, even the urge to heal? Or does it draw attention, once

again, to the disabled condition of European society, unable to provide the cradle for the sickened soul of Jewish exile? In their banality such questions suggest easy answers, and they underestimate the deeper commitment of cabaret performers to the social ills that they gather up as found objects to subject to harsh criticism. Cabaret does not heal; it exposes social illness as a condition that refuses to go away (for the exile cabarets that sprang up in New York City see Klösch and Thumser 2002; on the return of musicians to Europe from exile in the Holocaust see the essays in Köster and Schmidt 2005).

The first response of many listeners to the sixth set of songs on *Jewish Cabaret in Exile* is that they slip into the past, resting on the laurels of a tradition that best conveys nostalgia for what will be no more. Each of the three songs, in its different ways, stands for a repertory of beloved songs. They found their way into the repertory of the New Budapest Orpheum Society after persistent requests following the ensemble's live performances. "Couldn't we have a Leopoldi song?" "I remember Spoliansky so vividly from my youth?" "Georg Kreisler is a sort of undying, modern master of the cabaret song!" In the tradition of listening to those who listen to us, we began exploring the

return to Europe and the reprise of Jewish cabaret in the recent past.

The set begins with perhaps the best-known song by Georg Kreisler (b. 1922), whose appearances even today attest to the vitality of cabaret. On its surface, "Poisoning Pigeons" could not be more Viennese: Kreisler uses Viennese dialect in the text; the lilting waltz would be fitting for a Viennese inn, or *Heuriger*; the social critique savagely targets Vienna. There is, nonetheless, a more expansive aesthetic range in the song, evident in a type of memorywork dedicated to Jewish cabaret itself. Even after his return to Europe in 1955 and his move to Basel, Switzerland in 1992, and even upon the revival of his shows in the 1980s, Kreisler has retained the American citizenship he obtained in Hollywood and New York exile (see Kreisler 2001).

Nostalgia works differently for Hermann Leopoldi, and reprises a very different Vienna. Before, during, and after exile Leopoldi hewed to the tradition of the *Wienerlied*, literally the "Viennese song," which localized the nostalgia for simpler times and places, the local neighborhood and the tavern with its gathering of friends (see Fig. 5). It is because of the much sharper satire of Leopoldi's signature song, "I Am an Irreconcilable

Optimist," that we include it on this CD. A song overwhelming with stereotype, it takes the misery of the everyday and the old ways as its subject matter. The hapless narrator is reminiscent of the broadside characters of an earlier Viennese tradition (see, e.g., the opening tracks of *Dancing on the Edge of a Volcano*), but here there is a different sort of suffering that is addressed with the irony of possible suicide in the chorus.

The nostalgia of "Tonight or Never" is, in contrast, unmitigated. With lyrics by Marcellus Schiffer, who also collaborated with Paul Hindemith among others, Mischa Spoliansky turns to a truly cloying nostalgia. This is the sound of the Berlin Wintergarten and of the clubs that Tucholsky and Kästner frequented. We hear the sound of that world, but not the substance. Like many songs on *Jewish Cabaret in Exile*, "Tonight or Never" plays with the irony of time and timelessness, juxtaposing it with the everydayness of the "tonight" of the title. The allegiance to Berlin cabaret, however, is undeniable, for in the end it is the return of "never" in the return of the refrain with which the song rings out.

With the closing set of two songs by the great jazz musician and film composer, Friedrich Holländer we encounter the bit-



Fig. 5 – Wienerlied – Ralph Benatzky: Liebe im Schnee

tersweet mixture of nostalgia and tragedy that accompanied the reprise and revival of cabaret in post-Holocaust, post-exile Europe. Ultimately, cabaret is stage music, and it is therefore hardly surprising that the changing media of the stage, especially film, expanded the stage for cabaret from the outset. In the history of film, for example, the first English-language sound film, Alan Crosland's *The Jazz Singer* (1927), uses the cabaret stage in its multiple American forms of vaudeville and the revue, as well as jazz dance, with Al Jolson's characterization of Jakie Rabinowitz/Jack Robin moving between Jewish and non-Jewish musical practices in search of his own identity in exile. The presence of cabaret in early film was no less true in Germany, where the first talkie also took cabaret as its theme. In fact, the very *Blue Angel* in the title of Josef von Sternberg's *Der blaue Engel* (1930) was the name of the wharfside cabaret where much of the film was shot.

The *Blue Angel* cabaret in the film is significant not only because of

its role in establishing Marlene Dietrich's stardom, but because Friedrich Holländer (1896–1976) created the music performed in the cabaret. By the time he was leading the stage band, the “Weintraub's Syncopators” in the movie, Friedrich Holländer had already secured a compositional voice that lent itself to film. In the course of the 1920s and 1930s, he forged a style that was musically cosmopolitan and socially critical, not least because of the lyrics upon which he drew, including those by Kurt Tucholsky. Holländer fled in exile to Hollywood in the 1930s, where he wrote the music for films such as *A Foreign Affair* (1948) and *Sabrina* (1954) by the exile director, Billy Wilder (1906–2002). For Holländer, exile resolved itself through imagination and through the creation of alternative worlds that cabaret so marvelously makes possible. Following his exile, he entered years of reprise, returning to Germany, where he spent his remaining years creating for the cabaret stage.

A song from Holländer's own show, *Klabund*, “Marianka” is one of the finest examples of cabaret song that relied on the popular dance craze that swept European stages between the world wars. The tango provides the signature tune for the character of Marianka, who presents her many per-

sonalities and identities in Holländer's own lyrics, most in the forms of stereotypes, such as a Rom lover, occupying the popular stage of the day. The wild acceleration of “Marianka” gives way to an enigmatic timelessness in the final song on the CD: Friedrich Holländer's “If the Moon, If the Moon . . .”, with its lyrics by Theobald Tiger, one of Kurt Tucholsky's most frequently used noms de plume (see Lenze 2007). Throughout his cabaret texts, Tucholsky turns to the night as the ultimate exile from the everyday that increasingly closed in upon interwar Europe. In “If the Moon,” Holländer employs musical references to time itself, the toll of the church bells yielding to the laughing of the heavens at night, merrily tolerating the human frailties that would be suppressed by day. The paths of exile led Holländer and Tucholsky in different directions, one to Hollywood, the other to suicide in Sweden, but together they create a song that charts the paths of exile trenchantly and tragically.

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THE NEW BUDAPEST ORPHEUM SOCIETY



The New Budapest Orpheum Society is an Ensemble-in-Residence at the University of Chicago. It performs locally in Chicago synagogues, universities, and cultural institutions, and tours widely, performing at Symphony Space and Café Sabarsky in New York City, the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, and the United States Memorial Holocaust Museum. In January and February 2009, the ensemble performed at cabarets in Vienna and Berlin, among them the American Academy in Berlin. The ensemble draws upon a wide range of repertoires, many forgotten, others preserved in European archives, all poignantly bearing witness to the great tradition of Jewish cabaret.

Julia Bentley, mezzo-soprano, has appeared in leading roles with opera companies throughout the world, and has been featured as a soloist with orchestras led by Raymond Leppard, Robert Shaw, and Pierre Boulez, among others. In Chicago, she is one of the most sought-after performers of new music, but her repertory also crosses many stylistic and ensemble boundaries in vocal, operatic, and chamber ensembles. In 2008, she performed extensively from the works of Olivier Messiaen for festivals celebrating the centenary of the French composer's birth. She records on the Albany, Cedille, and Tintagel labels, and has served on the voice faculty of Northern Illinois University in Chicago.

Philip V. Bohlman, artistic director, is the Mary Werkman Distinguished Service Professor of the Humanities and Professor of Music at the University of Chicago, and Honorary professor of the Hochschule für Musik und Theater Hannover (Germany). Among his most recent publications are *Jüdische Volksmusik – Eine mitteleuropäische Geistesgeschichte* (2005) and *Jewish Music and Modernity* (2008), as well as the edited volume, *Jewish Musical Modernism, Old and New* (2008), which includes a CD of the New Budapest Orpheum Society. He has

received the Edward Dent Medal from the Royal Music Association in 1997, the Berlin Prize from the American Academy in Berlin in 2003, and the 2007 Derek Allen Prize for Musicology from the British Academy.

Stewart Figa, baritone, a cantor in the Chicago area since 1990, has served as cantor at West Suburban Temple Har Zion in River Forest, Illinois, since 1998. He also comes to the New Budapest Orpheum Society from a tradition of Yiddish theater, beginning in New York City in the 1980s. He has had the privilege of working with some of the legendary greats of the Yiddish stage, including Leon Liebgold, Seymour Rexite, Reizel Boyzk, and Max Perlman. He performs secular and sacred Jewish music throughout the Chicago area, including appearances at the Spertus Institute of Jewish Studies and with the Halevi Choral Society.

Iordanka Kissiova, violinist, is active as an orchestral and chamber musician throughout the Chicago area and the state of Illinois. A native of Bulgaria, she studied in Sophia at the Bulgarian National Academy of Music before emigrating to the United States in 1993. She has played regularly in regional orchestras throughout the Midwest, and is a permanent member of

the Illinois Symphony Orchestra. She joined the New Budapest Orpheum Society for special engagements for many years before becoming a standing member in 2006. As a chamber musician, she has collaborated extensively with her late husband, Peter Blagoev, with whom she has performed for numerous recordings and live broadcasts.

Ilya Levinson, music director, arranger, and pianist, holds degrees in composition from the Moscow Conservatory and the University of Chicago (Ph.D. 1997). He composes in a variety of genres, including concert stage, opera, musical theater, and film. His klezmer musical, *American Klezmer*, has enjoyed a long and successful run in Los Angeles, and his works for chamber music and orchestra have recently enjoyed performances in France and Germany. His *Klezmer Rhapsody* was recorded by the Maxwell Street Klezmer Band on the Shanachie label. Composer-in-residence with American Music Festivals, he is Lecturer in Music at Columbia College Chicago and at The University of Chicago.

Stewart Miller, bassist, is a native of Louisville, Kentucky, a graduate of the University of Kentucky and Northern Illinois University, and a regular in jazz clubs, record-

ing studios, and festivals in and around Chicago. He began his performance career with the Glen Miller Orchestra and performed widely in the Louisville-Cincinnati area before settling in Chicago in 1987. He can be heard on recent recordings by Chicago jazz artists including trumpeter Orbert Davis, trombonist Russ Phillips, and singer/pianist Judy Roberts, and on Delmark Records' 2004 release, *Up Jumped Spring*, by legendary trombonist Curtis Fuller.

Hank Tausend, percussion, is a transplanted New Yorker whose many talents and repertoires make him one of the most sought-after percussionists and teachers in Chicago. After starting drums at thirteen, he made his way into the New York scene, playing jazz at the Red Blazer and Michael's Pub (in Woody Allen's band), and Russian music at Town Hall and Lincoln Center (with the Balalaika Symphonic Orchestra). He is equally at home presenting lectures for the Lyric Opera of Chicago, local and regional orchestras, playing jazz, and joining in vernacular and popular Jewish musics, klezmer and, of course, cabaret. Hank is married to Chicago actress Iris Lieberman.

JEWISH CABARET IN EXILE Texts and Translations

I – THE GREAT ENNUI ON THE EVE OF EXILE Edmund Nick (1891–1973) & Erich Kästner (1899–1974)

☐ Die möblierte Moral

1. Mancher Mann, wie er möchte schlafen
Und er möchte selbstverständlich gern.
Andre Menschen will der Himmel strafen
Und er macht sie zu möblierten Herrn.
Er verschickt sie zu verkniffnen Damen
Im Logis und manchmal in Pension.
Blöde Bilder wollen aus dem Rahmen
Und die Möbel sagen keinen Ton.
Selbst das Handtuch möchte sauber bleiben,
Dreimal husten kostet eine Mark.
Manche dieser Schachteln zu beschreiben,
Ist kein noch so starkes Wort zu stark.
2. Das Klavier, die Köpfe und die Stühle
Sind aus Überzeugung stets verstaubt.
Und die Nutzenanwendung der Gefühle
Ist uns Aftermietern nicht erlaubt.
Und wir nicken nur noch wie die Puppen,
Denn der Mund ist nach und nach vereist.
Untermieter sind Besatzungstruppen in
dem Reiche,
Das Familie heißt.
Die möblierten Herrn aus allen Ländern
Stehen fremd und stumm in ihrem Zimmer.
Nur die Ehe kann den Zustand ändern,
Doch die Ehe ist ja noch viel schlimmer,
noch viel schlimmer, . . .

The Well-Furnished Morals

1. Many a man may, if he wants, sleep,
And he wants to do so gladly.
Heaven wants to punish others,
And he makes himself a well-furnished man.
He sends morals to uptight ladies,
In lodgings and sometimes in a pension.
Stupid pictures want to escape their frames
And the furniture does not make a sound.
The towel itself wants to remain clean.
It costs one Mark if you cough three times.
To describe many of these containers
Is not too strong even for a strong word.
2. The piano, the heads, and the chairs
Are always covered with dust from conviction.
And the prerequisite for using feelings
Is not permitted to us subletters.
And we nod our heads like dolls,
For the mouth is iced shut again and again.
Sub-letters and occupying troops in the
empire,
That's called family.
The well-furnished men from every land
Stand foreign and silent in their room.
Only marriage can change the situation.
Marriage is, indeed, much worse, much
worse, . . .

2 Das Wiegenlied väterlicherseite

1. Schlaf ein, mein Kind! Schlaf ein, mein Kind!
Man hält uns für Verwandte.
Doch ob wir es wirklich sind?
Ich weiß es nicht. Schlaf ein mein Kind!
Mama ist bei der Tante.
2. Schlaf ein, mein Kind. Mein Kind schlaf ein!
Man kann nichts Klüg'ges machen.
Ich bin so groß, du bist so klein.
Wer schlafen kann, darf glücklich sein.
Wer schlafen darf, kann lachen.
Nachts liegt man neben einer Frau, die sagt:
Laß mich in Ruhe!
Sie liebt mich nicht. Sie ist so schlau.
Sie hext mir meine Haare grau.
Wer weiß, was ich noch tue . . .

Schlaf ein, mein Kind, mein Kind, nun schlaf!
Du hast nichts zu versäumen.
Man träumt vielleicht, man wär' ein Graf.
Man träumt vielleicht, die Frau wär' brav.
Es ist so schön zu träumen.

Hörst du, wie die Autos jagen?
Irgendwo geschieht ein Mord.
Alles will dir etwas sagen,
Aber du verstehst kein Wort.
Sieben große und zwölf kleine Sorgen stehen um dein Bett,
Und sie stehen sich die Beine bis zum Morgen ins Parkett.

The Father's Lullaby

1. Go to sleep, my child! Go to sleep, my child!
One takes us for relatives.
But if we really are?
I don't know. Go to sleep, my child!
Mama is at your aunt's.
2. Go to sleep, my child! My child, go to sleep!
One cannot do anything wiser.
I am so big, you are so small.
One who is able to sleep can be happy.
One who is able to sleep can laugh.
At night, one lies next to a woman who says:
Leave me in peace!
She does not love me. She is so clever.
She makes my hair turn gray.
Who knows what I still should do . . .

Go to sleep, my child, my child, now sleep!
There's nothing for you to miss.
Perhaps one dreams that one could be a count.
Perhaps one dreams that one's wife would behave herself.
It is so beautiful to dream.

Do you hear how the cars are racing about?
Somewhere, there has been a murder.
Everything wants to tell you something,
But you don't understand a word.
Seven big and twelve little worries stand around your bed,
And they stand there till morning to trip you up.

Wenn man schläft, kann nichts passieren.
Auf der Straße, vor dem Haus,
Gehn den Bäumen die dort frieren,
Nach und nach die Haare aus.

Der hat es gut, den man nicht weckt:
Wer tot ist, schläft am längsten.
Wer weiß, wo deine Mutter steckt!
Sei ruhig. Hab' ich dich erschreckt?
Ich wollte dich nicht ängsten.

Vergiß den Mond, schlaf ein, mein Kind,
Und laß die Sterne scheinen.
Vergiß auch mich. Vergiß den Wind.
Nun gute Nacht. Schlaf ein, mein Kind!
Und bitte, laß das Weinen. Mh. . . !

3 Die Elegie in Sachen Wald

1. Die Jahreszeiten wandern durch die Wälder.
Man sieht es nicht.
Man liest es nur im Blatt.
Die Jahreszeiten wandern durch die Felder.
Man zählt die Stunden.
Und man zählt die Gelder.
Man möchte sich fort aus dem Geschrei der Stadt.

Refrain

Der Blumentopf am Fenster ist dir näher.
Nimm ein Vergrößerungsglas,
Dann wird's ein Wald.
Was kann man and'res tun als Europäer.
Die Stadt ist groß, die Stadt ist groß
Und klein, klein ist dein Gehalt.

If one sleeps, nothing can happen.
On the street, in front of the house,
The leaves keep falling from the trees
That stand there freezing.

It's good to be someone, whom one cannot wake:
He who is dead, sleeps the longest.
Who knows, where your mother is!
Be at peace. Have I scared you?
I did not want to scare you.

Forget about the moon, go to sleep, my child,
And let the stars twinkle.
Forget about me, too. Forget about the wind.
Now, good night. Go to sleep, my child!
And, please, stop your crying. Mm. . . !

Elegy in the Forest of Things

1. The seasons wander through the forests.
One does not notice it.
One reads about it only in the papers.
The seasons wander through the fields.
One counts the hours.
And one counts the money.
One seeks to escape the cry of the city.

Refrain

The flowerpot on the windowsill is nearer.
Take a magnifying glass,
Then it becomes a forest.
What else can one do as a European.
The city is large, the city is large
And small, and small is what you earn.

2. Das Dächermeer schlägt ziegelrote Wellen.
Die Luft ist dick und wie aus grauem Tuch.
Man träumt von Äckern und von
Pferdeställen.
Man träumt von Teichen, Bächen und
Forellen.
Man möchte in die Stille zu Besuch.

Refrain

4 Der Gesang vom verlorenen Sohn

1. Mein Sohn schreibt mir so gut wie gar
nicht mehr.
Das heißt: zu Ostern hat er mir geschrieben.
Er denke gern an mich zurück, schrieb er,
Und würde mich wie stets von Herzen
lieben.
Das letzte Mal, als wir uns beide sahn,
Das war genau vor zweidreiviertel Jahren.
Ich stehe manchmal an der Eisenbahn,
Wenn Züge nach Berlin (dort wohnt er)
fahren.
Doch einmal kaufte ich mir ein Billett
Und wäre beinah nach Berlin gekommen.
Doch dann begab ich mich zum
Schalterbrett.
Dort hat man das Billett zurückgenommen.

Refrain

Ich hab von ihm noch ein paar
Kinderschuhe.
Nun ist er groß und läßt mich so allein.
Ich sitze still und habe keine Ruhe.
Am besten wär's, die Kinder blieben klein.

2. The sea of rooftops beats with brick-red
waves.
The air is thick, as if made of gray fabric,
One dreams of fields and of horse stables.
One dreams of ponds, streams, and trout.
One wants to take a visit in the silence.

Refrain

The Song of the Lost Son

1. My son writes almost not at all anymore.
In other words, he did write at Easter.
He writes that he thinks lovingly about me,
And he will steadily love me in his heart.
The last time we saw each other
Was exactly two-and-three-quarter years
ago.
Sometimes I stand at the train station,
When the trains go to Berlin (he lives there).
In fact, once I bought myself a ticket,
And I almost took a train to Berlin.
However, I went back to the counter.
There, they took back the ticket.

Refrain

I still have some of his childhood shoes.
Now he is big, and leaves me alone.
I sit quietly and have no peace.
The best thing would be if children remained
small.

2. Seit einem Jahre hat er eine Braut.
Das Bild von ihr will er schon lange schicken.
Ob er mich kommen läßt, wenn man sie traut?
Ich würde ihnen gern ein Kissen sticken.
Man weiß nur nicht, ob ihr so was gefällt.

Ob sie ihn wohl, wie er's verdiente, liebt?
Mir ist manchmal so einzeln auf der Welt.
Ob es auch zärtlichere Söhne gibt?
Wie war das schön, als wir zusammen waren!
Im gleichen Haus und in der gleichen Stadt.
Nachts lieg ich wach und hör die Züge
fahren.
Ob er noch immer seinen Husten hat?

Refrain

5 Das Chanson für Hochwohlgeborene

1. Sie sitzen in den Grandhotels!
Ringsum sind Eis und Schnee.
Ringsum sind Berg und Wald und Fels.
Sie sitzen in den Grandhotels
Und trinken immer Tee.
Und trinken immer Tee.

2. Sie haben ihren Smoking an.
Im Walde klirrt der Frost.
Ein kleines Reh hüpfte durch den Tann.
Sie haben ihren Smoking an
Und lauern auf die Post.
Und lauern auf die Post.

3. Sie schwärmen sehr für die Natur
Und heben den Verkehr.
Sie schwärmen sehr für die Natur
Und kennen die Umgebung nur
Von Ansichtskarten her.
Von Ansichtskarten her.

2. For a year he has had a wife.
A long time ago he meant to send her picture.
Might I visit, if it were all right for her?
I would gladly embroider them a pillow.
One just does not know if she'd like it.

Does she love him as much as he deserves?
Sometimes I'm so alone in the world.
Are there more tender sons too?
It was so beautiful when we were together!
In the same house and in the same city.
At night I lie awake and listen to the trains
passing through.
Does he still have his cough?

Refrain

The Chanson for Those Who Are Born Better

1. They sit in the Grand Hotels!
All around, there's ice and snow.
All around, there are mountains, forests, and cliffs.
They sit in the Grand Hotels!
And always drink tea.
And always drink tea.

2. They wear their tuxedos.
The frost in the forests is crystalline.
A little deer leaps through the fir trees.
They wear their tuxedos
And wait for the mail.
And wait for the mail.

3. They sing the praises of nature
And insist on riding through it.
They sing the praises of nature
And they only know what it's like
From postcards.
From postcards.

4. Sie sitzen in den Grandhotels
Und sprechen stets von Sport.
Und einmal treten sie, im Pelz,
Sogar vor's Tor der Grandhotels
Und fahren wieder fort.
Und fahren wieder fort.

6 Der Song "man müßte wieder . . ."

1. Man müßte wieder durch den Stadtpark
laufen
Mit einem Mädchen, das nach Hause muß
Und küssen will und Angst hat vor dem Kuß.
Man müßte ihr und sich vor Ladenschluß
Um zwei Mark fünfzig ein paar Ringe kaufen.
Man müßte wieder nachts am Fenster stehn
Und auf die Stimmen der Passanten hören,
Wenn sie den leisen Schlaf der Straßen
stören.
Man müßte sich, wenn einer lügt, empören.
Und ihm fünf Tage aus dem Wege gehn.
Man müßte wieder seltn Blumen pressen
Und auf dem Schulweg ohne Sorgen schrein.
Man müßte wieder sechzehn Jahre sein
Und alles, was seitdem geschah, vergessen.

2. Man würde wieder seiner Mutter schmei-
cheln,
Weil man zum Jahrmarkt ein paar Groschen
braucht.
Man sähe dann den Mann, der lange taucht,
Und einen Affen, der Zigarren raucht,
Und ließe sich von Riesendamen streicheln.

4. They sit in the Grand Hotels
And talk all the time about sports.
Then all at once they are walking about in furs,
Even at the entrance to the Grand Hotels
And then again they leave.
And then again they leave.

The Song "Once Again One Must . . ."

1. Once again, one must run through the city
park
With a girl who needs to get home
And whom one wants to kiss but is scared
of kissing.
Before the shops close one must buy
A pair of rings for two Marks fifty, one for her
and one for you.
Once again, one must stand at night at the
window
And hear the voices of the passersby,
As they disturb the light sleep of the streets.
One must get angry when someone lies,
And avoid him for five days.
Once again, one must press unusual flowers,
And shout into the gates while walking to
school.
Once again, one must be sixteen years old.
And forget everything that happened since
that time.

2. Once again, one would like to snuggle with
one's mother,
Because one needs a few Groschen for the
yearly fair.
There, one sees the man who stays under
water for a long time,
And a monkey who smokes cigars,
And lets himself be petted by the giant woman.

Man ließe sich von einer Frau verführen
Und dächte stets: Das ist Herrn Nußbaums
Braut!

Man spürte ihre Hände auf der Haut.
Das Herz im Leibe schlug hart und laut,
Als schlugen nachts im Elternhaus die
Türen.

Man müßte wieder roten Pudding essen
Und schliefe abends ohne Sorgen ein.
Man müßte wieder sechzehn Jahre sein
Und alles, was seitdem geschah, vergessen.

One lets oneself be led astray by a woman,
And would think all the time: That's Mr.
Nußbaum's bride!

One feels her hands on one's skin.
The heart in love beats loudly in the chest,
As the doors beat at the parents' house.
Once again, one must eat red pudding,
And go to sleep at night without cares.
Once again, one must be sixteen years old.
And forget everything that happened since
that time.

II – THE EXILED LANGUAGE – Yiddish Songs for Stage and Screen

7 Moses Milner: In Cheider

Kum aher, yingele nehenter tzu mir,
Un tu a kuk in di kleine oiselakh.
Teiere oiselakh, gilderne oiselakh,
Gikher, gikher kum aher.
Hob kein moire nit; shrek zikh nit.
Ot azoy, zetz zikh avek un her ois mit kop.
Zetz zikh, ot azoy her zikh tzu.

Kometz alef O
Kometz beis BO
Kometz gimel GO
Kometz daled DO.

*Pasach alef A
Pasach beis BA
Pasach gimel GA
Pasach daled DA*

Ot azoy yingele ot azoy darf men lernen
yingele, oi vey teier yingele.
Tu a kuk in sider un sog nuch amol.

In the Cheder American adaptation by Stewart Figa

Come here, child, closer to me
And take a look at these little letters,
These precious, golden letters.
Quickly, quickly, come over here.
Don't worry; don't be afraid.
That's right, sit yourself down and pay attention.
Ready? Now listen:

(The vowel) *Kometz* (with the letter) *Alef*
(sounds) O
Kometz Beis BO
Kometz Gimel GO
Kometz Daled DO

*Pasach Alef A
Pasach Beis BA
Pasach Gimel GA
Pasach Daled DA*

This is how, my dear child, you must learn.
Take a look in the prayerbook and repeat:

Kometz alef O . . .

Hecher shtarker, o bo, ot azoy darf men lernen yingele. a ba ga da
Hekher, shtarker, ot azoy darf men lernen yingele. a ba ga da
Ot azoy, freilicher, lebediger, genarnick, Ot azoy yingele darf men lernen toire.
Toire is di beste schoire.
Volst geven a teier yingele zolst nit zayn kein genarnik.
Ai bist du a genarnik yingele genug shoyng farmakh dem sider bist frei.
Gedenk mein kind a yid darf lernen toire azoy zogt uns der heiliger boire.
As men vet dikh fregn vos host du geton in cheider,
Zolst du zogen host gelernt toire;
Gedenk toire nokh amol: Toire toire toire toire toire toire.

**8 Mordechai Gebirtig:
Avreml, der Marvikher**

1. Un a heym bin ikh yung geblibn
S'hot a noyt mikh aroysgetribn
Ven ikh hob noch kein draytzn yor gehat.
In der fremd vayt fun mameh's oygn
Hot in shmutz mikh di gas dertzoygn.
Gevorn iz fun mir a voyler yat.

Refrain

Ikh bin Avreml, der feykster marvikher,
A groyser kintsler, kh'arbet leicht un zicher,
Dus ershteh mol kh'vel's gedenken bizn toyt
Arein in tfiseh far lak'khenen a broyt. Oy, oy.

Kometz Alef O . . .

Louder! Stronger! This is the way to learn.
That's it! With spirit, livelier!
This is the way to learn Torah. Torah is the real deal!
Now be a good boy, don't be silly... Ah, silly boy.
That's enough... Close your book; you may go.

Remember my child a Jew must learn Torah.
So our holy creator tells us.
If they ask you What did you do in cheider?
You should say that you learned Torah. . . .
Remember, Torah.

Abe, the Pickpocket

1. Homeless I've been since I was quite young;
It was hunger that drove me away from my home.
When I'd scarcely reached the age of thirteen,
Out in the world, far from mother's eyes,
Brought up in dark, dirty alleyways,
I became a fine young man, indeed.

Refrain

I am Avreml, the most gifted pickpocket;
A brilliant artist, my work is light and sure.
The first time I was jailed, as I remember it,
Came about because I'd swiped some bread,
oy, oy!

Kh'far nisht oyf markn vi yeneh proste yatn,
Kh'tzup nor bay kargeh shmutzikeh magnaten
Kh'bin zich mekhaye ven kh'tup aza magnet
Ikh bin Avreml gor a voyle yat.

2. In der fremd nisht gehat tzum laybn,
Gebetn broyt, an oremer flegt noch geben.
Nor yeneh layt, vus zennen tumid zat.
Flegn oft traybn mikh mit tzurn
S'vakst a ganev, s'iz mekuyem gevorn
A ganev bin ikh, nor a voyler yat.

Refrain

Ikh bin Avreml, der feykster marvikher,
A groyser kintsler, kh'arbet leicht un zicher,
A yat a kleyner arine in kutchament
Aroys a mazik, a zeltener talent, oy, oy.
Kh'far nisht oyf markn vi yeneh proste yatn,
Kh'tzup nor bay kargeh shmutzikeh magnaten
Kh'hub lib a mentchen a mildn, a nashbrat.
Ikh bin avremel gor a voyler yat.

3. Shoyng nisht lang vet dos shpiel gedoyern,
Krank fun klep gift fun tfiseh-moyern,
Nor ein b'koshe kh'volt azoy gevolt.
Nokh mayn toyt, in a tog getriben
Zol oyfn mayn matzeyveh shtayn geshribn
Mit oyses groyse un fun gold:

Refrain

Do ligt Avreml, der feykster marvikher
A mentch a groyser geven volt fun im zicher.
A mentch a feiner mit hartz, mit a gefil.

I don't work markets, like any common criminal;
I filch from business magnates, stinking rich and venal.
It's such a pleasure to steal from one of these!
I am Avreml, a fine young man, indeed.

2. Out in the world, without enough to live on,
I begged for bread; a poor man used to give some.
But those who had enough to eat
Would drive me off with hate and scorn.
So, this is how a thief is born!
Thief I am, but a fine young man, indeed.

Refrain

I am Avreml, the most gifted pickpocket,
A brilliant artist, my work is light and sure.
While still a kid, off to jail I went,
Out came a wizard, a singular talent, oy, oy!
I don't work markets, like any common criminal;
I filch from business magnates, stinking rich and venal.
I like good people, gentle company;
I am Avreml, a fine young man, indeed.

3. But this game can't go on much longer,
Prison life has left me sick and crippled;
One last request, if I might be so bold:
When I die, on that gloomy day,
Let the writing on my monument say,
In enormous letters, fashioned of gold:

Refrain

Here lies Avreml, the most gifted pickpocket,
A great man, he'd most certainly have been;
A kind man, with sympathetic heart,

A mentch a reiner, vi got aley n nor vil, oy,
oy.
Ven iber im volt gevacht a mame's oygn,
Ven s'volt di finstereh gas im nisht dertzoygn,
Ven noch als kind er a tateh volt gehat,
Do ligt Avreml, yener voyler yat.

9 Abraham Ellstein: Tif vi di Nacht

Music and text by Abraham Ellstein

Tif vi di nakht iz mayn libe tsu dir gelibte
mayn.
Tsu zayn mit dir, dos iz alts vos ikh bager.
Ikh zits un trakht tsu dos glik vet mit undz
oyf eybik zayn;
Farlir ikh dikh, hot dos lebn gor kayn vert.

Vi di zun un di levone, vi di shtern vos
balaykht di nakht.
Azoy sheyn iz mayn matone nor fun himl
hot dos Got tsu mir gebrakht,

Meg alts geshen, meg afile yetst di velt
unter geyn,
Mayn libe vet, eyvik zayn, tif vi di nakht.

Ikh zits un trakht tsu dos glik vet mit undz
oyf eybik zayn;
Farlir ikh dikh, hot dos lebn gor kayn vert.

Vi di zun un di levone, vi di shtern vos
balaykht di nakht.
Azoy sheyn iz mayn matone nor fun himl
hot dos Got tsu mir gebrakht,

Meg alts geshen, meg afile yetst di velt
unter geyn,
Mayn libe vet, eyvik zayn, tif vi di nakht.

A righteous man, who always did God's work,
oy, oy!
If only a mother's eyes had watched him,
If only the dark alleys hadn't raised him,
If he'd only had a father as a child.
There lies Avreml, a fine young man, indeed.

Deep as the Night

American adaptation by Stewart Figa

Deep as the night is my love for you my
sweetheart.
To be with you is all I desire.
I sit and ponder on the happiness that will
be ours forever;
If I lost you, how worthless my life would be.

Like the Sun and the Moon, like the stars
which illumine the night,
You are a beautiful gift sent to me by God
alone from heaven.

Come what may, let the world collapse,
My love for you will forever be deep as the
night.

I sit and ponder on the happiness that will
be ours forever;
If I lost you, how worthless my life would be.

Like the Sun and the Moon, like the stars
which illumine the night,
You are a beautiful gift sent to me by God
alone from heaven.

Come what may, let the world collapse,
My love for you will forever be deep as the
night.

III – TRANSFORMATION OF TRADITION

Hanns Eisler: From Zeitungsausschnitte

10 Mariechen

Mariechen, du dummes, dummes Viehchen!
Ich reiße dir ein Beinchen aus,
dann mußt du hinken auf deinem Schinken,
dann mußt du hinken.

Dann kommst du ins städtische Krankenhaus,
da wirst du operiert,
mit Schmierseif' eingeschmiert,
mit Schmierseif' eingeschmiert.

Dann kommt der deutsche Männerchor,
der singt dir ein schönes Liedchen vor.
Mariechen! Du dummes, dummes Viehchen!

11 Kriegslied eines Kindes

Meine Mutter wird Soldat,
da zieht sie Hosen an mit roten Quasten dran.
Trara tschindra, meine Mutter wird Soldat.

Da bekommt sie einen Rock an
mit blanken Knöpfen dran,
da bekommt sie Stiefel an
mit langen Schaften dran,
da bekommt sie einen Helm auf
mit Kaiser Wilhelm drauf.
Trara tschindra, meine Mutter wird Soldat.

Hanns Eisler: From Newspaper Clippings

Little Marie

Little Marie, you stupid little critter!
If I tear away one of your legs,
Then you'll have to limp on your thigh,
Then you'll have to limp.

Then you'll be admitted to the city hospital,
Where you'll be operated on,
Rubbed down with creamy soap,
Rubbed down with creamy soap.

Then the German men's chorus will arrive
To sing you a pretty song.
Little Marie, you stupid little critter!

A Child's Song of War

My mother is becoming a soldier
So she puts on pants adorned with red tassles.
Tralala, my mother is becoming a soldier.

She'll put on a jacket
With shiny buttons on it,
She'll put on boots
That reach up to her knees,
She'll put on a helmet
That's got Kaiser Wilhelm on it.
Tarara, my mother is becoming a soldier.

Dann kriegt sie gleich ein Schießgewehr,
da schießt sie hin und her,
dann kommt sie in den Schützengrab'n,
da fressen sie die schwarzen Rab'n,
meine Mutter wird Soldat.

Dann kommt sie ins Lazarett,
da kommt sie ins Himmelbett,
trara tschindra, meine Mutter wird Soldat.

IV – THE POETICS OF EXILE: Songs by Hanns Eisler and Kurt Tucholsky (1890–1935)

12 Heute zwischen Gestern und Morgen Today between Yesterday and Tomorrow

1. Wie Gestern und Morgen sich mächtig ver-
mischen!
Hier ein Stuhl . . . da ein Stuhl und wir immer
dazwischen!
Liebliche Veilchen im März, nicht mehr.
Proletarier Staat mit Herz, noch nicht.
Noch ist es nicht so weit, noch ist es nicht
so weit.

Refrain

Denn wir leben, denn wir leben in einer
Übergangszeit!

2. Geplapertes ABC bei den alten Semestern.
Fraternité, Liberté – ist das von gestern?
Festgefügtes Gebot? Nicht mehr.
Flattert die Fahne rot? Noch nicht.
Noch ist es nicht so weit, noch ist es nicht
so weit.

Refrain

Then she'll get a rifle right away,
So she can shoot every which way,
Then she'll jump in the trenches,
Where they're eating black ravens,
My mother is becoming a soldier.

She'll then arrive at the field hospital,
Where a lovely four-poster bed (heaven)
awaits her,
Tarara, my mother is becoming a soldier.

1. How yesterday and tomorrow so powerfully
blur together!
Here a stool . . . there a stool, and we always
fall between them!
Lovely violets in March no more.
A proletarian country with heart, not yet.
We're not that far yet, not that far yet.

Refrain

For we're living, we're living, in a time of
transition!

2. Prattling away with ABCs in past semesters.
Brotherhood, freedom – is that from yes-
terday?
Firm commands? No more.
Does the flag wave red? Not yet.
We're not that far yet, not that far yet.

Refrain

3. Antwort auf Fragen wollen alle dir geben.
Du mußt es tragen: ungesichertes Leben.
Kreuz und rasselnder Ruhm. Nicht mehr.
Befreiendes Menschentum. Noch nicht.
Noch ist es nicht so weit, noch ist es nicht
so weit.

Refrain

13 Bürgerliche Wohltätigkeit

1. Sieh! Da steht das Erholungsheim
Einer Aktiengesellschaftsgruppe;
Morgens gibt es Haferschleim
Und abends Gerstensuppe.
Und die Arbeiter dürfen auch in den Park.
Gut, das ist der Pfennig und wo ist die Mark

2. Sie reichen euch manches Almosen
Unter christlichen frommen Gebeten;
Sie pflegen die leidende Wöchnerin
Denn sie brauchen ja die Proleten.
Sie liefern auch einen Armensarg.
Gut, das ist der Pfennig und wo ist die Mark

3. Die Mark ist tausend und tausendfach
In fremde Taschen geflossen,
Die Dividende hat mit viel Krach
Der Aufsichtsrat beschlossen.
Für euch die Brühe, für sie das Mark,
Für euch der Pfennig, für sie die Mark.

3. Everyone wants to give you answers to
questions.
You must accept: it's an uncertain time.
Crosses and noisy fame. No more.
Emancipated Humanity. Not yet.
We're not that far yet, not that far yet.

Refrain

Civic Charity

1. See! There's a rehabilitation clinic
For a stock corporation.
In the morning they have a bowl of por-
ridge
And in the evening vegetable soup.
And the workers can also go walking in
the park.
Good, that's the penny, but where is the
dollar?

2. They give alms to many
Under the name of Christian prayers;
They care for the suffering temp working
women.
For they need proletarians for themselves.
They provide a coffin for a pauper.
Good, that's the penny, but where is the
dollar?

3. A thousand Marks flow a thousand times
Into the pockets of the poor,
The profits closed many advisory offices
With a great deal of noise.
For you there is broth, for them the pulp,
For you the penny, for them the Mark.

4. Proleten, fällt nich auf den Schwindel rein!
Sie schulden euch mehr als sie gehen.
Sie schulden euch alles!
Die Länderein, die Bergwerke und die
Wollfärberein,
Sie schulden euch Glück und Leben.
Nimm, was du kriegst!
Aber pfeif auf den Quark.
Denk an deine Klasse!
Und die macht Stark!
Für dich der Pfennig! Für dich die Mark!

Kämpfe!

14 Zuckerbrot und Peitsche

1. Nun senkt sich auf die Fluren nieder der süße
Kitsch mit Zucker Ei.
Nun kommen alle, alle wieder:
Mit Franz Lehár und Holz-Schalmel . . .
Sie wollen sich mit Kunst betäuben,
Sie wollen nur noch Märchen sehn;
Sie wollen ihre Welt zerstäuben
Und neben der Epoche gehn.
Das Bürgertum erliegt der Wucht:
Flucht, Flucht, Flucht.

2. So dichtet, Dichter: vom Atlantik, von Rittern
und Liebesnacht!
Her, blaue Blume der Romantik!
„Er löste ihr die Brünne sacht . . .
Wie ihr euch durch Musik entblößtet!
In eurer Kunst ist keine Faust.
So habt ihr euch noch stets getröstet,
Wenn über euch die Peitsche saust.
Ihr wollt zu höhern Harmonien
Fliehn, fliehn, fliehn.

4. Proletarians, don't fall for the scam!
They create more debts than they give.
They put you in debt for everything!
The factories used for agriculture, mining,
and wool-dying.
They make you guilty for happiness and life.
Take what you receive!
But abandon the cottage cheese.
Think about your class!
And it will make you strong!
For you the penny! For you the Mark!

Fight on!

Sweetbread and Whips

1. The sweet kitsch with sugar-eggs falls now
into the halls.
Now, they are all coming back:
With Franz Lehár and wooden shawms . . .
They want to deafen themselves with art,
They only want to see fairy tales any more;
They want to turn their world into dust
And move against the grain of the times.
The citizenry gives up its guard:
Flight, flight, flight.

2. The poets write poems about the Atlantic,
princes, and nights of love!
From the blue flowers of the Romantics!
He gave to her the fountains of . . .
How you expose yourselves through music!
There is no fist in your art.
You have always made yourselves feel good,
When the whip is threatening over you.
You wanted to escape to higher harmonies,
Escape, escape, escape.

3. Es hilft euch nichts.
Geht ihr zu Grunde: man braucht euch nicht.
Kein Platz bleibt leer.
Ihr winselt wie die feigen Hunde schiebt ab!
Euch gibt es gar nicht mehr!
Wir ändern aber wirken weit in die Zeit!
In die Zeit! In die Zeit, in die Zeit, in die Zeit!

19 An den deutschen Mond

1. Guter Mond, du gehst so stille durch die
Abendwolken hin!
Siehst die lange Äppelzille und die
Venuspriesterin.
Siehst Passanten und die Bummler
Und die bösen Geldscheinschummeler . . .
Bist das alles schon gewohnt, guter Mond!

2. Segelst langsam ob den Dächern,
Siehst in Fenster der Büros,
Wo die Akten in den Fächern flüstern:
„Wir sind Justav Nosken los!
Siehst in Fenster der Kasernen,
Wo sie Schwarz-Rot-Gold entfernen . . .
Bist das alles schon gewohnt, guter Mond!

3. Aber käme plötzlich einmal einer,
Der trotz Lärmen, Drohen und Gezisch
Schlüge – wie noch bisher leider keiner —
Mit der Faust auf unsern grünen Tisch —
Sagt der: „Militär kann gehen!
Ei, dann bleibst du sicher stehen!
Denn das bist du nicht gewohnt, guter
Mond!

3. It does not help you at all.
Come to the crux of the matter: No one
needs you.
There is no place remaining empty.
You whine like the cowardly dog with his tail
between his legs!
You don't even exist anymore!
The rest of us are in control of this moment!
Of this moment! Of this moment, of this
moment, of this moment!

To the German Moon

1. Dear moon, you move so quietly through
the evening clouds!
You see the long Äppelzille and the Venus
Priestess.
You see the passersby and the strollers,
And the nasty money exchangers . . .
You are accustomed to that, dear moon!

2. Slowly across the rooftops,
You see into the office windows,
Where the files whisper in the cabinets:
We were taken from Gustav Nosken!
You see into the windows of the barracks,
There where Black, Gold, and Red separate . . .
You are accustomed to that, dear moon!

3. But then one individual arrived suddenly,
Who, despite the noise, threats, and hissing,
Pounds his fist on our green table —
Like no one had before him —
He says: The army can be dismissed!
Oh, and then you'll stay safe!
For you are not accustomed to that, dear
moon!

16 Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit

1. Was die Freiheit ist bei den Germanen,
Die bleibt meistens schwer inkognito.
Manche sind die ewigen Untertanen,
Möchten gern und können bloß nicht so.
Denn schon hundert Jahr trifft dich immer-
dar
Ein geduldiger Schafsblick durch die Brillen.
Doof ist doof. Da helfen keine Pillen.
2. Was Justitia ist bei den Teutonen,
Die hat eine Binde obenrum.
Doch sie tut die Binde gerne schonen,
Und da bindt sie sie nicht immer um.
Unten winseln die wie das liebe Vieh.
Manche glauben noch an guten Willen.
Doof ist doof. Da helfen keine Pillen.
3. Was die Eingkeit ist bei den Hiesigen,
Die ist vierundzwanzigfach verteilt.
Für die Länder hat man einen riesigen
Schreibapparat gefeilt:
Hamburg schießt beinah sich mit Altona;
Bayern zeigt sich barsch, schreit: Leckt mich
am . . . [Arsch]
Eine Republike wider Willen.
Deutsch ist deutsch. Da helfen keine Pillen.

Unity and Justice and Freedom

1. Whatever freedom means for the Germanic
tribes
Remains completely incognito.
Many are the oppressed,
Who gladly want it, but just have no pos-
sibility.
Because already for a hundred years one
takes
A patient sheepish glance through the
glasses.
Stupid is stupid, and pills don't help.
2. Whatever [Roman] justice is for the Teutons,
She has a band wrapped around it.
Still, she would gladly spare the band.
So she would not always have to bind her-
self in such a way.
Those below whine like dear cattle.
Many still believe in good will.
Stupid is stupid, and pills don't help.
3. Whatever unity means for people today
Is split into twenty-four parts.
For the provinces there is no giant machine
for writing.
Hamburg and Altona shoot at each other;
Bavaria acts rudely and shouts: Kiss my . .
. [ass]
A republic against will.
German is German, and pills don't help.

17 Couplet für die Bier-Abteilung

1. In den Berliner Straßen da siehst du heut',
mein Kind,
Wie über alle Maßen besetzt die Autos sind.
Der Chef mit Prokuristen, Agenten und
Juristen
Sie quetschen sich zwecks Billigkeit eng
aneinander an:
Acht Mann in einem Auto, ein Auto und acht
Mann.
2. Emilie, süßes Töpfchen der Suppe meiner
Lust:
Ich lege gern mein Köpfchen an deine linke
Brust.
Du schwörst, ich sei alleine.
Ich glaub es gern, du Kleine!
Denn kämen alle, die du liebst:
Dann rückten da heran:
Acht Mann in einem Auto, ein Auto und
acht Mann!
3. Wenn diese Republike den Zimt so weit-
ermacht,
Wird eines Tags sie stike von hinten umge-
bracht.
Herrn Geßlers Reichsgardisten erziehn dann
Monarchisten.
Man wird ein bißchen schreiben – die
meisten werden bleiben.
Der Rest, der fährt zum Tor hinaus mit
Schwarz-Rot-Gold voran.
Es wird die Herrn begleiten: Ein Leutnant
und zehn Mann!

Couplet for the Beer Department

1. My child, today you see everywhere in the
Berlin streets
Just how many packed cars are driving all
over the place.
The boss complains to the buyers, agents,
and lawyers
To make sure that they keep the goal of
cheapness in sight:
Eight men in a car, a car and eight men.
2. Emily, you sweet cup for the soup of my
passion:
I gladly lay my little head on your left
breast.
You swear that I'm the only one.
I gladly believe you, little one!
Then, if all came whom you love:
Then they would line up:
Eight men in a car, a car and eight men!
3. When this republic raises interest rates as
it has,
Everything holding it together will be killed.
Geßler's Imperial Guard trains the monar-
chists.
One can editorialize a bit, but most will
remain.
The rest of them, going to the gate behind
the Black, Red, and Gold.
The men will be led: A lieutenant and ten
men!

V – TRAUMAS OF INNER EXILE

Viktor Ullmann, *Three Yiddish Songs (Březulinka)*, op. 53 (1944)

18 Berjoskele

(transliteration following Jaldati and Robling 1984: 251–52, after Menachem Kipnis, *Folkslider*, Warsaw, n.d.)

1. Ruik, ruik shokelt ir geloktes grines kep'l mayn vaysinke Beryozkele un davent on a shir;
yedes, yedes, bletele irs sheptchet shtil a t'file
zy shoin, klein Beryozkele, mispalel euch fa mir.
2. Fun vayt'n mayrev hot zikh troyerik farganvet
in di dine tzvaygelekh a rozer tsarter shtral;
un a shtil'n kush getun di bletelekh di klayne,
velkhe hob'n dremlendik gehorkht dem nakhtigal.
3. Fun di vayte feilder iz vintele gekumen un dertsaylt di gletlekh legends on a shir, epes hot in harts'n tif bay mir genumen benk'n
zay shoy'n, kleyn Beryozkele, mispalel oykh far mir.

The Little Birch

1. Peacefully, peacefully rock your little green-braided cap,
My little white birch, who prays without peace.
Each little leaf quietly makes a wish,
Dear little birch, accept my prayer among these.
2. From faraway in the west a gentle red glow
Has begun sadly to find its way into your narrow branches.
It quietly kisses all the soft, tiny leaves,
Dreamily, they listened to the nightingale's song.
3. A wind blew here across the wide fields,
Surely it told the leaves many stories.
Longing begins to arise, deep from within the heart,
Dear little birch tree, please pray also for me.

19 Margaritkele

1. In veld'l, baym taykh'l, dort zaynen gevaks'n Margaritkele el'nt und kleyn –
vi kleyninke zunen mit vaysinke shtrain,
mit vaysinke tra-la-la-la!
2. Gegangen iz Khavele shtil un farkholement, tseloz'n di gold-blonde tsep;
dos heldz'l antbloyzt un gemurm'lt, gezungen
a lidele – tra-la-la-la!
3. Di zun iz fargang'n der bokher farshvund'n, un Khavele zits nokh in vald.
Zi kukt in der vayt un murml't farkholemt dos lidele: tra-la-la-la . . .

20 Ich bin a Maydl in di Yorn

1. Ikh bin shoy'n a Meyd'l in di yorn, vos hostu mir mayn kopf fardreyt?
Ikh volt shoy'n lang a kale gevorn
un efsher take kasene gehat.
2. Du host mir tsugezogt mikh namen, ikh hob oyf dir lang shoy'n gevart;
far vos zolstu, dushenyu, mikh farshemen tsi hostu dikh in mir genart?

Little Margaret

1. By a pond in the forest, little Margaret grew up, poor and small –
How small and glowing in white,
In white, tra-la-la-la!
2. Little Chavele looks quietly away,
Entranced by the golden, blonde hair;
Uttering a few words, singing
A little song – tra-la-la-la!
3. The sun has set, the boy disappeared,
And Chavele remains in the forest.
She gazes in the distance and quietly
Sings the little song: tra-la-la-la . . .

I'm Already a Young Woman

1. I'm already a young woman,
Why did you turn my head so?
For a long time I've wanted to marry
And find me a fine husband.
2. You promised to take me with you,
I've waited for you a long time;
Why should you be ashamed, dear,
That you're crazy about me?

VI – NOSTALGIA AND EXILE

21 **Georg Kreisler: Tauben vergiften**

1. Schatz, das Wetter ist wunderschön,
Da leid ich's nicht länger zu Haus.
Heute muß man ins Grüne gehn,
In den bunten Frühling hinaus.

Jeder Bursch und sein Mäderl
Mit einem Freßpaketerl,
Sitzen heute im grünen Klee.
Schatz, ich hab eine Idee.

Schau die Sonne ist warm,
Und Lüfte sind lau,
Geh'n wir Tauben vergiften
Im Park.

Die Bäume sind grün,
Und der Himmel ist blau.
Geh'n wir Tauben vergiften
Im Park.

Wir sitzen zusamm'
In der Laube,
Und a jeder vergiftet
A Taube.

Der Frühling, der dringt,
Bis ins innerste Mark,
Beim Tauben vergiften
Im Park

2. Schatz, geh, bring das Arsen
G'schwind her.
Das tut sich
Am besten bewährn.

Poisoning Pigeons

1. Sweetheart, the weather is so gorgeous,
I can't stand it inside much longer.
Today, I have to go outside,
To enjoy the colorful spring.

Every guy and every gal
With their picnic lunch
Is sitting today in green clover.
Dear, I've got an idea.

Look, the sun is warm
And the breezes are balmy,
So let's go and poison
The pigeons in the park.

The trees are green,
And the sky is blue.
So let's go and poison
The pigeons in the park.

We're sitting together
In the arbor,
And each one of us poisons
A pigeon.

The spring soaks
Into our very being,
When we poison
The pigeons in the park.

2. Sweetheart, bring the arsenic
As quickly as you can.
That's the best way
To prove one's worth.

Streu's auf einen Graham Brot,
Kreuz über Quer,
Und nimm's Scherzl
Das fressen's so gern.

Erst jag'n
Wir die Spatzen,
Denn die tun ei'm
Alles verpatzen,

So ein Spatz ist zu geschwind,
Der frißt's Gift im nu,
Und das arme Tauberl
Schaut zu.

Ja, der Frühling, der Frühling,
Der Frühling ist hier.
Geh'n wir Tauben vergiften
Im Park.

Kann's geben im Leben,
Ein größ'res Pläsir,
Als das Tauben vergiften
Im Park?

Der Hansel geht gern
Mit der Mali,
Denn die Mali, die zählt's
Zyankali.

Die Herzen sind schwach,
Und die Liebe ist stark,
Beim Tauben vergiften
Im Park.

Nimm für uns, was zum naschen,
In der anderen Taschen.
Geh'n wir Tauben vergiften
Im Park.

Spread it on a graham cracker
Nice and thick,
And choose a cute one
That'll gobble it up.

First, let's chase
Around the sparrows,
For they're the ones
That make such a mess.

A sparrow is too swift
It'll eat the poison in a second,
While the poor pigeon
Just looks on.

Ah, the spring, the spring,
Spring is here.
So let's go and poison
The pigeons in the park.

Could there be
A greater pleasure in life
Than poisoning
The pigeons in the park?

Little Hans walks
Hand in hand with Mali,
For it's Mali
Who's got the cyanide.

Hearts may be weak,
But the love is so strong
When we poison
The pigeons in the park.

In the other pocket
Put something so we can nash.
Let's go and poison
The pigeons in the park.

☒ Ich bin ein unverbesserlicher Optimist

1. Mieß ist jedem am Vormittag,
Mieß ist jedem am Nachmittag,
Jeder jammert: so arg war's nie, wie heuer,
Kaum verdient man am Vormittag eine
Kleinigkeit,
Nachmittag kommt und schnappt es schon
einer von der Steuer.

Wenn auch jedender Mut verläßt,
Ich behaupte doch steif und fest,
Arbeit muß von Erfolg einmal gekrönt sein!
Nur schön fleißig sein und schön sparn
So wie ich und in drei, vier Jahrn
Werden Sie an den Dalles schon gewöhnt
sein!

Refrain

Ich bin ein unverbesserlicher Optimist,
Ein Optimist, ein Optimist.
Man muß das Leben eben nehmen, wie
es ist,
Als Optimist, als Optimist.
Ich lache, wenn die Hähne krähn und auch
beim Schlafen gehn,
Die Welt ist doch so schön!
Ich bin ein unverbesserlicher Optimist,
Weil ich sonst Harakiri Harakiri,
Harakiri, Harakiri, Harakiri machen müßt.

I'm an Irrepressible Optimist

1. Everyone is miserable in the morning,
Everyone is miserable in the afternoon,
Everyone complains that it's never been
worse than this year,
One hardly earns anything in the morning,
only a pittance,
In the afternoon, it all goes straightaway
into taxes.

If everyone else loses courage,
I nevertheless keep a stiff upper lip,
Hard work eventually reaps its rewards!
If everyone would work hard and save like me,
Then they'd be used to poverty in three or
four years!

Refrain

I'm an irreconcilable optimist,
An optimist, an optimist.
We have to accept life as it is,
As an optimist, an optimist.
I smile when the rooster crows and also
when he goes to sleep,
The world is still so marvelous!
I'm an irreconcilable optimist,
Because I have to commit hari-kari.

2. Schauen Sie doch nicht so traurig drein,
Jeder Mensch kann nicht ledig sein!
Kaufen Sie sich ein Buch von van der Velde!
Lesen Sie es auf Seite neun, Ihre Frau wird
sich auch sehr freu'n,
Ihre Ehe wird vollkommen in Bälde!
Hat trotz Sonne und Körpersport
Und was sonst noch verordnet dort,
Immer noch ihre Frau dieselben Launen,
Wechseln Sie erst den Hausfreund aus,
Schmeißen Sie dann die Frau hinaus
Und ich sag Ihnen nur: Sie werden staunen!

Refrain

2. Don't look so down and out,
Not everyone can be single!
Just buy a book from van der Velde!
Read what's written on page nine,
Your wife will be happy too,
If your marriage falls apart!
Enjoy some sun and physical exertion
And whatever else is good for you,
So your wife will be in a good mood,
Get rid of your housemate,
And throw your wife out as well,
And let me tell you it'll be just amazing!

Refrain

☒ Heute Nacht oder nie

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.

Seit ich dich einmal gesehen,
Ist's um die Ruhe geschehn.
Ich denk' an dich, an dich allein,
Denk' ich bei Tag und Nacht!
Seit ich dich einmal gesehen,
Kann ich die nicht widerstehn,
Ich weiß es gewiß, daß diese Nacht
Uns beide glücklich macht!

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.

Tonight or Never

Tonight or never, you should tell
But one thing: If you love me!
Tonight or never, I want to ask you,
Will you give your love to me?
Tonight or never, I'll sing
Alone for you until the break of day.
Only that melody:
Tonight or never.

Since the time I first saw you,
I've felt at peace with myself.
I think about you, only about you,
I'm thinking day and night!
Since the time I first saw you,
I just can't resist it,
I'm so certain, that this night
Will make us both happy!

Tonight or never, you should tell
But one thing: If you love me!
Tonight or never, I want to ask you,
Will you give your love to me?
Tonight or never, I'll sing
Alone for you until the break of day.
Only that melody:
Tonight or never.

VII – EXILE IN REPRISÉ Friedrich Holländer on Stage and Film

☒ Friedrich Holländer: Marianka

1. Wollt ihr wissen meinen Namen, Marianka,
Marianka!
Ju und Janos zu mir kamen, Marianka,
Marianka!
Hey! Ich tanzte! Hoy! Ich liebte! Marianka,
Marianka!
Bis mein Herz in Strahlen stiebte, Marianka,
Marianka!
2. Feine Herren sind gekommen, ...
Mancher hat mich mitgenommen, ...
Doch bei keinem könnt ich bleiben, ...
Muß wie Spreu im Winde treiben! ...
3. Ach ich liebe alles Wilde, ...
Führe Böses gern im Schilde, ...
Wer mich liebt muß alles wagen, ...
Janos hat den Ju erschlagen! ...
4. Wenn ich einst ein Kind werd' haben, ...
Sollt ihr lebend mich begraben, ...
Denn mein Blut wird Früchte tragen, ...
Denn mein Herz wird ewig schlagen,
Marianka, Marianka!

1. Do you want to know my name, Marianka,
Marianka!
Juno and Janus came to me, Marianka,
Marianka!
Hey! I've danced! Hey! I've loved! Marianka,
Marianka!
Till my heart explodes in sparks, Marianka,
Marianka!
2. Fine gentlemen have come, ...
Many of them escorted me, ...
Still, I couldn't stay with any of them, ...
I was blown away like chaff by the wind! ...
3. How I love everything that's wild, ...
I don't mind being a little bit naughty, ...
Anyone who loves me must risk it all, ...
Janos knocked off Juno! ...
4. If once I should have a child, ...
You should bury me alive, ...
For my blood bears fruit, ...
For my heart will be forever, Marianka,
Marianka!

☒ **Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond . . .**

Music by Friedrich Holländer
Text by Theobald Tiger (Kurt Tucholsky)

1. Es zittert dumpf zwölfmal der Turmuhr Klang,
Der pfeift, die Nebel weh'n!
Das Auto saust im Hui die Straßen lang,
Aber nur für Taxe zehn!
Josef liebte seine Potiphar!
Chauffeur! So fahren Sie in eine Bar!
Nanu! Nanu! Da ist schon alles zu!
Das kann nicht sein, das ist doch gar zu
dumm!
Na Kinder, geh'n wir einfach hintenrum!

Refrain

Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond, wenn der
Mond scheint schön,
Dann geh ich rauf und runter.
Wenn der Mond scheint schön,
Werd' ich erst richtig munter!
Der Schatten liegt auf Mann und Frau
Ganz dunkel blau, ganz dunkel blau!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond, wenn der
Mond,
Wenn der Mond vom Himmel lacht,
Bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht!

Refrain

If the Moon, If the Moon . . .

1. Silently, the belltower tolls twelve times.
The wind whistles, and the fog envelops all!
The car speeds along the streets,
Which are meant only for taxis after ten!
Joseph loved his Potiphar!
Chauffeur, drive us to a little bar!
Oy vey! Oy vey! For everything's closed!
How's that possible? It'd be so dumb!
My children, I'll just drive you round and
round!

Refrain

If the moon, if the moon, if the moon shines
bright,
Then I'll go round and round.
If the moon shines bright, then I'll finally be
awake.
The shadows will fall on man and woman,
And all will be cast in darkest blue, darkest
blue!
If the moon, if the moon, if the moon,
If the moon laughs from up above,
In the night, in the night, in the night!

Refrain

2. Es schnarcht der Detektiv. Die Hähne
schrei'n.
Und die Nacht ist tief und kalt!
Klamottenede bricht bei Meiers ein,
Horch! Der dicke Geldschrank knallt!
Die Blendlaterne blinkt, Herr Ede schwitzt,
Bis ihm die Mütze tief im Nacken sitzt!
Nanu! Nanu! Ist das ein Erzfilou!
Da liegt ein Zettel: „Sie! Ich hab' es bereits!
Mein ganzes Geld seit gestern in der
Schweiz!

Refrain

2. The detective snores away. The roosters crow.
And the night is late and chilly!
A petty thief broke in at the Meiers,
Listen how the safe creaks!
The flashlight was on him, and our thief
broke out in sweat,
Until his cap sank down to his neck!
Oy vey! Oy vey! Is that the big-bad thief!
There lies a note: "I've already got it!
Since yesterday all my money was in
Switzerland!

Refrain

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