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As Dreams Fall Apart

The Golden Age of Jewish Stage and Film Music 1925–1955



NEW BUDAPEST ORPHEUM SOCIETY

CEDILLE

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CEDILLE

**24 BIT
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As Dreams Fall Apart

The Golden Age of Jewish Stage and Film Music 1925–1955

DISC ONE

ON THE SHORES OF UTOPIA

- 1 Die koschere Mischpoche
(Viennese broadside ca.1900)
Instrumental, arr. Levinson (2:24)
- 2 ELLSTEIN Mazl* (2:45)
- 3 PERLMUTTER Dos pintelet Yid* (2:29)

DREAMS FROM YESTERDAY & TOMORROW

- 4 KÁLMÁN Wir Ladies aus Amerika[†]
(from *Die Herzogin von Chicago*, 1928) (3:02)
- 5 KORNGOLD Tomorrow[†]
(from *The Constant Nymph*, 1943) (4:20)
- 6 ABRAHAM
Kann nicht küssen ohne Liebe[†]
(from *Die Blume von Hawai'i*, 1931) (3:22)

DREAMWORLDS

- LEOPOLDI
- 7 Die Novaks aus Prag* (3:56)
 - 8 Composers' Revolution in Heaven* (4:44)
 - 9 Money macht froh!* (3:59)

BETWEEN TRAUM AND TRAUMA

- 10 STRAUSS
Aus der Familie der Sträusse^{†**} (5:55)
- ULLMANN
- 11 Immer inmitten . . .^{†**} (2:34)
- 12 Vor der Ewigkeit^{†**} (4:21)

*Stewart Figa

†Julia Bentley

‡Philip Bohlman

**solo piano accompaniment

°accordion and bass

DISC TWO

RAUSCHTRAUM

- LEOPOLDI
- 1 Café Brasil* (2:54)
 - 2 I bin a stiller Zecher* (4:15)
 - 3 Wenn der Ungar lustig ist . . . !* (4:56)

VIENNESE TRÄUMEREI

- LEOPOLDI
- 4 In einem kleinen Café in Hernalst[†] (3:06)
 - 5 Wo der Teufel gute Nacht sagt[†] (3:49)

DREAMS OF STARDOM

- 6 SHMULOWITZ A Brivele der mam'n* (2:39)
- 7 THOMASHEFSKY Erlekh zayn* (3:11)

HOLLYWOOD ELEGY

- 8–12 EISLER
Five Songs from *Hollywood Liederbuch*^{†**}
(see pages 30–31 for individual songs) (5:39)
- 13 L'automne californien[†] (2:42)

DAYDREAMS

- 14 BRUDNO Friling* (3:45)
- 15 ELLSTEIN Ikh zing* (3:25)

FROM THE RUINS OF DYSTOPIA

- HOLLÄNDER
from Wilder's *A Foreign Affair* (1948)
- 16 Black Market[†] (4:13)
 - 17 Illusions[†] (3:37)
 - 18 The Ruins of Berlin[†] (2:34)

TT: 96 minutes

AS DREAMS FALL APART: HISTORICAL COUNTERPOINTS OF TRAUM AND TRAUMA

Philip V. Bohlman

Lay, thus, the foliage together with the souls.
Swing lightly the hammer, let the face bear witness.
Create a crown with the blows absent in the heart,
For the knight who jousts with distant windmills.
They are only clouds that he tolerates not.
Still, his heart clatters with the footfalls of angels.
I quietly gather about me what he does not strike down:
The boundary of red, the center of black.

—Paul Celan
"Traumbesitz" / "Grasping Dreams"

The history of sound film begins on a musical stage indebted to the long history of Jewish cabaret. In history's very first synchronized sound film, Alan Crosland's 1927 *The Jazz Singer*, the title character, Jakie Rabinowitz takes to the stage as Jack Robin, enacting and enjoining the struggle between Jewish tradition in Samson Raphaelson's original play, *The Day of Atonement*, and the dreams of stardom awaiting him in the jazz clubs and vaudeville stages of New York City. The (real life) jazz singer's musical transition from stage to film formed at the confluence of real-life transitions for European Jews at the beginning of the twentieth century — migration from rural shtetl to urban ghetto, immigration from the Old World to the New — and of allegorical transitions — from religious orthodoxy to modern secularism, from diaspora to cosmopolitanism. As the old order

of European empire collapsed in the wake of World War I, the Jewish musical traditions that had metaphorically represented its political and ideological boundaries (heard in the repertoire recorded on the The New Budapest Orpheum Society's *Dancing on the Edge of a Volcano*) gathered new metaphors: those of modernity and modernism, ripe for the tales that would move from the skits of the cabaret stage to the scenes filling the frames of sound film.

Together, these metaphors, tales, and scenes became the stuff of dreams that proliferated in the films of the next thirty years. These were the dreams that fired the imagination of surrealists, launching their own experimental art forms in the mid-1920s and asserting a course for European arts and letters untethered from reality and redeployed on the repeatability of form in new media, above all film. These are the dreams that would fill the arts of the Shoah, the verses of one of its greatest poets, Paul Celan (1920–1970), whose "Grasping Dreams" epigrammatically opens the brief history for whose close it also stands a sentinel. These dreams offered hope and documented its destruction; they shaped the images of utopian worlds, yet accompanied their disintegration into dystopia; they embodied the fruits of lives well lived, yet clung to the shreds of those torn apart. Dislodged by the tragedy of history from 1925 to 1955, these are the dreams we capture musically on this double-CD, allowing us to hear them once again even as they were falling apart.

Jewish music provided far more than just the dialect for the jazz singer's voice in early sound film. In 1924–25, Hanns Eisler (1898–1962) —

whose songs from the *Hollywood Songbook* appear on each of the New Budapest Orpheum Society's albums, including the "Five Elegies" and "L'automne californien" on this one (disc 2, tracks 8–13) — collaborated with filmmaker Walter Ruttmann to compose a passacaglia for the experimental film, *Opus III*, synchronizing shifting abstract shapes with the modernist musical vocabulary Eisler had developed in his years of study with Arnold Schoenberg. Eisler's *Opus III* symbolizes the moment of beginning for the history of stage and film music that frames this recording.

Eisler's work was followed five years later in Berlin by Josef von Sternberg's 1930 *Der blaue Engel* (The Blue Angel), the first German-language synchronized sound film. "The Blue Angel" of the film's title (the film was based on Heinrich Mann's 1905 novel, *Professor Unrat*) was a cabaret in a German harbor city, and most of the music was filmed diegetically (i.e., performed on screen, not recorded separately) on or around the stage in the Blue Angel cabaret, performed by Marlene Dietrich and Friedrich Holländer's jazz band, Weintraub's Syncopators. Another ontological moment for film music, and Jewish cabaret, was there. It would be there once again — and composed once again by Friedrich Holländer (1896–1976) for diegetic performances by Marlene Dietrich in the Lorelei cabaret in Billy Wilder's 1948 *A Foreign Affair* (the three songs that close this album, disc 2, tracks 16–18). The historical arc from the stage of the Blue Angel to that of the Lorelei, from the eve of Nazism to the wake of the Holocaust, once again realizes a narrative

of film music from which Jewish cabaret is inseparable.

Film music and its early history contain fundamental narratives for the historical transition and tragedy faced by Jews from the mid-1920s to the decade after the Holocaust. Film provides a medium that moves between what the viewer and listener perceive as real and the fictional representation of life. It is for this reason, too, that it attracted the attention of Hanns Eisler and Theodor W. Adorno (1903–1969), who together wrote the first large-scale monograph on composing for moving-picture synchronization, *Composing for the Films* (Oxford University Press, 1947), the product of their collaboration in American exile for the Rockefeller Foundation's "Film Music Project." The book results from the intertextuality of counterpoint on many levels, provided by Eisler, already famous for the music in films such as *Kuhle Wampe* (1931–1932, to a script by Bertolt Brecht), *Hangmen Also Die* (1943, directed by Fritz Lang), *None but the Lonely Heart* (1944, directed by Clifford Odets), and *The Circus* (1947, directed by Charlie Chaplin). Adorno, who tried his hand at composition but was known primarily as a philosopher at the Frankfurt School of Social Research, before and after World War II, provided the sociological and philosophical counterpoint in the book.

Forming what they called "dramaturgical counterpoint," Adorno and Eisler regarded film music as moving — mediating as a technological and aesthetic medium — between the real and the imaginary. Film music intensifies this capacity to mediate between the

diegetic and the non-diegetic (music the viewer sees on the screen and music performed and recorded elsewhere), thereby paving the way between reality and dream. Here, we witness the critical issues about representing reality and dreams: film and music combine to constitute the aesthetic foundations of both. Many consider film the most highly representational of the modern arts. Viewers want to believe they are witnessing real people in real-life situations on the screen. In *The Jazz Singer* the great immigrant Jewish cantor, Yosele Rosenblatt (1882–1933), both was and was not himself as he sang Yiddish and Hebrew songs on the stage of Chicago's Auditorium Theatre in the film. Music, by contrast, is often considered the least representational of the arts. The relation between film and music, it follows, is one of contrast and dissonance, and this is critical for the ways film transforms reality into dreams.

Film and music interact in particularly intricate ways through processes I call “cabaretique.” The worlds represented by the cabaretique on stage and in film are turned inside-out. Self becomes other, other becomes self. The world on the stage is made to appear as if it were everyday, albeit with reflections and shadows that change the ways we perceive it. Musicians perform diegetically in film as in an intimate space, where the self and other explore their intimacy through the interplay of darkness and light — that which is hidden and that which is revealed. Revelation and reflection become one, as the cabaretique becomes the mirror through which spectator and listener enter the moment in which we see ourselves as others.

Historically, the cabaretique emerged at a moment when cultural theory and the techniques of cultural production explored the transformation of meaning through reflections from mirrors. The mirror was as important for the psychoanalytic theory of Sigmund Freud as it was for that of noted French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan. Mirrors enter the gaze of cubists and surrealists — Pablo Picasso and René Magritte are obvious examples — and of impressionist and the twelve-tone composers. And mirrors become the lens of the alter-ego in the films that captured cabaret and embedded it in Jewish film history. The mirror in *film noir* becomes the oracle for the film song of the great cabaret composers, Hanns Eisler and Friedrich Holländer, as well as the other composers and lyricists whose songs fill this recording.

The metaphorical mirror in the cabaretique also shapes the ways in which nothing is really as it seems. The cabaretique engenders dreams, and it creates the illusions that allow the listener to believe it is possible to enter alternative worlds. Is Jakie Rabinowitz/Jack Robin, the Al Jolson title role in *The Jazz Singer*, white or black, Jew or non-Jew, star of the New York stage or son of the immigrant cantor? He is, of course, all of these because, in cabaretique style, he performs all these roles. What would cabaret be if it did not possess the power to distort, distract, and divert our gaze from the harsh realities of the world beyond the footlights? What would it be if it did not unleash dreams in a golden age during the most tragic period of modern Jewish history?

Allegory, Alienation, and Exile: Song and the Yiddish Film Musical

Sound entered film at one of the most auspicious and spectacular moments in the history of Yiddish theater. From its earliest years in the 19th century, Yiddish theater troupes had been mobile and cosmopolitan, moving from across the shtetl culture of Yiddish-speaking Eastern Europe to the metropolises of Central Europe as they absorbed growing numbers of Jewish immigrants entering the public sphere of the 19th century. In Vienna, Berlin, and other cities with growing Jewish populations, Yiddish theater provided a musical and narrative mirror for new forms of Jewish stage music. Jews arriving from the shtetl shed the traditional cloaks of tradition and engaged — sometimes haplessly, often successfully — with the challenges of modernity (e.g., “Die koschere Mischpoche,” disc 1, track 1). Both allegory from the biblical past and alienation from present modernity heightened the fragility of the characters on the Yiddish stage. The cabaretique in Yiddish musicals restaged that fragility, rerouting immigration to exile, from the familiarity of the past to exile into the future.

The future for Yiddish theater and the Yiddish musical was the New World, especially the great metropolises of the United States and Argentina. Already by the beginning of the 20th century, Yiddish stage music was attracting audiences in New York City and Chicago. By the 1920s, an active Yiddish theater scene had established roots and spread into most areas of American popular music, from vaudeville to jazz to cinema. It was this theater scene that *The Jazz*

Singer captured in 1927, weaving together the larger themes of allegory, alienation, and exile from the many streams of American popular music. Yiddish theater paved the way for new film composers and stars, such as Boris Thomashefsky (1890–1957), Abraham Ellstein (1907–1963), and Molly Picon (1898–1992) (disc 2, track 7; disc 1, track 2; and disc 2, track 15). Because these themes from American Jewish music continued to reflect the traditions of Yiddish stage music, it is hardly surprising that they could quickly be transformed by Yiddish cinema and its golden era of the 1930s, which would prove to be perhaps the most spectacular — and short-lived — of all traditions of Jewish film music.

Yiddish film musicals were the product of musicians and music on the move, a process of triangulation that witnessed the journeys of actors and directors from the United States, and musicians from Vienna and Berlin, all of whom would gather in Poland for the filming and production of films in the Yiddish studios of Warsaw and elsewhere in Poland and Lithuania. One of the best-known of all Yiddish film directors, Joseph Green (1900–1996), illustrates this tripartite cosmopolitanism quite strikingly. Born in Łódź, Poland, Green immigrated to New York in 1924, where he immediately received roles on the Yiddish stage and soon thereafter in film (e.g., a brief appearance in *The Jazz Singer*). By the 1930s, Green had become increasingly involved with Yiddish film, and by the late 1930s he was one of its most important directors. In the late 1930s, he directed several of the most famous Yiddish film musicals in Warsaw,

including *Yidl mitn Fidl* (Yidl with a Fiddle) and *A Brivele der Mamen* (A Letter from Mother). The latter employs the themes of alienation and exile in the song of the same name on this recording (disc 2, track 6).

The characters in Green's films sing of and in their dreams that seek a better future, beyond the poverty of traditional diaspora and exile. In the 1937 *Der Purimshpilr*, for example, exile and displacement are rendered as normative, growing from the musical contrafacts of biblical texts, and the myths that emerged from them. The Jewishness of the production is undeniable but, critically, the symbols and narratives multiplied so that they juxtapose tradition and modernity. They form narrative counterpoint as plays within plays, obscuring the very boundaries between reality and the dream sequences performed through song. The distinction between fact and fiction, reality and dreaming, is traditional and historically situated in the medieval and ancient Jewish past. The title character plays the double role of Ahasver, both the "wandering Jew" and a real character within the Purim story in the biblical book of Esther. In *Der Purimshpilr* he once again seeks a place of rest, realized through the love of the Esther in the movie, the beautiful daughter in a traditional shtetl family. As the film draws to a close, music portrays the continuing allegory of alienation and exile. Accompanied by the Purim actor and her new lover, Esther sings the song, "Mein Shtetl," on one stage after another, in a mise en scène that unfolds as a Yiddish folk song becomes an art song and then a popular tango before culminating in a full-fledged jazz dance,

realizing the dream of a brighter future on the stages of the world, hauntingly only two years before Germany invaded Poland, closing the curtains on Yiddish film musicals forever.

The Journey from Stage to Film

Jewish music found its way from stage to film in many different ways, some direct, others circuitous. Early film musicals often kept the stage clearly in view of the camera, giving the viewing public the sense that they were witnessing a live musical performance, not merely its representation in a cinema. We see the front of the proscenium and backstage, and the characters enter the stage as if passing from the real world to a dreamworld. Musical films often took musical performance on the stage as their subject matter, becoming musicals about musicals, connecting stage to film through the cabaret-esque in music. The 1936 filming of *Showboat* is one of several notable examples of the history of film musicals about musicals. (The 1929 filming of Edna Ferber's novel, *Showboat*, was itself one of the first-ever talkies.) In 1937, *Der Purimshpilr* follows its title character through layer upon layer of stage performances, from the medieval Purim play in the Polish shtetl to the popular-music stage in the metropole.

The musical journey between stage and film also unfolded as detours through the rise of fascism, World War II, and the Shoah, resulting in both the survival and revival of Jewish music thereafter, often unexpected and paradoxical, as in the case of the two most popular *Heimatfilme* (homeland films) of Germany and Austria, *Schwarzwaldmädel* (Black Forest Girl) and

Im weißen Rößl (The White Stallion Inn). No composer of operetta and popular song was more intimately connected with the nostalgia of *Heimatfilm* — the vastly popular postwar genre, that took traditional life in the German countryside as its subject — than Léon Jessel (1871–1942). In 1917, still during World War I, Jessel composed *Schwarzwaldmädel*, which quickly became an enormous stage success. A decade and a half later, it became even more beloved as a sound film that captured the essence of Germanness. Its Jewish composer notwithstanding, *Schwarzwaldmädel* was frequently performed during the era of National Socialism and throughout World War II, thereafter enjoying the honor of becoming one of the first films to be remade in the postwar era. The fate of the *Schwarzwaldmädel*'s composer, Léon Jessel, could not have contrasted more with that of his most famous work for stage and film. Believing that there were still possibilities for cooperation and compromise with Nazi cultural organizations, Jessel remained in Germany. In 1942, he was arrested for "medical reasons" and died in Gestapo custody.

How do we disentangle the life of Léon Jessel from that of his *Schwarzwaldmädel*, the quintessential *Heimatfilm* in postwar Germany? *Schwarzwaldmädel* symbolized Germanness through the aesthetic lens of *volkstümliche Musik* (folklike music), which nostalgically drew Germans into the timeless space of the past. The works of other Jewish operetta composers (and there were many) suffered quite different fates. For example, Emmerich Kálmán's 1928 *Die Herzogin von Chicago* (The Duchess of

Chicago), with its representation of ethnic and racial difference on the stage, was banned and led to Kálmán's exile and demise. And yet, when Kálmán composed his final work in the United States, *Arizona Lady*, in 1953, the last year of his life, it was a German radio performance that brought it briefly to life. *Arizona Lady*'s revival came almost sixty years later, first in Chicago (2010) and then in Berlin (2014–15 season). With Julia Bentley's performance of Kálmán's "Wir Ladies aus Amerika" (disc 1, track 4) the New Budapest Orpheum Society seeks to rechannel the historical journey of Jewish stage and film music.



The Cover of Emmerich Kálmán's 1928 *Die Herzogin von Chicago* (piano-vocal score)

Irony and imperfection become the stuff for cabaret and film music, quickly opening a public space for other Jewish musicians after World War II. The history of cabaret in postwar Germany intersects in many ways with that of film and film music. Both are settings for the representation of Jewish musicians. We witness this most clearly when we see Friedrich Holländer lead the house band, Hotel Eden Syncopators, in *A Foreign Affair*, just as he did in *Der blaue Engel* (disc 2, tracks 16–18).



Friedrich Holländer and Marlene Dietrich on the Lorelei Stage in Billy Wilder's *A Foreign Affair* (1948)

In postwar Germany and Austria the cabaret of the past became the basis for a new generation of films that used music to re-present the utopia of *Heimat*. Great cabaret musicians, such as Hermann Leopoldi (1888–1959), barely survived the Holocaust, and it was too late in their careers to return to the stage, but their music, cloyingly searching for another world, became the basis for film. We see this, for example, in Ralph Benatzky's *Im weißen Rößl*, the most important Austrian *Heimatfilm* of the postwar years. Among its cabaret techniques, it uses Jewish potpourri in the opening scenes. No work of opera or operetta has been filmed as many times as *Im weißen Rößl*. The sound-film version of the revue-operetta, directed by Austrian Carl Lamac, dates from 1935. After World War II, the revue-operetta was transformed into several well-known film versions, all of them reshuffling the pieces of the potpourri and stylistic mix that played with nostalgia in a non-ironic way.

As ironic interwar nostalgia, *Im Weißen Rößl* (first staged in Berlin, 1930) might be interpreted

as a simple and straightforward projection of a lost imperial world, except for its music, which generously adapts cabaret and jazz styles to the operetta stage: waltzes become jazz, *Ländlers* tangos, *Schottisches* foxtrots, *Dorfkapellen* (village bands) on-stage jazz bands, and village residents become the chorus line in a revue. *Im Weißen Rößl* was, moreover, no traditional operetta, not even of the type Emmerich Kálmán might have composed for the Vienna stage (e.g., *Die Herzogin von Chicago*, which uses jazz genres throughout). Rather, it was a revue-operetta — a stage work that combined revue, vaudeville, cabaret, and other forms of theater. It was a potpourri, and it consciously drew this tradition from Jewish cabaret and stage music (cf. “Aus der Familie der Sträusse,” disc 1, track 10). The songs came from many sources and had many composers — Ralph Benatzky (1884–1957) (who received primary billing), Robert Stolz (1880–1975), and Karl Farkas (1893–1971), among others. Other songs, from the cabaret works of Friedrich Holländer and Hermann Leopoldi, were sampled and mixed into the revue. As a potpourri for the stage, *Im Weißen Rößl*'s form and style — cabaret and jazz — signified the Jewish roots of those who contributed musically to it.

Utopian Dream, Dystopian Nightmare

The historical counterpoint unleashed by the cabaret during the golden age of Jewish film music could not dislodge dreams of utopian Jewish worlds from the nightmares of the Shoah's dystopian reality. Ideas and experiments in utopia-building had a long history in European Jewish communities, but their ability to return

after World War II and the Holocaust had to respond first to the challenge of a dystopian reality. Film provided one of the most significant sites for resolving the disjuncture of utopia and dystopia. Because the historical counterpoint of the cabaret actually forged a space between utopia and dystopia in film and film music, I turn briefly and historically to that space in the wake of the Shoah.

After the pogroms in Russia during the 1880s and the rise of public anti-Semitism in the Habsburg Monarchy during the 1890s, forced and voluntary migrations increasingly mobilized European Jewish communities. Workers' movements and student movements alike turned to utopian projects. Jewish workers were actively involved as leaders and foot soldiers in the rise of socialism. The socialist and communitarian models of socialism provided templates for the rise of Zionism in its several forms: religious, political, and cultural. With the organization of Zionism on an international level by its founding figure, Theodor Herzl, images of utopia were assuming concrete forms by the turn of the 20th century, for example, in his dramatic work, *Das neue Ghetto* (The New Ghetto) — the explicit evocation of a modern, industrial city that rose from the ashes of the Jewish ghetto.

Dystopian images of modernity also proliferated among Jewish intellectuals and in Jewish artistic movements as the Europe of empire gave way to the Europe of modern crisis after World War I. The rapid urbanization of Jewish society, in particular, led to the spread of industrial neighborhoods, unemployment, and poverty. The migration to the city and then beyond

through vast immigration waves that tore families apart and displaced traditional culture generated new forms of art and literature. These were mirrored in the Yiddish stage of the turn of the 20th century, and in Yiddish film and film musicals in the 1920s and 1930s (e.g., “Dos pintele Yid,” disc 1, track 3, and “Erlekh zayn,” disc 2, track 7).

Music as a mobilizing force for the imagination of utopia and dystopia was similarly familiar. The Jewish folk-song book, a phenomenon that first emerges in 1884, but proliferates at an enormous pace through World War I and into the rise of fascism, becomes a literal anthology of the possibilities for utopia. Yiddish song, following the Yiddish stage into cabaret and then Yiddish film, also stages utopian worlds as alternatives to lived-in dystopian worlds. Cabaret song and popular music, similarly, conjure up images of the city as a world out of control and overrun by chaos.

The stage and film composers whose songs fill this double-CD forged musical narratives that would suture the counterpoint between the utopian and dystopian worlds unleashed by the dreams of the golden age. Hermann Leopoldi, whose songs from before, during, and after the Shoah introduce very special voices of counterpoint into *As Dreams Fall Apart*, turned to the images of dreaming to project utopia as a means of forestalling and escaping dystopian destruction. Leopoldi's Vienna can be a site of nostalgia (“In einem kleinen Café in Hernald,” disc 2, track 4) or of decaying modernity (“Wo der Teufel gute Nacht sagt,” disc 2, track 5). Dreams provide alternatives for the realities of

the everyday ("Café Brasil," disc 2, track 1, and "I bin a stiller Zecher," disc 2, track 2), but they also frame the cruel realities of history ("Die Novaks aus Prag," disc 1, track 7). As fantastic as they are ("Composers' Revolution in Heaven," disc 1, track 8), Leopoldi composed his dreamworlds knowing full well that, ultimately, we awaken from them.

After the Shoah, film and film music increasingly became the scripts for the counterpoint between utopia and dystopia. It is this counterpoint that stages the *mise en scène* for Friedrich Holländer and Billy Wilder (1906–2002) in their 1948 film, *A Foreign Affair*, the songs of which provide the closing set on this album (disc 2, tracks 16–18). Filmed in part in the rubble of post-World War II Berlin, *A Foreign Affair* blurs the cinematic boundaries between documentary film and feature-length musical. The cruel realities of war and destruction lie in "the ruins of Berlin," but the film itself weaves comedy and film noir together. Billy Wilder and Friedrich Holländer return to Berlin from exile once again to play their pre-war roles as film director and cabarettist. The music mixes the diegetic and the non-diegetic in complex ways. Holländer is playing, but so are Marlene Dietrich and Holländer's fellow musicians in the Hotel Eden Syncopators on the cabaret stage. The American congressmen who are to report on conditions in Berlin after its defeat in World War II arrive to the music of a military band at Tempelhof Airport, reminiscent of army newsreels of the day. Throughout the film, mirrors are used to project images of the real and reflected — ruins and illusions (disc 2, tracks

17 and 18) — a standard technique of film noir. Upon completing *A Foreign Affair*, Holländer and Wilder were to pursue their own dreams in quite different ways. Holländer rediscovered his métier on the German cabaret stage and spent the remainder of his life performing before live audiences. Wilder, who had returned to Berlin in part to search for remaining traces of family members — among them his mother, who had disappeared in the Shoah — returned to Hollywood, where he would be a critical player in subsequent golden eras of American cinema.

The historical counterpoint formed by the utopia and dystopia of the Shoah rarely yielded to the resolution of return. Return to the Berlin he had left in 1933 led Hanns Eisler into a world of unresolved dreams of utopia and nightmares of dystopia. We witness the failure of resolution — of dreams falling apart — in the stark reality of the film that acts as the closing chapter and coda in the golden age of Jewish stage and film music, Alain Resnais's 1955 *Nuit et brouillard* (Night and Fog), for which Hanns Eisler composed the musical score. *Nuit et brouillard* was the first documentary film to return to the concentration camp at Auschwitz. To portray Auschwitz and create a narrative for it, Resnais exaggerated the documentary character of the filming. All subjectivity was stripped away in order to lay bare its subject, the Shoah and its accompanying mass murder.

Resnais employed a remarkable range of documentary film techniques, weaving them contrapuntally into the film: black-and-white (for Nazi Germany in the past) vs. color footage (for shots of Auschwitz in 1955); newsreels mixed

with documentary stills taken by the Nazis; a matter-of-fact tone in the voice-over; and musical intertextuality — for example, in the title's use of *Nacht und Nebel* (night and fog in German) as a reference to the Tarnhelm Spell in Richard Wagner's *Rheingold* and to portray concentration-camp prisoners who were swept away "under night and fog" to be killed without a trace. Utopia and dystopia struggle and collapse as past and present narrate object lessons for the future. Hanns Eisler employed experimental music in the film, but also covered many of his earlier works. Musically, the film returned to the dreams of an earlier era, exposing their fragility and the tragedy that resulted from too often believing them to be real. In the mirrors of history, dreams fall apart, and we witness their horrible beauty in the closing moments of the golden age of Jewish stage and film music.

THE PERFORMANCES

The synchronization of sound with film transformed music and the ways it entered time and narrated history. The impact on Jewish music for the stage was profound, intensifying the moment of modernity that made Jewish music a global phenomenon. As Jewish stage music was recast as film music, it acquired a new sound. The intimacy of the salon and the pathos of Jewish art song absorbed the cosmopolitan styles of a new generation. Folk song became popular song; local repertoires entered the urban scene as jazz and popular dance; classical forms unfolded into new modes of experimental improvisation; instruments

multiplied in number and ensemble structure; the sacred was secularized, and the secular was sacralized. On the screen, Jewish music found a new place in history; it seemed, indeed, that Jewish film music could sound an alternative space for history itself.

The sounds of modernity and a rapidly changing world created a new Jewish music. These are the sounds that the performances on *As Dreams Fall Apart* attempt to capture. Through each section of the two CDs, the New Budapest Orpheum Society follows the transformation of sound, the many moments of modern Jewish history sounded by Jewish stage and film music during its most fragile and exciting period. Beginning with tradition ("On the Shores of Utopia") the ensemble plies the waters of tradition, Viennese street song and Yiddish song at its most intimate. Operetta and film are inseparable — both art forms mirrored in dreams — in the second section ("Dreams from Yesterday and Tomorrow"). The first of three sections devoted to the consummate dreamer on the Viennese stage, Hermann Leopoldi, charts the soundscapes of this double-CD with a section evoking "Dreamworlds." The soundscape of dreams, however, could not contain the horror of the Shoah, as the potpourri and two art songs from the concentration camp of Theresienstadt/Terezín portray in the stark beauty of "Between Traum and Trauma." Section five intervenes as a Leopoldi intermezzo between intoxication and frenzy ("Rauschtraum"). Hermann Leopoldi enters the scene once again, transporting the listener to the boundaries between modernity and nostalgia ("Viennese Träumerei"). The

full presence of film frames the dramatically contrasting Yiddish and German songs in sections seven and eight (“Dreams of Stardom” and “Hollywood Elegy”). In each section of the album, dreams are promised and then forestalled, thus it is hardly a sign of resignation that they are preserved by song for the future in the ninth section (“Daydreams”). Nor is it surprising that the promise of utopia at the beginning of the first CD seems to fall apart in the closing three songs on the second CD from the great film made in the wake of World War II, *A Foreign Affair* (“From the Ruins of Dystopia”).

Music, whether individual songs, styles, or repertoires, does not make history on its own. It only does so through the musicians who embrace its meaning and shape its historical narratives through performance. It is this agency that the musicians of the New Budapest Orpheum Society have increasingly realized through their performances of Jewish stage and film music in recent years. In each of his arrangements on *As Dreams Fall Apart*, composer and pianist Ilya Levinson sets the narrative parts in service to the historical concept that encompasses thirty years of Jewish musical history. Mezzo-soprano Julia Bentley and baritone Stewart Figa explore the album’s repertoire in search of moments that yield remarkable beauty and uncover multiple layers of Jewishness. Julia Bentley’s performances introduce a vast dramatis personae to the Jewish music history. Stewart Figa employs his theatrical and cantorial sensibilities to unleash the nuances of new texts and translations. The members of the band engage their sensibilities for the diverse

styles encompassed by the album’s repertoire to weave their innovation and the traditional into the performances, enhancing the agency of each musician’s conversation with the group. As percussionist, Danny Howard recalibrates time with solos that provide the index to historical moments. Violinist Iordanka Kissiova assumes the lead at moments when stylistic and geographical borders must be dismantled and crossed. Bassist Mark Sonksen plays the role of the musical cosmopolitan, challenging the group to explore his world of tango and jazz in ways that give voice to the historical counterpoint, such as that in the instrumental bridge of “The Ruins of Berlin.” Don Stille weaves the voice of a consummate accordionist into the heart of the ensemble’s sound, with passages of brilliant improvisation that draw the listener musically to the very core of modern Jewish music history. It is ethnomusicologist Philip Bohlman’s job to collect the disparate parts that constitute the golden age of Jewish stage and film music and fit them together as a whole, incomplete and fragile, but mirroring the triumphs and tragedies of modern Jewish history, as dreams fall apart.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Throughout its 15-year history, the New Budapest Orpheum Society has forged a tradition of Jewish cabaret that is individual and distinctive, yet dependent on the traditions of many others who have gone before, particularly those who’ve sought the richness of Jewish music in its vast diversity and complex repertoires. As the ensemble follows the many paths of Jewish tradition, we are fortunate to have the opportunity to appear on so many different stages locally in Chicago and globally on our tours in North America and Europe. We ask our audiences to listen to the old as new and recognize the experimental impulse that shapes tradition. Therein lies our hope that the experience of Jewish cabaret opens up new possibilities for tolerance and understanding. There are many to whom we are indebted — those who extend invitations to us, attend our performances, laugh with us, and join us in commemorating the moments of greatness and horror in Jewish history. We hope this album provides some measure of acknowledgment of our indebtedness to those who generously support us as we explore the boundaries of Jewish musical tradition. Our indebtedness to some requires specific acknowledgment, which follows here:

- To Inge Reiseder and Ronald Leopoldi, for inspiring our growing engagement with Hermann Leopoldi and providing us with the means to breathe new life into his music
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- To a series of successive and supportive chairs of the University of Chicago Music Department: Martha Feldman, Robert Kendrick, Anne W. Robertson, and Lawrence Zbikowski
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- Our indebtedness to Jim Ginsburg and his colleagues at Cedille Records — Nancy Bieschke and Bill Maylone — is especially great: You continue to believe in us and what we do, thereby making this recording possible.

NOTE ON TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS: Original foreign-language texts are in German unless indicated otherwise. Translations are by Philip Bohlman, except as noted.

DISC ONE

I – ON THE SHORES OF UTOPIA

1 Die koschere mischpochel / The Kosher Family (Viennese Broadside; instrumental concept Ilya Levinson)

Opening verse of the original street song in Viennese dialect

Frägt man so in der Welt:	<i>Just ask anywhere in the world:</i>
“Wer hat das meiste Geld?	<i>“Who has the most money?</i>
Wer geht im Börsenhaus	<i>Who goes to the stock market</i>
Mit’n Dalles ein und aus?	<i>with debts one day, without the next?</i>
Wer speist beim Sacher fein;	<i>Who’s the Feinschmecker at the Hotel Sacher;</i>
Wer trinkt ein’ Champeswein?	<i>who’s fond of champagne?</i>
Wer ist ein nobler Mann,	<i>Who’s the aristocrat,</i>
Schaut’s Geld nicht an?”	<i>who never bothers with money?”</i>

2 Mazl / Good Fortune (Abraham Ellstein and Molly Picon)

YIDDISH

Mazl, es shaynt a mol far yedn, far yedn nor nit far mir?
 Mazl, du bringst a yedn freydn, farvos farzoymstu mayn tir?
 Oy vi es tut bank a yede sho, dos lebn fargeyt un kayn hofenung iz alts nito
 Oy, Mazl, es shaynt a mol far yedn, far yedn nor nit far mir.
 Ven es kumt on di nakht, blayb ikh zitsn un trakht: Nokh a tog iz shoyn vider farbay.
 Un der kholem vos ikh hob gekholemt far zikh iz avek mitn vint oyf dos nay.

(Translation by Stewart Figa)

Good fortune happens to others, to others, but why not to me?
Good fortune, you bring joy to others, why do you pass by my door?
Oh, how painful each day is, while life goes on without hope.
Good fortune happens to others, to others, but why not to me?
When night falls, I sit and think: Another day has passed.
And the dream that I dreamt for myself has flown with the wind.

3 Dos pintelet Yid / The Quintessential Jew (Arnold Perlmutter, Herman Wohl, and Louis Gilrod)

YIDDISH

In yedn land, in yedn ort,	<i>(Translation by Stewart Figa)</i>
Hert dos Yidl nor eyn vort:	<i>In every corner of the world,</i>
	<i>the Jew hears only one thing:</i>
“A yid bistu, gey dir, mir darfn dikh nit!	<i>“You’re a Jew, go, we don’t need you here!</i>
A fremder bistu, a ger.”	<i>You’re a stranger, an outsider.”</i>
Dos Yidl vandert un vert nit mid,	<i>The Jew wanders but never tires,</i>

Trogt in hartzn dos pintelet Yid,
 Er lakht fun di sonim, ven Got iz mit im,
 Ver ken im shlekhts ton, ver?

Fil mol iz gebrokh’n Yisroliks gemit,
 Er beygt zikh far dem klenstn vintele.
 Dokh der grester shturem oysvortslen ken nit
 Dos sheyninke, kleyninke pintelet.

Dos pintelet yid iz zeyer git,
 Kovid un shtolts makht es dir, Yid.
 Akht es, un shets es, un hit:

Refrain:

Yidele dayn kroyn iz dos pintelet yid,
 Fil gelitn shoyn far dem pintelet yid,
 Gematert dayne gliderlekh,
 Gepaynikt dayne briderlekh,
 Gebodn zikh hot yeder in dayn blit.
 Bilbulim on a tsol oyf dem pintelet yid.
 Dokh mutik ale mol blaybt dos pintelet yid.
 Der klugitshker Yisrolikt lakht fun dir, amolikt,
 Un blaybt tray dem pintelet yid.

II – DREAMS FROM YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

4 Wir Ladies aus Amerika / We Ladies from America

(Emmerich Kálmán from *Die Herzogin von Chicago* / *The Duchess of Chicago*, 1928;
 Libretto by Julius Brammer and Alfred Grünwald)

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the
 Wonderful reception! America forever!
 Mary, so sprach mein Papa,
 Mary, wir haben es ja!
 Nimm dir viel Money mit,
 Nimm dir den Johnny mit . . . ja!
 Was dir da drüben gefällt,
 Kauf’s dir und schau nicht aufs Geld!
 Mit einem kleinen Scheck
 Kauft man sich die Welt!
 Wo ich mich zeige, ruft alle:
 Die golden Mary!
 Die kennt nicht Sehnsucht, nicht Schmerz!
 Jeder fragt spöttisch mich:

*Carries in his heart that essence of Jewishness,
 He laughs in the face of his enemy, for God is with him.
 Who can possibly do him harm, who?*

*Often, the little Jew’s spirit is broken,
 He bends with the slightest wind.
 But even the mightiest storm cannot uproot
 This beautiful, little essence.*

*Your spark of Jewishness is so very good,
 Honor it and be proud, Jew.
 Take note, protect, and guard it:*

Refrain:

*Little Jew, your crown is the essence of Jewishness,
 Yet you are the victim of that same Jewishness.
 Your limbs labored,
 Your brothers were tortured,
 Your past is soaked in blood.
 You are relentlessly falsely accused.
 Still, the quintessential Jew remains courageous.
 The wise Israelite laughs it off every time
 And holds precious his spark of Jewishness.*

*Thank you, ladies and gentleman, for the
 Wonderful reception! America forever!
 Mary, my Dad would say,
 Mary, we’re very well off!
 Take plenty of money with you
 And also take Johnny along . . . yes!
 Whatever pleases you most,
 Buy it, no matter the cost!
 With a little check
 You buy the whole world!
 Wherever I appear, everyone calls out:
 There is golden Mary!
 She knows no pain and longing!
 But they all ask with scorn:*

Golden Mary,
Sag, hast du kein Herz?
Oh ja!

Wir Ladies aus Amerika
Sind auch verliebt so hie und da!
Wir träumen auch vom Glück
Bei süßen Drinks und bei Musik!
Auch wir erglühen heiß bei Jazz und Saxophon
Und träumen bei des Banjos süßem Ton,
Und eh' man sich versah,
Auf einmal ist die Liebe da!

☞ **Tomorrow** (Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Margaret Kennedy from *The Constant Nymph*, 1943)

When you are gone,
The birds will stop their singing;
When you are dead,
No sun will ever rise.

No more, no more
The joyful day upspringing
Shall bless these eyes,
Shall bless these eyes.

When you are in your grave,
The flowers blowing
Shall hang their heads
And sicken in their grove.

Beauty will fade
And wither at your going,
Oh my own love,
Oh my own love.

Say not so!
Another love will cheer you.
The sun will rise
As bright tomorrow morn.

☞ **Kann nicht küssen ohne Liebe / Without Love There Are No Kisses**
(Paul Abraham, Alfred Grünwald, and Fritz Löhner-Beda from *Die Blume von Hawai'i*, 1931)

Deiner Augen dunkle Sterne
Blicken sehnd in die Ferne,
Laß' mich einsam sein,
Wenn ich leide, es wird besser sein
Für uns beide.

Golden Mary,
Do you have no heart?
Oh yes!
*We ladies from America
Now and again attract lovers!
We also dream of love and fortune,
Inflamed by sweet drinks and music!
We glow as hot as fire with jazz and saxophone
And dream to the banjo's sweet sound,
And before you know what's going on,
A case of love is what you've got!*

The birds will sing,
Though I no longer near you
Must lie forlorn,
Lie forlorn.

When I am in my grave,
The flowers blowing
Shall make you garlands
Twenty times as sweet.

Beauty will live,
And when the earth shall grow it,
Oh lie, oh lie,
Oh lie, oh lie.

Ah, though I must sleep
Unknowing beneath your feet,
Though I must sleep beneath your feet.

*The dark stars of your eyes
Gaze longingly into the distance,
Let me be alone,
If I suffer, it will be better
For both of us.*

Refrain:
Kann nicht küssen ohne Liebe,
Kann nicht ohne Liebe glücklich sein!
Was sind Küsse ohne Liebe?
Frühling ohne Sonnenschein!
Denn wenn ich fühl', dein Herz bleibt kühl
In meiner Nähe,
Ist es dann nicht besser,
Wenn ich gehe?
Kann nicht küssen ohne Liebe,
Ohne dich nicht glücklich sein!

Sollst nicht forschen, sollst nicht fragen,
Müssen's beide still ertragen,
Sollst nicht schweig sein.
Mußt d'ran denken: Nur ein Herz,
Das liebt, kann sich schenken.

III – DREAMWORLDS

☞ **Die Novaks aus Prag / The Novaks from Prague** (Hermann Leopoldi and Kurt Robitschek)

Sie kennen die Novaks, die Novaks aus Prag?
Sie haben sie sicher gekannt.
Ein Gansel bei Novaks am Sonntag in Prag
Berühmt war im böhmischen Land.
Gewohnt hab'n die Novaks am Altstädter Ring.
Die Wohnung war stets aufgeräumt,
Der einzige Fehler den Novaks gehabt,
Sie waren so schrecklich verträumt.

Refrain:
Es träumte der Leo von Montevideo,
Von Damen, die flüstern:
Senore, die Nacht ist gemacht für Amore.
Die Tante, die Anna, die träumt von Havana,
Die Sehnsucht von Arthur dem Jüngsten war
Ein Stierkampf in Lisbon zu Pfingsten!
Die Köchin Marianka träumt von Casablanca.
Die Tochter, die Mali, träumt von Tänzen in Bali,
Von Shanghai und Bombay, wie schön ist die Welt!
Die Novaks die Träumen in den eigenen Räumen,
Von einer Sehnsucht der herrlichen Welt.

Der Fußtritt der Zeit hat die Novaks gekickt.
Sie wurden aus Träumen geweckt.
Man hatte den böhmischen Löwen verkauft,

Refrain:
Without love there are no kisses,
Without love there's no happiness!
What are kisses without love?
Spring without sunshine!
If I feel that your heart stays cold
When near to me,
Is it not then better
For me to leave?
Without love there are no kisses,
Without you there's no happiness!

You should not search, you should not ask,
Both of us must suffer quietly,
You should not be silent.
Just keep in mind: Only a heart
That loves can give of itself.

Do you know the Novaks, the Novaks from Prague?
You surely knew them.
The goose served at the Novaks on Sunday in Prague
Was famous all across Bohemia.
The Novaks lived at the edge of the Old City.
Their home was always well kept,
The one mistake that the Novaks made,
They had such dreams of fantasy.

Refrain:
Leo dreamed of Montevideo,
Of women who whispered:
Señor, the night is made for amour.
Aunt Anna, she dreamt of Havana,
Arthur, their youngest, longed for
A bullfight in Lisbon at Pentecost!
The cook, Marianka, dreamt of Casablanca.
Molly, their daughter, dreamt of dancing in Bali,
Of Shanghai and Bombay, how beautiful the world!
The Novaks imagined dreamworlds in their own home,
Longing for the wonderful world.

The goose-step of time gave the Novaks a kick.
They awoke from their dreams.
The Bohemian lion had been sold,

Die Ganseln, die hab'n sich versteckt.
Marschierende Schritte, ein Führer, ein Volk . . .
Da hat man im Schnellzug geseh'n
Die Wrbas, the Krejcis, die Bilys, die Kracs . . .
Doch was ist mit Novaks geschehn?

Refrain

Es sitzt jetzt der Leo in Montevideo,
Er denkt nich mehr an Senoras,
Er hat jetzt ganz andere Zoras!
Die Tante, die Anna, die sitzt in Havana
Und wartet auf Arthur den Jüngsten denn
Von Lisbon kommt Pflngsten.
Die Köchin Marianka sitzt in Casablanca.
Die Tochter, die Mali, hat kein Visum von Bali,
Nach Shanghai und Bombay, und lang wird der Tag!
Die Novaks, die träumen in gemieteten Räumen
Von einem Ort nur: Sie träumen von Prag.

§ Composers' Revolution in Heaven (Hermann Leopoldi and Robert Gilbert)

I had a dream last night, a wonderful dream.
Upon a silvery beam I went to heaven.
I saw a wondrous sight that filled me with cheer
And all the angels sang: "Leopoldi is here!"

St. Peter welcomed me with "How do you do?"
And said: "We're all surprised to see you got through!"
St. Vitus took my arm, said: "I'll take you to
The great composers who are waiting for you!"

Beethoven said: "My boy, let's have a beer!"
And Mozart cried with joy: "Leopoldi is here!"

Grieg said: "Good morning, I've waited since dawning
To ask you some questions concerning my tunes.
(From the stage doorway I heard a song of Norway.)
My music is not for a singer who croons."

Then Schubert said: "They haven't paid a dime,
Not even a nickel for 'blossom time.'
If they pay one tenth of my royalty,
I could finish my unfinished symphony."

Tchaikovsky said: "Where's my share?
I'm getting famous down there!"

*The geese hid themselves away.
Goose-steps, one Führer, one Volk . . .
In the express train you could see
The Wrbas, the Krejcis, the Bilys, the Kracs . . .
But what's happened to the Novaks?*

Refrain

*Leo's now stuck in Montevideo,
He's no longer thinking about señoras,
He's got other worries now!
Aunt Anna, she's stuck in Havana
Waiting for the steamer from Lisbon
That brings young Arthur at Pentecost.
The cook, Marianka, is stuck in Casablanca.
Daughter Molly had no visa for Bali,
To Shanghai and Bombay, the days wear on!
The Novaks, they dream in rented rooms
Of only one place: They're dreaming of Prague.*

I hear some tunes I once made,
They're on the radio hit parade!"
Chopin cried: "See they waited till I died!
Now they simonize and modernize my Polish Polonaise!"

Wagner growled: "The scoundrels have changed *The Ring*,
With boogie-woogie, jitter, and swing.
Old Wotan, who can hardly move
With Brunhild now gets in the groove."

Beethoven said: "We'll have revenge!
The new composers changed our tunes and they will pay!
Let's turn the tables on them, we can do the same."

Then said Bizet: "That's perfectly OK!
Hip-hip hurray, I know the way!
'I've got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle.'
That's a steal from my Carmen melody.
Here you are and it's very plain to see."

Then came a young man, dark and tall.
He said: "Go back and tell those crooks that:
They steal rhythm, they steal hit tunes,
They steal our stuff, this time we're making a fuss.

Technicolor would be duller,
If it wasn't for the hits they've taken from us.
Tell them to take a day off and to stay off.
Make them lay off or else pay off.

§ Money macht froh! / Money Makes You Happy! (Hermann Leopoldi and Theodor Waldau)

Ist der Mensch auch noch so blöd',
daß es höher nicht mehr geht,
hat er nur Geld, gilt er der
Welt mehr als jeder Geistesheld.
Klingt es noch so paradox, man verzeiht,
wenn Du ein Ochse.
Immer wie heut' waren die Leut'
Kälbern aus Gold hold.

Refrain:

Money macht froh, Money macht frei,
Money macht jeden Monat zum Mai,
Money regiert die Welt . . . Pinke, pinke, pink.
Money verschönt alles was mies,
macht uns die Erde zum Paradies,
Money allein, nur Geld.
Money bringt Glück und Sonne in's Haus;
man hält es ohne Money nicht aus.
Money macht froh, Money macht frei,
Alles ist da, wo Money dabei.
Fehlt es Dir, Lump, dann pump!

So ein Ehemann zu sein ist entschieden eine Pein.
Fällt einem bloß Geld in den Schoß
ist das Übel nicht so groß;
denn man schickt die Gattin fort in
den fernen Badeort.
Will sie nach haus', funkt man hinaus:
Teuerstes Weib, bleib!

Refrain

Reichtum der verpflichtet heut',
sagt Frau Nepper hoch erfreut.
Drum schaffet ihr Mann, weil er es kann,
Möbel im Vampyrstil an.
Jetzt schläft sie in einem Bett' der Marie „Antoilett“;
Meissner Porz'llan steht nebenan
für den Gebrauch auch:

Refrain

Let those bums know how much they owe,
Send us our dough on a heavenly beam!"
Wasn't that a wonderful dream!

*Are we all such stupid fools
that we aspire to nothing more,
If we only had money,
then we'd be in charge of the world?
It sounds like a paradox, to excuse ourselves
for behaving like a dumb ox.
Today, as always, people
clamber after the golden calf.*

Refrain:

*Money makes you happy, money makes you free,
Money turns every month into May.
Money rules the world . . . Pinky, pinky, pink.
Money turns all that's bad into good,
Money turns the earth into paradise.
Money alone, only money.
Money ushers luck and fortune into the house;
Without money you can't make it,
Money makes you happy, money makes you free,
You've got everything if you've got money.
If you don't have it, poor bum, then tough!*

*To be such a husband is surely pretty sad,
But if money simply falls in your lap,
it's not half so bad;
Then you can just send your wife
away to the resort.
If she wants to come home again, send the message:
Dear woman, stay!*

Refrain

*One is obliged to be rich these days,
says Mrs. Nepper gleefully.
Her husband, therefore, appoints the house
with furniture in vampire style.
Now, she sleeps in a bed like that of "Marie, on the Toilet";
Meissen china sits next to the bed, in case she needs it
for the same purpose.*

Refrain

IV – BETWEEN TRAUM AND TRAUMA

10 Theresienstadt Potpourri – Aus der Familie der Sträusse / From the Strauss Family

(Leo Strauss; piano concept Ilya Levinson; Music: Potpourri of Waltzes; Lyrics from: Leo Strauss, "Aus der Familie der Sträusse," in Ulrike Migdal, ed., *Und die Musik spielt dazu: Chansons und Satiren aus dem KZ Theresienstadt*, pp. 67–70 / Munich: Piper, 1986).

Hört man Wiener Weisen spielen,
Weiß man gleich, sie sind von Strauß –
Doch von welchem von den vielen
Sträußen kriegt man schwer heraus.

Ach die Walzerdynastie
Kennt man auseinander nie,
Ach die Walzer –
Ach die Walzer –
Ach die Walzerdynastie.

Johann, Josef, Richard Strauß,
Eduard und Oscar Strauß,
Da kennt sich kein Teufel aus.
Noch ein Strauß,
Noch ein Strauß,
Da kennt sich kein Teufel aus,
Noch ein Strauß.

Ja, es gibt viel Komponisten,
Alle mit dem Namen Strauß,
Teils sinds Juden, teils sinds Christen,
Alle mit dem Namen Strauß,
Ach, die Walzerdynastie
Kennt man auseinander nie,
Ach, die Walzer –
Ach, die Walzer –
Ach, die Walzerdynastie.

Strauß mit einem scharfen s,
Straus mit einem runden s,
Strauss mit einem Doppel-s,
Daß ich keinen da vergeß,
Aufgepaßt,
Aufgepaßt,
Und sie habens gleich erfaßt,
Aufgepaßt.

Jener Strauß, der zuerst Carriere gemacht,
Der zuerst Wiens Musik populär gemacht,

*When one hears Viennese melodies,
It's clear from the start they're by Strauss –
But just which of the many Strausses,
Now that's tough to figure out.*

*Ah, the dynasty of the waltzes,
How to tell one from the others,
Ah, the waltzes –
Ah, the waltzes –
Ah, the dynasty of the waltzes.*

*Johann, Josef, Richard Strauss,
Eduard und Oscar Strauss,
Even the devil can't tell them apart.
Another Strauss,
Another Strauss,
Even the devil can't tell them apart,
And still another Strauss.*

*There are so very many composers,
All of them with the name, Strauss,
Some of them are Jews, some Christians,
All with the same name, Strauss,
Ah, the dynasty of the waltzes,
How to tell one from the others,
Ah, the waltzes –
Ah, the waltzes –
Ah, the dynasty of the waltzes.*

*There are Strausses with Es-tzets,
Strausses with a single s,
Strausses with a double s,
Just so I don't forget one,
Watch out,
Watch out,
And you'll figure out why,
Watch out.*

*The first Strauss who made his career,
Who made Vienna's music so popular,*

Die Welt entzückt,
Die Welt beglückt,
War der Vater Johann Strauß.

Und er schenkte uns drei Söhne,
Johann, Josef, Eduard,
Meister in dem Reich der Töne,
Jeder auf besondere Art.

Wiener Duft, Wiener Duft,
Ja, das liegt halt bei uns in der Luft,
Wie das singt, wie das klingt,
daß es schnurgrad ins Herz hinein dringt.

Drunten am blauen Donauarm
Liegt die bekannte Straußenfarm,
Liegt die berühmte Liederstadt,
Wie sie die Welt nie wieder hat.

Selbst der kühle Richard Strauss
Hält's im Wagnerhaus nicht aus,
Schleicht zu den anderen Sträußen,
Um einen Walzer zu schleußen.

Ohne dich, ohne dich, ohne dich,
Dreivierteltaktmelodie,
Wär bestimmt Richard Strauss
nicht der Rechte für mich,
Denn ich verstünde ihn nie.

Und welcher Strauß gefällt uns hier,
Wem zollen wir Applaus?
Am allermeisten schätzen wir hier nur den –
Vogel Strauß.

Denn mit seinem Straußenmagen
Kann er in Theresienstadt
selbst die schmalste Kost ertragen,
Kaut sich halt mit – Nägeln satt.

Scheint die Lage ihm riskant,
Steckt den Kopf er in den Sand,
Scheint die Lage,
Scheint die Lage,
Scheint die Lage ihm riskant.

Aber ganz leise, sehnt sich mein Herz
Stets nach der Reise Heimatwärts.

*Who charmed the world,
Who blessed the world,
The first Strauss was father Johann Strauss.*

*Johann gave us three sons,
Johann, Josef, Eduard,
All became masters of the musical art,
Each one in his own way.*

*The smells of Vienna, the odors of Vienna,
They just seem to hang in the air,
How one sings, how the music sounds,
It cuts right through to the heart.*

*Down along the banks of the Danube
You'll find a famous Strauss farm,
There, too, is the famous city of song,
The world will never know it again.*

*Even the ice-cold Richard Strauss
Couldn't stay in the house built by Wagner,
He went slumming with the other Strausses,
So that he, too, could compose a waltz.*

*Without you, without you, without you,
Melody in three-four,
Richard Strauss would surely
Never have been right for me,
For I'd never be able to understand him.*

*And which Strauss pleases us here,
To whom do we give our applause?
Above all, we favor here only the –
Ostrich, the bird known as Strauss.
For with the belly of an ostrich
He is able to tolerate the meager cuisine
We're offered in Theresienstadt,
Chew along – and your nails will be full.*

*If the conditions seem too risky,
Then he sticks his head in the sand,
If the conditions,
If the conditions,
If the conditions seem too risky.*

*If so very gently, my heart longs
To take the journey back home.*

Einmal noch hingehn, eh es vorbei,
Einmal noch Wien sehn, einmal im Mai.

Wie es erklingen in meinem Haus,
Wie es besungen Oscar Straus.

Trieben die Leute mich auch hinaus,
Scheints mir noch heute ein Blumenstrauß.

Einmal noch hingehn, eh es vorbei,
Einmal noch Wien sehn, einmal im Mai.

☛ **Immer inmitten . . . / Forever on the Way . . .** (from Solo-Cantata by Viktor Ullmann, to Poems by Hans Günther Adler)

Immer inmitten, immer inmitten
durch alle Wunderbezirke geschritten,
ferne der Heimat doch nahe dem Born,
was hat nicht die Seele alles erlitten,
bald streift sie im Moose, bald reißt sie der Dorn
immer inmitten, immer inmitten.

Immer inmitten, immer inmitten
zwischen Verzagen und brünstigem Bitten
findet der Mensch sich ins bergende Haus,
langsam vergißt er, was er gestritten,
endigt ihm einmal gespenstischer Braus
Immer inmitten, immer inmitten.

Immer inmitten, immer inmitten,
Kommt schlafend der Tod in das Leben geritten.
Praselnde Weise, seltsam verklirt.
Sagen kann niemand, was morgen nun wird:
Immer inmitten, immer inmitten.

☛ **Vor der Ewigkeit / Before Eternity** (from Solo-Cantata by Viktor Ullmann, to Poems by Hans Günther Adler)

Was sind die Dinge dieser Welt?
Was sind die Sachen?
Ach, welche Leidenschaften schmerzvoll
sich entfachen,
um eitles Zeug, das jäh zerfällt!
Wer mag sich bunte Bilder machen?
Was haben wir bestellt,
wo etwas Lust sich vielem Leid gesellt
und wir als Tote nur erwachen?

Vermessen ist das Maß nicht klar,
was trüb wir küren.

*Just one last visit, before it's all gone,
Just one last time to see Vienna, just once in May.*

*To hear the music playing in my own home,
Just as it was sung by Oscar Straus.*

*Though they've driven me away from my home,
To me, Vienna remains a bouquet of flowers still today.*

*Just one last visit, before it's all gone,
Just one last time to see Vienna, just once in May.*

*Forever on the way, forever on the way,
walking through all the magical regions,
far from home, still near to where I came from,
all that the soul has not suffered,
soon to be soothed in moss, soon ripped by thorns
Forever on the way, forever on the way.*

*Forever on the way, forever on the way
between despondence and lustful wishes
the human finds himself in the house of salvation,
slowly he forgets why he quarreled,
coming once to a ghostly end
Forever on the way, forever on the way.*

*Forever on the way, forever on the way,
death rides sleepily into life.
Crackling melody, strangling rattling,
no one can say what morning will become:
Forever on the way, forever on the way.*

*What things belong to this world?
What is the reality?
Ah, which passions are painfully kindled,*

*so that pride suddenly crumbles!
Who wants to make colorful pictures for himself?
What have we done
that passion accompanies so much suffering
and we awaken only as the dead?*

*It is not clear how to take measure
of that which we have made murky.*

Ach, könnten wir das Leben außer uns
verspüren
und nicht in zehrender Gefahr!
Wer wird zum eignen Herd uns führen,
zur Heimat wunderbar,
zum Muttergrund, wo unser Wähnen wahr
sich spornt, die Ewigkeit zu rühren?

Die Ewigkeit in uns verzweigt,
erbaut uns Reiche.
Ach, wie sie uns umwirbt, wie sie die stolzen
Deiche zerbricht
und wie sie machtvoll steigt in uns
zu lösendem Vergleiche, bis sich der Tod
verneigt und alles Raunen
dieser Welt fromm zeigt und
schläfernd hüllt mit einem Streiche.

DISC TWO

V – RAUSCHTRAUM

☛ **Café Brasil / Café Brazil** (Hermann Leopoldi, Peter Herz, and Erwin Spahn; English lyrics by Stewart Figa)

Ich weiß ein kleines, reizendes Café,
Bitte komm! Bitte geh!
Dort trinkt man brasilianischen Kaffee.
Bitte komm! Bitte geh!
Wenn ich dir tief dort in die Augen seh,
Die so schwarz wie Kaffee,
Dann erwacht mein Blut, wie Brasiliens Glut.
Ich brauch keine andern Stimulanzen!
Liegt das Koffein in der Stimmung drin,
Glaub ich, daß ich Brasilianer bin!

☛ **I bin a stiller Zecher / I'm a Quiet Boozier** (Hermann Leopoldi and Salpeter)

VIENNESE DIALECT
Wann i auf d'Nacht zum Wein geh,
hat G'sellschaft gar kan Zweck.
Denn wann i ganz allein geh,
sauft keiner mir was weg.
Auf Musi leg' i gar kan Wert,
was brauch' i denn schon die?
I mach' mir selber mein Konzert in eigener Regie.

Ah, if only we could feel that life beyond ourselves

*and not in the lessening danger!
Who will lead us to our own hearth,
to the wonderful home,
to the womb, where our passion truly
drives itself to touch upon eternity?*

*Eternity detours through us,
building for us a kingdom.
Ah, how it swirls inside us, and breaks down
the proudest dykes
and how it rises powerfully within us
to level all that would compare, until death denies
and makes sacred
all the whispers of this world and
sleepily covers them with a blow.*

*I know a little lovely dark café,
Come with me! Come away!
Once we get there, I'm sure you'll want to stay.
Come with me! Come away!
The coffee there's made the Brazilian way,
Very dark and risqué.
I'll look in your eyes, and you'll realize
That Brazilian coffee makes your day!
Where the coffee's strong, that's where we belong,
Sipping coffee to this Brazilian song.*

*At night when I go drinking,
there's no need to be with others.
When I'm all by myself,
no one drinks any of my wine.
I'm not the least interested in music,
why would I need it?
I make my own concert, which I myself direct.*

Refrain:

I bin a stiller Zecher und sing' die ganze Nacht,
wann mi mein voller Becher in Stimmung
hat gebracht.

Und sagt wer, i soll stad sein, dann sag'
i drauf zu eahm:

Mei lieber Herr, was hams' denn nur?

Was woll'n's denn in einer Tour?

I bin a stiller Zecher, drum mach i so an Lärm!

Hollerli hollero hallihallo!

Heut' is m'r alles wurscht, i bussel ollio!

Hollerli holero hallihallo!

A jeder stille Zecher macht das grad a so!

Wann weißen Nachtgespenstern ist jedes
Haus besetzt.

Sie schrei'n aus allen Fenstern: "Herr mir woll'n
schlafen jetzt!"

Da sag' i: macht's ka solches G'schra und leg't
euch nur ins Bett!

Wann's ruhig schlaf't, das stört mi' ja beim
Singen weiter net.

Refrain

(Verse 3 and 3rd Refrain by Stewart Figa)

A cop comes to harass me, he starts to raise his voice:

"You're causing a disturbance, you're making too much noise!"

"Well, Tauber and Caruso . . ." I tell this stupid cop,

". . . they sing much louder than I do, but no one locks them up."

Refrain:

I am a quiet drinker, that's why I'm never blue,

And while my nose gets pinker I sing the whole night through.

And when they shout "Be quiet!" I tell them

"Listen boys: Go shut your mouth and drink your beer, Don't be so loud, I cannot hear!"

I am a quiet drinker, and hardly make a noise: Holleri, hollero, hallihallo!

I'm always feeling fine whenever I'm aglow. Holleri, hollero, hallihallo!

And drinking is no crime, my doctor told me so.

Refrain:

I am a quiet drinker, and I sing the whole night long,
When a full glass puts me
in the mood.

And whoever tells me to hold my tongue,
then I say to him:

My dear sir, what've we got then?

Do we want to go on tour?

I am a quiet drinker, and that's why I make so much noise!

Hollerli, hollero, hallihallo!

It's all the same to me if I shout ollio!

Hollerli, hollero, hallihallo!

Every quiet drinker does just the same thing!

By the time white ghosts are haunting
every house,

They holler from the windows, "Sir, we want to
sleep now!"

I tell them "Don't make so much noise and
go to bed!"

Once you're sound asleep, then
my singing won't bother anymore!"

Refrain

Gastfreundschaft im Ungarland,
ist auf ganzer Welt bekannt,
und so billig ist's in den Lokalen,
ungern läßt der Wirt sich was bezahlen,
auch die Heiterkeit ist dort,
von spezieller "Eigenort!"

Refrain:

Wenn der Ungar lustig ist, muß er immer weinen,

joi Maman, joi Maman, schön ist doch der Welt!

Wenn der Ungar lustig ist, muß er noch mehr weinen,

joi Czigan, joi Czigan, spiel was mir gefällt:

Trauriger Sonntag, trauriger Montag,

das ist so rührend und gut für Seelenschmerz . . .

Wenn der Ungar lustig ist, muß er immer weinen,

joi Maman, joi – da lacht gebroch'nes Herz!

Und beinahe jeden Tag,

gibt es einen Mulatzag.

Weil das dort so Sitte ist,

Ungarwein in Strömen fließt.

Und der Gyula, Pista und der Geza,

beißen dann voll Rührung in die Gläser,

und zum Schluß dann jedenfalls,

fällt sich alles um den Hals.

Refrain

Fußballmatch in Budapest,

das ist ein Familienfest!

Viele Tore schießen sie,

"Eljen Doktor Sarosi!"

Neben mir da sitzen Budapester,

Vater weint und Bruder weint und Schwester,

und ich frag sie: "Warum weint's?"

"Steht für uns doch drei zu eins!"

Refrain

VI – VIENNESE TRÄUMEREI

④ In einem kleinen Café in Hernals / In a Little Café in Hernals (Hermann Leopoldi and Peter Herz)

Ein kleines, gemütliches Vorstadtlokal,

das hab' ich da neulich entdeckt.

Fauteuils hab'n kein Samt und's

Klavier kein Pedal

Hospitality in the land of the Hungarians
is well known throughout the world,
and everything's a deal in the taverns,
the tavern keeper doesn't expect to be paid,
the tavern is full of good cheer,
in such a "special place!"

Refrain:

If the Hungarian is happy, he always must cry,

Oy, mama, oy mama, the world is beautiful!

If the Hungarian is happy, he cries even more,

Oy, Rom (Gypsy), oy, Rom, play me what I like:

Sunday is sad, Monday is sad,

it's touching, good for pain in the soul . . .

If the Hungarian is happy, he cries even more,

Oy, mama, oy – a broken heart laughs!

And almost every day,

there's a wild party.

Because that's the custom there,

wine flows in rivers.

From Gyula, Pista, and Geza,

they are moved to drain their glasses,

and when they reach the end,

they give each other a big hug.

Refrain

Soccer game in Budapest,

that's a party for the whole family!

Many goals are scored,

"Honorable Dr. Sarosi!"

Budapesters sit next to me,

Father is crying, brother and sister too,

so I ask, "Why are you crying?"

"We're only winning three to one!"

Refrain

A charming little café at the edge of town,

I've just discovered it there.

The furniture is not covered with velvet,

and the piano without pedals.

und "Kracherl," so heißt dort der Sekt!
Im Grandhotel ist es mondäner,
doch hier ist es tausendmal schöner!

Refrain:

In einem kleinen Café in Hernald,
spielt's Grammophon mit leisem Ton
an English-Waltz!

Dort genügen zwei Mocca allein,
um ein paar Stunden so glücklich zu sein!
In einem kleinen Café in Hernald
klopft manches Herzerl hinauf bis zum Hals,
und geb'n zwei Verliebte sich dort Rendezvous,
drückt der Herr Ober ganz diskret ein Auge zu!

Die Tassen, die sind dort aus dickem Porz'llan,
zerbrechlich so leicht sind sie nicht,
die Herzen dagegen sind sehr filigran,
und oft kommt es vor, daß ein's bricht!
An Zeitungen hab'ns keine Spesen:
dort wird in den Augen gelesen!

Refrain

☛ **Wo der Teufel gute Nacht sagt / Where the Devil Says Good Night** (Hermann Leopoldi and Peter Herz)

Wo die großen Brücken liegen,
Züge in die Ferne fliegen
und die Riesen Gasometer steh'n . . .
Heulende Fabrikssirenen
als Musik so gellend dröhnen
und die Leute nur mit Kapfen geh'n . . .
Dort kommt abends von den Sternen
etwas Licht,
manchmal brennen die Laternen, manchmal nicht!

Refrain:

Wo der Teufel gute Nacht sagt,
ganz am Ende von der Stadt,
wo man jedem "Du, gib Acht!" sagt,
der paar Groschen bei sich hat,
wo die Straße sich verliert ins weite Feld,
gibt es eine neue, unbekannte Welt.
Wo der große, scharfe Wind weht,
an der Peripherie,

and the champagne is just called bubbly!
The Grand Hotel may be urbaner,
but here it's a thousand times more beautiful!

Refrain:

In a little café in Hernald,
a gramophone plays softly along,
an English waltz!
It's enough to drink two coffees alone,
just to while away a few hours!
In a little café in Hernald,
many a heart beats with passion,
and if two lovers rendezvous there,
the waiter discreetly looks the other way!

The cups there use heavy porcelain,
there's no need to worry they'll break,
hearts, nonetheless, are very tender,
and it happens often that they break!
There's no extra cost to read newspapers:
For there it's the eyes that are read!

Refrain

There, where the great bridges are,
trains stretch long into the distance,
and the giant oil depots rise above the earth . . .
The sirens of the factories
threaten with the scream of music
and people don only scanty caps . . .
It's there that the evening stars
shed a little light,
sometimes the streetlights glow, sometimes not!

Refrain:

Where the devil says good night,
at the very edge of the city,
where one says "Watch out!" to everyone,
who has a few groschen in his pockets,
where the roads disappear into the fields,
there's a whole new, strange world.
Where a bitter wind blows,
at the edge of town,

ihr, die durch die Welt wie blind geht,
kommt in diese Gegend nie.
Wo der Teufel gute Nacht sagt,
weit von hier, lieben sie und lassen sie
und sind glücklich, so wie ihr!

Große Liebe, wildes Hassen,
leicht sich finden und verlassen.
Es ist dort wie hier und überall.
Wenn did Frühlingsnächte brennen,
lernen zwei so leicht sich kennen
und die Wiese wird zum Prunklokal.
Und Millionen Sterne glänzen drüber hin.
Glück, du kennst ja keine Grenzen,
kommst auch hin.

Refrain

VII – DREAMS OF STARDOM

☛ **A Brivele der mam'n / A Letter from Mother** (Solomon Shmulewitz; English Translation by Stewart Figa)

YIDDISH

Refrain:

A brivele der mamen zols tu nit farzamen.
Shrayb geschvind libes kind shenk ir di nekhome,
Dayn mame vet dayn brivele lezn un zi vert genezen.
Heylst ir shmerts ir biter hartz derkvikt ir di neshome.

Mayn kind mayn treyst, du forst a vek te zay a zun a guter
dikh bet mit trern un mit shrek dayn traye libe muter.
Du forst mayn kind, mayn eyntsik kind ariber vayte yamen.
Akh kum ahin nor frish gezunt un nit farges dayn mamen.
Oy for gezunt, un kum mit glik, ze yede vokh, a brivl shik.
Dayn mames harts mayn kind derkvik.

Refrain

(Translation by Stewart Figa)

Refrain:

A letter from mother, don't delay.
Write soon, my beloved child, and give her solace.
Your mother will read your letter, and she will be comforted.
You'll heal her pain and her broken heart, and bring her comfort again.

My child, my comfort, you're traveling far away, be a good son,
With tears and trembling, your dear, faithful mother begs you.
You're leaving me, my one and only child, across the distant seas.

you who walk obliviously through life
never bother to come here at all.
Where the devil says good night,
a long way from here, they love
and they hate just like you!

Powerful love, passionate hate,
easy to find and lose.
It's no different here than elsewhere.
If spring evenings warm up,
two people get acquainted so easily
and the meadows are ready for rendezvous.
And millions of stars shine in the sky.
Fortune, you know no limits,
you'll be there too.

Refrain

Arrive safely and in good health, and don't forget your mother.
 Yes, go in health and with good fortune, and be sure to write a letter each week,
 To delight your mother's heart.

Refrain

☞ **Erlekh zayn / Be Virtuous** (Boris Thomashefsky and Philip Laskowsky from *Bar Mitzvah*, 1935)

YIDDISH	(Translation by Stewart Figa)
Vus dayn rebbe hot mit dir gelernt,	<i>What your rabbi has taught you,</i>
Dos iz a haylig lidele.	<i>That is a sacred song.</i>
Vus dayn tate hot ir gevurnt,	<i>What your father has forewarned to you,</i>
Gedenkt dus git mayn yidele.	<i>Remember this well, little Jew.</i>
Di toire hak'doishe vet sharfn dayn moyekh	<i>The holy Torah will sharpen your wits</i>
Uphitn dir fun tzuris un noyt.	<i>And sustain you through times of trouble and need.</i>
Di haylig s'furim velt dir gibn koyakh.	<i>The sacred books will give you courage.</i>
Erlekh fardinen zolsti dayn shtikele broyt.	<i>Always earn your daily bread honestly.</i>

Refrain:

Gedenk dus mayn kint;
 Gedenk dus a tzint . . .
 Erlekh zayn, git un fine,
 Du, dort, un iberale.
 Tz'duka gibst, mentchen libt,
 Krest, yid, gantz egal.
 Ikh hob mayn kint di beste s'khoire;
 Du mayne oves mit g'brakht.
 Dos iz mayn kint di haligle toire.
 Derfar der mit'n broyt gemakht.
 Ir vet bafaln briken, shitn un balln.
 Groyse vest gedoyrn oyf der velt.
 Di vest oyf flien oyf der flammen,
 Di vest er a tzayt fardinen a sakht gelt.

Refrain

Refrain:

Remember this, my child:
 Remember this now . . .
 Be virtuous, good, and fine,
 Here, there, and everywhere.
 Give to charity, love your fellow man,
 Whether Christian or Jew.
 I have here, my child, the finest of goods;
 My elders brought it with them.
 This is, my child, the holy Torah.
 Therefore, you will make your livelihood.
 You will have to cross bridges, grow and command.
 Great will be your generations throughout the world.
 You will have to flee from flames,
 You will have to amass ample wealth.

Refrain

VIII – HOLLYWOOD ELEGY

Five Elegies from the Hollywooder Liederbuch / Hollywood Songbook (1942–43)
 (Hanns Eisler and Bertolt Brecht)

☞ **Unter den grünen Pfefferbäumen / Under the Green Pepper Trees**

Unter den grünen Pfefferbäumen gehn die Musiker auf den Strich, zwei und zwei mit den Schreibern. Bach hat ein Strichquartett im Taschen, Dante schwenkt den dürrn Hintern.	<i>Under the green pepper trees the musicians go out for a stroll, Two by two with the writers. Bach has a quartet for strolling in his bag, Dante swings his dry old butt.</i>
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☞ **Die Stadt ist nach den Engeln genannt / The City Is Named after the Angels**

Die Stadt ist nach den Engeln genannt,
 und man begegnet allenthalben Engeln.
 Sie riechen nach Öl
 und tragen goldene Pessare,
 und mit blauen Ringen um die Augen
 füttern sie allmorgendlich die Schreiber
 in ihren Schwimmpfählen.

*The city is named after the angels,
 and one meets angels everywhere.
 They smell like oil
 and wear golden caps,
 and with blue rings around the eyes
 they feed the writers every morning
 in their swimming pools.*

☞ **Jeden Morgen, mein Brot zu verdienen / In Order To Earn My Daily Bread Each Morning**

Jeden Morgen, mein Brot zu verdienen,
 geh ich zum Markt,
 wo Lügen verkauft werden.
 Hoffnungsvoll reihe ich mich ein
 unter die Verkäufer.

*In order to earn my daily bread each morning,
 I go to the market
 where lies are sold.
 Full of hope, I get in line
 with the others selling their wares.*

☞ **Diese Stadt hat mich belehrt / This City Taught Me**

Diese Stadt hat mich belehrt,
 Paradies und Hölle können eine Stadt sein.
 Für die Mittellosen
 ist das Paradies die Hölle.

*This city taught me
 that paradise and hell can be a city.
 For those without means
 paradise is hell.*

☞ **In den Hügeln wird Gold gefunden / Gold Is Found in the Hills**

In den Hügeln wird Gold gefunden,
 an der Küste findet man Öl.
 Größere Vermögen bringen die Träumen
 von Glück, die man hier auf Zelluloid schreibt.

*Gold is found in the hills,
 one finds oil on the coast.
 Greater fortunes bring dreams
 of fortune, which one writes on film.*

☞ **L'automne californien / Autumn in California** (Hanns Eisler and Berthold Viertel from the *Hollywood Songbook*)

Die Leiter blieb noch
 unterm Feigenbaum stehen,
 doch er ist gelb und schon längst leer gegessen
 von Schnäbeln und von Mündern,
 wem's zuerst geglückt.

*The ladder still stands
 under the fig tree,
 but it's long been yellow, its fruits eaten up
 by the beaks and mouths
 it first pleased.*

Wird ihn der nächste Sommer
 grün und reich beladen sehen,
 und kommt der Friede unterdessen,
 mag es ein andrer sein,
 der hier die Feigen pflückt.

*Should next summer see it,
 green and richly laden,
 and should peace meanwhile come,
 it might be another
 who here picks the figs.*

Wir wären dann in kältere
 Breiten heimgegangen:

*We might then have gone home
 to colder climes:*

Da wächst kein Feigenbaum,
aber der Wein.

Fällt dort der Schnee,
werden wir um so frischer sein
und gern im wieder befreiten
Winter wohnen.

IX – FUTURE DREAMS

☞ **Friling / Springtime** (Avrom Brudno and Shmerke Kaczerginski)

YIDDISH
Ikh blondzhe in geto fun gesl tsu gesl,
Un ken nit gefinen keyn ort.
Nito iz mayn liber.
Vi trogt men ariber?
Mentshn, oy zogt khotsh a vort!
Es laykht oyf mayn heyim itst,
Der himl der bloyer.
Vos zhe hob ikh itst derfun?
Ikh shtey vi a betler.
Bay yetvidn toyre, un bet a bisele zun.

Refrain:
Friling, nem tsu mayn troyer,
Un breng mayn libstn,
Mayn trayen tsurik.
Friling oyf dayne fligl bloye
O, nem mayn harts mit
Un gib es op mayn glik.

Ikh gey tsu der arbet
Farbay undzer shtibl.
In troyer, der toyer farmakht.
Der tog a tsehelter.
Di blumen farvelkte,
Zey vanynen, far zey iz oykh nakht.
Far nakht oyf tsurikvegs,
Es noyet der troyer,
Ot do hostu libster gevart.
Ot do inem shotn
Nokh kentik dayn trot iz.
Flegt kushn mikh liblekhn un tsart.

Refrain

*No fig tree grows there,
instead the wine.*

*Should snow fall there,
it will be all the more refreshing for us,
and we'll gladly live
in winter liberated once again.*

(Translation by Stewart Figa)
*I wander through the ghetto from lane to lane,
Useless, no solace can I find.
My beloved is gone.
How can I go on?
Someone, oy, say just a word!
My house is lit brightly,
The sky is blue.
But what is there left in my life?
I stand like a beggar at every doorway
And beg for a little bit of sun.*

Refrain:
*Springtime, please take my sorrow
And bring my loved one,
My dear one, back.
Springtime, wafting upon your wings
Take my heart with you
And bring to me happiness.*

*I go to my work
And pass by our small house.
In sadness, the door is closed tight.
The day is sunny,
But the flowers do not bloom.
They're wilting, for them too it's night.
At night when I return,
The sadness is burning.
Right here love, you waited for me,
Right here in the shadows
I still hear your footsteps.
You kissed me with love and tenderness.*

Refrain

☞ **Ikh zing / I Sing** (Abraham Ellstein and Molly Picon from the film, *Mamele*, 1938)

YIDDISH

Shloyme hamelekh hot tsu zayn Shulamis gezingen a libes shir,
Un punkt vi Shloyme dan, gelibte mayne breng ikh may lid its tsu dir:
Ikh zing far dir mayn shir hashirim,
Mit libe ikh batsirim, far dir nor neshome mayn.
Ikh zing far dir mayne khaloymes.
Mayn libe vi a troym iz fun dir nor nekhome mayn.
Ven ikh gey oys fun benken nokh dir gelibte mayn.
Un ven ikh halt in eyn denken az du vest nokh amol mayne zayn.
Ikh zing fun hartsn mayne lider.
Mayn shir hashirim vider gelibte far dir ikh zing.

(Translation by Stewart Figa)
*King Solomon sang a love song to his Shulamit.
And just like Solomon, I sing my song to you, my love:
I sing to you my Song of Songs,
With love I adorn it only for you, my soul.
I sing of my dreams for you, my comfort,
When I'm about to die for you, my beloved.
And when I realize that you will once again be mine,
I sing my song from the heart, my Song of Songs again.
Beloved, for you I sing.*

X – FROM THE RUINS OF DYSTOPIA

Three Songs by Friedrich Holländer from Billy Wilder's *A Foreign Affair* (1948)

☞ **Black Market**

Black market, sneak around the corner, Budapest's StraÙe.
Black market, peek around the corner, "la police qui passe."
Come! I'll show you things you cannot get elsewhere.
Come! Make with the offers and you'll get your share.
Black market, eggs for statuettes, smiles for cigarettes.
Got some broken down ideals? Like wedding rings?
Shhh . . . Tiptoe . . . Trade your things.

I'll trade you for your candy, some gorgeous merchandise.
My camera, it's a dandy, six by nine, just your size.
You want my porcelain figure? A watch? A submarine?
A Rembrandt? Salami? Black lingerie from Wien?
I'll sell my goods behind the screen. No ceiling, no feeling,
A very smooth routine. You buy my goods,
And, boy, my goods are keen.

Black market, cuckoo clocks and treasures, thousand little pleasures.
 Black market, laces for the Mrs., chewing gum for kisses.
 Come! And see my little music box today.
 Price? Only six cartons, want to hear it play?
 Black market, milk and microscopes for liverwurst and soap.
 Browse around, I've got so many toys. Don't be bashful.
 Step up boys.

You like my first edition? It's yours, that's how I am.
 The simple definition: You take art, I take spam.
 To you for your K-ration: Compassion and maybe
 An inkling, a twinkling of real sympathy.
 I'm selling out, take all I've got! Ambitions! Convictions!
 The works! Why not? Enjoy my goods,
 Cuz' boy my goods are hot.

17 Illusions

Want to buy some illusions? Slightly used, second-hand?
 They were lovely illusions, reaching high, built on sand.
 They had a touch of paradise, a spell you can't explain,
 For in this crazy paradise you are in love in vain.
 Want to buy some illusions, slightly used, just like new?
 Such romantic inclusions, and they're all about you.
 I sell them all for a penny, they make pretty souvenirs.
 Take my lovely illusions, some for laughs, some for tears.

18 The Ruins of Berlin

Amid the ruins of Berlin,
 Trees are in bloom as they have never been.
 Sometimes at night you feel in all your sorrow,
 A perfume as sweet as of tomorrow.
 That's when you realize at last
 They won't return, the phantoms of the past.
 A brand new spring is to begin,
 Out of the ruins of Berlin.

In den Ruinen von Berlin,
 Fangen die Blumen wieder an zu blühen.
 Und in der Nacht spürst du von allen Seiten,
 Einen Duft als wie aus alten Zeiten.
 Dans les ruines de Berlin
 Les avant fleurs parfumées tant jamais!
 I na razvalinach Berlina
 Nachniotsia novaya Wesna!

NEW BUDAPEST ORPHEUM SOCIETY

Mezzo-soprano **Julia Bentley** enjoys a broad range of genres, ranging from operatic roles of Mozart and Rossini to the dusky back rooms of cabaret in her appearances with the New Budapest Orpheum Society. She has appeared as a soloist for such conductors as Raymond Leppard, Robert Shaw and Pierre Boulez, and has premiered more than 200 pieces, thanks to her passion for newly composed works. A regular guest with Chicago's ensembles, she is also on the faculty of several Chicago universities as a voice teacher, chamber music specialist, and lecturer in Art Song.

Philip V. Bohlman, artistic director, is the Mary Werkman Distinguished Service Professor of the Humanities and Music at the University of Chicago and Honorarprofessor of the Hochschule für Musik, Theater und Medien Hannover, Germany. He has received the Edward Dent Medal from the Royal Music Association, the Berlin Prize, the Derek Allen Prize from the British Academy, a Guggenheim Fellowship, and with the New Budapest Orpheum Society the Noah Greenberg Award from the American Musicological Society. Among his recent books are *Revival and Reconciliation* (2013) and *Wie könnten wir des Herrn Lied singen in fremdem Lande?* (2015).

Stewart Figa, baritone, has served as cantor at West Suburban Temple Har Zion in River Forest since 1998, and has been a cantor in the Chicago area since 1990. 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 has performed programs of Yiddish song throughout Chicagoland.

Danny Howard, percussion, is the newest member of the New Budapest Orpheum Society. With strong roots in the UK, he has built an international career that stretches across repertoires and genres, no less than across the English Channel and the Atlantic. Having studied in Cuba and Brazil, Danny has specialized in Afro-Cuban and Afro-Brazilian Folkloric music for over a decade and now runs his own Latin band. His first passion, nonetheless, was classical music. The New Budapesters could not be more thrilled that he's recently put down his diverse musical roots in Chicago.

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 immigrating to the United States in 1993. She performed widely in Europe, among others with the "Sophia" women's orchestra. A string teacher with Quinlan and Fabish, she has played regularly in regional orchestras throughout the Midwest, among them Ars Viva. She has recorded for the Bulgarian Radio Orchestra and the New Budapest Orpheum Society.

Ilya Levinson, music director, arranger, and pianist, holds degrees in composition from the Moscow Conservatory and the University of

Chicago (Ph.D. 1997). His works for chamber music and orchestra have recently enjoyed performances in France, Germany, and Bosnia-Herzegovina. His *Klezmer Rhapsody* is recorded by the Maxwell Street Klezmer Band on the Shanachie label. Composer-in-residence with American Music Festivals, he is Assistant Professor of Music at Columbia College Chicago.

Mark Sonksen, bassist, joined the New Budapest Orpheum Society in 2008, and he has been a stalwart member of its tours in Europe and its performances of stage and film music from the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s. His works are rooted harmonically in the modern jazz idiom, yet incorporate a wide variety of influences as a result of being involved in Spanish language and culture for 20 years. These influences range from music of the Caribbean to Argentine/Uruguayan Tango, New Tango, and folkloric music in addition to early twentieth-century classical music, and modern jazz in the American and European traditions.

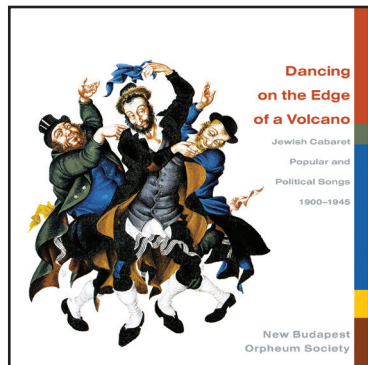
Don Stille, Chicago pianist and accordionist, has performed throughout the country with a long list of internationally acclaimed jazz artists and has opened for Herbie Hancock and Stephane Grappelli. Among his achievements are recognition as “Mainstream Jazz Pianist of the Year” by the Twin Cities Jazz Society, and house pianist and often-featured jazz artist on NPR’s “First House on the Right.” Don recently performed on accordion in five concerts with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, both at Orchestra Hall and on tour. He also was recently featured on accordion in the movies *Picture Paris* and *Swan Song*.

NEW BUDAPEST ORPHEUM SOCIETY



From left to right:
Danny Howard, Iordanka Kissiova, Mark Sonksen, Ilya Levinson,
Don Stille, Philip Bohlman, Stewart Figa, and Julia Bentley

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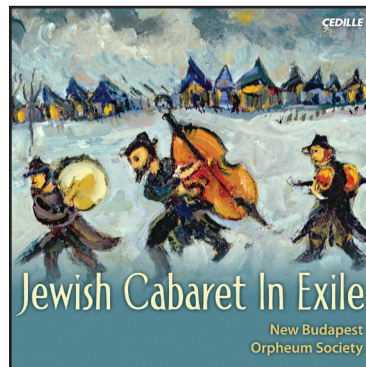
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