ARTICLES


BOOKS


THESIS AND DISSERTATIONS


RECORDINGS

*Die sieben Todsünden.* Anja Silja, soprano; The Cleveland Orchestra; Christoph von Dohnányi, conductor. The Cleveland Orchestra Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Compact Disc Edition TCO93-75.

*Die sieben Todsünden.* Songs. Gisela May, with various artists. Berlin Classics BC 2069-2. [CD reissue]


*Die sieben Todsünden.* Stravinsky; *Pulcinella* (complete ballet). Elise Ross, soprano; Simon Rattle, cond. EMI Classics 7 64792 2 [CD reissue]

Steve Ross at the Algonquin. Stolen Moments SMCD 1939. [Includes "Here I'll Stay" and "It Never Was You"]

"Zeitgenossen arrangieren Salonorchester." Salonorchester Cöln. EMI CDC 7 499832. [Includes arrangement of "Mack the Knife" by Bruno Maderna.]


The reputation of Franz Schreker has risen dramatically in recent years. Like many of his contemporaries, such as Alexander Zemlinsky, Franz Schmidt, and Kurt Well, Schreker is now assigned a more prominent position in early twentieth-century music than he had been in earlier years. The time for a full-length biographical study like Christopher Hailey's has clearly come.

As the author points out in his introduction, a study of Schreker must cast light not only on the composer but also upon his times. How could a composer once hailed as a composer's development and contemporary trends. Well-chosen musical examples give the reader an excellent grasp of the distinctive features of each work. Hailey also devotes considerable space to the Rezeptionsgeschichte of Schreker's compositions. The critical responses presented here chart a course from the mixed reactions Schreker's first mature works through the nearly unanimous endorsement of Der Schatzgräber to the increasingly hostile reviews—sometimes tinged with anti-Semitism—from 1920s and 1930s.

Hailey's approach is especially convincing when the reference to music in these literary works is at its most explicit. The change undergone by the protagonist of Steppenwolf, Harry Haller, is a case in point. Haller's uncritical acceptance of the narrow bourgeois values imparted by his youth education gives way to a more favorable view of jazz. This transformation is reflected in Haller's initial reverential attitude toward Goethe and Mozart, two icons of high German classicism, and his later enthusiasm for jazz, a symbol of the infiltration of American culture into Germany during the 1920s. Similarly, Weiner's discussion of Werfel's novel shows how Verdi's aesthetic represents a populist view of the artist in society as opposed to the more elitist one depicted in Pfitzner's Palestina.

Anyone interested in the relationship between music and its cultural context, presently a topic of great interest, will find this study worth reading. Weiner's book is also a welcome addition to the growing number of works that examine music from an interdisciplinary perspective.

KEITH COCHRAN
University of North Carolina
at Chapel Hill

Hans Otto Münsterer’s memoirs of his association with Brecht from 1917-22, written by this erstwhile member of the literary coterie which Brecht assembled in his hometown of Augsburg, have grown in importance and relevance since they first appeared in German in 1963. This complete and generally accurate portrait is written by one who belonged to Brecht’s earliest “production team” and who possessed literary talent himself. Münsterer’s collector’s instinct also moved him to preserve partial or complete Brecht-related documents—mostly poems—and information about the writer’s literary and biographical background. These, plus journal entries and letters, captured additional data that both provided a context for many early works and gave unique accounts of lost works, all of which has inspired much scholarship in the ensuing years.

Besides offering a highly readable translation of Münsterer’s text and the numerous poems it cites (as well as useful brief footnotes that decipher obscure references), the editors-translators have appended a long section entitled “Further Perspectives.” Drawing on information about Brecht’s youth that has emerged since 1963, including unpublished documents, these essays (“The Family in Augsburg,” “Brecht and His Clique,” “Girlfriends,” “The War,” “Diaries of the Revolution,” “Fatherhood and Marriage,” “The Literary Profession,” “Patrons and Critics,” and “1922 and Berlin”) update, supplement, and corroborate much of what Münsterer wrote. They correct a few inaccuracies or flaws of memory, but their overall effect is to confirm that, for the most part, Münsterer “got it right.”

I was impressed on re-reading this work after nearly three decades by the relative accuracy and wealth of information in this account of Brecht’s youth, especially on his attachment to Augsburg. As a poet and writer himself, Münsterer gives a better sense than any subsequent memoirs I know (including those by Brecht’s brother Walter) of how the writer, in company with his friends, processed virtually every aspect of his life in those days as art—family, friends, women, the War, encounters with authority, his recreation, the Augsburg cityscape, and much, much more. This youthful and intense group of would-be Bohemians and artists, of whom Brecht remained the unchallenged leader, gave him ready-made collaborators who supplied him with materials and feedback and became his audience for the self-stylizations that characterized his own life and his attempts at art.

Inevitably, these self-stylizations result in a portrait of stark contradictions in the youthful Brecht—bashful naïveté and outrageous impudence, intolerable obnoxiousness and extraordinary charm, painful shyness and towering confidence. But they also reveal that at an early age, the aspiring poet and playwright was engaged in what is sometimes today called “performance art.” It is in this area that one sees the basis for his later collaboration with Kurt Weill.

A dominant motif in Münsterer’s memoirs reveals Brecht as a performing balladeer or singer of lyrics. Repeatedly in these pages the young poet appears with his guitar under his arm, singing his poems to friends in his circle while accompanying himself to his own tunes or those borrowed from popular culture. Münsterer claims that “Brecht’s exceptional musical gifts enabled him to compose folk melodies for almost all his poems.” He recalls how he brought Brecht one of his own serenades for their nightly sessions, whereupon Brecht responded with a spontaneous rendition of an improvised guitar accompaniment.

By his account, the vast majority of Brecht’s poems written during these, the most productive lyric years of his life, either arose simultaneously as words and music, or, if they were written down beforehand, were set to music by Brecht almost immediately after they were read aloud. Whether he used poems to serenade the young women he was courting, or to entertain his friends, or to mock someone, or to demonstrate his literary talent as a lyricist, words and music at this period of his life were inextricably connected and seldom appeared in isolation.

Münsterer describes a period when the coterie was obsessed with Afro-American culture and its translation into themes in certain plays and lyrics. They were also fascinated with the musical implications of the jazz rhythms they heard. He reports as well that Brecht thought of reviving opera and operetta, both of which he saw as wrongly neglected markets for lyric poetry. (Though his idea to smuggle his poetry into uncultured households printed on toilet paper rolls suggests that his approach would not have been highbrow.)

In the section “Further Perspectives,” the editors-translators cite testimony by other contemporaries who remember Brecht in a brothel giving a guitar rendition of Goethe’s “God and the Dancing Girl” that brought down the house in front of an audience that passed the hat and demanded encores. Another member of the clique reports that “Most of his songs began life as texts for tunes he would make up on his guitar. He didn’t sing well, but with an overpowering passion—drunk with his own verses, pictures, and figures, in the way others get drunk on wine—and he made his listeners drunk with them, too.”

The author’s observation that “it seems very plausible... that many of Weill’s or Dessau’s compositions can be traced back to Brecht’s own ideas” might raise objections in some quarters, but evidence from Münsterer’s journals and letters suggest that Brecht’s practice at this young age made his later collaborations with Kurt Weill and other composers an extension of an already established modus operandi. However rudimentary Brecht’s musical knowledge may have been, it informed his creative world as it did in few lyric poets since the minnesingers.

Anyone seriously interested in Brecht’s origins and development as a lyric poet, a theater man, and a collaborator with composers in subsequent years must deal with this work. Nothing else in English or German compares. It is an informative, entertaining, “easy read” on a writer who has been stirring up people since his youth and continues to do so.

JAMES K. LYON
University of California, San Diego

Some, but certainly not all, of the contributions to this volume conform to what I would have expected of a self-styled "companion" to Brecht. German Handbücher on Brecht, Mann or Kafka, and the Oxford Companions to German Literature, Music and so forth, have led one to expect that such books will mainly contain the kind of factual information that will help the user to understand and appreciate particular authors, genres, or works. The volume begins in this vein with a brief "Brecht Calendar" that, following Volker's Brecht-Chronik, tabulates important events in Brecht's life and work. The remainder of the volume is made up of essays, a number of which seek mainly to be informative. Thus the reader will find useful guides to "Brecht's Germany" (but only, unfortunately, covering the period 1898-1933), to his practical work with the Berliner Ensemble, to his poetry (but not, unfortunately, to the uses of language in his plays), to actors' experiences of working with and on Brecht, and, probably of most interest to the readers of the Kurt Weill Newsletter, to the theory and practice of music in Brecht's theater.

Kim Kowalke's essay on this topic lists Brecht's musical collaborators - Weill, Eisler, Hindemith, Parnet and others - but he is mainly interested in the question of what kind of music best accorded with Brecht's conception of Epic Theater. Kowalke draws attention to the different notions Brecht and Weill entertained of "gestus" in music and to the progressive tensions in their relationship, some of which were personal, some ideological, and others the result of a perceived contest for supremacy between words and music in theatrical performance. Kowalke argues that Brecht found his "ideal musical colleague" not in Weill, but in Eisler, whose music ("highly effective, but strictly subordinate to the text") conformed more closely than that of any other composer to Brecht's expectations. On the face of it, this is a surprising claim, since Brecht's theoretical demand for the "separation of the elements" in Epic Theater would seem to be well met by the independent, subversive instrumentation favored by Weill. Conversely, the often directly appellative character of Eisler's settings (described by one of the critics quoted by Kowalke as "proletarian songs that grip you tensely from the first to the last note") seems not to fulfill the demand for "an unsentimental, repertorial, sachlich mode of presentation."

The likely explanation for this discrepancy is that Brecht's theoretical statements about music only partially fitted his real demands, as indeed is generally true of the relation between theory and practice in his work. Naturally enough, his theoretical statements tended to emphasize the points of difference from other conceptions of theater. In practice, however, his theater continued to employ a whole range of familiar rhetorical techniques alongside the "effects of alienation." Eisler suited Brecht better from 1930 onwards, I suspect, because they were then closely attuned ideologically and because Eisler was therefore ready and able to place the rhetorical emphases in the same places as Brecht. Thus, although Kowalke's essay is one of the longer (and more informative) ones in the volume, it shares a difficulty with the other essays, namely that of handling a complex topic within the narrow confines permitted to the contributors, of finding space for background information, textual-musical analysis, argument, and evaluation. Here, as elsewhere, one would have liked to see greater differentiation and more specific detail.

A further difficulty, not uncommon in books by many hands, is that of overlap. Kowalke covers some of the same ground as Stephan McNeill's article in The Three Penny Opera, which is a pity since McNeill could have used more space to describe textual variants and analyse musical effects, matters which really belong in a "Companion."

Taken as a whole, I feel that the editors and contributors of this Companion to Brecht did not have a sufficiently clear notion of their target audience. The beginning needs a good deal of fundamental information that is lacking here. The initiation is likely to feel frustrated by the often too sketchy and cavalier treatment of critical issues. A missed opportunity, I fear, since the English market could have done with something similar to what the volumes of Knopf's Brecht Handbuch offer German readers.

RONALD SPEIRS
University of Birmingham


At last a new English-language book on German cabaret has appeared to complement Lisa Appignanesi's coffee-table volume of 1976. Peter Jelavich's study offers a wealth of documentation as it recounts the history and theory of this art form from its beginnings in 1901 to its "death" in Nazi concentration camps. Jelavich examines the cabaret in relationship to other popular entertainment forms including variety theater, opera, revue, nude dance, and agitprop. Indeed, despite its title, this volume is more of a volume on entertainment and performance than strictly cabaret. One chapter, for instance, focuses on the bombastic theatrical revues and chorus-girl shows of the twenties that are only marginally related to the cabaret. The study situates the development of these entertainment forms in a detailed historical context in order to examine how the performances reflected changing attitudes, roles, and political values, as well as how artists attempted to address the urban experience with the new aesthetic of montage.

As he concentrates on four thematic complexes - politics, sex, fashion, and race - Jelavich highlights the ambivalence and contradictory nature of the portrayal of these topics in popular entertainment, and he questions repeatedly the effectiveness and function of satire, which can critique power structures yet also reinforce them through its function as a safety valve, venting aggression and trivializing cultural conflicts. Apparently, then, modern or resistant culture can suddenly reveal itself to be faddish, hypocritical, even complicitous. However, the most damning weakness of German satirists, the author argues, was their inability to recognize the immensity of the danger Adolf Hitler represented.
The 1993-4 New York cultural season has been a satisfying one for partisans of Weill’s music. The New School for Social Research offered a Mahagonny Songspiel. Der Zar lässt sich photographieren (in English translation) bowed at the Manhattan School of Music, and a concert production of Lady in the Dark will appear in May at City Center.

Any interest in Weill’s music is encouraging. Of course, but performances by the so-called “big five” orchestras are especially welcome. As representatives of the mainstream musical establishment, they command the largest audiences and wield the most influence. Because exposure in such a forum affords a piece the opportunity to become a part of the repertory, two other events were especially noteworthy: the New York Philharmonic incorporated Die sieben Todsünden into its autumn programming [see the review in this issue] and the Philadelphia Orchestra brought the Concerto for violin and wind instruments to Carnegie Hall.

The Concerto (1924) marks an important juncture in Weill’s compositional output, being one of his earliest mature pieces and his last purely orchestral composition until the Symphony No.2 (1934). Rooted in an unconventional tonal idiom that some would term “atonal,” it is a difficult work for both conductor and soloist. The cohesive structural role traditionally played by tonal harmony is assumed instead by carefully maintained relationships among motives, texture, meter, tempo, and dynamics. The conductor must mediate control of these factors with careful observance of the score’s numerous dynamic and articulation indications, attending especially to the contrast between legato and non-legato. A challenge under any circumstances, this assignment is complicated by Weill’s transparent orchestration.

Further confronting the conductor is the task of coordinating and articulating the three main movements – and their subsections – while still retaining the concept of the whole. The Concerto is a work of shifting moods. Certain passages are meant to sound astringent and detached; others exhibit a romantic expressiveness. When these disparate affective worlds are not coordinated carefully, the work falls apart.

The Philadelphia Orchestra and soloist Chantal Juillet satisfied these criteria and offered a superb account of the work. As well as attending to the Concerto’s contrasts in mood and variegated structure, the soloist must execute demanding virtuoso passage work. (Indeed, Weill dedicated the Concerto to Josef Szigeti.) Juillet met this challenge; her traversal of the second movement “Cadenza” was extraordinary. One sensed that both Charles Dutoit and the gifted Juillet, a former pupil of Dorothy De Lay, possess an intuitive grasp of the Concerto’s aesthetic.

As befits a world-class orchestra, the musicianship of the Philadelphians was nonpareil. The ability of the ensemble to articulate local details and characteristics of sections without losing a sense of the overall work proved particularly impressive. Among many outstanding individual performances, those of the two flutists deserved special acknowledgment.

Although problems of execution are usually to be expected in so demanding a piece, the faults in this performance seemed few and minor. Ensemble attacks, particularly on tutti chords, were sometimes hesitant and, consequently, lacked sharpness. Dutoit had isolated difficulties with the maintenance of balances, and the soloist’s occasional intonation and articulation problems tended to blur passages. Most troubling was Juillet’s failure to observe Weill’s muting specifications during a passage in the second movement, resulting in an exact repetition of the preceding measures instead of a variation through timbral change.

All in all, Dutoit and Juillet gave a very satisfying, highly musical performance, and the composer was well served. Significantly for the general public interest in Weill, the work was presented to a Carnegie Hall audience.

Angelina Réaux achieved a genuine success as Anna I & II in her four performances of Die sieben Todsünden with Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic. The soprano projected a justifiable confidence in her vocal and theatrical capabilities, displaying a performing persona of sufficient individuality and scope to sustain a demanding role under the challenging conditions of a concert presentation.

Working with a chair and a few props, Réaux executed a carefully worked-out interpretation with flair and self-assurance. The basic concept of her portrayal was clear and vivid from the start of the Prologue: this Anna was a young woman/girl always looking nervously to her dominating bourgeois family for approval and guidance. Her intermittent rebellions against their authority represented the desperate, needy gestures of someone fundamentally unsure of her own identity. The dualism inherent in the ballet's premise acquired subtler sociological and psychological dimensions, and Anna's journey towards spiritual exhaustion became a satirical-pathetic lesson in the political construction of neurosis.

Vocally, as well, Réaux emphasized fragmentation rather than homogeneity, moving skillfully between the extremes of the 'little girl' voice in which she sang the Prologue and the sensual, mature timbre she exhibited in Lust. Not everything sat comfortably in her voice. She sometimes broke the musical line in order to project text (in well-studied German, a few wayward vowels apart). Given the role's tricky tessitura and the difficulties of singing unmiked over an orchestra intended for the theater, this was an understandable choice.

As the family, four members of the vocal sextet Hudson Shad were first-rate both vocally and dramatically (with Wilbur Pauley a wittily demure Mother, purse on arm). Their moment in the spotlight during Gluttony was a high point of the evening.

For all its pleasures, the performance fell short of delivering the full impact of Weill's score. It only hinted at the deeper spiritual aspects of the piece that constitute Weill's triumphant accomplishment and which lift Die sieben Todsünden far above the limitations of its scenario and Brecht's text. The Philharmonic's "frame" for its pairing of the Weill and Berg's Lulu Suite - "Brecht, Weill and Berlin, 1929-1935" - was something of a red herring to begin with, and Réaux's focus on the socio-psychological and satirical aspects of the piece tended to connect it unhelpfully with stereotyped notions of cabaret.

The real disappointment, though, was Masur's interpretation: despite evident enthusiasm and commitment on his part and from the players, he rushed through the score. At least five of the seven Sins sped by too quickly for their individual qualities to make their mark. At this pace, the rhythms of the piece often lacked proper articulation. Thus, a work full of contrasts between light and dark emerged monochromatic and flat.

NICHOLAS DEUTSCH
New York City


Under David Gockley, the company's general director, the Houston Grand Opera has carved out a special niche by showcasing American music theater, from revivals of classics like Treemonisha, Show Boat, and Porgy and Bess, to new operas by Bernstein, Floyd, Glass, Adams, and other. Its stunning new production of Weill's Street Scene, performed in the company's Wortham Center 28 January through 13 February, gives further credibility to HGO's deep commitment to the American repertoire.

Originally composed for Broadway, Street Scene is as operatic as Carmen and many other works that similarly use spoken dialogue, and it transfers well to the big stage. For this production, one had to strain a bit to hear all the Elmer Rice dialogue (strident New York and florid Italian accents came across the footlights better than guttural German and Swedish ones), but the audience was spared ear-splitting amplification. In addition, the production used surtitles judiciously for some of the work's sung portions, and though one might question the ramifications of surtitles for sung English, the superb Langston Hughes lyrics certainly merit the scrutiny they afford.
When the curtain rose to reveal Adrienne Lobel's set, a strikingly lifelike recreation of a poor midtown Manhattan street in the 1930s, the audience fairly gasped. The entire space was filled with enormous tenement brownstones, set near the proscenium's edge and rendered in meticulous detail, including period architectural carvings and fire escapes, floral curtains and venetian blinds, geraniums and ash cans, even a dog and an infant. (During intermission, audience members — like visitors to a Disney theme park — came up to the pit to gawk at the exposed set.)

The huge buildings not only dwarfed the cast, but overpowered the audience also. In a printed program interview, director Francesca Zambello admonishes, "don't forget, these [Manhattan] streets are only 24 feet wide, including six to eight feet of sidewalk. I wanted the set to be shallow, so it feels like the audience is living in the building across the street. And the buildings are five stories high, so big that even in the front row you can't see the sky above them. Because when you're on a tenement street you really don't see the sky unless you look straight up."

The set's colors — greenish grays and rusty reds — suggested Edward Hopper to many viewers, and Zambello herself describes the colors as having an "Edward Hopper twist to them." Whereas such colors often evoke a kind of desolate emptiness in Edward Hopper's paintings, here they emphasize the production's garish claustrophobia, as do the sizzling yellows, whites, and oranges of Mimi Jordan Sherin's remarkable lighting and the alternately washed-out and vibrant pastels of Martin Pakledinaz's costumes. Zambello's kind of stinging urban realism reminded me more of Reginald Marsh than Edward Hopper.

HGO assembled a remarkably strong cast. As the sensitive, young Rose Maurrant and Sam Kaplan, Merrill Lee McGann, in a blue checkered jacket, red shirt and cream-colored pants, made the most of their delightful jitterbug-blues number, "Moon-faced, Starry-eyed," well choreographed by Denny Berry. Laura Knoop, wonderfully lanky as a young Jennie Hildebrand, did well by the opera's sweeter rousing, "Wrapped in a Ribbon and Tied in a Bow." And the ensemble work throughout was finely tuned and ingeniously staged, including the children's number, "Catch Me If You Can."

Conductor Ward Holmquist followed the singers with exemplary care while driving the drama forward at all times. He had a fine orchestra at his disposal, fully able to cope with Weill's verismo lyricism, jazz rhythms, and expressionist discord.

The production has already garnered warmly appreciative reviews in the Houston dailies, the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal. The production goes this winter to Ludwigshafen and Berlin. I hope someone televises it, for it warrants national attention. Ideally, one might prefer a staging on the more intimate scale originally conceived, but I cannot imagine another production making a stronger case for the work's importance and viability as an opera.

Deborah Leamy, in a loud floral skirt and lime-colored pumps, and Dick McGann, in a blue checkered jacket, red shirt and cream-colored pants, made the most of their delightful jitterbug-blues number, "Moon-faced, Starry-eyed," well choreographed by Denny Berry. Laura Knoop, wonderfully lanky as a young Jennie Hildebrand, did well by the opera's sweeter rousing, "Wrapped in a Ribbon and Tied in a Bow." And the ensemble work throughout was finely tuned and ingeniously staged, including the children's number, "Catch Me If You Can."

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HOWARD POLLACK
University of Houston

The organizers of the second Kurt Weill Festival chose carefully and purposely the Junker’s Propeller Works in Dessau as the venue for the concert performance of the Weill-Brecht radio cantata, Der Lindberghflug. The obvious aim in selecting this site was to stir up associations between the work and the physical locale.

This stage, which had been used for military purposes since the war and thus closed off to the public, offered a performance space off the beaten path and yet located in the spiritual center of the piece; thus, a memorial was created to the euphoria of mankind’s technological accomplishments. Similarly, Der Lindberghflug, composed in 1929 and following the same spirit, returned to the home of its composer for this performance.

For months, students from Dessau’s Philanthropinum, the most prestigious Gymnasium in the city, rehearsed Der Lindberghflug’s choral sections during which their teacher, Erdmute Geyer, challenged the limits of their abilities. Although a precedent for didactic musical-drama presentation had been set with last year’s production of Der Jasager, the dynamics of this performance posed a new challenge: this year the use of a professional orchestra raised markedly the artistic standards. The fact that professionals and ambitious amateurs came together to pull off a truly worthwhile...
professional singers, all very much in the contribution was that of the students: Junkers Propeller Works. During the presentation and held their own against the audience with clear, focused, and secure direction by Jurgen Bruns, opened the program. Andreas Jungwirth, an actor from the Dessauer Landestheater, followed with the introductory dedication, prologue to Der Lindberghflug, which has proven an indispensable concession to the Brecht heirs. Bathed in colored light that was nearly too bright for the scenes to follow, the narrator found his way through the static physical arrangement of the chorus and conveyed a sense of distance by an interpretation that never quite exposed the pathos of the libretto.

"Hier ist der Apparat! Steig ein." Against the sparse scenery, a fateful propeller swung from side to side in the Junkers Propeller Works. During the first fifteen parts, the chorus captivated the audience with clear, focused, and secure direction, only rarely marred by individual voices. The young conductor sensitively held back his musicians, brought forward the singers, and balanced the whole. Tenor Martin Tetzold conveyed a powerful Lindbergh, and baritone Andreas Scholz and bass Dirk Schmidt contributed adequately to the proceedings. But the most impressive contribution was that of the students: they tackled their parts with concentration and held their own against the professional singers, all very much in the spirit of the authors, who expressly wished to see young people involved in the realization of their didactic works.

Indeed, a few aspects did distract from the performance, e.g., the performance of "Pog" and occasional lapses in the exceedingly demanding tenor part. Nonetheless, the fine ensemble never flagged in intensity during the performance. The performance was made especially congenial by the active give and take between soloists and chorus. In retrospect, one may note that, fortunately, a planned change of scenery was cut, allowing the audience to concentrate on the work. Thus, neither flaws nor strengths were concealed by artistic trickery; the intended concert atmosphere was maintained. Instead of modernisms, one observed a visible effort for respectful authenticity that could never be misconstrued as self-conscious reverence.

This fresh, uncomplicated treatment of Weill's work stirred the audience, and generous applause rewarded the actors as well as the director Stephan Blüher (from the Komische Oper Berlin). A second performance during the festival repeated the success of the premiere.

Dr. Joachim Lucchesi of the Technische Universität Berlin complemented this part of the festival with a detailed introduction to the historical background and origins of Der Lindberghflug. Audience members could also view an exhibition, "Im Rhythmus der Zeit," at the Dessau Historical Museum on the history of the airplane industry in Dessau.

ANDREAS HILLGER
Dessau
Translated by Kathleen Finnegan

The good news is that the original version of Die sieben Todsünden is being performed and recorded more often: two of these three new recordings employ it - and the third, on Capriccio, was apparently recorded as long ago as 1978, so its use of the transposed Bruckner-Rüggeb erg version doesn't represent the current state of affairs. The bad news is that the best recording of the Urtext is the least accessible: the Silja-Dohnányi performance, recorded in concert at the 1992 Salzburg Festival, is an inextricable part of a ten-disc historical survey of the Cleveland Orchestra (a fascinating survey in- deed, including long-unavailable commercial recordings plus a wealth of live-performance material, notably from the long tenure of George Szell — but hardly a casual purchase).
Exceptional in the Cleveland performance is the charged conviction of both singing and playing; the march and dance and song rhythms are defiantly precise, the ensemble is sleek and brilliant, the quartet is well-blended (though the first tenor could be sweeter). The Cleveland is the only world-class orchestra in this trio, and that makes a difference, even if we may feel that its shiny Rolls-Royce power is not always the aptest vehicle for the work. Silja’s fervent Anna is not without problems: her inherent tremolo renders intonation frequently impure, the notes at the top of the staff tend to be shrill and blowy, and some variation of the incessantly bright timbre would yield greater emotional shading.

Fassbaender’s performance has more such shading and is also occasionally freer with the written notes. This is a tough-minded interpretation, with no sentiment to spare for the big tune in “lust.” Her colleagues are not in the same league as Silja’s; an ill-blended quartet, a conductor who fails to vitalize the rhythms or integrate the tempos and thus undercuts the singer’s expressive edginess. The filler songs (taken in low keys) make a more consistent impact, which will not surprise those who have observed Ms. Fassbaender’s gradual metamorphosis into a distaste; she gives every song point and character, and, though the sound is no longer plush, it remains potent and expressive. Garben’s piano accompaniments have the firmness he was apparently unable to wrest from the orchestra.

Just why Capriccio’s Weill series resurrected a 1978 tape of a commonplace rendering of the Brückner-Rüggeberg version from the Cologne Radio Archives to pair with a new Mahagonny Songspiel is a mystery – too bad, too, for Jan Latham-König leads a more respectable performance of the latter, delivering the kind of rhythmic drive that was missing in his complete Aufstieg for the same company; by comparison, the Mauceri recording seems stodgy. The singers are a strong group (Walter Raffeiner, singing the tenor role of Charlie, is mysteriously credited as a baritone, though he has always previously been billed as a tenor), and, unlike Mauceri’s cast, they don’t have to dumb down to match Ute Lemper. The fascinating score deserves all the attention it can get for – rather than a “suite” – it offers versions of the songs significantly denser and more original than those in the later opera.

At present Lenya’s unique recording of the transposed version of Die sieben Todsünden is out of the catalogue; those who insist on the low keys might note that the 1966 Gisela May-Herbert Kegel recording, which boasts a splendid male quartet headed by Peter Schreier, has just returned on the Berlin Classics label (BC-2069-2), coupled with a standard selection of Berlin theater songs. For the original version, those not tempted to invest in the history of the Cleveland Orchestra will probably prefer to wait for Teldec’s forthcoming version by Angelina Réaux and the New York Philharmonic under Kurt Masur.


The opening shot of the Westdeutscher Rundfunk’s television film of Der Lindberghflug fades to a table supporting a small Art Deco lamp and a circa-1927 radio. Over the airwaves, a voice briefly recounts the exploits of the aviator, adding some revisionist perspective. The graceful hand of an unseen listener occasionally reaches over to adjust the tuning, as static constantly encroaches on the broadcast. The film is in black-and-white, the texture one of inviting, muted elegance.

The first frames of La Sept-Arte’s film of Die sieben Todsünden reveal a highway on the outskirts of a faceless American city. We see two vehicles pass; a white Mazda pick-up is clearly identified by the camera. Suddenly, we cut to our dual protagonists, Anna I and Anna II, who are standing against a blue, two-dimensional backdrop in a studio, ostensibly hitchhiking. The cuts continue to alternate between the outdoor location video of the highway and the reaction shots of the Annas in the rather flatly-lit studio. The
chummy juxtaposition of these shots is jarring and disorienting, and is the first indication of director Peter Sellars's general ineptness with a camera. The constant cutting between Teresa Stratas's haunted, world-weary face and shaky video images of views peering out of and into quickly moving vehicles invoke nothing more than a fourth-rate Godard, lacking the underlying formal logic, not to mention brilliance. Both of these opening moments reveal immediately the essential features of the films, providing respectively positive and negative object-lessons on what can be accomplished with a modest budget.

The radio voice at the opening of Der Lindberghflug intones Bertolt Brecht's Prologue as he amended it in 1950, twenty-one years after the work's completion. This new Prologue introduces the protagonist and extols his triumph over the elements, but it follows with a disclaimer, motivated by Lindbergh's Nazi sympathies before and during World War II: "You are warned: neither courage nor knowledge of motors and seameas" is enough for canonization in a hero's song. The revised 1950 text follows up on this warning by expurgating all mention of Lindbergh's name. A new focus for the work is found in the celebration of the workers who built and assembled the plane, ran the printing presses, etc. Brecht even renamed the work, giving it the generic title Der Ozeanflug. All of this was engineered without Weill's knowledge, who died shortly thereafter. Despite using the 1950 Prologue in his film, Jean-François Jung does not observe the letter of its intent. Lindbergh's name and photograph appear repeatedly throughout the film in newspaper headlines and photographs. Images from silent films and early talkies whimsically infuse the mise-en-scene: a dotted line drawing itself across the globe, tracing the flight; matte shots of the New York skyline, with Lindbergh's face looming in the center; the camera's fetish-like obsession with machinery; and patently obvious miniature models of ships and the Spirit of St. Louis. This montage of visual elements matches appropriately the overall design of the work. Like Die sieben Todsünden, Der Lindberghflug is a series of tableaux - fifteen in all - separated in this film by shots of a radio commentator who reads the title of each scene, occasionally using visual aids.

The craft, pacing, wit, composition, and coordination of shots with elements of the score are superb throughout. The choir scenes contain, for the most part, a toned-down Ziegfeldesque approach to staging and tracking sequences. In Scene 7, "Schlaf" (the opening is reminiscent rhythmically and harmonically of "Berlin im Licht Song"), Lindbergh drifts off to sleep, and an image of God-as-giant appears looming over the plane. The camera revolves around this bass soloist, shifting perspective, and the plane is suddenly transformed into a scale model on a table at a society party. Contemporary stock footage is well-chosen for the "Arrival" scene at Paris's Le Bourget airport.

Richard Erwin Sammel cuts a stunningly effective figure as Lindbergh - physically and dramatically. The soloists (Wolfgang Schmidt, Herbert Feckler, Lorenz Minth, Christoph Scheeben) and chorus (the Pro Musica Köln) perform throughout with clarity, power, and ease. Peter Wollasch is an amusing presence as the speaker, and the Kölner Rundfunkchor, under the direction of Jan Latham-König, delivers a solid, moving account of the score. Special mention must be made of Raymond Geiger's sublime, expressionist lighting design. The whole has been directed by Jung with exquisite elegance, invention, and craft. One only wishes the work had been filmed rather than video-taped. This production is more than worthy of the deeper visual texture that the film medium affords.

Unfortunately, La Sept-Arte's production of Die sieben Todsünden fails to attain the same level of achievement. Peter Sellars's almost ceaseless and always relentless cutting "technique" shifts the camera arbitrarily and capriciously, MTV-style, with every phrase, sometimes resulting in embarrassingly infantile representations of whole scenes. There is nothing inherently wrong with fast cutting where quick rhythms and clipped articulations suggest it, such as in the exuberant fox-trot of "Zorn." In this production, however, it inexplicably pervades even the most lyrical sections of the score. Further, Sellars's choice and ordering of subjects seems largely incoherent. He employs unpredictable shifts of perspective, numerous zoom-ins, and abundant close-ups of faces, shoulders, torsos, and occasionally of subjects that remain unidentified.

It is this last element - the omnipresence of close-ups - that frustrates most. Sellars's work for the stage has many positive and creative attributes. But the few brief glimpses of the entire stage allowed by Sellars the film director are never sufficient for the viewer to derive any sense of blocking, let alone fluidity or continuity.

Overall, the film gives the sense of a directorial style at cross purposes with itself. The location video sequences between each scene suggest the director's desire for an actual location film. This ambition is negated, however, by each return to the studio set with its flat, featureless backdrops. Sellars's quick cutting - a purely cinematic technique - juxtaposes the location footage with what appears to be a pre-existing theatrical staging. Such conceptual conflicts have manifested themselves previously in the director's films of Mozart and Handel operas, but never to such an extreme degree.
As is typical with most Sellars offerings, his *Die sieben Todsünden* is set in the present. Prominent trademarks, logos, and advertising images appear throughout. References are also made to current events: while in Hollywood ("Zorn"), the Annas are shown looting in the midst of the 1992 Los Angeles riots, with the family observing in grave consternation via television. While this scene seems rather gratuitous, there are several others that come off as relevant and clever. In "Sloth," the family seems to live in a vague world of blended social institutions - is the family in prison, in line for welfare checks, or at the unemployment office? Visual clues finally assert the last option, while Peter Rose, wide-eyed with maternal horror, sings in an impressive basso profundo of "her" daughter's notorious laziness.

Until "Pride," no real dramatic interaction is visible between Anna I (Teresa Stratas) and her catalyzing foil Anna II (dancer Nora Kimball). *Die sieben Todsünden*, subtitled a "ballet with singing," is a stew of genres, and the challenge presented by the dance component of the work (or, specifically, what to do with Anna II) has inspired a variety of approaches by different directors. Sellars develops Anna II's movement no more than he does that of the singing Anna I, though any choreography would be rendered mostly inscrutable by the camera techniques described above. Still, the interaction of Stratas and Kimball electrifies once it is allowed to surface. The final shot of this scene - one of the few held shots in the production - is brilliant: the faces of both Annas form a beautifully "balanced" from a visual perspective. The costumed façade is stripped away suddenly at the tutti fortissimo chords that end the scene; the Annas are once again haggard and unkempt, as they were at the opening, and wear gray sweatsuits. The camera pans back to reveal the two Teresa Stratas conveys the complexity of her character with ever startling, moving conviction and presence in a performance full of moments of almost unbearable poignancy. My memory of her voice and image as she sings "...und auch aus Liebe" in "Sloth" will persist for a long time.

The execution by Kent Nagano's Orchestre de L'Opéra de Lyon is mostly clean yet not spotless; many of the tempos seem to drag, perhaps in service to the directorial concept. (The energy, naked power, and precision of Michael Tilson Thomas's London Symphony Orchestra audio recording are vastly superior.) Despite this and the maddening film direction, the video is a worthy document of the superb work of this cast and of the special interpretive gift of Teresa Stratas.

*GEOFFREY BURLESON*
*College of the Holy Cross*
AUSTRIA
Die Dreigroschenoper, Graz, Schauspielsaal, Oliver Keymis, dir., Johannes Kern, cond., in repertory 1993-94 season.

CANADA
Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny, Toronto, Canadian Opera Company in co-production with the Scottish National Opera, Robert LePage, dir., Richard Bradshaw, cond., October 1995.


FRANCE
Cello Sonata, Paris, The American Cathedral in Paris, Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, 10 February 1994


Die Dreigroschenoper, Bordeaux, Théâtre de Biarritz, 30 December 1994.


GERMANY

Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Gelsenkirchen, Musiktheater am Revier, Jean Bauer, dir., Uwe Eric Laufenberg, cond., 27 March; 3, 7, 9, 24, 27 April; 20, 21 May 1994.


Die Dreigroschenoper, Neumarkt, Bürgerhaus, 1 October 1993, in repertory 1993-94 season.


Der nette Orpheus, Kammerspiele Berlin, Jürgen Bruns, cond., 4, 5 March 1994.

Der Threepenny Opera, Graz, University of Graz, 1994.

The Seven Deadly Sins, Kammersymphonie Berlin, Jürgen Bruns, cond., 4, 5 March 1994.

The Seven Deadly Sins, Staatstheater am Gartnerplatz, Heinz Thun, cond., 17 June 1994.

UNITED STATES
One Touch of Venus, Seattle Opera, 18 December 1993.

Knoxville, TN, University of Tennessee Opera Theatre, 26, 28 and 29 March 1994.

Lady in the Dark, New York City, The Village Gate, 15, 17, 19, 21 March 1994.

The Seven Deadly Sins, Boston, 1994-95 seasons.


ISRAEL
Lost in the Stars, Tel-Aviv. Habima National Theatre, Uri Paster, dir., Rafi Kadishsohn, cond., 5-13; 29-31 March; 25, 7, 9-11 April; 11-12, 14, 16-19, 21-22 May 1994.

JAPAN
Der Jasager, Tokyo, Sogakudo, Hikari Hayashi and Ensemble, 21, 22 January 1994.

NETHERLANDS

SWEDEN
Die Dreigroschenoper, Göteborg, Grand Theater, Cosmorama, 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15-18, 20, 22, 23, 25-27, 29-31 March 1994.


SWITZERLAND

UNITED KINGDOM


UNITED STATES


The Seven Deadly Sins, Winston-Salem, NC. North Carolina School of the Arts, 5-8 May 1994.


The Seven Deadly Sins, Brooklyn, NY. Marianne Faithfull, Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra, Dennis Russell Davies, cond., 7, 8 April 1995.

Street Scene, Knoxville, TN, University of Tennessee Opera Theatre, 26, 28 February 1994.


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