

# CULTURE PREVIEWS

## Wine and Song



An illustration for the wine and song evening

Rachel Parker from Pirate Productions talks about their latest show, 'Wine and Song' a concert of cabaret songs combined with a tasting of Spanish wine.

Cabaret music has long been a passion of mine, and I decided last year to put together a concert of some of my favourite songs in that style. Quite what 'cabaret' music is, is rather hard to define in words. It owes plenty to jazz, to theatre music and to the operetta from which it descends but none of these are quite it. Perhaps it's the way each song is a little drama of its own, or the way 'edgy' themes combine with edgy arrangements or I guess you just have to hear it to know.

We're featuring four specific composers over the evening. Friedrich Hollaender is the earliest, and he's the representative of classic Berlin cabaret. His songs include a collection of flirtatious women (if you can describe actually stripping as flirtatious) and the most famous Berlin cabaret song of them all 'Falling In Love Again'.

Kurt Weill is now considered a cabaret composer. Although he never purposely wrote for cabaret his signature style is so closely associated with that era that he couldn't be left out. We aren't delving into his theatre music but into the collection of 'stand-alone' songs known as 'the Unknown Kurt Weill' that was gathered by his wife, Lotte Lenya, including such treasures as 'Nanna's Lied' that he wrote as a gift to Lenya.

It's not widely known that Benjamin Britten ever wrote cabaret music, but he wrote some settings of poetry by W.H. Auden that he himself described that way and they are hugely enjoyable. An example is an affecting setting of 'Funeral Blues', the well-known poem that begins 'Stop all the clocks ...'

The last composer, William Bolcom, brings the genre up to date. The songs we include by him, are all from the 1980's and are settings of the poetry of Arnold Weinstein. The themes include gangsters, drugs, one-night stands and transvestites, so you can see why I use the word 'edgy'.

One thing that is certain about cabaret music is that it requires something of an ambience. That's why I decided that a presentation of these songs would fit in with a wine tasting.

We've got 10 different Spanish wines to taste, ranging in style from classic riojas to intriguing new wines like a Spanish Gewürztraminer. The €24 ticket price includes tasting glasses of all ten, plus one full glass of your choice to drink as you sit down to enjoy the music.

All wines will also be for sale by the glass or bottle on the night or on order to enjoy at home. There will also be a copious buffet of cold tapas, also included in the ticket. We're going to start with tasting of whites and rosés at 7:30, begin the music at 8:15 and then have a 45-minute break for tasting of reds and then the second part of the music. With this format we're having to keep places rather limited so do book early.

'Wine and Song' is at the Parish Hall, Gasperich on Thursday 25th March, Friday 26th and Saturday 27th.

**Places can be reserved by calling 358778 or by email to [reservations@sarumlux.net](mailto:reservations@sarumlux.net). More details, as well as information about Pirate Productions at [www.pirates.lu](http://www.pirates.lu)**

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## Complainte de la Seine

Au fond de la Sei-ne, il y a de l'or,  
Des ba-teaux rouil-lés, des bi-joux, des armes,  
Au fond de la Sei-ne, il y a des morts...  
Au fond de la Sei-ne, il y a des larmes.

Au fond de la Sei-ne, il y a des fleurs;  
de vase et de boue, ell's sont nour-ries  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des coeurs  
qui souf-frir'nt trop pour vi-vre la vie

Et puis des cail-loux et des bê-tes gri-ses..  
L'â-me des é-gouts souf-flant des poi-sons  
Les an-neaux je-tés par des in-com-pri-ses,  
Des pieds qu'une he-li-ce a cou-pés du tronc....

Et les fruits mau-dits des ven-tres sté-ri-les,  
Les blancs a-vor-tés que nul n'ai ma...  
Les vo-mis-se-ments de la grand' vil-le...  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a ce-la...

O Sei-ne clé-ment-te où vont les ca-da-vres,  
O lit don les draps sont faits de li-mon  
Fleuv' des dé-chets, sans fanal, ni hâvre,  
Chan-teu-se ber-çant, la morgue et les ponts

Ac-cueill' le pauvre, ac-cueill' la femme,  
Ac-cueill' l'I-vrogne Ac-cueill' le fou,  
Mé-le leurs sang-lots au bruit de tes lames,  
Et por-te leurs coeurs, et por-te leurs coeurs  
Et por-te leurs coeurs, par-mi les cail-loux..

Au fond de la Sei-ne, il y a de l'or,  
Des ba-teaux rouil-lés, des bi-joux, des armes,  
Au fond de la Sei-ne, il y a des morts...  
Au fond de la Sei-ne, il y a des larmes.