

OXFORD
INTERNATIONAL
SONG FESTIVAL



SHE REPRESENTS

Saturday 14 October 2023 | 2.30pm
The Jacqueline du Pré Music Building

Presented with generous support from **The Marchus Trust**
Rowan Hellier is generously supported by **Edward Knighton**

Rowan Hellier mezzo-soprano
Jonathan Ware piano
Rebekka Dornhege Reyes
costume designer

PROGRAMME

Young Woman / Mädchen

Francis Poulenc
(1899 - 1963)

Voyage à Paris, FP 107 no.4
Hôtel, FP 107 no.2
from Banalités

Guillaume Apollinaire
(1880 - 1918)

Rita Strohl
(1865 - 1941)

La chevelure
Bilitis
from Douze chants de Bilitis

Pierre Louÿs
(1870 - 1925)

Cathy Berberian
(1925 - 1983)

Stripsody

Kurt Weill
(1900 - 1950)

Seeräuber-Jenny
from Die Dreigroschenoper (Three Penny Opera)

Bertolt Brecht
(1898 - 1956)

Vom ertrunkenen Mädchen
from Das Berliner Requiem

Bertolt Brecht

Mischa Spoliansky
(1898 - 1985)

Morphium (solo piano)

Androgyne / Garçonne

Mischa Spoliansky

Maskulinum Femininum

Marcellus Schiffer (1892 - 1932)
/ Kathleen Komar
/ Alan Lareau
/ adapted by Jeremy Lawrence

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874 - 1951)

Der genügsame Liebhaber

Hugo Salus
(1866 - 1929)

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah
from Brettl-Lieder (Cabaret Songs)

Emanuel Schikaneder
(1751 - 1812)

Francis Poulenc
(1899 - 1963)

Sanglots, FP 107 no.5
from Banalités

Guillaume Apollinaire

Femme Fatale / Thinker / Poet

Kurt Weill
(1900 - 1950)

Buddy on the Night Shift
from Lunch Time Follies

Bertolt Brecht

Complainte de la Seine
from Trois Chansons

Maurice Magre
(1877 - 1941)

Nannas Lied

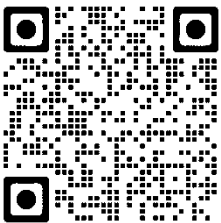
Bertolt Brecht

Mischa Spoliansky

Ich bin ein Vamp
from the Operetta '100 Meter Glück'

Mischa Spoliansky
& Marcellus Schiffer
(1892 - 1932)

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



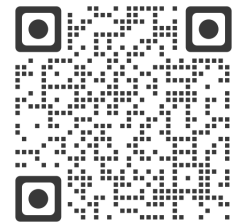
oxfordsong.org/artists

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PROGRAMME NOTES

Inspired by 1920s-30s art of the 'New Objectivity' movement in Germany, **She Represents** (the title of a 1928 watercolour by Jeanne Mammen) is a costumed lieder recital exploring female expression and definition of self. Compositions by Rita Strohl, Kurt Weill, Cathy Berberian and others are augmented by costumes based on artworks by Mammen and Otto Dix. The final dress is created by renowned German-Chilean stage and costume designer Rebekka Dornhege Reyes.

The recital centres on the 'New Woman' - a feminist ideal and icon of changing gender norms that arose late in the 19th century and had far-reaching influence well into the 20th. Mammen and Dix were both fascinated, immortalising her in their portraits of real-life Berliner performers, barflies and thinkers. It's interesting to note the differences in Dix's and Mammen's depictions of these women: Mammen's portraits have an intimate closeness, whilst Dix's portrayals of dancer Anita Berber and journalist Sylvia von Harden convey widely shared prejudices, prejudices from which Mammen and other female painters depicting women of this same period radically distanced themselves.

At a time of unprecedented freedoms in the post-First World War Weimar era, these new women played with gender identity and performance, female sexuality and corporeal agency, along with pre-existing clichéd myths, stereotypes and archetypic forms such as the femme fatale, which were often projected onto them by the male gaze. In so doing they challenged existing power structures and forged real progress in the fields of feminism, civil rights and queer liberation. I use these archetypic and stereotypic forms as section titles as a means of exploring, challenging and unpicking these myths of femininity, and am of course not endorsing their use in the reduction of women to stereotypes or objects of male fantasy. An important female archetype missing here is the old or older woman; there is so much to explore within the topic that she deserves a concept all of her own.

The song recital format allows us to experience layers of history in a unique way, like tree rings in sound. In this programme we can trace viscerally a specific period in the development of feminism, and through the combination of visual art, fashion and music, a feast of associations appear. For example, in the first section, **Young Woman / Mädchen**, Pierre Louÿs' erotic *Chansons de Bilitis* texts with strong lesbian themes, which he 'respectfully dedicated to the young ladies of the future' are sung in settings by Rita Strohl. Mammen created a set of lithographs around 1932 for the Bilitis poems, intended to be published in a German-language edition which never saw the light of day due to the Nazis' rise to power. These texts are sung here in a costume based on Mammen's watercolour and pencil *Meditation*, which appeared in a satirical Art Nouveau publication of an issue dedicated to smoking (*Hôtel*: 'je veux fumer') and was printed above the feminist-for-the-time line 'When I have the choice between a good cigarette and a good meal, I still prefer a man!' The Bilitis songs are juxtaposed with a fragment of Cathy Berberian's *Stripsody* from the 1960s, composed at a moment when feminist artists were concerned with deconstructing female stereotypic myths, along with the corresponding pictorial traditions. The section ends with Brecht's *Vom ertrunkenen Mädchen*, inspired by the murder of the Marxist revolutionary Rosa Luxembourg, and can be read as a realist take on the Ophelia theme / romanticisation of the dead female body.

In both portraiture and on the concert platform, clothing may be viewed as symbolic, and in each setting, gallery or concert hall, scrutinised for long periods of time. As was highlighted by Saied Dai's recently unveiled portrait of Theresa May, the suit, a symbol of the patriarchy, is oftentimes still the modern woman's clothing of choice to feel or appear powerful. You will see a version of the suit in the second costume as it was worn by the Garçonnen in the bars of 1920s-30s Berlin, where they deconstructed elegant menswear, playing with the tension of concealing and revealing the body. Queer icons Marlene Dietrich and Anita Berber both famously wore tuxedos. Later in the century Yves Saint Laurent made the androgynous suit de rigueur with *Le Smoking*, which influenced the power suits of the eighties with their broad padded shoulders, and suits for

women are very much a current trend, the 'oversized' silhouette having a moment. On the concert platform, if we look at press reactions to pianist Yuja Wang's performances, we see unfortunately that in the main the focus is on her clothing choices, viewing them through a sexual lens, rather than highlighting her music-making and subsequently analysing her fashion choices as further expressions of her artistic personality and programming.

This conceptual programme invites us to ask contemporary questions around these topics:

- Why is a symbol of the patriarchy, the suit, still considered one of the most powerful ways a woman can dress? What alternatives can we dream into existence? What do powerful, truly modern women look like?
- Can we inhabit and celebrate the female body in joy and fullness on the concert platform without sexualisation, reduction to an object or judgement by others? How do we make this shift as a society?
- Does dressing for power and success as a woman necessitate covering up the body with masculine tailoring in order that the focus be her mind and talents rather than her body? Should that be / must that be the case?
- What role do sexuality and seduction play in women's identities? Are they inextricably linked to power?
- And inspired by the multifaceted New Women and their innovative, creative approaches to dress both in life and on stage, what could concert dress for all genders look like when we step away from gendered expectations, binaries and sexualisation, and view it as a playful form of self-expression, and an augmentation or extension of the musical experience?

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Young Woman / Mädchen

Inspired by: Jeanne Mammen, '**Meditation**' 1930 (watercolor and pencil)

www.thebennettartcollection.com/artists/jeanne-mammen



A young New Woman sits on the edge of her bed smoking, clothed in high style in a cream skirt suit and neckscarf, and sporting a 'New Hat' in black felt, considered at the time a more avant-garde version of the cloche. She looks the viewer in the eye, seeming relaxed and comfortable in her skin and environment. The quote under the image, a feminist-for-the-time line, reads: 'When I have the choice between a good cigarette and a good meal, I still prefer a man'!

VOYAGE À PARIS

Poulenc / Apollinaire

Ah ! La charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour
Dut créer l'Amour

HÔTEL

Poulenc / Apollinaire

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer

TRIP TO PARIS

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Oh! How delightful
To leave a dismal
Place for Paris
Charming Paris
That one day
Love must have made

HOTEL

English Translation © Richard Stokes

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window
But I who want to smoke to make mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
I do not want to work I want to smoke

LA CHEVELURE

Strohl / Louÿs

Il m'a dit : « Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure
autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme un
collier noir autour de ma nuque
et sur ma poitrine. »

« Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous
étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même
chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux
lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine. »

« Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres
étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou
que tu entras en moi comme mon songe. »

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains
sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si
tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

BILITIS

Strohl / Louÿs

Une femme s'enveloppe de laine blanche.
Une autre se vêt de soie et d'or.
Une autre se couvre de fleurs,
de feuilles vertes et de raisins.

Moi je ne saurais vivre que nue. Mon amant,
prends-moi comme je suis : sans robe ni bijoux ni
sandales, voici Bilitis toute seule.

Mes cheveux sont noirs de leur noir et mes lèvres
rouges de leur rouge. Mes boucles flottent autour
de moi, libres et rondes comme des plumes.

Prends-moi telle que ma mère m'a faite
dans une nuit d'amour lointaine,
et si je te plais ainsi, n'oublie pas de me le dire.

TRESSES OF HAIR

English Translation © Richard Stokes

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had your
tresses around my neck. I had your hair like a
black necklace all round my nape
and over my breast.'

'I caressed it and it was mine; and we
were united thus for ever by the same tresses,
mouth on mouth, just as two laurels
often share one root.'

'And gradually it seemed to me, so intertwined
were our limbs, that I was becoming you, or you
were entering into me like a dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his hands
on my shoulders and gazed at me so tenderly
that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

BILITIS

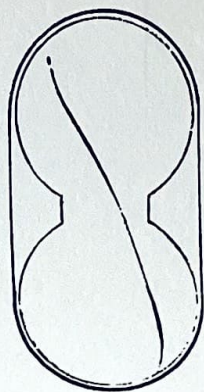
English Translation © Richard Stokes

One woman envelops herself in white wool.
Another clothes herself in silk and gold.
Another covers herself in flowers,
in green leaves and in vines.

I can only live naked. My lover,
take me as I am: without gown, without jewels,
without sandals: take Bilitis alone.

My tresses are black with their black and my
lips are red with their red. My curls flutter
about me, untied and round like feathers.

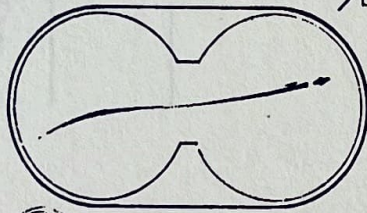
Take me as my mother made me
in a night of distant passion,
and if I please you thus, do not forget to tell me.



IT'S a BIRD!



NO



IT'S a PLANE!



NO



DIE SEERÄUBER-JENNY

Brecht / Weill

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.

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.
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.

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

English Translation © Rowan Hellier

Gentlemen, you see me
washing up glasses
And making the beds for everyone.
And you give me a penny
and I'm quick to thank you
And you see me in my rags
in this tatty hotel
And you don't know who you're talking to.

But one evening there'll be shouting
at the harbour
And you'll ask 'what's that racket?'
And you'll see me smiling
as I wash up the glasses
And you'll ask 'what's she smiling about?'

And a ship with eight sails
And fifty canons
Will lay by the docks.

You'll say 'go wash up the glasses, my child'
And you throw me a penny
And the penny will be taken
and the bed will be made!
No one will be sleeping
tonight...
And you still don't know who I am.
But one evening there'll be an uproar
at the harbour
And you'll ask 'what's all that noise?'
And you'll see me standing at the window
And you'll ask
'what's she smiling so nastily about?'

And a ship with eight sails
And fifty canons
Will open fire on the town.

And by noon there'll be hundreds
landed
And they'll tread in the shadows
And they'll catch anyone and everyone
who dares step out the door
And put them in chains and bring them to me
And they'll ask me 'who should we kill?'
And on this afternoon it will be silent at the port
As they ask who must die.
And then you'll hear me say "all of them"
And when the heads fall, I'll say "upsy"
And the ship with eight sails
And fifty canons
Will disappear with me.

DIE BALLADE VON ERTRUNKENEN MÄDCHEN

Brecht / Weill

Als sie ertrunken war und hinunter schwamm
Von den Bächen in die größeren Flüsse
Schien der Opal des Himmels halt wunderscham
Als ob er die Leiche begütigen müsse.

Tang und Algen hielten sich an ihr ein
So dass sie langsam viel schwerer ward.
Kühl die Fische schwammen an ihrem Bein
Pflanzen und Tiere
 beschwerten noch ihre letzte Fahrt.

Und der Himmel ward abends dunkel wie Rauch
Und hielt nachts mit den Sternen
 das Licht in der Schweben.
Aber früh war es hell, damit es auch
Für sie noch Morgen und Abend gebe.

Als ihr bleicher Leib im Wasser verfaulet war
Geschah es (sehr langsam),
 dass Gott sie allmählich vergaß.
Erst ihr Gesicht, dann die Hände und zuletzt erst
ihr Haar.
Dann ward sie Aas in Flüssen
 mit vielem Aas.

THE BALLAD OF THE DROWNED GIRL

English Translation © Rowan Hellier

When she was drowned she floated down from
the streams to the big river
The opal of the skies shone most wonderfully
As though it was obliged to placate the corpse.

Slime and water weeds clung to her
So that she slowly became heavier
The fish swam coolly around her legs
Plants and animals
 weighed down her final voyage.

And evenings the sky grew dark like smoke
Holding the hovering light
 of the stars
But it grew light early, so that
There were still mornings and evenings for her.

As her pale corpse was rotting in the water
It transpired (very slowly),
 that God had bit by bit forgotten her
First her face, then her hands and finally
Her hair.
Then she was just carcass in a river
 of rotting carcass.

Spoliansky – **'Morphium'** (solo piano)

Androgyne / Garçonne

Inspired by: Jeanne Mammen, 'She Represents' / 'Sie repräsentiert' c. 1928
(watercolour and pencil on paper)



www.flickr.com/photos/hen-magonza/32008868566

The slender young woman has placed a top hat at a playful angle over her forehead, her cigarette peeks at an equally jaunty angle from the corner of her mouth. She is wearing an elegant version of men's evening clothes, whilst showing a lot of skin. Hands on hips, she regards us challengingly yet warmly. We are in one of the many lesbian nightclubs of 1920s Berlin. Mammen drew the women with much sympathy and often depicted them with an intimate closeness which is missing from her images of men and women together.

MASKULINUM FEMININUM

Spoliansky / Schiffer / Komar / Lareau / adp. Lawrence

One was masculine and one was feminine,
and so they fell in love with ease.
Then the masculine one told the feminine one how he felt about their qualities:
"You are feminine but very masculine
While I am masculine but very feminine"
Such a masculine and such a feminine
are this year's perfect personalities.

Oh please be my masculine,
And if you let me be I'll be your feminine
We once felt so inadequate
It drove us mad a bit
But now that's past.

And the feminine went out as masculine,
she wore top hat and tails each night.
And the masculine went out as feminine,
he even wore high heels despite his height.
And the feminine supports the masculine,
at home the masculine cooks for the feminine.
But still the masculine one and the feminine one felt sure something wasn't working right!

They both found the other to be far too masculine or far too feminine.
And while they got slightly riled, they soon were reconciled and fought no more.

War ein Maskulinum und ein Femininum, hatten
beide sich so gern!
Sprach das Maskulinum zu dem Femininum
"Ich vertrau dir etwas ganz intern!"
Du bist Femininum, doch sehr maskulinum,
ich bin maskulinum doch sehr femininum.
So ein Maskulinum und ein Femininum
die sind heutzutage streng modern!
Darum liebes Femininum, sei mein Maskulinum,
ich dein Femininum.

O Gott, wie dieses Maskulinum
macht das Femininum nutt, nutt, nutt.

DER GENÜGSAME LIEBHABER

Schönberg / Salus

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze,
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke Glatze,
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.

Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,
Mein Gott, ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.

Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen,
Und schauert wenn ich leise ihr Haar berühr'.

Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,
Und daß sie mir auch einmal 'Eitschi' macht,
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.

THE CONTENTED SUITOR

English Translation © Richard Stokes

My girlfriend has a black cat
With soft, rustling, velvet fur,
And I, I have a shining bald pate,
Shining and smooth and silvery.

My girlfriend's one of those voluptuous women,
She lies on the sofa all year round,
Busily stroking her cat's fur,
My God, how she loves that soft, velvet fur.

And when in the evening I visit my girlfriend,
Her pussy-cat's always on her lap,
Nibbling with her the gingerbread,
And trembling whenever I stroke its fur.

And if I become amorous with my love,
So that she might call me 'honey-bun',
I lift the cat onto my bald pate –
And my girlfriend strokes the cat and laughs.

SEIT ICH SO VIELE WEIBER SAH

Schoenberg / Schikaneder

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,
Schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,
Es summt und brummt mir hier und da,
Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.

Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,
Ihr Auge schön und klar,
So schlaget wie der Hammerstreich,
Mein Herzchen immer dar.
Bum, bum, bum, usw.

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,
Wenn's recht den Göttern wär',
Da tanzt' ich wie ein Murmeltier,
In's Kreuz und in die Quer.

Das wär' ein Leben auf der Welt,
Da wollt' ich lustig sein,
Ich hüpfte wie ein Has' durch's Feld,
Und's Herz schlug immer drein.
Bum, bum, bum, usw.

Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiß,
Ist weder kalt noch warm,
Und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis,
In eines Mädchens Arm.

Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann,
Ich spring' um sie herum;
Mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an
Und machet bum, bum, bum, usw.

SINCE SEEING SO MANY WOMEN

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Since seeing so many women,
My heart beats so ardently,
It hums and buzzes here and there,
Just like a swarm of bees.

And if her ardour resembles mine,
And her eyes are lovely and limpid,
Then my heart, like a hammer,
Beats on and on.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

I wish I could have a thousand women,
If it so pleased the gods,
I'd dance like a marmot,
In every direction.

That would be a life worth living,
Then I'd have joy and fun,
I'd hop like a hare through the field,
And my heart would skip along.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

A man who does not value women
Is neither cold nor warm,
And lies like a block of ice
In a young girl's arms.

I'm a different sort of man,
I circle women in a dance;
My heart beats happily against hers,
Going boom, boom, boom, etc.

SANGLOTS

Poulenc / Apollinaire

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup
d'hommes respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin
et sont un sous nos fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le cœur
Et le portaient dans la main droite
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient
comme des conquérants
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir
Des malades maudits de ceux
qui fuient leur ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
A sa blessure délicate
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes
Et douloureuse et nous disait
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes
Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici
Ainsi vont toutes choses,
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

SOBS

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Our love is governed by the calm stars
Now we know that in us many
men have their being
Who came from afar
and are one beneath our brows
It is the song of the dreamers
Who tore out their hearts
And carried them in their right hands
Remember dear pride all these memories

The sailors who sang
like conquerors
The chasms of Thule the gentle Ophir skies
The accursed sick those who flee their shadows
And the joyous return
of happy emigrants
This heart ran with blood
And the dreamer kept thinking
Of his delicate wound
You shall not break the chain of these causes
Of his painful wound and said to us
Which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart my broken heart
Like the hearts of all men
Here here are our hands that life enslaved
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is
Such is the fate of all things
So tear out yours too
And nothing will be free till the end of time
Let us leave all to the dead
And conceal our sobs

Femme Fatale / Thinker / Poet

Inspired by: Otto Dix - '**Portrait of the Dancer Anita Berber**' -
'**Porträt der Tänzerin Anita Berber**' 1925 (oil and tempera on plywood)



www.lbbw.de/sammlung-lbbw/kuenstler/dix/dix_ac7n4mvrmy_d.html

Dix portrays Berber striking a vampy pose, looking to the side, her face covered in thick make up as if wearing a mask. Her long red dress is high-necked and shows clearly the form of the flesh underneath. Her lips are painted in a cupid's bow and her nails, red and talon-like. The lighting suggests a theatrical setting and the whole effect seems to encourage the thought that Berber's persona and overt sexuality are but an act, a performance.

Inspired by: Otto Dix - '**Portrait of the Journalist Sylvia von Harden**' -
'**Bildnis der Journalistin Sylvia von Harden**'
1926 (oil and tempera on wood panel)



https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Portrait_of_the_Journalist_Sylvia_von_Harden#/media/File:Otto_Dix_Sy_von_Harden.jpg

Von Harden is depicted by Dix in a cafe, in a singular outfit of knee-length black and red chequered dress, one of her pink stockings visibly rolled at the knee. In one of her large hands she holds a cigarette and gazes glassily into the distance. Dix, who usually portrayed his models with the tools of their work, has stripped the journalist of hers, his way of reducing her pretensions, as he saw them, to a simple pose and a few accessories. Von Harden has a fashionable short bobbed haircut and is wearing a monocle, traditionally a man's accessory - frequently adopted by the lesbians of Berlin, it was a symbol of power, of those who look, as opposed to those who are looked at.

BUDDY ON THE NIGHTSHIFT

Weill / Hammerstein

Hello there, buddy on the nightshift. I hope you slept all day
Until the moon came out and woke you up and sent you on your way.
Hello there, buddy on the nightshift. I hope you're feeling fine.
I left a lot of work for you to do on a long assembly line.
I wish I knew you better, but you never go my way,
For when one of us goes on the job, the other hits the hay.
Goodbye now, buddy on the nightshift, and push those planes along,
And when the sun comes out, I'll take your place, all wide awake and strong.
I'll follow you, you'll follow me, and how can we go wrong?

COMPLAINTE DE LA SEINE

Weill / Magre

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des fleurs;
De vase et de boue elles sont nourries.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des cœurs
Qui souffrir'nt trop pour vivre la vie.
Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises.
L'âme des égouts soufflant des poisons.
Les anneaux jetés par des incomprises,
Des pieds qu'une hélice a coupés du tronc.

Et les fruits maudits des ventres stériles,
Les blancs avortés que nul n'aima.
Les vomissements de la grand'ville.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a cela.
Ô Seine clémente où vont les cadavres,
Ô lit dont les draps sont faits de limon,
Fleuv' des déchets, sans fanal, ni hâvre,
Chanteuse berçant, la morgue et les ponts.

Accueill' le pauvre, accueill' la femme,
Accueill' l'ivrogne
Accueill' le fou,
Mêle leurs sanglots au bruit de tes lames,
Et porte leurs cœurs, et porte leurs cœurs
Et porte leurs cœurs, parmi les cailloux.

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes.

SEINE'S LAMENT

English Translation © Richard Stokes

At the bottom of the Seine there is gold,
Rusty boats, jewels, weapons.
At the bottom of the Seine there are corpses.
At the bottom of the Seine there are tears.
At the bottom of the Seine there are flowers
Nourished on slime and mud.
At the bottom of the Seine there are hearts
That suffered too much to live.
And then there are pebbles and grey creatures.
The soul of sewers spewing poison.
Rings tossed in by the misunderstood,
Feet that a propeller has sliced from a body.

And the cursed fruits of a sterile womb,
The aborted foetuses that no one loved.
The city's vomit.
All this rests at the bottom of the Seine.
O merciful Seine, where cadavers end,
O beds with linen made of slime,
River of garbage without beacon or harbour,
Singer who lulls the morgue and the bridges.

Welcome the poor, welcome the women,
Welcome the drunks,
Welcome the insane.
Mingle their sobs with the sound of your waves
And carry their hearts, and carry their hearts,
And carry their hearts along with the pebbles.

At the bottom of the Seine there is gold,
Rusty boats, jewels, weapons.
At the bottom of the Seine there are corpses.
At the bottom of the Seine there are tears.

NANNAS LIED

Weill / Brecht

Meine Herren, mit siebzehn Jahren
kam ich auf den Liebesmarkt
und ich habe viel erfahren.
Böses gab es viel,
doch das war das Spiel.
Aber manches hab ich doch verargt.
(Schließlich bin ich ja auch ein Mensch).

Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber,
auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Freilich geht man mit den Jahren
leichter auf den Liebesmarkt
und umarmt sie
dort in Scharen.
Aber das Gefühl
wird erstaunlich kühl,
wenn man damit allzuwenig kargt.
Schließlich geht ja
jeder Vorrat zu Ende.

Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber,
auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Und auch wenn man gut das Handeln
lernte auf der Liebesmess':
Lust in Kleingeld zu verwandeln
wird doch niemals leicht.
Nun, es wird erreicht.
Doch man wird auch älter unterdes.
(Schließlich bleibt man ja nicht immer siebzehn).

Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber,
auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

NANNA'S SONG

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Gentlemen, I was only seventeen
when I landed on the love market
And I learned a lot of things.
Mostly bad,
But that was the game.
Still I resented much of it
(After all I'm a human being).

Thank God it all goes by quickly.
Both the love and the sorrow.
Where are the tears of last night?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

As one goes through the years
it is easier in the Love Market,
to be sure, and you embrace
them there in droves.
But the feeling
becomes astonishingly cool
when one does not ration them.
(When all is said and done,
each reserve must come to an end).

Thank God it all goes by quickly.
Both the love and the sorrow.
Where are the tears of last night?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

And though you learn the tricks of the trade
on the love market,
It's never easy
to convert lust into small change.
Still, it can be done,
But meanwhile you get a little older
(After all, you can't stay seventeen forever).

Thank God it all goes by quickly.
Both the love and the sorrow.
Where are the tears of last night?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

ICH BIN EIN VAMP

Spoliansky / Spoliansky

Ich schlafe im Bett dem Pompadour,
Ich habe Lulus rotes Haar,
Ich habe Salomes Figur,
Ich hab' die Gier der Pothiphar!
Ich trage Mona Vannas Kleid,
Den Ring der Marie Antoinette,
Ich trag' sogar seit ein'ger Zeit
Der schönen Helena Korsett,
Ich bin das Gift der Medici,
Bin eine Hexe wie Jeanne d'Arc;
Ich trag' den Strumpf der Dubarry,
Ich bade nackt in einem Sarg.

Ich bin ein Vamp!
Ich bin ein Vamp! Ich bin halb vertiert!
Ich saug' die Männer an und aus!
Ich mache Fricassee daraus!
Ich bin ein Vamp!
Ich bin ein Vamp aus Fleisch und mit Bein!
Ich war' so gern sanft wie ihr!
Aber nein, aber nein!
Ich bin ja verpflichtet, gemein zu sein,
Und da bin ich halt eben ein Tier!

Die tollsten Dinger sammel' ich mir,
Ich sammle nur, was wild un echt!
Ich sammle Klemperers Klavier,
Ich hab' die Mütze von Bert Brecht!
Ich hab' von Wallace jeden Band!
Und ich verschlang ihn mit Genuß!
Es hängt gerahmt an meiner Wand
Ein alter Valentino-Kuß!
Ich sammle Ullsteins Gratisfahrt,
Das ist ein schöner wilder Brauch!
Ich habe sogar Hitlers Bart
Und Brünings alten Gehrock auch!

Ich bin ein Vamp!
Ich bin ein Vamp! Ich bin halb vertiert!
Ich saug' die Männer an und aus!
Ich mache Fricassee daraus!
Ich bin ein Vamp!
Ich bin ein Vamp aus Fleisch und mit Bein!
Ich war' so gern sanft wie ihr!
Aber nein, aber nein!
Ich bin ja verpflichtet, gemein zu sein,
Und da bin ich halt eben ein Tier! Aaaarrggg!!!

I AM A VAMP

English Translation © Rowan Hellier

I sleep in Madame de Pompadour's bed,
I have Lulu's red hair,
I have Salome's figure,
I have the greed of Pothipar!
I wear Monna Vanna's dress,
and Marie Antoinette's ring;
I've even worn for some time now
Fair Helena's corset.
I am the Medici's poison,
I'm a witch like Joan of Arc.
I wear Du Barry's stockings,
I bathe naked in a coffin.

I am a Vamp!
I am Vamp! I'm half animal!
I suck men in and spit them out!
I make mincemeat out of them!
I am a vamp!
I'm a vamp of flesh and with legs!
I'd so love to be gentle like you
But no, but no!
I'm obliged to be mean
I mean I am indeed an animal!

I collect the best things,
I only collect what's wild and real!
I collect Klemperer's piano,
I've got Bert Brecht's cap!
I have every volume by Wallace!
And I devoured them with relish!
I have framed on my wall
An old kiss by Valentino!
I collect Ullstein's free rides,
Such a fine wild custom!
I even have Hitler's beard
And Brüning's old frockcoat too!

I am a Vamp!
I am Vamp! I'm half animal!
I suck men in and spit them out!
I make mincemeat out of them!
I am a vamp!
I'm a vamp of flesh and with legs!
I'd so love to be gentle like you
But no, but no!
I'm obliged to be mean
I mean I am an animal!

Ein Fürst, das ist mein Sekretär,
Und jeder Diener ist ein Graf!
Die Königin von Griechenland,
Die singt persönlich mich in Schlaf!
Der König Alfons ist mein Boy,
Der Prince of Wales mein schönster Traum!
Es liest mir alles vor was neu,
Die liebe gute Vicky Baum!
Ich hab' den seltsamsten Besuch!
Heut' erst kam Emil Ludwig rauf,
Er sagt, er schreibt von mir ein Buch!
Wenn er es schreibt, fress' ich ihn auf!

Ich bin ein Vamp!
Ich bin ein Vamp! Ich bin halb vertiert!
Ich saug' die Männer an und aus!
Ich mache Fricassee daraus!
Ich bin ein Vamp!
Ich bin ein Vamp aus Fleisch und mit Bein!
Ich war' so gern sanft wie ihr!
Aber nein, aber nein!
Ich bin ja verpflichtet, gemein zu sein,
Und da bin ich halt eben ein Tier!

I have a prince as my secretary,
And every one of my servants is a count!
The Queen of Greece
Personally sings me to sleep!
King Alfonso is my valet boy,
The Prince of Wales my fairest dream!
She reads to me all the new releases
Dear old Vicky Baum!
I've had the strangest visitor!
Just today Emil Ludwig came by,
He said he's writing a book about me!
If he writes it, I'll eat him alive!

I am a Vamp!
I am Vamp! I'm half animal!
I suck men in and spit them out!
I make mincemeat out of them!
I am a vamp!
I'm a vamp of flesh and with legs!
I'd so love to be gentle like you
But no, but no!
I'm obliged to be mean
I mean, I am an animal!

DEVILISHLY GOOD SONGS

Thomas Oliemans *baritone*
Hans Eijsackers *piano*

Emerging Artists

Annabel Kennedy *mezzo-soprano*
Ana Manastireanu *piano*

24 October 2023 | 7.30pm
Holywell Music Room

‘When you hear it, the Devil will take you with pleasure.’

When the composer Hugo Wolf discovered the poetry of Eduard Mörike, it sent him into a creative frenzy. Wolf was acutely aware of the masterpieces he was creating, writing that he was ‘working with a thousand horsepower, from early morning into the night without interruption.’ At every turn, he matched Mörike’s poetry, which ranges from the sacred to the profoundly profane.