

Quoting William Berger out of the SF Opera program:

..... in a psychological sense, if we understand this as Ulrica's perception of the people. This outsider with a separate perspective (whether or not she is truly clairvoyant or just an accomplished faker-a point that, significantly, Verdi never deigns to answer) sees hollowness and a resort to form and habit in the overblown expression of patriotism.

Sometimes, noble patriotic music can be a delusion, a lie. (*No sh\*\**)

Our experience of the music's meaning is morphed by how we understand the characters' perceptions of it. In other words, facts actually change by being perceived. (*True in all forms of communication.*)

**It is a musical analog of the Uncertainty Principle (!) , which makes Verdi the musical progenitor of Heisenberg.** (*Wow what an uneducated stretch!*)

*Note: It needs to be pointed out that the Heisenberg uncertainty principle addresses **the impossibility of knowing, and not the deliberate ambiguity that Verdi aimed for.** This cheeky, altogether distorted association with a famous person merely aims to grab some undue attention by involving a famous name for the writers benefit. It shatters my confidence in what might otherwise have been an insightful article and makes the entire write-up suspect.*

..... The usual opera composer would have been well satisfied to end the scene there. For Verdi, it's merely a set up for the coup de grace. The chatty Oscar (high soprano) enters to announce the masked ball of the title, singing a frilly minuet-like ditty. C Major never sounded so harrowing. The context of the regicidal plot turns the pretty tune into the aural equivalent of a tattoo needle hitting the skin. **The thing itself is changed by the act of perceiving it, a supreme moment of Verdi-as-Heisenberg.** (*Bombastly skewed bluster.*)

Frau Dulent

Traumaturgy at DelARTE.com