

## My Thoughts on Songs by Kurt Weill

Yumi Nara sings Kurt Weill

A Jewish composer, Kurt Weill went into exile to flee Nazi Germany in 1933, first to France and two and a half years later to the United States, where he continued his activities, mainly composing Broadway musicals, until the end of his life at the age of 50.

I began a long time ago to sing some of his songs that he wrote when he was in exile in France. His nostalgic chansons that evoke emotions buried deep inside — sorrow, anger and love — poured onto me like fine mists or delicate smiles, resulting in my decision to be closer to his life and works.

Even though he moved on and on to different places, from Berlin, Paris to New York, his unique sense of musical style, so idiosyncratic, still remained the same; but each time he relocated, his music changed into something new by synthesizing those idioms specific to the music there.

So soft and gentle in essence are Kurt Weill's songs that even the most furious of them would seem to me to be wrapped in thin, moist films of graceful artistry, and so gentle and exquisite that his songs, which flow out as if his soul were heaving a sigh, would never assert themselves, soothing me with their harmonious tone colours. Kurt Weill could carry each one of us in agony to where everything is so gentle to us, enveloping us in the film-like flickering light of sound.

I begin this album in homage to Rosa Luxembourgh with two Brecht-Weill songs written for her. I have been an ardent admirer of hers ever since my discovery of a work composed by Jean-Claude Eloy celebrating her life.