**Interpreting Wagner’s Dreams: Staging *Parsifal* in the Twenty-first Century**

*Parsifal*, like all of Wagner’s dramas, has much to tell us at the intersection of authorial intention and latent content. What is revealed and what is repressed? Dreams were certainly of great importance to Wagner, perhaps most famously in his claim that the Prelude to *Das Rheingold*¸ the first of the *Ring* dramas,had come to him in ‘a kind of somnambulistic state … the feeling of being immersed in rapidly flowing water,’ and indeed in the dramatic material of a number of his works. *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* is explicitly concerned with the formation of an artwork initially revealed in a dream world. That offers an interesting way to consider stagings of his works too, and their claims to fidelity or otherwise at a textual or allegedly ‘deeper’ level. I shall consider the claim of the work ‘itself’ to stand apart from the operatic repertoire as a *Bühnenweihfestspiel* (‘stage-festival-consecration-play’) to be confined to his artistic temple at Bayreuth. However, my principal focus will be upon two particular productions: those of Stefan Herheim (Bayreuth, 2008-12) and of Dmitri Tcherniakov (Berlin, 2015-). A broader, implicit question, to which we might like to return in discussion more explicitly, would be: How do directors and performers navigate the historical, social, cultural, and psychological distances and conflicts between Wagner’s intentions, his ability and inability to fulfil and perhaps even to transcend those intentions, and the needs of contemporary theatres and audiences? What is gained and what is lost? What, again, is revealed and what is repressed?

Herheim’s production opens with *Parsifal* at the time of its first, Bayreuth staging, in 1882. It proceeds to tell a history that leads to somewhere approaching the present day, even turning a mirror upon the audience at one point, a moment with considerably greater theatrical power than a mere retelling might suggest. The audience is not simply accused, deservedly or otherwise; it is also reminded that it belongs to a drama that remains unfinished, whatever Wagner’s Hegelian aspirations towards totality, and that it, the audience, interprets, shapes, even writes the history suggested. Far from having reached a Fukuyama-like ‘end of history’ – how hollow such claims have seemed ever since 1989, but certainly in the past week alone! – we might all have become historians, or indeed analysts: a challenge already to the ‘gathered congregation’ of Bayreuth orthodoxy, whether that be Wagner’s own or not.[[1]](#footnote-1) That position stands superficially close, perhaps, to post-modernism, yet, given the persistence of the work concept, remains more grounded in some form of object, some form of reality, than critics of history, the musical work, and the connections between them, might wish. Wagner, though he might sometimes come close to positing a false immediacy of audience response, was no proponent of art as non-reflective, non-reflexive entertainment – purveyor of the diversions opponents of interpretative stage direction more often than not wish to see enacted. ‘Our theatrical public,’ he complained in *Opera and Drama*, ‘has no *need* for the artwork; it desires *diversion* from the stage, … well-crafted *details*, rather than the necessity of artistic *unity*.’ **[slide 2]**[[2]](#footnote-2) The enemy here was miniaturism, the inability to construct a greater whole, which can be extended – and, in his essay, *On Conducting*, lavishly praised by conductors from Furtwängler to Boulez, most certainly was.[[3]](#footnote-3) An attempt, even if forlorn, to achieve some form of unity of vision remained the modernistic goal.

Let us, though, keep our sights upon Herheim’s *Parsifal* for the moment. That matter of conducting is not irrelevant here, for whereas some matters of individual vocal performance may ultimately prove to be of ephemeral interest, the question of coherence between ‘music’ and ‘drama’, itself a false antithesis, is avowedly not. Under the musical leadership of Daniele Gatti, the ‘work’ strained towards that unity which in some sense it must present. Gatti’s reading proved controversial; indeed, some writers dismissed it out of hand. One writer in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung,* addressing the first revival in 2009, dubbed the conducting ‘uninspired’, with ‘extremely unctuous tempi,’ though, in not untypical journalistic fashion, neglected to explain what he meant by these terms. In that respect, the reviewer concluded, there was still a need for ‘redemption’.[[4]](#footnote-4)

That, however, was not Herheim’s understanding. In a fascinating interview, he averred that, whilst he admitted to retaining some reservations concerning some choices of tempi – consider quite how unusual it is for a stage director even to think about such matters – the experience of working together had been fruitful for both and had made the collaboration far more than the sum of its parts **[slide 3]**:

When I heard him conducting his first *Parsifal* in Rome (concert performance), I was somewhat surprised and startled: he was even slower than Toscanini - the first act alone lasted for well over two hours. Daniele was equally suspicious of my ideas, and for a while I was afraid that our different approaches wouldn’t be productive and that the collaboration wouldn’t work. But during the rehearsals in Bayreuth, we immediately began to communicate. Daniele saw that I felt the musical gestures totally intuitively, and that my direction corresponded with his interpretation of the score. And during the rehearsal process, I learned to understand his tempo choices and musical perspectives much better. Our collaboration turned out to be very productive, creative and we have great respect for each other.[[5]](#footnote-5)

Herheim, it should be added, began his career as a cellist, and is a more unusual example than one might expect, or at least desire, of a director who reads the score. The issue of staging the Prelude to the first act was resolved more amicably, more fruitfully, than it would be with Barenboim in *Lohengrin*. Initially Gatti was sceptical, concerned that the audience might be distracted from the music. But Herheim made the excellent point in the interview cited above that that would suggest that, once, the curtain rose, the audience need no longer concern itself with the music, continuing, ‘I'm not saying that in principle the Prelude should always be staged. But if you have good reasons to portray the music in the prelude, it's just the way that it’s done that you can argue against. Gatti acknowledged this and was excited about the symbiosis the staging entered into with the music.’[[6]](#footnote-6)

Crucially, that symbiosis enabled, even provoked, the emergence of an idea of the score as redeemer, *contra* the superficial *FAZ* criticism cited above. It was subtle rather than thrust in one’s face, unlike the provocative second-act Nazi imagery, which I shall address later. Yet, for that reason, and it might well take more than one encounter fully to appreciate this, Herheim’s candidate for an answer to Wagner’s riddle of ‘Redemption to the Redeemer’ – that is, the music, in all its contradictions as well as all its emotional and psychological immediacy – emerged all the more convincingly. Again, that was a possibility rather than a definitive ‘solution’, but successful dramas, like successful performances, do not trade in the latter. The tale of German history, of *Parsifal* as a work developing through that history, could thereby be seen and heard as requiring and receiving some form of transcendental, or at least beneficial, intervention, not so much ‘grace’, but something more immanent, arising from within, the attempted negation of the litany of negative dialectics to which history and work have been subjected. There was no false mediated unity in which to rejoice or rather to wallow. Ritual is in *Parsifal* and through *Parsifal* dynamically, dialectically challenged from within as well as from without; that indeed is the very stuff of Wagner’s drama.

For *Parsifal* was intended to be and remains different. Wagner’s various attempts to avoid the pejorative – to him – ‘opera’ as a description of his later works may nowadays elicit as much scepticism as blind adoration, though in simply calling *Tristan und Isolde* ‘drama’ (*Handlung*), he certainly captured a quality of that singular work. However, it would take a Wagnerian of extreme, unhealthy devotion not to raise at least a hint of a smile at the cumbersome *Bühnenweihfestspiel*. And what that term might mean has brought all manner of consequences for the work’s reception, even indeed, given the determination of Cosima and other Bayreuth loyalists that it should remain confined to the stage it allegedly consecrated, for the possibility of staging it at all. The surrounding aura of sanctity may seem to many repellent (‘an unseemly and sacrilegious conception of art as religion and the theatre as a temple’ – Stravinsky), ridiculous (Debussy, albeit continuing to honour the score alone as ‘one of the loveliest monuments ever raised to the serene glory of music’), or both, as in Nietzsche’s case. Moreover, the claim that *Parsifal* is in any straightforward sense a ‘Christian work’, as opposed to a work that treats with, amongst other things, Christianity, would find few takers today. Even if the end of the first act were an invitation to receive Holy Communion, the Grail Knights’ words– ‘Partake of the bread, valiantly transform it into corporeal strength and power’ **[slide 4]** – suggest a church or theology whose heterodoxy extended beyond the merely gnostic.

That said, this tale of a ‘pure fool’, so ignorant that he knows neither whence he has come, nor even his name, who, through the offices of divine grace rather than by his own deeds, enlightened through compassion (Schopenhauer’s *Mitleid*, ‘suffering with’), rejuvenates a dying community, remains quite different from the operatic essays of any of Wagner’s contemporaries and many of his successors. *Parsifal* resists assimilation to the opera house; it is out of place amongst champagne, canapés, and diva-worshippers. Wagner wrote to Ludwig II that he wished to protect it from ‘a common operatic career’. Pierre Boulez, a highly distinguished interpreter and critic as well as compositional successor, understood this very well when he approvingly wrote of Wagner loathing a system in which ‘opera houses are … like cafés where … you can hear waiters calling out their orders: ‘One *Carmen*! And one *Walküre*! And one *Rigoletto*!’ Wagner’s works declare their incompatibility with existing theatrical conventions and norms – even today, arguably still more so. And of those works, *Parsifal* remains the ultimate.

The signal strength of Herheim’s production is that it engages with these problems: with the fraught associations, both with Bayreuth – which, for better and for worse, is also quite *different* from anywhere else: here we see Wagner’s own Villa Wahnfried on stage **[slide 6]** – and with broader historical themes, associations the work has gathered from at least the time of its premiere in 1882. So intensely dialectical and multi-layered is Herheim’s direction that we tread successfully a tightrope between presentation of his guiding *Konzept* – the *history* of *Parsifal* as a work and the world in which it has developed from the time of its first performance to that of its most recent – and recounting of the immanent *story* of Parsifal. Two stories run not so much in parallel as with mutual influence, yet without inflicting harm upon each other and with no sense of contrivance.

In the first act **[slide 7]**, we therefore witness the early days of post-Wagner Wahnfried, the sickly, incestuous goings-on of an impeccably *haut bourgeois* family and its nursery (Thomas Mann’s *Buddenbrooks* comes to mind), in the era of an oft-present Imperial Eagle. As Christianity enters an especially peculiar phase, dreams and childhood come to the fore, likewise the psychopathology of religious experience (which both Nietzsche and Mann saw as fundamental to the work). A priest, incense – Nietzsche’s accusation of Wagner sinking to his knees before the Cross re-examined – and, most shockingly, circumcision of the infant who may or may not ‘be’ a young Parsifal, offer almost as much food for thought as Wagner’s own inversion, echoing the philosophy of Feuerbach, of the elements. The violence of the deed could hardly have been more topical during the 2012 legal controversy over infant genital mutilation in Germany; and yet, it also points to something older, deep-seated, and of course very much part of the work’s reception history: the question of whether anti-Semitism might be expressed in Wagner’s drama. (It notably does not propose answers.) Amfortas now seems far more central to the drama. His cry of pain jolts us from complacent ‘knowledge’ of the work, and also points forward – or backward! – to Kundry’s scream of laughter at Christ, who, whatever Wagner may have hoped, must also have undergone the procedure, on the road to Calvary.

The second act **[slide 8]** opens in a field hospital. For once, and this is typical of Herheim’s attention to Wagner’s detail, we actually see the renegade Knights, Sir Ferris and all. Klingsor is *Cabaret* Master of Ceremonies; for now, we behold Weimar Germany, our Moorish castle’s owner suggestive in white tie and fishnets. The delicious representation of the Flowermaidens as orderlies and flappers – is that not just what they are? – gains dramatic attention, as well as firmly placing us in the inter-war period. (I say, ‘firmly’, but historical time passes as its performative cousin does.) And yet, a reminder that various levels of interpretation are anything but distinct is offered by a greater keenness of manipulation when it comes to Kundry’s acts: above all, what she tells Parsifal. She is in turn being manipulated by Klingsor; yet perhaps so many of us are understandably now influenced by feminist readings that we feel uncomplicatedly sympathetic. It is salutary to be reminded that this Rose of Hell – the rose very much part of Herheim’s imagery, ‘new’ video technology included – has, despite her plight, agency of her own. That is more properly feminist than to consider her purely as victim. And the similarity of costume between her and Klingsor, both in Weimar cross-dressing travesty, reinforces the need both have for each other, an Hegelian master-slave dialectic re-imagined. Wagner’s artwork is permitting of answers, or better, further questions, which he may or may not have been able to conceive himself. Historical understanding enables it to become of the present, even of the future.

The final scene of the second act is electric, the coming of Bayreuth’s and Germany’s darkest years truly shocking. Indeed, the phrase *coup de théâtre* might have been invented for this advent of the Third Reich, signalled by the ‘Weimar’ castle’s destruction, the arrival of stormtroopers and a brown-shirted, tomorrow-belonging-to-him, little boy, and the unfurling of swastikas. Overdue yet nevertheless courageous, the Festival seemed at last ready to begin to come to terms with its history. Judging by the disgruntled noises from some members of the audience – it should hardly surprise that ‘conservative’ critics of searching productions would feel discomfited by a reminder of their ideological kinship – it remains an absolute necessity too.

Then, the final act opens in the garden of a bombed Wahnfried. Parsifal’s coming and Good Friday offer the possibility – illusory? – of rejuvenation. In a tribute to the Bayreuth *Tannhäuser* of Götz Friedrich, with whom Herheim studied, a procession of the starved post-war population crosses the stage, victims of what has gone before and, prospectively at least, of the mendacious ideology of the *Wirtschaftswunder* (post-war ‘economic miracle’) and its culture industry. The point of ultimate hope comes when a star briefly appears in the sky: wonderfully touching, yet what does it signify? A (false) messiah’s advent? A simple, childlike pleasure? It certainly rings truer than the gaudy coloured lights signalling Parsifal’s descent into the realm of the (lifestyle?) guru. Another brave *coup de théâtre* – Herheim never forgets that *Parsifal*, amongst other things, *is* theatre; nor should we – comes with a projection during the *Verwandlungsmusik*. A request is displayed from the young Wagner brothers, Wieland and Wolfgang, at the 1951 (re-)opening of ‘New Bayreuth’, that political discussion be banished from the Green Hill. An image of Wagner is bricked up behind Parsifal’s childhood wall, the composer remaining too hot to handle. Might we also recall that Wahnfried wall built by Wolfgang, on whose other side Winifred remained until her death, a standing, tenacious reminder that politics could not so easily be banished?

If anything, politics stand still more starkly at the heart of the final scene **[slide 9]**. Amfortas’s trial – in every sense – takes us from post-war Nuremberg to the present-day Bundestag. The problematical nature of charismatic leadership is here for all to see. Parsifal is not one of the trio seen at the close, presumably hastening us to an uncertain future; instead, we find ourselves in the hands of Gurnemanz, Kundry – she does not expire – and a young boy. Or is he Parsifal, and has the whole drama been a dream or, rather, the ultimate nightmare? Friedrich Meinecke’s ‘German catastrophe’, the purported *Sonderweg* of German history? There is certainly no solace to be had from the bickering politicians of the Bundestag, the flag of the Federal Republic draping Titurel’s coffin, yet Parsifal **[slide 10]** seems to have offered at best a dead-end, a touch of snake oil: a modern politician? Amfortas, like Siegfried, seems to have gained in dignity through death. Nihilism, as Nietzsche would doubtless have had it? Or Wagner’s lifelong anarchism? Again, questions are dramatically suggested rather than dogmatically answered.

What of Herheim’s aforementioned turning the mirror upon the audience? It comes across as an invitation, indeed an incitement, to question everything we have thought. ‘Educating Parsifal’, the character, is also ‘educating *Parsifal*’, the work, is also ‘educating us’ – not in merely didactic but dramatic fashion. As Horace put it many years earlier, ‘Change but the name, and the tale is told of you’. It is perhaps only what Wagner had been doing all along, although, in the emotional context both Wagner and Herheim have developed, as opposed to the abstraction of a mere act of reporting, it would be an unimaginative soul indeed who did not relish the mirror’s ambiguous invitation. The communal, religious, and political role of Attic tragedy Wagner wished to recreate is just as relevant, to a revolutionary artwork of our future as to one of his.

I should now, however, turn to Tcherniakov’s Berlin production, which I saw both at its 2015 premiere, and again, this year, on Good Friday. **[Slide 11]** The outer acts, in their different yet similar ways, suggest a Russian thinker approaching Wagner. Like Herheim and indeed many of the most interesting contemporary opera directors, Tcherniakov seems more concerned to open up possibilities than to present definitive verdicts. Modern, relatively indistinct dress does not distract, but suggests sameness and indeed an ossified dedication to something that no longer pertains: a lesson for ‘traditional’ staging fetishists, among others. (*Kinder, macht neues!* as Wagner himself is reported to have exclaimed, following his own Bayreuth staging of the *Ring*, with which he was deeply dissatisfied.) Crucially, however, Tcherniakov does not disregard religion as religion; it is not a proxy for political or æsthetic concerns. As in Wagner’s work ‘itself’, the relationship is complex, indeed provocative.

There is here a (once) Christian theology gone wrong, as Wagner’s conception of Monsalvat demands. Just as in the second act of *Götterdämmerung*, when increasingly desperate pleas are made to gods who have already departed the stage, so in *Parsifal*, the crowd continues to believe and to act out of desperation out of that belief, or at least to act as if it still believed. Men act to protect a ritual which has long lost its justification, if ever it had one. (What Wagner presents, after all, is heretical in the extreme, as much a Feuerbachian inversion, even a black mass, as anything else. And it is a representation, a dramatisation, not the thing itself.) A world of Russian holy men, perhaps allied to the e anti-Wagnerian challenges of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, reacts with that of Wagner’s still-live (and later, Tcherniakov’s still-life) contest between Feuerbach and Schopenhauer. These are old believers and, perhaps, Old Believers; certainly the final outward turn of the community on stage, magnificently presented as if a revivification of an Old Master painting, suggests Mussorgsky’s *Khovanschina* with a Goya-like twist. Will the new rule, political or monastic, of Parsifal bring more of the same – Gurnemanz, after his shocking stabbing in the back of Kundry, seems effortlessly to have transferred his loyalty to the new regime, although at what cost has he been concealing whatever it is he has done in the past? – or will that new rule bring something different? We do not know; nor do they. Who or what, if anything, has been redeemed? What we do know is that Gurnemanz has swiftly put paid to the 'purely human' - as the younger, Feuerbachian Wagner would have put it - rekindling of sexual relations between Kundry, or Woman, and Amfortas, or Christ, or at least Jesus of Nazareth.

There are certainly clues. Amfortas is identified more with Christ than I can previously recall. **[Slide 12]** He is carried by the knights so as to make him, however unhappily and unwillingly, a visual if perhaps not spiritual reincarnation. More disturbingly still, we see during the final scene of the first act, a re-enactment not only of Amfortas’s wounding but also of some form of transubstantiation, or perhaps mere vampirism, of his own blood. The sustenance drawn may well be nothing – a negative reading of Feuerbach – or it may even be primarily vengeful. There is no doubt, however, that this sick community requires it, and, most intriguingly of all, it is commanded by Titurel, whom we see walk on stage and enter his coffin. Titurel’s ritualistic staging of his own death in the first act and re-emergence from the coffin once ‘it’ is all over stand at the very heart of the drama. He is a sinister, charismatic dictator: the cult leader we all know and fear. Moreover, his sadism in insisting, for whatever reasons, that his son, Amfortas go through what he must time and time again, chills to the bone. Is Titurel a fraud or a thaumaturge? The knights are desperate for him to touch them. He certainly appears to be pulling the theological strings of a cult that has become nasty indeed.

The sameness of the first act – the scene does not shift during the *Transformation Music*, and indeed the production here burns as slowly and yet as brightly as the work – receives its response in what to begin with seems the unconnected action of the second. **[Slide 13]** Here, Tcherniakov offers a brave, challenging exploration of sexuality, above all of those paedophiliac tendencies our society would desperately wish away as aberration, as the misdeeds of individual ‘monsters’. Klingsor, the very image of a tabloid newspaper’s ‘paedophile monster’, has built a home with his daughters, the Flowermaidens. Some are young; some are older; all are dressed as ‘pretty girls’. **[Slide 14]** Such is clearly what has proved the undoing of Monsalvat’s knights. He clearly repels Kundry, not least when he paws her, but she of course remains in his power. (Perhaps because he has put himself beyond the ‘moral’ pale? Very Nietzschean. Or perhaps we might think of *Crime and Punishment*.)

When in Klingsor’s power, she is certainly willing to learn from his example, or from what it might suggest. Her kissing him already suggests an inconvenient truth concerning the complexity of abuse. Wagner’s path of realisation, which I am tempted, albeit with great trepidation in this museum and to this audience, to call psychoanalytical, is given shocking realisation in Kundry’s education of Parsifal, partly visualised in the staging of his memories. Andreas Schager as Parsifal cemented his reputation as the finest *Heldentenor* alive, indeed the finest I have heard in the flesh. Moreover, his movements on stage offered a well-nigh perfect portrayal of the awkwardness of an adolescent discovering his sexuality. His reluctance to show himself, hiding himself under his hood, pulled down by Herzeleide and Kundry alike, finds its counterpart in his persistent changing of clothes: seemingly a desire to be clean that can never be fulfilled. This Parsifal and his mother, Herzeleide were close, perhaps too close. She is furious when she sees his adolescent first exploration with a girl-next-door, or perhaps even his sister. The emotional fall-out kills her, just as Kundry tells him – and us. Kundry, however, attempts to play upon those complex feelings, to reignite them, reintroducing him to the miniature rocking horse with which once, under Herzeleide’s spell, he had played. Quite what happens remains unclear, since the moment of the ‘kiss’ – is it perhaps more than that? – takes place off stage. The transformation it effects, when undressed, Parsifal, followed by Kundry, runs back on stage, is, however, never in doubt. The would-be sign of the Cross in this dark world is Parsifal’s piercing of Klingsor with the spear.

A crucial feature of the production that has tied both acts together is the circular seating and action of the respective crowds: knights and Flowermaidens. Sickness pervades both; they may well be more closely connected. The third act continues the work of drawing the two together, though again, suggestively rather than didactically. Ritual to drama – to ritual *aufgehoben* by drama. But was it the wrong drama? When, in the third act, Amfortas opens his father’s tomb and has the body fall to the ground, is that simply revenge for the inhuman treatment – the abuse – our Christ-like, yet ultimately not-so-very-Christ-like, victim has suffered? Or is it also perhaps a hint at the death of God, Titurel being his father? Nietzsche as well as those Russian writers seems hinted at, or at least available. Nihilism or theological rescue mission? As when one reads Nietzsche, perspectivism demands and yet obscures the answers.

One signal strength of both productions, I think, is their willingness to deal with that particularity of the work I mentioned earlier – its insistence upon its difference, its opposition to general operatic culture – as well as such a myriad of connections, correspondences, and so forth, some intrinsic, some developed along the way of the work in the world since its premiere in 1882. (I have barely begun to scratch the surface; I have devoted a chapter of a recent book to Herheim’s staging.) What David J Levin analysed as the operatic conservative’s – in this case, James Levine’s – dread of the ‘hectic stage’, of ‘discursive overload’, has turned out actually to harness such overload to fidelity in a sense all manner of opera-goers could and eventually did appreciate.[[7]](#footnote-7) That is certainly also highly relevant to the Syberberg film some of us watched yesterday.

We perform, then, rather than re-enact; similarly, we study as well as perform, so that we think rather than wallow. History, musical or otherwise, is something we write as well as make, something we think; we might, perhaps, say the same about dreams, Wagner’s and our own. Herheim’s and Tcherniakov’s dramaturgies have enabled Wagner’s music, perhaps still more so than his words, to emerge as redeemer: not in a discredited sense of ‘absolute music’, with the reactionary, neo-Romantic connotations that has acquired, but in a critical sense suited to our own time and its concerns.

1. Francis Fukuyama, *The End of History and the Last Man* (Harmondsworth, 1993). [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Richard Wagner, *Oper und Drama*, ed. Klaus Kropfinger (Stuttgart, 1994), 388. ‘Das Publikum unsrer Theater hat kein *Bedürfnis* nach dem Kunstwerke; es will sich vor der Bühne *zerstreuen*, ... künstlich *Einzelnheiten*, nicht aber die künstleriche *Einheit* Bedürfnis.’ [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Richard Wagner, ‘Ueber das Dirigiren,’ *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen*, 4th edn, 10 vols (Leipzig, 1907), vol.8, 261-337. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Christian Wildhagen, *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, Feuilleton, 5 August 2009. ‘Schuld daran trug wesentlich das uninspirierte, zähe Dirigat von Daniele Gatti, der mit extrem salbungsvollen Tempi offenbar ein Gegengewicht zur kritischen Bilderflut der Regie setzen wollte – was gründlich misslang. Hier tut Erlösung noch not.’ [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Erling E Gulbrandsen and Per-Erik Skramstad, ‘Stefan Herheim on Working with Daniele Gatti, the Choice of Tempi and the Staging of Preludes,’ tr. Jonathan Scott-Kiddie, http://www.wagneropera.net/Interviews/Stefan-Herheim-Gatti-Preludes.htm (accessed 17 October 2012). [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Ibid. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. David J. Levin, ‘Reading a Staging/Staging a Reading,’ in *Cambridge Opera Journal*, 9 (1997), p.57. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)