

muk.jazz.festival 2018

muk.bigband.night im Rahmen des Gedenkjahrs oesterreich100:
Charlie and his Orchestra – Swing im Dienst der NS-Propaganda

Fakultät Musik – Jazz

(interim. Studiengangsleitung: Harry Putz)

Freitag, 22. Juni 2018
20.30 Uhr

Porgy & Bess
Riemergasse 11
1010 Wien

20
18 100 Jahre
Republik Österreich

ZUM INHALT VON *CHARLIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA* – SWING IM DIENSTE DER NS-PROPAGANDA

Weithin unbekannt ist die Geschichte der NS-Propaganda-Band *Charlie and his Orchestra*. Die Nationalsozialisten bedienten sich skrupellos selbst ideologisch bekämpfter Kultur, sofern das ihren Zwecken entgegenkam: Für die Auslandspropaganda im englischsprachigen Raum nutzten sie den im Inland verfemten Swing. Sie ließen die besten Jazzmusiker – zunächst Deutschlands, später ganz Europas – in ihrem Auftrag und unter privilegierten Bedingungen die ansonsten von ihnen verteufelte und verbotene Musik spielen.

Charlie's Orchestra war in Berlin, später in Stuttgart beheimatet. In der Band spielten u. a. der Münchner Schlagzeuger Fritz „Freddie“ Brocksieper und der Wiener Trompeter Charlie Tabor. Die heutige Veranstaltung veranschaulicht in einer abwechslungsreichen Bild-, Text- und Musikfolge, was sich das Propagandaministerium vom Einsatz des Orchesters versprach, wie die musikalischen und textlichen Mittel der Propaganda aussahen und welche Wirkung sie möglicherweise erzielt haben. Deutlich wird dabei auch der Gewissenskonflikt der Musiker, die sich einerseits in den Dienst der Nazis stellten, andererseits aber weiterhin ihre geliebte und verfemte Musik spielen und überdies zumeist oder zumindest länger als andere der Einberufung sowie den Entbehrungen des Kriegsalltags entgehen konnten.

Die von Oliver Hochkeppel konzipierte Veranstaltung wird musikalisch von Studierenden des Studiengangs Jazz der Musik und Kunst Privatuniversität der Stadt Wien und Gästen gestaltet.

TEAM & MITWIRKENDE

| | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| Konzept und Skript | Oliver Hochkeppel |
| Musikalische Konzeption, Bearbeitung, Rekonstruktion der Arrangements für Big Band | Michael Keul |
| SprecherInnen | Clara Montocchio, Sören Kneidl |
| Leitung | Johannes Herrlich |

muk.wien.stageband alias *Charlie and his Orchestra*:

Katarina Birsa, Daniel Toth, Pablo del Pino; vocals
Marek Stibor, Benjamin Stadler, Max Wintersperger; trumpet
Christian Groffner, Ferdinand Silberg, Christian A. Bevilacqua; trombone
Fabio Devigili, Jakob Goldwasser, Anna Tsombanis, Stefan Eitzenberger; saxophone
Lukas Lackner, piano
Simon Harscheidt, guitar
Victoria Kirilova, bass
Christoph Rank, Philip Deniflee; drums

PROGRAMMABLAUF UND SONGTEXTE/PROPAGANDATEXTE

Elmer's Tune (Musik: Elmar Albrecht; Originaltext: Sammy Gallop)

Daniel Toth, vocals

Why are the stars always winkin' and blinkin' above?
What makes a fellow start thinkin' of fallin' in love?
It's not the season, the reason is plain as the moon
It's just Elmer's Tune
What makes a lady of eighty go out on the loose?
Why does a gander meander in search of a goose?
What puts the kick in a chicken, the magic in June?
It's just Elmer's Tune
Listen, listen, there's a lot you're liable to be missin'
Sing it, swing it, any old way and any old time
The hurdy-gurdies, the birdies, the cop on the beat
The candy maker, the baker, the man on the street
The city charmer, the farmer, the man in the moon
All sing Elmer's Tune

Sheik of Araby (Musik: Ted Snyder; Originaltext: Harry B. Smith, Francis Wheeler)

Daniel Toth, vocals

I'm the sheik of araby
your love belongs to me
at night, when you're asleep
into your tent I'll creep,
The stars that shine above
will light our way to love
you'll rule this land with me,
the sheik of Araby

I Got Rhythm (Musik: George Gershwin, Originaltext: Ira Gershwin)

Pablo del Pino, vocals

I got rhythm, I got music, I got my gal, who could ask for anything more.
I got daisies in green pastures, I got my girl, who could ask for anything more?
Old Man trouble, I don't mind him. You won't find him 'round my door.
I got starlight, I got sweet dreams, I got my girl, who could ask for anything more.
Who could ask for anything more.

Ein kleiner Akkord auf meinem Klavier (Komposition: Peter Igelhoff)

Stormy Weather (Musik: Harold Arlen; Originaltext: Ted Koehler)

Daniel Toth, vocals

Don't know why, there's no sun up in the sky, stormy weather.
Since my gal and I ain't together. Keeps raining all the time.
Live is bare, gloom and misery everywhere, Stormy weather.
Just can't get my poor self together, I'm weary all the time, the time.
I'm weary all the time.
When she walked away the blues walked in and met me.
When she stays away old rocking chair will get me.
All I do is pray the lord above will let me walk in the sun once more.
Can't go on, everything I had has gone, stormy weather.
since my girl and I ain't together.
Keeps raining all the time, keeps raining all the time.
[Spoken:]

Here is Mr. Churchill's latest song.

Don't know why I cannot blockade the sky, stormy weather.
Since my ships and the german planes got together, I'm beaten ev'rytime.
Life is bare, blooming misery everywhere, stormy weather.
Just can't keep my poor ships together, they're sinking all the time.
Ouh, blind me, they're sinking all the time.
When I walked into Norway the Germans came along and met me.
My hair has turned to grey, now that the French are against me.
All I do is call my royal navy for action to attack french ships and their peaceful vales.
Can't go on even my truest friends are gone, nasty weather.
Just can't keep my poor self together.
I'm beaten all the time, I'm beaten all the time.

Submarines (orig. Elmar Albrecht *Elmer's Tune*)

Daniel Toth, vocals

Why are the ships always sinking and blinking at sea?
What makes the British start thinking of their cup of tea?
It's now the season, the reason, it's plain what it means:
German submarines!
What makes the sailors go crazy wherever they cruise?
What makes the market go down? What frightens the jews?

What takes the kick out the chicken, the pork from the beans?
German submarines!
Listen, listen, can't you hear the sound, they're never missin'.
Torpedos, torpedos, hitting us days and hitting us nights.
Who sinks the trawler, the tanker, the ship full of meat?
Who sinks destroyers and cruisers, the pride of the fleet?
It's now the season, the reason, it's plain what it means:
German submarines!

Delphi Fox (instrumental; Komposition: Theo Ferstl, Heinz Wehner und sein Telefunken Swing Orchester)

Bei Mir Bist Du scheen (Komposition: Sholom Secunda, Jakob Jakobs; Original: Evelyn Künneke)

Clara Montocchio, vocals

Bei mir bist du schön, please let me explain
Bei mir bist du schön means you are grand.
Again I explain, bei mir bist du schön, it means You're the fairest in the Land
I could sy bella bella even say wunderbar
Each language only helps me tell you, how grand you are.
Again I explain bei mir bist du schön forgive me and say you understand.

Pause

Indian Love Call (Musik: Rudolf Friml, Herbert Stothart; Originaltext: Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein)

Pablo del Pino, vocals

When I'm calling you, ooooo, will you answer too, oooooo?
That means I offer my love to you to be your own.
If you refuse me I will be blue and waiting all alone.
But if when you hear my love call ringing clear and I hear your answering echo so dear.
Then I will know our love will come through. You'll belong to me I'll belong to you.
[Spoken:]
Here's Englands love call to America.
When I'm calling you, huhuhu, will you answer too, huhuhu?

That means I offer my colonies just as alone.
If you refuse I will be blue just fighting all alone.
I hear the sound of german guns on my shore.
They don't seem to respect my splendid isolation anymore.
I sacrifice my whole empire just to flirt with you.
Send planes and second hand ships to me and my naval bases belong to you.

Wir machen Musik (Musik: Peter Igelhoff, Originaltext: Adolf Steimel)
Katarina Birsa, vocals

Wir machen Musik, da geht euch der Hut hoch
Wir machen Musik, da geht euch der Bart ab
Wir machen Musik, bis jeder beschwingt singt
do – re – mi – fa – so – la – si – do
Wir machen Musik, da geht euch der Knopf auf
Wir machen Musik, da bleibt euch die Luft weg
Wir machen Musik, bis euch unser Takt packt
do – la – so – mi – do
Mit Musik, ist ja das ganze Leben nur noch halb so schwer
Mit Musik, erreicht man ja auf dieser Welt bestimmt viel mehr
Wir machen Musik, da geht euch der Hut hoch
Wir machen Musik, da geht euch der Bart ab
Wir machen Musik, bis jeder beschwingt singt
Wir machen Musik; Wir machen Musik; Wir machen Musik
Wenn du auch mal dein Glück verpasst, beklag nicht dein Geschick.
Und wenn du auch mal Sorgen hast, vertreib sie mit Musik.
Denn wer zum Trost kein Liedchen kennt, pfeift aus dem letzten Loch.
Und wenn der ganze Schnee verbrennt, die Asche bleibt uns doch.

You're driving me crazy (Musik, Originaltext: Walter Donaldson)
Pablo del Pino, vocals

Yes, you, you're driving me crazy
what did I do, what did I do.
My tears for you make everything hazy
clouding the skies of blue.
How true were the friends who where
near me to cheer me, believe me they knew.
But you were the kind who would hurt

me, desert me, when I needed you.
yes, you, you're driving me crazy
what did I do to you.

[Spoken:]

Here is Winston Churchill latest tear jerker.

Yes, the Germans are driving me crazy.

I thought I had brains, but they shuttered my plains.

They built up a front against me, it's quite amazing.

Clouding the skies with their planes.

The Jews are the friends who are near me
to cheer me, believe me they do.

But Jews are the kind that now hurt me,
desert me and labored me too.

Yes, the Germans are driving me crazy.

My last chance, I'll pray,
to get in this muddle of USA.

This new pact also is driving me crazy.

Germany, Italy, Japan, it gives me apain.

I'm loosing my nerves. I'm getting lazy.

A prisoner, forced to remain in England, to reign.

The Jews are the friends who are near me,
they still cheer me, believe me, they do.

But Jews are not the kind of heroes who would fight for me.

Now they're leaving me too.

Yes, the Germans are driving me crazy.

By Jove, I pray, come in USA!

Blitzkrieg Baby (Musik: Doris Fisher, Originaltext: Fred Fisher)

Katarina Birsa, vocals

Blitzkrieg baby, you can't bomb me

Cause I'm pleading neutrality

Got my gun, now can't you see?

Blitzkrieg baby, you can't bomb me

Blitzkrieg baby, you look so cute

All dressed up in your parachute

Let that propaganda be

Blitzkrieg baby, you can't bomb me

I'll give you warnin'

Cause I'm afraid I'll have to raid
So take my warnin'
Or else you'll get this hand grenade
Blitzkrieg baby, you can't bomb me
Better save up your TNT
I don't want no infantry
Blitzkrieg baby, you can't bomb me

Let's Go Bombing (orig. Irving Berlin *Slumming On Park Avenue*)
Daniel Toth, vocals

Let's go bombing
oh let's go bombing
Like united nations airmen do
in the night, when peaceful citizens are sleeping
far from any AA-gunfire we are keeping
let's go shelling where they're dwelling
let's shell Churchill's women, children, too
let us go to it, let's do it,
let's bomb neutrals, too.
Let's go bombing, it's becoming quite the thing to do.

One O'Clock Jump (instrumental, Count Basie)

Impressum:

Änderungen vorbehalten. www.muk.ac.at

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