

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Reportage.

Mann, Erika

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- A -

Reportage

Em 29
17 mm,

Announcer:

This is the Universal Broad-Mis-Casting Co. speaking on a coast to coast hook-up. *Sponsored by Dr. Penfolds Little Circles inc.*

extremely
In this our Personal Appearance hour we bring you tonight a very special treat - a treat for all who enjoy the brightside of life. We are calling tonight's program and *Isol* "Birds of Paradise" *did it*. These birds have come to you from distant shores, strange, bright-plumed, rare creatures they are. *by* We hope you will find an hour with them *is* ~~is~~ worth while. In keeping with the standards we have set ourselves, the ladies and gentlemen whom we shall now interview for you are every one of them personalities in the very fore front of the world's affairs. And now my friends the *4* ~~six~~ Birds of Paradise of this week's Personal Interview Hour.

From us you'll get the latest
You will get it from us,
We'll talk and gossip for you
You will hear it, from us.
If day and night we bore you
Please don't get sore,
For everyone likes gossip
Rich and poor.

-2-

Announcer

And now, ladies and gentlemen there's a young german nationalist aviator and bombing ace. His name is Wotan Herman Laymouse. He is going to tell you something about his record breaking flight holding on to a kite, a new world's record. Mr. Wotan Laymouse, this way please.

Laymouse

I am happy, in all modesty, to be able to point out to you that we german bombing aces have won another world's record, the one for flying by holding on to a kite.

Announcer

Mr. Wotan - eh - Mr. Laymouse - how were you able to - I mean tell us what happend.

Laymouse

After receiving official permission from the ministry of culture and propoganda as well as from the S.S.S. platoons in charge, and also from the units for national defence in immediate control, I was entitled to wait ~~for the wind to come~~ till the wind came. Then I flew away.

Announcer

And you broke the world's record - you flew 5 feet directly up in the air - and then what happened.

Laymouse

I ~~threw~~ threw my bomb - unfortunately it killed a cow, and a hired man - non-aryan - then I fell myself and the kite flew away without me.

Announcer

You weren't hurt?

Laymouse

No. I am happy to have been able to offer my fatherland the final sacrifice of remaining uninjured.

Announcer

You were highly honored in Germany, weren't you?

Laymouse

Honored? My services were awarded as they deserve to be. I was quite naturally appointed chairman of the National Academy of Culture and The One and Only state critic in command of all the Berlin opera houses.

Announcer

How marvelous. Had you ever done anything in that line before? - I mean had you been interested in ~~subject~~ subjects of this nature previous to your appointment.

Laymouse

Certainly not. Never. But, of course, I am now in complete charge of ~~the~~ movie production besides. Already I have officially accepted for production a scenario written by my

- 3 -

Laymouse cont'd

fiancee entitled "Guns are Better than Butter." And I have officially rated it as educationally, artistically and politically worth while.

Announcer

Thank you Mr. Mouse Wotan, it was most, most ~~xxx~~ impressive.

From him you got the latest
You have got it from him
His flight with kite so mighty
You have heard it from him

And if his talk has bored you
Please don't get sore
For everyone likes gossip
Rich and poor.

From her you got the latest
You have got it from her
This lady so aesthetical
You have heard it from her
And if you're not poetical
as S.O.

-4-
X

E. M.
Re

Announcer: I take great pleasure in introducing two ladies and a gentleman who have just arrived on the Normandie.

Cook: First class, too! (Announcer signals her to keep quiet)

Announcer: ~~Our broadcasting company~~ ^{Dr. Pickwick's little escapades incorporated} is especially honored to present to you Mr. Charles Pickwick of London, ~~Mme Adelaide Claire de la Lune of Paris and Frau Berta Pfirkneder of Innsbruck.~~ All three of them can give you genuine and fascinating glimpses of the private life of that well known American Lady Mrs. W.S. Mr. Pickwick was the butler, Miss Claire de la Lune the maid and Mrs. B. Cook in a villa in Cannes very near that other villa where the well known American lady stayed.

Maid: Vraiment, ce n'est pas exagéré - il y a des petites choses à dire - des petites choses alors - des petites ~~maxx~~ choses, enfin, follement intéressantes. (she kisses her fingertips out of enthusiasm.)

Announcer: Your employer used to entertain the well known A. lady didn't he?

Butler: Our poor master is in the Argentine. Our villa in Cannes seems empty. Our poor master is bankrupt. We lost heavily at the gaming tables at the casinos at Cannes, Monte Carlo, Juan les Pains and St. Maxime. It is a great great pity.

A: Allright, let's stick to the point.

B: I only mention it to explain how we happened to have so much space in our villa for the secret service men and the photographers who came to Cannes on account of the well known A. lady. ~~Most of them lived in our house. You see, our poor master hoped to better his pitiful financial position somewhat by this means.~~

Maid: Oh, but one of those English secret service men was perfectly sweet. He looked almost just exactly like M. le Ex-King. I just knew he would have given up his throne for me too, if he only had one.

A: Well, could you see from your villa the well known house from which the well known A. lady telephoned with her well known friend in London?

B: With an opera glass we could. There were two extensive gardens a tennis court and a little lake between.

A: And nevertheless you managed to get fascinating glimpses of the private life of this great lady. Tell us what you saw. 16000000 listeners and I - we're dying to hear.

Cook: I know what she likes to eat best.

A: Her favorite dish! That's splendid.
How did you find out?

Cook: Well, I was making my Zwetschenstrudel, my well known Zw.- that our poor master used to like to eat before he went bankrupt- just as I was working on that - out steps the well known A. Lady on to her veranda in a simple sport ensemble - and she sniffs. She was sniffing up the smell of my Zw. Zw.- that's her favorite dish.

B: You fool, why, she could'nt smell what kind of a Strudel it was. She could'nt even smell it was any kind of a Strudel. It was altogether too far away.

C: It's a lie! Of course she smelled it. You can smell my Zw. a mile off. Rutschen Sie mir am Buckel runter, Sie ausgeschamter Mensch, Sie.

A: Won't you please stop fighting.

M: Oh, I know something much more fascinating. The well known lady has a petty doggy. He's called Moche and only eats flowers like a bird. But it's an awfully dangerous doggy. It bit a reporter in the leg who was trying to listen while the lady was telephoning to London. - *hearing a little of her =*

B: Oh, that's just your s.s. man who told you that fish story - that English s. s. man with whom you went out. *as all*

M: Alors, ça, - ça tout de même - ça c'est un peu fort - c'est une impertinence, ça...

A: Look here, we didn't bring you over on the Normandie just to have you tell the great A. public about your private affairs.

B: The lady is quite right. It is most compromising for our poor master the way you carried on your affair with that s. s. man. And besides, I am the only one who really got an intimate glimpse of the well known lady's private life, I and I alone. *Her panties are made of...*

A: Stop. Not for an audience of 16000000 people - that's improper.

B: Well, her panties are made of (whispering to A.).....

M: (shrieking) How do you know?

B: The maid in the well known villa where the well known lady lives told me and I saw her wearing them

Maid: There we have it. That scrawny little Marcelle. The beast! So you did see her again! I always knew you would. (cries)

B: ~~Remixxxxxxxx~~ But, love, don't lose control over yourself. *Now she can hear*

Maid: Ah, fêche-moi la paix!

Cook: Verfluchte Saubande. Und einen anstaendigen Strudel hat's auf

You saw her, -

Cook:

You are the last person
likely to talk about my
Grindels in that ^{very} clear
manner. I know perfectly
well, - that you ~~the~~ only
love me because of all
my ~~unre~~ Grindels.

Bo, I am quite sure on
your Grindels, - my
dear Paddy,

Cook

Jeffrey, J. H. S.

The way you behave here across
the sea and besides

-6-

~~der Normandie auch nicht gegeben.~~

Announcer: My friends on the air, I'm sure you would have enjoyed these interesting eye witness glimpses given you by European personalities who were so close to the well known A. lady in her darkest hours.

From them you got the latest
You have heard it from them
These chatty catty bloaks here
You have got it from them.
They came to tell you folks here
The news from Europe's shore
For everyone likes gossip
Rich and poor.

William

him out for good harbour

E, just a minute please

All of those Simpson

E, Our 120000 listeners don't want
to hear about politics they want to hear
intimate details about the real person

Bararian

Dr. Pinkbecker Little Liar King
And now ladies and gentlemen, ~~we~~^{we} bring you a notable event in the history of the air. The Fruit Knife Woman, The famed ~~Little~~ Killer, whose trial rocked the nation and who ~~was~~^{was} happily acquitted last week, will speak to you in person. Will you kindly step up to the mike madam?

Fruit-Knife Killer:

Friends, this is Sarah Killer Miller speaking.

Announcer:

Well, well, Mrs. Miller that's news to all of us. Is Killer your maiden name? Just an accident of birth!

Fruit-Knife Killer:

No it's not my maiden name, Miss. But anyway, there wasn't no accident about it. I knew plain enough what I was doing.

Announcer:

But you acted of course, in a moment of uncontrollable passion?

Fruit-Knife Killer

low

I won't have you making insinuations about my character in public. It was my mother-in-law that acted uncontrollably passionate, and that was the kind of loose woman she was from the start. Why she'd ~~wink~~ flirt with the butcher. But, the worst was when she started smoking cigars, that's what I won't stand for. That's insulting woman-hood and I'm not the kind to let that pass. Well, I decided to do something about it.

Announcer:

Poor Mrs. Miller! You suffered didn't you?

~~Fruit-Knife W~~

-7-

Fruit-Knife-Killer

Me? No. But perhaps she did a little, my mother-in-law.
The fruit knife was sort of dull.

Announcer:

How did you hit on that - really *personal note* ~~novel method~~ - of doing
it with a fruit knife.

Fruit-Knife-Killer

Well, first I asked an old crony of mine an honest old
soul who's a washer woman and a widow now for the fifth
time. She said arsenic in the soup but land sakes, that's
so common. That's just what they call murder in the first
degree - you know, planned murder - I would have had trouble
with the law about that.

Announcer

as we all know,
Mrs. Miller, ~~was~~ acquitted on the grounds of temporary insanity.

Fruit-Knife-Killer

But that washer woman ^{was} a real pal for a girl in trouble.
She saw I wanted something out of the ordinary, so to speak.
So she gave me the tip about the fruit knife.

Announcer

Are the fruit knives in your home sharp enough for that,
Mrs. Miller?

Killer-Woman

Oh, I had to hone it, I honed it like hell. Why I set up a
record for honing a fruit knife. At the ~~fourth~~ ^{fourth} jab, I
got my mother-in-law to fall in a heap on the davenport,
and at the seventh jab, thank God, "her jewelled fingers
~~let go of the damned cigar~~ relaxed their hold" as the
newspapers put it, on that damned cigar.

Announcer

Now tell us, Mrs. Miller, do you feel remorse?

Killer-Woman

Remorse? That's ridiculous, *and simply* I won't answer such a question.

Announcer

Well, - let's say a kind of unpleasant feeling, after such a
horrible - - -

Killer-Woman

Unpleasant sure. You don't know Miss, what a fix I'm in,
all because of that killing business. The reporters, the
newsreel people. Why, the last two weeks I've been tying
the Quins for tops in fan mail. There's worse than that -
I've got to wear chemises of steel netting.

-9-

Announcer:

Chemises of steel netting?

Killer-Woman

Well, my public - I mean the souvenir hounds - I know it's just the killing business that got 'em wild - it's another - the woman in me at all - ~~well~~, anyway you knew they tore off every stitch of clothing I had on just for souvenirs - (Laughs) Even my ~~teddies~~ intimates.

Announcer

It made ~~the~~ head lines - "Mother-in-Law Killer Stripped by Souvenir Hounds" and "Fruit-Knife-Killer Gets Gold for Old Garters".

Killer-Woman

It's the truth, the gospel truth. And, in my home town they've named a dish for me - a pudding with strawberry jam - they call it Killer's Delight - they all love it. ~~And the~~ fruit knife factory is offering me a big royalty if I sign their publicity gag, "~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~" "Let Miller's Fruit Knives Slay You" - all I've got to do is to sign on the dotted line and I'm a rich woman.

Announcer

And, what do you intend to do next, Mrs. Miller?

Killer-Woman

Well, I guess I'll go back to the old country. An admirer of mine has a place near Nuremburg in Germany. ~~I'm going~~ there to ~~write my memoirs~~.

And they
need me
in Nuremburg
Besides

From us You got the latest
You have got it from us.
We talked and gossiped for you
You have heard it from us.
If day and night we bore you
Please don't get sore,-
For everyone likes gossip
Rich and poor.

Announcer:

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~~Fruit-Knife~~ Killer:

Rachel

Friends, this is Rachel Miller speaking.

Announcer:

Well, well, Mrs. Miller that's news to all of us. Is Killer your maiden name? Just an accident of birth!

~~Fruit-Knife~~ Killer:

No it's not my maiden name, Miss. But anyway, there wasn't no accident about it. I knew plain enough what I was doing.

Announcer:

But you acted of course, in a moment of uncontrollable passion?

~~Fruit-Knife~~ Killer

low

I won't have you making insinuations about my character in public. It was my mother-in-law that acted uncontrollably passionate, and that was the kind of loose woman she was from the start. Why she'd ~~wink~~ flirt with the butcher. But, the worst was when she started smoking cigars, that's what I won't stand for. That's insulting woman-hood and I'm not the kind to let that pass. Well, I decided to do something about it.

Announcer:

Poor Mrs. Miller! You suffered didn't you?

~~Fruit-Knife~~ W

Fruit-Knife-Killer

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Announcer:

How did you hit on that - really ^{personal} ~~new~~ ^{way} ~~method~~ - of doing it with a fruit knife.

~~Fruit-Knife-Killer~~

Well, first I asked an old crony of mine, an honest old soul who's a washer woman and a widow now for the fifth time. She said arsenic in the soup, but land sakes, that's so common. That's just what they call murder in the first degree - you know, planned murder - I would have had trouble with the law about that.

Announcer

as we all know,

Mrs. Miller, was acquitted on the grounds of temporary insanity.

Fruit-Knife-Killer

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She saw I wanted something out of the ordinary, so to speak.
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Announcer

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Announcer

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Killer-Woman

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Announcer

Well, - let's say a kind of unpleasant feeling, after such a horrible - - - -

Killer-Woman

Unpleasant, sure. You don't know Miss, what a fix I'm in, all because of that killing business. The reporters, the newsreel people. Why, the last two weeks I've been tying the Quins for tops in fan mail. There's worse than that - I've got to wear chemises of steel netting.

Announcer:

Chemises of steel netting?

Killer-Woman

Well, my public - I mean the souvenir hounds - I know it's just the killing business that got 'em wild - it's not ~~er~~ - the woman in me at all - ~~well~~, anyway you know they tore off every stitch of clothing I had on just for souvenirs - (Laughs) Even my ~~intimates~~ intimates.

(little)

Announcer

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Killer-Woman

It's the truth, the gospel truth. And, in my home town they've named a dish ~~some~~ - a pudding with strawberry jam - they call it Killer's Delight - they all love it. And the fruit knife factory is offering me a big royalty if I sign their publicity ~~card~~. "Let Miller's Fruit Knives Slay You" - all I've got to do is to sign on the dotted line ~~and~~ I'm a rich woman.

Announcer

And, what do you intend to do next, Mrs. Miller?

Killer-Woman

Well, I guess I'll go back to the old country. An admirer of mine has a place near Nuremburg in Germany. ~~I'm going there to write my memoirs.~~ *I'm going*

X and they need me in Nuremburg

Liebe Birke —

Ich konnte doch
nicht. Ich habe immer
um 12 — 2 kannst
nicht um 930 — 10 noch
erreichen — 1000 gull
Touche wird die sagen wenn
andere willst
mit Löse

Announcer

I take great pleasure in introducing two ladies and a gentleman who have just arrived here on the Normandie.

Cook

First class too.

Butler (signals her to keep quiet)

Announcer

Our broadcasting company is especially honored to present to you Mr. Charles Pickwick of London, ~~Madamessailik~~ Mlle. Adelaide Claire-De-Lune of Paris and Frau Berta Pfiffknodel of Innesbrook. All three of them can give you genuine and fascinating glimpses of the private life of that well-known American lady Mrs. W.S. Mr. Pickwick was the butler, Miss Claire-De-Lune a maid, and Mrs. Pfiffknodel cook in a villa in Cannes, very near that other villa where the well-known American lady stayed.

Maid

Vraiment, etc in french

Announcer

Your employer used to entertain the well known American lady, didn't he?

Butler

Our poor master is in the Argentine. Our villain Cannes seems empty. Our poor master is bankrupt. We lost heavily at the gaming tables in the casinos of Monte Carlo, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins and St. Maxime. It is a great, great pity.

Announcer

All right, let's stick to the point.

Butler

I only mention it to explain how we happened to have so much space in our villa for the secret service men and the photographers who came to Cannes on account of the well known American lady. Them most of them lived at our house. You see, our poor master hoped to better his pitiful financial condition somewhat - by this means.

Maid

Oh, but one of those English secret service men was perfectly sweet. He looked almost just exactly like M. Le ex-King. I just know he would have given up his throne for me too, if he only had one.

Announcer

Well, could you see from your villa, the well-known house from which the well-known American lady telephoned with her well-known friend in London.

Butler

With an opera glass we could. There were two extensive gardens, a tennis court, and a little lake between.

Announcer

Announcer

And nevertheless you managed to get fascinating glimpses of the private life of this great lady. Tell us what you saw. Sixteen million listeners and I - we're dying to hear.

Cook

I know what ^{she} you likes to eat best.

Announcer

Her favorite dish. That's splendid. How did you find out?

Cook

Well I was making my Zwetschenstrudel - my well-known Zwetschenstrudel - that our poor master used to like to eat before he went bankrupt - just as I was working on that - out steps the well known American lady on to her veranda - in a simple sports ensemble - and she sniffs. She was sniffing up the smell of my Zwetschenstrudel. Zwetschenstrudel that's her favorite dish.

Butler

You fool. Why, she couldn't smell what kind of a strudel it was. She couldn't even smell it was any kind of a strudel. It was altogether too far away.

Cook

It's a lie. Of course she smelt it. You can smell my Zwetschenstrudel a mile off (continues in German) *und ich bringe*

Announcer

Won't you please stop fighting?

Maid

you are the best person to talk about my Strudel, in fact, my dear master, I know perfectly well that you only love me
Oh I know some thing much more fascinating. The well known lady has a pet dog. He's called Moche, and only eats flowers, of all my like a bird. But, it's an awfully dangerous dog. It bit a ~~xxx~~ nice reporter in the leg who was trying to listen while the lady was telephoning to London. *fatty jeans Anna*

Butler

Oh that's just your secret service man who told you that fish story - that English secret service man with whom you went out.

Maid (speaks French)

Announcer

Look here, we didn't bring you over on the Normandie just to have you tell the ~~xxx~~ great American public about your private affairs.

Butler

The lady is quite right. It is most compromising for our poor master the way you carried on your affair with that secret service man. And besides I am the only one who really got an intimate glimpse of the well known lady's private life.

Pl 39100

Kath. Crane

Fuhr

Butler cont'd

intimate glimpse of the well known lady's private life. I and I alone. Her panties are made of

Announcer (interrupting)

Stop, not for an audience of sixteen million, - that's improper.

Butler

Well her panties are made of (whispering to announcer) ~~XXXXXX~~

Maid (shrieking)

How do you know?

Butler

The maid in the well known villa where the well known lady lives told me.

Maid

There we have it! That scrawny little Marcelle! The beast! So you did see her again. I always knew you would (cries)

Butler

But, love; don't lose control of yourself.

Maid

Answers in French

You saw her

Cook

Swears in German

*Amphibische Landungs und einen an-
ständigen Stempel, hat auf der War-
mandie eine in der feinen*

Announcer

My friends on the air I am sure you would have enjoyed these interesting eye witness glimpses given you by European personalities who were so close to the well known American lady in her darkest hours.

Reportage

2006/78

Reportage