

Sunday, August 14, 8pm
Florence Gould Auditorium, Seiji Ozawa Hall
THE WALTER AND ALICE GORHAM FOUNDATION CONCERT
BARRY HUMPHRIES' WEIMAR CABARET
with
MEOW MEOW
RICHARD TOGNETTI, artistic director & violin
AUSTRALIAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
BARRY HUMPHRIES, conf rencier & voice
MEOW MEOW, cabaret artist
RODNEY FISHER, director

The program order will be introduced from the stage by Barry Humphries.

HINDEMITH Kammermusik No. 1, Op. 24
KRENEK (arr. Grandage) "Jonny spielt auf," Op. 45 (excerpt)
JEZEK "Bugatti Step"
SPOLIANSKY (arr. Grandage) Alles Schwindel
WEILL (arr. Grandage) Seer uber-Jenny from "Die Dreigroschenoper"
TOCH Geographical Fugue
GROSZ "Jazzband"
SCHULHOFF (arr. Tarkmann) Jazz from Suite for Chamber Orchestra
WEILL (arr. Grandage) Surabaya Johnny from "Happy End"
ABRAHAM (arr. Grandage) Mousie from "Viktoria und ihr Husar"
SPOLIANSKY (arr. Grandage) Ach, er hasst
SCHULHOFF (arr. Tarkmann) Tango from Suite, Op. 37
SCHULHOFF "Sonata Erotica"
BRAND (arr. Tregear) Black Bottom-Jazz from "Maschinist Hopkins"
SPOLIANSKY (arr. Ziegler) Wenn die beste Freundin
KRENEK (arr. Grandage) "Potpourri," Op. 54 (excerpt)
EISLER (arr. Grandage) An den kleinen Radioapparat from "Die Hollywood-Elegien"
WEILL (arr. Grandage) Tango-Habanera 'Youkali' from "Marie Galante"
HOLLAENDER (arr. Grandage) Wenn ich mir was wunschen d rfte from "Der Mann der seinen M rder sucht"
HOLLAENDER (arr. Grandage) The Ruins of Berlin from "A Foreign Affair"

Original commission supported by Warwick and Ann Johnson, and
Connie and Craig Kimberley.

The 2013 Australian National Tour was proudly presented by BNP Paribas.

WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR

Trawling through the second-hand bookstores of Melbourne in the late 1940s I came across a stack of sheet music published by the famous Universal Company in Vienna in the 1920s. None of the composers was familiar, and yet a distinguished music house in central Europe had deemed them important enough to warrant publication. The bookseller, Mr. Evans of Swanston Street, was asking next to nothing for this obscure collection so I bought them all and went home with Ernst Krenek, Erich Korngold, Kurt Weill, Franz Schreker and their colleagues in my weighty Gladstone bag.

In the school library after school hours, I was soon busy researching my haul. The library has since become a research centre purging itself of the dusty, germ-laden stigma of a book room. My mother, who belonged to the age of Laminex, would certainly have approved the banishment of old books. "Barry," she would admonish me if she caught me reading a second-hand volume, "you don't know where that's been." In that far epoch the school library contained a fairly decent music section and I tried to find references to the forgotten composers I had unearthed in Mr. Evans' shop. I certainly didn't know where any of them had been and that made my excavations all the more exciting. The sheet music I had rescued bore a single stamped name, Richard Edmund Beyer, and I wondered who he was and why would he put all this stuff in a suitcase and schlep it out to Australia.

I once attended a re-creation in Los Angeles of Hitler's infamous exhibition of "degenerate art." My companion was

the painter David Hockney and I asked him why he thought so many pictures from this period had survived the Holocaust. “Because somebody loved them” was his simple reply. Herr Beyer must have loved all this strange music to bring it so far to safety. I later met an old lady living in Brighton who was the widow of a distinguished Berlin publisher. When she fled the Nazis her packing was supervised by two Gestapo officers who allowed her to fill her suitcases with prints—no paintings. Thus I was able to see, spread across the carpet in her Melbourne sitting room, a priceless assembly of the best German expressionists, in mint condition.

When I first went to Vienna in the early 1960s I asked in the best classical record shop if they had any recordings by the composers I had discovered. Not only did they not have recordings but they had never heard of the composers I mentioned! Hitler, it seemed, had done a very good job in suppressing a whole generation of music makers whose exciting work is still in the category of unfamiliar repertoire. The Australian Chamber Orchestra will give you a taste of this wonderful music, so full of energy, excitement, and optimism and yet reflecting at times a premonitory hint of the cataclysm that would soon follow.

BARRY HUMPHRIES

WEIMAR REPUBLIC BERLIN: A SILENCED WITNESS

Why is it that certain places at certain times come to gain such a hold on our collective consciousness? In the case of Weimar Republic Berlin (1919-1933), the answer is simple. Here, for a brief, fragile moment this city was at the centre of culture that generated not only epochal advances in science and technology, but also an outpouring of literature, philosophy, and art of profound originality. The history of Berlin at this time is made only the more compelling when we also reflect upon just how quickly all that intellectual and creative capital was destroyed by the Nazi seizure of power.

Our knowledge of this time is uneven. Whereas Weimar era novels, poetry, cinema, sculpture, art, and craft is routinely revived and celebrated, the music of this time is largely neglected. Certainly until very recently very few musicians had heard of (let alone heard) the operas of Franz Schreker, Ernst Krenek, Viktor Ullmann, Paul Hindemith, or Max Brand, or the instrumental music of Erwin Schulhoff, Hans Gal, or Gideon Klein, to name just a few. And yet the loss is not just Germany’s, it is also ours. Here, arguably, was the last great cultural laboratory wherein the realms of so-called “popular” and “classical” music routinely informed and inspired one another. Since then, however, we have been saddled with an attitude of mutual incomprehension and exclusion, one that is perhaps only now beginning to dissipate.

The reason for our neglect of Weimar musical culture is as straightforward as it is grim. Whereas images, words, and things are able to be returned to our attention with ease, a score still requires someone—a conductor, a performer, a producer, a festival director—prepared to bring it back to life. We, however, lost such advocates after 1933; the custodians of that culture were either sent to their death, or escaped to countries such as the UK, USA, or Australia, where their music most commonly met with disinterest.

All the same, despite being forced into exile in 1938, at first glance **Paul Hindemith** (1895-1963) may not seem to be a neglected composer. A few works of his remain on the fringes of the standard orchestral repertoire, and many musicians are familiar with the large corpus of well-crafted chamber music that is often bundled together under the label *Gebrauchsmusik* (“music for use”). In the heady days of the Weimar Republic, however, he was better known as an iconoclast and humorist, and his music was anything but a paean to the idea of composition-as-craft, rather it delighted in parody and play. It is no surprise, then, that echoes of the Shrovetide Fair from Igor Stravinsky’s ballet *Petrushka* can be heard in his **Kammersmusik No. 1, Opus 24** (1922), though the grotesque fairground spirit it evokes is not that of an exotic folk culture but that of Germany itself, mired in the political and economic chaos of the post-war years.

Infamously, that chaos led to a period of hyperinflation that by 1924 threatened to annihilate the German economy. In response, the American government sponsored the so-called “Dawes Plan,” a new payment regime to manage Germany’s post-war reparations. Nothing came to symbolise the emerging American cultural and economic hegemony more than jazz, which, as one critic put it, came to stand as a cipher for the post-war age itself, a “reflection of the times: chaos, machines, noise, the highest peak of intensity...the triumph of irony, of frivolity, the wrath of those who want to preserve good times.” Jazz and Amerikanismus even inspired an opera. The premiere in Leipzig on 10 February 1927 of **Jonny spielt auf** (“Johnny leads the band”; 1925) by Austrian-born, but Berlin resident **Ernst Krenek** (1900-1991) caused a sensation. It went on to make theatrical history by attracting some 45 separate productions in its first year alone (it still, however, awaits an Australian premiere). The short excerpt we hear is music from Part I that introduces Jonny and his jazz band as something that emerges from (or is it “evolves out of”?) the sonic chaos of a modern city streetscape.

Revolutionary theatre could also be found on much more intimate stages, especially those in the urban clubs and bars of the city. Cabaret may be a theatrical genre (and word) of French origin, but today it almost irresistibly

evokes Berlin of this time. Berlin cabaret fell into two broad categories—one common to the larger, more “family-friendly” theatres which presented shows that were not unlike the English music hall revue, and one typical of the smaller clubs which targeted a more politically active class looking for content rich in social satire. Many of Weimar’s best known composers, lyricists, and performers wrote for, and often performed in, these cabarets. For the politically inclined there was no shortage of material to inspire them, whether that be perennial themes of corruption in high places, or common social hypocrisy around issues of sexuality and religion. Indeed, against the broader context of Germany’s defeat in 1918, for many satire seemed now to be the only viable mode of public discourse. Germany, after all, was a nation forged on the hearth of Prussian militarism, but by 1918 the promises of a new generation of Generals had been revealed, at colossal human cost, to be a sham.

A generation of artists thus arose who believed their art must no longer be concerned with beauty or other transcendent values per se, but instead should serve as a vehicle for social critique. Chief among them was the author and playwright **Bertolt Brecht** (1898-1956) who, by the late 1920s, had established relationships with a number of prominent composers. None of those relationships was to be as successful, however, as his partnership with **Kurt Weill** (1900-1950). **Seeräuber-Jenny** (“Pirate Jenny”) is from their best-known collaboration, *Die Dreigroschenoper* (*The Threepenny Opera*). The political (indeed revolutionary) meaning of the song is unambiguous. When Nina Simone recorded it in 1964 the coming black frigate (i.e., pirate ship) was seen as foreshadowing the rise of the Black Power movement. **Surabaya Johnny** (1929) comes from another Bertolt Brecht/Kurt Weill collaboration, *Happy End*, with the book by Dorothy Lane, a pseudonym for Elisabeth Hauptmann. Its first performances in Berlin in 1929 were not a success, in stark contrast to its reception on Broadway many years later. With its bitter and deeply felt portrayal of innocence lost, *Surabaya Johnny* was, however, an immediate success, becoming a favourite of Marlene Dietrich among others.

Viennese-born **Wilhelm Grosz** (1894-1939) spent six highly productive years (1927-1933) in Berlin as the artistic manager of the Ultraphone Gramophone company, but he, like Brecht and Weill (and countless others), had been forced to leave Germany soon after the Nazis came to power. While he found immediate physical safety in London, he also found little interest in the music he brought with him. Instead he put his considerable melodic gift to a new purpose, writing a corpus of popular songs (mostly with lyricist Jimmy Kennedy). A few became internationally successful and are still performed today, such as *Harbour Lights*, *Red Sails in the Sunset*, and *Isle of Capri*. A much earlier work, **Jazzband** (1923), on the other hand, is no attempt at a literal evocation of an emerging popular musical culture, despite its title. Instead, it displays an interest more in the spirit, rather than the letter, of jazz music. Here Grosz refracts the rhythms and forms of popular dance music of the day to create chamber music that is both modernist and worldly.

Erwin Schulhoff (1894-1942) was another composer who consciously incorporated jazz-inspired rhythms and forms into his music. While the **Suite, Opus 37** (1921), seems on the surface to be relatively conventional in form, he prefaced the score with his own Dadaistic text and included “uninhibited” sound effects like a siren in its score. He had found particular inspiration for this suite, as he told Alban Berg in 1921, “out of pure enjoyment of the rhythm [of nightclub dancing] and with my subconscious filled with sensual delight.... Thereby I acquire phenomenal inspiration for my work, as my conscious mind is incredibly earthly, even animal as it were.” Schulhoff was unquestionably one of the most original creative musicians of the Weimar era; another one of his pieces anticipates John Cage’s famous work of notated silence (*4’33’’*), by some thirty years. Alas, however, after the Nazi takeover he did not find safety in exile but instead was deported to the Wülzburg Concentration Camp, where he died on 18 August 1942.

Other artists believed that advances in science and technology might yet help European society of the 1920s find renewed self-confidence, if not political and economic stability. **Jaroslav Ježek** (1906-1942) composed **Bugatti Step** (1931) in honour of the Czech female racing driver Eliska Junkova, and her Bugatti Type 35B. The pulsation suggestive of a four-stroke engine is present throughout the composition, which is itself based in and around the interval of a fourth.

The negative social consequences of the post-war economy, however, is squarely the topic of **Alles Schwindel** (“It’s all a swindle”; 1931), the title song for a revue scored in 1931 by Russian-born composer **Mischa Spoliansky** (1898-1985) to words by Marcellus Schiffer (1892-1932). Spoliansky had lived in Berlin since 1914, where he worked first as a cafe musician and then as composer and performer creating revues and other forms of cabaret theatre, the most successful of which are his collaborations with Schiffer. His music reveals an uncanny ability to put a sophisticated jazz-inflected harmonic palate to the service of a catchy rhythm or tune, a skill no doubt honed from years working in cabaret himself.

Fuge aus der Geographie (“Geographical Fugue”; 1930) is a work for spoken chorus by Viennese-born **Ernst Toch** (1887-1964), who became prominent among experimental composers in Berlin in the 1920s, and is the third movement of his suite of *gesprochene musik* (“spoken music”). At its first performance at the Berlin Festival for

Contemporary Music in June 1930 the piece caused a sensation, though Toch himself always considered it a trifle. Posterity, however, has continued to disagree with him, and no less a figure than John Cage saw to it that the work was translated and promulgated to English-speaking audiences after Toch moved to Southern California in 1935. Berlin also gained a reputation for fostering a culture of experimentation in matters rather more corporal, becoming known as a city of sexual tolerance, if not downright permissiveness. Sex and sexuality were constant themes of the art and music of the day, suggesting an openness remarkable even by today's liberal standards. Spoliansky's **Ach, er hasst** ("Oh, he hates that I love him"), which sets words by the screenwriter Felix Joachimson (later Felix Jackson), appears gently to satirise the mess we find ourselves in when we love someone we apparently do not like. By the time the song concludes, however, it seems more likely to be describing a case of stalking, or even erotomania! It was originally recorded in 1930 by singer Blandine Ebinger, who was herself married to the composer Friedrich Hollaender.

Mousie is a song from **Viktoría und ihr Husar** ("Victoria and her Hussar"; 1930), an operetta by **Paul Abraham** (1892-1960) to a libretto by Alfred Grünwald and Fritz Löhner-Beda and based on a story by the Hungarian Emmerich Földes. In a secondary plot line, Count Ferry Hegedus, brother to Countess Viktoria, has married the Japanese girl O Lia San (affectionately known as "Mousie"); here they discuss what they have got up to the night before, and what the new day may yet bring.

Max Brand (1896-1980) is remembered today, if at all, as an early pioneer of electronic music who collaborated with Robert Moog, among others. In the early 1930s, however, he was the toast of Europe because of the tremendous popular success of **Maschinist Hopkins** (1928). A kind of operatic film noir, the work traces the downfall of two ambitious factory workers set against the backdrop of anthropomorphised machines. Its expressionist dramatic and musical character had a major influence on Alban Berg, who at the time was beginning to work on his opera *Lulu*, and it contains some of the best jazz pastiche of the era, as **Black Bottom-Jazz** demonstrates. The words were provided to Brand by the self-styled "Bad Boy of Music," the composer of *Ballet Mécanique*, George Antheil. The song appears as part of a night-club scene in the opera.

Nightclubs were also the subject of Ruth Margarete Roellig's *Berlins Lesbische Frauen* ("Berlin's Lesbian Women"), which was a guidebook to the city's lesbian nightlife. This lesbian subculture was also celebrated in Spoliansky's **Wenn die beste Freundin** ("When the best girlfriend"; 1928), which originated as part of a revue he wrote with Schiffer entitled *Es liegt in der Luft* ("It's in the air"). The song became something of an anthem for the lesbian community, not surprising given that it playfully suggests that wives should ditch their husbands for their "favourite" girlfriend.

By contrast, Schulhoff's **Sonata Erotica** (1919) was explicitly "Nur für Herren" ("for gentlemen only"). Scored for Solo-Muttertrompete (a pun on an old German medical term for the oviduct, the passageway from the ovaries to the outside of the body), this Dadaist work gleefully exploits the shock value of a simulated female orgasm in a public place.

We may not register it at first today, but simply calling a work of music *Potpourri* also had the potential to be provocative. The word does not merely describe a pleasant-smelling perfume, it also notes that the agreeable effect is the result both of a mixing together of otherwise incongruous elements, and their decay (*pourri*, after all, is the French word for "rotten"). In this selection from Krenek's **Potpourri, Opus 54** (1927), the composer deliberately mixes up a variety of musical styles in a manner that looks forward to the polystylism of later composers like Alfred Schnittke.

What none of these composers working in the 1920s could have known, of course, was how quickly this culture of experimentation would be shut down. Of those composers lucky enough to escape, very few were able to continue composing in the same way; some were not able to compose at all. One, however, who was able to maintain a relatively consistent style, if only through sheer force of political conviction, was **Hanns Eisler** (1898-1962). Initially a pupil of Arnold Schoenberg's in Vienna, he later fell out with his teacher after embracing Marxism and becoming a member of the German Communist Party. This radically changed his opinion of avant-garde music, including his own up to that point, and instead he developed a very direct, functional style of composition suited to conveying a political message as clearly as possible. The song **An den kleinen Radioapparat** ("To the little radio") was composed to lyrics by Brecht as part of a collection Eisler called *Die Hollywood-Elegien* ("Hollywood Songbook"; 1942-43). In this song, spoken by a German exile during the Second World War, the singer addresses his radio, which, alas, continues to receive propaganda from Nazi Germany.

Weill composed **Tango-Habanera, "Youkali"** (1934) as incidental music for the play *Marie Galante* by Jacques Deval (pseudonym for Jacques Bouleran, 1894-1972). Lyrics were added in 1946 by Roger Fernay and describe the longing for an idealised home across the seas as being akin to a wistful hope of happiness that can never be realised. Fernay captured in his text a quality of melancholic nostalgia that arguably was already implicit in the music.

Friedrich Hollaender (1896-1976) was born in London but lived in Berlin from the age of three. He became one of

the best-known songsmiths of the Weimar era, not least because many of his songs were performed by Marlene Dietrich. *Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt*, which in its English translation by Sammy Lerner became “Falling in Love Again (Can’t Help It)” helped catapult Dietrich to international stardom when she sang it in Josef von Sternberg’s film *Der Blaue Engel* (“The Blue Angel”; 1930). **Wenn ich mir was wünschen dürfte** (“If I could wish for something”; 1931) appears in the romantic comedy *Der Mann der seinen Mörder sucht* (“The man who seeks his own murder”), which concerned a man who, having arranged for a contract on himself in order to escape his debts, subsequently falls in love and changes his mind.

Both the words and music (with its allusion to Jewish folk melodies) of *Wenn ich mir was wünschen dürfte* seem now to presage the fate of exile that was soon to befall the composer himself. Hollaender emigrated in 1934 to the United States, where he proceeded to write music for over a hundred films. The song **The Ruins of Berlin**, which appears in a climactic scene towards the end of the film *A Foreign Affair*, has words drawn from the languages of the four occupying powers (America, Britain, France, and Russia) as well as German.

The optimism of the lines “A brand new spring is to begin / Out of the ruins of Berlin!” was not, it seems, misplaced. The post-war reconstruction of Berlin and—particularly since reunification—its return as a world-leading creative centre are justly celebrated today. Nevertheless we would do well to remember that the freedoms that nourish such creativity are fragile and all too easily lost. And while the “phantoms of the past” may indeed never return, we nevertheless owe it to the voices that they silenced and indeed to ourselves to let their music be heard again.

Notes © PETER TREGGAR

Guest Artists

Barry Humphries

Barry Humphries was educated at the University of Melbourne, where he studied law, philosophy, and fine arts. After writing and performing songs and sketches in university revues, he joined the newly formed Melbourne Theatre Company. In 1956 he created the character of Mrs. Everage, a Melbourne housewife who is now the internationally celebrated megastar, Dame Edna. During the 1960s, after moving to London, Barry appeared in numerous West End productions, most notably the musicals *Oliver!* and *Maggie May*, as well as stage/radio productions by his friend Spike Milligan. Barry Humphries gained particular notoriety in 1969, when he first brought Mrs. Everage to the British stage at the Fortune Theatre for his one-man *Just a Show*. Since then he has been featured as Dame Edna in many London stage offerings, including *Housewife*, *Superstar!*, *A Night with Dame Edna*, *An Evening’s Intercourse*, *Back with a Vengeance*, *Look at Me When I’m Talking to You*, *Edna: The Spectacle*, and most recently *Eat Pray Laugh*, picking up many awards along the way. He has made theatrical tours in Germany, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Australia, the US, and in the Far East and Middle East. For his 2000 Broadway offering *Dame Edna, The Royal Tour*, he won a Special Tony Award, as well as an Outer Critics Circle Award; in 2004 he received a Tony nomination for *Back with a Vengeance*. Dame Edna has also made numerous television appearances in Australia, the UK, and the US. Barry Humphries is the author of several books, novels, autobiographies, and plays. His autobiography won the PEN Ackerley Prize for biography in 1993, and he is the subject of three critical and biographical studies: *The Real Barry Humphries* by Peter Coleman, *Dame Edna Everage and the Rise of Western Civilisation* by John Lahr, and *One Man Show: The Stages of Barry Humphries* by Anne Pender. Mr. Humphries’ most recent book is *Handling Edna*. He is also one of Australia’s most admired landscape painters. His pictures are in many private and public collections both in his homeland and abroad. He was given the Order of Australia in 1982, was endowed with an Honorary Doctorate of Griffith University (Australia) in 1994, and a Doctorate of Law by his alma mater, Melbourne University, in 2003. He was also the recipient of the 2012 Sydney Theatre Awards Lifetime Achievement Award. In 2007 the Queen awarded Mr. Humphries the CBE for his contribution to the arts. In 2015 he served as the artistic director of the world’s largest cabaret festival in Adelaide, the Adelaide Cabaret Festival. He is married to Lizzie Spender, the daughter of British poet Sir Stephen Spender, and has two sons and two daughters.

Meow Meow

Post-post-modern diva Meow Meow has hypnotized, inspired, and terrified audiences globally with sell-out seasons from New York’s Lincoln Center and Berlin’s Bar Jeder Vernunft to London’s West End and Sydney Opera House. Named one of the Top Performers of the Year by *The New Yorker*, the spectacular, crowd-surfing tragi-comedienne has been critically acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as by the Australian press. Her award-winning solo works have been curated by David Bowie, Pina Bausch, and Mikhail Baryshnikov and numerous international arts festivals. Her London Philharmonic debut was as Jenny in Brecht/Weill’s *Die Dreigroschenoper* (Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris; Royal Festival Hall). She appears next in concert in *Meow’s Pandemonium* with the LPO

in November at Royal Festival Hall. Currently she is playing Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Shakespeare's Globe. Meow has performed with the Los Angeles Philharmonic (Andriessen's *De Materie*), San Francisco Symphony, Oregon Symphony, New York Pops, and American Pops orchestras. She has toured the Weimar repertoire from Moscow to Shanghai, recently for Pina Bausch Company, and *Die sieben Todsünden* for Opera Victoria. Upcoming is Reinbert de Leeuw's reimagining of Schubert/Schumann, *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*. Meow starred on the West End in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* in a role created especially for her, and in her own solo concerts at the Apollo Theatre. She frequently performs French repertoire, most recently Cocteau's piece for Piaf, *Le Bel indifférent* (Greenwich Music Festival US) and the Piaf centenary at Town Hall NYC. She has collaborated with Thomas M. Lauderdale of Pink Martini (next at Royal Albert Hall), with an album soon to be released. Her original works have been performed internationally and include *Feline Intimate*, *Vamp* (Malthouse/Sydney Opera House), *Meow's Little Matchgirl* (with composer Iain Grandage), *Apocalypse Meow* (Southbank Centre), *Meow's Little Mermaid*, *An Audience with Meow Meow* (directed by Emma Rice at Berkeley Rep), and most recently *Meow Royale*, a song cycle with composer Jherik Bischoff.

Richard Tognetti

Australian violinist and conductor Richard Tognetti is artistic director of the Australian Chamber Orchestra. Born in Canberra and raised in Wollongong, NSW, he has established an international reputation for his compelling performances and artistic individualism. He began his studies in his hometown with William Primrose, continuing with Alice Waten at the Sydney Conservatorium and Igor Ozim at the Bern Conservatory, where he was awarded the Tschumi Prize as the top graduate soloist in 1989. Later that year he led several performances by the Australian Chamber Orchestra, and that November was appointed as that ensemble's lead violin, subsequently becoming artistic director. He is also artistic director of the Festival Maribor in Slovenia. Mr. Tognetti performs on period, modern, and electric instruments. His numerous arrangements, compositions, and transcriptions have expanded the chamber orchestra repertoire and have been performed throughout the world. As director or soloist, he has appeared with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, the Academy of Ancient Music, Slovene Philharmonic Orchestra, Boston's Handel & Haydn Society, the Hong Kong Philharmonic, Camerata Salzburg, Tapiola Sinfonietta, Irish Chamber Orchestra, Orchestre Philharmonique du Luxembourg, Nordic Chamber Orchestra, and all of the Australian symphony orchestras. Mr. Tognetti was co-composer of the score for Peter Weir's film *Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World*, starring Russell Crowe; co-composed the soundtrack to Tom Carroll's surf film *Horrorscopes*; and created *The Red Tree*, inspired by illustrator Shaun Tan's book. He co-created and starred in the 2008 documentary film *Musica Surfica*. Appointed an Officer of the Order of Australia in 2010, he holds honorary doctorates from three Australian universities and was made a National Living Treasure in 1999. He performs on a 1743 Guarneri del Gesù, lent to him by an anonymous Australian private benefactor. He has given more than 2500 performances with the Australian Chamber Orchestra. For *Weimar Cabaret*, Richard Tognetti will be playing a Stroviols "Stroh," which is kindly on loan from Douglas Glanville and the Sydney String Centre.

Rodney Fisher

Rodney Fisher has worked in most major theaters in Australia, for all Australian State Theatre companies, Opera Australia, the Victorian State Opera, the Bavarian State Opera in Munich, the Royal Ballet in London, and Legs on the Wall. He has directed in England, Germany, Hungary, Hong Kong, and at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina. He has directed theater, opera, dance, film, and video and has written several theater pieces and screenplays. Highlights include *The Bastard from the Bush* (Robin Ramsay's one-man show), *A Star Is Torn* (co-written with Robyn Archer), *Master Class*, *My Fair Lady* (starring Anthony Warlow and Suzanne Johnston), and the legendary Australian tour of *Steaming*. His work for Sydney Theatre Company includes *The Lady in the Van*, *Pentecost*, *The Rain Dancers*, *The Secret Rapture*, and *The Doll Trilogy*. Melbourne Theatre Company credits include *Design for Living* and *Hay Fever*. For State Theatre Company of South Australia he directed *The Department*, and was artistic director of *Macbeth*, *The Idiot*, *Kafka Dances*, *The Rose Tattoo*, and *Twelfth Night*. For National Institute of Dramatic Arts (NIDA) he has directed *Love's Labours Lost* and *Noises Off*. Additional credits include *The Merry Widow* (Ess Gee Productions), *From Here to There* (Legs on the Wall), *A Winter's Tale* (Queenslands Theatre Company), *My Fair Lady* (Victorian State Opera), *Maria Stuarda* (AO/VSO), and *Lady Bracknell's Confinement* (Diana Bliss and MIF). Other work includes *Hello, Dolly!* (The Production Company), *My Darling It's Noel* (ICA), *Shock of the New* (Sydney Symphony), *La traviata* (MCO), *Don John* (SSO), and *The Book Club* (Hit Productions 2013, Ensemble Theatre 2015). Mr. Fisher recently adapted, designed, and directed Henry Purcell's *King Arthur* for the 2016 Brisbane Baroque Festival. Rodney Fisher has been the recipient of many awards, including for "significant contribution to the theatre" from the Sydney Theatre Critics Circle. In 1988 he was made a member of the Order of Australia "for services to directing and writing."

Australian Chamber Orchestra

From its first concert in November 1975 to today, the Australian Chamber Orchestra (ACO) has travelled a

remarkable road. With inspiring programming, unrivalled virtuosity, energy, and individuality, the Australian Chamber Orchestra's performances span popular masterworks, adventurous cross-artform projects, and pieces specially commissioned for the ensemble. Founded by the cellist John Painter, the ACO originally comprised just thirteen players, who came together for concerts as they were invited. Today, the ACO has grown to twenty-one players (four part-time), giving more than 100 performances in Australia each year, as well as touring internationally. The ACO has performed around the world, from red-dust regional centers of Australia to New York nightclubs, from Australian capital cities to the world's most prestigious concert halls, including Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, London's Wigmore Hall, Vienna's Musikverein, New York's Carnegie Hall, Birmingham's Symphony Hall, and Frankfurt's Alte Oper. The ACO has toured Indonesia, Singapore, Thailand, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Japan, New Zealand, Italy, France, Austria, Switzerland, England, Belgium, The Netherlands, Germany, China, Greece, the United States, Scotland, Chile, Argentina, Croatia, the former Yugoslavia, Slovenia, Brazil, Uruguay, New Caledonia, Czech Republic, Slovak Republic, Spain, Luxembourg, Macau, Taiwan, Estonia, Canada, Poland, Puerto Rico, and Ireland. The Orchestra's dedication and musicianship has created warm relationships with such celebrated soloists as Emmanuel Pahud, Steven Isserlis, Dawn Upshaw, Imogen Cooper, Christian Lindberg, Joseph Tawadros, Melvyn Tan, and Pieter Wispelwey. The ACO is renowned for collaborating with artists from diverse genres, including singers Tim Freedman, Neil Finn, Katie Noonan, Paul Casis, Meow Meow, Danny Spooner, and Barry Humphries, as well as visual artists Michael Leunig, Bill Henson, Shaun Tan, and Jon Frank. The Australian Chamber Orchestra has recorded for the world's top labels; their recordings have won three consecutive ARIA Awards. Documentaries featuring the ACO have been shown on television worldwide and won awards at film festivals on four continents.

Australian Chamber Orchestra

Richard Tognetti, Artistic Director & Violin

Chair sponsored by Michael Ball AM & Daria Ball, Wendy Edwards, Prudence MacLeod,

Andrew & Andrea Roberts

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Thibaud Pavlovic-Hobba, Violin
Caroline Henbest, Viola
Daniel Yeadon, Cello
Guest Chair
Brian Nixon, Principal Timpani
Chair sponsored by Mr. Robert Albert AO & Mrs. Libby Albert
Musicians On Stage
Richard Tognetti, Violin
Satu Vänskä, Violin
Nathan Braude, Viola
Timo-Veikko Valve, Cello
Maxime Bibeau, Double Bass
Sally Walker, Flute/Piccolo
Dmitry Malkin, Oboe/Cor Anglais
Olli Leppäniemi, Clarinet/Bass Clarinet
Joost Bosdijk, Bassoon
James Nightingale, Saxophone
Tristram Williams, Trumpet
Nigel Crocker, Trombone
Brian Nixon, Percussion
Oliver Yates, Percussion
Ben Dawson, Piano
Stephen Lalor, Guitar/Banjo
Cathie Travers, Accordion
Musicians dressed by Sydney Theatre Company & Rodney Fisher

ACO Behind the Scenes
Weimar Cabaret 2016

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Richard Tognetti AO

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The ACO would like to pay tribute to the following donors who support our international touring activities in 2016:

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The ACO gratefully acknowledges the support of members of the Chairman's Council, a limited membership association which supports the ACO's international touring program.

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The ACO Thanks Its Government Partners For Their Generous Support

The ACO is assisted by the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body.

The ACO is supported by the NSW Government through Arts NSW.

The ACO's 2016 International Festivals Tour is supported by the Australian Government through the Ministry for the Arts' Catalyst – Australian Arts and Culture Fund.

Sunday, August 14, 8pm

Florence Gould Auditorium, Seiji Ozawa Hall

THE WALTER AND ALICE GORHAM FOUNDATION CONCERT

BARRY HUMPHRIES' WEIMAR CABARET

with

MEOW MEOW

RICHARD TOGNETTI, artistic director & violin

AUSTRALIAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

BARRY HUMPHRIES, conf rencier & voice

MEOW MEOW, cabaret artist

RODNEY FISHER, director

Texts and Translations

MISCHA SPOLIANSKY (1898-1985)

Lyrics by MARCELLUS SCHIFFER (1892-1932),
from "Alles Schwindel" ("It's All a Swindle")

Alles Schwindel

Papa schwindelt,
Mama schwindelt,
tut sie auf bloss ihren Mund!
Tante Otilie,
und die Familie
und sogar der kleine Hund!
Und besieht man's aus der Nähe:
Jedes Band und jede Ehe
jeder Kup in dem Betriebe
und sogar die grosse Liebe!
Und die ganze heut'ge Zeit ja,
sogar die Ehrlichkeit!

Alles Schwindel, alles Schwindel,
überall wohin du guckst
und wohin du spuckst!
Alles ist heut ein Gesindel,
jedes Girl und jeder Boy,
's wird einem schlecht dabei!
's wird ein'm schwindlig von
dem Schwindel,
alles, alles, alles Schwindel,
unberufen toi! toi! toi!

Kaufmann schwindelt
Käufer schwindelt,
mit dem höflichsten Gesicht!
Man schwebt in Ängsten,
nichts währt am Längsten,
also warum soll man nicht!
Jede freundliche Verbeugung,
jede feste Überzeugung,
Preisabbau, solide Preise,
ob zu Hause, auf der Reise!
Jeder Ausblick, wo es sei,
selbst für den, der schwindelfrei!

Alles Schwindel, alles Schwindel, **usw.**

Bürger schwindelt,
Staatsmann schwindelt,
Schwindel, was die Zeitung schreibt,
Moral und Sitte,
rechts, links und Mitte!
Ehrlich ist, was übrig bleibt!
Alles sucht sich zu betrügen,
na, sonst müsst'ich wirklich lügen!
Bins, das kann ich glatt beteuern:
Könn't den Schwindel man besteuern,
hätt' der Staat nicht Sorgen mehr,

denn dann war' er Millionär!
Alles Schwindel, alles Schwindel, usw.

It's all a swindle

Papa swindles,
Mama swindles,
Grandmama's a lying thief!
We're perfectly shameless,
but we're blameless
after all it's our belief!
Nowadays the world is rotten,
honesty has been forgotten
fall in love but after kissing—
check your purse to see what's missing!
Everyone swindles some,
my son's a mooch and so's the pooch!

Life's a swindle, yes, it's all a swindle,
so get what you can
from your fellow man!
Girls and boys today
would rather steal than play and we don't care,
we tell them get your share!
Life is short and greed's in season,
all mankind has lost its reason,
life is good, knock on wood, knock, knock!

Shops will swindle,
shoppers swindle,
every purchase hides a tale!
The price is inflated,
or regulated,
to ensure the store will fail!
Wheel and deal and pull a fast one
knowing you won't be the last one,
get the goods while they are going,
grab the cash while it is flowing!
Everyone swindles some,
what the heck go bounce a check!

Life's a swindle, yes, it's all a swindle, **etc.**

Politicians
are magicians
who make swindles disappear.
The bribes they are taking,
the deals they are making,
never reach the public's ear!
The left betrays, the right dismays,
the country's broke and guess who pays!
But tax each swindle in the making
profits will be record breaking.
Everyone swindles some,
so vote for who will steal for you!
Life's a swindle, yes, it's all a swindle, etc.

Translation courtesy of the Mischa Spoliansky Trust

KURT WEILL (1900-1950)

Lyrics by **BERTOLT BRECHT** (1898-1956),
from "Der Dreigroschenoper" ("The Threepenny Opera")

Seeräuber-Jenny

Meine Herren, heute sehen Sie mich Gläser abwaschen
Und ich mache das Bett für jeden.
Und Sie geben mir einen Penny und ich bedanke mich schnell
Und Sie sehen meine Lumpen und dies' lumpige Hotel
Und Sie wissen nicht, mit wem Sie reden.
Und Sie wissen nicht, mit wem Sie reden.

Aber eines Abends wird ein Geschrei sein am Hafen
Und man fragt: Was ist das für ein Geschrei?
Und man wird mich lächeln sehn bei meinen Gläsern
Und man sagt: Was lächelt die dabei?

Und ein Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird liegen am Kai.

Man sagt: Geh, wisch deine Gläser, mein Kind
Und man reicht mir den Penny hin.
Und der Penny wird genommen, und das Bett wird gemacht!
(Es wird keiner mehr drin schlafen in dieser Nacht.)
Und sie wissen immer noch nicht, wer ich bin.
Und sie wissen immer noch nicht, wer ich bin.
Aber eines Abends wird ein Getös sein am Hafen
Und man fragt: Was ist das für ein Getös?
Und man wird mich stehen sehen hinterm Fenster
Und man sagt: Was lächelt die so böse?

Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird beschiessen die Stadt.

Meine Herren, da wird ihr Lachen aufhören
Denn die Mauern werden fallen hin
Und die Stadt wird gemacht dem Erdboden gleich.
Nur ein lumpiges Hotel wird verschont von jedem Streich
Und man fragt: Wer wohnt Besonderer darin?
Und man fragt: Wer wohnt Besonderer darin?
Und in dieser Nacht wird ein Geschrei um das Hotel sein
Und man fragt: Warum wird das Hotel verschont?
Und man wird mich sehen treten aus der Tür gen Morgen
Und man sagt: Die hat darin gewohnt?

Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird beflaggen den Mast.

Und es werden kommen hundert gen Mittag an Land
Und werden in den Schatten treten
Und fangen einen jeglichen aus jeglicher Tür
Und legen ihn in Ketten und bringen vor mir

Und fragen: Welchen sollen wir töten?
Und an diesem Mittag wird es still sein am Hafen
Wenn man fragt, wer wohl sterben muss.
Und dann werden Sie mich sagen hören: Alle!
Und wenn dann der Kopf fällt, sag ich: Hoppla!

Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird entschwinden mit mir.

Pirate Jenny

You people can watch while I'm scrubbing these floors
And I'm scrubbin' the floors while you're gawking
Maybe once ya tip me and it makes ya feel swell
In this crummy Southern town, in this crummy old hotel
But you'll never guess to who you're talkin'.
No. You couldn't ever guess to who you're talkin'.

Then one night there's a scream in the night
And you'll wonder who could that have been
And you see me kinda grinnin' while I'm scrubbin'
And you say, "What's she got to grin?" I'll tell you.

There's a ship, the black freighter
With a skull on its masthead
Will be coming in.

You gentlemen can say, "Hey gal, finish them floors!
Get upstairs! What's wrong with you! Earn your keep here!"

You toss me your tips and look out to the ships
But I'm counting your heads as I'm making the beds
Cuz there's nobody gonna sleep here, honey
Nobody! Nobody!
Then one night there's a scream in the night
And you say, "Who's that kicking up a row?"
And ya see me kinda starin' out the winda
And you say, "What's she got to stare at now?" I'll tell ya.

There's a ship, the black freighter
Turns around in the harbour
Shootin' guns from her bow.

Now you gentlemen can wipe that smile off your face
'Cause every building in town is a flat one
This whole frickin' place will be down to the ground
Only this cheap hotel standing up safe and sound
And you yell, "Why do they spare that one?"

Yes, that's what you say. "Why do they spare that one?"
All the night through, through the noise and to-do
You wonder "Who is that person that lives up there?"
And you see me stepping out in the morning
Looking nice with a ribbon in my hair.

And the ship, the black freighter
Runs a flag up its masthead

And a cheer rings the air.
By noontime the dock is a-swarmin' with men
Comin' out from the ghostly freighter
They move in the shadows where no one can see
And they're chainin' up people and they're bringin' em to me.
Askin' me, "Which ones shall we kill?"
Noon by the clock and so still by the dock

You can hear a foghorn miles away
And in that quiet of death I'll say, "All of them!"
And when the heads roll, I'll say, "Hoppla!"
And the ship, the black freighter
Disappears out to sea
And on it is me.

English adaptation by Marc Blitzstein

ERNST TOCH (1887–1964)

Geographical Fugue

Trinidad!

And the big Mississippi
and the town Honolulu
and the lake Titicaca,
the Popocatépetl is not in Canada
rather in Mexico, Mexico, Mexico!
Canada, Málaga, Rimini, Brindisi,
Canada, Málaga, Rimini, Brindisi.
Yes, Tibet, Tibet, Tibet, Tibet,
Nagasaki! Yokohama!
Nagasaki! Yokohama!

KURT WEILL (1900-1950)

Lyrics by **BERTOLT BRECHT** (1898-1956),
from "Happy End"

Das Lied vom Surabaya-Johnny

Ich war jung, Gott, erst sechzehn Jahre
Du kamest von Birma herauf
Du sagtest, ich solle mit dir gehen
Du kämest für alles auf
Ich fragte nach deiner Stellung
Du sagtest, so wahr ich hier steh
Du hättest zu tun mit der Eisenbahn
Und nichts zu tun mit der See.

Du sagtest viel, Johnny
Kein Wort war wahr, Johnny
Du hast mich betrogen, Johnny,
zur ersten Stund
Ich hasse dich so, Johnny
Wie du da stehst und grinst, Johnny.
Nimm die Pfeife, aus dem Maul, du Hund.

Surabaya-Johnny,
warum bist du so roh?
Surabaya-Johnny,
mein Gott, ich liebe dich so.

Surabaya-Johnny,
warum bin ich nicht froh?
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny,
und ich liebe dich so.

Zuerst war es immer Sonntag
Das war, bis ich mitging, mit dir
Aber dann schon nach zwei Wochen
War dir nichts mehr recht an mir
Hinauf und hinab durch den Pandschab
Den Fluss entlang bis zur See.
Ich sehe schon aus im Spiegel
Wie eine Vierzigjährige.

Du wolltest nicht Liebe, Johnny
Du wolltest Geld, Johnny
Ich aber sah, Johnny,
nur auf deinen Mund
Du verlangtest alles, Johnny,
Ich gab dir mehr, Johnny.
Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund!

Surabaya-Johnny,
warum bist du so roh?
Surabaya-Johnny,
mein Gott, und ich liebe dich so.
Surabaya-Johnny,
warum bin ich nicht froh?
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny,
und ich liebe dich so.

Ich habe es nicht beachtet
Warum du den Namen hast
Doch an der ganzen langen Küste
Warst du ein bekannter Gast
Eines morgens in einem Sixpencebett
Werd ich donnern hören die See
Und du gehst, ohne etwas zu sagen
Und dein Schiff liegt unten am Kai.

Du hast kein Herz, Johnny
Du bist ein Schuft, Johnny
Du gehst jetzt weg, Johnny,
sag mir den Grund
Ich liebe dich doch, Johnny
Wie am ersten Tag, Johnny
Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund.

Surabaya-Johnny,
warum bist du so roh?
Surabaya-Johnny,
mein Gott, und ich liebe dich so.
Surabaya-Johnny,
warum bin ich nicht froh?
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny,
und ich liebe dich so.

Surabaya Johnny

I had just turned sixteen that season
When you came up from Burma to stay.
And you told me I ought to travel with you,
You were sure it would be OK.
When I asked how you earned your living,
I can still hear what you said to me:
You had some kind of job on the railway
And nothing to do with the sea.

You said a lot, Johnny,
All one big lie, Johnny.
You cheated me blind, Johnny,
From the minute we met.
I hate you so, Johnny,
When you stand there grinning, Johnny.
Take that damn pipe out of your mouth, you rat.

Surabaya Johnny,
No one's meaner than you.
Surabaya Johnny,
My God and I still love you.
Surabaya Johnny,
Why am I feeling so blue?
You have no heart, Johnny,
And I still love you so.

At the start, every day was Sunday,
Till we went on our way one fine night.
And before two more weeks were over,
You said nothing I did was right.
So we trekked up and down through the Punjab,
From the source of the river to the sea.
When I look at my face in the mirror,
There's an old woman staring back at me.

You didn't want love, Johnny,
You wanted cash, Johnny.
But I saw your lips, Johnny,
And that was that.
You wanted it all, Johnny,
I gave you more, Johnny.
Take that damn pipe out of your mouth, you rat.

Surabaya Johnny.
No one's meaner than you.
Surabaya Johnny.
My God and I still love you so.
Surabaya Johnny,
Why am I feeling so blue?
You have no heart, Johnny.
And I still love you so.

I would never have thought of asking
Where you got that peculiar name,

But from one end of the coast to the other
You were known everywhere we came.
And one day in a two-bit flophouse
I'll wake up to the roar of the sea,
And you'll leave without one word of warning
On a ship waiting down at the quay.

You have no heart, Johnny!
You're just a louse, Johnny!
How can you go, Johnny,
And leave me flat?
You're still my love, Johnny,
Like the day we met, Johnny.
Take that damn pipe out of your mouth, you rat.

Surabaya Johnny.
No one's meaner than you.
Surabaya Johnny,
My God and I still love you so.
Surabaya Johnny,
Why am I feeling so blue?
You have no heart, Johnny.
And I still love you so.

English adaptation by Michael Feingold

PAUL ABRAHAM (1892-1960)

Lyrics by ALFRED GRÜNWARD (1884-1951) and FRITZ LÖHNER-BEDA (1883-1942),
from "Victoria und Ihr Husar" ("Victoria and Her Hussar")

Mousie

Though we know that love's inspiring Mousie,
Honeymoons are rather tiring Mousie!
I shall never tire of you, my dear
We've so much that's new to do when we're together!
Mousie! What did we do last night? (In the night! In the night!)
It seem'd alright! (It was right! Very right!)
But was it right? Do-do-do Mousie!
What can we do all day? (Do today? All today?)
I feel so gay! (Very gay! So you may!)
I can't help laughing!
There are some things we still might do!
I've thought of quite a few!
Which I'll whisper to you!
Mousie You haven't told me half! (Not a half! Not a half!)
You make me laugh!
Marriage is a grand invention, Mousie!
But it needs one's whole attention Mousie!
It's a whole time job, I know, but I'm
Sure we shan't mind working overtime together!

English translation by Harry Graham

MISCHA SPOLIANSKY (1898-1985)

Lyrics by FELIX JOACHIMSON (1902-1992)

Ach, er hasst, dass ich ihn liebe!

Ach, er hasst, dass ich ihn liebe,
Weil er hasst, dass ich ihn liebe,
Darum kann ich ihn nicht lieben,

Weil er das so hasst.

Ach, er liebt, dass ich ihn hasse,
Weil er liebt, dass ich ihn hasse,
Darum muss ich ihn jetzt hassen,
Weil er das so liebt.

Weil er das so liebt, ta ta ta-ra-ta,
Weil er das so liebt, ta ta ta-ra-ta.
Tu ich das und das, tu ich das und das,
Tu ich das und das, tu-tu-tu-tu
Tu-u-tu tu-tu-tu ich das und das für ihn.

Ta ta ta da, ta ta ta da, etc.
Weil er das so liebt, weil er das so liebt,

Weil er das so liebt, ta ta ta ra ta,
Weil er das so liebt, ta ta ta ra ta,
Tu ich das und das, tu ich das und das,

Tu ich das und das, und das, und das, und das,
Und das, und das, und das, und das,
Tu ich das und das für ihn.

Ach, er hasst, dass ich in liebe,
Weil er hasst, dass ich ihn liebe,
Darum kann ich ihn nicht lieben,
Weil er das so hasst.

Oh, he hates it that I love him!

Oh, he hates it that I love him,
For he hates it that I love him,
So I cannot love him,
Because that is what he hates.

Oh, he loves it that I hate him,
Because he loves it that I hate him,
Therefore I must hate him now,
Because that is what he loves.

Because that is what he loves, ta ta ta-ra-ta,
Because that is what he loves, ta ta ta-ra-ta.
I do this and that, I do this and that,
I do this and that, do-do do-do
Do-o-do do-do-do this and that for him.

Ta ta ta da, ta ta ta da, etc.
Since that is what he loves, since that is what he loves,
Since that is what he loves, ta ta ta ra ta,
Since that is what he loves, ta ta ta ra ta,
I do this and that, and that, and that, and that,
I do this and that and this and that

And that, and that, and that, and that,
I do this and that for him.

Oh, he hates it that I love him,
For he hates it that I love him,
So I cannot love him,
Because that is what he hates.

MISCHA SPOLIANSKY (1898-1985)
Lyrics by MARCELLUS SCHIFFER (1892-1932),
from "Es liegt in der Luft" ("It's in the Air")

Wenn die beste Freundin

Wenn die beste Freundin
mit der besten Freundin,
um was einzukaufen,
um was einzukaufen,
um sich auszulaufen,
durch die Strassen latschen,
um sich auszuquetschen,
spricht die beste Freundin
zu der besten Freundin.

Meine beste Freundin.

O meine beste Freundin,
o meine schöne Freundin,
o meine treue Freundin,
o meine süsse Freundin!

Geht die beste Freundin
mit der besten Freundin,
spricht die beste Freundin
zu der besten Freundin:

Meine beste, meine beste Freundin.

—Ja, was sagt denn da die beste Freundin?

Sag mir doch mal, was dir so gerade einfällt!

—Also, ich kann dir nur eins sagen, wenn ich dich nicht hätte, wir vertragen uns beide so gut...

—Ja, wir vertragen uns so furchtbar gut.

—Wie wir uns beide gut zusammen vertragen!

—Es ist kaum noch auszuhalten, wie gut wir beide uns vertragen, nur mit einem vertrage ich mich noch so gut mit meinem süssen kleinen Mann.

—Ja, mit deinem süssen kleinen Mann

Ja, mein Mann ist ein Mann!

So ein Mann, wie mein Mann!

Wie der Mann von der Frau,
wie der Mann von der Frau!

Früher gab`s noch Hausfreund,
doch das schwand dahin!

Heute statt des Hausfreunds
gibt's die Hausfreundin!

—Dein kleiner Mann ist aber aufdringlich!

—So?

—Ja.

—Warum?

—Na, ich finde

—Na, wieso?

—Warum ich finde...?

—Wieso findest du?

—Er macht solche Sachen...
—Das passt mir aber gar nicht!
—Nanu... Na gut, vertragen wir uns! (**Küsse**)
—Na gut, vertragen wir uns! (**Küsse**)

When the best girlfriend

When the best girlfriend
with the best girlfriend,
for shopping,
for shopping,
going for a walk,
tramping the streets,
blabbing about everything,
says the best girlfriend
to the best girlfriend.
My best girlfriend.
O my best girlfriend,
o my pretty girlfriend,
o my faithful girlfriend,
o my sweet girlfriend!
Walks the best girlfriend
with the best girlfriend,
says the best girlfriend
to the best girlfriend:
My best, my best girlfriend.

—Yes, what does the best girlfriend say? Tell me what crosses your mind!
—Well, I can only tell you one thing, if I didn't have you, we get along so well...
—Yes, we get along terribly well.
—How good we get along!
—We can hardly bear how great we get along, there is just one person I get along with equally well, and that is my little cute husband.
—Yes, with your little cute husband.

Yes, my husband is a man!
What a man, like my husband!
Like the husband of the wife,
like the husband of the wife!
We used to have paramours,
but they exist no longer!
Today instead of paramours,
we have girlfriends!

—Your little man is a bit pushy!
—So?
—Yes.
—Why?
—Well, I find
—Well, why?
—Why I find...?
—Why you find?
—He does those things...
—I don't like that!
—Hmm. Okay. Let's make up! (**Kisses**)
—Okay, we make up! (**Kisses**)

Translation courtesy www.cabaret-berlin.com

HANNS EISLER (1898-1962)

Lyrics by BERTOLT BRECHT,
from "Hollywood Songbook"

An den kleinen Radioapparat

Du kleiner Kasten, den ich flüchtend trug
Dass meine Lampen mir auch nicht zerbrächen
Besorgt vom 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!

To the little radio

O little box I carried in my flight
So as not to break the radio tubes inside me
From house to boat, from boat to train held tight,
So that my enemies could still address me.

Right where I slept and much to my dismay
Last thing each night and first thing ev'ry day
About their victories (defeats for me);
O please do not fall silent suddenly!

Translation by Eric Bentley

FRIEDRICH HOLLAENDER (1896-1976)

from the film "Der Mann der seinen Mörder sucht" ("The Man Who Seeks His Own Murder")

Wenn ich mir was wünschen dürfte

Man hat uns nicht gefragt
als wir noch kein Gesicht,
ob wir leben wollten
oder besser nicht.

Jetzt gehe ich allein
durch eine grosse Stadt
und ich weiss nicht,
ob sie mich lieb hat.

Ich schaue in die Stuben,
durch Tür und Fensterglas
und ich warte,
und ich warte auf etwas.

Wenn ich mir was wünschen dürfte,
käme ich in Verlegenheit,
was ich mir den wünschen sollte,
eine gute oder schlechte Zeit.

Wenn ich mir was wünschen dürfte,
möcht ich etwas glücklich sein,
denn wenn ich gar zu glücklich wäre,

hätte ich Heimweh nach dem Traurigsein.

If I could wish for something

We were not asked
when we as yet had no face,
whether we wanted to live
or we'd rather not.

Now I walk alone
through a great city
and I do not know
if she loves me.

I look into living rooms,
through doors and windows
and I wait,
and I wait for something.

If I could wish for something,
I would become embarrassed,
What should I wish for?
A good or a bad time?

If I could wish for something,
I would like to be just a little bit happy,
because if I were too happy,
I would be homesick for sadness.

FRIEDRICH HOLLAENDER

From the film "A Foreign Affair"

"The Ruins of Berlin" has words drawn from the languages of the four occupying powers of postwar Berlin (America, Great Britain, France and Russia) as well as German.

The Ruins of Berlin

Amidst 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 soft as sweet tomorrow.

That's when you realise 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
anzublühen,
Und in der Nacht spürst
du von allen Seiten,
Einen Duft als wie
aus alten Zeiten.
Dans les ruines de Berlin
Les arbres en fleurs
parfument ton chemin!

И на развалинах Берлина
Начнётся новая весна!

Amidst 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 soft as
sweet tomorrow.
Amidst the ruins of Berlin
Trees are in bloom as
they have never been.

A brand new spring is to begin
Out of the ruins of Berlin.

English translations by Peter Tregear, unless otherwise stated