

SONGS FOR THE BETRAYED WORLD THE LIFE & DEATH ORCHESTRA

THE WORLD BETRAYED

- 1 **NEVER** 4.00
- 2 **LOVE IN A COLD WORLD** 5.22
- 3 **THIS WAY FOR THE GAS,
LADIES & GENTLEMEN** 12.30
- 4 **AUSCHWITZ 1987** 1.53
- 5 **PIGTAIL** 4.18
- 6 **BE HAPPY** 1.24
- 7 **JACOB'S JIG** 1.15

THE STORIES

- 8 **FIVE MEN** 5.01
- 9 **KLARA'S ESCAPE** 7.50
- 10 **US TWO** 3.31
- 11 **HYMN TO A WOMAN UNDER
INTERROGATION** 0.51
- 12 **DEATHFUGUE** 3.49
- 13 **VICTOR JARA OF CHILE** 5.07
- 14 **FOR RACHEL:
CHRISTMAS 1965** 3.40

THE SURVIVORS

- 15 **THE SURVIVOR** 2.11
- 16 **NIGHT**
EXCERPT FROM NIGHT 0.59
- 17 **AGAIN** 3.49
- 18 **TOURISTS** 1.40
- 19 **JOSEF & SARA'S WALTZ** 1.26
- 20 **NEVER** REPRISE 4.00
- 21 **SLEEP** 2.32

The songs on this album are principally about the Holocaust, an event unparalleled in human history. Unparalleled, because although there have been many evils and many genocides, never before had a modern state planned to kill every person of a particular group, turning race into a crime.

The Holocaust signifies the death of millions of human beings, in the main Jews, who were killed in barbaric ways by the Nazis and their collaborators during Hitler's evil regime which extended over Europe between 1933 and 1945.

The Holocaust also signifies the experiences of Jews and non-Jews who survived the horror, but whose lives were unalterably changed and who continue to grieve through more than one generation. For many, it will take lifetimes for the horror and grieving to abate. Testimonies by survivors display countless painful and conflicting emotions.

Sadly, the twentieth century has been the most violent ever. For as well as the Holocaust, it has seen more barbarous acts than any medieval century. In truth, the world has been betrayed.

Perhaps it is only through the testimonies of individuals that we can truly appreciate that the millions of people who have been killed in acts of genocide, represent unique individuals: brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, friends and neighbours. In literature and poetry, we can come closer to recognising the shared humanity of those who have perished, and those who survived.

A few years ago, I was given a book of poems largely about the Holocaust. The book was *The Poetry of Survival* edited by Daniel Weissbort. Some of the poems so moved me that I set them to music. *Pigtail*, *Five Men*, *Deathfugue* and *Us Two* were the first poems I set. The poems led me to want to know more about the Holocaust and so I researched and read and spoke to people about the Holocaust as much as I could. Out of

that research came this work. This album contains some of the greatest writing ever, by some of the greatest writers of the 20th Century, including Yehuda Amichai, Tadeusz Borowski, Kevin Carey, Nina Cassian, Paul Celan, Zbigniew Herbert, Reiner Kunze, Micheline Maurel, Czeslaw Milosz, Adrian Mitchell, Tadeusz Rózewicz, Hilda Schiff, Elie Wiesel and Adam Zych.

In the main I have set poems to music, although there are two pieces based on prose. Be Happy is taken from Micheline Maurel's book, Ravensbrück, while This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen, by Tadeusz Borowski, is adapted by Angi Mariani and myself. Early on, I met composer Mark Jolyon Sinclair, known to all as Bim, and he worked closely with me on the work. He brought a number of his own compositions to the complete work, plus he arranged more or less everything, with some help from Herbie Flowers who arranged a lot of the rhythm sections. We were helped significantly by the immense skill of the musicians who became The Life and Death Orchestra.

Many people believe any portrayal of the Holocaust is misguided. How can you express the inexpressible? The German critic, Theodor Adorno said, "After Auschwitz, poetry is barbaric", but for many others there is a greater imperative, the need to give voice to the feelings of anger and despair at the unspeakable horror.

In making this album, we questioned our intentions and our approach, and confronted many of the debates about art representing the Holocaust. Why have we used music? Why have we produced music that is intended to move or be uplifting? Why have we produced music that describes the graphic evil? Why have we related the Holocaust to other acts of genocide? What you will find is many messages in the words of the songs, many in the words of survivors. But simply, we say: Never shall we forget. Never

must we forget. Let there be no more camps. And we say it in our musical language.

Czeslaw Milosz described this impulse best in his great poem, "Campo Dei Fiori",

Those dying here, the lonely
forgotten by the world,
our tongue becomes for them
the language of an ancient planet.
Until, when all is legend and
many years have passed,
on a new Campo dei Fiori
rage will kindle at a poet's word.

- taken from the poem, "Campo Dei Fiori" (on the destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto) - Czeslaw Milosz, Warsaw, 1943

ABOUT THE WRITERS

This work contains writings by some of the greatest writers of the 20th Century. Tadeusz Borowski's Auschwitz stories are masterpieces of world literature. Although a survivor of Auschwitz, Borowski died by his own hand, by gas in 1951 in Warsaw.

Elie Wiesel, another survivor of both Auschwitz and Buchenwald won the Nobel Prize in 1986 for his unforgettable work, Night, and one of the key passages is narrated here. Tadeusz Rózewicz is one of the most respected Eastern European poets and we have adapted two of his great poems, The Survivor and Pigtail. Micheline Maurel survived Ravensbrück concentration camp, and then wrote her book, Ravensbrück, in which she wrote as a plea to the outside world, "Be happy, millions of people envy you."

Two other great Eastern European poets are included, Zbigniew Herbert and Reiner Kunze, both of whose works were banned in their own countries. Zbigniew Herbert's first collection, A Chord of Light could not be published in Poland until after Stalin's

death in 1956; and Reiner Kunze's work was first banned in East Germany in 1968 when he publicly protested against the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Herbert lived all over Europe and America, and Kunze later resettled in West Germany.

In the haunting poem, *Us Two*, Nina Cassian conveys the permanence and strength of love in just 5 lines. Paul Celan, has achieved worldwide renown with his six volumes of poetry published in his lifetime, and three more since his death in 1970. Celan was Jewish but his native language was German, and therefore language became a complex and involved part of his work, as can be read in *Deathfugue*. In the poem, *Auschwitz, 1987*, Adam Zych describes the enduring horror of *that place*, in his depiction of a visit to Auschwitz over 40 years after the mass murders. Auschwitz remains a terrifying and chilling place.

For many years a schoolteacher, Yehuda Amichai teaches us all a salutary lesson about what is important, in his insightful poem, *Tourists*. Adrian Mitchell is one of the UK's most talented writers, writing in many different mediums, but most keenly, poetry. We include his poem, *Victor Jara of Chile* simply because it powerfully depicts the world betrayed, a gentle and heroic man destroyed by cruelty. The poem, *Again*, by the UK writer, Kevin Carey, echoes many of the questions raised by the above writers and widens the focus from the horrors of Dachau, to other acts of genocide in the 20th century.

In this booklet, we include excerpts from the works of Primo Levi, Ruth Altbeker Cyprys, Eva Fogelman, Gerda Weissmann Klein and Czeslaw Milosz. The Jewish-Italian writer, Primo Levi, wrote his famous prose work, *If This is a Man*, in 1958, about his experiences at Auschwitz, and this was one of the first books to be read by a worldwide readership.

Eva Fogelman's book, is the definitive book on rescuers of Jews during the Holocaust. Both Ruth

Altbeker Cyprys and Gerda Weissmann Klein provide a unique view of this darkest period of history. As can be read from the excerpts included, their accounts are memorable and heartbreaking testaments of courage. Czeslaw Milosz was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1980 and has written many poems on the Holocaust which are included in his *Collected Poems*.

Many of the poems and excerpts used have been translated into English. We are indebted to the translators of these works. The translators are Barbara Vedder for *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen*; Hilda Schiff for *Auschwitz, 1987*; Adam Czerniawski for *Pigtail and The Survivor*; Margaret S Summers for *Be Happy* (excerpt from *Ravensbrück*); Czeslaw Milosz for *Five Men*; Ewald Osers for *Hymn To A Woman Under Interrogation*; John Felstiner for *Deathfugue*; Glenda Abramson & Tudor Parfitt for *Tourists*, and Margit Leibert for the profile of Zbigniew Herbert.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

The picture on the front cover is a watercolour by Arnold Daghani, painted whilst inside the Mikhailowka forced labour camp, 1 January 1943. It is dedicated to his wife Nanino wishing her a Happy New Year.

*The picture on the back cover of the booklet is by Ralph Freeman, entitled *Rosina & Carlos IV* (1940).*

The photograph on the middle pages of the booklet is by Donald Woodman and depicts the view of ramp at Birkenau where selections took place.

ARNOLD DAGHANI

Arnold Daghani came from a German-speaking Jewish family in Suczawa, Bukovina, now Suceava in Romania. He died in 1985 in Hove, UK. In 1987, a substantial collection of around 6,000 of his works including drawings, paintings, collages, folios, sketchbooks and

albums were given to the University of Sussex, entering the archives of the Centre for German-Jewish Studies in 1997.

His many drawings and writings document his experiences in the Mikhailowka forced labour camp in 1942-43, from where he and his wife escaped only a few months before the camp was liquidated by the Nazis. Characteristic of Daghani's work is a selection and presentation of words and images, but often without overt comment. As he wrote, "I have preferred setting out the facts to interpreting them. I have provided plenty of nails. May others hammer them in."

The Centre for German-Jewish Studies has earned international acclaim for its study of German-Jewish social, cultural and political history. The Centre's main aim is to investigate the contribution of German-speaking Jewish communities to modern European civilisation.

RALPH FREEMAN

Ralph Freeman was born in London in 1945. His Jewish parents escaped Hitler's Germany between the Nuremberg racial laws of 1938 and the outbreak of World War Two. After studying at St Martin's and Harrow Schools of Art, Freeman worked as a jazz pianist, artist and designer in London, Hamburg and Frankfurt and now lives in St Ives.

Rosina & Carlos IV (1940) - mixed media on canvas, is taken from the exhibition Foundations and Fragments. This ongoing series of collages uses private ephemera that belonged to the artist's family and links them to their experience of war and life as persecuted people. The work is grounded in the story of European Jewry in the period of the Third Reich, but relates to how racism continues to transform innocent people into refugees.

DONALD WOODMAN

Donald Woodman was the main photographer on The Holocaust Project, an exhibition and book by one of America's leading artists, Judy Chicago. His photographs of concentration camps today are overwhelmingly sad and evocative.

ABOUT THE ORCHESTRA

The Life & Death Orchestra comprises some of the best musicians I've ever met. Bim Sinclair is a brilliant composer, performer and producer in both the classical and pop worlds. Herbie Flowers is "one of the world's finest bass players" according to the Guinness Encyclopaedia Of Popular Music and he brings with him many of his regular compatriots including his regular partner in rhythm Dave Trigwell on drums. Also he brought with him, multi-instrumentalists, Nick Pynn and Tom Arnold, playing a range of instruments: fiddle, accordion, mandolin, tabla, bazouki and many more plus Tom adds a very un-folky Hammond organ on some tracks. Ian Hamer, one of Britain's top jazz trumpeters, contributes on Never (Reprise). Mark Allen of cool continental band Manos brought his skills on zither and Spanish guitar while Big Bob Taylor plays all the other guitars, including heart-rending solos on This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Us Two. He also plays all saxophone parts. Lead vocals are by Angi Mariani and Bill Smith and harmony vocals are sung by Bill also. Thanks also to Catherine Black and Marjorie Ashenden who joined the orchestra for the live performances. The whole thing was expertly recorded and mixed by Julian Tardo at Church Road Recording Company in Brighton, UK.

THE WORLD BETRAYED

The world is ruled by neither justice nor morality; crime is not punished nor virtue rewarded, one is forgotten as quickly as the other. The world is ruled by power.

Tadeusz Borowski

NEVER

Never shall I forget that place
Where all faith was destroyed
Never can I look into a stranger's face
All trust is lost, all the world betrayed

Never can I love again
I search for that gift in vain
But I'm set apart, the camp is with me still
Now all is ash, and can't be regained

Never can I hear again
The sound of violins
If I hear their cry, I only see again
When the music stopped, what happened then

Never must another feel
The way that I must feel
When I think of my life
I only think of death

Never, Never

Never shall we forget these crimes
Which no words can convey
Still I weep, still I cry
Let there be no more camps

Never, Never

Words: *Angi Mariani*
Inspired by the words of *Micheline Maurel*
Music: *Bill Smith*
Arranged: *Birn Sinclair*

Why? Why did we walk like meek sheep to the slaughterhouse? Why did we not fight back? What had we to lose? Nothing but our lives. Why did we not run away and hide? We might have had a chance to survive. Why did we walk deliberately and obediently into their clutches?

I know why. Because we had faith in humanity. Because we did not really think that human beings were capable of committing such crimes.

Gerda Weissmann Klein, All But My Life, 1997, p.89

LOVE IN A COLD WORLD

Take a look all around
Tell me what you see
There's a world of such beauty
And a world of such misery

I walk with a woman
And we rue the role of men
Those who ruled and extinguished
The life of her kin

We stand on the beacon
And we feel love's sweet breath
Down there in the valley
Is the valley of death

Love in a cold world
See it trampled underneath
Barbarian feet

She spoke in a soft voice

She explained many things
The smoke from the chimneys
I see it rise again

I hear her words
I see the site
Where people were killed to plan
"Just know it happened
But please don't understand"

Love in a cold world
See it trampled underneath
Barbarian feet

So we turn and she told me
Don't forget what I've said
Disease of fear and hatred
I warn you is not dead

Look all around, look all around
Tell me what you see
A world of beauty, a land of plenty
Is destroyed by cruelty

Love in a cold world
See it trampled underneath
Barbarian feet.

Words: *Angi Mariani & Bill Smith*
Inspired by the words of Nick Morgan Baker
Music: *Bill Smith*
Arrangement: *Birn Sinclair*

Perhaps one cannot, what is more one must not, understand, because to understand is almost to justify. Let me explain: "understanding" a proposal or human behaviour means... to "contain" it, contain its author, put oneself in his place, identify with him. Now no normal man can ever identify with Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Eichmann, and endless others....But there is not rationality in the Nazi hatred: it is a hate that is not in us, it is outside man... We cannot understand it, but we can and must understand where it springs from, and we must be on our guard. If understanding is impossible, knowing is imperative, because what happened can happen again.

*Taken from Shema: Collected Poems of Primo Levi,
translated by Ruth Feldman, 1976*

TADEUSZ BOROWSKI

Born in the Ukraine in 1922. Having survived Auschwitz and Dachau, he died by his own hand, opening a gas valve, on July 1st 1951 in Warsaw. He wrote poetry, short stories and novels as well as journalism. Jan Kott wrote in the introduction to the book, "Among the tens of thousands of pages written about the Holocaust and the death camps, Borowski's slender volume continues to occupy a place apart. The book is the cruelest of testimonies to what men did to men, a pitiless verdict that anything can be done to a human being...Borowski's Auschwitz stories [published in Poland after World War II] are written in the first person. The narrator of three of the stories is a deputy Kapo, Vorarbeiter Tadeusz. The identification of the author with the narrator was the moral decision of a prisoner who had lived through Auschwitz - an acceptance of mutual responsibility, mutual participation, and mutual guilt for the concentration camp.

The Nazis did force prisoners to assist them

in carrying out barbaric acts. The prisoners had no choice. They were not complicit. Despite this, Borowski felt immense guilt. He wrote:

"It is impossible to write about Auschwitz impersonally...The first duty of Auschwitzers is to make clear just what a camp is... but let them not forget that the reader will unflinchingly ask: But how did it happen that you survived?...Tell, then, how you bought places in the hospital, easy posts, how you shoved the 'Moslems' [prisoners who had lost the will to live] into the oven, how you bought women, men, what you did in the barracks, unloading the transports, at the gypsy camp; tell about the daily life of the camp, about the hierarchy of fear, about the loneliness of every man. But write that you, you were the ones who did this. That a portion of the sad fame of Auschwitz belongs to you as well."

Tadeusz Borowski wrote these things. In his stories, prisoners eat, work, sleep, and fall in love a few yards from where others are systematically slaughtered. The will to survive overrides compassion, the line between the normal and the abnormal wavers, then vanishes. At Auschwitz an athletic field and a brothel flank the crematoriums. As one critic observed: *"Borowski looks at the concentration camp as if it were first of all a community of men and women, governed by unalterable instincts and formed by necessary habits. The constant need for human contact - in the persecutors as well as in the condemned - the clinging to ridiculous hopes and useless possessions; and at the same time the grotesque corruptions that become accepted as the consequence of the gift for survival. These terse descriptions, almost anecdotal in form, become an oblique commentary on the negotiations we conduct daily in our own, civilized ways."*

Notes taken from *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen*, Tadeusz Borowski, 1959, Penguin Books (1967). Stories Selected and translated by Barbara Vedder with an Introduction by Jan Kott (Introduction translated by Michael Kandel)

THIS WAY FOR THE GAS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

We walk round naked, the heat burns our skin
In Zyklon B, our suits are delousing
Cold killer of lice and people in gas chambers
This camp is sealed so tight

We sit legs dangling, bacon & bread we gnaw
Sent just a week ago from Warsaw
Held by my mother's hand Dear Lord
Where is she now, God knows

And Henri my French friend dreams of French wine
I'll get it from a Strasbourg transport, the very next
time
Bring me some shoes with double soles, I ask
Patience, I'll get you anything you want

And what if there are no more cremos I say
They'll run out of people one of these days
"Stop talking nonsense", Henri replies
We'd all starve to death if there's no-one left to die

Sweat drenched men in bunks of eights and ten
Nude withered bodies, the stink alone is hell
A rabbi wails so desperately
A muslim falls and is pushed aside by Henri

Religion is the opium of the people, Henri shouts
If they didn't believe in God, they'd have smashed the
cremos down
Why haven't you done it, I say rhetorically
"Idiot" is all he says back to me

It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas

Shiny brutal faces, carrying briefcases and whips
We stand straight, as the top SS arrive
Discuss their mail from their children and their wives
Their bamboo whips snap impatient by their sides

And then the transport comes and we hear the shouts
From tiny barred windows pale faces push out
Of terror stricken women and exhausted men
Give us water, give us air

The bolts crack and the doors fall open
Like fish cast out on the sand they appear
What's going to happen to us they say silently
But the camp laws say to the end we must deceive

A huge wave of people are prodded on the road
Like a blind mad river trying to find a new bed
But all they will find is the stench and the muck
Loaded like cattle in the back of a truck

The Red Cross van drives reassuringly beside
But it carries the gas that will kill every man, woman
and child
The enormous cross on it's back, red as blood
Seems to dissolve in the sun

It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas

Among the SS, the woman commandant
Colourless hair tied in a Nordic knot
Gun at her side, with a rat-like smile
She's come to check out the new female crop

The lucky few are taken to her room
Where the boys from Zauna will shave their pretty heads
Laugh at their outside world modesty
Before they fill her bed

Pick up your child another SS man roars
But she so wants to live, it's not mine she cries
Big Andrewi from Sevastopol, grabs hold of her
You bloody Jewess, would you run from your own child

And then above the teeming crowd, a girl appears
Soft blond hair she turns and stares at me
Listen, tell me where are they taking us
I say nothing, I know she says

Four Canada men lug a giant swollen corpse
Kicking children who howl like dogs
They throw this mound of meat on the sick
On top of the smothered, and unconscious in the heat

I wish to speak to the Commandant snaps an old man
A young SS man laughs as he strikes him with a hand
In half an hour you'll talk with the top Commandant
Make sure you greet him with a heil Hitler

It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas

Meanwhile in the shit and dirt of the train
We find naked little bodies with bloated skins
Looking like monsters with enormous heads
We carry them like chickens, several in each hand

Throw them on the truck, throw them with the women
The SS Officer cries casually
But he's more worried by his cigarette lighter which
won't flame
My poor boy, the Jewish woman says, as I hand them
to her with no shame

I'm not a good person, I say to Henri
Damn all these people, I feel no pity
It's natural, Henri says, it's healthy c'est logique

Everyone relieves their hate by turning on the weak

Just when I thought it was all over
Another transport and then another train
I seize a corpse by the hand
But the fingers close round mine, my heart pounds

My heart is like lead then jumps in my throat
My nausea is deafening
I begin to vomit then like a drunk
I weave away past the rails

I lie against the metal and dream of my bunk
Suddenly I see the camp as a haven of peace
Others may be dying but I've still strength and food
For this living moment, for today

It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas

But the lights on the ramp still have a spectral glow
The wave of feverish people, on and on they flow
Most still think they're going to the washroom
They can't buy life with concealed gold

Experienced professionals probe every recess of their
flesh
Pull diamonds from the colon and gold from the tongue
Gold teeth will soon be packed up in crates
On the train, bound for Berlin

For days the whole camp lives off the loot
The Strasbourg transport was a good rich train
Great columns of smoke rise in the sky
The black river flows over Birkenau

It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas

Story: Tadeusz Borowski,
*This Way for the Gas, Ladies and
Gentlemen*

Adaptation: Bill Smith and Angi Mariani

Music: Bill Smith

Arrangement: Birn Sinclair

Solo Musicians: Bob Taylor on Acoustic Guitar
Tom Arnold on Hammond Organ
Nick Pynn on Violin

AUSCHWITZ, 1987

and nobody shouts halt
and nobody fires
and yet this deathly
silence fills one's ears
and no one slaps your face
or whips your back, your eyes
and no one weeps
nor do the skies cry out
even though we have arrived
at this well known place
with its resonant name:
Auschwitz.

Words: Adam Zych

Translation: Hilda Schiff

Music: Bill Smith

Arrangement: Birn Sinclair

ADAM ZYCH

Polish poet, essayist and translator, born 1945 in Czestochowa, Poland. He is Professor of Pedagogics at the University of Kielce. Zych is the recipient of many awards, and the editor of several volumes of an anthology entitled *Auschwitz Was In My Land, 1987 and 1993*, published by the Auschwitz Museum. His own collection of poems are *The Bridge, 1983 and Departure* is in *Us, 1993*.

HILDA SCHIFF

Hilda Schiff compiled and introduced the book, Holocaust Poetry, which is one of the main works on Holocaust Poetry. A poet herself, and also a short story writer and editor, Hilda Schiff was born in central Europe and came to England as a small child. She was educated at the Universities of London and Oxford, in both of which she taught and engaged in research. She is attached to Wolfson College, Oxford, and is now a freelance writer. Her publications also include A Condition of Being and Contemporary Approaches to English Studies,

...I well remembered the end of July and September of 1942 when my child who had whooping cough, would constantly choke in the sultry air of our furriers, while the children of the Tobens factory enjoyed the safety of their little kindergarten. Unfortunately I also remembered that day when quite suddenly a lorry arrived, which the Germans crammed with all the children, driving them off to the Umschlagplatz. Now my friend told me a sequel to this story.

'You don't know, perhaps, that the mother of one of the abducted children was my school pal, Franka. After learning that her ten year old daughter was among the victims she suffered a nervous breakdown, worked herself up into an incredible fury and had started ranting and raving, calling the German managers criminals and murderers. She had then been compelled to leave the Tobens factory but thanks to some big favour she got a job with us. After a couple of weeks a Polish policeman came to our factory bringing a letter stating the following: "Any man of goodwill who finds this paper should know that it was written by a girl whom the Germans are driving to her destruction. If you have a kind heart, please deliver this paper to my mummy

who is working in the furrier's shop, or in Tobens factory in Leszno Street in Warsaw. Dearest Mummy, at this moment I am in the train. I do not know exactly where we are going but I guess we are going to our death. Do not worry, Mummy, I am not scared at all, and as I am the eldest here I have explained to the other children that some day all people must die anyway. As a matter of fact there is nothing wrong in our dying sooner. At present here on the earth there are only Germans, life is very hard, while there in Heaven among the angels there surely won't be any Germans. So it is for the best that we get away from the Germans sooner. The children who are with me are not even crying. I shared the breakfast we had equally among all of us. Only Janaczek regrets he did not take his overcoat with him. I remember now that I did not kiss you good-morning today, as I will not be able to kiss you any more. I cannot write more because this paper is so small. Farewell Mummy, please do not cry for me. I am fastening this paper with a hairpin. I think it will make it heavier'.

The paper was found by a Polish railway guard who, moved by its contents, had decided to deliver it to the mother at all costs. Finding it impossible to enter the ghetto he eventually got a policeman to take it to the Tobens factory and from there the letter, pierced with the hairpin, reached the hands of the mother.

Ruth Albeker Cyprys, A Jump For Life, 1997, p.154

PIGTAIL

When all the women in the transport
had their heads shaved
four workmen with brooms made of birch twigs
swept up
and gathered up the hair

Behind clean glass
the stiff hair lies
of those suffocated in gas chambers
there are pins and side combs
in this hair

The hair is not shot through with light
is not parted by the breeze
is not touched by any hand
or rain or lips

In huge chests
clouds of dry hair
of those suffocated
and a faded plait
and a pigtail with a ribbon
pulled at school
by naughty boys

Words: Tadeusz Różewicz
Translation: Adam Czerniawski
Music: Bill Smith & Bim Sinclair
Violin Solo: Nick Pynn

TADEUSZ RÓZEWICZ

We include two poems by Różewicz finding them all so moving. A Polish poet, born in Radomsko, central Poland in 1921. He was involved in the Polish Resistance during the war, and he went on to have his work translated into many languages, and in 1966 won Poland's most prestigious literary award. About his work, Różewicz writes:

"So for me poetry was a form of action and not the writing of beautiful poems. My objective was not poems, but facts. I created - so I thought and still think - certain facts and not (more or less successful) lyric constructions. I reacted to events with facts which I moulded into the shape of poems - and not with "poetry"....At that time, in the year 1945, several months after World War Two, I thought expressions such as "aesthetic experiences" or "artistic experiences" were ridiculous and suspect. Afterwards, in August, the first atomic bomb was dropped. And today I still think so-called "aesthetic experiences" are ridiculous, though I no longer consider them despicable. The conviction that the earlier "aesthetic experience" is dead is the unchanging platform of my literary activity. Speaking "directly" should lead to the source, to regaining a banal faith, banal hope, banal love. Love that conquers death and love that is conquered by death. I was concerned with such simple things as these. Poems in which I gambled on originality, uniqueness, surprise have secondary importance for me. Even if they were possibly better from the point of view of "aesthetic experiences".

Tadeusz Różewicz, words translated by Adam Czerniawski. Quotes taken from The Poetry of Survival, edited by Daniel Weissbort, 1991

'BE HAPPY' FROM RAVENSBRÜCK

...Be happy, you who live in fine apartments, in ugly houses or in hovels. Be happy, you who have your loved ones, and you also who sit alone and dream and can weep. Be happy, you who torture yourself over metaphysical problems, and you who suffer because of money worries. Be happy, you the sick who are being cared for, and you who care for them, and be happy, oh, how happy, you who die a death as normal as life, in hospital beds or in your homes. Be happy, all of you: millions of people envy you.

Micheline Maurel, Ravensbrück, (translated by Margaret S Summers) Published by Blond & Briggs, London 1958

BE HAPPY SONG ADAPTATION

Be happy, you who live in fine apartments
in ugly houses, or in hovels
Be happy, you who have your loved ones
and you who sit alone and dream and can weep

Be happy, you who torture yourselves over
metaphysical problems
Be happy, you who suffer, because of your money
worries
Be happy, you the sick who're being cared for
and you who care for them

Be happy, oh how happy
you who die a death as normal as life
in hospital beds or in your homes

Be happy, all of you
millions of people envy you.

Words: *Micheline Maurel*
Translation: *Margaret S Summers*
Music: *Bill Smith*
Arrangement: *Herbie Flowers*

MICHELINE MAUREL

In the book, Ravensbrück, Micheline Maurel writes that nothing can ever make up for the suffering endured in the camps. "To make up for so much suffering, for those millions of miserable creatures...who stare at us with horribly despairing eyes it would take so much joy, oh God, that even a bountiful and kindly God would not have enough." Yet conversely, Maurel does not advocate sadness. She cries out to us all, that we must be happy. "I believe that each deportee who has returned has felt,...that he has no right to be unhappy. For behind us, is the multitude of the dead left at the camp, who fix us with crazed and envious

eyes. Those millions of people envy us and wish they could shout, "You fools, don't you see that you are happy?" But, in the last few lines of Ravensbrück, Micheline Maurel laments "Each survivor has brought his camp back with him; he would like to run away shielding his eyes with his arm in order not to see, howling in order not to hear. But the entire camp rises again slowly, for it has not been destroyed, and nothing has made up for a single day of suffering."

JACOB'S JIG INSTRUMENTAL

Composed and arranged by: Bim Sinclair

THE STORIES

FIVE MEN

They take them out in the morning
to the stone courtyard
and put them against the wall

five men
two of them very young
two others middle-aged

nothing more
can be said about them

2
when the platoon
level their guns
everything suddenly appears
in the garish light
of obviousness

the yellow wall
the cold blue
the black wire on the wall

instead of a horizon

that is the moment
when the five senses rebel
they would gladly escape
like rats from a sinking ship

before the bullet reaches its destination
the eye will perceive the flight of the projectile
the ear record a steely rustle
the nostrils will be filled with biting smoke
a petal of blood will brush the palate
the touch will shrink and then slacken

now they lie on the ground
covered up to their eyes with shadow
the platoon walks away
their button straps
and steel helmets
are more alive
than those lying beside the wall

3

I did not learn this today
I knew it before yesterday

so why have I been writing
unimportant poems on flowers

what did the five men talk of
the night before the execution

of prophetic dreams
of an escapade in a brothel
of automobile parts
of a sea voyage
of how when he had spades
he ought not to have opened
of how vodka is best

after wine you get a headache
of girls
of fruit
of life

thus one can use in poetry
names of Greek shepherds
and one can attempt to catch the colour of morning sky
write of love
and also
once again
in dead earnest
offer to the betrayed world
a rose

FIVE MEN SONG ADAPTATION

They take them out in the morning
to the stone courtyard
and put them up against the wall

five men
two of them very young
the others middle-aged
nothing more
can be said about these men

when the platoon
level their guns
everything suddenly appears
in the garish light
of obviousness too clear

there's the cold, cold blue
the yellow wall
instead of a horizon
the black wire on the wall

that is the moment

when the five senses rebel
they would gladly escape
like rats from a sinking ship
from this hell

before the bullet reaches its destination
the eye will perceive it's flight
the ear record a steely rustle
the nostrils will be filled with biting smoke
a petal of blood will brush the palate
the touch will shrink and then slacken

now they lie on the ground
covered up to their eyes with shadow
as the platoon walks away
their button straps
and their steel helmets
are more alive
than those lying beside the wall

I did not learn this today
I knew it before yesterday

so why have I been writing
unimportant poems on flowers

what did the five men talk of
what did the five men say
the night before
the night before the execution

of prophetic dreams
of an escapade in a brothel
of car parts
of a sea voyage
of how when he had spades
he ought not to have opened
of how vodka is best

after wine you get a headache
of girls
of fruit
of life

I did not learn this today
I knew it before yesterday
so why have I been writing
unimportant poems on flowers

so one can use in poetry
names of Greek shepherds
and one can attempt to catch the colour of the morning sky
one can write of love
and also
once again
in dead earnest
offer the betrayed world
a rose

Words:	Zbigniew Herbert
Translation:	Czeslaw Milosz
Music and adaptation:	Bill Smith
Arrangement:	Bim Sinclair

ZBIGNIEW HERBERT

Polish poet whose work could not see the light of day until Stalin's death in 1956. He was a notable essayist on art historical themes, and also wrote plays for radio. His poetry has been translated into many languages. Writing in the *Poetry of Survival*, Herbert wrote: **“The feeling of fragility and of the futility of human life is less depressing if we weave it into the chain of history, which is nothing but the handing down of a belief in the meaning of our actions and volition. This way even the shriek of terror is transformed into a cry of hope.”**

1967, translated by Margitt Leibert in The Poetry of Survival, p.335





CZESLAW MILOSZ

One of the great European writers, Czeslaw Milosz was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1980. A Polish poet who was a member of the Polish Underground during the war, editing anti-Nazi poetry. He is also a great translator. His translations (both English to Polish and Polish to English) include the first Polish version of T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, as well as works by Simone Weill, and Walt Whitman and the anthology of Post-War Polish Poetry.

KLARA'S ESCAPE INSTRUMENTAL

Composed and performed by Bim Sinclair

The words "It is never too late to live" are inspired by a poem by Gary Sea entitled, *Ursula Goetze*. The poem itself, is adapted from a letter that Ursula Goetze wrote to her parents just before her death. Ursula Goetze studied philosophy in Berlin. With other students she took up collections for political prisoners and racially persecuted peoples. She listened to French radio broadcasts, passing information along to French prisoners. She was arrested and condemned to death on January 18th, 1943 and was hanged on August 5th. The poem ends: "And slowly, gracefully with astonishingly little effort all the holes torn in my life by fate were filled by something new and beautiful -

a knowledge, a peace,
wisdom,
the greatest wisdom of all -

It is never too late to live!"

Gary Sea, 'Ursula Goetze'

The poem is included in Beyond Lament, edited by Marguerite Striar, 1998

No one knows for certain how many non-Jews risked their lives to save Jews during the Holocaust. There were nearly 700 million people in Nazi-occupied territories. Only a tiny fraction of them were involved in rescue activities. Moreover, rescue activity demanded utmost secrecy. Lives depended on it. Many rescuers were discovered and killed. Some sheltered a Jew for a night; others hid several people for years. Some made single, one-time gestures; still others were part of an anonymous network that searched for hiding places, papers, food coupons, and money for Jews. The parting words between some Jews and the Christians who saved them were: "Promise me that you will never tell anyone my name. Don't ever write to me. Good luck."

Not all Holocaust survivors were so supportive of my work. Since so few non-Jews had helped them, many survivors doubted the rescuers' altruistic motivations. Many worried that by highlighting the courageous acts of a relative handful of individuals I would obscure the essential fact that six million Jews were murdered. Two-thirds of the Jewish population of Eastern Europe was wiped out, and most people had done nothing to stop it.

That, however is precisely the point of my interest. At a time of worldwide upheaval, when civilized norms were held in suspension, a few individuals held fast to their own standards. They were not saints. Nor were they particularly heroic or often all that outstanding. They were simply ordinary people doing what they felt had to be done at that time.

Eva Fogelman, Conscience And Courage, 1995, pxxi

HYMN TO A WOMAN UNDER INTERROGATION

Bad (she said) was
the moment of undressing

Then
exposed to their gaze she
discovered everything

about them.

Words: Reiner Kunze
Translation: Ewald Osers
Music: Bill Smith
Percussion: Tom Arnold

REINER KUNZE

Born 1983 in Oelsmitz in East Germany. Forced out of University of Leipzig in 1959 because of politics, he later had to leave East Germany and settle in the west as a result of his work - particularly the publication in West Germany of "Die Wunderbaren Jahre". Daniel Weissbort wrote of him in The Poetry of Survival: "This is a last-ditch poetry - resist now, or it will be too late; or, perhaps, that it already is too late, but all the writer can do is warn. Still implicit, of course, is hope, even if it is hope on the very edge of extinction."

US TWO

My God, what a dream I had:
the two of us, more passionate than ever,
making love like the first couple on earth...
-and we were beautiful, naked and wild,
and both dead.

Nina Cassian

US TWO SONG ADAPTATION

My God, what a dream I had
the two of us, more passionate than ever
making love like the first couple on earth

My God, we were so beautiful
the two of us, so naked and wild
making love like the first couple on earth

and we were beautiful
and we were beautiful
we were making love like the first couple on earth
and we were beautiful
and we were beautiful
we were making love like the first couple on earth

My God, what a dream I had
the two of us, so naked and wild
making love like the first couple on earth

and we were beautiful
and we were beautiful
we were making love like the first couple on earth
and we were beautiful
and we were beautiful
we were making love like the first couple on earth

My God, what a dream I had
the two of us, more passionate than ever
we were so beautiful
and both dead

Words: Nina Cassian
Adaptation: Angi Mariani
Music: Bill Smith
Arrangement: Birm Sinclair
Electric Guitar Solo: Bob Taylor

NINA CASSIAN

Born in 1924 in Romania. A composer as well as a prolific writer of fiction and poetry. Daniel Weissbort wrote of her in *The Poetry of Survival*: "Nina Cassian is essentially a poet of the everyday but her everyday is so highly charged as to have a mythic dimension... Cassian's strength is that of vulnerability... There is humour, passion, spontaneity, imaginative extravagance but principally, and this sums it all up, there is courage."

My friend Mrs N. got one of her boys back in a way which deserves special mention. Mr N. went with his two boys to the Jewish Council Building. The Council gave out life numbers to some though not all of its clerks and Mr N. was given one, and only one, although there were three of them. What were they to do? The older boy did not await his father's decision but left without a word to hide somewhere in the ruins. The father remained with his little Jasio, a beautiful fair haired boy with blue eyes- but they still had only one number. So they went to stand in the row and waited, unable to do anything. Time was short and a decision had to be taken. Another moment or two, and the check up would begin. Next to the father and son stood an elderly couple, a husband and wife. He as a council executive had been given a life number, she had none. And now they stood and argued. He asked her to accept the life ticket, she implored him to retain it; one did not want to live without the other. Finally the old lady went up to little Jasio, handed him her life number and said: "Here you are, little boy. You are young, you will survive. And here is the picture of my son in Palestine whom I shall never see again, and here, take this too, we part from this

world" - and gave him their last 500 zloty. Then they both took some white powder- potassium cyanide - and a moment later they both dropped dead. Nobody moved to save them. On the contrary, everybody envied them. A command rang out: "Fill in the rows" and the group went forward. Only the two bodies of the heroic couple remained on the road. Little Jasio survived the war.

Ruth Altbecker Cyprys, A Jump For Life, 1997, p72

After supper, pretending to sleep, I listened to Papa and Mama talking. They talked both of the good life they had together and of what was to come - how the war would end soon, how Arthur would come back, and how he would have matured: "It is good for a man to have been away for a while," Papa commented. Presently, they discussed me: how much of life I had missed because of the war. "We will make it up to her," Mama said. "She shall have the prettiest dresses, dancing, and everything a young girl should have."

They talked about their parents, about the first years of their marriage, about waiting through the First World War... their reunion... when Arthur was born. Listening, I wanted to cry out - to reassure, to be reassured - but I bit my pillow in pain and kept silent.

And so they talked on through the night, animated and happy. They faced what the morning would bring with the only weapon they had - their love for each other. Love is great, love is the foundation of nobility, it conquers obstacles and is a deep well of truth and strength. After hearing my parents talk that night I began to understand the greatness of their love. Their courage ignited within me a

spark that continued to glow through the years of misery and defeat. The memory of their love - my only legacy - sustained me in happy and unhappy times in Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, France, Switzerland, England. It is still part of me, here in America.

Gerda Weissmann Klein, All But My Life, 1997, p.85

DEATHFUGUE

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
we drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
we drink and we drink
we shovel a grave in the air there you won't feel too cramped
A man lives in the house he plays with his vipers he writes
he writes when it grows dark to Deutschland your golden hair Marguerite
he writes it and steps out of doors and the stars are all sparkling he whistles his hounds to come close
he whistles his Jews into rows has them shovel a grave in the ground
he orders us strike up and play for the dance

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night
we drink you at morning and midday we drink you at evening
we drink and we drink
A man lives in the house he plays with his vipers he writes
he writes when it grows dark to Deutschland your golden hair Marguerite
your ashen hair Shulamith we shovel a grave in the sky there you won't feel too cramped
He shouts jab the earth deeper you there you others sing up and play
he grabs for the rod in his belt he swings it his eyes

are blue
jab your spades deeper you there you others play on for the dance

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night
we drink you at midday and morning we drink you at evening
we drink and we drink
a man lives in the house your goldenes Haar Marguerite
your aschenes Haar Shulamith he plays with his vipers
He shouts play death more sweetly Death is a master from Deutschland
he shouts scrape your strings darker you'll rise then in smoke to the sky
you'll have a grave then in the clouds there you won't feel too cramped

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night
we drink you at midday Death is a master aus Deutschland
we drink you at evening and morning we drink and we drink
Death is ein Meister aus Deutschland his eye is blue
he shoots you with shot made of lead shoots you level and true
a man lives in the house your goldenes Haar Margarete
he loses his hounds on us grants us a grave in the air he plays with his vipers and daydreams der Tod ist ein Meister aus Deutschland

dein goldenes Haar Margarete
dein aschenes Haar Sulamith

DEATHFUGUE SONG ADAPTATION

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
we drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
and we drink and we drink and we drink

we shovel a grave in the air there you won't feel too cramped

A man lives in the house he plays with his vipers he writes

he writes when it grows dark to Deutschland your golden hair Marguerite

he writes it and steps out of doors and the stars are all sparkling he whistles his hounds to come close he whistles his Jews into rows has them shovel a grave in the ground

he orders us strike up and play for the dance

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
we drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
and we drink and we drink and we drink

A man lives in the house he plays with his vipers he writes

he writes when it grows dark to Deutschland your golden hair Marguerite

your ashen hair Shulamith we shovel a grave in the sky there you won't feel too cramped

He shouts jab the earth deeper you there you others sing up and play

he grabs for the rod in his belt he swings it his eyes are blue

jab your spades deeper you there you others play on for the dance

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
we drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
and we drink and we drink and we drink

a man lives in the house your goldenes Haar Marguerite

your aschenes Haar Shulamith he plays with his vipers

he shouts play death more sweetly Death is a master
from Deutschland

he shouts scrape your strings darker you'll rise then
in smoke to the sky

you'll have a grave then in the clouds there you won't
feel too cramped

dein goldenes Haar Margarete

dein aschenes Haar Sulamith

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
we drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
and we drink and we drink and we drink

Death is ein Meister aus Deutschland his eye is blue
he shoots you with shot made of lead shoots you level
and true

a man lives in the house your goldenes Haar
Margarete

he looses his hounds on us grants us a grave in the air
he plays with his vipers and daydreams der Tod ist ein
Meister aus Deutschland

dein goldenes Haar Margarete

dein aschenes Haar Sulamith

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
we drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
and we drink and we drink and we drink and we drink

and we drink and we drink and we drink and we drink
and we drink and we drink and we drink and we drink
and we drink and we drink and we drink

Words:

Paul Celan

Translation:

John Felstiner

Music & Adaptation:

Bill Smith

Arrangement:

Bim Sinclair

PAUL CELAN

Born Paul Antschel in Czernowitz, Bukovina, his native tongue was German. He was born to Jewish parents in 1920. His parents were deported to Transnistria by the Nazis in 1942 where his father died of typhus and his mother was murdered by a shot in the neck. Celan himself barely managed to escape the camps. He himself survived in other camps and in 1947 he moved to Vienna and then settled permanently in Paris in 1948. However he never recovered and in 1970 committed suicide (as did Primo Levi and Tadeusz Borowski). Paul Celan said that his poems were “messages in a bottle” which might or might not be picked up. His poetry was based on the anguish of his experience. Although he survived physically, the Holocaust and its mass killings became a lifelong obsession.

JOHN FELSTINER

John Felstiner is a writer and translator who teaches English and Jewish studies at Stanford University. He is the author of *Paul Celan: Poet, Survivor, Jew*.

The Germans realized that the last-minute singing of the Polish anthem, other patriotic songs or shouting anti German slogans made the hostage's death easier so they devised new torture. On the morning of the execution they would shave the doomed wretches and fill their mouths with a mixture of plaster and cement in order to prevent them from uttering a sound. In the busiest streets of Warsaw the Poles would now be executed naked from their waists and die mute under the executioners' bullets. The 'Herrenvolk' would exterminate its enemies using means of murder which Satan himself had never invented. We had to look on helplessly, praying for an end to it all.

Ruth Altbecker Cyprus, A Jump For Life, 1997, p172

VICTOR JARA OF CHILE

Victor Jara of Chile
Lived like a shooting star
He fought for the people of Chile
With his songs and his guitar

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

Victor Jara was a peasant
Worked from a few years old
He sat upon his father's plough
And watched the earth unfold

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

When the neighbours had a wedding
Or one of their children died
His mother sang all night for them
With Victor by her side

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

He grew to be a fighter
Against the people's wrongs
He listened to their grief and joy
And turned them into songs

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

He sang about the copper miners
And those who work the land
He sang about the factory workers
And they knew he was their man

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

He campaigned for Allende
Working night and day
He sang: take hold of your brother's hand
The future begins today

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

The bloody generals seized Chile
They arrested Victor then
They caged him in a stadium
With five thousand frightened men

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

Victor stood in the stadium
His voice was brave and strong
He sang for his fellow prisoners
Till the guards cut short his song

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

They broke the bones in both his hands
They beat his lovely head
They tore him with electric shocks
After two long days of torture they shot him dead

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

And then the Generals ruled Chile
And the British had their thanks
For they ruled with Hawker Hunters

And they ruled with Chieftain tanks

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

Victor Jara of Chile
Lived like a shooting star
He fought for the people of Chile
With his songs and his guitar

And his hands were gentle
His hands were strong

Words Adrian Mitchell
Music Bill Smith
Arrangement Bim Sinclair
Solo Guitar Mark Allen

FOR RACHEL: CHRISTMAS 1965

Caesar sleeping in his armoured city
Herod shaking like a clockwork toy
and spies are moving into Rama
asking for a baby boy.

Caesar is the father of Herod
Herod is the father of us all
and we'll be obedient, silent little children
or the moon will drop
and the sun will fall.

Someone must have warned the wanted mother
she'll be hiding with her family
and soldiers are marching through Rama
silently, obediently.

Caesar is the father of Herod
Herod is the father of us all

and we'll be obedient, silent little children
or the moon will drop
and the sun will fall.

Down all the white-washed alleys of Rama
small soft bodies are bayoneted
and Rachel is weeping in Rama
and will not be comforted.

Caesar is the father of Herod
Herod is the father of us all
and we'll be obedient, silent little children
or the moon will drop
and the sun will fall.

Caesar sleeping in his armoured city
Herod dreaming in his swansdown bed
and Rachel is weeping in Rama
and will not be comforted.

Caesar is the father of Herod
Herod is the father of us all
and we'll be obedient, silent little children
or the moon will drop
and the sun will fall.

Words: *Adrian Mitchell*
Music: *Bill Smith*
Arrangement: *Birn Sinclair*

ADRIAN MITCHELL

Adrian Mitchell was born in London in 1932. Best known as one of Europe's most inspiring poets, Mitchell is also a playwright for both adults and children. In addition to his numerous plays, Adrian has written libretti, four novels, and published numerous books of poetry as well as a collection of his lyrics for

the theatre, *Love Songs for World War Three*. He is committed to poetry as an oral medium and has given countless readings in the UK and abroad. He has also written stories and poems for children and teenagers. An opera is also set for a stage production.

THE SURVIVORS

THE SURVIVOR

I am twenty-four
led to slaughter
I survived.

The following are empty synonyms:
man and beast
love and hate
friend and foe
darkness and light.

The way of killing men and beasts is the same
I've seen it:
truckfuls of chopped-up men
who will not be saved.

Ideas are mere words
virtue and crime
truth and lies
beauty and ugliness
courage and cowardice.

Virtue and crime weigh the same
I've seen it:
in a man who was both
criminal and virtuous.

I seek a teacher and a master
may he restore my sight hearing and speech
may he again name objects and ideas
may he separate darkness from light.

I am twenty-four
led to slaughter
I survived.

Words: Tadeusz Różewicz
Translation: Adam Czerniawski
Music and adaptation: Bill Smith
Arrangement: Bim Sinclair

ADAM CZERNIAWSKI

Adam Czerniawski, the translator of many poems by Tadeusz Różewicz, wrote in *The Poetry of Survival*, talking of Różewicz, "That is why your poetry is commonly described as simple, naked. This deceived people into thinking that it is easy to write. That is why you have had so many imitators. It seems to me that only when one tries to translate it does one discover its tightly thought out structure which has to be carried across into the other language with great care. I often see English translations of your poetry which reproduce it word for word. It doesn't work. Perhaps the experienced translator, more than the critic, is able to see that here is art masking art."

NIGHT

Excerpt from the book, *Night*, by Elie Wiesel

Never shall I forget that night, the first night in camp, which has turned my life into one long night, seven times cursed and seven times sealed. Never shall I forget that smoke. Never shall I forget the little faces of the children, whose bodies I saw turned into wreaths of smoke beneath a silent blue sky

Never shall I forget those flames which consumed my faith forever.

Never shall I forget that nocturnal silence which deprived me, for all eternity, of the desire to live. Never shall I forget those moments which murdered my God and my soul and turned my dreams to dust. Never shall I forget these things, even if I am condemned to live as long as God Himself. Never.

Words: Elie Wiesel
Narration: Bill Smith & Angi Mariani

ELIE WIESEL

Elie Wiesel was born in the town of Sighet in Hungary in 1928. He was still a teenager when he was taken with his family, from his home to the Auschwitz concentration camp and then to Buchenwald. His family perished but he alone survived. His memoirs of that experience are unforgettably recorded in *Night*, first published in 1958, which became a worldwide bestseller. Since then Elie Wiesel has published extensively and received immense international acclaim, including the Nobel Prize in 1986. Elie Wiesel is now Andrew Mellon Professor of Humanities at Boston University and chairman of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council.

Robert McAfee Brown writing about *Night*, explains that Wiesel, takes the reader through a "painful journey through the darkness, through false dawns and false days, until there are hints that tiny shafts of light can pierce the seemingly unending night that Auschwitz has imposed upon the earth. But we must not make that journey too quickly. We must linger with this starting point and not rush on too soon, seeking relief from its horror. How long must we linger? An eternity, perhaps - Wiesel's chronometer for measuring the time between Auschwitz and the first emergence of hope."

AGAIN

If I have to say it I
will say it; if I
have to say it
again
I will say it
again
remember
Dachau which you said
would never happen
again
even though, in galaxies
of exegesis you have not solved
the there is no contradiction
between mass murder and playing
Schubert thesis

Since then My Lai,
Kampuchea, paralysis
in the face of ethnic cleansing. If
I have to say it I
will say it. If I
have to say it
again
I will say it
again
for there is no such thing
as compassion fatigure
only compassion
forgetting. If I
have to say it
again

AGAIN SONG ADAPTATION

If I have to say it I
will say it; if I
have to say it
again

I will say it
again
remember
Dachau which you said
would never happen
again.

Since then My Lai
since then Kampuchea
since then in the face of ethnic cleansing
paralysis.

If I have to say it I
will say it; if I
have to say it
again
I will say it
again
there is no such thing as
as compassion fatigure
there is only compassion
forgetting

If I have to say it I
will say it; if I
have to say it
again
I will say it
again
remember
Dachau which you said
would never happen
Again.

Even though you have not solved
that there is no contradiction
between mass murder
and playing Schubert

If I have to say it I
will say it; if I
have to say it
again
I will say it
again
there is no such thing
as compassion fatigue
there is only compassion
forgetting

If I have to say it I
will say it; if I
have to say it
again
I will say it
again
remember
Dachau which you said
would never happen
again.

Since then My Lai
since then Kampuchea
since then
in the face of ethnic cleansing
paralysis.

Words: Kevin Carey
Adaptation: Angi Mariani
Music: Bill Smith & Bim Sinclair
Arrangement: Bim Sinclair

KEVIN CAREY

I found the poem, *Again*, in a poetry book, *Klaonica*, published by Bloodaxe Books containing poems about Bosnia. Kevin Carey lives near Brighton in Sussex.

The Holocaust was unique in the experience of mankind. As Hilda Schiff said "The word Holocaust is most widely recognised as signifying the death of millions of human beings who were destroyed in unimaginably cruel ways by the Nazis and their collaborators." However, although the Holocaust was unique, over twenty million people died as a result of genocide in the twentieth century.

Kevin Carey makes the link between Dachau and My Lai and Kampuchea, and by inference all acts of genocide since. He asks each person, whether now, even after such acts of genocide, there is compassion forgetting. In this compelling poem, Kevin Carey makes an unarguable case for the constant need to be vigilant - again and again.

"KLAONICA is the Serbo-Croat word for *slaughterhouse, abattoir, butchery, shambles*, and describes conditions in that doomed country after over a year of vicious warfare that includes massacre, rape, pillage, ethnic cleansing, concentration camps, the destruction of towns and villages, churches and mosques, and ultimately of a state and a whole society. Whatever the rights and wrongs of this conflict - and there are more wrongs than rights to it - it amounts to genocide, in Europe, here at the end of the twentieth century."

Notes taken from KLAONICA: Poems for Bosnia, Edited by Ken Smith & Judi Benson, Bloodaxe Books

TOURISTS

Visits of condolence is all we get from them
They squat at the Holocaust Memorial,
They put on grave faces at the Wailing Wall
And they laugh behind heavy curtains
In their hotels.
They have their pictures taken
Together with our famous dead
At Rachel's Tomb and Herzl's Tomb
And on the top of Ammunition Hill.
They weep over our sweet boys
And lust over our tough girls
And hang up their underwear
To dry quickly
In cool, blue bathrooms.

Once I sat on the steps by a gate at David's Tower, I placed my two heavy baskets at my side. A group of tourists was standing around their guide and for a moment I became their reference point. "You see that man with the baskets? Just right of his head there's an arch from the Roman period. Just right of his head." "But he's moving, he's moving!" I said to myself: redemption will come only if their guide tells them, "You see that arch from the Roman period? It's not important: but next to it, left and down a bit, there sits a man who's bought fruit and vegetables for his family."

Words: Yehuda Amichai
Translation: Glenda Abramson and Tudor Parfitt
Music: Bill Smith and Birn Sinclair
Arrangement: Birn Sinclair

YEHUDA AMICHAÏ

Born in 1924, in Würzburg, Germany. Hebrew writer, migrated to Israel in 1936. He saw active service both before and after the Israeli War of Independence. For many years he was a schoolteacher. He has published many volumes of poetry. His Selected Poems, In English translation, appeared in 1988, and his novel about the Holocaust, Not of This Place, Not of This Time in 1981. He has been widely translated and is highly regarded in Israel and throughout the world.

JOSEF & SARA'S WALTZ

INSTRUMENTAL

Composed and arranged by: Birn Sinclair

NEVER REPRISE

Words and music as before.

Trumpet solo: Ian Hamer

SLEEP

INSTRUMENTAL

Composed and arranged by: Birn Sinclair

THE LIFE & DEATH ORCHESTRA

BILL SMITH

Music and Lyrics, Vocals, Guitar, Piano

BIM SINCLAIR

Music, Arrangements, Piano, Keyboards

ANGI MARIANI

Lyrics, Vocals

HERBIE FLOWERS

Bass Guitar

DAVID TRIGWELL

Drums

ROBERT TAYLOR

Acoustic Guitar, Electric Guitar,

Saxophone

NICK PYNN

Violins, Mandocello, Bazouki, Mandolin

MARK ALLEN

Classical Guitar, Tiple, Zither

TOM ARNOLD

Accordion, Hammond Organ, Tabla

IAN HAMER

Trumpet

JULIAN TARDO

Recording and mixing

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