

THREE COUNTRIES

A Weill Collage
by Harvey Perr

Part One: GERMANY

The stage is bare except for a piano and a stage-within-the-stage which, at the moment, is curtained. When the lights go down and the stage is darkened, we see, projected onto the curtain of the inner stage, Heinrich Kühn's The Table of the Artist, a color print of a painter's materials. When this curtain rises, the projection rises with it (as if the print had become the design of the curtain), revealing a replica of the bare stage complete with miniature piano and miniature stage-within-the-stage. For a brief moment - a matter of a few seconds, in fact - the lights come up, with blinding brightness, to illuminate the entire stage and the possibilities of worlds-within-worlds. When the lights do down again, only the stage-within-the-stage remains lit. Almost immediately, if not a second before, we see, projected onto the rear of the inner stage, Martin Munkacsy's portrait of LENI REIFENSTAHL 1930, looking at us from behind her camera. Again, a flash of blinding light as a YOUNG WOMAN appears from behind the inner stage (from behind Leni Reifenstahl), dressed as the Wife of the Painter Peter Abelen as August Sander photographed her in Cologne in 1926, while a moment later, a YOUNG MAN emerges from the other side of the inner stage (from behind the other side of Leni Reifenstahl) dressed as a College Graduate, again as photographed by August Sander in 1926. The lights go down again and the TWO FIGURES move into the shadows and as Leni Reifenstahl continues to be projected onto the rear of the inner stage, we see, projected onto the rear of the stage, famous portraits of the era (possible choices might include - and, in a similarly perverse order, so that the effect is subliminal - Lotte Jacobi's Franz Lederer 1929, Lucia Moholy's Franz Roh 1926, Lusha Nelson's Cardini 1937, James Abbe's Goebbels 1933, George Hoyningen-Huene's William Young Stribling 1930, Lotte Jacobi's Kathe Kollwitz, Lucia Moholy's Georg Muche 1927, Edward Steichen's Paul Robeson 1930, Grete Stern's Bertolt Brecht 1933, James Abbe's Goehring 1933, Edmund Kesting's Ruth Poelzig 1928, Hans Richter's Vormittags-spuk/Four Hats 1927/28, Raoul Hausmann's Self-portrait, Baltic Sea 1931, Lux Feininger's Clemens Roseler, Marianne Breslauer's Paul Citroen 1927, August Sander's Revolutionaries 1929, Paul Citroen's Double Portrait 1930, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's Multiple Portrait 1927).

During the above series of projections, emerging from behind the inner stage, joining the TWO FIGURES, are TWO YOUNG MEN dressed as Boxers, again as photographed by August Sander in Cologne in 1929, another YOUNG MAN, this one dressed as Man Ray's transvestite, naked except for wig, jock strap, garters, rolled stockings, and ballet slippers, and a YOUNG WOMAN dressed as Louise Brooks as Lulu in Pabst's Pandora's Box. These SIX form a CHORUS, FOUR of whom become THE BAND (Piano, Clarinet, Violin, Accordion).

At the same time as CHORUS/BAND emerges and Portraits are projected, the Leni Reifenstahl projection is intercut from time to time with images, held briefly, of three color prints by Heinrich Kuhn: Still Life, Still Life With Apples, Jug. Their primary function is to inject a touch of color, however muted, into the black-and-white imagery. When all the Portraits have been projected and the CHORUS has made its appearance, again it is the inner stage alone which is lit and the Leni Reifenstahl image has been replaced by Alfred Eisenstadt's Beethoven's bust, Beethovenhaus, Bonn 1934; the white curtain then descends on the inner stage and descending with it, the curtain design this time, is a projection of Paul Outerbridge's Piano 1924.

The lights go out.

The lights then come up on the Piano. After a second, the PIANIST takes his place at the piano.

The lights go out again.

The lights come up again on an image which duplicates the Yva photograph - Untitled ca.1928 - of a woman's braceleted arms caressing a black gown.

The lights go out again.

The lights come up again on an image which duplicates the Yva photograph - Untitled 1929 - of a woman's legs in silk stockings and satin buckled shoes.

The lights now come up slowly to reveal that the WOMAN with the braceleted arms and the black gown and the silk-stockinged legs is OUR SINGER.

While the lights are still fairly dim, we see, projected onto the curtain of the inner stage, Gyorgy Kepes' Untitled 1930 photo of the Bahnhof Zoo Kabarett, immediately followed by a projection, on the rear of the stage, of Margaret Bourke-White's Microphones 1934, at the same time that the curtain (and the Bahnhof Zoo) ascends and we see, projected onto the rear of the inner stage, Lux Feininger's Untitled ca.1929 photo of two musicians.

When the lights are up, OUR SINGER and the PIANIST are fully revealed.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

KLOPS-LIED

Ich sitze da un esse Klops
uff eemal klopp's
Ick kieke, staune, wundre mir,
uff eemal jeht 'se uff, die Tur.

Nanu, denk ick, ick denk nanu
jetzt is 'se uff, erscht war 'se zu.
Ick jehe raus, un blikke
un wer steht draussen?

Ikke, ikke, ikke.

OUR SINGER

(moving to the piano)

I just don't think I can take jazz tonight.

YOUNG WOMAN

(entering)

Come on.

OUR SINGER

My nerves are too raw. Too ragged.

YOUNG
YOUNG MAN

(entering)

Turn on the lights.

We see, projected on the rear of the stage now, a still from Fritz Lang's Dr. Mabuse, The Gambler: the night club scene.

OUR SINGER

(overlapping)

Too ragged for jazz tonight. And I don't have to tell you how terrible the food is. Vile!

PIANIST

I know.

YOUNG MAN

(overlapping)

Turn on the lights and see what there is to see.

OUR SINGER

The idea of jazz and vile food is just more than my nerves can stand. So what do you say? Let's go to the Montmartre, huh?

PIANIST

It's so expensive.

OUR SINGER

I know.

YOUNG MAN

(overlapping)

See for sure what the big deal is.

We see, projected on the rear of the inner stage now,
Erich Salomon's French Statesmen visit Berlin for the
First Time since World War I, 1931.

PIANIST

So expensive.

OUR SINGER

I know. Still. What isn't? Please. Let's.

The BAND starts playing BERLIN-IM LICHT-SONG.

YOUNG WOMAN

Berlin.

OUR SINGER

And order champagne.

YOUNG MAN

(overlapping)

In lights.

OUR SINGER

Please.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

BERLIN IM LICHT-SONG

Und zum Spazierengehen genügt das Sonnenlicht,
Doch um die Stadt Berlin zu sehn, genügt die Sonne nicht,
Das ist kein lauschiges Platzchen, ist 'ne ziemliche Stadt.
Damit man da alles gut sehen kann, da braucht man schon
einige Watt.

Na watt denn? Na watt den? Was is das für 'ne Stadt denn?

Komm, mach mal Licht, damit man sehn kann, ob was da
ist,

Komm. mach mal Licht, und rede nun mal nicht.

Komm, mach mal Licht, dann wollen wir doch auch mal sehen,
Ob das 'ne Sache ist: Berlin im Licht.

During the above song, the curtain descends on the inner stage. We see, projected onto the curtain, Erich Salomon's A Press Ball. As soon as OUR SINGER completes the song, the curtain (and A Press Ball) ascends. On the inner stage, we see a duplication of what we see on stage, complete with miniature versions of the SEVEN FIGURES and the rear projection of the Dr. Mabuse still.

The lights come up full - another flash of blinding brilliance - and the projections disappear. The PIANIST remains seated, while OUR SINGER and FOUR CHORUS MEMBERS move in stylized choreographic patterns. A FIFTH CHORUS MEMBER moves the miniature figures in an attempt to continue the sense of duplication. The lights are down to normal.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

You will be most careful, won't you, dear boy, not to let drop any reference to Bayer or to our political beliefs?

OUR SINGER

I'm lost, I tell you.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

(overlapping, laughs)

SECOND YOUNG MAN

I'm not completely mad.

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN

Was gibts denn da zu lachen?

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Of course not. Please don't think I meant anything offensive. But even the most cautious of us betray ourselves at times. Just one other point.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

(overlapping)

Wie der schreibt, der schreibt so komisch.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Perhaps, at this stage of the proceedings, it would be more politic not to address Pregnitz by his Christian name. It's as well to preserve one's distance.

OUR SINGER

Lost. And living among so many others who are lost.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

(overlapping)

Sowas hab ich noch nie gelesen.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

That sort of thing's so easily misunderstood.

SECOND YOUNG MAN

Don't you worry. I'll be stiff as a poker.

PIANIST

You? Lost?

All CHARACTERS should be still by now; the FIFTH CHORUS MEMBER sees that the miniature figures are in the same positions, and places the miniature version of himself in the position that he moves to now.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Not stiff, dear boy, I do beg. Perfectly easy, perfectly natural. A shade formal, perhaps, just at first. Let him make the advances. A little polite reserve, that's all.

The lights dim.

The curtain on the inner stage descends.

We see, projected on the curtain, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's 1930 photo of a woman ascending the ladder of a sail boat.

OUR SINGER

No. Not me. Never me. Someone else.

SECOND YOUNG MAN

If you go on much longer, you'll get me into such a state that I shan't be able to open my mouth.

The curtain on the inner stage ascends.

We see, projected on the rear of the inner stage, Lothar Rubelt's 1933 photo of a woman diving from a great height into the sea.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

VOM ERTRUNKENEN MADCHEN

Als sie ertrunken und hinunter schwamm
Von den Bachen in die grosseren Flusse
Schien der Opal des Himmels halt wundersam
Als ob er die Leiche begutigen musse.

Tang und Algen hielten sich an ihr ein
So dass sie langsam viel schwerer ward
Kuhl die Fische schwammen an ihrem Bein
Pflanzen und Tiere beschwerten noch ihre letzte Fahrt.

Und der Himmel ward abends dunkel wie Rauch
Und hielt nachts mit den Sternen das Licht in der Schweben
Aber fruh war er hell, damit es auch
Fur sie noch Morgen und Abend gebe.

Als ihr bleicher Leib im Wasser verfaulet war
Geschah es (sehr langsam), dass Gott sie almahlich vergass
Erst ihr Gesicht, dann die Hande - und zuletzt erst ihr Haar -
Dann ward sie Aas in Flussen mit vielem Aas.

At the end of the song, we immediately hear the music for DER ABSCHIEDSBRIEF, accompanied, once again, by a brief flash of blinding light, which fades just as quickly, leaving OUR SINGER and the CHORUS/BAND almost in silhouette, shadow puppets in a slow, sensual, dream-like dance.

A dizzying series of images accompany this dance, a kaleidoscopic view of Germany; there should be a sharp contrast between the slowness of the dance and the speed of the passing images.

On the rear of the inner stage, we see, projected Martin Munkacsy's 1931 overview of swimmers (to continue the imagery of the plunge into the sea) while at the rear of the stage is projected Otto Umbehr's 1931 photo of shaded sunbathers.

The Munkacsy photo, on the inner stage, is followed by his Children, Kissingen, 1929, Bathers with Parasol, Berlin, 1929, Watching, Berlin, 1929, Crowd ca.1930, Ballet Class, Berlin 1929, Mid-Morning Coffee Break, Berlin 1933, Friedrich Seidenstucker's Pfutzenspringerin, 1925, Lotte Jacobi's Claire Bauroff ca.1931, Alfred Eisenstadt's Golfer's Ball, Esplanade Hotel, Berlin 1929, James Abbe's German Bus 1933, Margaret Bourke-White's Hitler Youth, Moravia 1938.

The Umbehr photo, at the rear of the stage, is followed by the overview city photos of Martin Munkacsy 1931, Hein Gorny 1935, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's Street, Berlin 1928, Anton Stankowski's Salutation, Zurich 1932, Heinrich Heidersberger's Street Scene, Umbo's Untitled 1928 street scene, another Munkacsy street scene, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's From the Radio Tower Berlin-1928, Herbert List's Hamburg 1932, Felix H. Man's Beercellar, Munich 1929, Tim Gidal's Beergarden, Munich 1929, August Sander's Festivities: Artist's Mardi Gras, Cologne 1929, Herbert List's Hamburg 1931 (Man in Bowler and Mask). The final and lingering image is Werner Mantz's Pressa, Cologne 1928 while, on the inner stage, the curtain descends and, projected onto it, is Albert Renger-Patzsch's Kaffee Hag Bremen 1925.

YOUNG WOMAN

Who are you writing to?

OUR SINGER

To him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Again?

OUR SINGER

This is the last time.

(sings)

DER ABSCHIEDSBRIEF

Zwei Stunden sitz ich schon im Cafe Bauer,
 Wenn Du nicht willst, dann sag mir's in's Gesicht.
 Deswegen wird mir meine Milch nicht sauer.
 Ich pfeif' auf Dich, mein Schatz, na schon, denn nicht.
 Du brauchst nicht denken, dass ich Dich entbehre.
 Mit dem Verkehr mit mir, das is jetzt aus.
 Auch ich hab' so etwas wie eine Ehre.
 Lass Dich nicht blicken, Schatz,
 Lass Dich nicht blicken, Schatz, sonst fliegst Du 'raus.

Du bist der Erste nicht, der so verschwindet.
 Das hab' ich nicht an Dir verdient, mein gutes Kind.
 Du glaubst doch nicht, dass sich nicht noch ein And'rer
 findet;
 Es gibt noch welche, die bequemer fur mich sind.

Ich hab' das Grune an aus Poppelin.
 Das Loch d'rin hast Du auch hineingerissen.
 Du weisst, es reicht mir nur bis zu den Knien.
 Ich hab' auch noch ein angefangenes Kissen.
 Das solltest Du am Heil' gen Abend kriegen.
 Das ist nun aus, und mir auch einerlei.
 Es werden ofters Andre darauf liegen,
 Denn was vorbei ist, Schatz,
 Denn was vorbei ist, Schatz, das ist vorbei.

Du bist der Erste nicht, der so verschwindet.
 Das hab' ich nicht an Dir verdient, mein gutes Kind.
 Du glaubst doch nicht, dass sich nicht noch ein And'rer
 findet;
 Es gibt noch welche, die bequemer fur mich sind.

Ich bin nicht stolz, auch war' das nicht am Platze.
 Wenn Du was ubrig hast, dann schick' es schnell.
 Mir gegenuber feixt ein Herr mit Glatze,
 Das ist der Chef von Engelhorn's Hotel.
 Na Schluss! Das Vis-a-vis von gegenuber
 Fragt, ob ich wollte, denn er mochte schon.
 Der hat Moneten, so ein alter Schieber.
 Behalt Dein Geld,
 Behalt Dein Geld, und schlaf allein, mein Sohn.

Auch Du bist einer von die feinen Herrn.
 Der Alte kommt, er nimmt mich zu sich mit.
 Rutsch mir den Buckel lang, und hab mich gern!
 Von ganzem Herzen, Deine Erna Schmidt.

The curtain of the inner stage ascends slowly (and, with it, Kaffee Hag) and, during this section, the stage-within-the-stage becomes The World of Hugo Schmolz, a tiny performance of his stark and sanitized world of buildings, churches, villages, objects, public baths, and a parade of stairways. In the distance, we hear Lenya sing, ever so faintly, LIED DER FENNIMORE (just a snatch of it).

OUR SINGER

The other morning I saw a child of about five years old, stark naked, marching along all by himself with a swastika flag over his shoulder and singing "Deutschland uber alles."

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Things'll be different. Believe me.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

Different?

SECOND YOUNG MAN

Yes.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

I don't believe it.

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN

(overlapping)

In what way?

SECOND YOUNG MAN

He knows what he's saying. Listen to him.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

In what way?

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN

In what way, different?

OUR SINGER

Stark naked.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

(overlapping)

I don't know.

PIANIST

And where would we go if we left? Huh? I ask you. Was a time I might've considered the Brown Islands. But, now, they tell me, the fields are withering in the stench of oil.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

Where would we go if we left?

The curtain on the inner stage descends very slowly as the BAND starts playing DAS LIED VON DEN BRAUNEN INSELN and, projected on the curtain, we see Hans Finsler's Sarizol ca.1930, while, at the rear, Prensa is followed first by other Werner Mantz photos and then by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's Bauhaus Balconies and, after OUR SINGER starts to sing, Alfred Eisenstadt's Unter den Linden, Berlin, Aug.5,1934 (American and Nazi flags at half-mast) and Margaret Bourke-White's Nazi Rally, Reichenberg, Bohemia 1938.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

DAS LIED VON DEN BRAUNEN INSELN
Das ist von den braunen Inseln das Lied,
Die Manner sind schlecht und die Weiber sind krank.
Und eine Affin macht dort den Betrieb
Und die Felder verdorren im Ol-gestank.

Gehst hin, Freddy? Ich nicht, Teddy,
Der Dollar allein macht das Herz nicht froh.
Gehst hin, Freddy? Ich nicht, Teddy,
Ich wenn Affen sehen will, ich geh in' Zoo.

OUR SINGER

(continuing)

Das sind die braunen Inseln, mein Jung,
 Die Weiber sind krank und die Manner sind schlecht.
 Eine Affin halt dort das Ganze in Schwung.
 Und wer kommt ist gesund, und wer geht ist geschwacht.

Gehst hin, Freddy? Ich nicht, Teddy,
 Das Dollar allein macht das Herz nicht froh.
 Gehst hin, Freddy? Ich nicht, Teddy,
 Ich wenn Affen sehen will, ich geh in' Zoo.

Wer kommt ist gesund und wer geht ist geschwacht.
 Die Affin regiert in Bett und Fabrik.
 Die Affin hat Geld und die Affin hat Recht
 Und das Mannsvolk pariert in Bett und Fabrik.

Gehst hin, Freddy? Ich nicht, Teddy,
 Der Dollar allein macht das Herz nicht froh.
 Gehst hin, Freddy? Ich nicht, Teddy,
 Ich wenn Affen sehen will, ich geh in' Zoo.

Petroleum stinkt und die Insel stinkt.
 Sie stinkt nach gelbem und schwarzem Mann.
 Doch der Dollar stinkt nicht, den das Erdol bringt
 Und gegen die Affin kann keiner an.

Gehst hin, Freddy? Ich nicht, Teddy,
 Der Dollar allein macht das Herz nicht froh.
 Gehst hin, Freddy? Ich nicht, Teddy,
 Ich wenn Affen sehen will, ich geh in' Zoo.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

What did she say?

PIANIST

She said....

OUR SINGER

I said: If I want to see apes, I'll go to the zoo!

OUR SINGER storms out.
 The CHORUS/BAND dances off.
 We hear, faintly, in the distance, Lenya sing LIED DER
 FENNIMORE.

Part Two: FRANCE

We see, projected onto the curtain of the inner stage, Alfred Eisenstadt's Toy Train Society, Berlin 1931 (Two men, in black tie, lying on the floor, playing with toy trains)

Projected on the rear of the stage: First, Albert Renger-Patzsch's Railroad, followed by Rene Zuber's 1930 photo of train wheels, then H. Lacheroy's 1936 photo of a steam engine, and, last, Man Ray's Nord train.

The curtain of the inner stage ascends, revealing The Paris of Wols, a unique portrait of the city.

At the rear of the stage, we see projected Herbert List's Paris 1937, followed by the Paris of Brassai, Izis, and Andre Kertesz.

Emerging, at different times, from behind the inner stage, are TWO YOUNG MEN dressed as Brassai's Young Couple, one wearing pants, the other wearing a hat and jacket only and they move to the piano in a characteristic pose, and then, A YOUNG WOMAN, dressed as "Bijou" of Montmartre, and, out of the shadows, as if from an alley, TWO YOUNG MEN dressed as Brassai's Two Hoodlums and, finally, carrying a bottle of Lanson Champagne, a YOUNG WOMAN dressed as the Woman at Le Monocle, Montparnasse (in man's clothes).

The last image at the rear of the stage is Brassai's Pont Neuf 1949.

OUR SINGER enters, the emigre, and therefore unchanged. When the curtain descends on the inner stage, the image projected upon it is Brassai's Kiki Singing in a Montparnasse Cabaret 1933.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

COMPLAINTE DE LA SEINE

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,
Des bateaux rouilles, des bijoux, des armes...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des fleurs;
De vase et de boue, ell's sont nourries...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des coeurs
Qui souffrir'nt trop pour vivre la vie...
Et puis des cailloux et des betes grises...
L'ame des egouts soufflant des poisons...
Les anneaux jetes par des incomprises,
Des pieds qu'une helice a coupes du tronc...
Et les fruits maudits des ventres steriles,
Les blanc avortes que nul n'aima...
Les vomissements de la grand' ville...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a cela...

OUR SINGER

(continuing)

O Seine clemente ou vont les cadavres,
 O lit dont les draps sont faits de limon,
 Fleuv' des dechets, sans fanal, ni havre,
 Chanteuse bercant, la morgue et les ponts:
 Accueill' le pauvre, accueill' la femme,
 Accueill' l'ivrogne, accueill' le fou,
 Mele leurs sanglots au bruit de tes larmes,
 Et porte leurs coeurs, et porte leurs coeurs,
 Et porte leurs coeurs, parmi les cailloux...

The Pont Neuf image is replaced by Anneliese Kretschmer's
Untitled Paris 1928 (Empty park chairs).

The Kiki image is replaced by Herbert List's Paris 1936
 (A man reading a paper while his chauffeur waits nearby).

PIANIST

A Nuremberg?

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

Oui?

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN

Qui?

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Les Nazis.

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN

Ah! Les Bosches!

SECOND YOUNG MAN

Mais oui.

THIRD YOUNG MAN

Tais-toi un peu, va!

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

Alors, a Nuremberg?

PIANIST

A Nuremberg.

OUR SINGER

At Nuremberg, they, the Nazis, they opened a museum, a museum of Degenerate Art and a whole room...

The Paris 1936 image is replaced by Andre Kertesz' photo of an Empty Room 1931.

OUR SINGER

...a whole room existed for nothing but his music...

The curtain of the inner stage ascends and on the rear of the inner stage is projected Martin Munkacsy's 1932 photo of a phonograph. This is followed by Werner David Feist's Electrola.

We hear, faintly, in the distance, a snatch of Lenya singing LIED DER FENNIMORE.

OUR SINGER

...and so many people came...

Electrola is replaced by Heinz Loew's Untitled 1927 photo of a drummer juxtaposed on a phonograph record.

OUR SINGER

...to hear the music that they closed up, shut, the room.

The curtain descends.

Projected on the rear of the stage now is Brassai's Rue de Rivoli 1937 (a woman standing in the rain).

We see, projected onto the curtain of the inner stage, George Hoyningen-Huene's portrait of Jean Cocteau 1932.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

ES REGNET

Ich frage nichts. Ich darf nicht fragen.
 Denn du hast mir gesagt: "Frage nicht!"
 Aber kaum hore ich deinen Wagen.
 Denke ich: Sagen, oder nicht sagen?

Er hat Alles auf dem Gesicht!
 Glaubst du denn, dass nur der Mund spricht?
 Augen sind wie Fenster-Glas.
 Durch alle Fenster sieht man immer
 Schliesst du die Augen, ist es Schlimmer.

Meine augen horen etwas,
 Etwas and'res meine Ohren.
 Fur schmerzen bin ich denn geboren.

Lass mein Gesicht am Fenster, lass;
 Die Sonne darf jetzt nicht mehr scheinen!
 "Es regnet," sagt das Fenster-Glas.
 Es sagt nur, was es denkt!
 Lass uns zusammen Weinen...

Cocteau is replaced by Brassai's Female Couple 1932.
Rue de Rivoli is replaced by Brassai's Quarrel 1932.
 The BAND plays YOUKALI:TANGO HABANERA and a COUPLE dance
 to the music as

OUR SINGER

(sings)

YOUKALI

C'est presqu'au bout du monde,
 Ma barque vagabonde,
 Errant au gre de l'onde,
 M'y conduisit un jour.
 L'ile est toute petite,
 Mais la fee qui l'habite
 Gentiment nous invite
 A en faire le tour.

Youkali, C'est pays de nos desirs,
 Youkali, C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir,
 Youkali, C'est la terre ou l'on quitte tous les soucis,
 C'est, dans notre nuit, comme une eclaircie,
 L'etoile qu'on suit, C'est Youkali.

OUR SINGER

(continuing)

Youkali, C'est le respect de tous les voeux echanges,
 Youkali, C'est le pays des beaux amours partages,
 C'est l'esperance qui est au coeur de tous les humains,
 La delivrance Que nous attendons tous pour demain,
 Youkali, C'est le pays de nos desirs,
 Youkali, C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
 Mais c'est un reve, une folie,
 Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraine,
 Lassante, quotidienne,
 Mais la pauvre ame humaine,
 Cherchant partout l'oubli,
 A pour quitter la terre,
 Su trouver le mystere
 Ou nos reves se terrent
 En quelque Youkali.

(Repeat refrain)

The CHORUS tangos off, leaving OUR SINGER and the PIANIST
 alone.
 The stage is bare again. There are no projections.

OUR SINGER

Je suis perdu, je te jure. Sans pays. Perdu. Parmi les perdus.

PIANIST

Toi?

OUR SINGER

Non, pas moi. Jamais moi.

(sings, to the PIANIST)

JE NE T'AIME PAS
 Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas,
 Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'une amie.
 Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras
 Et ton cher baiser, ta tete endormie.

Ne me parle pas lorsque c'est le soir,
 Trop intimement, a voix basse mem'
 Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:
 Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aim.'

OUR SINGER

(continuing)

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas,
 Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrant'
 Je ne t'aime pas...
 Et s'il t'aimait bien, ou s'il fut ingrat...
 En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant,
 Je ne t'aime pas...

Je n'ai pas pleure, je n'ai pas souffert,
 ce n'était qu'un reve et qu'une folie.
 Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,
 Sans regret du soir, ni melancholie,

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur.
 Il me suffira de voir ton sourire.
 Conte-moi comment il a pris ton coeur
 Et meme dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dir'...
 Non, tais-toi plutot...
 Je suis a genoux...
 Le feu s'est eteint, la porte est fermee...
 Je ne t'aime pas,

Ne demande rien, je pleure...C'est tout...
 Je ne t'aime pas, Je ne t'aime pas,
 o ma bien-aimee!...Retire ta main.
 Je ne t'aime pas...Je ne t'aime pas!

OUR SINGER watches as the PIANIST leaves; she is, for a moment, tentative, unsure which way to move. The stage is bare.

We see, projected on the curtain of the inner stage, an Erich Salomon photo of Churchill at an Austrian Legation Party on the Eve of World War II. The curtain ascends and, projected on the rear of the inner stage, we see another Salomon photo of Churchill at the same party, only this time in close-up, lighting his cigar. The lights go out as OUR SINGER holds onto the piano.

Part Three: THE UNITED STATES

ENTR'ACTE

When the lights come up again, the stage is bare. The lights go down once more and we see, projected onto the rear of the stage, the department store montage from the opening of Fritz Lang's YOU AND ME.

When this sequence is half-over, we see, projected onto the curtain of the inner stage, Paul Outerbridge's 42nd Street E1 1923. The curtain ascends and, projected onto the rear of the inner stage, we see a series of photographs: Max Yavno's Underneath Third Avenue E1, c.1938, Margaret Bourke-White's Gargoyle outside Chrysler Building Studio 1930, Berenice Abbott's Wall Street, East River 1938, Weegee's Man with a Bed-roll 1940, Max Yavno's Harlem, c.1940, Margaret Bourke-White's Street in the Garment Center 1930, Martin Munkacsy's Lindy Hoppers, Harlem 1936, Margaret Bourke-White's Taxi Dancers, Fort Peck, Montana 1936, Martin Munkacsy's Dancing in the Dawn, Broadway 1936, Berenice Abbott's Roast Corn Man, Manhattan 1938, Exchange Place, N.Y. 1938, Tempo of the City 1938, Weegee's The Critic, c.1943, Max Yavno's Kuniyoshi in His Studio, c.1941, Night, NYC, c.1938, Weegee's A wife comforts her husband just arrested for killing a member of her family, 1938, Max Yavno's Hot Dog 1949, John Gutman's Elevator Garage, Chicago 1938, Martin Munkacsy's Jane Cow1 1939 (sitting in an empty theatre). Overlapping the film sequence, we hear, faintly, a tinny recording of AGGIE'S SEWING MACHINE SONG from JOHNNY JOHNSON.

OUR SINGER appears, glamorous and Americanized, with the PIANIST, dressed in slacks, rayon shirt, and fedora.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF
Tell me, is love still a popular suggestion?
Or nearly an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking this simple question.
I'm unfamiliar with his heart.
I'm a stranger here myself.

Why is it wrong to murmur I adore him
When it's shamefully obvious I do?
Does love embarrass him, or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my cue.
I'm a stranger here myself.

I dream of a day, of a gay warm day
With my face between his hands.
Have I missed the past? Have I gone astray?
I ask, and noone understands.

OUR SINGER

(continuing)

Love me or leave me?
That seems to be the question.
I don't know the tactics to use
But if he should offer a personal suggestion
How could I possibly refuse
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Please tell me, tell a stranger
My curiosity goaded
Is there really any danger
That love is now outmoded?
I'm interested especially
In knowing why you waste it
True romance is so freshly
With what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foible?
Is gin rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoyable?
For heaven's sake, what is it?

I can't believe that love has lost its glamor,
That passion is really passe.
If gender is just a term in grammar,
How can I ever find my way?
When I'm a stranger here myself.

How can he ignore my available condition?
Why these Victorian views?
You see here before you a woman with a mission
I must discover the key to his ignition
And then if he should make a diplomatic proposition
How could I possibly refuse
How could I possibly refuse?
When I'm a stranger here myself.

The curtain descends on the inner stage. We see, projected onto the curtain, Paul Outerbridge's color print Girl With Fan 1936.

PIANIST

You don't remember me, do you, Miss Elliot? You know, we've met before.

OUR SINGER

Oh. No. When? Where was it?

PIANIST

Oh, it was just a dinner. I took you home, in fact. Don't you remember that? We sat in the car talking.

OUR SINGER

Yes. I remember.

The curtain on the inner stage ascends and, with it, Girl With Fan.

On the rear of the inner stage, we see Paul Outerbridge's color print Circus Bar 1937.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

THIS IS NEW
 This is new
 I was hardly existing.
 This is new
 And I'm living at last.
 Head to toe
 You've got me so I'm spellbound
 I don't know
 If I am heaven or hell bound
 This is new
 Every heart beat insisting
 That I'm through
 With the shadowy past.
 I am held up to another world
 Where life is bliss
 And this
 Is New.

The curtain on the inner stage descends and projected onto it is a photo of Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill in the airplane-spotting watch tower, 1942-43.

Projected onto the rear of the stage is Martin Munkacsy's Eleanor Roosevelt at Milgrim's 1941 (Mrs. Roosevelt watching a model who is wearing the same dress that she is wearing). A YOUNG MAN, dressed as a G.I., and a YOUNG WOMAN, dressed as a riveter, appear from behind the inner stage, tap-dancing as

OUR SINGER

(sings)

BUDDY ON THE NIGHTSHIFT

OUR SINGER

(continuing)

Hello there, buddy on the nightshift,
 I hope you slept all day
 Until the moon came out and woke you up
 And sent you on your way.

Hello there, buddy on the nightshift,
 I hope you're feeling fine.
 I left a lot of work for you to do
 On a long assembly line.

I wish I knew you better,
 But you never go my way.
 For when one of us goes on the job,
 the other hits the hay.

Goodbye now, buddy on the nightshift
 And push those planes along.
 And when the sun comes out
 All wide awake and strong:
 I'll follow you, you'll follow me,
 And how can we go wrong.

Eleanor Roosevelt is replaced by Brassai's Rue Quinquempoix 1932.

Anderson and Weill is replaced by Gyorgy Kepes' Bahnhof Zoo.
 From behind the inner stage, a YOUNG WOMAN emerges, dressed
 as Louise Brooks as in the Germany-Section.

TWO YOUNG MEN also appear, dressed as Brassai's Young Couple
 as in the France-Section.

The BAND now replaces the violin with a banjo.

CHORUS

(sings)

Schickelgruber! Schickelgruber!
 Once the dew was on the rose.
 Where you'll end up in the wind-up,
 Schickelgruber, Heaven knows.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

MON AMI, MY FRIEND
 My Madeleine of Paris,
 She love and dance and sing
 To cheer the weary soldier at his homecoming.

OUR SINGER

(continuing)

A little room together
 An hour of love to spend
 Come sock your arm around me
 Oh, mon ami, my friend.
 But she, ah, she remembers
 That other love and joy
 The first, the best, the dearest tired soldier boy.
 A narrow room, alone now,
 Rain on the roof above
 And he will sleep forever
 Oh, mon ami, my love. ^M
 My Madeleine of Paris
 She does not sit and grieve
 But sings away her sorrow to cheer the soldier's leave.
 For life is short and funny
 And love must have an end
 An hour may be forever
 Oh, mon ami, my friend.

For life is short and funny
 And love must have an end
 An hour may be forever
 Oh, mon ami, my friend.

CHORUS

(sings)

Ever ruthless, ever truthless,
 When the judgment day is due,^{bug}
 Repercussions for the Russians,
 Schickelgruber, say you're through.
 Every village that you pillage
 In revenge will turn on you.

Rue Quinquempoix is replaced by a photo of Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya, New York, 1935.

The curtain ascends on the inner stage and on the rear
 of the inner stage we see Bertolt Brecht.
 OUR SINGER, looking into a compact mirror, tries to de-
 glamorize herself.

OUR SINGER

This is the story of a girl who lands, as she puts it, on the love market, when she is seventeen. Time goes by quickly on the love market. It gets easier there. She can embrace a whole troop there. But where, she asks, are last night's tears? Where are the snows of yesteryear?

(sings)

NANNAS LIED

Meine Herren, mit siebzehn Jahren
Kam ich auf den Liebesmarkt
Und ich habe viel erfahren.

Boses gab es viel

Doch das war das Spiel.

Aber manches hab ich doch verargt.

(Schliessen bin ich ja auch ein Mensch.)

Gott sei Dank 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 man mit den Jahren

Leichter auf den Liebesmarkt

Und umarmt sie dort in Scharen.

Aber das Gefühl

Wird erstaunlich kuhl

Wenn man damit allzuwenig kargt.

(Schliesslich geht ja jeder Vorrat zu Ende.)

Gott sei Dank 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 der Liebesmessen:

Lust in Kleingeld zu verwandeln

Wird doch niemals leicht.

Nun, es wird erreicht.

Doch man wird auch alter unterdes.

(Schliesslich bleibt man ja nicht immer siebzehn.)

Gott sei Dank 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?

Projections go off. The CHORUS leaves. OUR SINGER moves to the inner stage where she gathers together the miniature figures and pulls the curtain down. She returns to the piano.

OUR SINGER

You know?

PIANIST

Yes?

OUR SINGER

My nerves are not too raw tonight for jazz.

PIANIST

Turn on the lights so we can see all there is to see.

OUR SINGER

I've learned to like swing. Wear bright dresses. Dance. Not feel lost. Forget a little where I came from, what I came from. But. You know?

PIANIST

Yes?

OUR SINGER

It gets too warm here in summertime. And not cold enough in winter. Not nearly cold enough. And yet I don't want to go back. I can't go back.

PIANIST

Yes?

OUR SINGER

I must go back.

PIANIST

Yes.

Lights go down.
We see, projected on the curtain of the stage-within-the-stage,

Margaret Bourke-White's Martha Raye entertaining troops in North Africa 1943.

OUR SINGER

(sings)

TROUBLE MAN

Since you came first to me
 Dear one, glad one
 You bring all the worst to me
 Near one, sad one.
 There's trouble in your coming
 And trouble in your laughter
 There's trouble in your going
 And trouble after. Since you were near to me
 Lost one, mad one
 No others dear to me
 Loved one, bad one.
 I love your dark silence
 Love your bright laughter
 I love the trouble you bring me
 The crying after.
 Trouble man, trouble man
 Since you've been gone
 Somehow I manage living here alone.
 All day long you don't catch me weeping
 but, oh God help me, when it comes time for sleeping,
 When it comes time for sleeping here alone.
 Trouble man, trouble man
 Walking out there
 Maybe in a strange town
 God knows where
 Maybe in a strange place
 Hurrying and walking
 Listen to my blood and my bones here talking
 Listen to the blood in my hands and feet
 Finding you out in a far, strange street
 Finding the footprints out where you ran
 Asking: Aren't you coming home, trouble man
 Trouble man, trouble man, trouble man
 All day long you don't catch me weeping
 But, oh God help me, when it comes time for sleeping,
 When it comes time for sleeping here alone.

IT NEVER WAS YOU

I've been running through rains
 And the winds that follow after
 For one certain face
 And an unforgotten laughter.

OUR SINGER

(continuing)

I've been following trails
 I've been staring after ships
 For a certain pair of eyes
 And a certain pair of lips.
 Yes, I've looked everywhere
 You can look without wings
 And I've found a great variety of interesting things.
 But it never was you
 It never was anywhere you.
 An occasional sunset reminded me
 Or a flower growing high in a tulip tree
 Or one red star hung low in the west
 Or a heartbreak call from a meadowlark's nest
 Made me think for a moment
 Maybe it's true,
 I found you in the star, in the call, in the blue.
 But it never was you
 It never was anywhere you
 Anywhere, anywhere you.

WIE LANGE NOCH?

Ich will's dir gestehen es war eine Nacht,
 Da hab ich mich willig dir hingegeben.
 Du hast mich gehabt, mich von Sinnen gebracht.
 Ich glaube, ich konnte nicht ohne dich Leben.

Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel versprochen,
 Und ich habe dich wie 'nen Vater geflegt.
 Du hast mir gemartert, hast mich zerbrochen.
 Ich hatt' dir die Erde zu Füssen gelegt.

Sieh mich doch an! Sieh mich doch an!
 Wann kommt der Tag, an dem ich dir sage, an dem ich bange
 Es ist vorbei!
 Wann kommt der Tag, ach der Tag nach dem ich bange.
 Wie lange noch? Wie lange noch? Wie lange?

Ich hab dir geglaubt, ich war wie im Wahn,
 Von all deinen Reden, von deinen Schwuren.
 Was immer du wolltest, das hab ich getan.
 Wohin du auch wolltest, da liess ich mich fuhren.

Du hast mir das Blaue von Himmel versprochen,
 Und ich, ach ich hab nicht zu weinen gewagt.
 Doch du hast dein Wort, deine Schwure gebrochen,
 Ich habe geschwiegen und hab mich geplagt.

Sieh mich doch an! Sieh mich doch an!
 Wann kommt der Tag an dem ich dir sage:
 Es ist vorbei!
 Wann kommt der Tag, ach der Tag nach dem ich bange.
 Wie lange noch? Wie lange noch? Wie lange?

The curtain on the inner stage ascends and, with it, the photo of Martha Raye.

We see, projected onto the rear of the stage-within-the-stage, Margaret Bourke-White's Citizens of Weimar Viewing Buchenwald 1945 (Of course, we don't know what it is they are viewing unless we are familiar with the photograph).

A sudden flash of blinding light.

The curtain on the stage-within-the-stage descends.