



**Uni-Versal Mmmagazineee**

**THE RETURN OF THE KINGS**

**Issue # 1**



## **Frederic Chopin & Elvis Presley**



***ŚLICZNY CHŁOPIEC / LOVELY LADDIE by Chopin***

***FEVER / PŁONĘ by 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](http://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 19<sup>th</sup> 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 Mmmagazineee.

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 mmmagazineee and the Youtube shows, paypal or transfer me a little money so I can keep going pls!*

# Elvis Presley

## Fever

Never know how much I love you  
Never know how much I care  
When you put your arms around me  
I get a fever that's so hard to bear  
You give me fever  
when you kiss me  
Fever when you hold me tight  
Fever in the morning  
Fever all through the night

Sun lights up the daytime  
Moon lights up the night  
I light up when you call my name  
And you know I'm going to treat you right  
You give me fever  
when you kiss me  
Fever when you hold me tight  
Fever in the morning  
Fever all through the night

Everybody's got the fever  
That is something you all know  
Fever isn't such a new thing  
Fever started long ago

Romeo loved Juliet  
Juliet she felt the same  
When he put his arms around her he said  
Julie Baby, you're my flame  
Thou giveth fever  
When we kisseth  
Fever with thy flaming youth  
Fever, I'm afire  
Fever, yeah I burn, forsooth

Captain Smith and Pocahontas  
Had a very mad affair  
When her Daddy tried to kill him  
She said, Daddy, oh don't you dare  
He gives me fever  
With his kisses  
Fever when he holds me tight  
Fever, I'm his missus  
Daddy won't you treat him right?

Nie dowiesz się, jak bardzo kocham  
Nie zgadniesz jak o ciebie dbam  
Kiedy do mnie się przytulasz  
gorączka płonie we mnie nie wiem sam  
Dla ciebie płonę  
gdy całujesz  
Płonę gdy przytulasz się  
Płonę już od rana  
Płonę nocą pragnę cię

*Słońce płonie dniami*  
Księżyc w nocy płonie wręcz  
Palę się gdy wołasz imię me  
O ciebie dbać ja przecież będę wiedz  
Ja gorączkuję  
gdy całujesz  
Płonę gdy przytulasz mnie  
Płonę już od rana  
Płonę nocą pragnę cię

Wszyscy przecież gorączkują  
Wszyscy przecież wiedzą to  
W tej gorączce nic nowego  
Płonę w nas od zawsze no...

...

Romek kochał Julkę  
Julka się bujała w nim  
Kiedy do niej się przytulał mówił  
Słonko prawie puszcza dym  
Wać panno płonę  
Gdyż całujesz  
Płonę ogniem młodych serc  
Płonę, czy to czujesz  
Gorączkuję grozi śmierć

Captain Smith i Pocahontas  
Wariowali w sobie wręcz  
Gdy jej tatko chciał go zabić  
Krzyknęła: Tatku, błagam, to to nie!  
Przez niego płonę,  
Gdy całuję  
Gorączkuję płonę wręcz  
Płonę jako żona  
Tatko nie męcz się – to ten!

...

<p>Now you've listened to my story  Here's the point that I have made  Chicks were born to give you fever  Be it Fahrenheit or Centigrade  They give you fever when you kiss them  Fever, if you live you learn  Fever till you sizzle  What a lovely way to burn  What a lovely way to burn  What a lovely way to burn  What a lovely way to burn</p>	<p>To już koniec mej historii  Klechy łatwopalnych serc  Serca palą się od zawsze  <i>Razem gorączkujemy więc</i>  Tak gorączkujemy się całujemy  Gorąc szepcze miłuj mnie  Płonąc syczą ciała  Cały świat niech pali się  Miłość we mnie pali się  Cały świat niech pali się  Miłuj mnie ja błagam cię</p>
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"Fever" is a song written by Eddie Cooley and Otis Blackwell, who used the pseudonym John Davenport. It was originally recorded by American R&B singer Little Willie John for his debut album, *Fever* (1956), and released as a single in April of the same year. The song topped the Billboard R&B Best Sellers in the US and peaked at number 24 on the Billboard pop chart.[1] It was received positively by music critics and included on several lists of the best songs during the time it was released [Wiki]. It has been covered by countless artists, including Peggie Lee, Madonna, Suzi Quatro, Bette Middler, James Brown and Buddy Guy.

# Frederic Chopin

## Śliczny chłopiec / Lovely Laddie

Bohdan Zaleski (1802–1886)

Wzniosły, smukły i młody,  
O, nie lada urody,  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąski, biała płęć!

Niech się spóźni godzinę,  
To mi tęskno aż ginę,  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąsik, biała płęć.

W progu mrugnie oczyma,  
Na wskroś całą mnie ima,  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąski, biała płęć.

Każde słówko, co powie,  
Lgnie mi w sercu i w głowie.  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąsik, biała płęć.

Gdy płąsamy pod ręce,  
To się ledwie nie skręcę,  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąski, biała płęć.

Co to będzie och, dalej?  
Żebyśmy się pobrali!  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąsik, biała płęć.

Wzniosły, smukły i młody  
O! nielada urody  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąsik, biała płęć!  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąsik, biała płęć!

Ledwie mrugnie oczyma  
Radość całą mnie ima  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąsik, biała płęć!  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąsik, biała płęć!

Gdy płąsamy we dwoje  
Patrzają na nas ócz roje  
Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz?  
Czarny wąsik, biała płęć!

Proud, slim, young, not at all coy,  
Oh! Isn't he a cute boy,  
Lovely lad, nowt wrong with him!  
Black his whiskers, white his skin!

Let him be an hour late,  
I will gladly die in wait,  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!

At the door at me he winks,  
Sees right through me, oh methinks,  
Lovely lad, all right with him!  
Black his whiskers, white his skin!

Every word he says to me,  
Lands in my heart, lodged within.  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!

When we dance, hands tightly held,  
My head spins, while I do melt,  
Lovely lad, oh what a whim!  
Black his whiskers, white his skin!

What is next, what could be said?  
Yes now, let us please be wed!  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!

We spoke and then he told me  
That I am his world you see!  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin white, pure!

With his gaze he proudly glows,  
And then joy through me hot flows,  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!  
Lovely lad, nowt wrong with him!  
Black his whiskers, white his skin!

When we dance, a pair as one  
All around do stare all stunned  
Lovely lad, oh what a whim!  
Black his whiskers, white his skin!

<p>Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz? Czarny wąsik, biała płeć!</p> <p>Niech się spóźni godzinę To mi tęskno, aż ginę Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz? Czarny wąsik, biała płeć! Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz? Czarny wąsik, biała płeć!</p> <p>Każde słówko co powie Lgnie mi w sercu i w głowie Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz? Czarny wąsik, biała płeć! Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz? Czarny wąsik, biała płeć!</p> <p>On powiedział mi przecie Żem mu wszystkim na świecie! Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz? Czarny wąsik, biała płeć! Śliczny chłopiec, czego chcesz? Czarny wąsik, biała płeć!</p>	<p>Such a lad, bring me to him! Black his whiskers, white his skin!</p> <p>Let him be an hour late, I will die longing to wait, Lovely lad, who could want more? Black his whiskers, skin galore! Lovely lad, who could want more? Black his whiskers, skin so pure!</p> <p>Every word to me he utters My head spins, my heart flutters Lovely lad, who could want more? Black his whiskers, skin galore! Lovely lad, who could want more? Black his whiskers, skin galore!</p>
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*Lyrics by Stefan Witwicki*

*Music by Frederic Chopin*

*Translated by Marek Kazmierski*

## PRESLEY PORTRAIT

Print and colour in this picture – use pencils, felt tips, pastels, any medium you like!

*And if you don't like this picture, draw and color in your own – or just download one already made by others from the internet and past it into this Mmmagazineee!*





# FEVER BILINGUAL CROSSWORD

Translate the underlined words in the order they appear in the song, enter the English equivalent of each word in the crossword – remember: all the words are verbs!

Nie dowiesz się, jak bardzo kocham  
 Nie zgadniesz jak o ciebie dbam  
 Kiedy do mnie się przytulasz  
 gorączka płonie we mnie nie wiem sam  
 Dla ciebie plonę  
 gdy całujesz  
 Płonę gdy przytulasz się  
 Płonę już od rana  
 Płonę nocą pragnę cię

Słońce płonie dniami  
 Księżyc w nocy płonie wręcz  
 Palę się gdy wolasz imię me  
 O ciebie dbać ja przecież będę wiedz  
 Ja gorączkuję  
 gdy całujesz  
 Płonę gdy przytulasz mnie  
 Płonę już od rana  
 Płonę nocą pragnę cię

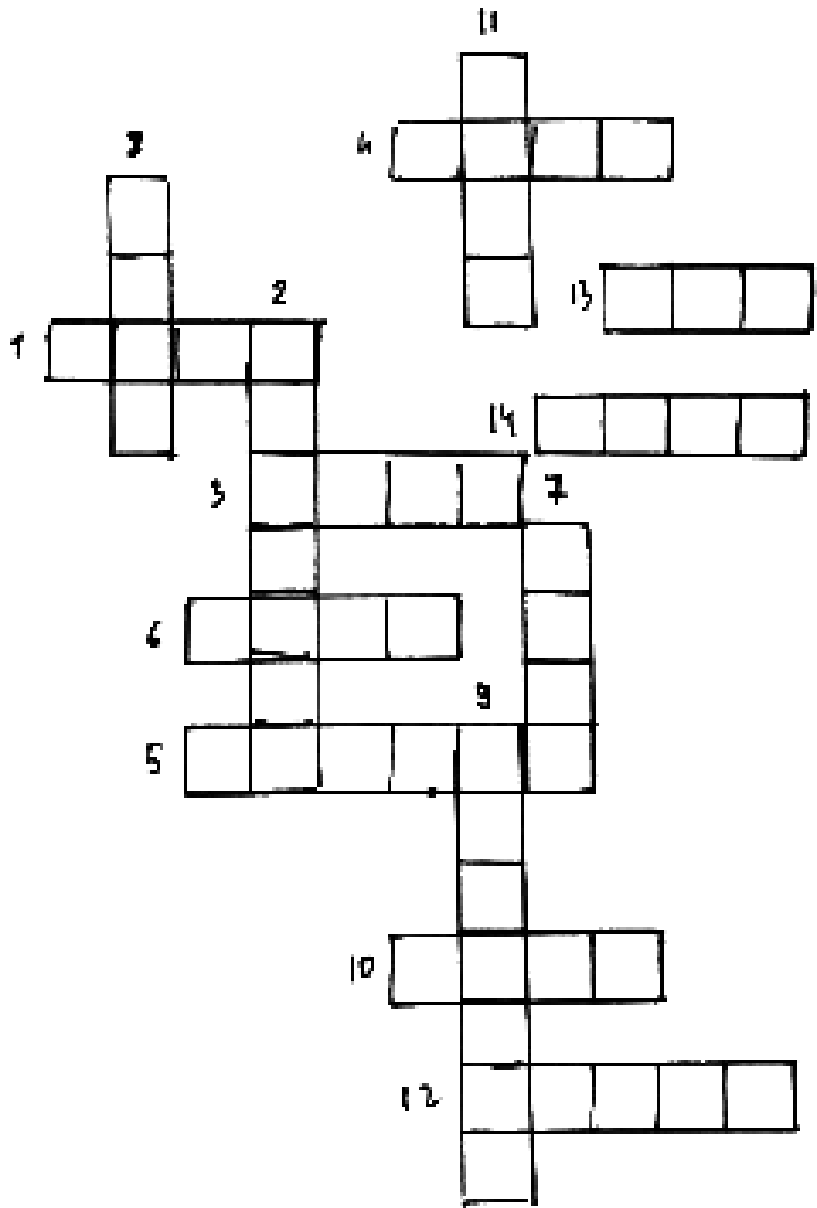
Wszyscy przecież gorączkują  
 Wszyscy przecież wiedzą to  
 W tej gorączce nic nowego  
 Płonie w nas od zawsze no...

Romek kochał Julkę  
 Julka się bujała w nim  
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 Wariowali w sobie wręcz  
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 Przez niego płonę,  
 Gdy całuję  
 Gorączkuję płonę wręcz  
 Płonę jako żona  
 Tatko nie męcz się – to ten!

;;;

To już koniec mej historii  
 Klechdy łatwopalnych serc  
 Serca palą się od zawsze  
*Razem gorączkujemy więc*  
 Tak gorączkujemy się całujemy  
 Gorąc szepcze miłuj mnie  
 Płonąc syczą ciała  
 Cały świat niech pali się  
 Miłość we mnie pali się  
 Cały świat niech pali się  
 Miłuj mnie ja błagam cię



Extra clue – 9 is EMBRACE!

## CHOPIN PORTRAIT

Print and colour in this picture – use pencils, felt tips, pastels, any medium you like!

And if you don't like this picture, draw and color in your own – or just download one already made by others from the internet and past it into this Mmmagazineee!



## Śliczny chłopiec / Lovely Laddie

All the missing words rhyme, by the way...

Proud, slim, young, not at all coy,  
Oh! Isn't he a cute \_\_\_\_\_,  
Lovely lad, nowt wrong with him!  
Black his whiskers, white his \_\_\_\_\_!

Let him be an hour late,  
I will gladly die in \_\_\_\_\_,  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin \_\_\_\_\_!

At the door at me he \_\_\_\_\_,  
Sees right through me, oh methinks,  
Lovely lad, all right with \_\_\_\_\_!  
Black his whiskers, white his skin!

Every word he says to me,  
Lands in my heart, lodged within.  
Lovely lad, who could want \_\_\_\_\_?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!

When we dance, hands tightly held,  
My head spins, while I do \_\_\_\_\_,  
Lovely lad, oh what a whim!  
Black his whiskers, white his \_\_\_\_\_!

What is next, what could be said?  
Yes now, let us please be \_\_\_\_\_!  
Lovely lad, who could want \_\_\_\_\_?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!

We spoke and then he told me  
That I am his world you \_\_\_\_\_!  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin white, \_\_\_\_\_!

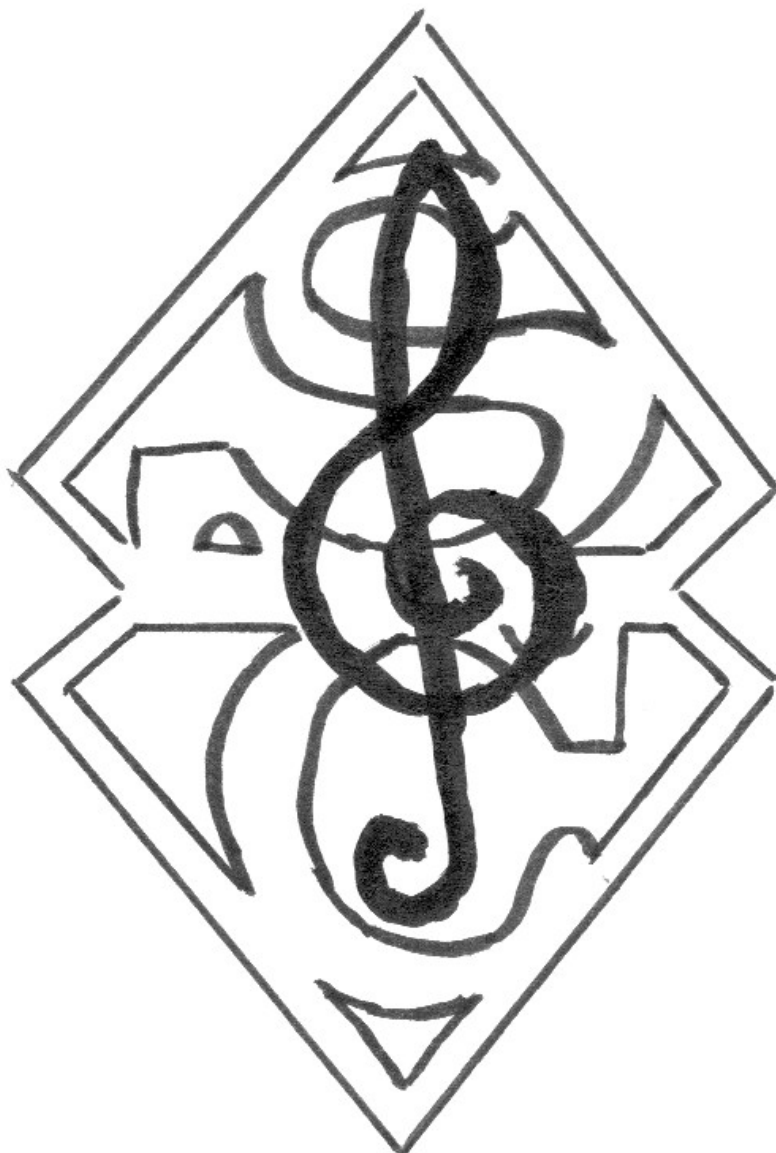
With his gaze he proudly glows,  
And then joy through me hot \_\_\_\_\_,  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!  
Lovely lad, nowt wrong with \_\_\_\_\_!  
Black his whiskers, white his skin!

When we dance, a pair as \_\_\_\_\_  
All around do stare all stunned  
Lovely lad, oh what a whim!  
Black his whiskers, white his \_\_\_\_\_!

Such a lad, bring me to him!  
Black his whiskers, white his skin!

Let him be an hour \_\_\_\_\_,  
I will die longing to wait,  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin \_\_\_\_\_!  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin so pure!

Every word to me he utters  
My head spins, my heart \_\_\_\_\_  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!  
Lovely lad, who could want more?  
Black his whiskers, skin galore!



## 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.

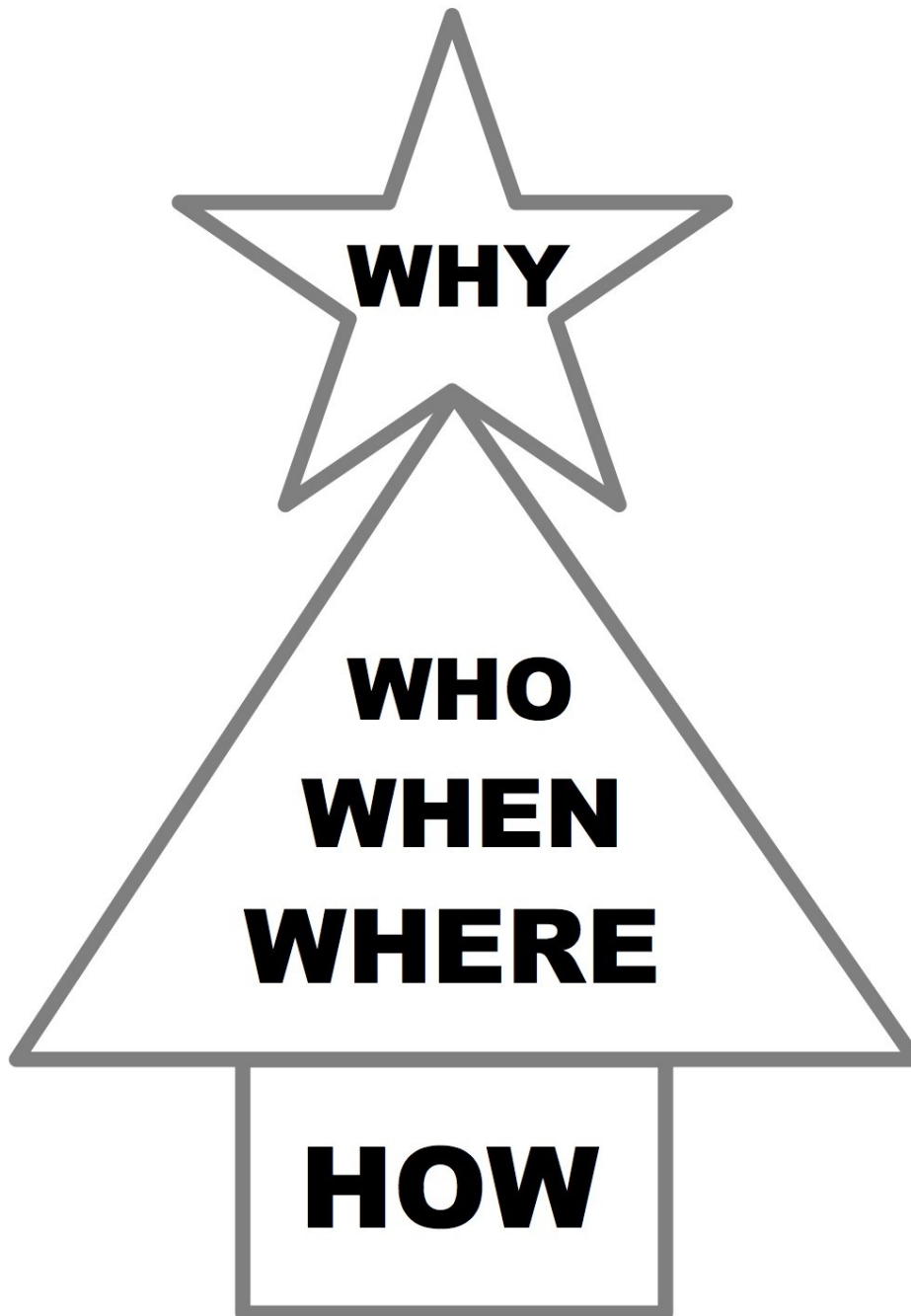
This is the largest book of poetry in the world – something I created with my own time and money, 3000 classic songs in Polish and English, mostly written by Baltic Bards, but also including verses penned by artists from other parts of the world. By creating this Mmmagazine and broadcasting shows via 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?