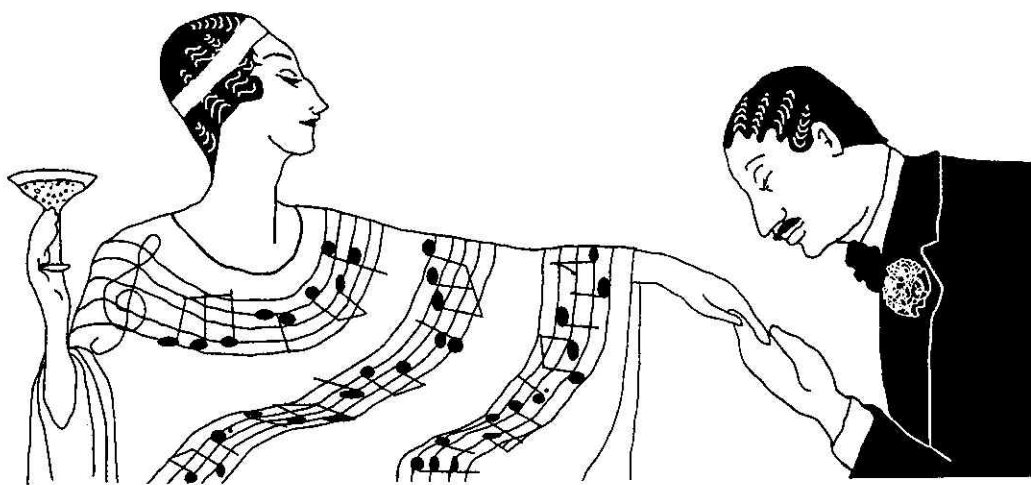


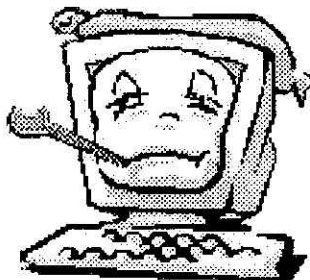
WINE and SONG



**A CONCERT OF CABARET SONGS
FROM THE 1920's TO THE 1980's
with a tasting of Spanish wines**

Featuring The Songs Of Weill, Britten, Hollaender and Bolcom

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Friedrich Hollaender (1896 - 1976)

Hollaender received a classical training but by 1919, in a time of great cultural upheaval, following the First World War, he became the in-house composer for 'Schall und Rauch' ('Noise and Smoke') one of the leading cabarets of the time. He also became involved in writing for film, most notably Josef von Sternberg's 'The Blue Angel' in 1930, which brought international fame to Hollaender and to the film's star, Marlene Dietrich.

As a Jew, a satirist and composer of 'decadent' music, he was forced to leave Germany with the rise of the Nazis and found immediate employment in the U.S. as a film composer. He returned to Germany after the war and continued composing until his death in 1976.

The Hollaender songs in this concert are from 'Schall und Rauch', and 'The Blue Angel'.

Kurt Weill (1900 - 1950)

A somewhat parallel life story is that of Kurt Weill. Born the son of a synagogue cantor, Weill had a classical training, for a period also with Humperdinck. He also joined Berlin's avant-garde, but wrote mainly for theatre most notably with Bertolt Brecht on such classic works as *The Threepenny Opera*. He also left Germany in the 1930's, going first to Paris and then to the U.S. where he became a successful Broadway composer.

The songs of his are not from his theatre music, but from the collection of 'stand-alone' songs called 'The Unknown Kurt Weill', collected by his wife Lotte Lenya from the 20's to the 30's.

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

Benjamin Britten is one of Britain's most highly regarded and prolific composers - mainly, though far from exclusively, of vocal works. Aside from an extended stay in the U.S. with friends the tenor Peter Piers and the poet W.H. Auden at the end of the 1930's he lived a relatively quiet life in Aldeburgh, Suffolk. The great scope and influence of the compositions he left is anything but 'quiet', ranging from operas such as *Peter Grimes* and choral works such as the *War Requiem*.

These Britten cabaret songs (the description was his) are all settings of Auden poetry written before and during their stay in the U.S.

William Bolcom (1938 -)

Born in Seattle, Washington he studied in the U.S. before coming to Europe to study at the Paris Conservatoire and beginning his professional career writing scores for theatre in West Germany. Returning to the States he began a varied career writing in many varied genres, and winning many awards including the Pulitzer Prize. His most famous epic work is a setting for soloists, 4 choirs and orchestra of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* that was 25 years in the writing.

These settings of the words of Arnold Weinstein date from 1977 - 1985.

English Translations—People & Places

MADY-FOXTROT

I am a clever German-American girl, my mother in Kentucky said to me:
"My girl, don't ever leave town! And stay in America with me. You stay here!"
But I boldly crossed the great puddle, till I stood on Lützow Place. That was all right!
Then a young gentleman tipped his cap to me, and gallantly offered me his arm!
So I was suddenly a fine lady, and live now with every comfort! That's my trick!
I used to be little Mary Schulz, now I'm Mady, and Lady Mady Rady stands at the gate!
That happens!
Hello! Who'll try the foxtrot with me? Maybe even up to the altar? Do marry me!
People will stop and say: "That's Mady from the foxtrot bar!" Amazing!

CARMENCITA

From Rio de Janeiro I came on an airplane,
In London I danced the latest step!
In Paris I was an Apache, in Bucharest a Walach, in Bavaria the man on the
mountain who collects wild herbs loved me!
Now I'm in Berlin and I've run out of gas; my car is broken down!
I'll thoroughly oil it, it won't lack fuel, but I'd rather oil it with champagne!

REFRAIN

They call me Carmencita, the pretty senorita,
I came from Argentina and I'm looking for a man!
He must be practically new and fairly faithful too, or as faithful to a woman
as a man can be!

I go to the department store, stand in front of leather goods, find myself a purse
for a thousand marks!
So what's a thousand marks, my friend? To an Argentinean that's nothing!
I'll pay it right away; should anyone accost me, I'll look him up and down from head to toe!
Whose business is it anyway? But then I have to laugh, and sing as we go to the tearoom!

REFRAIN

When I get to heaven, the angels all in tumult will crowd up to the gates of gold.
St. Peter will turn red and twitter through his beard, "You look so strangely familiar to me!"
I'll smile: "You old flirt, God knows you're no Quaker! We knew each other at the Alibar!"
Remember how we danced the two-step, and how heavenly it was there on earth!"

BERLIN IM LICHT-SONG (*Berlin in Lights-Song*)

Sunshine may be enough when you go for a walk,
But the sun isn't enough to light up the city of Berlin.
It's no little hick-town, it's one helluva city!
If you want to see everything there, you've got to use a few watts.
So what then? What kind of a city is it?
Come on, turn on the lights so we can see what there is to see.
Come on, turn on the lights and don't say another word.
Come on, turn on the lights so we can see for sure what the big deal
is: Berlin in Lights.

COMPLAINTE DE LA SEINE (*Lament Of The Seine*)

At the bottom of the Seine there is gold, and rusty boats, jewels, and weapons.
In the depths of the Seine are the dead.
There are tears, there are flowers nourished on slime and mud.
There are hearts which suffered too well to live, and pebbles and gray creatures,
The soul of the sewer exhaling poison from its mouth.
There are rings tossed in by the misunderstood, and the feet of a cadaver sliced by a propeller.
And the accursed fruits of a sterile womb, the unloved and aborted, the city's vomit.
All this rests at the bottom of the Seine.
Oh merciful Seine, the cadavers' home;
Oh bed with linen of slime, river of garbage with neither beacon nor harbor;
Singer who lulls the morgue and the bridges;
Welcome the poor, the woman, the drunkards, the demented.
Mingle their sobs with the sound of your waves, and carry their hearts among the pebbles.

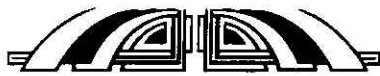
YOUKALI

Wandering at the will of the sea, my vagabond bark led me to the end of the world.
It's quite a small island, but the sprite who dwells there politely invites us to tour it.

Chorus:

*Youkali is the land of our desires.
It means happiness and pleasure; it is the land where we leave cares behind.
It is the beacon in our clouded night, the star we follow; it's Youkali.
There we keep our promises. It is the land of shared love.
It means the hope in all human hearts, the rescue we all wait for.
Youkali is the land of our desires.
It means happiness and pleasure, but it's only a dream, a folly. There is no Youkali.*

And life, tedious and banal, drags us along.
Yet the poor human soul, seeking oblivion everywhere, knew how,
In leaving this earth, to find the mystery where our dreams are buried, in some Youkali.
Chorus



Pirate Productions present

Wine and Song

PEOPLE and PLACES

William Bolcom
Weinstein

George	Alan Carlisle
Black Max	Randolph Melton
Fur	Stuart Alexander

Friedrich Hollaender
Patt, Tiger, Patt

Mady	Pamela Carlisle
Petronella	Carol Abel
Carmencita	Claire Wolseley

Kurt Weill
Gasbarra, Hamerstein, Weill, Magre, Brecht, Fernay

Mussels from Margate	Louise Chapman
Buddy on the Nightshift	Fran Potasnik
Berlin im Licht	Steve Wilkie
Complainte de la Seine	Liz Turner
The Soldier's Wife	Brian Parker
Youkali	Fran Potasnik

Artistic Director
Rachel Parker

Musical Directors & Pianists
Liz Turner & Jackie Fleming



Pirate Productions present

Wine and Song

LOVE

William Bolcom
Weinstein

Amor	Claire Wolseley
Close the Curtain	Steve Preston
Toothbrush Time	Barbara Hall

Benjamin Britten
Auden

Tell me the Truth	Steve Preston
Funeral Blues	Alan Carlisle
Calypso	Barbara Hall

Kurt Weill
Brecht

Nana's Lied	Pamela Carlisle
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Friedrich Hollaender
Lerner

Kopf Bis Fuss	Louise Chapman
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Producer
Steve Preston

Sound
Tomas Bremin

Lighting
Anthony McCarthy

English Translations—Love

NANNA'S LIED (*Nanna's Song*)

Gentlemen, I was only seventeen when I landed on the love market.
And I learned a lot of things—mostly bad, but that was the game.
Still I resented much of it. (After all, I am a human being.

Chorus:

*Thank God, it all goes by quickly - both the love and sorrow.
Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?*

As the years go by, it gets easier on the love market
Easier to embrace a whole troop there.
But it's amazing how your feelings cool off when you're stingy with them.
(After all, everything gets used up eventually.)

Chorus

And although you learn the tricks of the trade on the love market,
It's never easy to convert lust into small change.
Still it can be done, but meanwhile you get a little older.
(After all, you can't stay seventeen forever)

Chorus

Kopf Bis Fuss (Falling In Love Again)

I'm much too sentimental, my heart is never free.
Perhaps it's accidental that love should come to me.
Some little thing within me protects me for a while.
'Till someone comes to win me with only a smile.

Chorus:

*Falling in love again, never wanted to.
What am I to do? Can't help it.
Love's always been my game, Play it how I may.
I was made that way; Can't help it.
Men cluster to me like moths around a flame.
And if their wings burn, I know I'm not to blame.
Falling in love again, never wanted to.
What am I to do? Can't help it.*

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Someone Who'll Watch Over Me by Frank McGuinness

What happens when you put an Englishman, an Irishman, and an American in a room together? When the room is a cell in Beirut, and the men are hostages held in an act of political terrorism, the answer is, amazingly, a great deal of fun, fantasy and song as they fight their way through fear, humiliation and hatred and find in each other the glimmer of salvation.

In this humorous but sobering play, Frank McGuinness gives a realistic portrayal of the fear and desperation felt by three innocent men facing insanity and even death and examines the capacity of human beings held in such situations to be kind, to endure, to have courage in adversity and, above all, to have hope in the future.

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me, an independent production under the joint sponsorship of the New World Theatre Club, Pirate Productions, Round Tower Players and Amnesty International, to which the proceeds will be donated, is to be performed at the Check Inn, Findel on Tuesday 20, Thursday 22 and Friday 23 April.

There will also be a performance at the International School of Luxembourg on Wednesday 21 April. Seats (€12 adults ; €8 students) may be reserved by telephone (35 89 77) or e-mail (cabearne@pt.lu). The play will also be presented at a number of other venues around Luxembourg in the latter part of April, details to follow.

Pirates would like to thank the following people for their help in presenting this show:-

Jane Philpott	Victoria Ball	Janice Allgrove
Malcolm Turner	Geoff Stevens	Claire Abbott
Leslie Chesters	Mary Carey	Caroline Garratt
Ciara Barker	Beverly Atkinson	Chris Garratt
Valerie Scott	Maiken Thramdrup	Angela Milne
Alex Teligadas	Allison Kingsbury	Amanda Hyatt
Blathnaid Ohannrachain	Neil Johnson	Chris Albrecht
Declan Ohannrachain	Judy Milne	

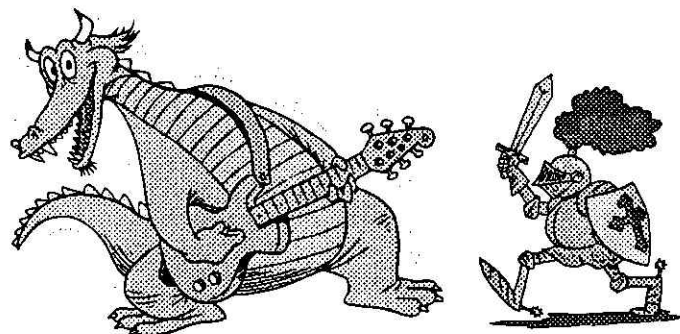
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and nationality that share an interest in English Language Musical Theatre.

Subscription rates are as follows:- Single €20, Family €37, Overseas 5 year
(single payment) €74, Junior €6

To join email or telephone:-
Brian Parker—brian@parker.lu 021-185413
Geoff Stevens—geoffstevens@hotmail.lu 021-247321
Or take a look at our website www.pirates.lu



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PUB & RESTAURANT

217, rue Albert Uden • L-2552 LUXEMBOURG

Tel. 47 41 86

FOCUS Internet
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tel. (+352) 30 51 97
fax (+352) 30 51 88
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by

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