



Uni-Versal Mmmagazineee

THE RETURN OF THE KINGS



Issue # 11



PIEŚŃ Z MOGIŁY / SONG FROM THE MOUND by Frederic Chopin
IN THE GHETTO / W BIEDNYM GETCIE by Elvis Presley

A song a day keeps the darkness at bay...

Bajeczki i pioseneczki to szczepioneczki na smuteczki!

Welcome to our Multi Media Magazine (which involves the use of different media: you can write, draw, colour in it, you can post it on walls as posters, bind various issues into books, turn them into masks and sets for live cabaret performances, etc.:) which is Ecological, Economical and Everlasting: free of charge, can be read on screens or printed at office or home, and will never go out of print or be lost, as long as the World Wide Web exists – hence the name Mmmagazineee, so that you remember it is no ordinary publication, but designed to be used in all sorts of ways and passed on from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth, enhancing the minds and lives of living beings all over the world :)

HOW BEST TO USE OUR Mmmagazineee: **1 PLAY, 2 PRACTICE, 3 PERFORM !!!**

1 / Songs of Innocence & Imagination – have fun watching our Youtube shows, then print (if you wish), read, colour and have plenty of fun with this edition Mmmagazineee ... no sweat ;)

2 / Songs of Experience & Exploration – complete the colouring and language exercises, draw additional pictures, write your own songs and stories, practice performing them in front of a mirror or friends... Learn how to bind our Mmmagazineee into anthologies of poetry and song you can decorate and give as gifts to family and friends. Use the 5 Golden Questions to help you explore the meanings in the lyrics and the 3 Dimensions of Communication to put what you learned to great use!

3 / Songs of Reason & Revelation – apply what you learned from the songs and stories and the exercises in practice... Stage your own shows @ home, school, college, work, arts centers, theatres, hospitals, retirement homes, anywhere you like – and from time to time go out alone and sing for the flowers, the trees, the birds and the bees – give them back the colourful songs they sing for us all the time... Then register and become a member of our Uni-Versal Cabaret Network via www.givetheworld.org

Co ma Chopin do Presleya? /

What do Elvis and Chopin have in common???

Chopin was the King of Classical Piano, born in a tiny town in what is today rural Poland, but when he was alive was part of the Russian Empire... Elvis was the King of Rock & Roll, born in a tiny shack in what in rural America, though his twin brother was stillborn... A tragedy Elvis never forgot, the same way Chopin never forgot the death of his sister Weronika when he was a young boy... Both started singing and playing when little – Chopin's dad was French, his mom Polish, his great grandpa likely to have come from an ancient line of Jews in Saxony, today's Germany. Elvis' great grandpa too was a German Jew, who migrated to the United States in the 19th century. His paternal grandpa came to America from Ireland, or Scotland, and his great grandma was called Blue Feather, a full blooded native American woman. Both Elvis and Chopin achieved fame early on, and both made a lot of money performing for adoring audiences... Chopin dreamed of sailing west to play in America, yet never got the chance... Elvis dreamed of sailing east to play Europe, yet never got the chance... Both died around the age of 40, surrounded by families, friends and fans and yet... Something about all that fame and fortune crushed them both – as for us, there are lessons to be learned and songs to be sung:

The day the legend died, the music came alive!

I have prepared a selection of songs by Frederic Chopin and Elvis Presley which I feel work as duets. All are here translated, performed, recorded and published in English for the first time ever. Follow us on Youtube to hear the songs performed, and enjoy playing, practicing and performing using this Mmmagazineeee.

I have brought Elvis and Chopin together to make the world stop and think about what we believe, what we think and what we do. I wanted to show a more human side to Elvis (who is such a massive icon, we forget the boy and man behind the mask) and a more rocking side to Chopin (who is such a massive icon, we forget how he loved folk music, operatic songs, travelling and acting and drawing and inventing new, romantic directions for modern music to take).

In actual fact, I have written a musical featuring Chopin and Elvis on stage together –title THE RETURN OF THE KINGS – if you want to learn more and help me stage or turn it into a movie, and to record an album of these great songs in English and Polish, contact me via the link at the foot every page of this magazine.

MJ “Cosmirsky” Kazmierski, the founder and facilitator of the Uni-Versal Cabaret

ps all the translations and illustrations in this magazine are the work of one man – me, so if you want to help keep me fed and a roof over my head, visit [Give The World.org](http://GiveTheWorld.org) and donate some money to my foundation – I work alone and receive no financial support from any sponsors – if you enjoy this mmmagazineeee and the Youtube shows, paypal or transfer me a little money so I can keep going pls!

If Elvis and Chopin had met, would they have liked each other's songs?

What if Chopin performed Elvis' music and Elvis sang Chopin? Imagine that and make it happen now!

Śpiew z Mogiły

Wincenty Pol

Leci liście z drzewa
Co wyrosło wolne;
Znad mogiły śpiewa
Jakieś ptaszę polne
Nie było, nie było
Polsko dobrze tobie!
Wszystko się przyśniło
A twe dzieci w grobie
Popalone sioła
Rozwalone miasta
A w polu dokoła
Zawodzi niewiasta

Wszyscy poszli z domu
Wzięli z sobą kosy;
Robić nie ma komu
W polu giną kłosa
Kiedy pod Warszawą
Dziatwa się zbierała
Zdało się, że z sławą
Wyjdzie Polska cała
Bili zimę całą
Bili się przez lato;
Lecz w jesieni za to
I dziatwy nie stało

Skończyły się boje
Ale pusta praca
Bo w zagony swoje
Nikt z braci nie wraca
Jednych ziemia gniecie
A inni w niewoli
A inni po świecie
Bez chaty i roli

Ni pomocy z nieba
Ani z ludzkiej ręki
Pusta leży gleba
Darmo kwitną wdzięki
O! Polska kraino!
Gdyby ci rodacy
Co za ciebie giną
Wzięli się do pracy
I po garstce ziemi

Z Ojczyzny zabrali
Już by dłońmi swymi
Polskę usypali

**Lecz wybić się siłą
To dla nas już dziwy;
Bo zdrajców przybyło
A lud zbyt poczciwy**

SONG FROM THE MOUND

Translated by Marek Kazmierski

Falling leaves from our tree
Which once blossomed freely
O'er the mound one hears
Field birds singing twee
It was not so seeming
Poland good for you!
It all was a dreaming
Your children entombed
Villages burnt down
Towns destroyed and spent
And in fields resounds
A woman's lament

All have flown their homes
took sharp scythes to fight
The fields left all alone
Crops rotting in the night
When down by Warsaw proud
In force come young and old
It seemed so strong and loud
Poland would finally hold!

All winter long they fought
Summer long battled too;
But come autumn so fraught
All the folks gone and through.
The battles came to end
But they too were for nought
None to their homes returned
Brothers who bravely fought

Some the earth dark does press
Others captive are still
Others poor and undressed
Homeless wander they will

No heavens will not aid
Nor the many hands of men
Fields fallen fallow, maids
For nowt charm us again
Falling leaves from our tree
Still falling from trees
Oh! Poland with your plains!
If your children who do
Perish in your good name
Laboured all fierce and true

And handfuls of your soil
From their Homeland removed
With their hands and hard toil
A Poland they'd form anew

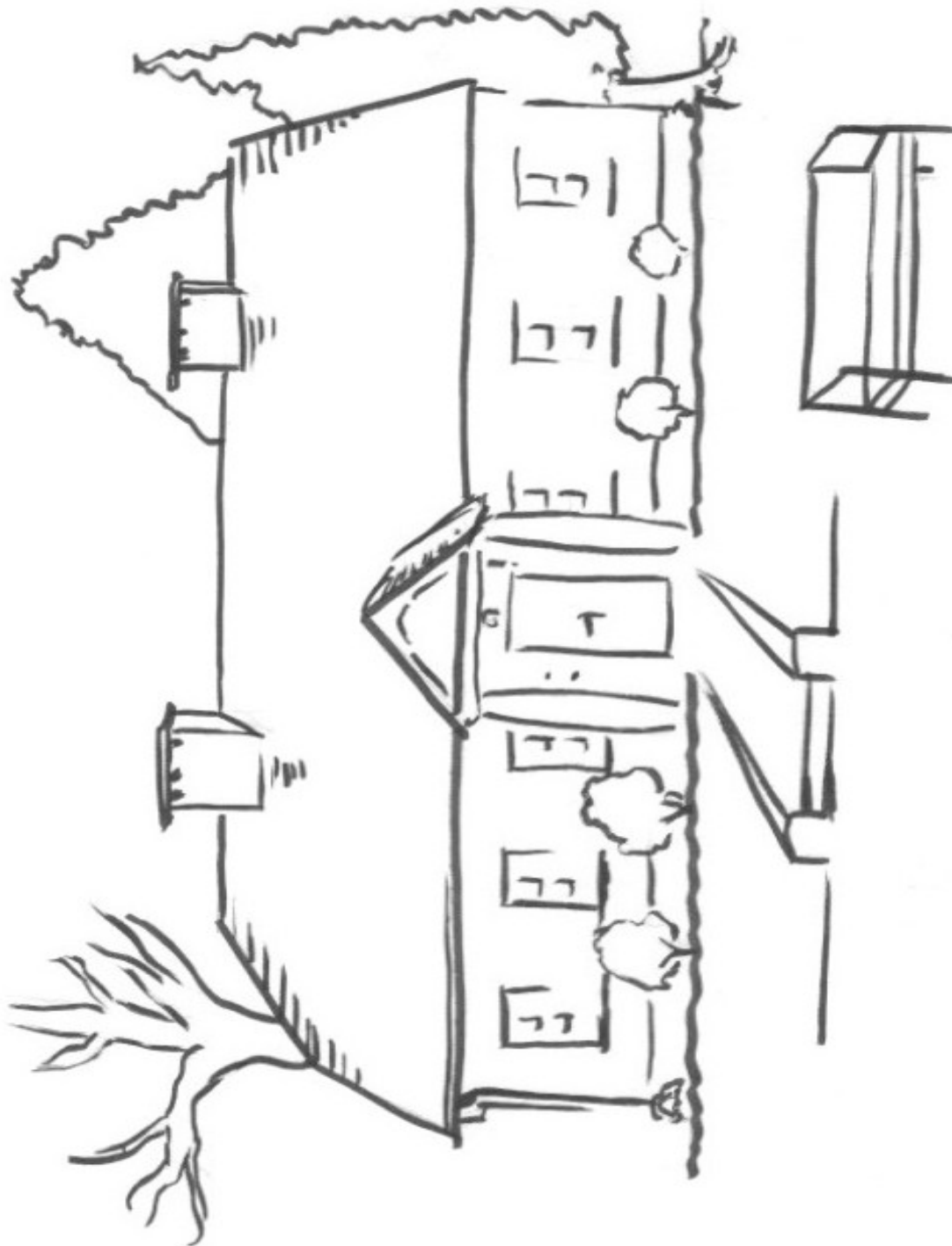
**But to stand our own ground
Never comes to mind:
New traitors abound
Folks too soft, too kind**

Print and colour in this picture – add some extra details to the picture – people? Plants?



CHOPIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME

Print and colour in this picture – add some extra details to the picture – Plants? Animals? Etc?



IN THE GHETTO

As the snow flies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
A poor little baby child is born
In the ghetto

And his mama cries
'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need
It is another hungry mouth to feed
In the ghetto

People, don't you understand
The child needs a helping hand
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day
Take a look at you and me
Are we too blind to see?
Do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way

Well, the world turns
And a hungry little boy with a runny nose
Plays in the street as the cold wind blows
In the ghetto

And his hunger burns
So he starts to roam the streets at night
And he learns how to steal
And he learns how to fight
In the ghetto

Then one night in desperation
The young man breaks away
He buys a gun, steals a car
Tries to run, but he don't get far
And his mama cries
As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand
In the ghetto
(In the ghetto)
And as her young man dies
(In the ghetto)
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
Another little baby child is born
In the ghetto
(In the ghetto)
And his mama cries
(In the ghetto)
(In the ghetto)
(Ah)

W BIEDNYM GETCIE by Elvis Presley

Sypie gęsty śnieg
W szary zimny dzień w Chicago gdzieś
Biedny mały szkrab narodził się
W biednym getcie

Płacze mama mu
Bo nie starczy siły mleka jej
By nakarmić więcej dzieci nie
W biednym getcie

Ludzie więc zrozumcie nas
Dzieci potrzebują was
Bo bez naszych rad nie odnajdą nigdy się
Spójrzcie więc na was na mnie
Czy jasne jest czy nie?
Czy łatwiej nam odwrócić się
Udawać że nie jest źle

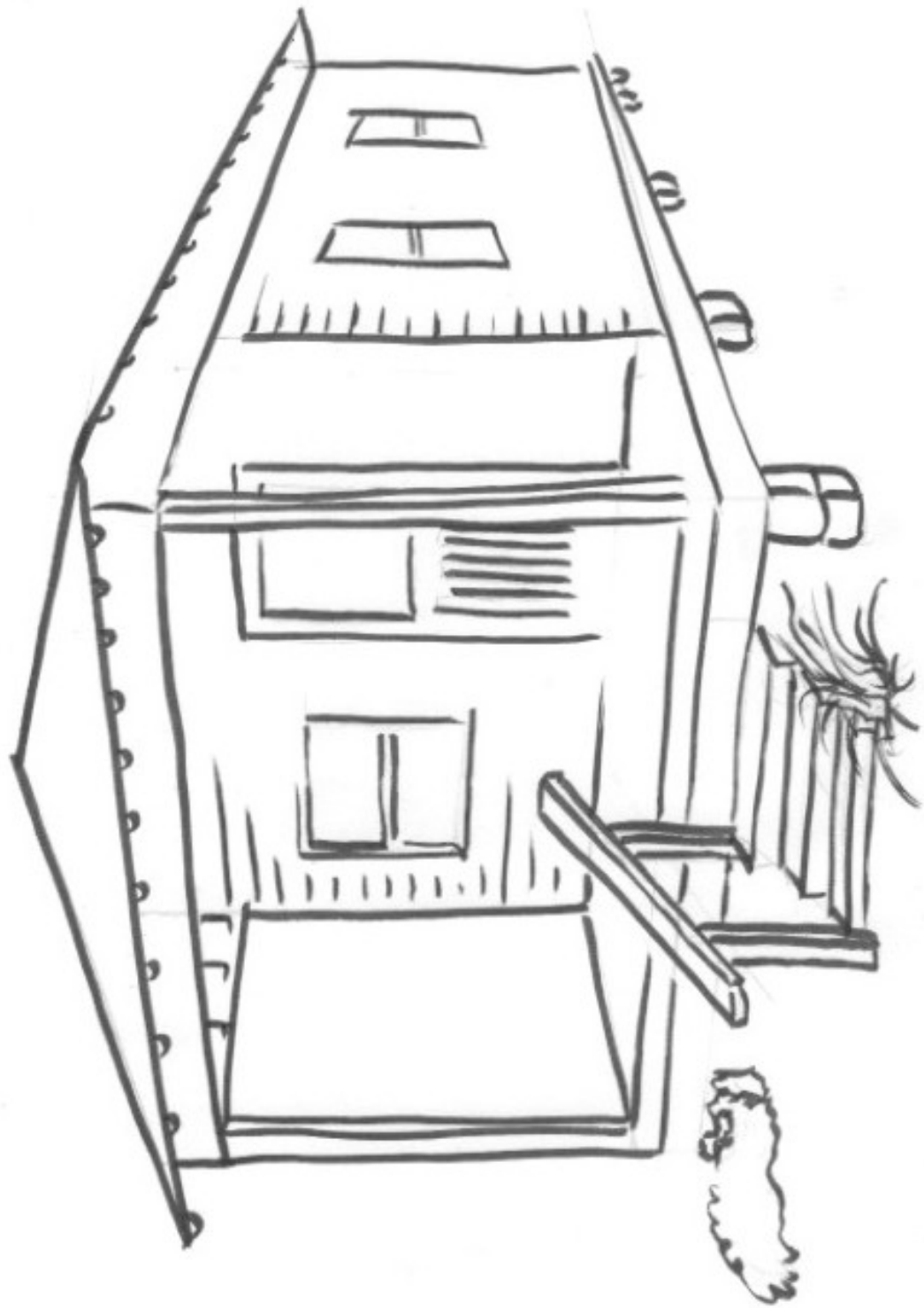
Więc, świat kręci się
Znowu głodny mały szkrab płacze gubi się
Na ulicy gdzie wiatr zimny wrze
W biednym getcie

Głód w nim płonie znów
Więc nocami sam ulicami brnie
Uczy się jak kraść
I jak bić się – gdzie?
W biednym getcie

W końcu w wirze desperacji
Urywa z domu się
Kupuje broń, i kradnie wóz
Wolności chce, za późno już,
Płacze mama go
Gdy tłum zbiera się przy gniewnym synku jej
Leżącym na ulicy gdzie płynie świeża krew
W biednym getcie
(W biednym getcie)
I gdy umiera jej
(W biednym getcie)
W szary zimny dzień w Chicago gdzieś
Biedny mały szkrab narodził się
W biednym getcie
(W podłym getcie)
Płacze mama tam
W biednym getcie
(W podłym getcie)
(Ah)

ELVIS' CHILDHOOD HOME

Print and colour in this picture – add some extra details to the picture – people? Plants?



5 GOLDEN QUESTIONS & 3 DIMENSIONS OF COMMUNICATION

Since the beginning of time, all living beings which can make a noise have used music to communicate and feel better about the world we find ourselves living in. Use our **5 Golden Questions** on the following page to help you explore the lyrics and work out how best to get the most out of “reading between the lines”... **DO KEEP IN MIND** verses are not mathematical equations, there is no right and wrong answer to any of the questions – it is up to you to think and decide what makes sense... Once you have your answers, why not feed them into our **3 Dimensions of Communication** exercise –

- 1 / **Discuss** with yourself and others what these answers mean,
- 2 / **Debate** which point of view is the most convincing in terms of logic,
- 3 / **Decide** what you will do now that you have discussed and debated thoroughly...

Please never forget – you're a member of the smartest species of living being in our observable cosmos, on the most fascinating and kind planet in it – don't let this super privileged position go to waste – celebrate your intelligence and put it to good use!

P.S. remember the Five Golden Questions are useful for any enterprise – projects, websites, business plans, life decisions – answer the first four (starting with WHY, the motive, always) and the HOW should answer itself

HELP US GIVE THE WORLD

OUR UNI-VERSAL CABARET programme is based on Our Great Songbook of Poland – you can see it on our website and Youtube channel.

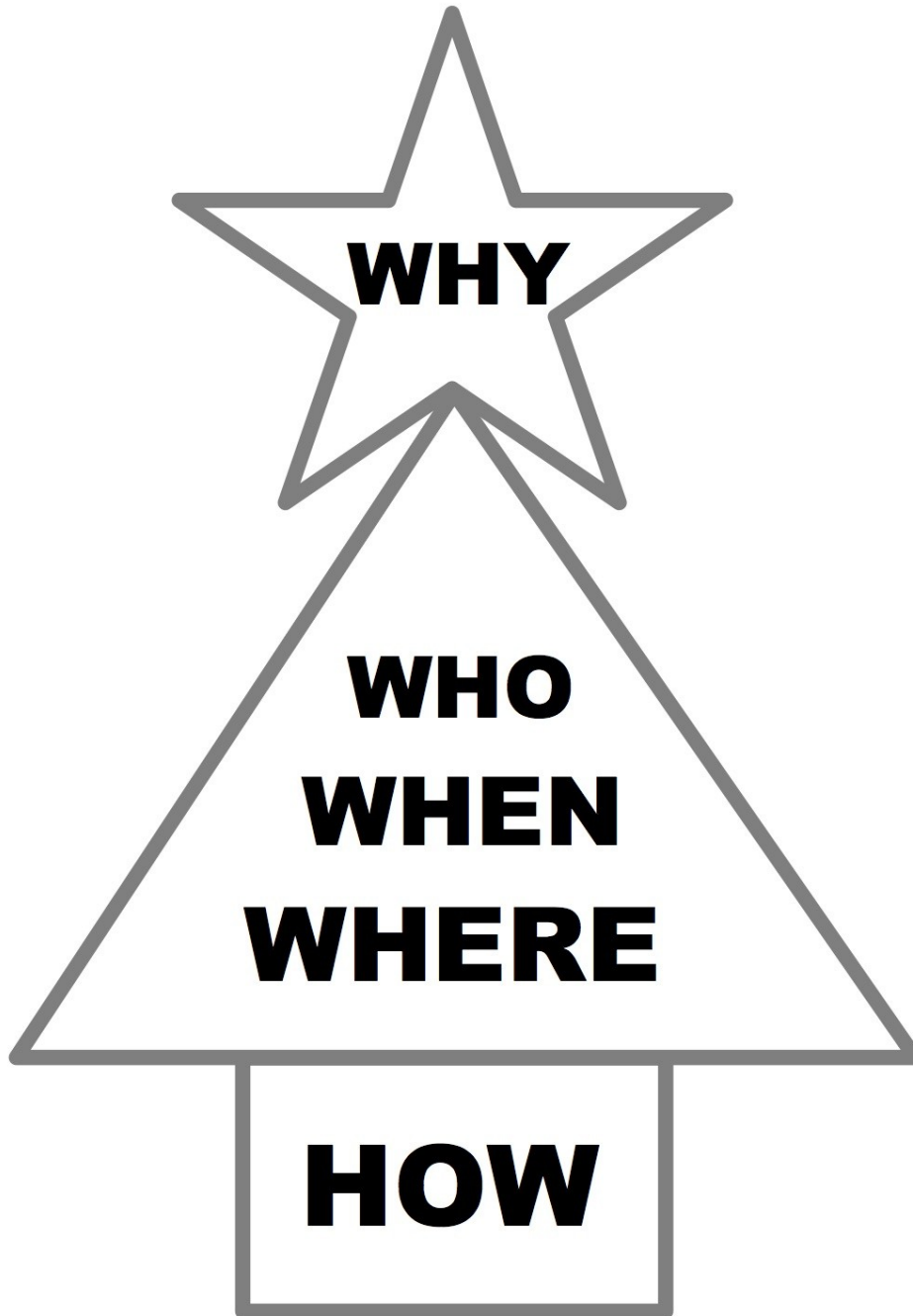
This is the largest book of poetry in the world – something I created with my own time and money, 3000 classic songs in Polish and English, mostly written by Baltic Bards, but also including verses penned by artists from other parts of the world. By creating this Mmmagazine and broadcasting shows via Youtube, I hope to reach audiences all over the globe, regardless of location, wealth or educational background.

You can help us by staging your own Uni-Versal Cabarets in your homes, schools, workplaces, anywhere you like. Remember – by giving others the gift of stories and songs, you transform their world: without access to books, music, art and such our worlds become meaningless, worthless, lifeless. Books and magazines are little portals through which we can communicate across time and space the most complex and wonderfully useful ideas.

I receive no funding of any kind from any governments or sponsors – please donate to this project to help keep it going... You can send money via paypal or bank transfer, all the details are on the Give The World website. All donations kindly welcome!

MJ COSMIRSKY Kazmierski, the creator of this magazine and the Uni-Versal Cabaret

THE 5 GOLDEN QUESTIONS



WHY – what motivated the author to write, what were they trying to say and achieve?

WHO – what was the author like as a person, who is the intended audience?

WHEN – what was the period it was written in like, is it much different to today?

WHERE – what is the setting of the story or song, where was it written, is this important?

HOW – the rhythm, the choice of words, the length... Did the author make the right choices? Could you improve on it? Could you write your own verses on the same subject perhaps?