

URBAN CABARET

GEOFFREY BURLESON
PIANO

MARIA TEGZES
SOPRANO

NEUMA



EISLER • SCHÖNBERG

What is cabaret? Is it the setting—the smoke, the drink, dark lighting, cathartic merriment, and the sense of constant movement of sound and light? Does the music embody wry, knowing humor, sociological outrage, or both? No one exemplifies the marriage of these concepts more than the composer Hanns Eisler, the central focal point of our recording. Eisler's music additionally evokes an appropriately grim portraiture of his world: Berlin and America (especially Hollywood) in the 1920s and 1930s.

Eisler's aesthetic universe spans the extremes of compositional possibilities. It was as a pupil of Arnold Schönberg that he found his first voice—that of a sophisticated 12-tone composer of cerebral, visceral solo piano and chamber music. His **Piano Sonata No. 1** won the Vienna Arts Prize in 1924. Two years later he developed Marxist leanings that led him to an abrupt change in compositional style, vehemently eschewing the "bourgeois music" of his teacher and turning instead to deceptively simple songs and pieces reflecting popular idioms. Although the songs emanate from a variety of sources, including workers' choir books and musicals, they conjure up most often the evocative environment of the Berlin cabaret. Transparent textures are combined with elements of counterpoint and complex harmonies; the melodic lines, however, are always simple and very accessible. His 30 year collaboration with Bertolt Brecht produced hundreds of cabaret songs that are the essential apex of his vocal music; we have included 6 of them on this recording, with 3 brief, mercurial solo piano pieces serving as *entr'actes*.

Eisler's **Second Sonata for Piano** illuminates a convergence of styles. The piece utilizes the 12-tone language of Schönberg, but incorporates a much more vernacular rhythmic language, reminiscent of jazz and dance hall idioms. Cast as a theme with 14 variations, it is largely a rather grotesque

scherzando, with accompaniments that feature a dense and small-spanned jazz stride or 'oom-pah' pattern; a distinctive feature that is sometimes referred to as the 'Eisler bass.' Along the way we encounter an actual classically-designed scherzo (embodied in the first 3 variations, with the 2nd functioning as a trio,) as well as music that is wistful and melancholy, playful, scurrying, triumphant and fascistic.

Eisler fled Germany after Hitler's rise to power in 1933, living in exile for 15 years. In 1947 he was brought before the House Committee on Un-American Activities to testify about his own beliefs and the alleged spy-related activities of his brother, launching an international protest on his behalf that was spearheaded by Einstein, Mann, Chaplin, Cocteau and others. Despite this, and possibly because of his decidedly "unfriendly" testimony, he was deported in 1948 and lived his remaining years in East Berlin, continuing his artistic relationship with Brecht.

Eisler's mentor, Arnold Schönberg, wrote the **Brettli-Lieder** during the first few years of this century for performance in the legendary prototype of Berlin cabarets, the Überbrettli. The musical material spans from popular styles to classical idioms; **Galathea**, stripped of its vocal line, sounds like a Brahms Intermezzo! Edward Harsh's "**be not the slave of words/i fear loquacious odes**" brings the cabaret idiom to the present. The work juxtaposes popular styles of past and present to frame its themes of satire and alienation, and in doing so is a moving and humorous addition to the repertoire of this timeless tradition.

—Geoffrey Burleson

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BE NOT THE SLAVE OF WORDS

There is often a considerable gap between the sounds which make up our speech and the thoughts or feelings those sounds are intended to represent. This gap can become a perilous chasm if we are not aware of the ledge on which we perch every time we speak (one false, trusting step and.....)

Once the chasm (and the ravine below) are recognized and dismissed as illusory phantoms (whether, in fact, they are or are not), there is great sport to be had in trying to leap over them. Not all of the many voices of "be not the slave of words" realize this.

—Edward Harsh

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Goeffrey Burleson, pianist, is a performer of a vast scope of solo and chamber repertoire, and is especially committed to playing and promoting music of the 20th century. For four seasons he has performed in Greece and Boston as principal pianist with ALEA III, the contemporary ensemble-in-residence at Boston University. Mr. Burleson has also appeared with Boston Symphony orchestra concertmaster Malcolm Lowe, the Griffin Ensemble, NuClassix, the Princeton Ensemble, and at the Nantucket Piano Festival. His New York City appearances include Merkin Hall, Carnegie Recital Hall, the Miller Theatre and Symphony Space. As a jazz pianist he has performed throughout the United States and Greece, and has appeared with Bob Mintzer, Pheeroan akLaff, and the ensemble Simon Templar. Mr. Burleson has premiered works by Morton Subotnick and Vivian Fine and was winner of the Silver Medal in the 1985 International Piano Recording Competition. A graduate of the Peabody Conservatory and the New England Conservatory, his teachers include Veronica Jochum, Leonard Shure, Lillian Freundlich, and Tinka Knopf.

Mr. Burleson is Assistant Professor of Music at the College of the Holy Cross (Worcester, MA) and has performed and taught at festivals in France and Switzerland. He has recorded for Music & Arts and NEUMA Records.

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Maria Tegzes, soprano, has an extensive background in the performance of opera and chamber music. She has performed with The Boston Musica Viva, the Princeton Ensemble of Princeton University, and the ACCESS Chamber Ensemble, NYC. Known for her performances of contemporary music, she has sung works of Milton Babbitt, Robert Cogan, Pozzi Escot, Vivian Fine, Betsy Jolas, Earl Kim, and Jean-Claude Risset. Tegzes has received critical acclaim in the U.S. and Europe for her interpretations of contemporary music as well as opera. Her New York City appearances include performances at Merkin and Carnegie Recital Halls, Town Hall, the Miller Theatre, and CAMI Hall. Tegzes has recorded for NEUMA Records and National Public Radio.

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Edward Harsh is a composer living in New York City. He studied composition at Yale University and The Royal Conservatory in The Hague, among other places, where his teachers included Louis Andriessen, Martin Bresnick, Earle Brown, Jacob Druckman, Robert Hall Lewis, and Frederic Rzewski. Mr. Harsh's active interest in writing about music led him to earn a degree in musicology at Columbia University. His most recent project, an essay on the relationship between Dutch new music and American composers, is to be published in a compilation by Bezige Bij in October of 1993. He currently serves as Associate Director for Publications at the Kurt Weill Foundation for Music.

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GALATHEA

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen, Galathea, schönes Kind,
dir zu küssen deine Wangen, weil sie so entzückend sind.
Wonne die mir widerfahre, Galathea, schönes Kind,
dir zu küssen deine Haare, weil sie so verlockend sind.
Nimmer wehr mir, bis ich ende, Galathea, schönes Kind,
dir zu küssen deine Hände, weil sie so verlockend sind.
Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe, Galathea, schönes Kind,
dir zu küssen deine Knie, weil sie so verlockend sind.
Und was tät ich nicht, du süsse Galathea, schönes Kind,
dir zu küssen deine Füße, weil sie so verlockend sind.
Aber deinen Mund enthülle, Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie,
denn in seiner Reize Fülle küsst ihn nur die Phantasie.

DER GENÜGSAME LIEBHABER

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze
mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,
und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblank Glatze,
blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.

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

Und komm' ich am abend die Freundin besuchen,
so liegt die Mieze im Schosse bei ihr,
und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen
und schlaue denn ich leise ihr Haar berühren.

Und will ich mal zärtlich thun mit dem Schatze,
und dass sie mir auch einmal "Eitschi" macht,
dann stül'p' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,
dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.

GALATHEA

Oh, how I burn with longing, Galathea, beautiful girl,
to kiss your cheeks, while you are so entrancing.
Bliss overcomes me, Galathea, beautiful girl,
kissing your hair, while you are so alluring.
Never reject me till I die, Galathea, beautiful girl,
kissing your hands, while you are so alluring.
Ah, you couldn't suspect how I beam, Galathea, beautiful girl,
to kiss your knees, while you are so alluring.
And what would I do, you sweet Galathea, beautiful girl,
to kiss your feet, while you are so alluring.
But your mouth, lovely, doesn't reveal my kisses,
for your charm's fullness kisses only in a fantasy.

THE EASILY SATISFIED LOVER

My girlfriend has a black cat
with soft, rustling, velveteen fur,
and I, I have a lightning-shiny, bald head,
lightning-shiny, smooth, and silvery bright.

My girlfriend is one of those opulent ladies,
she lounges on the divan all year long.
so busily petting that furry cat,
my God it pleases her just to feel that velvet-soft fur.

And in the evening I come to visit my girlfriend,
as the kitty lies in her lap,
and eats honeycakes along with her
and shivers when I softly touch its hair.

And I wish to woo my sweetheart,
so that she'll exclaim, "Ooh"
then I plop the cat atop my bald head,
and my girlfriend strokes the feline and laughs.

EINFÄLTIGES LIED

König ist spazieren gangen,
bloss wie ein Mensch spazieren gangen,
ohne Szepter und ohne Kron',
wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn.

Ist ein starker Wind gekommen,
ganz gewöhnlicher Wind gekommen,
ohne Ahnung wer das wär',
fällt er über den König her.
Hat ihm den Hut vom Kopf gerissen,
hat ihn über's Dach geschmissen,
hat ihn nie mehr wiedergesehn!

Seht ihr's! Da habt ihr's!
Das sag' ich ja! Treiben gleich Allotria!

Es kann kein König ohne Kron',
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn
unter die dummen Leute gehn!

MAHNUNG

Mädel sei kein eitles Ding,
fang dir keinen Schmetterling,
such dir einen rechten Mann,
der dich tüchtig küssen kann
und mit seiner Hände Kraft,
dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.

Mädel, Mädel, sei nicht dumm,
lauf nicht wie im Traum herum,
Augen auf!
ob Einer kommt, der dir recht zum Manne taugt.
Kommt er, dann nicht lang bedacht!
Klapp! die Falle zugemacht.

Liebes Mädel sei gescheit,
nütze deine Rosenzeit!
Passe auf und denke dran,
dass du, wenn du ohne Plan
ziellos durch das Leben schwirrst,
eine alte Jungfer wirst.

Liebes Mädel sei gescheit,
nütze deine Rosenzeit.
Passe auf und denke dran!
Denk daran.

SIMPLE SONG

The king has gone strolling,
stripped down like a common guy,
without scepter or crown,
like a plain, ordinary person.

Then a wild gust whipped up,
a totally common gust,
without regard for who he was,
it attacked the king.
Has torn his hat from his head,
has flung him far from shelter,
has left him in the dust!

You see! He's had it!
I told you so! Doing just as Allotria!

There can't be a king without a crown,
like some ordinary guy,
among the dumb masses!

REMINDER

Girl don't be a vain thing,
you'll catch no butterfly.
Seek a righteous man,
whom you can passionately kiss
and with the strength of his hands
he will make for you a warm, little nest.

Girl, girl, don't be dumb,
don't walk as in a dream,
eyes open!
if Mr. Right comes along.
Here he comes, then soon look out!
Boom! the trap is set.

Lovely girl be ashine,
take advantage of your rosy youth!
Think about it,
if you, without design,
aimlessly whiz through life,
you'll end up an old spinster.

Lovely girl be ashine,
take advantage of your rosy youth.
Think about it!
Think about it.

ARIE AUS DEM SPIEGEL VON ARCADIEN

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,
schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,
es summt und brummt mir hier und da,
als wie ein Bienenschwarm.
Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,
ihr Auge schön und klar,
so schlaget wie der Hammerstreich
mein Herzchen immerdar.
Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,...

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,
wenn's recht den Göttern wär';
da tanzt wie ein Marmelthier
in's Kreuz und in die Quer.
Das wär ein Leben auf der Welt,
da wollt' ich lustig seyn,
ich hüpfte wie ein Haas durch's Feld,
und's Herz schlug immerdrein.
Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,...

Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiss;
ist weder kalt noch warm,
und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis
in eines Mädchens Arm.
Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann,
ich spring' um sie herum;
mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an
und machet bum, bum, bum.
m, bum, bum, bum, bum,...

DIE MASKE DES BÖSEN

An meiner Wand hängt ein japanisches Holzwerk,
Maske eines bösen Dämons, bemalt mit Goldlack.
Mit fühlend sehe ich die geschwellenen Stirnadern,
andeutend:
Wie anstrengend ist es, böse zu sein.

ARIA FROM THE MIRROR OF THE ARCADE

Since I have seen so many ladies,
my heart beats so warmly,
it hums and rumbles here and there
like a bee swarm.
And when their fire is the same as mine,
their eyes beautiful and true,
then my little heart beats
like a hammer.
Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,...

I wish a thousand ladies for myself
when the gods see fit for it;
then I'll dance like a marmot
all over the place.
This is really the life
and I am as joyful as can be,
I skip through the field,
my heart always trembling.
Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,...

What lady wouldn't be a delight to know;
to me she'll be neither cold nor warm,
and I'll lie like a piece of ice
in a girl's arms.
Then I am a man transformed,
I leap about her;
my heart throbs joyfully
and makes its bum, bum, bum.
Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,...

THE MASK OF EVIL

On my wall hangs a Japanese woodwork,
Mask of an evil demon, painted with gold lacquer.
With sympathy I see the swollen veins in its forehead,
indicating:
What a strain it is to be evil.

LIED EINES FREUDENMÄDCHENS

Meine Herrn, mit siebzehn Jahren
Kam ich auf den Liebesmarkt,
Und ich habe viel erfahren,
Böses gab es viel, doch das war das Spiel,
Aber manches hab ich doch verärgt.

Gottseidank geht alles schnell vorüber,
Auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern Abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Freilich geht es mit den Jahren,
Leichter auf den Liebesmarkt.
Und umarmt sie dort in Scharen,
Aber das Gefühl wird erstaunlich kühl
wenn man damit allzuwenig kargt.

Gottseidank geht alles schnell vorüber,
Auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern Abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Und auch wenn man gut das Handeln
Lernte auf den Liebesmess!:
Lust in Kleingeld zu verwandeln
Fällt doch niemals leicht; ach, es wird erreicht,
Doch man wird auch älter unterdes.

Gottseidank geht alles schnell vorüber,
Auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern Abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

HOLLYWOOD ELEGY

I saw many friends
And the friend I loved most among them
Helplessly sunk into the swamp
I pass by daily.
And a drowning was not over in a single morning.
This made it more terrible.
And the memory of our long talks about the swamp,
Which already held so many powerless.
Now I watched him leaning back covered with leeches
In the shimmering softly moving slime
Upon the sinking face the ghastly blissful smile.

SONG OF A HARLOT

Gentlemen, at seventeen
I came to the love market,
And I have experienced much,
A lot was bad, but that's the game.
However, I shook up a few folks, myself.

Thank God it all goes quickly,
Both love and grief as well.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where is the snow from the fading year?

Indeed the years fly
On the love market.
And embraces are sold,
But feeling becomes amazingly cool
When one too freely gives it away.

Thank God it all goes quickly,
Both love and grief as well.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where is the snow from the fading year?

And also one learns well
In the trade of that racket!:
Giving happiness for small change
Doesn't happen easily; oh my, but that's how it is,
And one becomes older in the meantime.

Thank God it all goes quickly,
Both love and grief as well.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where is the snow from the fading year?



WIE DER WIND WEHT

Die Burchen, eh' sie ihre Mädchen legen,
Versichern sich und sie tun gut daran,
Ob sich die Lippen öffnen und die Brüste regen,
Damit sie wissen: Was und wann.
Prüfend wie das alles steht, wie der Wind weht.

Ihr Staatenlenker, wenn ihr Pläne schmiedet,
Stellt euch nicht furchtsam an!
Der darf nicht Kampf scheun der befriedet,
Doch immer prüfet: Was und wann?
Auf die Strasse geht und seht, wie der Wind weht.

(Wenn so der Dichter Führen und Verführen
In einem Atem nennt, als wär' es eins,
Denkt er an Völker, die sich nicht recht rühren
Und wollen ihr Vergnügen so, als wär' es keins.)

LIED DER KUPPLERIN

Ach, man sagt, des roten Mondes Anblick
Auf dem Wasser macht die Mädchen schwach,
Und man spricht von eines Mannes Schönheit,
Der ein Weib verfiel: dass ich nicht lach,
Wo ich Liebe sah und schwache Knie,
War's beim Anblick von — Marie.
Und das ist sehr bemerkenswert.
Gute Mädchen lieben nie
Eine Herrn, der nichts verzehrt,
Doch sie können innig lieben,
Wenn man ihnen was verehrt,
Und der Grund ist: Geld macht sinnlich,
Wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt.

Ach was soll des roten Mondes Anblick
Auf dem Wasser, wenn der Zaster fehlt?
Und was soll da eines Mannes oder Weibes Schönheit
Wenn man knapp ist und es sich verhehlt.
Wo ich Liebe sah und schwache Knie
War's beim Anblick von — Marie.
Und das ist bemerkwert:
Wie soll er und wie soll sie
Sehnsuchtsvoll und unbeschwert
Auf den Leeren Magen lieben?
Nein, mein Freund, das ist verkehrt.
Frass macht warm und Geld macht sinnlich
Wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS

The guy, before he lays his girlfriend,
Assures himself he's good at it,
If to him lips are parted and breasts heave,
Then he knows exactly where he stands.
Proving all things go just as the wind blows.

You, statesman, when you make your plans,
Don't let yourself be fearful!
The peacemaker doesn't shun a battle,
But always makes sure of where he/she stands.
On the street going and showing, how the wind blows.

(The poet leads and seduces in one breath,
Claiming these are the same,
He thinks of people who can't find peace in their lives
And wishes them pleasure like it was nothing.)

SONG OF THE MADAME

Ah, they say the red moon's glance
On the water makes the girls' knees weak,
And they speak of a man's beauty,
Which makes a woman swoon: don't make me laugh,
When I've seen love and weak knees,
It was on account of a glance from some "Jane."
And that is quite remarkable.
Dear girl, don't ever love
A man who doesn't live off the capital,
Although you can secretly love
Someone who is respectable,
And the bottom line is money
Is the only real aphrodisiac.

Oh, what good is the red moon's glance
On the water, when the bucks are scarce?
And what good is a man's or woman's beauty
If they're stingy and keep it to themselves.
When I've seen love and weak knees
It was on an account of a glance from some "Jane."
...and that is remarkable:
How can he and how can she,
Overcome by desire and unhindered
By empty stomachs, make love?
No, my friend, that is all wrong.
Slop makes us warm and money
Is the real aphrodisiac.

ÄNDERE DIE WELT, SIE BRAUCHT ES

Mit wem sässe der Rechtliche nicht zusammen,
Dem Rechte zu helfen?
Welche Medizin schmeckte zu schlecht dem Sterbenden?
Welche niedrigkeit begingst du nicht
Um die Niedrigkeit auszutilgen?
Könntest du die Welt endlich verändern,
Wofür wärest du dir zu gut?
Versinke in Schmutz, umarme den Schlächter,
Aber ändre die Welt, sie braucht es.
Wer bist du?

CHANGE THE WORLD, IT NEEDS IT

With whom would the rightminded not sit
To help the righteous?
Which medicine tastes too bad to the dying?
What baseness will you not commit
To exorcise all baseness?
If you can finally change the world,
For what are you too good?
Sink down in the dirt, embrace all people,
But change the world, it needs it.
Who are you?

Translations by M. Tegzes and G. Burleson



"Be not the slave of words" Thomas Carlyle

calculated resonance fools the trust you sympathetic lonely ear
innocent belief the sign sculpted allusive prowls concealing conceit
melodic strophes cloy sweet relenting cynics disavow listless their voice
deserting faith rescinds its false illusion vacancy remains

we fear the alone together we fear the apart

afraid • • • • • alone

*eloquent locution
quiet trepidation
solitary panic*

si fash luhr kwi dzo
(i firlo-kwa-shuhs odz)
i fear loquacious odes

We rely on eloquence
And yet by me it makes no sense
To deify what's reason free,
I blame society!
(We blame society.)

Big words cast a spell, it's true,
But in the end what's there to do?
Fer sher, forsooth, i'm left alone.
It's greek to me.
I blame society!
(We blame society.)

"Words
ought to be
a little wild,
for they are
the assault
of thoughts
on the un-
thinking."

*John
Maynard
Keynes*

i mean

i mean

i mean

i mean this guy comes up to me in the street he says "you alone?" huh! i go
"no, i'm with somebody" he says this guy he says in the street "you alone." i
mean huh! i mean i mean i go "yeah, right! i'm with somebody" right? i
mean in the street he says in i mean yeah, right! this guy comes up to me
he says "you alone! you! alone!." i go i mean this guy i mean huh! i go "no,
i'm with somebody."

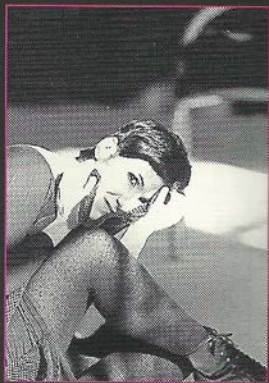
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**Producers • Toby Mountain, Geoffrey Burleson, Maria Tegzes
Design • Maria Tegzes, Susan Calkins
Photography • Angela Coppola
Typesetting • Susan Calkins
Makeup • Heidi Wells
Executive Producer • Shirish Korde**

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ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG

BREITL-LIEDER

- | | | |
|---|--|------|
| 1 | Galathea • Frank Wedekind | 3:33 |
| 2 | Der Genügsame Liebhaber • Hugo Salus | 2:28 |
| 3 | Einfältiges Lied • Hugo Salus | 1:46 |
| 4 | Mahnung • Gustav Hochstetter | 3:17 |
| 5 | Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien • Emanuel Schikaneder | 3:08 |

HANNS EISLER • BERTOLT BRECHT

- | | | |
|----|---|-------|
| 6 | Die Maske des Bösen | 1:14 |
| 7 | Lied eines Freudenmädchens (<i>Die Rundköpfe und die Spitzköpfe</i>) | 3:28 |
| 8 | Klavierstück, Op. 32, No. 1 | 1:10 |
| 9 | A Hollywood Elegy (<i>Gedichte im Exil</i>) | 1:22 |
| 10 | Wie der Wind weht | 1:28 |
| 11 | Klavierstück, Op. 32, No. 5 | 0:32 |
| 12 | Lied der Kupplerin (<i>Die Rundköpfe und die Spitzköpfe</i>) | 2:23 |
| 13 | Ändere die Welt, sie braucht es (<i>Die Maßnahme</i>) | 3:00 |
| 14 | Second Sonata for Piano, Op. 6 | 10:20 |

EDWARD HARSH

- | | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 15 | be not the slave of words/ i fear loquacious odes | 14:49 |
|----|--|-------|

HANNS EISLER

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|------|
| 16 | Klavierstück, Op. 32, No. 2 | 1:18 |
|----|------------------------------------|------|

Total Time 55:16



NEUMA Records

71 Maple Street, Acton, MA 01776 U.S.A.

COMPACT
disc
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