ARTICLES

Kater, Michael H. "The Revenge of the Fathers: The Demise of Modern Music at the End of the Weimar Republic." *German Studies Review* 15, no. 2 (May 1992): 295-313.

Lareau, Alan. "The German Çabaret Movement During the Weimar Republic." *Theatre Journal* 43 (1991): 471-90.

Lucchesi, Joachim. "Contextualizing *The Threepenny Opera*: Music and Politics." *Communications from the International Brecht Society* 21, no. 2 (November 1992): 45-48.

Lucchesi, Joachim. "... ob Sie noch deutscher Inländer sind? Der Komponist Kurt Weill im Exil." *Korrespondenzen* 11-12-13 (1992): 42-44. Published by the Gesellschaft für Theaterpädagogik Niedersachsen, Hannover.

Stempel, Larry. "The Musical Play Expands." *American Music* 10, no. 2 (Summer 1992): 136-69.

Stern, Guy and Peter Schönback. "Die Vertonung Werfelscher Dramen." In *Franz Werfel im Exil*, edited by Wolfgang Nehring and Hans Wagener, 187-98. Bonn: Bouvier, 1992.

Wagner, Gottfried. "Il teatro de Weill e Brecht." *Musica e Dossier* 41 (June 1990): 74-79.

Wißkirchen, Hubert. "Mimesis und Gestus: Das 'Liebeslied' aus der *Dreigroschenoper* (Brecht/Weill)." *Musik und Unterricht* 5 (1990): 38-44.

BOOKS

Jacob, P. Walter. *Musica Prohibida-Verbotene Musik: Ein Vortrag im Exil*. Hrsg. und kommentiert von Kritz Pohle (Schriftenreihe des P. Walter Jocob-Archivs, nr. 3). Hamburg: Hamburger Arbeitsstelle für deutsche Exilliteratur, 1991.

Wagner, Gottfried. *Weill e Brecht*. Pordenoné, Italy: Studio Tesi, 1992.

Weill, Kurt. *Kurt Weill: de Berlin à Broadway*. Traduit et présenté par Pascal Huynh. Paris: Editions Plume, 1993.

RECORDINGS

"Kurt Weill: Un Pianoforte a Broadway." Roberto Negri, piano. Riverrecords CDR 5405.

"Laura Goes Weill" Laura Goes Blue (rock ensemble). Industrial Jive Records 04-14-92-01.

Lost in the Stars. Soloists: Gregory Hopkins, Arthur Woodley, Cynthia Clarey, Carol Woods, Reginald Pindell, Jamal Howard, and Richard Vogt; Orchestra of St. Luke's; Concert Chorale of New York; Julius Rudel, conductor. MusicMasters Classics 01612-67100-2.

"Musicals." Lambert Wilson, baritone; Orchestre Philharmonique de Monte-Carlo; John McGlinn, conductor. EMI CDC 7 49792 2. [Includes "Love Song" from *Love Life*.]

7 pièces tirées de l'opéra de quat'sous (Sieben Stücke nach der Dreigroschenoper) arranged by Stefan Frenkel. Ensemble Stanislas; Alexis Galpérine, violin; Jeff Cohen, piano. Gallo CD-676.

Symphonies nos. 1 and 2. Gewandhausorchester Leipzig; Edo de Waart, conductor. Philips 434 171-2. [Compact disc reissue.]

"Unquiet Peace: The Lied Between the Wars." Cyndia Sieden, soprano; William Sharp, baritone; The New York Festival of Song; Steven Blier, piano. [Includes "Ofrah's Lieder," "Berlin im Licht," "Muschel von Margate," and "Cäsars Tod" from *Der Silbersee*.]

"Ute Lemper sings Kurt Weill Vol. 2." Ute Lemper; RIAS Sinfonietta Berlin; John Mauceri, conductor. London 436 417-2. [On London in the US; Decca elsewhere.]

Violin Concerto. Eivind Aadland, violin; Norwegian Wind Ensemble; Ole Kristian Ruud, conductor. Simax PSC 1090.

Violin Concerto, Vom Tod im Wald, Das Berliner Requiem. Alexandre Laiter, tenor; Peter Kooy, bass; Elisabeth Glab, violin; Ensemble Musique Oblique; Philippe Herreweghe, conductor. Harmonia Mundi HMC 901422.

The New Grove Dictionary of Opera. Edited by Stanley Sadie. (London:Macmillan, 1992). Four volumes.

Or *Opera Grove*, as it's familiarly called. Four handsome volumes, red-bound, gold-topped. Over five million words; nearly 5,000 pages; 1,300 authors. The typography makes the volumes a pleasure to read: the binding allows them, from "Aachen" through "*Der Zar lässt sich photographieren*" and "Zylis-Gara, Teresa," to lie open on the desk. (The typesetting is British, the printing and binding American.) There are abundant and excellent illustrations, chosen not just for decorative value but for informative content. My brief is to review *Opera Grove*'s treatment of Kurt Weill. Perhaps that's rather as if *The Tailor and Cutter* sent a critic to assess some new movie on the basis of the men's clothes. Let me first pay brief general tribute to the enterprise.

Opera Grove is a pleasure to use. It's laid out with clarity. The worklists and bibliographies are easy on the eye, not labyrinths in the run-on style of *Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart* or the *Enciclopedia dello spettacolo*. It is much handier in format than either of those (or than *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music*). Since *Opera Grove* arrived some months ago, I've been consulting it just about every day. It's become the work of first reference for all matters operatic. The physical pleasure it continues to give is not just a bonus; it reflects thinking that has ordered and presented so huge an amount of information in the most useful and accessible way.

Opera Grove is not just the *New Grove* opera entries gathered and updated. About 90 per cent of it, the editor estimates, was newly commissioned and written. There are articles of merit on big general subjects: "Opera" itself, "Libretto," etc. One reads them with interest. But it's for specific fact, information, and stimulation that one most often consults *The Grove Dictionary of Opera*. Its great strength is the series of articles on composers and their works. A long article on each important composer is followed by a worklist and a bibliography; there are individual entries, usually by the same author, and some of them also long, on their principal operas. If I were to dwell on all the good things I've found, I'd never get round to Weill. But, in brief, *Opera Grove*, besides being a great dictionary compilation of all the facts about opera and its practitioners, is much more: it's an active, readable, stimulating, well-informed companion.

Grove has always done well by Kurt Weill. In the fifth edition (1954) there are two columns by Hans Redlich that are notably more perceptive and appreciative than what all but a few enthusiasts were thinking and writing at that date:

> Kurt Weill's creative achievement is of profound importance to the modern opera stage. Alone among his numerous contemporaries who, like himself, strove for a regeneration of opera and for its release from Wagnerian dominance, he worked on the firm basis of a novel operatic conception.... This new operatic type of his [whose constituents Redlich summarizes] deeply influenced a whole generation of composers.

Redlich, in fact, is the only *Grove* author to note Weill's continuing influence on composers who remained in Germany after he had left it (among them Wagner-Régeny, who gets ample treatment in *Opera Grove*, and Fried Walter, about whom I find nothing in any *Grove*). Whether Redlich's claim that works by Britten, Gershwin, Menotti, Blitzstein "testify to the lasting penetration of Weill's influence" is — except in Blitzstein's case — perhaps more debatable.

New Grove (1980) has fifteen columns by David Drew (plus, as in each of these counts, worklist and bibliography). This brief monograph is surely the best piece of writing about Weill that exists. Each word is weighed, each sentence charged, and the whole is filled with knowledge, wisdom, understanding, and acute commentary. Five sections deal with Life, Reputation, Early Works, Central Works, and Broadway Works. The second ends: "A quarter of a century after Weill's death there is still widespread ignorance of his work apart from *Die Dreigroschenoper*...coupled with a seemingly unbridgeable division of opinion." I'll return to Drew's sixth, final section, called The Two Weills. The entry in *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music* (1986), two and a half columns by Larry Stempel, follows Drew lines, in a summary, more generalized, less interesting way.

The main entry for Weill in *Opera Grove*, about five and a half columns long, is by Stephen Hinton, the editor and author of the Cambridge Opera Handbook on *Die Dreigroschenoper* and the editor, with J. Schebera, of *Kurt Weill: Musik und Theater, gesammelte Schriften* (both 1990). Hinton has also written individual entries on *Der Protagonist, Der Zar lässt sich photographieren, Die Dreigroschenoper, Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Der Jasager, Die Bürgschaft, Der Silbersee, Die sieben Todsünden, A Kingdom for a Cow, Street Scene, Down in the Valley,* and *Lost in the Stars. Royal Palace* (of which only the vocal score survives) is missing; so is *Der Weg der Verheissung/The Eternal Road*, a work about which people may well seek information. In addition, Andrew Lamb has provided short entries on *Happy End* and *Lady in the Dark*. (They seem rather like afterthoughts.) In his preface, Stanley Sadie has warned readers that "very few individual works [in the categories of operetta, musical, music theater] are assigned entries of their own." But if the musical comedy *A Kingdom for a Cow, Happy End*, a play with songs, and *Lady in the Dark*, a play with dream sequences set to music, are in, then why not *Johnny Johnson, Knickerbocker Holiday, One Touch of Venus, The Firebrand of Florence*, and, above all, *Love Life*? Not room for them all, of course; but if Hinton had been allowed to deal with more than just three of the ten American works he could have buttressed further his defense of the Broadway Weill.

Hinton, like Drew, quotes Virgil Thomson's obituary tribute, "Every new work was a new model, a new shape, a new solution of dramatic problems." From T.W. Adorno's obituary, he quotes, "The profile of this composer...is hardly commensurate with the concept of 'composer.'" And he adds: "His putative metamorphosis in America represented less a significant departure, as often maintained, than the continuation of a development already under way;" and he takes issue (as others have done) with Drew's phrase "one of music's great 'might-have-beens.'" The phrase is strong — Drew might put it differently now — but it needs to be read in context:

> In his own generation he had few peers; but it is with greater composers whose gifts were partly unfulfilled or partly squandered that he is most profitably to be compared. Some aspects of him may also call Bizet to mind, others Musorgsky. But even if Weill remains one of music's great 'might-have-beens,' his actual achievement is substantial and likely to prove of enduring significance.

When Hinton calls *Street Scene* Weill's "*chef d'oeuvre*, an achievement that embodies the best of his European and American aspirations," he echoes Weill's own claims for the piece. His arguing has a slightly getting-it-both-ways quality: on the one hand, by changing, Weill was being consistent; on the other, we, looking for consistency or development, wrongly apply a "concept of 'composer.'" The argument was anticipated by Drew:

> Since the delineation of a character and function peculiar to each work...had been one of the hallmarks of the European Weill, it might be argued that he remained true to form in his Broadway shows, as he himself doggedly maintained.

But, Drew continues:

> This would be to overlook the altogether changed methods of diversification.

> Whereas in the European period, diversity is created naturally and methodically by the exploration in one work of potentialities latent in the preceding ones, in the Broadway period it is the result of applying to a conventional background different types of prefabricated material imported from elsewhere, whether from folksong [*Down in the Valley*], from *Porgy and Bess* [*Street Scene*], or even from the Weill of the 1930s [*Lost in the Stars*].... From show to show [with the exception of *Love Life*] there is no observable development on any level melodic or harmonic, formal or stylistic.

If I dwell on this aspect, it is because assessment of the American Weill remains a troubled area of Weill studies — the American Weill tugged between operetta and "Broadway," seismically responsive to commercial dictate, obdurately honest, ever adventurous, sometimes eager to return to "opera" (*Gone with the Wind, Moby Dick*).

For the rest, Hinton himself would possibly be one of the first to regret that Drew did not write the *Opera Grove* Weill entries and draw together the perceptive, appreciative new observations on the Broadway and Hollywood Weill which can be found scattered through the entries of his *Weill Handbook* (1987). Hinton's own Weill entry is sound but a shade pedestrian. Inevitably, since he has far less space, it is less detailed than that of *New Grove* (no mention of Jarnach's instruction, nothing — the *Tailor and Cutter* brief — about the non-operatic compositions and how they relate to the operas). From the Worklist the 1969 revised vocal score of *Mahagonny* is missing; only the 1955 transposed vocal score of *Die sieben Todsünden* appears, not the 1972 edition with the songs at their original pitch, and the late-Lenya transpositions banished to an appendix. The bibliography is long (over two columns of small print), unannotated, and uncategorized. Often when using *Opera Grove* I've wished that the books and articles dealing with particular works had been placed under their individual entries, not dumped into the conglomerate chronological lists under the composer concerned. One can dig them out, but it needs digging. Did editorial convenience take precedence of readers? (And just try *using* the 50-column bibliography appended to "Libretto.")

In his individual entries on the operas, Hinton tells the stories and does so clearly; but he doesn't manage much of musical characterization and commentary along the way (as many of the *Opera Grove* contributors succeed admirably in doing). He does provide the necessary information, adds brief assessments of each work, and on occasion cites views at variance with his. But, by *Grove* standards, he's a slightly dull writer. Most of the *Opera Grove* essays on operas by Handel, Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Rimsky-Korsakov, Puccini, Strauss, Berg, many others quicken new responses to the work in question. These Weill entries hardly do that. But from the "dictionary" point of view they are sound enough. Lamb's two contributions seem to have been written with Drew's *Handbook* at hand. (Drew on *Lady in the Dark*: "Liza Elliott still feels threatened by a male-dominated and success-oriented society.... She consults her psychiatrist." Lamb: "Liza Elliott feels at odds with male-dominated and success-oriented society.... She consults her psychiatrist." etc..)

And the Weill-related entries? "Brecht" is a rerun of Drew's good *New Grove* entry. So is "Lenya." Georg Kaiser is missing. Ira Gershwin gets a paragraph. There's a decent entry for Gustav Brecher, a passable one for Caspar Neher. "Maurice Abravanel" brings a surprise, for it informs us that he conducted the first performance of *Knickerbocker Holiday* "with Marian Anderson as soloist." (The article depends from Michael Steinberg's in *New Grove* and is credited jointly to Steinberg and Noël Goodwin. Did the latter confuse Maxwell, the librettist, with Marian? Did the scrupulous Steinberg see and pass a proof of what appears over his name?) Abravanel's European Weill performances, including the premiere of *Die sieben Todsünden*, and in America his premieres of *Knickerbocker Holiday, Lady in the Dark, One Touch of Venus, The Firebrand of Florence, Street Scene*, and *Down in the Valley* are passed over in his brief entry (but noted under the works that have their own entries). There is no mention of the Kurt Weill Foundation or of the Yale archive not under Weill nor in "Libraries and Archives." Polyna Stoska, the first Mrs. Maurrant in *Street Scene*, is absent. Her Met career alone — eleven leading roles — should surely have won her an *Opera Grove* entry. Absent too is Brian Sullivan, the first Sam, and a major Met singer — Lohengrin, Walther, Parsifal, Pinkerton, and Peter Grimes among his many roles.

The Anglocentric coverage of twentieth-century singers has been widely remarked and deplored. It is the most evident flaw of the publication, but perhaps too much has been made of this rim-chip on the wonderfully capacious vessel. In general — and in most of the details — *Opera Grove* deals amply and thoroughly with opera through four centuries.

ANDREW PORTER

London

Different Drummers: Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany. By Michael H. Kater. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992). 291 pp.

Born in slavery and nurtured under institutionalized racism, jazz remains one of the most political of musics. Jazz scholarship, however, can be as formalist in its methodology as some of the worst examples of what might now be called "old musicology." As someone who has always been intrigued by the social meanings attached to jazz both here in the United States and in Europe, this study by German historian Michael H. Kater struck me as a potential example of what historically and culturally grounded jazz studies might be. The book did not live up to my hopes, but it remains eminently useful for understanding some of the meanings of jazz in twentieth-century German culture, and by extrapolation, elsewhere.

Kater's strength is a love for documentation and detail. Besides conducting numerous oral histories with jazz performers and fans from the time, he sifted through governmental holdings from the Nazi period, most importantly, the archives of the Reichsmusikkammer. As a result, his footnotes hold many riches. His penchant for detail and documentation, however, also keeps the book from being the study it could be. Overall it remains a largely descriptive report of Nazi policy and actions surrounding "jazz" as practiced in Germany; it provides little cultural analysis or interpretation of jazz's meanings and its power, particularly as dance music, that was such a vivid affront to a culture obsessed with body-blood purity.

In four chapters plus a framing introduction and epilogue, Kater shows how unsuccessful the cultural arms of the Reich were in controlling what musics the citizenry performed and consumed. At best, they

(actually Joseph Goebbels as Reich propaganda minister) reached a kind of stalemate in the attempts both to eradicate "jazz" and still somehow make it available for the Wehrmacht Luftwaffe (who regularly tuned into the BBC) and other indispensable parts of the Nazi machine. Particularly interesting in Goebbel's attempt to have his cake and eat it too was the creation of state-supported ensembles like the DTU (Deutsche Tanz- und Unterhaltungsorchester), the Golden 7 (which struck me as a play on Armstrong's Hot 7), and Charlie's Orchestra, groups made of capable and often well-known performers who promoted a Germanized-sanitized syncopated music, available selectively to live audiences via the radio and even in recordings. The conflicted histories of these ensembles do indeed bear out Kater's point that the inability to deal with this music showed the "improvised nature of a dictatorial regime whose alleged totalitarianism was neither seamless nor inevitable" (p.102). The willingness of performers to participate in such ensembles demonstrates as well that the cultural and political meanings of the music were not fixed; "jazz" performers could be collaborators too.

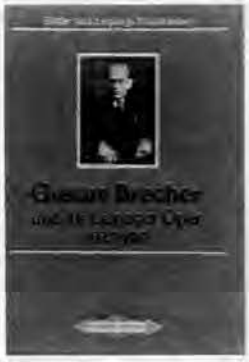
Kater's narrative drags, however, as he feels compelled to tell us about every single performer and group, and when he does, his prose often becomes fanzine in nature, and we are treated to discussions of the sexual exploits of performers as if misogynistic sexual appetites were indicative of musical ability.

At the end, a real narrative returns as he discusses those individuals — he calls them "Jazz Victims" — who did indeed suffer for their musical tastes. Particularly poignant were the Hamburg Swing-Heines now the subject of the Hollywood movie *Swing Kids* whose love for dancing and embodying the music through dress and demeanor made them especially despised by the Hitler Youth and obvious targets for retaliation. Although often coming from distinguished families, many of the Swings spent time in work and concentration camps where they indeed paid dearly for their supposed crimes of musical and sexual excess.

Kater claims to be a performing jazz musician. However, the depth of his musical knowledge remains in question. Although Kater dutifully defines jazz early on, he uses the term too uncritically for my taste. He admits that improvisation was not well understood or practiced by the majority of the performers under discussion. If that is true, then to call this music "jazz," however rhythmically charged it may be, dilutes the very American works serving as models and indeed erases the African aesthetic central to the jazz experience, as Goebbel's own sanitized substitutions tried to do. To have been more circumspect in defining this German popular music certainly would not need to detract from the arguments about the cultural contestations at work in Nazi-controlled Germany.

Similarly lacking in musico-critical subtlety is his acceptance of Benny Goodman as the American King of Swing (capitalization his), his claim of Gershwin as a jazz composer in a league with Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson, and his description of jazz arranger Mary Lou Williams as "black woman pianist." More embarrassing are mispellings ("hapsichord") and errors (he claims the BBC used "the first four notes of Beethoven's *Eroica*" (p.168) when he means the Fifth). Where were the editors at Oxford? I cannot help but wonder what musicological literature he has read, whether current or from the time about which he writes. The footnotes do not allay my suspicions that — despite the author's interdisciplinary aims — the discipline of musicology, which has produced thorough histories of jazz as well as studies of the meaning and presence of that music in Europe, was largely ignored.

SUSAN C. COOK
The University of Wisconsin, Madison



Gustav Brecher und die Leipziger Oper 1923-1933. By Jürgen Schebera. (Leipzig: Edition Peters, 1990). 144 pp.

Twentieth-century conductors without a recorded legacy have not generally enjoyed much posthumous attention, and Gustav Brecher (1889-1940), music director of the Leipzig Opera from 1923 to 1933, is a case in point. Too often Brecher is noted only in passing for his championship of new music (Strauss, Busoni, Krenek, Weill, among others) and for a tragic death by suicide as the Gestapo closed in on his sanctuary in Belgium. He was, in fact, one of the prime examples of that breed of open-minded and cultivated musicians, which included Johannes Schüler in Oldenburg and Rudolf Schulz-Dornburg in Essen and Münster, who assured Germany's provincial opera houses a place of honor in the opera history of the Weimar Republic. In the series *Bilder aus Leipzigs Musikleben* Jürgen Schebera has written a richly illustrated monograph on Brecher's life and career, with particular focus upon his Leipzig years. Together with stage director Walter Brügmann, Brecher assembled and trained a first-class ensemble and created a large and varied repertoire which at its peak during the 1929/30 season included 73 operas, four operettas, and six ballets. In that same season alone the Leipzig Opera presented three world premieres, as well as one German and two Leipzig first performances. While Brecher may be best remembered for the premieres of *Jonny spielt auf*, *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* and *Der Silbersee*, each of which receives special attention in this book, he was a conductor whose interest in contemporary opera extended far beyond the notoriety of a premiere. His willingness to cultivate thorny new works that had premiered elsewhere, including Schreker's *Irrelohe*, d'Albert's *Der Golem*, Weill's *Der Protagonist*, Berg's *Wozzeck*, and Krenek's trio of one-act operas, grew out of a genuine commitment to a living opera culture. It is interesting to learn, however, that Brecher's wife, Gertrud Deutsch, daughter of the chairman of a major German electrical concern, was a part-owner of Universal Edition; this explains why the works of that firm found such a ready home in Leipzig, whereas Hindemith, for instance, who was published by Universal's major competitor, B. Schott Söhne in Mainz was never staged there.

At the outset of his career Brecher served two seasons as Gustav Mahler's assistant in Vienna (1900-1902). In his dedication to musical detail and concern for dramatic integrity, Brecher was to remain a true disciple of his most valuable mentor. Despite his consistent advocacy of contemporary opera, Brecher's first passion was nineteenth-century French and Italian opera. As a result, one of his principal preoccupations was opera translation, a topic on which he published a thoughtful study in 1911. His German versions of a dozen French and Italian operas, including Bizet's *Carmen* and Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*, are praised even today for their fidelity to the spirit and musical values of the originals.

Brecher's papers appear to have been lost, but Schebera marshals an array of contemporary sources, including published memoirs, newspaper and periodical reviews, and editorials, as well as correspondence in the archives of Universal Edition to lend immediacy to his narrative. Particularly valuable is the appendix containing the reminiscences about Brecher by Heinrich Creuzburg, who was Brecher's conducting assistant from 1928 to 1932. Also included are statistics on the Leipzig Opera repertoire, as well as lists of Brecher's compositions, writings, and translations; unfortu-

nately the book contains no index. Schebera is generally adept at setting Brecher's accomplishments within the context of Weimar culture, but it is only by inference that we get any sense for his interpretive style relative to his contemporaries. Evidence suggests that Brecher and Brügmann were among modernism's moderates and that by the later 1920s Brecher's careful attention to expressive detail may even have seemed somewhat out of date. Kurt Weill, for instance, wrote to his publisher on 23 October 1927 regarding the planned Leipzig premiere of *Der Zar lässt sich photographieren* that he found Brecher pedantic, "a musician rooted in an old-fashioned attitude" and "completely set on a declamatory style" that Weill found totally unsuited for his operas. Such critical perspectives would have given more depth to Schebera's loving portrait of his subject. Nonetheless this little book is an important contribution and valuable source for anyone interested in early twentieth-century opera history.

CHRISTOPHER HAILEY
Occidental College

Britten/Weill Festival. Aldeburgh. Snape Maltings Concert Hall, 22-25 October 1992.

It might be easier to chart the differences between the lives and careers of Benjamin Britten (b.1913) and Kurt Weill (b.1900) than to cast about for similarities. Nevertheless, the organizers of the annual autumn festival at Aldeburgh that couples the music of Britten with that of another composer had worked hard to come up with four concerts and a symposium that opened some quite interesting avenues of thought about the nature of music theater as interpreted by these two distinct geniuses.

They did meet — in Maine, in August 1940, when Britten and Pears were staying at the Owl's Head Inn, Knox County, and Weill and Lenya came to stay with Maxwell Anderson. Britten wrote, "We saw quite a lot of him, and he really was awfully nice and sympathetic, and it was remarkable how many friends we had in common." At Aldeburgh's Open Forum and Discussion (chaired by Marion Thorpe), David Drew and Kim Kowalke, the two leading Weill scholars, Donald Mitchell, Britten's publisher and literary executor, and the composer HK Gruber discussed these friendships as well as the other most obvious point of comparison between the two — their reinterpretations of *The Beggar's Opera*. Weill, of course, did not live to hear Britten's version, but Britten, when about to take the work to Holland, wrote that he hoped for a better reception for it there, since the Dutch audience would not have the "petty general prejudice that exists in England" and their memories would stretch back to Brecht and Weill. Kowalke read some passages from the Weill-Lenya correspondence, which he and Lys Symonette are editing for publication. Included was a letter Weill wrote from London where he had attended a performance of the original *Beggar's Opera* and said it was "one of the most beautiful" evenings he had ever spent in a theater.

The first concert included the discarded overture to *Paul Bunyan*, orchestrated by Colin Matthews. Britten was at work with Auden on *Bunyan* at the time he met Weill. Donald Mitchell has suggested that "Tchaikovsky," from Weill's *Lady in the Dark*, influenced Britten's "Love Song" in his operetta. It is tantalizing to recall that while Britten and Auden were living in the notorious artistic boarding house on Middagh Street, Brooklyn Heights, their landlord was George Davis, who after Weill's death would become Lenya's husband. Perhaps more relevant was the juxtaposition of numbers from *Bunyan* with Weill's version of American patriotism and pacifism in excerpts from *Johnny Johnson* and *Knickerbocker Holiday*.

The first concert also included Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem*, Weill's Violin Concerto, and Second Symphony. Never has the Symphony sounded so sumptuous, almost lush, in the overwhelming acoustic of the Maltings. This concert, conducted by Andrew Davis, was the first time that the BBC Symphony Orchestra had played here. It was odd to cast one's mind back nearly a quarter of a century to the first UK public performance of Weill's Second Symphony, given by the same orchestra at the Proms in 1968. (A few of the players remain, among them Colin Bradbury, Jeffrey Wakefield and Michael Duffield.) Since then our perceptions of both composers have changed, but it is Weill's position that has altered the more radically — no longer just the other half of Brecht and Weill, but an influential force on music for the opera house, musical theater, and concert hall.

The second evening, "Of Life and Love" included a brilliant performance of Britten's First Quartet by the Britten Quartet (substituting at the eleventh hour for the Borodin Quartet), and performances of Britten's *On this Island* and Weill's *Frauentanz*. The latter were performed by Lucy Shelton, accompanied by Ian Brown and the Britten-Pears ensemble respectively. *Frauentanz* and the very early String Quartet in B minor are real collectors' items. David Drew can detect pre-echoes of *Lady in the Dark* and *Knickerbocker Holiday* in the quartet, and it was these two works that made up most of the Weill contribution to the third evening, in which the BBC Singers were joined by HK Gruber and Angelina Réaux in excerpts from the two Weill works and *Paul Bunyan*. One thing that hasn't changed enough over the years, though Lord knows both Drew and Kowalke have campaigned for it strenuously, is the chance to hear Weill's own orchestrations. This time it was piano, percussion and guitar that gave us the cabaret-style accompaniment. Gruber has an infectious manner; his "September Song" had a real Viennese lilt to it, and he joined Réaux in the duet "We are cut in twain" from *Knickerbocker Holiday* that ended the evening. As for Angelina Réaux, who has already established herself as the leading Weill soprano of the younger generation, she once again proved, despite a heavy cold, that beauty of tone and elegance of phrasing do not tell against an incisive interpretation of Weill's songs. She turned out to be just as much at home with Britten — her performances of "Tell me the truth about love" and "Stop all the clocks" were the high-spot of the proceedings.

We all dutifully tripped off to the pictures on Saturday afternoon to see the Pabst *Dreigroschenoper*, a good prelude to the singers from the Britten-Pears School doing a concert of all the numbers to end the festival. Steuart Bedford conducted a 17-strong band who got around Weill's scoring for 23 instruments — for the original production these pieces were managed by only seven players! It is hard for young conservatory-trained singers to hit off the delicate balance between operatic parody, street song, and Berlin bark in this old favorite. Among the soloists, I particularly liked Deborah Hawksley's Mrs. Peachum; she did all the verses of the "Balled of Sexual Dependency" and launched the second-act finale with just the right bite and tone. Heather Pawsey's voice was in a way too good for Lucy; when her aria is sung this securely it loses its irony. The heaviest burden fell on Isa Lagarde as Polly — in a concert version she has to sing all her numbers one after another in Act I, but her diction (the Feingold translation was used) and her manner were fine; only the low notes seemed out of reach. As a bonne-bouche they offered Drew's *Happy End* concert sequence to send us all home humming "Na also goodbye."

PATRICK O'CONNOR
London

This review is an expanded version of one which appeared in the December 1992 issue of Opera; *reprinted with permission.*

PERFORMANCES

Die sieben Todsünden. Los Angeles. Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Esa-Pekka Salonen, cond., Elise Ross, soprano. 29, 30 October and 2 November 1992.

The Seven Deadly Sins has long been my favorite work of Kurt Weill. When I learned that it was going to be performed in concert by the Los Angeles Philharmonic with its recently appointed Music Director Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting, I looked forward to it with great anticipation. Previously, I had seen only the debacle at the Brooklyn Academy of Music — the Pina Bausch choreography to Michael Tilson Thomas's conducting (see this Newsletter 4, no.1). Of course there were the usual questions: who would be singing, and were *The Sins* going to be performed in the original soprano version?

As a last minute replacement for Maria Ewing, Elise Ross was the soprano. (Yes, it was performed in the original key.) To date, Ms. Ross remains the only soprano to have recorded the work in the original high version (on EMI with the Orchestra of the City of Birmingham, Simon Rattle conducting). This remains my favorite recording, although opinions have varied about Ms. Ross' performance. At the time, some reviewers asserted that there was not much characterization in her singing. I am happy to report that the years have been good to her. Her performance of *The Sins* here proved excellent, with a fully developed characterization to go along with her strong singing.

While I was pleased to hear the work performed by such notable forces, there were many problems, largely in the area of orchestral balance. At times, the piano part assumed glaring prominence. The dynamic equilibrium was at its worst in sin number three (Anger), during which it became impossible to discern any of the woodwind parts. I attended a second performance and sat in a different part of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. My impressions, regrettably, did not change. In Avarice, the tempo could only have been described as "full throttle." The orchestra sacrificed any attempt at subtlety in order to keep up with Salonen's peculiarly frantic lead.

The male quartet of Greg Fedderly, Mallory Walker, Robin Buck, and Michael Gallup sang with a security of pitch and convincing vocal color. Overall, the vocal contributions of Ms. Ross and the quartet provided the larger share of my enjoyment. The program began with the little-heard and quite forgetable *Overture to King Stephan* by Beethoven. Another Beethoven overture, *Namensfeier*, also rarely performed, followed intermission. The evening ended with Stravinsky's *Symphony in Three Movements*, in which Salonen offered his most persuasive interpretations of the evening.

PAUL YOUNG
Los Angeles

Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny. Karlsruhe. Badisches Staatstheater, Premiere 20 September 1992, in repertory 1992-93 season.

Opera or play? *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* has posed this problem for the German theater ever since the 1931 Berlin production. Because of tradition within the German theater, it is often assumed that opera singers cannot act and actors cannot sing. There is no trace of this dilemma, however, in the Karlsruhe production. I have seldom experienced such a unified ensemble in which the singing, the speaking, and the movement was maintained at such a high standard. Even the opera chorus, so often the sluggish part of German productions, was as lively as one could wish of the "girls" and men of Mahagonny.

The program notes include some interesting contributions, among them an interview with director Eike Gramss. He says, "The amusing thing is that one can produce such depressing material with such intense theatrical enjoyment.... The work calls for artistic humor and precision; it has to be performed in a style that is always right on target." Gramss's staging is full of fantasy and creativity. It tells the story of the city and its inhabitants with real love of detail; it makes one think of Weill's later comment about *Lost in the Stars*: "The sole manner in which to express an idea is by means of a personal story." Brecht's and Weill's stage directions call the four lumberjacks from Alaska "our four friends." The fact that the audience is unaware of this little detail in the score does not prevent the attitude embodied therein from coming across in the Karlsruhe production.

John Treleaven is an attractively naive giant of a Jimmy. He can hit the high C in his aria and still come across as "just another guy." Still, Treleaven's Jimmy possesses a far more sensitive nature than do his three cohorts. Hans Kiemer, a familiar figure in the Karlsruhe repertory, plays Billy in well calculated contrast to Jimmy: he prefers "reading," and the farther the city of Mahagonny sinks toward its demise the more deeply he buries himself in his porn magazine. He is hardly aware of Jimmy's sentencing, then comforts himself a little with the attractive Jenny, and finally retracts into a drunken stupor. Indeed, Tiziana K. Sojat plays an amazing Jenny; she possesses the erotic glow demanded of her role, and she sings the coloratura in the "Alabama Song" beautifully and delicately. But she also knows how to control a vulgar intonation, which she cunningly added to "Denn wie man sich bettet." Thus, Jenny's ambivalent nature is aesthetically validated. The gangster trio is just as convincing. Bianca von Zambelly as Begbick, John Wegner as Trinity Moses, and Hans-Jörg Weinschenk as Fatty realize their roles with commensurate differentiations of feeling.

Various details of the Karlsruhe production visible from the beginning attest to a loving familiarity with the work: Jimmy's hat is representative of an essential element of his personality, revealing much about his condition. When he declares in scene 8 that he wants to eat his hat, it is not an empty phrase, but a real expression of his agitated frame of mind. The luxurious world of Mahagonny, illustrated on stage by a tanning salon with a real, water-filled swimming pool (an ersatz-Florida for the little guy of the German quotidienne), manifests its own well-considered logic. In scene 8 when Jimmy loses his nerve, Jack advises him: "Just swim a little," whereupon Klaus Schneider as Jack actually splashes into the water. As a result, he has to dry himself off during the next number, the "Gebet einer Jungfrau." Then suddenly, as if catching himself in the act of an aesthetic error, Jack calls out a little too confidently: "That's great art!"

The musical direction on the evening I attended was in the hands of conductor Myron Romanul; Wolfgang Heinzel, director of theater music, led the rehearsals and conducted the premiere. Romanul allowed a few errors of coordination during the choral scenes. The court scene in the second act rushed, and it was weakened by several unfortunate cuts. One would sooner have suffered the excision of the "Kraniche-Duett" and "Gott in Mahagonny" since Weill and Brecht left them out of the Berlin production of 1931. Aside from these flaws, the performance realized successfully the cross between opera and music hall that characterizes the sound of Weill's music. Even the rubato seemed right.

Jenny (Tiziana K. Sojat) and Jimmy (John Treleaven) in the Badisches Staatstheater Karlsruhe production of *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*. *Photo: Gerd Weiss.*

In Karlsruhe, as in Berlin in 1931, loudspeaker announcements have replaced Caspar Neher's placards. Karin Fritz, the resident set designer of the Karlsruhe Theater, has created a spare setting for Mahagonny. Up until the end of the hurricane, the set consists only of a yellow platform and two yellow metal side walls with doors, creating an artificial world suggestive of the desert wasteland in which Mahagonny was founded. The set is open at the back, and from there come the actors, the swindler trio with their truck, the girls wearily dragging their bags, and the four lumberjacks from Alaska in fur coats.

After the intermission the back wall area is gone. The set has become triangular, now symbolizing a closed society. Nothing emerges from backstage — other than the electric chair for Jimmy's execution. After Jimmy is strapped in, the men of Mahagonny attempt to flee, but the doors are closed. The chorus sings over the loud speaker: "Laßt euch nicht verführen, es gibt keine Wiederkehr." ["Go not into temptation, for there is no turning back."] Corresponding to the horrifying cynicism with which Jenny forsakes Jimmy, suddenly there are enough able handymen among the men of Mahagonny to finish constructing the electric chair.

It is clear to Gramss and Fritz just where the decline of the city of Mahagonny begins: as soon as the principle of "du darfst" ["anything goes"] comes into play. The belly of Jakob Schmidt, who eats himself to death, literally explodes, and the corpse is suspended over the stage on a rope, on which half a hog already hangs. Joe (played with spirit by Georgi Mirostranoff) is the second one to go up on the rope, as the sacrificial loser of the boxing match. The spectator sees two dolls, bouncing up and down above the stage, in contrast to the superficial pleasures of consumerism below, evoking a decidedly threatening atmosphere. This visual solution could well have been inspired by Neher's placards, some of which incorporated a gallows motif (one of these is reproduced on the cover of the Universal Edition piano-vocal score). When Jimmy is strapped in, a kind of net is created by the various straps and ropes — a clear if not subtle allusion to Mahagonny, the "city of nets," as conceived by Begbick. After the execution, he too is suspended on the rope.

Ultimately, the weaknesses of Gramss's concept become apparent. How is one to depict the decline of Mahagonny? Neher sought a concrete visual solution. He created a placard on which someone sets fire to the "Hotel zum reichen Manne" and followed it with one in which a squadron of airplanes approaches the city. In Karlsruhe Begbick sets a fire too, but she merely torches a model, pushed into the foreground, of the yellow triangular stage. At this point, the balance between image and music falls apart. All the actors come onto the stage for the Finale, but they refrain from any semblance of a reaction. As the final cadence is resounding and the curtain falls, the little model is still burning brightly.

At the intermission, the audience talked excitedly about the production, but after this conclusion they could not leave the theater quickly enough. If anyone was talking at all, it was probably only to ask where one could go for a glass of wine. Alas, a suspenseful production dissipated into an all too indeterminate final image.

ANDREAS HAUFF
Mainz
Translated by Peggy Meyer Sherry

Knickerbocker Holiday. Evanston, Illinois. Light Opera Works, M. Seth Reines, dir., Peter Lipari, cond., 29 December 1992 - 3 January 1993.

When Light Opera Works recently unleashed this 1938 satire by Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill, one would have expected its original topicality to be de-fanged. But it had lost little of its bite. Pieter Stuyvesant's covert sale of weapons to the natives seemed only slightly distanced from current events, such as George Bush's pardon of his former defense secretary's activities in the Iran-contra enterprise. Suitably the Evanston chorus sang its last refrain of "All Hail, The Political Honeymoon" the very day *The New York Times* questioned how long such a period might last for (then) President-elect Bill Clinton. Nevertheless, is was Brom Broeck's definition of a democracy — "when you're governed by amateurs" — that garnered enough of an audience response to make one believe that the ink of Washington Irving's history was still wet.

In addition to impeccable timeliness, this *Knickerbocker Holiday* was blessed with packed houses and consistently high production values. Scenic designer Alan Donahue abstracted the Battery of New Amsterdam into an asymmetrical set of black stairs that dominated the stage and alternately suggested a fort, pier, and gallows. Such a plan allowed stage director M. Seth Reines effectively and quickly to fill or empty the stage with citizenry. The only proverbial flies in this ointment were on-again, off-again sound reinforcement and murky rear projections of early American scenes, which called to mind family vacation slides shown on a bed sheet. Marc Robin skillfully choreographed the thirty-eight member cast: especially clever was the chorus of Dutch maidens with their synchronized wash rags in "Clickety-Clack." Costume designer Kärin Kopischke's period dress provided just the modicum of historicism to set the proceedings squarely in the seventeenth century. The only anachronistic touch was Pieter Stuyvesant's red getup, which at first suggested that the Governor might actually be an escaped Santa Claus from a local department store.

Among the cast's weightier members, the New Amsterdam City Council threatened to steal the show with their faux-Dutch dialects "vich ver right at home in der Midvestern 'vindy cidy.'" They rendered "Hush, Hush" as a particularly amusing send-up of extortion, replete with boisterous buffoonery. Of the council, the standout was Warren Moulton as Tienhoven, who played a strong scene in which he found himself "in the loop" and concluded that he was indeed "The One Indispensable Man." Brom Broeck's partner Tenpin, portrayed by Matthew Greenberg, provided the quintessential sidekick of diminutive presence and substantial vocal prowess who enlivened "There's Nowhere To Go But Up!" As Mistress Schermerhorn, M.G. Potts squeezed every

Brom Broeck (Christopher Gabrecht) and the citizens of New Amsterdam in the Light Opera Works staging of *Knickerbocker Holiday*. *Photo: Rich Foreman*

last bit of juice out of her plum role.

In contrast to such strong performances in the supporting roles, the romantic leads — the characters Brom Broeck and Tina Tienhoven — were hopelessly mismatched. Christopher Garbrecht's acting was beyond reproach; he deftly captured Brom's youthful enthusiasm and independence yet awkward predicament at finding himself as the candidate for Hanging Day. Vocally Garbrecht proved less than heroic in the lower portion of his range in "How Can You Tell an American?" He tended to sound winded during the musical comedy's faster numbers such as "There's Nowhere to Go But Up!" and was no match for the operatic capabilities of Sandy Borglum's Tina Tienhoven. She captivated the audience with gracefully shaped phrases in the duet "It Never Was You," and with formidable coloratura in "Young People Think About Love." Even so, her fidgety stage presence distracted from her acting, and her characterization of Tina ultimately lacked conviction.

Conversely, the other two leads — Washington Irving and Pieter Stuyvesant — both proved to be top drawer. Lee Strawn's portrayal of the story's nineteenth-century author held the evening in check. His impeccable diction and ringing baritone made understandable both the musical's premise ("Washington Irving Song") and subtext ("Ballad of the Robbers"). John Payonk boasted a suitably pompous Governor Stuyvesant and appeared to be truly larger than life. However, in the show's most famous ballad, "September Song," his restrained rendition caught the autumnal pathos of the lyric and escaped the bathos of the melody's posthumous accretions.

Much of this production's success owes to Maestro Peter Lipari, who remained ever sensitive to Weill's score. Audience members sat up and took notice of the twenty-seven piece orchestra's scintillating performance of the Overture's opening scales. Lipari conducted the rubato in "It Never Was You" with such nuance that the elastic rhythm allowed each of the phrases to breath. Conversely, his swinging rendition of "How Can You Tell An American?" continually upped the temperature of what could only be described as *hot* jazz. Kudos to the saxophone obbligato in that number's second stanza and the piccolo embroidery in "To War!" Although some of the show's passages with orchestral underscoring threatened to upstage the action (there is no pit in the 1200-seat Cahn Auditorium), one can only hope to hear more of Weill's stageworks led by this gifted conductor.

Light Opera Works's *Knickerbocker Holiday* appeared neither shackled by imitating the original production nor tempted to stretch the piece into anything less or more than what it was intended to be. Some might look askance at the "politically correct" amends to the script. That is, the term "natives" substituted throughout for (American) "Indians." But for this critic, the text lost none of its potency with the omission of this politically and etymologically "incorrect" label. The second-act battle in its offstage enactment dispensed with the "Indian War Dance" as well as any war paint or loin cloths and was mercifully cut short. Despite the apparent gains to the text by jettisoning the worn-out "savage" stereotype, having Stuyvesant, in the midst of reviewing rules for wives of New Amsterdam, mug to the audience "Remember ladies [!], 'tis 1647" smacked of gratuity.

Although theater that makes reference to topical events is most often destined to fade quickly from view, *Knickerbocker Holiday* appears to have escaped such a trap with its euphemism of "government plan" for Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal. Such governmental plans seem destined for revival. Witness President Clinton's current package to jump-start the economy and reduce the deficit. As playwright Maxwell Anderson admitted in his essay *The Politics of Knickerbocker Holiday:*

> The fact that there are three branches of government makes for a salutary delay and blessed inefficiency, the elective rotation makes for a government not by cynical professionals but by normally honest and fairly incompetent amateurs. That was exactly what the wary old founding fathers wanted, and if we are wise we shall keep it, for no scheme in the history of the world has succeeded so well in maintaining the delicate balance between personal liberty and the minimum of authority which is necessary for the free growth of ideas in a tolerant society.

Knickerbocker's days do not seem to have yet grown short.

bruce d. mcclung
College-Conservatory of Music
University of Cincinnati

The Seven Deadly Sins. Salt Lake City, Abravanel Hall. Utah Symphony, Joseph Silverstein, cond.; Marcia Ragonetti, soprano; Marc Jacobs, dir.; 16 January 1993 (also: Ogden, Utah, 14 January; Provo, Utah, 15 January).

For the Utah Symphony's "90th Birthday Salute to Maurice Abravanel," Music Director Joseph Silverstein programmed three works with roots in the theater. First came *La Création du monde* (1923) by Darius Milhaud, one of Abravanel's friends. Like

Maurice Abravanel
line drawing by Scott Rockwood

The Seven Deadly Sins, this work is a ballet that premiered in Paris. Second was a piece by the first "Maurice Abravanel Distinguished Visiting Composer at the University of Utah," John Corigliano. (Corigliano wrote the film score for Ken Russell's *Altered States* but is perhaps best-known for *The Ghosts of Versailles* (1991), commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera for its 100th anniversary.) For this program, Silverstein chose Corigliano's *Elegy for Orchestra* (1965), which originated as a piece that accompanied a love scene in the off-Broadway play *Helen*, by Wallace Grey. The second half of the program started with a film of Abravanel reminiscing about Kurt Weill and ended with *The Seven Deadly Sins*, which had its premiere under Abravanel's baton in 1933 at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées in Paris.

Readers of this newsletter will have encountered Maurice Abravanel's name before. When the nineteen year-old Abravanel went to Berlin in 1922 to study music, Weill — only three years older — taught him harmony and counterpoint. They became good friends and, over the next twenty-five years, Abravanel conducted and even premiered many of Weill's works. Both Jewish, Weill and Abravanel fled Germany in 1933 and made their way to Paris, where Abravanel conducted the premiere of *Die sieben Todsünden*.

In 1936, they met again in New York where Weill attended Abravanel's debut as a conductor at the Metropolitan Opera. Two years later, Abravanel heard Weill play *Knickerbocker Holiday* for some sponsors and decided he wanted to help mount the show.

> Listening to a new work was exciting and reminiscent of my years in Germany, where no opera house could hold its head high without

presenting several new works each year. It was so exciting to contemplate helping to build something new, not just repeating Lohengrin or Lakmé or Tannhäuser or whatever, but helping with something new that might be better or longer-lasting because of what I may have done for it.

When Abravanel offered to conduct, Weill responded: "You're crazy. You don't give up the Metropolitan Opera for Broadway." But Abravanel resigned his three-year contract with the Met after only two years and became Weill's music director. Between 1938 and 1947, Abravanel conducted half a dozen of Weill's shows, including *Knickerbocker Holiday*, *Lady in the Dark*, *One Touch of Venus*, *The Firebrand of Florence*, and *Street Scene*.

Their collaboration ended in 1947 when Abravanel left New York to lead the fledgling Utah Symphony. During his thirty-two years as Music Director, he became the most prominent musician in Utah. Evidence of his importance is hard to miss. For the last fifteen years, the most generous patrons of the Utah Symphony have met in the "Abravanel Room" at Symphony Hall. The Music Director of the Utah Symphony holds the "The Maurice Abravanel Chair." The Santa Barbara Music Academy of the West, which Abravanel directed from 1955-79, is the site of "Abravanel Hall." This year, a second hall received his name when Salt Lake's Symphony Hall was renamed "Abravanel Hall." Other recent gestures of respect are the visiting composer series named above and the birthday salute here reviewed. (For more on Abravanel, see Mario Mercado's "A Podium with a View," *Kurt Weill Newsletter* 5, no.1: 6-8; or the source of the quotations cited above: Lowell Durham's appreciative biography, *Abravanel!* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1989).)

For this performance, Silverstein used a multi-media staged concert version of *The Seven Deadly Sins* conceived and directed by Marc Jacobs. The Sacramento Symphony gave the premiere of the Jacobs production in 1988 [reviewed by Christopher Hailey in the *Kurt Weill Newsletter* 7, no.1: 25] Jacobs uses slides, acting, mime, props, lighting, and costume changes to weave a continuous commentary on the work, and, in the resulting performance, he gets at least as much of the audience's attention as does Brecht or Weill.

Jacobs' primary vehicle involves a series of some 300 slides, most of these being original artworks by Robert Anthony Doucette with the rest consisting of photographs and newspaper mock-ups. The slides are projected onto screens on either side of the stage. The screen on the right, beside which the family stands, reflects a frame representing the Little House by the River. Anna stays on the left side of the stage, where the screen's frame depicts a city skyline.

The slides are often grouped in dynamic series that make some (usually ironic) point. An especially clear example comes in the Pride scene. Anna's figure appears in the center of a U-shaped group of coarse male faces that represents her audience. In the "artistic" dance, her figure is gradually covered entirely by "boos" in cartoon text-bubbles. Ultimately, her burlesque dance is rewarded with money, but again she disappears behind the money. The final slide closes the circle of onlookers with a skeletal face at the top of the screen, leaving Anna no way out.

In at least two cases, a visual motif becomes transformed. The house in Louisiana gets larger and larger, eventually becoming a colonial mansion. But in the end, as the family sleeps, they dream not of the large building they live in, but of the little house they had longed for in the beginning.

Anna's eyes also change over time. Her face never appears on the family's screen until the Avarice scene, when her eyes loom larger than usual, but colorless and cold. To these eyes, the family raises glasses of champagne in a toast. Only now, after Anna has lost herself, do they honor her. Shortly thereafter, flames surround one of her eyes and a pyramid of golden coins appears underneath — a parody of the pyramid and eye of God on the American dollar bill (simultaneously, on the family's screen, material possessions are stacked in a similar shape). The image on the dollar is the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States. The mottos on the Seal, *Annuit coeptis* and *Novus ordo seclorum* heighten the irony: "[God] has favored [our] undertakings" and "a new order of the ages," respectively.

As mentioned above, Jacobs sometimes has the singers interact with the slides. In one slapstick series, the family mimes pulling together on a rope. On a slide on the other side of the stage, a ribbon encircles Anna II's waist. Each time the family pulls on the line, a slide of Anna being squeezed tight appears. Earlier still, when Anna I contemplates the value of "art," she moves in front of the screen and tries out various "arty" poses. Then, with a gesture of dismissal, she rejects the experiment and walks away, ever pragmatic.

Those who relish this work's ambiguities may not approve of the extent to which Jacobs resolves them in his staging. Nonetheless, his interpretations can be convincing. For instance, in the Avarice scene the tenor holds a Bible in his hand and moves forward to deliver his warning against greed. The family, obviously uncomfortable with the message, eventually takes the Bible out of his hand and replaces it with a drink.

On the other hand, Jacobs makes seemingly little attempt to match his visual imagery to the 1930s. The slide images look decidedly eclectic. The gluttony scene in which Anna II has a job as an advertising model for Philadelphia Light Cream Cheese proved the most striking anachronism. In fact, in this section, Jacobs seems inconsistent even with himself, finishing up the scene with a parody of the famous Betty Grable pinup from World War II years — cheesecake which predates Philadelphia Light Cream Cheese by about half a century. Also, as Hailey noted, the Anger scene uses the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a backdrop.

Silverstein chose to conduct Weill's original soprano version of the score (a choice advocated by Abravanel). The Utah Symphony produced a sound consistently clean and balanced, and most of the performance went smoothly, although in both Provo and Salt Lake, Silverstein was sometimes unable to keep the orchestra and family together. Part of the problem resulted from the disposition of the performing forces: the family sang from the right front edge of the stage, behind and at some distance from the conductor.

Jacobs' decision to mike the singers resulted in some technical problems. This should come as no surprise, for the Symphony almost never uses amplification. In Provo, Ragonetti's body mike popped and screamed for a while; in Salt Lake, the bass microphone was far too hot at first. Despite such problems, the audience had electricity largely to thank for the comprehensibility of the text.

The family quartet consisted of Robert Breault, Paul Gates, David Power, and Peter van de Graaff (listed from first tenor to bass). They are all fine singers who usually sing with sensitivity, although a lack of differentiation in the Sloth scene made the music more monotonous than kaleidoscopic.

Silverstein gave the score an objective, detached reading, characterized primarily by precision and moderation. Since he tends toward understatement in general, I don't know whether this represented normal procedure or conscious choice. Ragonetti's approach was well suited to that of Silverstein. Classically trained, she eschewed any hint of cabaret style. She may, of course, have been avoiding comparison with previous interpretations, especially Lotte Lenya's. In any case, Ragonetti's performance presented a controlled interpretation free of mannerism.

Most of the time, this approach worked, but there were moments when I wished the performance had more bite. The main tune in Lust, for instance, seems to invite a more caustic, bitter delivery than Ragonetti offered. Anna II's painful capitulation, marked by her acknowledgement that, "It's right like this, Anna, but so hard," precedes some of the work's most dramatic orchestral scoring, setting descending lines first in the trumpets, then in the flutes. Louder trumpets, followed by a quieter flute descent would have better evoked this defeat.

Up through Lust, Anna has had to be persuaded to demean herself. In renouncing love she seems to lose the last of her humanity, for in the ensuing Avarice, her degeneration has achieved such a momentum that the family seems compelled to try to reign her in.

In the final sin, Envy, the soprano portrayed both Annas by wearing on one arm a white glove and jewelry while the other was bare. Anna II envies people who have chosen paths she was persuaded to forsake. The summary list of the analogous "sins" is punctuated by strokes on a bass drum. As Anna confronts her compromises, she jerks her head away from the slide that depicts her natural desires at every drum stroke. Louder drum strokes would have been more forceful, emphasized the strength of Jacobs' staging, and driven home the point inherent in the work's dialectic.

Many of these observations could be seen as quibbles over dynamics, but they raise an interesting question. That is, whether, even in a work that maintains an ironic distance from its subjects, the composer sometimes intentionally writes music that lets down its guard and confronts the audience with real pain or despair. I certainly hope so.

BRYCE RYTTING
Brigham Young University

Nanna's Lied. San Francisco and New York City. The San Francisco Ballet. 11, 13, 16, 21 February; 10, 12 March; 2 April 1993.

The San Francisco Ballet's new Kurt Weill work *Nanna's Lied* had its world premiere in the San Francisco Opera House in February, and the company included it during its New York engagement in April. It takes its title from one of Weill's less familiar songs (to a poem from Bertolt Brecht's play *Die Rundköpfe und die Spitzköpfe*), which Weill dedicated to Lotte Lenya at Christmas in 1939 as a sort of gesture of reconciliation: their relationship had just survived one of its lowest points, involving divorce and remarriage, and Brecht's lyric repeats the bittersweet refrain, "Wo sind die Tränen von gestern Abend? Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?" ["Where are last night's tears? Where are the snows of yesteryear?"]

The new ballet has an unusual background, and, as the program points out, it marks "a startling departure" for its choreographer Helgi Tomasson, the brilliant Icelander who now heads this company and has done so much to improve it. Here he has "digressed from his customary lyricism and gentility in favor of passion and drama...." The suggestion he do a ballet to Kurt Weill's music originated with Tomasson's wife Marlene. He then investigated various songs, in three languages. "The question was what would I do with this music." At more than one point during the performance, anyone familiar with the songs must wonder just how successful an answer Tomasson has found to his own question.

The soprano Francine Lancaster sings off stage. Denis de Coteau, this company's capable chief conductor for the past twelve years, conducts selections that include the *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik* Moritat, "Le Roi d'Aquitaine" from *Marie Galante*, "Das Lied von der harten Nuss" and "Surabaya Johnny" from *Happy End*, "Denn wie man sich bettet" and the "Havana-Lied" from *Mahagonny*, the "Kanonensong" from *Die Dreigroschenoper*, "Nanna's Lied" itself, and a reprise of the Moritat. Anyone who finds that hodgepodge bemusing will probably find downright dumbfounding the inclusion (as the fourth of ten numbers) of a contemporaneous recording, sung by Curt Bois, of the song "Guck doch nicht immer nach dem Tangogeiger hin" — *not* by Weill but by Friedrich Holländer, who also gave the world Marlene Dietrich's lifelong theme-song "Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt," a.k.a. "Falling in Love Again"!

The curtain's rise reveals sets and costumes, by John Macfarlane, which manifest his familiarity with the expressionistic distortions of perspective which caused such a stir when Robert Wiene introduced them into his film classic *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. The negligible story — just barely enough to hang a ballet on — involves three primary characters, Nanna (Tina LeBlanc), Johnny (Stephen Legate), and Jacob Schmidt (Yuri Zhukov), plus four supporting dancers (Julia Adam, Paul Gibson, David Justin, and Grace Maduell). Johnny, naturally, does Nanna wrong, then Nanna, naturally, becomes a whore whose tricks include the bald-headed Mr. Schmidt.

Familiarity with the text of these songs contributes much to one's not enjoying the ballet *per se*. That probably affects only a small minority, since the printed program includes neither the original texts nor translations. At virtually no point do the words have much, or even any, bearing on what one sees onstage. The jilted singer, for example, thrice enjoins her fickle lover: "Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund!" although of course his kisser at no point contains a pipe of any sort. One comes away at the end feeling that those responsible for the selection of these songs, for this purpose, chose them for the charm of the music but failed — as most Americans do with pop songs in general — to pay more than the most superficial attention to what they actually *say*. I found musically indefensible a particularly maladroit splice in the "Havana-Lied," which serves no apparent purpose except to double the short piece's length, and no excuse occurs to me for the incongruous interpolation of the Holländer number, played through loudspeakers from a scratchy old 78-rpm shellac disc made almost sixty years ago, except that Mr. Tomasson presumably just likes it and needed a few more minutes of music there to flesh things out.

The dancers, Ms. Lancaster, Mr. de Coteau, and his orchestra do their jobs well, although I have never heard "Wie man sich bettet" taken so slowly, almost lugubriously. A reaction to the score as used here will depend largely upon one's sense of the individual songs' appropriateness and congruity.

PAUL MOOR
San Francisco

Elizabeth Loscavio and Val Caniparoli in *Nanna's Lied*, a new production of the San Francisco Ballet. *Photo: Marty Sohl.*

Symphonies No. 1 and No. 2. The Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, Edo de Waart. Philips Classics 434 171-2 (Recorded in 1973; originally issued as Philips 6500642, in 1974.)

Though Weill's two symphonies have yet to reach repertoire status in the orchestral pantheon, the recording industry is showering them with attention. In 1991, competing versions of both symphonies came to market: Roland Bader conducting the Krakow Philharmonic Orchestra (Koch International/Schwann 311 147), and Michel Swierczewski leading the Gulbenkian Or-

chestra (Nimbus NI 5283, with the *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik* thrown in as a bonus). From strikingly different points of view, they addressed the void created when Gary Bertini's much-lauded 1968 reading with the BBC Symphony dropped out of sight (having made the rounds of the EMI, Argo, and London labels). Philips' reissue of Edo de Waart's recordings with the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra mediates between the two.

Listening to Weill's two symphonies underscores the distance the composer travelled in the thirteen years that separated their composition. The first is a student work, written in 1921, when Weill was inscribed in Busoni's studio. It's a serious, somewhat brooding work that, after announcing its purposefulness at the outset, evolves episodically over a single movement of nearly a half-hour. The *fin-de-siècle* hovers about its fringes — especially the Schoenberg of the Op. 9 Chamber Symphony — but the lasting impression is of dense Expressionism.

At the head of the score stands an epigram from a socialist theatre work by Johannes R. Becher, who following exile in Moscow would return to the German Democratic Republic as minister of culture. Though Weill never fulfilled his intent to write incidental music for Becher's piece, the symphony has been viewed as reflecting aspects of its narrative: hence, perhaps, its episodic character.

Weill's talent would shortly flower in such masterpieces of the 1920s as the Violin Concerto, *Mahagonny* (both *Songspiel* and Opera), *Die Dreigroschenoper, Das Berliner Requiem, Happy End*) and, in 1933-1934, the Second Symphony. Unlike the First, which wouldn't be premiered until 1956, the second was performed as soon as the ink dried by Bruno Walter and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. The critics detested it. When Walter introduced it in New York two months later, he called it "Three Night Scenes," hoping (in vain) to keep critics from dismissing it as concert-hall music whose genes had gone bad through cross-breeding with the popular. Which is to say that Weill's Symphony No. 2. is just the piece for our own era of eclectic "new Romanticism." Less self-conscious than Weill's student symphony, its counterpoint is more exposed, its texture more luminous. Its lyricism and energy are irresistible.

De Waart's performances with the Gewandhaus group steer a middle course of interpretation; they present the scores accurately without saying much about them. I do not greatly admire the Gewandhaus Orchestra's sound, either live or on recordings, finding that its characteristic sound — in this performance as elsewhere — combines a dull turgidity in the lower registers with an annoying, high-gloss sheen in the upper strings. The winds are not uniformly in tune, and ensemble work can fall short of ideal; listen no further than the end of the introduction and "beginning in earnest" of the first movement of the Symphony No. 2, where, in a brief span, the solo trumpet wobbles unpleasantly and the violins' ostensibly unison announcement of the movement's main theme proves ragged.

Still, the Symphony No. 2. has a way of "playing itself," and, though short of world-class, the performance doesn't stand in the way of enjoyment. The Symphony No. 1, however, is less well served. It needs interpretative help to keep from imploding into a black hole of inescapable density.

The other two readings currently in print demonstrate stronger points of view. Bader's brooding approach (with the Krakow Philharmonic) occasionally crosses the border to lethargy. He takes three minutes longer than de Waart to get through the Symphony No.2, which represents a very audible difference in a half-hour-long piece. In the Symphony No. 1, however, his *pesante* yields a repressive, nightmarish quality that is at once unsettling and unforgettable. Swierczewski stands at the other end of the spectrum, arguing for vigor and brilliance with a Second Symphony that takes two minutes *less* than de Waart's. His Gulbenkian Orchestra, however, seems the least accomplished of the three ensembles; its players fail to digest and disguise the interpretative details the conductor proposes. All the same, their energy is exciting, and I'd like to hear Swierczewski's point of view rendered by a more consistently accomplished ensemble.

In the meantime, listeners may turn to Philips's reissue for a quite acceptable, unfussy, all-around reading, but they may find themselves more stimulated if they are willing to accept the shortcomings of the others.

JAMES M. KELLER
New York City

Unquiet Peace: The Lied Between the Wars. Includes "Berlin im Licht," "Muschel von Margate," *Ofrah's Lieder*, and "Cäsar's Tod" from *Der Silbersee*. Cyndia Sieden, soprano; William Sharp, baritone; Steven Blier, piano. Koch International Classics 3-7086-2H1

In the present context, the focus of interest in this mixed-bag recital is the first recording of Weill's early cycle, *Ofrah's Lieder*. Composed in 1916 and performed a year later, these songs attest to Weill's knowledge of the literature of German Romantic song and of its linguistic and textural elements, whether in the "Lotosblume" repeated chords of "In meinem Garten" and the later part of "Denkst Du," the Venetian gondola-song movement of "Nur dir fürwahr," or the Straussian sweep of the vocal writing in "Er sah mir liebend in die Augen." Most are through-composed songs with strophic elements; "Nur dir fürwahr" is more straightforwardly ternary. The harmonic language is not always deployed with certainty: an enigmatic conclusion to "In meinem Garten" suggests that it might have originally been intended to prepare another song in B-flat rather than the E minor of "Nichts ist die Welt mir." The latter is the most accomplished, expressively secure song in the set, as "Er sah mir liebend" is the most banal. The composer, clearly gifted, is not yet — despite the celebrated pre-echo of "Seeräuber-Jenny" in "Denkst du" — recognizably the Kurt Weill (or Kurt Weills, depending on your point of view) with whom we are familiar.

The performance is quite acceptable; most of the songs lie well for Cyndia Sieden's securely tuned, somewhat whitish soprano, though her weaker lower range is less happy with "Er sah mir liebend in die Augen." Steven Blier plays fluently and forcefully, as indeed he does throughout this rather unfocused program, under whose rubric "between the wars" *Ofrah's Lieder* do not, strictly speaking, belong.

The other Weill songs in the recital are more dispensable: "Berlin in Licht" and "Muschel von Margate" are in both the essential Stratas and Gruber/Ensemble Modern collections, "Cäsar's Tod" in Lenya's "Berlin Theater Songs." In the "Muschel," Sieden seems miscast at least at the fast, militaristically maintained tempo chosen here; she hasn't time to do anything with the words of the stanzas (extra syllables in later stanzas turn into mere gabble), she treats the refrain brusquely by cutting the whole notes short, and the whole song is shrill in effect, without variety. Stratas, with a similar voice, makes the song work for herself and for the listener: At a slower tempo, she has time to work with the words, and she sings the refrain with portamento and charm, focusing the song's irony as well as its outrage. (She has also found more different ways to shout "Shell.") For full flavor, though, HK Gruber's performance (in David Drew's *Öl-Musik* suite) is the way to go.

"Berlin im Licht" is assigned to the estimable baritone William Sharp, who takes a pleasingly jauntier line than did Stratas; with lots of rubato and some Sprechstimme, she made it a sentimental, affectionate hymn to the city, while Sharp is more matter-of-fact. But Gruber (his Peachumesque rasp supported by the authorized jazz-band accompaniment) finds an authentic Berlin edge that escapes both of them. In the *Silbersee* piece, Sharp is vocally more than adequate, but the text is not treated with a range of tonal and verbal inflection to bring out its bite.

These Weill songs are embedded in a curiously scattershot program which disappoints by its failure either to explore the full range of the period's song literature or to contribute significantly to the recorded song repertory. The liner notes distinguish two tendencies in German music during the interwar period: conservative (Pfitzner, Strauss, Schoeck) and experimental (Eisler, Zemlinsky, Weill, Busoni), but the representation of the latter aspect is markedly imperfect: where are, among others, the Second Viennese School (Schoenberg's op. 48, Berg's second setting of "Schliesse mir die Augen beide," Webern's op. 23 and 25), or Paul Hindemith (the Eight Songs, op. 18, or the first version of *Das Marienleben*), or Krenek (for example, the wonderful Schubert evocations of *Reisebuch aus dem Österreichischen Alpen*)? Nor, with the possible exception of the Bienert and some of the Eisler, are the included songs unknown to the recorded literature: the Strauss have been often recorded by sopranos more fluent than Sieden; Fischer-Dieskau and Häfliger have dealt with the Busoni, Pfitzner and Schoeck, several recent singers with the Zemlinsky. Sharp, a more activist singer than Sieden, with a warmer voice, performs with greater impetus and involvement, but he is not as idiomatic here as he has been in French and American literature. As noted, the accompaniments are well realized — the color of "Schlechtes Wetter," the firm metrical shape of "Vom Sprengen des Gartens" are among many appreciable features of Blier's playing.

Besides notes, texts, and translations, the CD booklet contains a superfluity of typos, balanced by a total absence of opus numbers and a dearth of dates; more thorough research into the latter question might have disclosed that, though Schoeck wrote some fifty songs between the wars, the two chosen here predate World War I, and that Eisler's "Vom Sprengen des Gartens" was composed in Hollywood on 14 August 1943, when there was a different war on. We might also like to know, for example, that "Ändere die Welt" comes from the incidental music to Brecht's notorious play *Die Massnahme*. The "Ain't-we-got-fun" photos on the outside covers, showing the performers in a bar, suggest rather a collection of drinking songs than an exploration of Central Europe's conflicts of nostalgia and *angst* during a critical historical period.

DAVID HAMILTON
New York City

Seven Pieces from Die Dreigroschenoper.

Violin and piano arrangement by Stefan Frenkel. Alexis Galpérine, violin, Jeff Cohen, piano. Gallo CD 676.

The interest manifested in France in Weill's music has not lessened during the last few months. After the ADDA recording of the Violin Concerto [see this Newsletter 10, no.1] and before the release of the highly anticipated CD by Philippe Herreweghe on the Harmonia Mundi label (recorded following a concert given last May at the Théâtre de Champs Elysées), the present recording, distributed by the Swiss firm Gallo, represents a happy surprise, as much for Weill fans as for students of German music of the first half of the century. In an unusual program of Schoenberg, Eisler, and Weill, the Gallo CD contributes to the seemingly never ending debate about the essence of Ernste- und Unterhaltungsmusik (serious and entertainment music) and alludes to the links between Weill and Eisler: Eisler's two septets derive from his American experimentation in film music and reflect an interest in mass culture as well as the new media. This recording downplays the relationship between Schoenberg and Eisler (Eisler was one of Schoenberg's most promising students) and the opposing artistic aims between Schoenberg and Weill that mark the traditional discussion of musical life of the twenties and instead presents the master of the Second Viennese School under the influence of his lighter muse. Unlike Schoenberg's arrangements of Strauss waltzes, which made Vienna appear in a dusky, crepuscular light, with *Die eiserne Brigade* (The Iron Brigade March) and to a lesser extent with *Weihnachtsmusik* (Christmas Music) we are concerned here with grotesqueries, pieces tied to circumstances that did not remain in Schoenberg's life work. *Die eiserne Brigade* (1916) is a rather remarkable type of army barracks song, a farce that mixes the sound of the military, of bugle calls and martial rhythms, with that of the barnyard, including animal sounds ranging from the cuckoo to the pig; miles away is the occasional piece *Weihnachtsmusik* (1912), written for a Christmas family gathering, where a Lutheran chorale melody melds with familiar Christmas songs.

But the real significance of this CD lies in the first complete, commercial recording of the violin and piano arrangement made by Stefan Frenkel in 1929 of seven pieces from *DieDreigroschenoper*. A noted interpreter of Weill's Violin Concerto, Frenkel enjoyed a privileged association with Weill, and his arrangement, in contrast to the numerous other instrumental arrangements, was approved by the composer (Weill recommended it to his publisher Universal Edition). Coming after Weill's own *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, it is bound to the former's spirit by its raucous virtuosity and exploitation of new sonorities. The *Sieben Stücke nach der Dreigroschenoper* figure as more than a simple example of abstract, instrumental music; this work represents a suite of carefully chosen pieces, of morsels that the imagination of Weill and the skill of the arranger spared from any questionable taste, which is otherwise too often descriptive of this type of bravura music. The dramatic purpose and sociological critique in *Die Dreigroschenoper* have necessarily disappeared. Yet the work maintains an intimate if highly stylized quality in spite of its virtuosity. Frenkel exploited thoroughly the possibilities of his instrument, especially contrasts among registers and articulations, notably pizzicati, and dramatic juxtapositions of lyrical phrases with highly charged rhythms. The violin playing of Alexis Galpérine addresses adequately these challenges. With Jeff Cohen at the piano, he executes the frippery of this series of miniatures, attentive to the varied demands of articulation. Unfortunately, the slow tempi adopted by the interpreters tend to blur the characteristically, incisive dance rhythms of the suite. A certain sobriety is well maintained, although the well-defined melodies can be syrupy (Moritat) or even sentimental (Tango-Ballade), yet nothing quite ever extreme. If this is welcome in the Weill, one regrets the lack of panache, the absence of banter in *Die Eiserne Brigade* March. In the Eisler septets, the vivacity and liveliness of the Ensemble Stanislas, based in Nancy, France, on the other hand, proves ravishing, such that the attentive care to differentiation among the woodwind and string timbres sculpt a polyphonic gem-like setting – something one might not expect from Eisler.

PASCAL HUYNH
Berlin
Translated by Mario Mercado

Selected Performances

AUSTRIA

Der Jasager, Vienna. Neues Wiener Vokalensemble, Helmut Wildhaber, Linda Watson, Peter Weber, soloists; Ensemble Kontrapunkte, Peter Keuschnig, cond., 1 March 1993.

Quodlibet, Der neue Orpheus, Op. 15, Vienna. ORF Symphonieorchester, HK Gruber, cond., Ursula Fiedler, sop.; Ernst Kovacic, violin, 7 March 1993.

BELGIUM

Concerto for violin and wind instruments, Op. 12, Liège. Liège Royal Consevatory, 25, March, 1993.

BRAZIL

Die sieben Todsünden, Curitba. Fundacao Teatro Guaira, Orquestra Sinfónica do Paraná, Osvaldo Colarusso cond., 17-20, November 1992.

CANADA

Concerto for violin and wind instruments, Op. 12, Victoria, British Columbia. Victoria Symphony, 12 March 1993.

Der Jasager, Waterloo, Ontario. Wilfred Laurier University, 28-29 February 1993.

Kleine Dreigroschenmusik, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Acadia University, 28 March 1993.

DENMARK

Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Copenhagen. The Royal Theatre, opens in May 1993, in repertory.

ENGLAND

Happy End, London. Queen Elizabeth Hall. London Sinfonietta, David Atherton, cond., 13 March 1993.

Knickerbocker Holiday, London. Discover the Lost Musicals, The Barbican Centre, London. 26 September, 3, 10, 17 October 1993.

Street Scene, London. English National Opera, Nicolette Molnar, dir., James Holmes, cond., 27 August, 2, 3, 9, 11, 16, 23, 28, September 1993.

Symphony No. 2, London. Royal College of Music. 11 February 1993.

The Threepenny Opera, London. London Kings's College, University Orchestra, 24-27 February 1993.

FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Stuttgart. Staatstheater, Ruth Berghaus, dir., Markus Stenz, cond., 9, 28 November, 19 December 1992, 15 January, 4 February, 23 March, 23, 28 April, 12 May 1993.

Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Karlsruhe. Badisches Staatstheater, Eike Gramss, dir., Wolfgang Heinzel, cond., premiere 20 September 1992, in repertory, 1992-93 season.

Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Hamburg. Staatstheater, Hamburg, opens 26 March 1993, in repertory.

Der Jasager, Bauhaus Aula, Dessau. Musikschule, Stephan Blüher, dir., Jochem Lehmann, cond., 4 March, 1993.

Die Dreigroschenoper, Zwickau. Bühnen der Stadt Zwickau, premiere, 26 February 1993, in repertory, 1992-93 season.

Johnny Johnson, Hamburg. Kammerspiele, Dieter Seidel, dir., Steven Gross, cond., 2-7 June 1993

Der Kuhhandel, Bautzen. Deutsch-Sorbisches Volkstheater, 1993-1994 season.

Mahagonny Songspiel, Munich. Marstall Theater, Bayerische Staatsoper, Helmut Lehberger, dir., Anthony Beaumont, cond., 11, 13, 14, 16, 20, 23 February 1993.

Ofrah's Lieder, Die Stille Stadt, String quartet, No. 1, Op. 8, Festsaal, Palais Dietrich, Dessau. KurzWeill-Trio, Alma-Quartet, 5 March 1993.

One Touch of Venus, Meiningen. Das Meininger Theater 1993-1994 season.

Die sieben Todsünden, Pforzheim. Stadttheater, Klaus Eisenmann, cond., Valerie Aris, choreo., premiere, 14 November 1992, in repertory, 1992-93.

Die sieben Todsünden, Dessau. Landestheater, Daniel Lipton. cond., Arila Siegert, choreo., Annette Jahns, Gabriele Prahm, sopranos 2,4 March 1993

Die sieben Todsünden, Hamburg. Norddeutscher Rundfunk, John Eliot Gardner, cond., Anne Sofie von Otter, sop., September 1993.

Symphony No. 2, Dortmund. Universitätsorchester Dortmund. Werner Abegg, cond., 2 February 1993.

Street Scene, Munich. Staatstheater am Gärtnerplatz, Frank Arnold, dir., Herbert Mogg, cond., 30 June, 4, 12, 15 July, 22, 27 September, 5, 7, October, 28 November 1993; 4 February, 6, 8, March, 30 May, 15, 16 June 1994.

FRANCE

Kleine Dreigroschenmusik, Sarcelles and Nanterre. Orchestre National d'Ile de France, 6, 11 February 1993.

Kleine Dreigroschenmusik, Grand Couronne. Syndicat Intercommunal, 16 February 1993.

Kleine Dreigroschenmusik, St. Valéry en Caux. Orchestre de l'Ecole de Musique, 16 February 1993

NETHERLANDS

Der neue Orpheus, Op. 15, Utrecht. Radio Kamerorkest, Ingo Metzmacher, cond., 6 February 1993.

NORWAY

Happy End, Oslo. Norges Musikoyskole Samtidesemble, Per Sigmund Thorp, 27 November 1992.

PORTUGAL

A Opera de Tres Vinténs, Lisbon. Teatro Aberto, Joao Lourenço, dir., Eduardo Paes Memede, cond., premiere December 1992, in repertory, 1992-93 season.

UNITED STATES

Cello Sonata, Houston, TX. The Da Camera Connoisseur Series, Gary Hoffman, cello, John Perry, piano, 9 October, 1992.

Concerto for violin and wind instruments, Op. 12, Miami Beach, FL. The New World Symphony, James Buswell, violin, 6 December 1992.

Knickerbocker Holiday, Evanston, IL. Light Opera Works, Seth Reines, dir., Peter Lipari, cond., 31 December 1992, 1-3 January 1993.

Der Lindberghflug, Santa Cruz, CA. University of California, Santa Cruz, 12-14 March 1993.

Little Threepenny Music, Spokane WA. Spokane Symphony, 5-6 April 1993.

Lost in the Stars, Chicago, IL. The Goodman Theatre, Frank Galati, dir., 18 June-24, July 1993.

Mahagonny Songspiel, Hanover, NH. Dartmouth College, Brandon Adams, dir., 4-6 March 1993

Nanna's Lied, San Francisco, CA and New York, NY. San Francisco Ballet Company. Ballet featuring Weill Songs, including "Die Moritat von Mackie Messer," "Le Roi d'Aquitaine," "Das Lied von der harten Nuss," "Denn wie man sich bettet," "Kanonensong," "Havanna Lied," "Surabaya Johnny," and "Nanna's Lied." 11, 13, 16, 21 February, 10, 12, March; 2 April 1993.

Der Protagonist, Der Zar lässt sich photographieren, Santa Fe, NM. The Santa Fe Opera, Jonathan Eaton, dir., George Manahan, cond., 31 July, 4, 13 August 1993.

The Seven Deadly Sins, Los Angeles, CA. Los Angeles Philharmonic, Esa-Pekka Salonen, cond., Elise Ross, sop., 29, 30 October, 1 November 1992.

The Seven Deadly Sins, Symphony No. 2, Mount Vernon, VA. Mount Vernon Chamber Orchestra, Ulysses S. James, cond., Nancy Scimone, sop., 18 October 1992.

The Seven Deadly Sins, Salt Lake City, UT. Utah Symphony, Joseph Silverstein, cond., Marcia Ragonetti, sop., 14-16, January 1993.

Suite from the Threepenny Opera, Kalamazoo, Michigan. Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra, 23 April 1993.

Street Scene, Denton, TX. University of North Texas, Paula Homer, dir., Henry Gibbons, cond., 26, 28 March 1993.

Street Scene, Boston, MA. Boston University Theater, 15-18 April 1993.

Street Scene, Houston, TX. Houston Grand Opera, Francesca Zambello, dir., William Henry Curry, cond., 28, 30 January, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11 February 1994.

The Threepenny Opera, Rindge, NH. Franklin Pierce College, 22-24, April 1993.

Der Zar lässt sich photographieren, Bloomington, IN. Indiana University Studio Opera Company, 15-16 April 1993.

Der Zar lässt sich photographieren, Mahagonny Songspiel, New York, NY. Manhattan School of Music, December 1993.

Newsletter Response Form

Name _____

Institution _____ ___ Add my name to mailing list

Address _____ ___ Delete my name from mailing list

Telephone Number _____ ___ Update listing

Detach and mail to: Kurt Weill Foundation for Music, 7 East 20th Street, New York, NY 10003-1106; or call, (212) 505-5240; or fax, (212) 353-9663

Order Form

The Foundation has a limited number of the following books for sale. Please send this form along with a check payable in U.S. dollars to the Foundation at the address given below. All books will be shipped by UPS in the United States and by surface rate to Europe. New York residents, please add 8.25% sales tax.

No. of copies	Title	Price	Total
_____	Drew. *Kurt Weill: A Handbook*. Faber, 1987.	$30.00	_____
_____	Hinton. *Kurt Weill: The Threepenny Opera* Cambridge, 1990	$12.00(Pbk) $35.00	_____
_____	Huynh, trans. and ed. *Kurt Weill de Berlin à Broadway*. Editions Plume, 1993.	$30.00	_____
_____	Kortländer, Meiszies, Farneth, eds. *Vom Kurfürstendamm zum Broadway: Kurt Weill (1900-1950)*. Droste, 1990.	$18.00(Pbk)	_____
_____	Kowalke, ed. *A New Orpheus: Essays on Kurt Weill*. Yale University Press, 1986.	$18.00(Pbk) $28.50	_____
_____	Kowalke. *Kurt Weill in Europe*. UMI Research Press, 1979.	$20.00	_____
_____	Schebara. *Kurt Weill: Eine Biographie*. VEB Deutscher Verlag, 1990.	$30.00	_____
_____	Weill. *Gesammelte Schriften* (Hinton/Schebara, eds.).	$30.00	_____
_____	Recording. *Berlin im Licht*. Largo 5514.	$15.00	_____

Postage and Handling: $2.50 per item (USA, Canada), $6.00 elsewhere.

TOTAL AMOUNT: _____

Detach and mail with payment to: Kurt Weill Foundation for Music, 7 East 20th Street, New York, NY 10003-1106

THE KURT WEILL FOUNDATION FOR MUSIC, INC.
7 East 20th Street
New York, NY 10003-1106
Phone: (212) 505-5240

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
New York, NY
Permit No. 893