



# Uni-Versal Mmmagazineee

## THE RETURN OF THE KINGS

Issue # 4



*PRECZ Z MOICH OCZU by Frederic Chopin*

*HEARTBREAK HOTEL 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](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 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!***

# Heartbreak Hotel

<p>Heartbreak Hotel</p> <p>Well, since my baby left me Well, I found a new place to dwell Well, it's down at the end of Lonely Street At Heartbreak Hotel Where I'll be, I'll be so lonely, baby Well, I'm so lonely I'll be so lonely, I could die</p> <p>Although it's always crowded You still can find some room For broken hearted lovers To cry there in their gloom Be so, they'll be so lonely, baby They get so lonely They're so lonely, they could die</p> <p>Now, the bellhop's tears keep flowin' And the desk clerk's dressed in black Well, they've been so long on Lonely Street Well, they'll never, they'll never look back And they get so, they get so lonely, baby Well, they are so lonely They're so lonely, they could die</p> <p>Well, now, if your baby leaves you And you got a tale to tell Well, just take a walk down Lonely Street To Heartbreak Hotel Where you will be, you will be lonely, baby Well, you will be lonely You'll be so lonely, you could die ...</p> <p>Although it's always crowded But you still can find some room For broken hearted lovers To cry there in their gloom Where they get so, they get so lonely, baby Well, they're so lonely They'll be so lonely, they could die</p>	<p>Hotel Złamanych Serc</p> <p>Więc, odkąd mnie porzuciła znalazłem jaskinię serc Na samym końcu Lonely Street W Heartbreak Hotel Gdzie będę, będę samotny, ludzie Oh tak samotny Oh tak samotny konam tam</p> <p>Choć zawsze jest w nim tłumnie Dla nowych coś znajdzie się Dla tych co znają rozpacz By płakać tam na dnie Będziemy samotni, ludzie Oh w samotności Samotnie konać razem gdzie</p> <p>Recepcjoniści ryczą Ubrani w czerń co dzień Na Lonely Street już znają się W ich sercach wieczny cień I są tak samotni, baby Oh tak samotni Oh tak samotnie padną nam</p> <p>Więc, jeśli cię ktoś porzucił I szukasz jaskini serc Przejdź się do końca Lonely Street Tam Heartbreak Hotel Gdzie będziesz, będziesz samotny z nami Oh tak samotny Strasznie samotny skonasz nam ...</p> <p>Choć zawsze jest tu gwarnie Wciąż nowi odnajdą się Wszyscy co znają rozpacz By płakać tam na dnie Będziemy razem samotni, ludzie Strasznie samotni W samotnej śmierci rażniej nam</p>
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## ELVIS

Print and colour in this picture – Elvis looks well chubby here, but add some make up to make him look slimmer!



## Chopin SONG 10 Precz z moich oczu

Adam Mickiewicz (1798–1855)

Precz z moich oczu! Posłucham od razu!  
Precz z mego serca! I serce posłucha  
Precz z mej pamięci! Nie! Tego rozkazu  
Moja i twoja pamięć nie posłucha

Jak cień tym dłuższy gdy padnie z daleka  
Tym szerzej koło żałobne roztoczy  
Tak moja postać, im dalej ucieka  
Tym grubszym kirem twą pamięć pomroczy

Na każdym miejscu i o każdej dobie  
Gdziem z tobą płakał, gdziem się z tobą bawił  
Wszędzie i zawsze będę ja przy tobie  
Bom wszędzie cząstkę mej duszy zostawił

Czy zadumana w samotnej komorze  
Do arfy zbliżysz nieumyślną rękę  
Przypomnisz sobie: właśnie o tej porze  
Śpiewałam jemu tę samą piosenkę

Czy grając w szachy, gdy pierwszymi ściegi  
Śmiertelna złowi króla twego matnia  
Pomyślisz sobie: tak stały szeregi  
Gdy się skończyła nasza gra ostatnia

Czy to na balu w chwilach odpoczynku  
Siedzisz, nim muzyk tańce zapowiedział  
Obaczysz próżne miejsce przy kominku  
Pomyślisz sobie: on tam ze mną siedział

Czy książkę weźmiesz, gdzie smutnym wyrokiem  
Stargane ujrzysz kochanków nadzieje  
Złożywszy książkę z westchnieniem głębokiem  
Pomyślisz sobie: ach! to nasze dzieje...

A jeśli autor po zwilej próbie  
Parę miłosną na ostatek złączył  
Zagasisz świece i pomyślisz sobie:  
Czemu nasz romans tak się nie zakończył?

Wtem błyskawica nocna zamigoce:  
Sucha w ogrodzie zaszeseleszczy grusza  
I puszczyk z jękiem w okno zatrzepioce ...  
Pomyślisz sobie, że to moja dusza

Tak w każdym miejscu i o każdej dobie  
Gdziem z tobą płakał, gdziem się z tobą bawił  
Wszędzie i zawsze będę ja przy tobie  
Bom wszędzie cząstkę mej duszy zostawił

## Get Thee From Mine Sight

Get thee from mine sight! I do as you demand!  
Get thee from mine heart! And here you be mine guide  
Get thee from mine mind! No! This one command  
Nor mine nor your memory cannot abide  
Nor mine nor your memory cannot abide...

Like a shadow long from far off be falling  
The wider the mournful circle keeps growing  
And so my person the further runs going  
The darker the veil o'er your face keeps falling

In every place and each night and then day  
Where with you I cried, where with you I played  
Everywhere and always by you true I stay  
For part of my soul has everywhere remained

Be you now musing in some lonesome chamber  
A harp will your hand without thinking reach for  
It was this time that you will thus remember  
It was you I sang that very same song for

Else playing chess games, in the very first move  
Fierce traps will ensnare in death your very king  
Looking at the board you will see it proved  
Our game is over forever every thing

Be it at dances, or else some restful place  
Sitting you afore musicians dancers call  
By the fireplace your dreams will show my face  
And you will think it: we sat there by that wall

If you take a book, in which with sadness nigh  
You will read about lovers' hapless high hopes  
And shutting that book expelling deepest sighs  
You'll think that really: that sorrow is our trope.

And if the author will continue to try  
To bind the lovers with a cunning closing ploy  
You'll blow out candles and then think with a sigh:  
Why did our romance not end upon such joy?

Lightning then will strike the night and light it bright:  
A dry pear tree will whisper sad and howl low  
An owl with a groan against your window strike ...  
You will wrongly think that it was my soul, no

Thus in every place, each night and every day  
Where o'er you I cried, where with you I did play  
Every where and when by you I always stay  
For part of my soul has everywhere remained

## FREDERIC CHOPIN / FRYDERYK SZOPEN

POLISH, ENGLISH, FRENCH... however you write his name, Chopin is all too often shown to be a sickly, sad looking tragic figure. What if we make him young and beautiful again?

Add color, make him look bright and healthy and wild!



All the words rhyme... writing on paper with pens helps us remember lyrics and words, do this whether you like this sort of exercise or not, it really do strengthen your mind!

**Get Thee From Mine Sight**

Get thee from mine sight! I do as you demand!  
Get thee from mine heart! And here you be mine guide  
Get thee from mine mind! No! This one \_\_\_\_\_  
Nor mine nor your memory cannot abide  
Nor mine nor your memory cannot \_\_\_\_\_...

Like a shadow long from far off be \_\_\_\_\_  
The wider the mournful circle keeps growing  
And so my person the further runs going  
The darker the veil o'er your face keeps \_\_\_\_\_

In every place and each night and then day  
Where with you I cried, where with you I played  
Everywhere and always by you true I \_\_\_\_\_  
For part of my soul has everywhere \_\_\_\_\_

Be you now musing in some lonesome chamber  
A harp will your hand without thinking reach for  
It was this time that you will thus \_\_\_\_\_  
It was you I sang that very same song for

Else playing chess games, in the very first move  
Fierce traps will ensnare in death your very king  
Looking at the board you will see it \_\_\_\_\_  
Our game is over forever every \_\_\_\_\_

Be it at dances, or else some restful place  
Sitting you afore musicians dancers call  
By the fireplace your dreams will show my \_\_\_\_\_  
And you will think it: we sat there by that \_\_\_\_\_

If you take a book, in which with sadness nigh  
You will read about lovers' hapless high hopes  
And shutting that book expelling deepest \_\_\_\_\_  
You'll think that really: that sorrow is our \_\_\_\_\_.

And if the author will continue to try  
To bind the lovers with a cunning closing ploy  
You'll blow out candles and then think with a \_\_\_\_\_:  
Why did our romance not end upon such \_\_\_\_\_?

Lightning then will strike the night and light it bright:  
A dry pear tree will whisper sad and howl low  
An owl with a groan against your window \_\_\_\_\_ ...  
You will wrongly think that it was my soul, \_\_\_\_\_

Thus in every place, each night and every day  
Where o'er you I cried, where with you I did play  
Every where and when by you I always \_\_\_\_\_  
For part of my soul has everywhere \_\_\_\_\_

# ELVIS PRESLEY 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 – IN THE PAST TENSE!

p.s. helpful clues at the bottom of the page ;)

Hotel Złamanych Serc

Więc, odkąd mnie porzuciła  
znalazłem jaskinię serc  
 Na samym końcu Lonely Street  
 W Heartbreak Hotel  
 Gdzie będę, będę samotny, ludzie  
 Oh tak samotny  
 Oh tak samotny konam tam

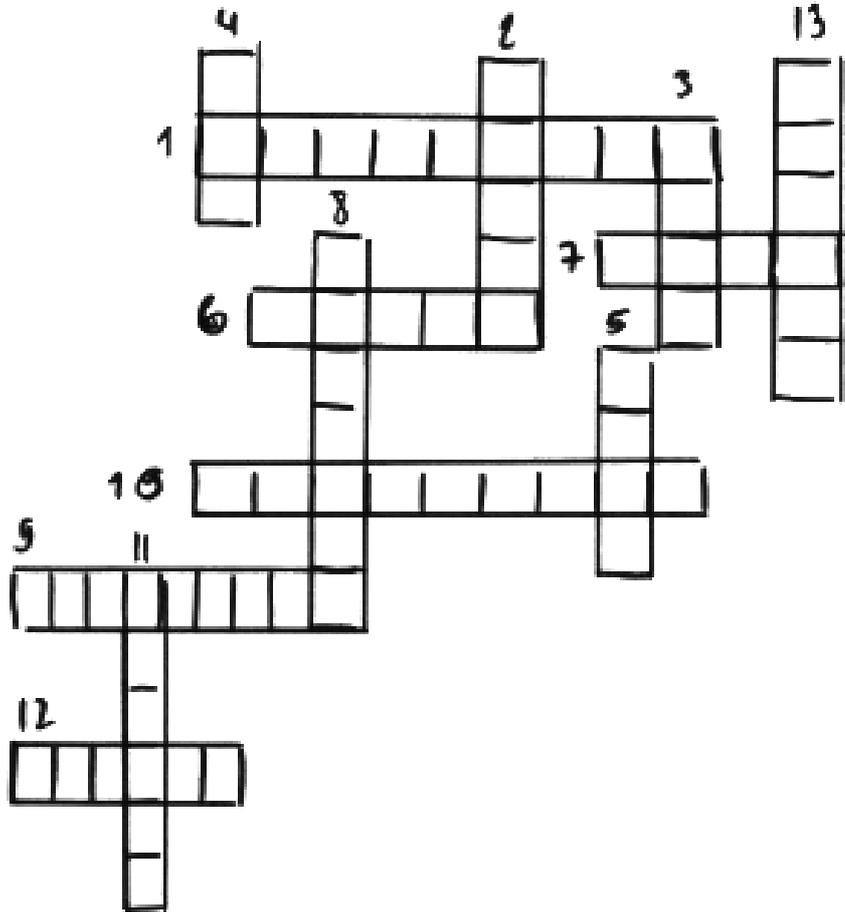
Choć zawsze jest w nim tłumnie  
 Dla nowych coś znajdzie się  
 Dla tych co znają rozpacz  
 By plakać tam na dnie  
 Będziemy samotni, ludzie  
 Oh w samotności  
 Samotnie konać razem gdzie

Recepcjoniści ryczą  
Ubrani w czerń co dzień  
 Na Lonely Street już znają się  
 W ich sercach wieczny cień  
 I są tak samotni, baby  
 Oh tak samotni  
 Oh tak samotnie padną nam

Więc, jeśli cię ktoś porzucił  
 I szukasz jaskini serc  
Przejdź się do końca Lonely Street  
 Tam Heartbreak Hotel  
 Gdzie będziesz, będziesz samotny z nami  
 Oh tak samotny  
 Strasznie samotny skonaś nam

...

Choć zawsze jest tu gwarnie  
 Wciąż nowi odnajdą się  
 Wszyscy co znają rozpacz  
 By plakać tam na dnie  
**Będziemy razem** samotni, ludzie  
 Strasznie samotni  
 W samotnej śmierci rażniej nam



9 – COLLAPSED  
 10 – DISCARDED  
 13 - UNITED

## 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.

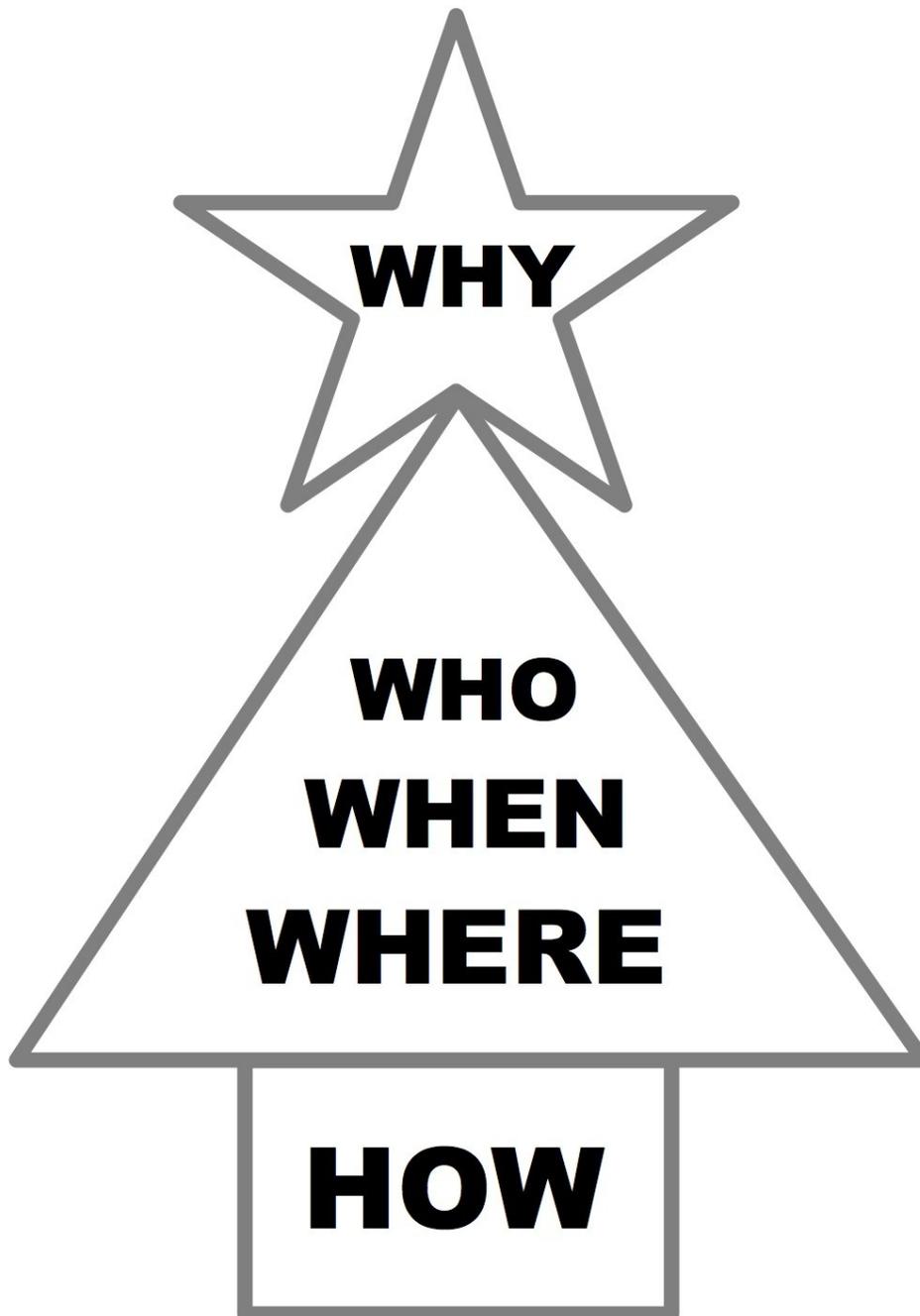
This is the largest book of poetry in the world – something I created with my own time and money, 3000 classic songs in Polish and English, mostly written by Baltic Bards, but also including verses penned by artists from other parts of the world. By creating this Mmmagazineee and broadcasting shows via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