



The Roaring Twenties
Calefax reed quintet &
Cora Burggraaf mezzo soprano

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Oliver Boekhoorn oboe, cor anglais

Ivar Berix clarinet

Raaf Hekkema alto saxophone

Jelte Althuis bass clarinet

Alban Wesly bassoon

HAVEN GILLESPIE (1888-1975) **SEYMOUR SIMONS** (1896-1949)
RICHARD WHITING (1891-1938)
[1] **Breezin' along with the breeze** **2:40**
arr. Jelte Althuis

AARON COPLAND (1900-1990)
[2] **Sentimental Melody** (Blues) **2:04**
arr. Jelte Althuis

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)
Cabaret Songs arr. Jelte Althuis
[3] Tell me the Truth about Love **4:42**
[4] Funeral Blues **2:35**
[5] Johnny **4:17**
[6] Calypso **2:10**

KURT WEILL (1900-1950)
Dreigroschensuite arr. Raaf Hekkema
[7] Ouverture **2:13**
[8] Moritat von Mackie Messer **2:34**
[9] Seeräuber Jenny **2:45**
[10] Zuhälterballade **3:07**
[11] Finale **6:20**

VINCENT SCOTTO (1906-1975)
[12] **La petite tonkinoise** **2:07**
arr. Jelte Althuis

KURT WEILL (1900-1950)
[13] **Youkali** **5:41**
arr. Raaf Hekkema

GEORGE GERSHWIN (1898-1937)
An American in Paris arr. Raaf Hekkema
[14] Allegretto grazioso **8:04**
[15] Andante ma con ritmo deciso **4:56**
[16] Allegro **5:18**

KURT WEILL (1900-1950)
[17] **Surabaya Johnny** **5:31**
arr. Raaf Hekkema

total time 67:09



The Roaring Twenties

It is a century ago that World War I swept across the European continent, a massacre of hitherto unheard-of scope and savagery. In the ensuing years, Europe licked its wounds, commemorated its dead and reflected on the events of the war. The industrial revolution, which had offered the promise of prosperity, had instead become the engine for weapon production and implementation, one whose ethical ramifications no one could have predicted.

The United States of America, still a young nation, suffered relatively little. While the country had indeed played a key military role in the war, sacrificing many young American lives, the battlefield was still thousands of miles from home. The economy did not suffer – on the contrary, the US weapons industry had made a substantial contribution and reaped the profits. American households were suddenly afforded luxuries until then they had only dreamt of: automobiles, radios, the first washing machines! Dance halls and cinemas offered entertainment outside the home, and the airwaves were filled with jazz. The 'Roaring Twenties' were about to unfold. These developments influenced society as well: racial segregation, still common in many states, was challenged, and women made headway in gaining the right to vote. Newfangled clothes and hairstyles (the 'bob', a blunt cut reaching the chin) were popular with women, and dances became more individual and free. Men, to balance the picture, were expected to wear a moustache or beard.

Slowly but surely this new lifestyle made its way to the rehabilitating European continent, reluctantly at first, but by the mid-twenties Paris was abuzz with



'les années folles'. Berlin and London were the other European centers to enthusiastically embrace the American style. Not everyone was so keen: Europeans were not able to shake off the terrible memories of the trenches and chemical warfare, and there were calls for old-fashioned decorum and warnings against decadence. 'Dancing on the edge', it was called. The arts, too, were ambivalent. For some artists there were no limits: the old order had to be challenged and toppled. Others looked back with melancholic longing. On 'Black Thursday', 24 October 1929 the stock markets crashed and brought the roaring twenties and its festivity to an abrupt end. The subsequent Depression and dissatisfaction would lead, ten years later, to World War II.

Calefax and Cora Burggraaf have worked together for many years. Their joint project *The Roaring Twenties* was so successful that they decided it should be recorded (with some alterations) on CD. The disc opens with the dance that epitomized the twenties: the Charleston. *Breezin' along with the breeze* is a carefree ode to freedom and nature, and thanks its popularity to the singer/actress Josephine Baker. Baker was wildly successful on the New York vaudeville stage before she conquered Paris (as the first non-white woman) and other European cities. She eventually became a naturalized French citizen. The song *La petite Tonkinoise* had already been around for some twenty years when Baker's interpretation made it a smash hit. The politically incorrect text, about an Asian servant girl who enjoys 'certain privileges' from her boss, combined with Baker's scintillating Creole appearance, must have driven plenty of men to utter distraction.

The poet W.H. Auden and Benjamin Britten had a tempestuous love affair that resulted in numerous artistic collaborations, including the *Cabaret Songs*. The texts are the fruits of Auden's wild time in Berlin in the early thirties. The emotions these poems evoke vary from a sigh at the true nature of Love, a bluesy funeral march, a crippled love affair and a hasty taxi ride in busy traffic on the way to the train station.

If there is but one piece of music that symbolizes interbellum Berlin, then it is *Die Dreigroschenoper* by Bertold Brecht and Kurt Weill. This is 'dancing on the edge' at its best. The opera – or, rather, the musical – is an ode to down-and-outs, thieves, thugs, con men and whores. The notorious criminal Macheath, a.k.a. Mackie Messer, whose life motto is exposed directly following the brief and petulant overture, marries Polly, the daughter of a beggars' boss. As the wedding ceremony offers little in the way of entertainment, Polly sings a song about the pirate fantasy of the lowly Jenny, who makes men quake in their boots. Mackie, now on the run from the law, stops in at his favorite brothel and reminisces about old times, when he ran a brothel himself, but the Madam turns him over to the police. While in jail, awaiting his impending execution, a messenger arrives with the news that Macheath has been pardoned by the Queen and granted a title, a castle and a pension. The moral of the story: wrongdoing not be punished too harshly as life is harsh enough.

The team of Weill-Brecht collaboration resulted in a series of stage works. From their musical *Happy End* comes the song *Surabaya Johnny*, in which a girl upbraids the good-for-nothing who cheated her for many years.

The French song *Youkali*, composed in the early 1930s, when Weill was forced to flee Germany as Nazism took hold of the country, tells of the universal but unattainable yearnings for a land where everything is just, peaceful and free from worry.

The American George Gershwin was just twenty-eight (and already famous) when he met Maurice Ravel in New York. To Gershwin's request to study composition with the Frenchman, Ravel answered that it was 'better to be a first-class Gershwin than a second-class Ravel'. Nevertheless Ravel advised him to take lessons from Nadia Boulanger in Paris. And he did pay a visit to Boulanger, who would later become famous as the teacher of Aaron Copland, Astor Piazzolla, Philip Glass and many others. But after playing his music for her for ten minutes, she said she had nothing more to teach him. Still, his trip to Europe and sojourn in Paris had a significant impact on his career. He met Kurt Weill in Berlin and countless Parisian artists. More importantly, however, was his growing awareness of his unique, American and jazz-influenced style. In *An American in Paris* Gershwin seems to be looking for a meaningful synthesis of his own style and his newfound knowledge of classical form and composition. It is more complex and 'classical' than his earlier works; the autobiographical work sketches the awe-struck impressions of an American ambling through the chaotic Paris of the 1920s.

Raaf Hekkema

translation: Jonathan Reeder



Calefax

Five passionate wind players. Virtuoso musicians and brilliant arrangers. The creators of a completely new genre: the reed quintet. They are a source of inspiration to a fresh generation reed players that follows in their footsteps. A classical ensemble with a pop mentality: meet Calefax.

“Calefax - five extremely gifted Dutch gents who almost made the reed quintet seem the best musical format on the planet.”

– *The Times* –

Repertoire

The repertoire of Calefax spans many centuries of music. They breathe new life into classical chamber music by arranging it themselves to fit their own unique reed quintet line up: oboe, clarinet, saxophone, bass clarinet and bassoon. Next to that, approximately two hundred original works have by now been written especially for Calefax by composers from all over the world.

Pioneers

The group publishes sheet music of their own arrangements for reed quintet under the name Calefax Edition, so that they play a pioneering role and put this new genre on the map. All over the world new reed quintets are springing up, following Calefax' example; from Argentina to New-Zealand. By offering master classes and workshops at conservatories and universities, Calefax passes its specific methods and musical experience on to the next generations.

The group also collaborates with celebrated fellow musicians from the classical music, jazz and world music scene, and with artists from other disciplines, such as choreographers and animators.

CDs

Calefax has to date released 17 CDs, under the renowned German record label MDG, the group's own label RIOJA Records and Challenge Records International. All of these CDs have been received by the international press with great enthusiasm. Their most recent CD, (release February 2014, Challenge Records) features Jazz trumpeter Eric Vloeimans. Vloeimans is tempted into the field of Calefax, and for his part takes the ensemble into the world of jazz and improvisation.

Tours

Calefax is regularly on tour, both home and abroad. International tours have included Russia, China, India, Turkey, Japan, South Africa and the United States, performing on such prestigious stages as the Wigmore Hall, Het Concertgebouw and New York's Frick Collection.



Cora Burggraaf

The Dutch mezzo soprano Cora Burggraaf graduated with distinction at the Royal Conservatoire in The Hague. She pursued her vocal studies in London at the Royal College of Music and the National Opera Studio.

She has been the recipient of many prizes including the 2009/2010 ECHO Rising Star Award, the 2006 Elizabeth Everts Prize, the second prize in the International Vocalist Competition Den Bosch 2004, the 2003 Maggie Teyte Prize and the Miriam Licette Scholarship. Her studies in London were funded by the Dutch Fonds voor de Podiumkunsten and the Prins Bernhard Cultuurfonds.

In opera, Burggraaf has appeared at the Teatro alla Scala in Milan, the Salzburger Festspiele, the Bayerische Staatsoper in Munich, the Royal Opera House in London (for which she was awarded 'Most Promising Newcomer of the Year' by The Observer), San Francisco Opera, Welsh National Opera, The Netherlands Opera, Garsington Opera, Opéra de Bordeaux and at the Aix-en-Provence Festival, BBC Proms and the Gergiev Festival.

She has also appeared as an actress, with Theatre Artemis, and in the solo performance 'Ophelia' with OT Theater Rotterdam. In this performance she combined songs of Strauss and Chausson with a monologue written for her by the eminent Dutch writer Bernlef.

She has worked with conductors such as Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Philippe Herreweghe, Emmanuelle Haïm, Marc Minkowski, Seiji Osawa, Jaap van Zweden, HK Gruber, Stuart Bedford and many others.

Cora Burggraaf is a noted recitalist and appeared in major concert halls such as the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Wigmore Hall London, and the Frick Collection New York. On her ECHO Rising Star tour she appeared at the Konzerthaus in Vienna, the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Philharmonie in Cologne, Laeiszhalle in Hamburg, in Brussels, Salzburg and Stockholm.





Breezin' along with the breeze*H. Gillespie/S. Simons/R. Whiting*

I have been a rover since I was a child
 No one to love or care for me
 Knocked around all over, kinda grew up wild
 My home's wherever I may be.

I'm just breezin' along with the breeze
 Trailin' the rails, roamin' the seas
 Like the birdies that sing in the trees
 Pleasin' to live, livin' to please

The sky is the only roof I have over my head
 And when I'm weary, Mother Nature makes
 me a bed
 I'm just goin' along as I please
 Breezin' along with the breeze.

CABARET SONGS*B. Britten/W.H. Auden***Tell me the Truth about Love**

Liebe, l'amour, amor, amoris
 Some say that Love's a little boy
 And some say it's a bird,
 Some say it makes the world go round
 And some say that's absurd:

But when I asked the man next door
 Who looked as if he knew,
 His wife was very cross indeed
 And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas
 Or the ham in a temp'rance hotel,
 O tell me the truth about love.

Does it's odour remind one of llamas
 Or has it a comforting smell?
 O tell me the truth about love.

Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is
 Or soft as eiderdown fluff,
 Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
 O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summerhouse,
 It wasn't ever there,
 I've tried the Thames at Maidenhead
 And Brighton's bracing air:

I don't know what the blackbird sang
 Or what the roses said,
 But it wasn't in the chicken run
 Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordin'ry faces,
 Is it usually sick on a swing,
 O tell me the truth about love.

Does it spend all it's time at the races
 Or fiddling with pieces of string,
 O tell me the truth about love.

Has it views of it's own about money,
 Does it think Patriotism enough,

Are it's stories vulgar but funny?
 O tell me the truth about love.
 Your feelings when you meet it
 I am told you can't forget,
 I've sought it since I was a child,
 But haven't found it yet;
 I am getting on for thirtyfive,
 And still I do not know
 What kind of creature it can be
 That bothers people so.

When it comes, does it come without warning
 Just as I'm picking my nose,
 O tell me the truth about love.

Will it knock on my door in the morning
 Or tread in the bus on my toes,
 O tell me the truth about love.

Will it come like a change in the weather,
 will it's greeting be courteous or bluff,
 Will it alter my life altogether?
 O tell me the truth about love,
 O tell me the truth about love.

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
Tie crepe bands round the white necks of the
public doves,
let the traffic policemen wear black cotton
gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love could last forever:
I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out ev'ry one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Johnny

O the valley in the summer when I and my
John
Beside the deep river walk on and on
While the grass at our feet and the birds up
above
Whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder, 'O Johnny, let's
play':
But he frowned like thunder, and he went
away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall
When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so
loud
And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance
till day':
But he frowned like thunder and went away.
Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful
star?
Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down

Over each gold and silver gown;
'O Johnny I'm in heaven', I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and went away.

O, but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
when the waltz throbbled out down the long
promenade
O his eyes and his smile went straight to my
heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey',
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my
lover;
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on
the other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
ev'ry star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you went away.

Calypso

Driver, drive faster and make a good run
Down the Springfield Line under the shining
sun.
Fly like an aeroplane, don't pull up short
Till you brake for the Grand Central Station,
New York.

For there in the middle of that waiting hall
Should be standing the one that I love best of all.
If he's not there to meet me when I get to town,
I'll stand on the pavement with tears rolling
down.

Driver, drive faster,
Driver, drive faster.

For he is the one that I love to look on,
The acme of kindness and perfection.
He presses my hand and he says he loves me
Which I find an admirable peculiarity.

The woods are bright green on both sides of the
line;

The trees have their loves though they're
different from mine.

But the poor fat old banker in the sunparlour
car

Has no-one to love him except his cigar.

If I were the head of the Church or the State
I'd powder my nose and just tell them to wait.
For love's more important and powerfull than
Even a priest or a politician.

Faster, drive faster, drive faster, faster, faster,
faster, faster

La petite tonkinoise

V. Scotto/H. Christiné/G. Lascombe/E.Poncin

C'est moi qui suis sa petite
Son Anana, son Anana, son Anammite
Je suis vive, je suis charmante
Comme un p'tit z'oiseau qui chante
Il m'appelle sa p'tite bourgeoise
Sa Tonkiki, sa Tonkiki, sa Tonkinoise
D'autres lui font les doux yeux
Mais c'est moi qu'il aime le mieux

L'soir on cause d'un tas d'choses
Avant de se mettre au pieu

J'apprends la géographie
D'la Chine et d'la Mandchourie

Les frontières, les rivières
Le Fleuve Jaune et le Fleuve Bleu

Y'a même l'Amour c'est curieux
Qu'arrose l'Empire du Milieu

Refr.: C'est moi qui suis sa petite...

Youkali

K. Weill/R. Fernay

C'est presqu'au bout du monde,
ma barque vagabonde,
errant au gré de l'onde,
m'y conduisit un jour.

L'île est toute petite,
mais la fée qui l'habite
gentiment nous invite
à en faire le tour.

Refr.: Youkali,

c'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,

c'est le bonheur,
c'est le plaisir.

Youkali,
c'est la terre où l'on

quitte tous les soucis,
c'est dans notre nuit,
comme une éclaircie.

l'étoile qu'on suit,
c'est Youkali!

Youkali,
c'est le respect
de tous les vœux échangés.

Youkali,
c'est le pays
des beaux amours partagés.

C'est l'espérance
qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
la délivrance
que nous attendons tous pour demain.

Youkali,
c'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
c'est le bonheur

c'est le plaisir,
mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!
mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne,
lassante, quotidienne,
mais la pauvre âme humaine,
cherchant partout l'oubli,
a pour quitter la terre,
su trouver le mystère
où nos rêves se terrent
en quelque Youkali...

Refr.: Youkali...

Surabaya Johnny

K. Weill/B. Brecht

Ich war jung, Gott, erst sechzehn Jahre
Du kamest von Birma herauf
Und sagtest, ich solle mit dir gehen
Du kämest für alles auf.
Ich fragte nach deiner Stellung

Du sagtest, so wahr ich hier steh
Du hättest zu tun mit der Eisenbahn
Und nichts zu tun mit der See.
Du sagtest viel, Johnny
Kein Wort war wahr, Johnny
Du hast mich betrogen, Johnny, zur ersten
Stund'
Ich hasse dich so, Johnny
Wie du da stehst und grinst, Johnny
Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund.

Refr.: Surabaya-Johnny, warum bist du so roh?
Surabaya-Johnny, mein Gott, ich liebe dich so.
Surabaya-Johnny, warum bin ich nicht froh?
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny, und ich liebe dich
so.

Zuerst war es immer Sonntag
So lang, bis ich mitging mit dir
Aber schon nach zwei Wochen
War dir nicht nichts mehr recht an mir.
Hinauf und hinab durch den Pandschab
Den Fluß entlang bis zur See:
und ich sehe schon aus im Spiegel
Wie eine Vierzigjährige.

Du wolltest nicht Liebe, Johnny
Du wolltest Geld, Johnny
Ich aber sah, Johnny, nur auf deinen Mund.
Du verlangtest alles, Johnny
Ich gab dir mehr, Johnny
Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund.

Refr.: Surabaya-Johnny...

Ich habe es nicht beachtet
Warum du den Namen hast
Aber an der ganzen langen Küste
Warst du ein bekannter Gast.
Eines morgens in einem Sixpencebett
Werd ich donnern hören die See
Und du gehst, ohne etwas zu sagen
Und dein Schiff liegt unten am Kai.
Du hast kein Herz, Johnny
Du bist ein Schuft, Johnny
Du gehst jetzt weg, Johnny, sag mir den Grund.
Ich liebe dich doch, Johnny
Wie am ersten Tag, Johnny
Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund.

Refr.: Surabaya-Johnny...



Copyright The Roaring Twenties:

Breezin' Along With The Breeze

Writers: H. Gillespie, S. Simons & R.A. Whiting

Publisher: EMI Music Publishing © EMI Music Publishing

Sentimental Melody

Composer: Aaron Copland

Publisher: Schott Music GmbH & Co. KG © Schott Music GmbH & Co. KG

Tell me the truth about love / Funeral Blues / Johnny / Calypso

Composer: Benjamin Britten

Publisher: Faber Music, London / Albersen Verhuur BV, The Hague © 2012 by

Faber Music London

Lyrics: W.H. Auden

Publisher: Curtis Brown Group Ltd © Curtis Brown Ltd

Surabaya Johnny from "Happy End" by Kurt Weill/Bertolt Brecht

© 1958, 1980 by Universal Edition A.G., Wien

Songs from "Die Dreigroschenoper" by Kurt Weill/Bertolt Brecht

© 1928 by Universal Edition A.G., Wien

Arrangement of songs by Calefax Reed Quintet (Raaf Hekkema) from "Happy End" and "Die Dreigroschenoper" by Kurt Weill/Bertolt Brecht

© 2012 by Universal Edition A.G., Wien

Youkali

Composer: Kurt Weill, Lyrics: Roger Fernay

Publisher: Heugel SA © 1946 by Heugel & Cie

An American in Paris

Composer: George Gershwin

Arrangement by Raaf Hekkema (Calefax Reed Quintet) © 2012 by Raaf Hekkema

La Petite Tonkinoise

Writers: Vincent Baptiste Scotto, Henri Marius Christine, Georges Auguste François Lascombe, Eugene Poncin

Publisher: Launette Pauline Josephine, Universal Music Publishing MGB Holding

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On The Spot

Calefax ft Eric Vloeimans

This High Definition Surround Recording was Produced, Engineered and Edited by Bert van der Wolf of NorthStar Recording Services, using the 'High Quality Musical Surround Mastering' principle. The basis of this recording principle is a realistic and holographic 3 dimensional representation of the musical instruments, voices and recording venue, according to traditional concert practice. For most older music this means a frontal representation of the musical performance, but such that width and depth of the ensemble and acoustic characteristics of the hall do resemble 'real life' as much as possible. Some older compositions, and many contemporary works do specifically ask for placement of musical instruments and voices over the full 360 degrees sound scape, and in these cases the recording is as realistic as possible, within the limits of the 5.1 Surround Sound standard. This requires a very innovative use of all 6 loudspeakers and the use of completely matched, full frequency range loudspeakers for all 5 discrete channels. A complementary sub-woofer, for the ultra low frequencies under 40Hz, is highly recommended to maximally benefit from the sound quality of this recording.

This recording was produced with the use of Sonodore microphones, Avalon Acoustic monitoring, Siltech Mono-Crystal cabling and dCS - & Merging Technologies converters.



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