

Heiner Goebbels
Landschaft mit
entfernten Verwandten

EGM NEW SERIES

Heiner Goebbels

Landschaft mit entfernten Verwandten
Landscape With Distant Relatives
Paysages avec parents éloignés

Opera for soloists, choir and ensemble with texts by
Gertrude Stein, Giordano Bruno, Henri Michaux, T. S. Eliot,
Leonardo da Vinci and Nicolas Poussin

David Bennent voice
Georg Nigl baritone

Ensemble Modern
Deutscher Kammerchor

Franck Ollu conductor

Part One

1	Il y a des jours	1:52
2	Non sta Giordano Bruno	0:48
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4	Ove è dunque Giordano Bruno	2:46
5	Les Inachevés	1:05
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Music by Heiner Goebbels,
except *Kehna hi kya* by Allah Rakha Rahman,
and *Out where the West Begins* by Estelle Philleo.

David Bennent voice

Georg Nigl baritone

Ensemble Modern

Dietmar Wiesner flute, alto flute, Chinese bamboo flute

Catherine Milliken oboe, musette, voice

Roland Diry clarinets

Wolfgang Stryi clarinet, bass clarinet, alto saxophone

Barbara Kehrig bassoon, voice

Valentin Garvie trumpet, trombone

Sava Stoianov trumpet, piccolo trumpet

Uwe Dierksen trombone

Rumi Ogawa vibraphone, percussion

Rainer Römer ngara, daf, table guitar, drums

Hermann Kretzschmar piano, sampler, accordion

Ueli Wiget harpsichord, piano, harp

Jagdish Mistry violin, voice

Swantje Tessmann violin, voice

Susan Knight viola, voice

Eva Böcker violoncello, voice

Michael M. Kasper violoncello, table cello

Hans-Joachim Tinnefeld double-bass, bass guitar

Deutscher Kammerchor

Cornelia Winter, Gundula Anders soprano

Paul Gerhardt Adam, Annette Kohler-Welge alto

Bernhard Scheffel, Friedemann Büttner tenor

Ekkehard Abele, Michael Albert bass



Non sta

*Giordano Bruno, De l'infinito,
universo e mondi (1584)*

Non sta, si svolge e gira
Quanto nel ciel e sott' il ciel si mira.
Ogni cosa discorre, or alto or basso,
Benché si 'n lungo o 'n breve,
O sia grave o sia leve;
E forse tutto va al medesimo passo
Ed al medesimo punto.

The Sirens

Gertrude Stein, Wars I Have Seen (1945)

The siren that warns for the bombardments
is not working any more, I suppose it
was worn out as they say here they have
succeeded in putting it out of order, but
who they are nobody knows and now the
Germans are to warn us by trumpeting
but after all that does not really wake one
up if one is really asleep so everybody
prefers it, that is all everybody talks about
is bombardments and naturally nobody is
pleased, and whether the aim is good or
not is hotly discussed, they say they should
not fly so high, though they do admit
that the precision of hitting is very great,
nevertheless they say if they flew lower
there would be less destruction round and
about and as the defence is practically
non-existent why not fly lower, others
say they should not bombard at all and
everybody will hate them and they did love
the Americans but I said you know how
they are here the French forget the past

and enjoy the present yes they answer but
our towns and all the dead, oh dear they
say to me can you not stop them, alas I say
I hate to have lovely places all smashed up
and French people killed but what can I do,
well they say, anyhow it is going on so long
so long, and sometimes we that were most
optimistic are getting kind of pessimistic it
is going on so long.

Ove è dunque

*Giordano Bruno, De l'infinito,
universo e mondi (1584)*

Ove è dunque quel bell'ordine, quella bella
scala della natura, per cui si ascende dal
corpo più denso e crasso, quale è la terra,
al men crasso, quale è l'acqua, (...) al chiaro,
al più chiaro, al chiarissimo? dal tenebroso al
lucidissimo? (...) dal gravissimo al grave, da
questo al lieve, dal lieve al levissimo, indi a
quel che non è nè grave nè lieve? dal mobile
al mezzo, al mobile dal mezzo?



Emplie de

Henri Michaux, *La Vie dans les plis* (1949)

Emplie de moi.

Emplie de toi.

Emplie des voiles sans fin de vouloirs
obscur.

Emplie de plis.

Emplie de nuit.

Emplie des plis indéfinis, des plis de ma
vigie.

Emplie de pluie.

Emplie de bris, de débris, de monceaux de
débris.

De cris aussi, surtout de cris.

Emplie d'asphyxie.

Trombe lente.

In the 19th Century

Gertrude Stein, *Wars I Have Seen* (1945)

Here we can see every night, when the
moon is bright (...)

Last night (...) there was a complete
eclipse of the moon, the shadow of the
earth fell on the moon, none too soon
and then slowly it passed away, it was
very nice, but none of the newspapers and
none of the radios mentioned it. Eclipses
are an amusement for peace-time and yet
all the same said my neighbour, she is a
country-woman, it makes one think of all
those worlds turning around and around.
Yes I said it is more terrifying even than war.
Yes she said.

And it was twelve o'clock at night and
the moon was shining bright again and

we went to bed and a little after we heard
the airplanes humming and we saw the
lights dropping and then we shut out the
moonlight and then we were sleeping. All
this is an introduction to the nineteenth
century feeling about science.

Stars are not really more than just what
they look like. If they are then are they really
realer than war. It is just that that makes
the twentieth century, know what science
teaches and whether it is or whether it
is not what science teaches, since war is
really and therefore it is what it is, that is
everybody gets to meet anybody friends
and enemies we have then now enemies in
the house and in the barn, and it does not
make any difference about the stars and it
does not make any difference about war,
only really it does make a difference about
war seeing the trains pass with the enemy
on them yes it does, but the stars whether
they are what they look like or what science
teaches, does it make any difference and
anybody can answer that it does not.



Triumphal March

T. S. Eliot, *Coriolan* (1931)

Stone, bronze, stone, steel, stone, oakleaves, horses' heels
Over the paving.

And the flags. And the trumpets. And so many eagles.

How many? Count them. And such a press of people.

We hardly knew ourselves that day, or knew the City.

This is the way to the temple, and we so many crowding the way.

So many waiting, how many waiting? What did it matter, on such a day?

Are they coming? No, not yet. You can see some eagles. And hear the trumpets.

Here they come. Is he coming?

(...)

We can wait with our stools and our sausages.

What comes first? Can you see? Tell us, It is

5,800,000 rifles and carbines,

102,000 machine guns,

28,000 trench mortars,

53,000 field and heavy guns,

I cannot tell how many projectiles, mines and fuses,

13,000 aeroplanes,

24,000 aeroplane engines,

50,000 ammunition waggons,

now 55,000 army waggons,

11,000 field kitchens,

1,150 field bakeries.

What a time that took. Will it be he now? No,

Those are the golf club Captains, these the Scouts,

And now *société gymnastique de Poissy*

And now come the Mayor and the Liverymen. Look

There he is now, look:

There is no interrogation in his eyes

Or in the hands, quiet over the horse's neck,

And the eyes watchful, waiting, perceiving, indifferent.

(...)

Now they go up to the temple. Then the sacrifice.

Now come the virgins bearing urns, urns containing

Dust



Dust
Dust of dust, and now
Stone, bronze, stone, steel, stone, oakleaves, horses' heels
Over the paving.

That is all we could see. But how many eagles! and how many trumpets!
(And Easter Sunday, we didn't get to the country,
So we took young Cyril to church. And they rang a bell
And he said right out loud, *crumpets*.)
Don't throw away that sausage,
It'll come in handy. He's artful. Please, will you
Give us a light?
Light
Light
Et les soldats faisaient la haie? ILS LA FAISAIENT.

Homme-bombe

Henri Michaux, Liberté d'action (1945)

Non, non, je n'ai pas d'usine, je n'ai pas
d'outils. Je suis un des rares hommes-
bombes (...) «Éclater, ça peut être
dangereux, un jour», pense le public. (...)
Mais il est temps de me taire. J'en ai trop
dit. A écrire on s'expose décidément à
l'excès. Un mot de plus, je culbutais dans la
vérité. D'ailleurs je ne tue plus. Tout lasse.
Encore une époque de ma vie de finie.
Maintenant, je vais peindre, c'est beau les
couleurs, quand ça sort du tube, et parfois
encore quelque temps après. C'est comme
du sang.

Schlachtenbeschreibung

Leonardo da Vinci (c.1500)

Wie eine Schlacht darzustellen ist. Zuerst
wirst du den Rauch der Artillerie machen,
der sich in der Luft mit dem von der
Bewegung der Pferde und der Kämpfenden
aufgewirbelten Staub vermischt; diese
Mischung wird dann so aussehen: Der Staub
hat ja, da er zur Erde gehört, ein Gewicht,
und obwohl er sich wegen seiner Feinheit
leicht erhebt und mit der Luft vermischt,
kehrt er doch immer wieder gern auf den
Erdboden zurück, (...) der Rauch wird
eine bläuliche Farbe annehmen, und der
Staub wird zu seiner eigenen Farbe neigen
(...). Je tiefer die Kämpfenden in diesem
Gewölk stecken, desto weniger wird man
sie sehen und desto weniger werden sich
ihre hellen und dunklen Stellen voneinander
unterscheiden.

Die Gesichter und die Gestalten und ihr
Aussehen (...) wirst du rötlich malen; Die
Luft sei voller Pfeile, die in verschiedenen
Richtungen fliegen: der eine aufwärts, der
andere abwärts, der in gerader Linie, und
hinter den Geschossen (...) soll ein wenig
Rauch fliegen (...). Du wirst auch ein Pferd
machen, das seinen Reiter tot hinter sich
herschleift, und dahinter die Spur des
durch Staub und Schlamm geschleiften
Leichnams.

Zu Füßen der Kämpfer mache Waffen
aller Arten: zerbrochene Schilde, Lanzen,
Schwerter und ähnliches. Tote wirst du
machen, einige halb mit Staub bedeckt,
andere ganz. Die Besiegten mache blaß
mit hochgezogenen Augenbrauen, und die
Haut darüber sei schmerzlich gekraust; die
hoch gewölbten Lippen sollen die oberen

Zähne freigeben, die Zähne so verteilt
sein, daß ein Wehgeschrei entsteht; (...)
dann mache noch andere, die mit weit
aufgerissenem Mund schreiend fliehen.
(...) Andere sollen sterbend die Zähne
zusammenbeißen, die Augen rollen, sich die
Fäuste an den Leib drücken und die Beine
verdrehen. (...) Man könnte auch viele
Männer sehen, die alle zusammen über ein
totes Pferd gefallen sind, auch einige Sieger.
(...) Und mache keinen ebenen Ort außer
den mit Blut gefüllten Fußstapfen.

Well Anyway

Gertrude Stein, Wars I Have Seen (1945)

(...) well anyway the nineteenth century
liked to cry liked to try liked to eat liked to
pursue evolution and liked war, war and
peace peace and war and no more.
When I was then I liked revolutions I
liked to eat I liked to eat I liked to cry not
in real life but in books and in real life
there was nothing much to cry about but
in books oh dear me, it was wonderful
there was so much to cry about and then
there was evolution. Evolution was all
over my childhood, walks abroad with
an evolutionist and the world was full
of evolution, biological and botanical
evolution, with music as a background for
emotion and books as a reality, and a great
deal of fresh air as a necessity, and a great
deal of eating as an excitement and as an
orgy, and now well just then there was no
war no actual war anywhere.

Did It Really Happen?

Gertrude Stein, Wars I Have Seen (1945)

Did it really happen, oh yes she said, it does happen and it did happen.

Well so life goes on, we had just been reading Shakespeare Richard the Third, and the things they say there do sound just like that, so why not, anything is so if the country makes it so, and a century makes it so when it is so, just like that. (...)

History does repeat itself, I have often thought that that was the really soothing thing that history does. The one thing that is sure and certain is that history does not teach, that is to say, it always says let it be a lesson to you but is it? Not at all. Not at all because circumstances always alter cases and so although history does repeat itself it is only because the repetition is soothing that anyone believes it, nobody nobody wants to learn either by their own or anybody else's experience, nobody does, no they say they do but no nobody does. Yes nobody does.

Kehna hi kya

Mehboob

(Hindu love song)

Et c'est toujours

Henri Michaux, La Vie dans les plis (1949)

Et c'est toujours le percement par la lance
l'essaim de guêpes qui fond sur l'œil
la lèpre
et c'est toujours le flanc ouvert

et c'est toujours l'enseveli vivant
et c'est toujours le tabernacle brisé
le bras faible comme un cil qui lutte contre
le fleuve
et c'est toujours la nuit qui revient
l'espace vide mais qui guette

et c'est toujours la vieille sangle
et c'est toujours l'enseveli vivant
et c'est toujours le balcon écroulé.
Le nerf pincé au fond du cœur qui se
souvient
l'oiseau-baobab qui fouaille le cerveau
le torrent où l'être se précipite

et c'est toujours la rencontre dans l'orage
et c'est toujours le bord de l'éclipse
et c'est toujours derrière la palissade des
cellules
l'horizon qui recule, qui recule ...



Il y a des jours

Henri Michaux, *Qui je fus* (1927)

Il y a des jours où je vois tout aplati sur une toile, et à distance, et qu'on me dise alors «viens», – d'abord un personnage d'une toile parle-t-il? – et puis, attendez, attendez donc, mon âme est en quenouille autour de ma colonne vertébrale, et se dérouler ne peut se faire d'un coup. Il me faut plusieurs heures.

La Fronde à hommes

Henri Michaux, *Liberté d'action* (1945)

J'ai aussi ma fronde à hommes. On peut les lancer loin, très loin. Il faut savoir les prendre. Cependant on les lance difficilement assez loin. Pour dire vrai on ne les lance jamais assez loin. Ils vous reviennent des quarante ans après parfois, quand on se croyait enfin tranquille tandis que c'est eux qui le sont, revenant du pas égal de celui qui ne se presse pas, qui se serait trouvé là encore il y a cinq minutes et pour revenir aussitôt après.

Just Like That

Gertrude Stein, *Wars I Have Seen* (1945)

We spend our Friday afternoons with friends reading Shakespeare, we have read Julius Cæsar, and Macbeth and now

Richard the Third and what is so terrifying is that it is all just like what is happening now. Macbeth seeing ghosts well don't they, is not Mussolini seeing the ghost of his son-in-law, of course he is you can see him seeing the ghost of his son-in-law, his last speech showed that he did, and any of them, take the kings in Shakespeare there is no reason why they all kill each other all the time, it is not like orderly wars when you meet and fight, but it is all just violence and there is no object to be attained, no glory to be won, just like Henry the Sixth and Richard the Third and Macbeth just like that, just like that, very terrible very very terrible and just like that.

Mediaeval means, that life and place and the crops you plant and your wife and children, all are uncertain. They can be driven away or taken away, or burned away, or left behind, that is what it is to be mediaeval. And now and here 1943, it is just like that (...)

Ich leugne nicht die Unterscheidung

Giordano Bruno, *De l'infinito, universo e mondi* (1584)

Ich leugne nicht die Unterscheidung, aber ich leugne diese Rangfolge, diese Anordnung, d.h. daß die Erde vom Wasser umgeben und bedeckt sei, das Wasser von der Luft, die Luft vom Feuer, das Feuer vom Himmel. Denn ich behaupte: eins ist das Umfassende und Umfangende all dieser Weltkörper und großen Maschinen,



die wir hier in diesem unermeßlichen Gefilde zerstreut sehen, und jeder dieser Körper, jedes dieser Gestirne, jede dieser Welten ist aus dem, was man hier Erde, Wasser, Luft und Feuer nennt, zusammengesetzt; nur daß sie, sofern in der Art ihrer Zusammensetzung das Feuer überwiegt, Sonnen heißen und eigenes Licht ausstrahlen, sofern aber das Wasser vorwiegt, Erden, Monde oder ähnliche Gestirne sind, die von den Sonnen ihr Licht empfangen. Auf diesen Sternen also oder Weltkugeln, wie wir sie lieber nennen wollen, sind verschiedenartige Teile von mannigfacher Zusammensetzung nach Lage und Gestalt, Felsen, Seen, Flüsse, Quellen, Meere, Sandwüsten, Metalle, Höhlen, Berge, Ebenen usw. ebenso untereinander geordnet, wie bei den Tieren die heterogenen Teile mit den verschiedenen und mannigfaltigen Komplexionen von Knochen, Eingeweide, Venen, Arterien, Fleisch, Nerven, Lungen zu Organen und Gliedmaßen von dieser und jener Gestalt, die auch sozusagen ihre Berge und Täler, ihre Schluchten, ihre Gewässer, ihre besonderen Lebensgeister und ihre Wärme besitzen, mit ganz ähnlichen Vorkommnissen und Empfindungen für alle meteorologischen Einflüsse, als z. B. Katarrhe, Ausschlag, Steinbildungen, Schwindel, Fieber, Entzündungen und unzählige Dispositionen und Empfindungen, die den Nebeln, dem Regen und Schnee, den Dürren, den Blitzen, Donnerwettern und Erdbeben im großen Körper entsprechen.

On the Road

Gertrude Stein, Wars I Have Seen (1945)

On the road I met a woman an oldish woman and we were going the same way and we talked as we walked. She said a little farther along she had a house but she did not live there. She had had a sister paralysed for thirty-five years who had lived there and she died two years ago. She now lived with her brother-in-law somewhere else, he was all she had but of course some one stayed in the paternal house to take care of the children. Oh yes I forgot I had Basket on a leash because on the road as there is a cement works there are many trucks, of course there are quite a number of automobiles, no German ones, French ones the French always keep going somehow, well anyway I said I had Basket on a leash because he having worms was a little nervous he almost was run down by an automobile, so I told her and I said a dog is so easily killed, yes she said we had one at the paternal house and he went blind and so we had to have him killed, and I said we had a little dog we loved very much and he had to be killed because he had diabetes, and is he dead she said and I said yes, and she said it is different with chickens, she said just the other day a camion came along and he ran over one of our chickens and he did not notice it he just went on but a little later another one came along and he noticed it and he stopped and got down and gathered in the chicken and went on, just then my nephew came out and saw him and as he went away he noticed the number so a little later when the camion came back



again my nephew stopped him and said you have to pay me for that chicken that is to say not money I do not want money I want the chicken, and the man said not at all I will pay you but I will not give you the chicken and my nephew said he did not want payment he wanted the chicken and the man said he did not have it which was probably a lie but still perhaps he had already eaten it, but anyway my nephew said well I will take the money, no said the other I am not paying you anything, why not said my nephew, because I am not said the driver and my nephew said well suppose you give it to the Red Cross to make a package for a prisoner not at all said the driver and he drove away and said I what did your nephew do, I have no nephew she said I only have a niece that is to say I only have a father-in-law, that is not my house where I live it belongs to my brother-in-law and just then our roads parted and we said good-bye.

On the Radio

Gertrude Stein, Wars I Have Seen (1945)

Everything is dangerous and everybody casually meeting anybody talks to anybody and everybody tells everybody the history of their lives, they are always telling me and I am always telling them and so is everybody, that is the way it is when everything is dangerous. Life and death and death and life. Life and death and death and life.
(...)

Now they can do the radio in so many languages that nobody any longer dreams of a single language, and there should not any longer be dreams of conquest because the globe is all one, anybody can hear everything and everybody can hear the same thing, so what is the use of conquering, and so the nineteenth century now in '43 is slowly coming to an end. So they go on, and all the radio stations interfere so that nobody can hear any one and in the midst of all the misery it is not childish but very small boyish. It is strange the world to-day is not adult it has the mental development of a seven-year-old boy just about that.

Different Nations

Gertrude Stein, Wars I Have Seen (1945)

And anyway it is evening and nearly midnight and I will be listening to the last news just before going to bed again. It is funny the different nations begin their broadcasting I wish I knew more languages so that I could know how each one of them does it. The English always begin with this is London, or the B.B.C. home service, or the overseas service. (...) The Americans say with poetry and fire, this is the voice of America, (...) one of the United Nations, speaking to you across the Atlantic. Then the Frenchmen, say Frenchmen speaking to Frenchmen, they always begin like that, and the Belgians are simple and direct, they just announce, radio Belge, and the national anthem, (...)

and the Swiss so politely say, the studio of Geneva, at the instant of the broadcasting station of Berne will give you the latest news, and Italy says live Mussolini live Italy, and they make a bird noise and then they start, and Germany starts like this, Germany calling, Germany calling, in the last war, I said that the camouflage was the distinctive characteristic of each country, each nation stamped itself upon its camouflage, but in this war it is the heading of the broadcast that makes national life so complete and determined. It is that a nation is even stronger than the personality of any one, it certainly is so nations must go on, they certainly must.

Out Where the West Begins

Arthur Chapman (1917)

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are breaking,
That's where the West begins.
Where's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying –
Out where the West begins.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun shines a little brighter,
Out where the snows are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where the friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Out where there's laughter in streamlets flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Train Travelling

Gertrude Stein, Wars I Have Seen (1945)

But to get back to train travelling more and more I like to take a train I understand why the French prefer it to automobiling, it is so much more sociable and of course these days so much more of an adventure, and the irregularity of its regularity is fascinating.
As I said we were going to Chambéry and we got ready and got to the station well ahead of time as is our custom and with all our papers in order as our custom.
When we arrived at the station of course the train was not there it never is and we had a long conversation with our friend the gendarme who helps us get around and helps us get a goat, and helped us every way they help anybody every day often to get away, they do do that.

Je ne voyage plus

Henri Michaux, *Liberté d'action* (1945)

Je ne voyage plus. Pourquoi que ça m'intéresserait les voyages? Ce n'est pas ça. Ce n'est jamais ça.

Je peux l'arranger moi-même leur pays.

De la façon qu'ils s'y prennent, il y a toujours trop de choses qui ne portent pas. Ils se sont donné du mal inutilement, ces New-Yorkais avec leurs gratte-ciels, si faciles à survoler, ces Chinois avec leurs pagodes et leur civilisation de derrière les fagots. Moi, je mets la Chine dans ma cour.

Je suis plus à l'aise pour l'observer. Et ils n'essayaient pas de me tromper comme ils font chez eux, aidés par leur propagande xénophobe. Ils font chez moi tranquillement leur petit commerce. L'argent passe, et passe. Ça leur suffit, pourvu qu'il passe. (...) Ce n'est pas moi non plus qui irais au Tyrol ou en Suisse, risquer au retour une grève des chemins de fer et des lignes aériennes et de me trouver coincé comme un cancrelat sous une semelle. Pas si fou!

Les montagnes, j'en mets quand ça me chante, où ça me chante, où le hasard et des complaisances secrètes m'ont rendu avide de montagnes, dans une capitale, encombrée de maisons, d'autos et de piétons préparés exclusivement à la marche horizontale et à l'air douxereux des plaines. Je les mets là (pas ailleurs), en pleine construction de briques et de moellons, et les bâtiments n'ont qu'à faire place. D'ailleurs, ce sont des volcans, mes montagnes, et fin prêts à cracher une nouvelle hauteur en moins de deux. Ils s'élèvent donc entre les pâtes de maisons

du reste affreuses qu'ils bousculent pour prendre place, la place qu'ils méritent. Ils sont là maintenant.

Sinon, est-ce que je continuerais d'habiter cette ville opaque? Est-ce que quelqu'un continuerait d'y habiter?

Non.

Sans cette invasion volcanique, la vie dans une grande ville serait bientôt tout à fait insupportable.

Freight Train

Traditional

Freight train, freight train goin' so fast.
Freight train, freight train goin' so fast.
Please, don't tell what train I'm on,
so they won't know where I'm gone.

When I die, Lord, please bury me deep,
Way down on old Chestnut Street,
So I can hear old Number Nine
As she comes a-rolling by.

Freight train, freight train (...)

When I am dead and in my grave,
No more good times here I'll crave,
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them all that I'm gone to sleep.



Principes

Nicolas Poussin, *from a letter to Roland Fréart de Chambray*
(Rome, 1st of March, 1665)

Principes que tout homme capable de raison peut apprendre:

Il ne se donne point de visible sans lumière.

Il ne se donne point de visible sans moyen transparent.

Il ne se donne point de visible sans terme.

Il ne se donne point de visible sans couleur.

Il ne se donne point de visible sans distance.

Il ne se donne point de visible sans instrument.

Ce qui suit ne s'apprend point, ce sont parties du peintre.

Il faut commencer par la disposition, puis par l'ornement,
le décoré, la beauté, la grâce, la vivacité, le costume,
la vraisemblance et le jugement partout.



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Set and lighting design: Klaus Grünberg
Costumes: Florence von Gerkan
Sound director: Norbert Ommer
Direction assistant: Stephan Buchberger
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