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- Levitz, Tamara. Teaching New Classicality: Busoni's Master Class in Composition, 1921-1924. Ph.D. dissertation, University of Rochester, Eastman School of Music, 1994. (Available from UMI Research Press, order number 9412977)

## RECORDINGS

- I Wish It So*. Dawn Upshaw [sings songs by] Bernstein, Blitzstein, Sondheim, Weill; Eric Stern, conductor. Nonesuch 9 79345-2. [Includes "That's Him," "The Saga of Jenny," "Stay Well," and "My Ship."]
- Let No One Deceive You: Songs of Bertolt Brecht*. Frankie Armstrong and Dave Van Ronk, with Leon Rosselson, guitar and piano, and others. Flying Fish Records FF 70557.
- Love Shouldn't Be Serious: Rosamund Shelley Sings Kurt Weill*. With Christopher Littlewood, piano. Virtuosi Recordings mmp cd 1010.
- "Songs of Humor and Satire" Gregg Smith Singers; Gregg Smith, conductor. Premier PRCD 1030. [Includes "Ho Billy O!" from *Love Life*]
- Die sieben Todsünden. Lulu Suite* by Berg. Angelina Réaux, soprano; members of the Hudson Shad; Kurt Masur, conductor; New York Philharmonic. Teldec 4509-95029-2.
- Die sieben Todsünden. Songs*. Anne Sofie von Otter, soprano; John Eliot Gardiner, conductor, NDR-Sinfonie Orchester. DGG CD 439 894-2.
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## VIDEOTAPES

- America and the Holocaust: Deceit & Indifference*. Narrated by Hal Linden. Written, produced and directed by Martin Ostrow. A Fine Cut Productions, Inc. film for The American Experience. Shanachie 934. (ISBN 1-56633-145-5) [Includes newsreel footage from the original production of *We Will Never Die*.]



**The Weimar Republic Sourcebook.** Edited by Anton Kaes, Martin Jay, and Edward Dimendberg. (Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: University of California Press, 1994). 806 pp.

The Weimar Republic was born in violence on 9 November 1918 and baptized on 14 August 1919 when its constitution became law. It sustained severe injuries with the first suspension of the Reichstag on 16 July 1930, and it died on 30 January 1933 with the appointment of Adolf Hitler as Chancellor. The poorly attended funeral was held on 23 March 1933 when the Reichstag officially ceded all remaining legislative authority to the executive branch. The precision with which its history can be demarcated, as well as the barbarity that preceded and followed it, have given the Weimar Republic a kind of retrospective tidiness it never possessed in life. As a political entity it was an idea at constant odds with reality, its constitution a pristine bandage over the ugly, festering wound of defeat that required radical surgery.

For what it lacked in self-confidence, the fledgling Republic sought compensation in symbols, foremost among them the city where its constitution was drafted and which gave the Republic its name. But memories of Goethe's Weimar could not obscure the fact that that eighteenth-century court town, located in one of the most conservative regions of Germany, had been anything but a democracy. A better choice would have been Frankfurt, Goethe's birthplace, a thriving and progressive hub of business and

learning with a long democratic tradition and lingering memories of 1848. And the proudly independent city state of Hamburg would have been a capital far more hospitable to republican government than imperial Berlin.

Might-have-beens are the birthright of disappointed hopes, and from its inception the Weimar Republic was a well of disappointments. Yet these fourteen years produced a ferment of cultural and intellectual activity unparalleled in German history. It is this Weimar Republic of the *spirit* that lived on, nurtured by communities of emigrés that had helped create and – in exile – perpetuate its myths. Their contributions insured that bits of Weimar culture flourished in London, New York, Los Angeles, Buenos Aires, Mexico City, and countless other places of refuge around the globe.

It is the illusion of its presence that makes reconstruction of the historical Weimar Republic difficult. We have been taught by its exiles, worked in its buildings, sat in its chairs, and been entertained by its visions. Much that we encounter in the historical Weimar is familiar for having been packaged and re-packaged in picture books that adorn our desks and coffee tables. At the same time we have come to think of the twelve years of National Socialism that followed the Weimar Republic as some radical

other, a dark force lurking in the German character that after 1933 gained the upper hand. Weimar is us, we think: tragically flawed perhaps, but an embryonic form of that which we have become. The more complicated truth is that the Weimar experience was a contentious polyphony of ideas that resists facile summary or ready identification. This is the Weimar Republic of *The Weimar Republic Sourcebook*, an ambitious compilation of documents (most translated for the first time) that seeks to show the era in all its diversity.

Thirty chapters, most containing ten to twelve relatively short items, are arranged under six thematic headings ("A New Democracy in Crisis," "Pressure Points of Social Life," "Intellectuals and the Ideologies of the Age," "The Challenge of Modernity," "Changing Configurations of Culture," "The Transformation of Everyday Life"). The scope and variety are stunning: excerpts from the Weimar Constitution, an essay about nudism in Berlin, a manifesto of utopian architecture, a thought piece on book clubs, a chapter devoted to "Imagining America: Fordism and Technology," another to "Sexuality: Private Rights versus Social Norms," a third to "Cinema from Expressionism to Social Realism." There is significant and no doubt intentional overlap between chapters so that questions of gender, for instance, are examined from a range of political, economic, and cultural perspectives. One repeatedly encounters themes that resonated throughout the society: the self-conscious obsession with finding the sound, the look, the feel, the experience "of the times"; the preoccupation with America; the experience of mechanization, the rationalized work place, and the mass market; and the interpenetration of high and low culture.

The documents, organized chronologically within each chapter, are drawn from sources ranging from books and pamphlets to magazines, newspapers, flyers, and government publications. Each chapter is preceded by an introductory essay and the end material includes short biographies of most authors, a political chronology of the period, a selected bibliography, and an index. Don Reneau produced most of the translations and should have earned more prominent credit for such a massive and impressively executed undertaking.

This sourcebook is a monumental tome, beautifully produced and generally well-edited. Still, in limiting themselves to documents published between 9 November 1918 and 30 January 1933 the editors begin their story too late to explicate its antecedents and end it too early to explore its consequences. To some extent this artificial constraint is offset by chapter introductions (such as the essay on architecture) that are admirably concise in reviewing pre-war back-



ground and contemporary context. The decision to exclude most fiction was no doubt painful; the loss is only partially offset by the inclusion of literary reviews. The editors show more flexibility in their attitude toward national boundaries by including Czech and Austrian writers (Max Brod, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Stefan Zweig, among others) and drawing on non-German sources (*Musikblätter des Anbruch*, for instance, was published in Vienna). Such an inclusive attitude suggests a view of Weimar as more a place of mind than of geography.

There are annoying inconsistencies, such as whether titles are given in German or English (I would have preferred original titles with bracketed translations), and annotations are so sparse that their sporadic appearance seems capricious. Rather than simply omit the obscure or unidentified from the author biographies, the editors could at least have noted where and what they published. Only occasionally is there background information on the nature of the sources (such as in the introduction to the chapter on the illustrated press and photography). A *dramatis personae* of the newspapers, journals, magazines, and publishing houses from which the bulk of the documents are drawn would have focused and amplified such scattered information and greatly enhanced the reader's critical perspective. A few representative facsimiles would also have allowed the dimensions of layout and typography (frequently cultural statements in themselves) to heighten our understanding of the sources.

An anthology must be judged by its principles of selection. In their preface the editors write: "If a master narrative of Weimar history with collapse and horror as its telos is no longer viable, the principle of montage suggests itself as a more appropriate strategy for comprehending the fragments of an untotizable whole" (xvii). The analogy is awkward, for it invokes a means decidedly at odds with the stated ends. In the hands of its most famous Weimar practitioner, John Heartfield, the montage is a clash of disparate images less suited for understanding its component fragments than drawing from their juxtaposition a confection of savage political commentary. While *The Weimar Republic Sourcebook* is too rich in scope to be accused of "totalizing" the Weimar experience, the telos of the inherited master narrative is still very much alive.

Of the 327 documents more than half are drawn from the later years of the Republic, an imbalance that increases to nearly four to one in those chapters dealing with the arts. The result is that the extremely fertile – if poorly understood – early years of the Republic until around 1925 serve merely to set the stage for the crisis years of 1929-32. More differentiated handling would have delineated ways in which, for instance, New

Objectivity was not the rejection of Expressionism (p.476) but its natural outgrowth; or shown that, far from waiting until the "last years of the republic" to "infiltrate the cultural sphere" (p.595), right-wing politics were deeply embedded in a cultural dialogue inherited from the pre-war years.

Another example of tunnel-vision-of-hindsight history is the tendency to orient discussion around familiar icons. In the chapter on cinema, for instance, there are fascinating critiques of *Metropolis*, *The Blue Angel*, and *M*, but nothing about genres – little-known in the U.S.A. at least – such as the *Heimat* films (Leni Riefenstahl's *Das blaue Licht* is a prime example) that had an enormous impact upon audiences in the later twenties and early thirties. Likewise under-represented are the tremendously vibrant comedies, musicals, and operettas that sustained the German film industry during these years. Among the documents dealing with theater, there are ten items by or about Brecht, but nothing on or by no less representative older generation authors such as Georg Kaiser or Gerhart Hauptmann. No single generation had a monopoly on the intellectual imagination of Weimar Germany.

The most egregious imbalance for a sourcebook dedicated to a Republic of 60 million people is the nearly exclusive focus upon Berlin, particularly in the sections dealing with the arts. It is simply not true, for instance, that most new operas were premiered in Berlin (p.658). In music, theater, art, and literature impulses from the provinces – from Fritz Jöde's music educational reforms in Hamburg to Lothar Schenck von Trapp's innovative set designs in Darmstadt – contributed significantly to the cultural tone of the Republic. Indeed, the extraordinary intensity of Berlin's cultural life could not have been sustained without a lively dialogue with innovative and enterprising spirits across the land.

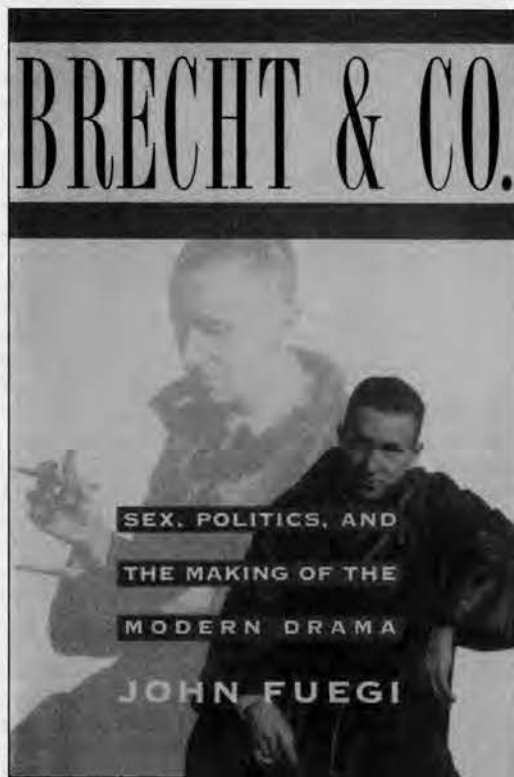
Music is extensively represented through its significant presence in chapters dealing with proletarian culture, the cabaret, *Gebrauchsmusik* and opera, and the mass media. About half of these items are already available in English (including the three Weill selections: "Zeitoper," the *Three Penny Opera* correspondence in *Anbruch*, and "Dance Music"), but there are contributions from Friedrich Hollaender, Frank Warschauer, and H. H. Stuckenschmidt that represent important additions to the literature. In sum, however, the presentation of music is even more lopsided than that of the other arts. With one or two exceptions, the vast majority of selections come from the later twenties and most focus on Berlin. Hindemith, Weill, and the Kroll opera (with a nod to Krenek, Berg, and Schoenberg) are the familiar names put forth to represent the sum total of Weimar musical culture. To be sure many important themes are addressed: mechanization,

*Gebrauchsmusik*, the *Zeitoper*, jazz. But how can it be that Germany's two most influential critics, Paul Bekker and Adolf Weissmann, go unrepresented; that there is not so much as a mention of Leo Kestenberg, a driving force of musical life and educational reform in Berlin and across the nation; that Ferruccio Busoni, Franz Schreker, Richard Strauss scarcely emerge from the shadows; that Hans Pfitzner, an eloquent spokesman for conservative cultural values, is totally ignored; and that amid so much discussion about popular music there is nothing by any of its practitioners? These lapses along with a number of careless errors and vague formulations suggest that music was not an area of the editors' expertise.

No doubt part of the problem of balance throughout the volume involves the editors' decision to favor "texts that ignited debates, spawned controversy, or articulated an issue particularly well" (p.xix). Especially in the chapters on the arts, the understandable bias in favor of experimental and progressive points of view has tended to dislocate Weimar culture from broader cultural continuities and allowed brittle rhetoric to drown out more differentiated voices. Hanns Johst's turgid statement about drama and the national idea, for instance, stands a lonely vigil on the right in the chapter on theater; it scarcely hints at – much less explains – the deep emotions that fueled the period's debates about the theater. More attention to the flourishing cultivation of the traditional cultural patrimony at sites like Hamburg's Thalia Theater or Munich's Residenz-Theater might have given better evidence of the symbiosis that existed between tradition and innovation. Likewise Paul Hindemith's and Walter Gropius's writings in defense of Otto Klemperer and the Kroll Opera have less immediacy than a review of a Kroll production that might have related production style to existing performing traditions. In general, programmatic statements are less interesting and informative than documents of reception history. For example, documentation of the Göttingen Handel revival or of the debate about Beethoven on the occasion of the 1927 centennial of his death would have gone a long way toward integrating contemporary aesthetic debates with ongoing cultural concerns. It is only by making real the presence of the past – at its best and worst – that we can recapture the sense of liberation and terror that attended the new.

These criticisms are not intended to diminish the achievements of *The Weimar Republic Sourcebook* but to pay tribute to its ambitions. It is a welcome and valuable contribution to understanding a complex era that continues to haunt and inspire our own.

CHRISTOPHER HAILEY  
Los Angeles



**Brecht & Co.: Sex, Politics, and the Making of the Modern Drama.**  
By John Fuegi. (New York: Grove Press, 1994). 872 pp.

*Editor's note: The Kurt Weill Newsletter does not usually reprint reviews from other publications, but here we make an exception. The Editors invited Mr. Feingold to review Mr. Fuegi's book before we were aware of his engagement by the Village Voice (New York) for the same assignment. Mr. Feingold responded by offering the Newsletter the right to reprint the review as it would appear in the Voice. We accepted this offer, knowing that a significant percentage of our readership would not have access to the review in its original publication and thus would not have the opportunity to consider Mr. Feingold's detailed response to Brecht & Co.*

I brought the indictment with me -- I don't know if I can set all the charges straight, it's such a long list, it seems to go on forever... You're a terrible man.

Polly, *Die Dreigroschenoper*

Bertolt Brecht was a terrible man, probably as terrible a man as an artist of his high stature has ever been. Although he didn't murder his wife, like Gesualdo, or commit treason, like Ezra Pound, he committed evasions or inactions that amounted to nearly the same thing. Many of the personal betrayals, contractual defalcations, and casual plagiarisms he committed have long been matters of public record, despite the fierce struggles of a pro-Brecht literary party -- backed by a Party of quite another sort -- to keep them out of the

conversation. Unfortunately for their efforts, Soviet-style Communism is dead, and the sort of literary partisanship that said all the good writers were on one's own side has pretty much died with it, while Brecht the artist is still alive: poet, playwright, stage director, and theorist; without question one of the two or three most influential figures of the twentieth-century stage.

As a result, the trail of grievances he left behind is still alive too -- a string of open, palpitating wounds across the face of the modern theater. To come to a full evaluation of Brecht, ultimately we will have to know everything, including the worst, and we will have to know it all in detail. It is thus a significant task that John Fuegi has undertaken: to assemble in *Brecht & Co.*, after two decades of near-total immersion

in Brecht research, as thorough an indictment as has ever been brought against the poet. But in this effort he has failed, completely and resoundingly, to make the slightest dent in the picture of Brecht we already have. It will all have to be done again, in ten or twenty years' time, by some scholar less emotionally wrapped up in the subject.

The greatest shame is that we sorely need to see the indictment drawn up as accurately as possible. We may choose to wash our hands of Brecht the man, but Brecht the artist is in the case up to his ears: The half-spoken thesis of Fuegi's work, and the inference behind his title, is that Brecht, to a very large extent, did not write his own works. Even this, in itself, is not such big news as it might sound to the uninitiated. The theater is a collaborative art, and every play that sets on a stage is, willy-nilly, a collective creation to some extent. Shakespeare did not write every word of the plays we call his, and Jerry Herman did not write every song in *Hello, Dolly*. But in both cases there is still the sense of one author riding herd, however fitfully, on the chaotic mass of contributors. To say that Shakespeare picked up "It was a Lover and His Lass" (a popular song of his time) and stuck it in *As You Like It*, much as he might pick up a penny in the street and stick it in his pocket, is not to say that he was, as some idiots allege, merely an illiterate plebeian who had the luck to be hired as a front man for the clandestine writings of Bacon or the Earl of Pembroke. And this is not very far from what Fuegi frequently alleges about Brecht.

The situation is complicated by Brecht's relation to the vast cohort he called his *Mitarbeiter* (collaborators). Shakespeare, a shareholding member of a professional acting company, may have dressed with the colleagues who contributed to his plays, but we have no evidence that he slept with any of them. Brecht's case is a grislier one altogether, for we are dealing with an artist who is also an appetitive, selfish, spoiled child, mean about money, cowardly whenever he doesn't have to seem brave, cynically on the lookout for his own comfort at all times, and a master at the art of using tantrums to get his way. In a Germany (or a German-emigré America) that viewed women essentially as household appliances and placed the highest cultural value on the living presence of *der Dichter*, he was in demand sexually, the way a pop star or TV celebrity would be today, and he took full advantage, surrounding himself with the sort of harem that best suited him: educated, articulate young women, half-emancipated and uncertain of their status, who could always be cajoled or bullied out of their periodic attempts to break away.



Nominally, these women served Brecht as secretaries, largely unpaid. But like many businessmen who sleep with their secretaries, Brecht sought understanding, intellectual exchange, and creative stimulus in these relationships as well as sex, and chose his targets shrewdly enough to get his wish. In return for which, with an animal cunning so brilliantly developed it ranks as an odious kind of genius in itself, he played them off against each other, against the two women he actually married, and against the demands of his only true mistress, the theater, with innumerable expressions of tenderness and no real mercy whatever. In the meantime, a dozen-odd masterpieces of modern dramatic literature, many epoch-making stage productions, and countless beloved poems, somehow got created. How much did the "secretaries" have to do with it?

Fuegi wants us to see their creative role as central, particularly with the three women who served Brecht the longest and were worst treated by him: Elisabeth Hauptmann, Margarete ("Grete") Steffin, and Ruth Berlau. They came from widely different backgrounds. Hauptmann, cosmopolitan in culture but sheltered from experience when she first met Brecht in 1924, was the daughter of a minor Prussian aristocrat and an Austrian-American concert pianist. Fluent in English and French (as Brecht distinctly was not), she had acquired her excellent education largely in the face of her father's Junkerish disapproval; till the Nazis came to power, much of her public conduct – like an initial reluctance to publish under her own name – was motivated by an uncertainty as to what behavior people in the tiny town of Pueckelsheim would and would not approve in the daughter of a Court Councilor.

In Fuegi's eyes, Hauptmann is virtually the author of *Die Dreigroschenoper*, a project on which Brecht had done next to no work when he sold it to the novice producer Ernst Josef Aufricht as his own creation. But to assert this is to misunderstand the whole nature of Brecht's creative process, which involved a constant and nightmarishly anarchic reshaping of texts as the surrounding context shifted. A hectographic copy of the *Dreigroschenoper* script delivered in April 1928, when the publishing contract was signed, Fuegi tells us, is at least 80 per cent Hauptmann's translation of John Gay. What he doesn't tell us is what relation this script bears to the one triumphantly performed in Berlin four months later, and licensed by the publishers for thousands of performances in the next ten years. Anyone who knows the theater – or something about the evolution of *Dreigroschenoper* – will suspect the right answer to be: very little. Hauptmann's translation of John Gay is

undoubtedly as good as Fuegi says (in his enthusiasm he occasionally forgets that it's only a translation); at least, it's good as far as one can judge from the bits and snippets that have survived into the standard text, floating in a much enriched context like shrimp in a bisque.

Undoubtedly Hauptmann contributed something to the surrounding soup too. Her connection to the work, as translator of the source material, was always a matter of public record, and duly accounted for in the contracts. Inarguably, Brecht often cheated her out of royalties (he did the same to Weill, more than once). He abused her psychologically, and took advantage of her sexually; when he married Weigel she made the first of several attempts at suicide. Even worse, she submitted to much of his cruelty on the painfully misguided ground that her doing so would somehow help world Communism achieve the proletarian revolution. Like her successors, the working-class Berliner Steffin and the upper-middle-class Dane Berlau, she confused a political movement with a charismatic man; it may be that all three clung so intensely to both the unkind lover and the unyielding Party because the double disillusionment involved would have been too traumatic to contemplate.

But none of this is evidence that Hauptmann could have written the lyrics to "Pirate Jenny," as Fuegi thinks she did, or that the later plays, like *Galileo* and *Mother Courage*, move into a classically balanced, Shakespearean mode of storytelling through Berlau's influence, as he suggests. Typescript drafts reveal the women's typing style, and the corrections are in their handwriting, Fuegi tells us over and over. Alas, the whole function of a secretary is to type up the next draft, and nobody enjoys dictating revisions more than a playwright, for whom the sound of the words is infinitely more important than what they mean. A note on the manuscript sheet of the "Benares Song" from *Mahagonny* reads, "By Hauptmann. Brecht's handwriting." Maybe this is so: Hauptmann knew English; Brecht didn't. On the other hand, Hauptmann kept the archive, and might have written what she pleased on any sheet. In any case, it is a very long way from "There is no boy to shake with hands" to the twisted, rhapsodic language of *St. Joan of the Stockyards* and other works Fuegi ascribes to her.

Another of his tricks is to play a maddening double game: Thanks to Hauptmann, he repeatedly asserts, strong female figures enter the Brechtian cosmos. Then he tells us – "manuscript evidence" again – that Hauptmann became so adept at duplicating Brecht's style that most of his short stories of the 1920's must be ascribed to her – even those like "North Sea Crabs"

that are drenched in the macho violence Hauptmann was struggling to counteract in his work. Such stories are quite unlike the ones Hauptmann was writing and selling to magazines under her own name, leaving us to ask: If she could copy Brecht's style so perfectly and market her own writing so easily, why didn't she just dump him and become the female Brecht?

Fuegi's failure to address this point becomes most explicit when the one woman in Brecht's "harem" who really has an independent literary reputation enters the picture. Marieluise Fleißer's work is regrettably not well known in English, but in Germany there is no question of her standing: She is one of the century's important female playwrights. She met Brecht as a small-town girl fresh out of a convent school, and he took advantage of her much the same way as he did of Hauptmann, Steffin, and Berlau, using her sexually, keeping her on a string psychologically, fiddling with her career opportunities and her scripts as she in turn found her suggestions subsumed in his. The personal consequences were as nasty for her as for the others: a loveless marriage to a small-town bigot; suicide attempts; a nervous breakdown. There was one difference: Brecht never made any attempt to claim her plays as his work; on the contrary, he arranged for producers and publishers to put her under contract.

The inescapable conclusion must be that Brecht viewed Fleißer as a genuine creative force, whose work he could interfere with (and he did) but not co-opt; the inescapable inference is that he did not perceive Steffin, Hauptmann, and Berlau the same way, and neither did they – until, in the last two cases, later years brought a lingering bitterness over roads not taken. This does not mean Brecht was entitled to abuse them, cheat them, or drive them past the edge of health and sanity with his demands, all of which he did. Fuegi is amply able to document this, and since his volume is carefully tailored to depict a Brecht without an ounce of charm, compassion, tenderness, or fascination to mitigate the ugly picture, this side of Brecht emerges with unnerving forcefulness.

It is when Fuegi deals with Brecht's art – in an inept, crude, and ill-informed manner – that suspicions start especially to arise. How can you trust a man who thinks the word *Verfremdung* is an oxymoron? Or one who writes about the 1927 Baden-Baden premiere of the *Mahagonny Songspiel*: "Begbick, in front of a place called the Here-You-May-Do-Anything Inn, paraded her wares, seven women in advanced stages of undress..." Then, in a staged prize fight, Trinity Moses killed Alaska-Wolf-Joe." These characters and scenes do not exist in the *Mahagonny*

*Songspiel*. In my one encounter with Fuegi, I pointed out to him that Brecht might have found some of the themes of *Mahagonny*, and one or two of its phrases, in the Yukon poems of Robert W. Service; in his galley proofs this became "verbatim sections" of Service's work, and I had to phone Grove Press to have it changed to something more accurate. (The "verbatim sections" basically amount to the phrase, "Pay the bill!")

Closer scrutiny reveals that some of Fuegi's "evidence" in personal matters is equally fictive or dubious. At the end of December 1945, Ruth Berlau had a nervous breakdown, and was put in a mental hospital in Amityville, New York. Elisabeth Hauptmann visited her there in January, as did Berlau's friend Ida Bachmann; both later wrote Brecht, in Los Angeles, letters on her condition. Fuegi reports indignantly, "Brecht's diary mentions neither the letters from Hauptmann and Bachmann, nor Ruth herself." It would be amazing if it did, since the diary transcript for that year has vanished: Brecht's *Arbeitsjournal* jumps from 5 January 1946 (four days before Hauptmann's letter) to 20 February 1947. When the evidence chances to favor Brecht, Fuegi simply leaves it out: The Finnish writer Hella Wuolijoki, from whose play *The Sawdust Princess* Brecht derived *Puntila*, was arrested for treason in 1943. (A wealthy Communist, she had been involved with diplomatic intrigues leading to the Soviet takeover of Finland.) Brecht, as his journal notes, was among those whose statements in her defense, made through the Swedish consul in Los Angeles, saved her from being sentenced to death. Years later, when *Puntila* became a huge interna-

tional success, Brecht callously declined to pay the now-impoorished Wuolijoki her rightful share of the royalties, but this fact, which Fuegi mentions several times, only illuminates Brecht's character when taken in tandem with the other, which he omits.

A man who would save a woman's life, only to exploit her further, is a fearsome but understandable paradox. In dealing with Brecht's politics, Fuegi's goal seems to be to make him less understandable rather than more. Shabby dealings with lovers and colleagues are repeatedly juxtaposed with the actions of Hitler and Stalin, as if part of a Sovkino montage of inferential malice. If some tenuous acquaintance alleges that he heard Brecht pass an anti-Semitic remark, Fuegi blows it up into a chapter heading. He records the disappointment of the subpoenaed screenwriters at the House Un-American Activities Committee hearing when Brecht answered "the \$64 dollar question," asserting that he was not now and had never been a Communist. But he doesn't point out that their reactions to the event were noted in recollection decades later, while Brecht's diary, written at the time, says that he answered "as had been agreed with the other 18 and their lawyers," and that "the 18 are very pleased with my statement." If this is an outright lie, it's hard to imagine to whom he was lying, in a wholly private document, about a scene with at least 20 witnesses. Perhaps the language barrier was higher than anyone else realized. Or perhaps the lawyers realized that, through his association with actual espionage agents like Gerhart Eisler, he alone of their clients was in danger of something worse than blacklisting.

No one is interested in exonerating Brecht. Even if anyone still was, it's much too late for that; too many evidentiary cats are out of the bag. What we need is to see Brecht plain, to learn in detail – insofar as it's possible – how much of the work that wrought such enormous changes on the world's theater was genuinely his, and how much was contributed by others, goaded and stimulated by him. A balanced picture would certainly not whitewash someone whose failings in every department were so enormous, but it would help us put his equally enormous achievements in perspective. Fuegi's book, with its obvious bias and its insistence on jumping to conclusions, helps no one. Anyone who takes Brecht seriously will bridle at Fuegi's one-sided manipulation of the evidence, while those who would like to see Brecht written off the theatrical map entirely will be compelled to marvel, however reluctantly, at the force of personality that could make so many men and women, of obvious intelligence and artistic gifts, submit to being hypnotized, fascinated, manipulated, badgered, abused, deceived, defrauded, seduced, lied to, debased, robbed, plagiarized, hectored, insulted, offended, hurt, and subjected to physical and emotional torments, over and over again, all for the sake of a shabbily dressed, unprepossessing, unwashed, evil-smelling little poet with rotten teeth. He must have been a genius of some kind.

**MICHAEL FEINGOLD**  
New York

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(continued from page 11)

## [Notes for a response to Harold Clurman]

by Kurt Weill<sup>3</sup>

It always seemed to me one of the more commendable customs of our time that a man should not talk back to his critic. If I don't adhere to this rule in the case of Harold Clurman's article "Lost in the Stars of Broadway," it is because it seems to me that this article was not written as a criticism of my music (since Clurman certainly is not a music critic), but as well-meant advice from an old friend who is worried about the way things are going with me. It might have been fairer to me, and (since I don't consider my "case" as one of public interest) to the readers of SRL, if he would have given me his advice in private instead of in public where it looks much more like an attack than I am sure it was meant to be, coming from an old friend. But since this is the forum he has chosen, and I want to say a few things in reply, I have to tax some more of the patience of the readers.

... It seems to be a good thing, at certain moments in our lives, to stop and look as objectively as possible at our own work, and to check the measure of achievements with our original intentions and early dreams. In my own career such a moment of contemplation seems to have arrived when *Lost in the Stars* opened at the Music Box early in November, because this musical drama represents to me the furthest advance in a direction which I had laid down for myself in the early years of my life as a composer.

... The new musical theater which is growing in this country, partly out of the Broadway theater, partly from the steadily expanding theatrical life in schools and universities, seems to have created a certain amount of confusion as to its origin and its purpose. This confusion originates mostly in certain musical circles which, as usual, are so far removed from the living theater that they have little understanding for a movement which has its roots more in theatrical than in musical developments. This is nothing new. The biographies of men of the great theater companies are full of incidents which show the contempt of contemporary musicians for the popularity of their music. When I started writing music in Europe in the early twenties, Verdi was looked upon as a writer of "circus music" and *Carmen* was generally considered an "operetta" in musical circles. A few years later, Franz Werfel's famous revival of *La forza del destino* suddenly turned the tables; we began to study Verdi's scores and discovered behind those popular melodies the emotional depth and the textural brilliance of a great composer.

### Notes

<sup>1</sup>Weill-Lenya Papers, Yale University Music Library.

<sup>2</sup>Olin Downes Collection at the Hargrett Rare Book and Manuscript Library, University of Georgia.

<sup>3</sup>The first two paragraphs of these notes were apparently typed by Weill. The third is a transcription from pencilled notes. A fourth paragraph, largely illegible, is omitted.



**Die Dreigroschenoper.** Hamburg, Thalia Theater. Katharina Thalbach, dir. In repertory 1994-95.

Twenty-five years ago, a fifteen-year-old girl debuted with the Berliner Ensemble in the eastern part of the divided city. The same year – in the same theater – that teenager was called to substitute in another production and scored her first great triumph as Polly in *Die Dreigroschenoper*. Now, that same Katharina Thalbach has presented her directorial vision of *Dreigroschenoper* in a new production at the Thalia Theater in Hamburg.

It is obvious from the very start of the evening that Thalbach adheres to the Brecht postulate: the setting of a play must communicate to the spectator that he is in the theater. Upon entry into the Thalia auditorium, one is met by a curtain-less, painted proscenium and a clear view of the backstage area. Scattered about are various pieces of scenery, a few props, and some partially visible stage machinery. (Ezlo Toffolutti designed the sets as well as the costumes for the production.)

On a chair stands a small stereo set. From it sounds the 1930 recording of the "Ouvverture" by the Lewis Ruth Band under the direction of Theo Mackeben, followed by the recorded voice of Kurt Gerron performing the "Moritat vom Mackie Messer." The "Morgenchoral des Peachum" is the first live number, but instead of singing to the accompaniment of a supporting harmonium as called for by Weill's score, Peachum – with a mind of his own – accompanies himself on the cello. These opening moments serve immediate notice that what is being performed in the Thalia Theater has little to do with a conventional *Dreigroschenoper* production.

The text is adapted just as much as the music. Katharina Thalbach is at pains to banish every bit of the work's gravity or seriousness. Adhering to the motto: "you can laugh but please don't think," she sacrifices critical pungence on the altar of slapstick and tom-foolery. A few examples will convey the mood: Macheath waddles around like Charlie Chaplin, Smith (Stephane Lohse) and Tiger Brown (Jörg Holm) team up in the manner of Laurel and Hardy, and Peachum imitates the accent of Helge Schneider, a nonsense comedian who is currently a big celebrity in Germany. The "gratification of physical desire" that Ernst Bloch described and saw "betrayed and perfidiously transformed" by Kurt Weill is completely unrestrained in Thalbach's production.

Weill's music itself is arranged to fit the occasion, sometimes more, sometimes less freely. The six-person ensemble, which is mostly integrated into the stage action, plays a variety of instruments, including tenor and baritone saxophone, piano, harmonium, tuba, trombone, trumpet, bassoon, violin, electric guitar, electric bass guitar, banjo, and percussion. The band has its best moments when it comes closest to performing what is mandated by Weill's score. When the musicians fail to resist the alluring temptation to modernize Weill's composition, their performance slithers into banal triviality.

For instance, an unexpected quintet (singer, electric guitar, electric bass, trumpet, percussion) performs "Seeräuberjenny" with the spring and jump of rock and roll. (Even more unexpected is the song's ap-

pearance in the second act rather than the first.) Worse yet is Peachum's "Lied von der Unzulänglichkeit menschlichen Strebens." The song is dressed up with a trendy pop-reggae rhythm; the scene is set in a discotheque. Peachum prances back and forth à la Mick Jagger while a background choir provides supporting music and gestures. The crowd screams with enthusiasm; the piece must be encored – accompanied by the rhythmic clapping of the audience.

The reason for all the public's euphoria lies surely in the goofy slapstick character of this production and in the excellence of the cast. The dramatic portrayals of the leading characters are masterful, and the singing leaves almost nothing to be desired. Dominique Horwitz – who last year starred at the Hamburger Kammerspiele with his program "The Best of *Dreigroschenoper*" – plays a superior Macheath, more joker than scoundrel. Mr. and Mrs. Peachum (Annette Paulmann and Guntbert Warns) are a loveless, bickering pair. Together with Cornelia Schirmer's Polly (portrayed as a little doll, blond and dumb) they are impressively convincing in the "Erstes Dreigroschenfinale." The inglorious interpretation of "Seeräuberjenny" spoils an otherwise successful performance by Charlotte Schwab as Jenny. And Victoria Trauttmansdorff in the role of Lucy offers up with Polly a wonderfully pitched "Eifersuchtsduett."

This all leads to one thought: what a remarkable opportunity was thrown away here in favor of pranks and amusement. With this *Dreigroschenoper*, the Thalia Theater joined the Hamburger Theater in crowding the summer season with productions of light mush as an antidote to their financial ill-health. If even so prominent a house as the Thalia Theater cannot do without this sort of money grubbing, the least they can do is present pieces like Robert Wilson's *Black Rider* that do not need to be so thoroughly mutilated to make them entertaining.

In any case, a shallow, slapstick *Dreigroschenoper* does no one justice; not Brecht, not Weill, not even a director of the quality of Katharina Thalbach, let alone her outstanding ensemble. As the thunderous closing applause dies down at the Thalia Theater, one feels the inclination to – as Adorno would say – defend the work against its own success.

**CHRISTIAN KUHN**  
Hamburg

translated by Edward Harsh

[Editor's note: Upon learning of the unauthorized alterations to Weill's music, the Kurt Weill Foundation protested to both the theater and Suhrkamp Verlag. Representatives of both warranted that the performance of Weill's music was "Werktreu." The matter is now in the hands of attorneys.



Foreground and backstage merge in the Thalia Theater production of *Die Dreigroschenoper*. Photo: Marlies Henke.



President, Secretary of State, (and cow): Rainer Gruß and Christian Bär in the Bautzen *Der Kuhhandel*. Photo: Miroslaw Nowotny.

**Der Kuhhandel.** Bautzen. Deutsch-Sorbisches Volkstheater; Wolfgang Poch, dir.; Dieter Kempe, cond. 18, 19, 23, 24, 26 June, 7, 9 July, 1994.

June 18, 1994 was a memorable day. An eighty-six-year-old man who at the age of twenty had experienced the legendary 1928 premiere of *Die Dreigroschenoper* was greeted with a standing ovation by the audience at the Deutsch-Sorbisches Volkstheater in Bautzen. Robert Vambéry, the former dramaturg at the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm, travelled all the way from Los Angeles for the long-awaited premiere of *Der Kuhhandel*, the operetta that he and Kurt Weill had originally conceived for a German-speaking public shortly after Hitler came to power.

After all attempts to mount a performance on the continent in 1935 came to naught, Weill went on to adapt the still incomplete work for a London performance under the title *A Kingdom for a Cow*. This adaptation included newly composed music and also a few numbers from *Marie Galante* that the composer had completed only a short time before in Paris. Plans to finish the original *Kuhhandel* were dropped as a result of political developments in Germany. Once Hitler had stabilized his hold on power, even those German-speaking companies operating abroad would not have dared produce such a pointed satire on developments in the Reich.

Lys Symonette joined Vambéry on the stage in Bautzen. Currently the Musical Executive of the Kurt Weill Foundation, Symonette took up in 1978 the existing *Kuhhandel* materials, which had lain dor-

mant for decades, and revised them to make a performance possible. This revision followed Vambéry's reworked 1970 libretto and included some selections from *A Kingdom for a Cow*. Two numbers that Weill had left in piano-vocal score ("Die Ballade vom Pharao" and "Das Erlebnis im Café") were orchestrated by Robert Dennis. As it happened, these were cut from the Bautzen production.

Purists may find fault with the revisions, but the flexibility to modify, expand, and cut has always been characteristic of the operetta genre. Compared to a work like Johann Strauss's *Wiener Blut*, which was compiled from existing dance compositions, the available version of *Der Kuhhandel* is a textbook example of authenticity, following Weill's own conception and the plot's dramatic requirements. Just how much this version is part and parcel of a complete dramatic package was brought home clearly by the 1990 concert premiere at the Kurt Weill Festival in Düsseldorf.

Now, this Bautzen production has taken the initiative to demonstrate that *Der Kuhhandel* is a work of considerable musicality as well as textual and dramatic quality – and one that could greatly enhance the dusty old operetta repertoire performed in most German theaters these days. That is, if those theaters would have the stomach for pieces that are concerned with such weighty matters as war, weapons dealing, dictatorship, and poverty.

With its digs at lily-livered democracy and histrionic dictatorship, *Der Kuhhandel* was without a doubt a reaction to the Nazis coming to power in Germany. But the transferal of the plot to an imaginary Caribbean island republic creates an aesthetic distance that allows for a more general application of its themes to other times and places. It was an amazing experience for the audience at the Bautzen premiere to see how much the work seems to address their current political situation. With the end of the Cold War, the military option to resolving conflicts has come back into fashion; a reunified Germany is experiencing a renaissance of nationalistic thinking; and politicians are more interested in posturing for the media circus than in solving problems. Under these conditions the political lessons of the piece are even more arresting.

Through the plight of Juan Santos and Juanita Sanchez (who cannot marry because Juan's main form of subsistence – his cow – is taken from him) the audience experiences the conflict and interdependence of private and political spheres. As the Bautzen premiere proved, however, Juan and Juanita are more than the authors' didactic vehicle, they are beings of flesh and blood. Identification with the lovers' fate doesn't allow any sympathy for the ruling class.

Vambéry's dialogue is amusing and has an underlying wit; his lyrics are full of inspired plays on words, the likes of which haven't been experienced in Germany since the hits of the late twenties. In the



context of the plot – and through Weill's music – the apparent awkwardness of a lyric like "Ich habe eine Kuh gehabt, und hab' die Kuh nicht mehr" becomes the believable poetry of the common man in his daily existential struggle. The author has succeeded in skillfully combining the tradition of Offenbach's operetta, with its generous portion of situation comedy and social satire, and the more sentimental elements of the later Viennese style.

Weill's music takes on a new sound in *Der Kuhhandel* without betraying the old. The folkloric tints of Spanish and Caribbean musics provide a strong compliment to a light operetta style which shows schooling in the works of Strauss and Offenbach. Weill adds to this mixture a touch of the liveliness of Rossini's comic operas and an occasional parody of Léhar. Behind the freshness of these components, though, are familiar reminiscences of Weill's song style, and, at particularly serious moments in the plot, the composer helps himself to the heavier symphonic language recognizable from *Die Bürgschaft* and the Second Symphony. Present as usual, too, is the characteristic semitone instability allowing a smooth fluctuation of harmonic fields, particularly from major to minor. This provides for variety and a sensitivity to atmospheric coloration.

Weill's music is very clear in its sympathies. While the music offers friendly tones for the peasants and simple people, that provided for the upper classes is full of innuendo and caricature. The composer sets politicians' speeches and scenes of patriotic fervor either in an overbearing hymn style or to vapid accompanimental figures. Weill also makes extensive use of various forms of musical irony: "Das Lied des Gerichtsvollziehers" is a take-off on "Ain't she sweet?" which has existed in a German version since 1927 with a text closely related to the operetta's plot (though not at all to the words of the original): "Mir geht's gut! Ich verliere nicht den Mut. Ob ich Geld hab' oder pleite bin: Mir geht's gut." Similarly, Weill comments on the patriotic phrases of the politicians' trio ("Schlafe, Santa Maria") by way of self quotation, inserting a phrase hinting at the beginning of the Mackie-Messer-Ballade from *Die Dreigroschenoper*.

In the Finales to both Acts, Weill succeeds in presenting all the contrasting atmospheres of the piece and manages in a virtually unique way to pull all the plot lines together to one point of culmination without interrupting the musical flow or losing any dramatic momentum. In this

way, Weill manages simultaneously to fulfill the operetta-going public's expectation of conventional, representational scenes, while at the same time subverting those expectations.

The Bautzen performance lasted a good three hours, even with the previously mentioned cuts, but the suspense did not diminish for a moment. Eric Leon Holland (Juan) and Kathrin Henschel (Juanita) lent a youthful freshness and vocal and dramatic assuredness while radiating authentic charisma. Several important secondary roles also deserve note: As Juan's mother, Birgitt Baumann played a woman of the people with great human understanding. Michael Grimmer excelled as the pedantic village schoolmaster, always true to the government and willing to follow the edicts of the authorities to the final detail.



Schoolmaster Emilio Sanchez (Michael Grimmer) addresses Juan's Mother (Birgitt Baumann). Photo: Miroslaw Nowotny.

As for the "political" cast, the ineffectual democratic president Mendez and his shady secretary of state, Ximenes, were played well by Rainer Größ and Christian Bär. The same can be said for Henryk Böhm as Leslie Jones, the arms dealer. Jürgen Schultz was outstanding as General Garcia Conchas. The General's manipulation of the people (and himself, since he believes in all his own slogans), and his manic alternation between brutality and sentimentality, inferiority complexes and megalomania, made for a highly interesting and amusing character study. Dieter Kempe directed the well-disposed Lausitzer Philharmonie with exceptional intuition for the score. Only the chorus showed occasional weaknesses in diction and intonation.

The Dresden artist Peter Ardelit provided the production with its most prominent physical image: his sculpture of a cow loomed over the stage. Hans Ellerfeld's design integrated it into a setting bearing the stamp of pop-art elements. While somewhat disunified, the design made effective use of the narrowly restricted stage space and rendered lengthy scene changes superfluous. One unfortunate consequence was that during the execution scene at the end of Act II the bordello could not be brought onto stage. Thus, Madame Odette's (Uta Jentzsch) cynical intervention on behalf of her white wall ("Etwas nach links") was incomprehensible to the audience.

Director Wolfgang Poch too turned necessity to virtue by assigning an experienced acting trio (Michael Hume, Hans-Georg Pachmann, and Hans-Udo Vogler) to multiple roles. When the three march onto stage with the line, "Wir sind das starke Heer," the casting provides an additional parodistic effect.

This well-conceived production enticed the audience with its concentrated individual performances and its loving attention to detail (e.g., when General Conchas was handed a threshing tool while giving a speech praising the peaceful farmers). It maintained a clever balance between fun and seriousness, between light-hearted tomfoolery and bitter satire. There were a few isolated moments which went over the top a bit: as played by Oleg Ptucha, the secretary of foreign affairs for the neighboring state of Ucqua seems too much the helmet-bedecked Viking; the President's secretary (Olaf Denninger) regularly appears on stage riding a swan (shades of "Lohengrin"); and, at the very end, Bimbi (Frieder Aurich) shoots everyone on stage with a water pistol. The happy ending of the piece is fragile enough without these clumsy nudges and winks at the audience.

The Bautzen Theater's overall impressive achievement was rounded out by the thorough and instructive playbill created by Regina Härtling. The only shame is that, due to the theater's system of programming, this important production disappeared from the repertoire after the summer break.

**ANDREAS HAUFF**  
Mainz

translated by Kathleen Finnegan  
and Edward Harsh

## PERFORMANCES

**Lady in the Dark.** New York. City Center; Larry Carpenter, director and adaptor; Rob Fisher, musical director. 4-7 May 1994.

New York's City Center began its fifty-first year with the premiere of a new series, *Encores! Great American Musicals in Concert*. As City Center had been the brain child of Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, *Encores!* paid homage by beginning with Jerry Bock's and Sheldon Harnick's *Fiorello!* (1959). A star-studded presentation of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Allegro* (1947) followed, and the first season concluded with *Lady in the Dark* (1941), by Moss Hart, Ira Gershwin, and Kurt Weill. This last production, too, boasted an appropriate historical resonance: it was LaGuardia himself who convinced Gertrude Lawrence – after she had played Liza Elliott for all of *Lady's* 777 performances (in 12 cities) – to revive *Susan and God*, which became the first drama offered at the new "people's theater."

*Lady* is not a work that easily submits to a "stripped-down" concert performance. Almost all reviewers of the original 1941 production were in awe of Harry Horner's innovative turntable stage design, Hattie Carnegie's opulent gowns for the leading lady, and Hassard Short's kaleidoscopic use of light as enhanced by the new plastics Marilyn and Lucite. City Center wisely chose to "dress up" the show's dream sequences with gowns, tails, lanterns, balloons, flowers, and hats. Simple but effective stagecraft implied the settings of the play's realistic scenes: an oversize magazine title flown in to suggest the headquarters of *Allure* and a spotlit couch with back-projected window for the psychiatrist's office.

The abridged version of Moss Hart's play owed much to the 1947 "Theatre Guild on the Air" radio broadcast. Unfortunately, director/adaptor Larry Carpenter was not satisfied with merely con-

densing. Invariably, his interpolations were the lines that fell the flattest.

The original contributions of Gershwin and Weill, though, fared better. Musical director Rob Fisher endeavored to present the score that was actually performed on Broadway. Excepting the use of a couple of errant "My Ship" motifs as connectors, his efforts proved success-



Edward Hibbert and Betsy Joslyn in *Lady in the Dark* at New York's City Center. Photo: Gerry Goodstein.

ful, as did the upstage placement of the orchestra. Because excellent diction was more the rule among the cast than the exception, Gershwin's witty and urbane lyrics were pure delight (to wit: "The mister who once was the master of two/ Would make of his mistress his Mrs./ But he's missed out on Mrs. for the mistress is through –/What a mess of a mish mash this is!").

Ultimately, this musical play is either carried or buried by the actress who portrays the title character. The talented Christine Ebersole delivered a lackluster and affected portrayal of Liza Elliott – more fashion mannequin than editor in chief. Her book scenes were read in near monotone, while her musical numbers were wildly uneven. Rhythmic laxity produced a late-night lounge-act interpretation of "My Ship." Likewise, her opening-night rendition of "The Saga of Jenny" was sexless and lukewarm – more Ginger than Gertrude. (To be fair, by the second night she was beginning to turn up the heat a bit.) By way of contrast, "One Life to Live" and "The Princess of Pure Delight" in Act I were both first-rate.

With little competition, Edward Hibbert's over-the-top impersonation of Danny Kaye stole this show. Hibbert upstaged all the principals, mugged to the audience, hogged the spotlight, sang "Tchaikovsky" twice, and hammed it up during the curtain call on the arm of Patrick Cassidy (Randy Curtis), all *ad nauseam*. The line in "Tchaikovsky" said it all: "I really have to stop because you all have undergone enough!" Superb minor roles were turned in by Carole Shelley as an acerbic Maggie Grant, and Betsy Joslyn as a "chic" Alison Du Bois and mellifluous Sutton. Tony Goldwyn gave a heartfelt reading of Charley Johnson, although several of his sexually harassing remarks ("You married that desk years ago, Boss Lady") elicited hisses from the opening-night audience.

What metaphorically and literally kept this production off the couch were the performances of the five acrobats from "Antigravity, Inc." Their innovative choreography enlivened each of the musical





Christine Ebersole as City Center's *Lady*, with chorus. Photo: Gerry Goodstein.

sequences. Particularly memorable were the human easel for the *Glamour Dream*, an impish retelling of the childhood play in the *Wedding Dream*, and the gravity-defying tour de force for the *Circus Dream*'s "Dance of the Tumblers." The men of the chorus excelled in the solo passages of "Oh Fabulous One," and the well-chosen voices of the entire fifteen-member ensemble also shone in their *Glamour* and *Wedding Dream* finales. Sadly, sluggish tempi from the (strictly decaf) Coffee Club Orchestra diluted the dramatic impact of both.

Despite the limitations imposed by a concert performance, this production of *Lady* did not damage the show's image. Rather, like a faded and dog-eared photograph, it provided a glimpse of what made this work so new fifty-three years ago: the unique relationship between play and music, the didactic exposition of the then-new science of psychoanalysis, and the function of melody as a key to unlock the drama. As always, Weill's orchestrations were a revelation to hear. The music director's attention to correct "performance practice" extended to the use of a

real Hammond organ, which, scored with piccolo and percussion, created an uncanny reproduction of a calliope at the outset of the *Circus Dream*. Hart's script, although dated in its references to 1940 culture, here seemed remarkably contemporary in its study of gender roles in the workplace. As for Gershwin's lyrics: who could ask for anything more?

The first season of *Encores! Great American Musicals in Concert* afforded audiences the rare opportunity to see and hear innovative shows that either are no longer financially viable in a first-class production or are awaiting a second chance. (*Fiorello!* has received one prior New York revival, by City Center in 1962). Is *Lady in the Dark* revivable? No, at least not in a straightforward updating. Trying to bring its psychoanalytic theory and musical score (not to mention script) in line with contemporary culture would cause this tightly woven musical play to unravel. *Lady in the Dark* is not a patchwork "number show" (like the Gershwin's *Girl Crazy* from 1930) and cannot be recut to make a new garment (voilà *Crazy for You*).

On the other hand, with a serious diet and make-over, this *Lady* still has real possibilities. The diet would include a drastic reduction of Hart's script. The send-up of the fashion industry is excessive (original production reviews refer to the play as "wearisomely long" and in need of "vigorous pruning") and too inextricably linked to the times (e.g., most people today miss the parody of Diana Vreeland in the character of Alison Du Bois). *Lady*'s new look would also need to rework Dr. Brook's analysis of Liza as "withdrawing as a woman" by choosing a career and instead put Liza and Charley on equal footing at the curtain's close. As for an actress big enough to fill Liza's shoes, the rumors circulating before City Center's performances were indeed tantalizing: Julie?... Liza?... Glenn?... Meryl?... Teresa?... Barbra?!

bruce mcclung  
University of Cincinnati

## PERFORMANCES

**One Touch of Venus.** Meiningen. Das Meininger Theater, Südthüringisches Staatstheater; Ingholf Huhn, dir.; Stefanos Tsialis, cond. 24 June, 3 July 1994.

More than a half-century after its New York premiere, Weill's most successful Broadway show has received its German-language premiere at Das Meininger Theater in Thuringia. Plans to produce *One Touch of Venus* in Germany existed as early as 1949, but Weill himself was apprehensive about them. In a letter dated January 1950 to Leah Salisbury, his theatrical agent in New York, he expressed his concerns:

The more I think about it, the less sure I am that I want *One Touch of Venus* produced in Germany at this time. From all I know about the present status of the German theaters my impression is that they are in no way equipped to do justice to a piece like *Venus*, and a bad production would do a lot of harm to me. My European reputation is worth more to me than the very negligible amount of money I can make with this production.<sup>1</sup>

This passage is a rare example of the composer's concern for his reputation in the Old World.

One would assume that the status of German theaters has improved over the past forty years, and indeed the performers in Meiningen displayed their ability to present a Broadway musical. But when so much talent puts forth so much effort to achieve so little, it is important to ask why. Richard Weihe's incomplete and unauthorized translation barely transfers the humor and wit of Ogden Nash's lyrics. Since this particular wit, with its numerous allusions and puns, is so crucial to the piece, its absence almost questions the very point of staging a production in the first place. Divorced from Nash's humor, the plot blandly trots out what are, at least from the perspective of recent times, a plethora of clichés about the two genders. (Of course, so do the librettos of many canonized operas.)

The Meiningen team did wisely leave a number of the songs in their original language ("I'm a Stranger Here Myself," "Westwind," "Foolish Heart," "Speak Low," and "That's Him"). Thus, the audience was spared the inclusion of, say, the impossible "Mein närrisch Herz." Still, one wonders how many German listeners could follow the twists and turns of the snappy American verse or, for that matter, understand the words at all. Even in the cases where the lyrics were translated appropriately, the local New York humor (e.g., the Wild West described as starting just over the Hudson

River in "Way Out West in New Jersey") elicited little reaction beyond puzzlement. In general, the translation of the spoken text came off more smoothly than that of the song lyrics. Perhaps the translation even caused some stiffness among the actors; occasionally they didn't appear completely at ease with the gags and some of the punchiness was lost. Since the introduction of a laugh track to prompt the audience would be a highly controversial solution to this problem, there is still a need for a good translation.

Frank Sonnberger, who resembled a certain Gary Larson character, played and sang beautifully the role of Rodney Hatch, the barber-nerd who brings Venus to life and thereby becomes the object of her desires. Other fine members of the cast were Bernd Hofmann as the art collector Whitelaw Savory and Kati Rücker playing his secretary Molly Grant. Only in the Venus character herself did the old familiar singing-acting problem appear: Dagmar Hauser's voice was certainly marvelous, but her acting remained stiff during the entire performance, as if she had not completely left her marmoreal state. All of the singers were miked despite the smallness of the venue (the performance took place in the theater's annex). The amplification was, all in all, a good decision, but the sound engineer seemed to have some problems toward the intermission, when the voices became too intense. In Sabine Wake, a deserving successor has been found to Agnes de Mille, the celebrated choreographer of the 1943 production. Especially with the ballets "Forty Minutes for Lunch" and "Dr. Crippen," Wake gave wonderful examples of lively and well-designed choreography.

Always interesting, sometimes amusing, but often terrifying is the way German orchestras struggle with the musical performance practice phenomenon known as swing. Parts of Weill's score to *Venus* certainly call for it, and, in fact, the orchestra of Das Meininger Theater managed the style creditably. The performance did not quite have the drive one would hear on Broadway, but conductor Stefanos Tsialis had a reasonable sense of the style. The tiny size of the orchestra's string section, though, was problematic. Weill repeatedly stated in letters

that he required a full-size string section for *One Touch of Venus* and refused to reduce its numbers even when the lines in front of the box office eventually dwindled. His firm position was confirmed by Meiningen's string quartet plus two double basses, which could not prevail as a valid counterpart to the winds and percussion.

"I don't give you the heebie jeebies, do I?" Venus asks at one point during the first act. The question could be turned back upon Mr. Weihe's translation, which lacked fun and freshness—those distinguishing marks of entertaining playfulness which are so essential to the piece. The Meiningen audience may have gotten a touch of Broadway in *One Touch of Venus*. But it didn't get the heebie jeebies.

**ELMAR JUCHEM**  
Göttingen

<sup>1</sup>The letter is located in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Columbia University, New York.



Venus (Dagmar Hauser) strikes a pose in Meiningen. Photo: R. Reißig.



Is an evening of theater songs a concert, a revue, or a show, and what standards should be used to judge such a production? *Kurt Weill: Bilbao to Broadway*, as a full-evening package intended to be performed at venues around the country, seems most like a revue, in the same category as *Cole: Starting Here Starting Now*; *Side by Side by Sondheim*, or the similarly-inspired *Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill*. The evening holds considerable potential, but if it is to meet the standards of a revue there is much work to be done. The individual components seem, on the surface, quite strong. The evening has good songs, good arrangements, good singers, and a good orchestra. Unfortunately, that proves to be insufficient to make for a good evening. What is sorely lacking is good structure and direction.

The program notes for the Baltimore performances stated the key problem quite clearly: "Weill's songs were written for an activist theater, and many can't be understood out of context." Not only did the evening fail to provide a dramatic context that would make the songs work, the concert context actively subverted many of them. Songs of oppression, struggle, and political and social turmoil were rendered ludicrous in performance by elegantly coifed, bejeweled, evening-gowned and tuxedoed singers. The participants often looked as though they had gotten their dates mixed up and were dressed for their Noel Coward revue. Judy Kaye, a magnificent performer, gave a dramatic and intelligent performance of "Pirate Jenny" that was hopelessly undercut by her elegant appearance. "September Song," the definitive bittersweet reverie to lost youth, was beautifully but improperly sung by Reginald Pindell, whose rich and booming baritone was antithetical to everything the song is about.

A narrator, some introductory lines of dialogue, a few set and costume pieces; all of these would have helped. At the most basic level, the evening calls out for a stage director who knows how to conceive entrances and exits, knows how to stage group numbers that focus rather than diffuse, and realizes that instrumental sections in songs are usually there to support informative stage action, without which they are just awkward – if tuneful – lulls.

Perhaps the biggest problem, though, was simply the way in which the songs were organized and presented. Of the four sections, the second and third ("In Times of Tumult and War" and "Money!") offered a constant succession of one nega-

**Kurt Weill: Bilbao to Broadway**, A Concert of Theater Songs  
Devised by Kim Kowalke. Baltimore, Meyerhoff Hall. Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Baltimore Symphony Chorus, David Zinman, cond. Judy Kaye, soprano; Joyce Castle, mezzo-soprano; Peter Kazaras, tenor; Buddy Crutchfield, tenor; Michael Scarborough, baritone; Reginald Pindell, baritone. 9-11 June 1994.

tive, critical, downbeat song after another that served only to undercut the power of any given individual song. Beyond a certain point, it was difficult not to respond by thinking, "Kvetch, kvetch, kvetch!" One of the problems inherent in assembling this kind of program is that so many of the songs in Weill's canon are aimed against the very people who are likely to attend concerts and the theater: the well-to-do and the well-educated. Against whom can the enfranchised protest?

Musically, the evening was quite fine. All but one of the songs ("Berlin im Licht") boasted Weill's original orchestrations. These orchestrations are full of a wonderful combination of surprising and elegant moments that support and enhance each song without overpowering any of them. They were beautifully played by the Baltimore Symphony, under the direction of David Zinman. A few numbers included the Baltimore Symphony chorus. They did a fine job, but it seemed the evening would have been just as effective without them. Their participation out of context – true to the score though it may have been – in numbers like "Fear" and "Lost in the Stars" was distracting.

The six principal singers were all excellent vocally and only Buddy Crutchfield, the youngest, came up short as a performer. "Tchaikovsky," which should be a showstopper, proved to be beyond his present abilities (at least without the guidance of a director able to structure the performance). The songs as a group were mostly standards from Weill's repertoire. Two pleasant surprises were "Beat! Beat! Drums!" as performed by Reginald Pindell and "Dirge for Two Veterans," which was both beautiful and beautifully sung by Peter Kazaras. Judy Kaye demonstrated just how good a song "I'm a Stranger Here Myself" is by singing it exquisitely. Joyce Castle began a creamy and sultry "Speak Low" that lost its seductiveness only when she was

joined by Mr. Crutchfield. A final and welcome surprise was the chorus's "Ho, Billy O!" – a sea chanty from *Love Life* that features some wonderful choral writing and thus reveals one of Weill's less familiar talents.

The highlight of the evening was, without a doubt, Judy Kaye's pull-out-the-stops rendition of "Mr. Right" from *Love Life*. Joyce Castle's "Jenny" followed, with only one song intervening. Ruthlessly upstaged by "Mr. Right," "Jenny" – no doubt planned as the climax of the evening – fell flat. An embarrassingly staged finale (with the company reducing itself one-by-one at each chorus of "Mack the Knife") ended the evening with a disappointing fizzle.

The disappointment would not have been so strong had the potential not been so great. This is a good first draft of a Weill show which well deserves another. Yet, even without further revision, *Kurt Weill: Bilbao to Broadway* is a rare opportunity to hear a number of great songs with their all-too-rarely heard original orchestrations. If nothing else, the show as it stands would make a great recording.

I am reminded of the story of Weill, Elmer Rice, and Langston Hughes at work on *Street Scene*. Hughes presented Rice and Weill with his lyric for "Lonely House," which included a line about "listening to the cockroaches in the walls." Rice was outraged and declared that his play would not be tainted by any mention of roaches. Hughes agreed to change the line. At the end of the days work, Weill and Hughes left together. When Rice was out of earshot, Weill turned to Hughes and said: "Brecht would have let ze cockroaches in." I wish *Bilbao to Broadway* had left the roaches in as well.

**MARK EDEN HOROWITZ**  
Music Division  
Library of Congress

## PERFORMANCES

**Lost in the Stars.** Tel Aviv. Habimah National Theatre; Uri Paster, dir.; Rafi Kadishsohn, cond. First performance 5 March 1994, in repertory Summer 1994.

How strange it is to see, within the ever-politicized reality of Israel, a drama about South Africa played in a way which is irrelevant both to Africa and to Israel. That, however, is precisely what the audience experienced at the Habimah National Theatre's production of Weill's and Anderson's *Lost in the Stars*, even on the day after Nelson Mandela's landmark inauguration as the first black president of South Africa.

Director Uri Paster set the production in the abstract nowhere-land of a 1950s Broadway show: a nowhere foreign to no one, where all action homogenizes into a surging song on a well-lit stage. Paster's creation was professional to the teeth, but neither Africa – nor meaning – ever entered into it.

In the context of a production as smooth and sterile as this one, it is no small feat for an actor's performance to project both believability and stirring emotion. Still, veteran actor Yossi Polak, bolstered by faith and talent alone, managed just these qualities as the kind and powerless Zulu Reverend Stephen Kumalo. His performance saved the production from mere banality. Supporting Polak's contribution was that of Ethni Ankri, a well-known Israeli singer and songwriter. She offered a fine portrayal of the pregnant and repentant Irina, and her ingratiating voice stood out in comparison to the rest of the cast. David De'or served well as the chorus or commentator, but his counter-tenor voice – widely reputed to be un-

commonly beautiful – was far from its mesmerizing best. De'or and Ankri were the only professionally trained singers in this production; most of the others gave support to the old cliché that actors are often poor singers.

Adding to the musical woes, a deafening amplification system hammered on relentlessly throughout the show's running time of more than two hours. Thus the ambience of the theater was transformed into that of a cheap disco. Whenever the system was switched off during spoken dialogues, the words came through quite clearly in the medium-sized hall, proving just how unnecessary it was to expose the audience to such a battering. Composer and audience were equal losers in this proposition.

Conductor Rafi Kadishsohn offered little help. Apparently carried away by this rare opportunity to conduct an orchestra, he was oblivious to the fact that singers also deserve a chance to be heard. One surely has the right to expect of a musical production less amateurish fumbling of the musical components!

Cast, costumes, and set were all painted a monochrome beige-black brown, self-consciously earthy without leak or rip or awkward line to betray the anguish of the torn country described by Alan Paton in his 1948 novel *Cry, the Beloved Country*. The production's one burst of color, gorgeous and shamefully symbolic, was a resplendent blue that heralded the cli-

mactic dawn of Absalom's execution and spread to the stage for the reconciliation of black (Kumalo) with white (Jarvis) in cerulean color.

Dror Herrensohn's set design offered a stage raked upwards (the only angular move in this round-cornered production), with iconic – and predictable – scenery dropped from the flies or rolled in from all sides. All was managed silently and effortlessly, allowing for 24 scenes and almost as many immaculate scene changes. The use of dark skin pigment was discreet and inoffensive, with the body tints set off by tightly curled black wigs. Discretion carried over as well to Einat Nir-Kosh's costumes and their make-believe bundles of rags and tatters; to Herrensohn's streets of Johannesburg which resembled every cliché of back-alley bummery; to the shooting of young Jarvis, the jailing of Absalom, and the spiritual night of Kumalo. All of these were but discreet and bloodless theatrical moves, well-paced, narratively clear, and utterly unimaginative – and too smooth for either Weill or the jagged tale of Mandela's homeland.

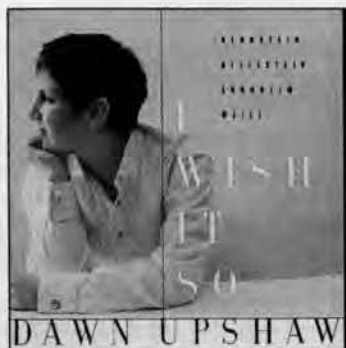
The kitsch notwithstanding, and despite director Uri Paster's determined effort to smother any real thought or emotion with antiseptic professionalism, the sadness of South Africa and the power (and political irrelevance) of Paton's vision of redemption through love somehow just barely scratched through.

**JEANETTE R. MALKIN (Drama)**  
**URY EPPSTEIN (Music)**  
The Hebrew University of  
Jerusalem



Ethni Ankri, Yossi Pollak, and Yigal Sadah (as Absalom Kumalo) in Habimah's *Lost in the Stars*.





**I Wish It So.** (Songs by Weill, Sondheim, Blitzstein and Bernstein). Dawn Upshaw, with orchestra conducted by Eric Stern. Nonesuch (9 79345-2)

Dawn Upshaw has become a glorious, cherishable artist. In a breadth of repertory that stretches from Mozart (an endearing Pamina in the EMI *Magic Flute*) to Barber's ravishing *Knoxville, Summer of 1915* to the angelic voice in Gorecki's Third Symphony (a stupendous success on both classical and crossover charts) she can do no wrong – or hasn't as yet, anyhow. Now she takes on the American theater song, not as a condescending grand diva slumming in an Irving Berlin medley but as an artist with a genuine regard for the substance and originality of the best works created for the medium.

A remarkable intelligence guides her hand in choosing the contents of the disc; if there are few outright toe-tappers among the 14 selections, there are genuine efforts by her chosen composers to probe the subtlety of the idiom. A smattering of Sondheim, mostly from shows that failed from an excess of intelligence (*Anyone Can Whistle*, *Merrily We Roll Along*); some Kurt Weill songs that tug at your heart (from *Lady in the Dark*, *One Touch of Venus* and the overpowering "Stay Well" from *Lost in the Stars*); a group from the underappreciated Marc Blitzstein (whose 1959 *Juno* provides the title song), and the most joyous Bernstein "Glitter and Be Gay" since the definitive Barbara Cook original. Here is glowing proof that the American theater has, in its time, produced great music.

The Weill group – *primus inter pares* – triumphantly flaunts her virtuosity, from the little shivers of ecstasy on the repeated "That's Him" (proof indeed that a returned-to-Earth Venus could fall for a Long Island barber) to the clinging, haunted adoration of the doomed lover in "Lost in the Stars." In between come the familiar pair from *Lady in the Dark*: a coldly enumerative "Jenny" and an endearing "My Ship" with just the right overtones of childlike longing.

With her clean but immensely expressive celestial soprano that seems to be purring into your ear from only two inches away, Upshaw conquers all. I love especially the infinite variety in her command of diction: insinuating, with just the trace of the girlish slur, in the more intimate numbers; forthright, with marvelously controlled artifice, in the "Glitter" aria. To anyone already under the spell of this sublimely gifted Tennessee-born artist, still in her early 30's, this can hardly be news. Aside from "Glitter," all the material has been rescored for Eric Stern's excellent chamber-orchestra-sized ensemble – by the likes of Larry Wilcox, Danny Troob, Michael Starobin and Stern himself – with no discernible false notes.

Britain's Rosamund Shelley's disc is all-Weill, twenty songs ranging from "Mack the Knife" and "Nanna's Lied" (in curious John Willett translations) to a Broadway selection. Heard in the same week (or month or decade) as the Upshaw, her disc is at a disadvantage; it would be so in any case. Christopher Littlewood, her accompanist and annotator, proposes once again in his notes the well-known news that Weill's music can legitimately lie in the province of a lyric (i.e., non-Lenya) voice. But he offers no justification for the worn-sounding unsupported quaver that seems the best Shelley can muster. If there are few outright disasters here (the "Tchaikovsky" number is one), there are no triumphs, either.

ALAN RICH  
Music critic, LA Weekly



**Love Shouldn't Be Serious... Or Should It?** (Songs by Weill). Rosamund Shelley, with Christopher Littlewood, piano. Virtuosi (mmp cd 1010).

## IN BRIEF:

**Let No One Deceive You: Songs of Bertolt Brecht.** Frankie Armstrong and Dave Van Ronk. Flying Fish Records (FF 70557).

Flying Fish Records has brought forth an appropriate complement to the company's name, an engagingly odd disk entitled "Let No One Deceive You." Though vocalists of many stripes continue to take their turns recording Weill songs, it is not often that singers from the world of folk weigh in with a record of their vision of the pieces. Frankie Armstrong and Dave Van Ronk (brought up in the traditions of, respectively, the English and American Folk revival movements) do just that on this recording.

The subtitle of the recording "Songs of Bertolt Brecht" seems to place a disproportionate amount of importance on the text at the expense of the two composers' music being performed here. (As well, a pair of songs – "A Man is a Man," and "The Legend of the Dead Soldier" – are noted only as being creations of "Brecht.") Weill and Eisler do receive a good deal of attention, however, in remarkably extensive annotations provided by John Brazier in the CD booklet.

That booklet's multiple mini-essays ("Art and Politics," "Cabaret," "The Three Penny Opera," etc.) in addition to bios of poet and composers, seem to place an emphasis on authentic historical context that contrasts vividly with the highly personal, idiosyncratic performances actually presented on the CD. Though dissimilar in many respects, both Armstrong and Van Ronk offer up earnest renditions of songs like "Pirate Jenny," and "Alabama Song" with an earthy coarseness of voice and liberal flexibility of tempo.

At the end of the day, it does seem that the texts are on center stage here, with the composers having provided just a framework for the performers' personal style. In yet one more contribution to the accompanying booklet, Roy Bailey offers us a little guidance: "This album is a timely reminder that the conditions of which Brecht wrote are not of times past but are with us still." Even those to whom this little truism sounds a trifle familiar may find a few moments of pleasure with this disc.

E.H.

## SELECTED PERFORMANCES

### AUSTRALIA

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Sydney. Sydney Theater Company. 27 August 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*. University of Tasmania. 14-24 September 1994.

### AUSTRIA

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Graz. Schauspielhaus. Oliver Keymis, dir., Johannes Kern, cond. 20 April to 16 June 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Kobersdorf. Burgenländische Festspiele. 7 August 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Vienna. Burgtheater. Premiere 1995/96 season.

### BELGIUM

*Berliner Requiem*, *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, and *Mahagonny Songspiel*, Liège. Conservatoire Royal de Musique. 6 May 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, St. Aune, Ateliers. Ensemble Musique Nouvelle Liège. 29 April 1994.

*Kleine Dreigroschenmusik* and *Concerto for Violin and Wind Instruments*, Antwerp. Orchestre Philharmonique van Vlaanderen. 21 June 1994.

### 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. Opens November 1995.

*Die sieben Todsünden*, Montreal. Angelina Réaux, soprano, Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Charles Dutoit, cond. 14 May 1995.

### FRANCE

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Bordeaux. Théâtre Femina. 30 December 1994.

*Der Jasager*, Beauvais. École Nationale de Musique et de Danse, Théâtre. 16 April 1994.

*Lost in the Stars*, Paris. The American Cathedral in Paris, Michael Sisk, dir., Diego Masson, cond. 21-23 and 28-29 April 1994.

"Nanna's Lied," Paris. San Francisco Ballet. 8-10 July 1994.

*L'Opéra de quat'sous*, Le Thou. Municipal Théâtre. June 1994.

*L'Opéra de quat'sous*, Bayonne. Théâtre de Bayonne, Orchestre Régional Côte Basque. 15 January 1994.

*Sonata for Cello and Piano*, Paris. The American Cathedral in Paris, Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. 10 February 1994.

### GERMANY

All-Weill concert, Berlin and Frankfurt. Ensemble Modern, HK Gruber, cond. 9, 10 October 1994 in Berlin; 11 October 1994 in Frankfurt.

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, Chemnitz. Städtische Theater. Opens October 1994.

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, Coburg. Landestheater Coburg, Ernö Weil, dir., Manfred Knaak, cond. 15 June-7 July 1994.

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, Düsseldorf. Deutsche Oper am Rhein, Kurt Horres, dir. Opens 9 October 1994, ten performances through 18 December.

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

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, Stuttgart. Staatstheater Stuttgart, Ruth Berghaus, dir., Janos Kalka, cond. May 1995.

*Dix*, (Ballet to music including "Kanonensong" and "Tango-Ballade" from *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik* and the second movement of Symphony No.2), Berlin. Staatsoper unter den Linden, Asher Fisch. 31 May and 7 June 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Frankfurt. Schauspielhaus, Ensemble Modern, HK Gruber, cond. Opens 2 October, in repertory fall 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Köln. Kalker Halle. 24,27,28,30 October; 1-3 November 1993.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Pforzheim. Stadttheater, Rolf Heiermann, dir., Wolfgang Heinz, cond. Opens 31 March 1994, in repertory 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper* (excerpts), Saarbrücken. Saarbrücker Staatsorchester, Dietmar Strauß, dir. 1 June 1994.

*Happy End*, Hannover. Niedersächsische Staatstheater Schauspielhaus, Donald Berkenhoff, dir. 9 April to 25 June 1994.

*Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, Reutlingen. Jugendorchester Reutlingen, Rainer M. Schmid, dir. 27 June 1994.

*Kuhhandel*, Bautzen. Deutsch-Sorbisches Volkstheater, Wolfgang Poch, dir., Dieter Kempe, cond. Premiere 18 June 1994.

*Der Lindberghflug*, Dessau. Industriehalle, Chor des Philanthropinums, Kammer-symphonie Berlin, Jürgen Bruns, cond. 4, 5 March 1994.

*Der Lindberghflug*, Düsseldorf. 4 June 1994.

*Mahagonny Songspiel*, Dessau. Landestheater, Daniel Lipton, cond. 25 February; 2, 17 March 1994.

*One Touch of Venus*, Meiningen. Das Meininger Theater, Ingolf Huhn, dir., Stefanos Tsialis, cond. Opens 17 June 1994, in repertory 1994.

*Die sieben Todsünden*, Hannover. Niedersächsische Staatsoper. Ulrich Windführ, cond., Philippe Talard, dir. 23 September 1994.

*Die sieben Todsünden*, Kiel. Schleswig-Holstein Music Festival, Israel Symphony Orchestra, Brigitte Fassbaender, sop., Noam Sheriff, cond. 17 July 1994.

*Street Scene* (in English), Berlin. Theater des Westens (co-production with Houston Grand Opera and Theater im Pfalzbau), Francesca Zambello, dir., James Holmes, cond. Opens January 1995, in repertory.

*Street Scene* (in English), Ludwigshafen. Theater im Pfalzbau (co-production with Houston Grand Opera and Theater des Westens), Francesca Zambello, dir., James Holmes, cond. 18-23 December 1994.

*Symphony No.2*, Göttingen. Akademische Orchester-Vereinigung, Aula der Universität am Wilhelmsplatz, Thomas Gribow, cond. 17-19 June 1994.

*Der Zar läßt sich photographieren*, Heidelberg. Fest der 20er. January 1995.



## SELECTED PERFORMANCES

### HUNGARY

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Szekszard. Deutsche Bühne. 1993-94 season.

### ISRAEL

Selections from *Happy End*, *Mahagonny*, *Die Dreigroschenoper*, and *Marie Galante*, Tel-Aviv. Israel Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta, cond. 11, 14 October 1994.

*Lost in the Stars*, Tel-Aviv. Habimah National Theatre, Uri Paster, dir., Rafi Kadishsohn, cond. 5-13 and 29-31 March; 2-5, 7, and 9-11 April; 11-12, 14, 16-19, and 21-22 May 1994.

### JAPAN

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

### NETHERLANDS

*Der Lindberghflug*, Bergen aan Zee. Chorus of the Vrije Universiteit Amsterdam, Jean-Marie ten Velden, cond. 25 May 1994.

*Der Lindberghflug*, Hangeloo. 19 June 1994.

### SWEDEN

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

*One Touch of Venus* (in Swedish), Malmö. Malmö Musikteater, Michael Adelson, cond. Opens October 1994, in repertory 1994-1996.

### SWITZERLAND

*Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, Bern. Berner Musikkollegium. M. Studer, dir. 21 June 1994; 28 June 1994 in Brügg.

*Mahagonny Songspiel*, Davos. Kongresszentrum Musikfestival für Kammermusik. 30 July 1994.

*Der neue Orpheus*, Basel. Basel Sinfonietta, Jürg Wytenbach, cond. 18 March 1994.

*Der neue Orpheus*, Lugano. Radio svizzera, Orchestra della svizzera italiana, Jürg Wytenbach, cond. 27, 28 April 1994.

### UNITED KINGDOM

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, Glasgow. Scottish National Opera (in co-production with Canadian Opera Company), Robert LePage, dir., Richard Bradshaw, cond. Opens May 1996, in repertory.

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, London. English National Opera, Declan Donnellan and Nick Ormerod, dirs., Sian Edwards and James Holmes, conds. Opens June 1995.

*Johnny Johnson*, London. Trinity College, Rhonda Kess, cond. 24, 25 March 1994.

*Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, Cheltenham. National Youth Wind Ensemble of Great Britain. 5 April 1994.

*Knickerbocker Holiday*, London. English Chamber Orchestra, Rhonda Kess, cond. 29 November 1994.

*Symphony No. 2*, Birmingham and Stratford. Birmingham Sinfonia, Andrew Moreglia, cond. 10 March 1994 in Stratford, 17 March 1994 in Birmingham.

*Die sieben Todsünden*, London. Royal College of Music. 31 May 1994.

### UNITED STATES

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, Durham, NC. North Carolina School of the Arts. 28 January through 1 February 1994.

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*, New York, NY. Metropolitan Opera. Opens 22 November 1995, in repertory.

*Concerto for Violin and Wind Instruments*, Bloomington, IN. Indiana University Orchestra, Adam Platt, cond. 2 April 1994.

*Concerto for Violin and Wind Instruments*, Oberlin, OH. Oberlin Conservatory Orchestra. 10 March 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Bethesda, Maryland. The Other Opera Company. 11-26 June 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Boston, Cambridge, MA. American Repertory Theater, Ron Daniels, dir. 12 May - 23 July 1995.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*, Durham, NC. North Carolina School of the Arts, 20-24 April 1994.

*Die Dreigroschenoper*. Stantonbury School. 12 June 1994.

*Frauentanz, Mahagonny Songspiel*, New Brunswick, NJ. New Proscenium Theatre, Opera at Rutgers, Benton Hess, cond. 15, 16, 22, and 23 April 1994.

*Happy End*, Baltimore, MD. Center Stage Theater. 17 February - 19 March 1995.

*Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, Milwaukee, WI. Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, Neal Gittleman, cond., 24-26 June 1994.

*Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, Cincinnati, OH. Lake Superior Chamber Orchestra. 13 July 1994.

"Kurt Weill: Bilbao to Broadway," Baltimore, MD. Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, David Zinman, cond. 9-11 June 1994.

*Lady in the Dark*, (concert performance) New York, NY. City Center, Encores, Great American Musicals in Concert, Robert Fisher, cond. 4-7 May 1994.

*Mahagonny Songspiel*, Boulder, CO. University of Colorado. 12 April 1994.

*Mahagonny Songspiel* and *Concerto for Violin and Wind Instruments*, Des Moines, IA. Des Moines Art Center, Thomas Griswold, cond. Fall 1994.

"Nanna's Lied," San Francisco, CA. San Francisco Ballet. Opens 10 March 1994, in repertory Spring 1994.

"Nanna's Lied," Washington, DC. John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. 18 May 1994.

*Die sieben Todsünden*. Aspen Music Festival, Lawrence Foster, cond., Karen Armstrong, soprano. 29 July 1994.

*Die sieben Todsünden*, Brooklyn, NY. Marianne Faithful, Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra, Dennis Russell Davies, cond. 7, 8 April 1995.

*Die sieben Todsünden*, Durham, NC. North Carolina School of the Arts. 5-8 May 1994.

*Die sieben Todsünden*, Saratoga Springs, NY. Angelina Réaux, sop., Philadelphia Orchestra, Charles Dutoit, cond. 10 August 1994.

*Die sieben Todsünden*, Winston-Salem, NC. North Carolina School of the Arts. 5-8 May 1994.

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

*Symphony No. 2*, Santa Monica, CA. Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra, Allen Gross, cond. 30 January 1994.

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