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## Working Notes and Publication

1.

This note to the publication initially had the sole purpose of clarifying some technical aspects of the work, but Grazia Cecchini, who we asked to supervise the edition, suggested that we also include a personal comment on what it meant for our growth process, working closely with Claudio for more than 5 years. I do not hide a certain embarrassment and a moderate difficulty in writing these lines.

I will not go into the details of the story because I should go back to when, in 2010, I accidentally met Claudio at a conference in Rome and had the strong desire to become his pupil. The wish was fulfilled through a series of circumstances that were not common to me. Claudio's decision, to my great happiness, to assign me the technical part of this work also happened almost by chance. Over time I have understood that life actually works like this: it constantly crosses us and it is up to our internal gaze to recognize it and entrust ourselves to it. I don't know how to express my gratitude for Claudio, except by continuing this work as long as it is necessary and possible. Brahms's work, which was the first one I faced, revealed to me the spiritual contents of his music and that of the great composers that Claudio introduced me to.

Then came other gifts: the relationships with Claudio and with Eduardo, without whom all this would not have been possible. Together we went through difficult and tiring moments but largely accompanied by joys and enthusiasms that I never thought I would experience. This has also helped me a lot for many other old and new relationships and for that of a couple.

I have discovered and appreciated, even with suffering at times, that the sacred and the divine must be sought here on earth, because they are everywhere: in what seems terrible to us, in what is ordinary, in things that we do not like. I began to recognize the joy of the embrace of life through the awareness of the obstacles of character. I lived the Master's love for life as it comes. I began to rely on the unknown, the only source of true life, trying to overcome the fear that blocked me for many years.

Although the journey has only just begun, I do not forget Claudio's first advice in one of the first emails we exchanged after the video rehearsals: "The work will be long and I hope you have the necessary patience to go on".

After several attempts to find a publisher for Totila Albert's unique and exclusive work, Claudio decided to publish it online and for free on his website.

We decided together that it could be made usable both from the internet and offline, making it possible to copy it to your computer or other tool that could manage the amount of data required. In fact, Totila's complete works are about forty to which are added various fragments that Claudio was unable to provide: Eduardo Ribeiro deals with this aspect.

Claudio began writing introductions and brief comments divided by the themes of Totila's texts. He only finished his text for the first four.

Each work, according to Claudio's desire, consists of:

1. his brief commentary on the theme of the text and its relationship with music; The first work (Schumann's piano quintet) also contains the complete transcript of the 2018 Bolzano conference on the journey of the hero into music according to Totila Albert.
2. for each movement.
  - a) Totila Albert's handwritten text (if available);
  - b) the video of the Dictado del Movimiento;
  - c) translation into three languages from German (Italian, Spanish, English).

Initially a single .pdf file should have contained both points 1 and 2 with the English, Spanish and Italian versions and not the three languages in separate files. The Dictation videos will also be available for download separately in higher quality format. For reasons of legibility of the text it was not possible to respect the division into pages according to the manuscripts of Totila Albert.

The videos were made using the Final Cut Pro 7 editing program on Mac computers. Based on the music file, the texts were written in German by creating a number of micro-clips corresponding to the number of syllables (sometimes groups of syllables) of the text divided by pages.

I was performing a first version of the video sync that Claudio gave me where he gives the rhythm to the syllables with a stick. This was sent to Eduardo to review the incorrect passages with respect to the chosen melody or micro delays or advances. The corrections were emailed to me in a language we invented together from time to time. At one point we found that the best was (for more complex corrections) to send me an audio with his singing. This process took place several times before obtaining a video that we considered suitable for Claudio's final supervision. Over time we have both created opportunities to meet and work faster together. When Claudio was available and we had a number of works ready we met with Claudio for the final corrections.

During this work, which is not finished yet and which we will update every time there are improvements or new works to propose, I have had many friends close to me who have supported and helped me with their love and whom I thank from my heart.

The most heartfelt thanks go to my Master Claudio who with this work opened the door to a more human life than the one I lived before I met him.

A very special thanks to Eduardo Ribeiro for the enormous patience he had in working with my insecurities and for his special closeness and affection at a very special moment in my life while we were working together in Brazil.

Sergio Vasselli

2.

Just after the conclusion of the book “The Inner Music” in 2015, Claudio asked me to collaborate in the realization of the videos of the Musical Dictations of Totila Albert. I quickly accepted, both out of a desire to help the Maestro and to be close to him, and out of an interest in knowing more about this mysterious work. Initially I thought it would be something simple and fast, but as I went deeper into the details of the work, I realized that it was much more complex. It wasn't just a matter of synchronizing the melodies with the words. Almost all the works are very complex and among the many voices there was the need to find out which one sang the text of the Dictation. Sometimes the words were in a secondary voice, or in the accompaniment, and sometimes there were notes of the melodies that had no words... and it was like a puzzle.

Claudio recorded most of the Dictations on video, in which he played recordings of the works while pointing to the words projected on a screen with a stick, but sometimes the synchrony was not clear, especially when the music was very fast. It was necessary to resort to the scores of various works to find the correct synchrony, yet when reviewing the works with Claudio, many corrections were made. I was impressed by how he remembered the smallest details of the time when he heard the works with Totila, who marked the words with a pencil to show Claudio the synchrony while the music was playing.

Some of the works were especially challenging. I remember Beethoven's Great Fugue op.133, an extensive work with very fast polyphonic passages that were impossible to mark with a stick and only in some parts was it possible to follow Claudio's video. This work required a detailed analysis of the score and through trial and error it was possible to discover how to synchronize all the text with the music, which took about a year of work. I found it more difficult when Claudio presented me with the challenge of synchronizing Beethoven's Triple Concerto op.56, since this work did not have the video with the stick and I would have to find the synchrony from scratch. Sometimes the soloists, violin, cello and piano, played hundreds of notes for a few words of the text, other times, some notes of the melody had no text at all! This work took even longer and was a great joy when we presented Claudio with the synchronized Dictation of this work. He was very happy.

Between 2015 and 2019 there were many months of proximity with Claudio in Udine, Titignano, Barcelona, Brasilia and other places, working with the help of Sergio Vasselli on this project and for me it was a great joy when we reached the end of the initial list of works. The difficult technical aspects of the preparation of the Dictations are the responsibility of Sergio Vasselli, with whom I work for 5 years, they are very well done, with care and perfect organization and this project could not deserve any better, and for that I also have much gratitude. We are still looking for the Dictations of Schumann's 3rd Symphony, called “Rhenish” and his Cello Concerto that are missing. Who knows if someone who sees this publication will help us find them?

I am very sorry that Claudio has not been able to see this first volume of Totila Albert's Dictations published, but I am sure he is looking at us and knows that I will work until the end on this sacred project of his. The Dictations are a beautiful and mysterious thing. You can feel the extraordinary effect of the synchrony between the words and the melodies even following the german text (a

language I know very little about). The resonances of the vowels, the articulation of the words with the music, the feeling that something profound is being communicated... it's inebriating! Even with translations, the meaning of poetry is not easy to understand and requires a profound hermeneutic also of the text and, above all, the spiritual maturity of those who read or listen. It is not an art that is appreciated only in the aesthetic aspect, it is necessary to deepen the messages and meanings. The Musical Dictations of Totila Albert have given a new meaning to my musical studies and my life, and I am currently doing my doctorate at the UAM in Madrid with the theme "Claudio Naranjo and Totila Albert: The education of inner listening through the Sonata Form and the Journey of the Hero", in which I will develop a way of introducing meditation into musical education, just as Claudio Naranjo taught.

I hope that these publications will be accessible and studied by a large number of people and that this precious legacy will continue to fertilize consciences and reveal to the world the great mystery of music. Thank you Master Claudio Naranjo for trusting me to do this work and for everything else I have received from you.

Eduardo Ribeiro

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## Directions

This .pdf document is an interactive file that allows you to listen to music and watch videos.

The free *Adobe Acrobat Reader* program is recommended, available on the [Adobe](#) website also available for smartphones and tablets.

The audio and video files are accessible through the links published in this .pdf for the YouTube channel of *Scuola Sat Claudio Naranjo*.

To listen or view, click the mouse pointer or tap on the tablet or smartphone on the symbols corresponding to:

audio;



video;



## Brief Introduction to The Return of the Fallen Angel to Paradise according to the Musical Dictation of Totila Albert

It might not require further comment to have called this book “The return of Lucifer to Paradise” if it were not for Totila Albert, whose hand wrote the texts compiled here, and did not feel they were a work of their own, but had only put in writing what he heard in Schumann’s music. The subtitle that I have added to this collection of texts (“according to the Musical Dictation of Totila Albert”), requires, then, some explanation about who was Totila Albert and about what he called his “Musical Dictation”, and after this brief introduction, this book begins with the transcript of a conference given in Bolzano in December 2018 that I both gave.

Then I will say something as a preface to the four texts compiled in this volume, which correspond to what the poet “auscultated” by listening to the quintet for piano and strings (Op 44) by Schumann. (Albert used the term “auscultate” (which ordinarily refers to a doctor’s listening to the heart or lungs of a patient when putting his ear against his body or using a stethoscope) to the particular way of listening to the music that was discovered, that led him to listen to words with music).

After that comes an introduction to the texts themselves, and then the facsimil version of these, although the poetic-musical nature of these, which requires a syllabic synchronic reading with the musical notes, and this necessitates an audiovisual presentation (below) for which the printed text is just a preparation.

In spite of what I have come to say when affirming that the texts of Totila Albert will serve as preparation to the understanding of the Musical Dictation itself, that will be presented in an audiovisual way, these will be placed (and their respective translations from German to English, Italian and Spanish , in addition to some notes) below.

This little book finishes online with some lines about the vocation and prophetic stature of Totila Albert, and about how his inspiration has derived my own militancy for an overcoming of the patriarchal mind.

Totila used to show his poetic-musical work in an individual way, guiding the reading of his texts to the beat of the music with a pointer with which he moved rhythmically on his manuscripts, and that since the appearance of the video (and especially the digital video) I have been exploring the best way to give the new art introduced by Totila Albert a corresponding technological solution. First I dedicated myself to filming the texts while I guided his reading with a pointer, and so I was able to generate documents that would convey my understanding of the way of reading I had learned decades ago from my friend Totila; but more satisfying it seemed to me to recruit the work of a computer capable of synchronizing texts and music in a similar way to the one used in the karaoke I should give credit for this work, then, to Sergio Vasselli, and thank him profusely, and to Eduardo Ribeiro, director of the orchestra of the Federal University of Minas Gerais, who has supervised the computer work in view of my “homemade” videos, which contain a key to reading the texts.

To conclude, I will say that I intend to start with this online publication with a project to gradually bring the Musical Dictation of Totila Albert to the world without resorting to printed books or bookstores, but only to the internet. I imagine that this important part of the legacy of my friend



and mentor will find his audience among the german speakers, and that little by little he will also receive the blessing that he holds for others-as was the case with me, that I felt so nourished despite my imperfect knowledge of German.

I am also grateful that through this project in the future it will be possible to introduce other poetic-musical works by Totila Albert.

*Claudio Naranjo*

Aknowledgments to the translators team:

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## Some observations about the Musical Dictation corresponding to the Quintet Op.44 of Schumann

The text begins with an explosion in which the unity of the divine world is divided into North and South, East and West, which are separated from the center of creation; to which corresponds the text of the last movement in which creation becomes one again. This cosmogonic process of dispersion and reunification has its parallel in that Lucifer, who was originally in God, happens to have a separate existence, but after suffering the loneliness not only returns to God, but becomes a channel of the Divine towards the world.

In the second movement of the Quintet Totila Albert has heard something like a funeral march, in which death becomes a portal to being; and in the third movement, in which ascending scales abound musically, the text tells us about the path from the ordinary world to the higher world. The work as a whole, then, reiterates what the Judeo-Christian tradition has presented as an expulsion of Lucifer from Paradise, but also a return of the fallen angel to its original and divine condition, and also, as a result, something that we could call a decriminalization of the devil, that upon discovering the divine will that has moved him, recovers his angelic nature. We can say that this transformation of the fallen angel carries with it an affirmation of the individual self, and also of sexuality, in such a way that the supposed impurity of pleasure comes to be transmuted into something like tantric and sacred sexuality.

## Transcription, audio and video

### Claudio Naranjo's conference on the journey of the hero according to the Work of Totila Albert (Bolzano 30 November 2018)

Thank you very much Carla for the presentation/introduction and also for accepting my proposal to be here again. At the closing dinner, after last year's conference, I said: "I would like to go back to Bolzano with a particular theme, the theme of the Journey of the Hero in Music." I do not think I have explained, the reason why I thought it was of special interest. I think I could not explain it without giving this lecture. The conference is advertised as the "Journey of the Hero in Music", but this would only be half the title. A more complete title could be: "The journey of the hero in music according to the Work of Totila Albert", or "according to the Musical Dictation of Totila Albert". But how can you give a title like this, that talks about unknown things? People are certainly not attracted to a subject whose name is not even known. Recently, television journalists interviewed me for a few minutes and asked me "what is the journey of the hero in music?" I think this is a good stimulus to start, because I had to explain it in three minutes and my head was completely blank. I have never been so lazy before a conference, I did not want to think about anything, nor about the conference nor at anything else. I was a little worried preoccupied. I would catch a cold. Recently I have been to the hospital twice and I risked exactly that, dying from a cold. For me, catching a cold is a mortal danger, therefore, reaching Bolzano and catching a cold was not a good starting point, except perhaps because the issue of proximity to death is very close to the theme of the hero's journey. It's as if he had heard: "You have not finished the hero's journey yet!"

I was a bit worried: "How can I do a conference without any passion, without the interest in talking about anything, without wanting to share?" Maybe the medicines I was given for the cold caused this numbness!

Then, when the television journalist asked me in front of the camera: "What is your topic today?" I replied: "the journey of the hero is an intellectual concept that was born between the students of mythology and the students of folklore. Fairy tales, for example, have much in common with "The Journey of the Hero," which is basically the "Inner Journey." These stories are the metaphor of a voyage that some people undertake. Not many people!

I believe that Otto Rank, a collaborator and student of Freud, wrote a book that speaks of this subject. He noticed that many of these heroes are the children of a virgin, so many of these heroes take a boat and sail in a river; Many of these heroes are abandoned by their parents, forget their real parents and are raised by adoptive parents.

These stories resemble each other in so many ways that Otto Rank wondered why: what do these stories have in common? And he says: "Freud discovered it: our common childhood, the reason is that we all have the same childhood story".

But this Rank is not the point of view that I adopted and will present. I have taken as reference a more recent American writer who has developed an alternative point of view. Joseph Campbell says: "These stories are not about childhood, they are about a possible life for all of us, which is not very well known."

It is as if humans were subject to metamorphosis, like insects. Just as the butterfly, which comes from

an egg, becomes then a larva, the larva is enclosed in the cocoon that sometimes reaches maturity. Christ tells Nicodemus that we must go back to the mother's womb and be born again; and this is very similar to this idea of entering the cocoon, withdrawing from life. Jung already used to say that adolescence and childhood dreams, when they are halfway there, in the middle of life, are no longer so interesting for people. People who have had worldly ambitions begin to look for themselves, to go to the centre of their life and their mind.

We are like human butterflies that do not know butterflies, that do not believe in butterflies. The people who begin this journey of transformation, this internal metamorphosis, do not become spectacular for the world. It's a bit like the bear that hibernates, entering its lair. He Sleeps for six months. The Eskimos had deified it, a totemic animal. Human beings already knew this process of entering themselves, of retiring from life, of dying in life, as part of the transformation: a death that is also an incubation. It is a process that is intrinsic to our nature, but it is a process, in a certain sense, secret. It can be said that it is esoteric, not because it must be kept secret, but because the secret protects itself. Because there are some things that people do not believe in, that do not seem reasonable.

A great scholar specialized in fairy tales, Vladimir Propp, from Russia, gathered a large amount of material and analysed it in themes, in structures (as he called them): A hero emerges, the hero begins the journey, the enemy of the hero emerges, the enemy wonders how to hinder the hero, the enemy takes the credit of the hero and presents himself as the true hero. These subjects, these ingredients of the Russian stories, particularly of the majority of Asian Russia, are presented only with reference to the structure. It does not speculate on the "why" of these structures, "why" these narratives.

This was accepted by the Russians at the time of Stalin. He has become one of the fathers of structuralism, which does not give an experiential explanation of things.

This is the myth of the hero. There are great myths, there are fairy tales, apparently child narrations; there are also great narratives that do not seem mythical, that seem more like literature. Or as in the case of the Bible, the sacred books. For example, we can say that the Jewish people are liberated from Egypt in a similar way to how we get rid of worldly authoritarianism, which lasts to some extent in our lives. Then we go beyond the place of birth, beyond this parental and even political authority. And only after this crossing of the Red Sea can Mount Sinai appear: the encounter with the Divine. And this is part of the traditional interpretation of the book of Exodus, it is not a modern fantasy. And we can think that if there is a Mount Sinai, which is the metaphor of the moment of the inner journey in which the person reaches the highest point, even the desert that comes after Mount Sinai is symbolic; and the 40 years in the desert correspond to something in human life after the encounter with the Divine. We know: the Christian religion has documented this moment very well, as well as the Sufi tradition, that after the period of expansion of consciousness comes a period of descent of consciousness, a period of sterility that Juan de la Cruz called "the Dark Night" of the soul". It is when the person asks, "What did my season in Paradise serve? I lost everything!" But after the desert comes the Promised Land in biblical history. And these stages can be subdivided, they can be interpreted.

And this not only in sacred literature but also in apparently profane literature. For example, the Odyssey is not considered sacred literature at present, but it has the same structure: a trip going a trip back. The first part of the Iliad speaks of the liberation of Princess Helen of Troy, as well as the princesses of many fairy tales. The hero arrives, recovers, frees her ... but the story does not end

there. After the Trojan War there is a return home and this is more complicated. And so, in human life, even after a great opening of the mind, after a great illumination, comes a heavier part, like when after the honeymoon comes the heaviness of pregnancy ... sometimes women vomit a lot in pregnancy. Maybe something similar happened in our culture. In the sixties there was a collective illumination, as a gift of conscience, a vision of the new era! The new era seemed at the doorstep; but the new era does not come yet. In the meanwhile, we had a very heavy phase.

Real history and myths are intertwined. This story is intertwined, for example, with the story of the massacre of children by Herod. Then the family of Christ goes to take refuge in Egypt.

We recently went through a time when there was a concealment.

There was a time when all the spiritual traditions seemed to be open, as they say in the ancient Jewish prophecy: “at the time of the Messiah, the great teachings will be transmitted from the rooftops”, from the terraces of the houses. Everything will be open.

There was a period like this in the bookstores, in the esoteric department, the Tibetan Book of the Dead was found, the Mayan Book of the Dead was found, many writings were found.

The Tibetan Dzogchen, so hard to find in Tibet, has been on sale, we can say, in the western market. But there has also been a decline with this passage of culture towards a right that is increasingly incompatible with spirituality, when economic values come into conflict with good. The gain that seeks goods is increasingly in conflict with “the good”, as if the lack of the inner good moved towards the search for money. A Spanish poet says: “Only a fool confuses value and price.” I do not know if it is understandable in Italian? A nescio is a stupid, a fool who confuses value and price. This is a contemporary phenomenon, the commodification of everything erases the intrinsic value of things. I’m doing “free association”, I do not know if I’m talking about a particular topic, but we can say that the underlying theme is that the hero’s story is the internal process of evolution of consciousness, not just an individual process, a cultural process . Everything has a similarity. There are cycles

And then, if we talk about the journey of the hero in music, we can say that the musicians, in their compositions, express the experience of their own evolution. No, there is nothing more important in the life of a person than to enter the great path, the great adventure of the inner journey. There is nothing more important than this trip! Worldliness is not as important as the magical journey. I say magic, because it is not universally known. So my thesis is that a musician like Beethoven, who writes the Eroica, writes about the hero’s journey and not about his admiration for Napoleon. Maybe everyone knows that Beethoven broke the dedication of this symphony that he had once wanted to dedicate to Napoleon.

When Napoleon was crowned, Emperor Beethoven lost all his faith. He understood his ambition and was able to reevaluate his contribution, his motivation. The hero is not so much Napoleon as the heroic spirit known in the first person by Beethoven.

And how did you get to know this Beethoven spirit? The deafness grew and with his thirty-something years he realized that he would become completely deaf and his musical mission - because he had a sense of mission, he had the feeling of completing his life through his work – he collapsed. He decided to take his own life. He was ready to do it, he wrote a document, the “Testament of Heiligenstadt”, a city near Vienna, where he was that day. The Testament of Heiligenstadt is very inconsistent, it is not really a testament, but one can understand that it he was close to taking his own life, when suddenly he feels a more interesting inspiration. Something braver than taking your own life: living and making your music despite being deaf. A great risk. He placed the bet. And he won. And it’s not

obvious when you make these types of bets. Heroic courage is required.

Musicians do not like the idea that music means something. Strange, all cultures, not individuals but complete cultures, had this idea: in antiquity, in shamanism, music was used for the raising of consciousness; as well as in medieval rituals with religious music. Romanticism has always been permeated by the idea of music as a way of communicating experiences. But something strange has happened in modern music. Today the academic opinion is that music does not mean anything. This idea began in the nineteenth century, in the time of Brahms, which was also the time of Liszt and Wagner. With Liszt and Wagner comes what is called “The New German Music”, based on the idea that music should leave behind the Beethovenien form, the classical form, getting rid of the classical tradition and taking literature as its point of departure. The symphony decays and the symphonic poem with Liszt is born and then with Richard Strauss, and others. Music becomes more literary. This process culminates with Wagner.

This was an ideological movement somewhat implicitly anti-Semitic, but also anti-classical. And Brahms was an exception. Brahms was not part of this cultural movement, he continued in the steps of the classical with the tradition that passed from Beethoven to Schubert, then to Schumann and then to him. For contemporaries, Brahms was obsolete, too classic, too formal. It was not clear that innovation in Brahms would overcome innovation in Wagner if one simply thinks of the harmonic, contrapuntal, musical aspect, but this is re-evaluated later. Brahms was not so admired in his time. A music critic named Hanslick wrote a book, “From the Beautiful in Music,” with the idea of pure music, as a defense against those literalists. Even the concert programs were very descriptive. For example, if Schubert’s *Inconclusa* was interpreted, the program could have said: “At first you feel the tremor ... it’s a bit like twilight light ... and from the twilight light comes a ray of sunshine “, As if it were not the time of the sun and this surprises us ...”. The descriptions of images that are subjectively possible when listening to music are found in these romantic programs; Everyone has their fantasies. And Hanslick reacts to this culture of musical literalism by saying: “No, let’s listen to pure music! There’s pure music behind all this.” And that’s why I wanted to defend Brahms, who was not part of this ideology.

But I think Brahms really did not like the idea of being in this box, in the category of pure musicians. Brahms was of the Beethovenien tradition and Beethoven did not speak of himself as a composer. There was the common word, “komponist” in German. But he coined a new word for himself: “tondichter”. Why “tondichter”? Because Beethoven referred to himself as a “poet of sounds.” Simply, clearly to say: “I’m saying something. Listen to my sounds, listen to the content. “

I wrote a book called “La Música Interior” (Ed. La Llave, Barcelona, 2015 and Ed. Hollitzer, Austria, 2019) or *The Inner Music*, already published also in Germany, with the idea that music is basically a way of transmitting experiences. The discussion about whether or not music says this or that has been confused with the idea that music could be like painting, something that is directed to the external world. It would be very poor music, onomatopoeic music, music that imitates sounds. There is a bit of this, for example, in Beethoven’s *Pastoral*, the forest, the water, the waterfalls, the rain, but this is secondary. Music transmits something more intimate. What are these music experiences? It can be said that music transmits love, and this is important.

That music transmits the sacred, and it is important. That music transmits compassion, and it is important. This gives music a sense of spiritual nourishment, a stimulus for the things that are essential in life.

But music is also a story, music is an architecture of sounds in time, with a narrative that sometimes seems to say something. I have been very interested in the language of music. Some people have written that music can not be defined as a language because it has no fixed words, because it does not seem to be of the same nature as verbal language. It is not clear that it can be a non-conceptual language. But, how does this language work?

These topics have interested me because of the influence of a person called Totila Albert, from whom comes the second part of the title of the conference: The journey of the hero in music according to the Musical Diction of Totila Albert.

Totila Albert was a sculptor born in Chile of German parents. He is better known as a sculptor. I was lucky to meet him as a child. My mother had a place where people met, a room, as they used to say in those days. Like so many salons at the time of the French Revolution. A friend of my mother, Claudio Arrau, a well-known pianist, used to say that my mother's house was a bit like the Mendelssohn's house in Germany, where they met great people. I have met Erich Kleiber, Fritz Buch, Micha Elman, Heifetz and well-known pianists everywhere! He was very young, he was six, seven, ten years old ... He did not talk to these people, but it was different when Totila Albert came from Europe. He had left Germany on the last day before the war. On the last day before the war, he told me: "with your hands in your pockets", without possessions, without luggage, on the last ship that left Germany for South America. He was able to do it by virtue of his Chilean birth. He left Chile as a sculptor.

Does my friend Sergio have any photographs of his works?

This is in the cemetery of Santiago de Chile. This sculpture is called "The Angel of Education". He has a book in his hand. It was made for the grave of a president of the republic who was interested in education and in his work.



This is he in Berlin in the 1920s, maybe, or earlier.



The same Your study in Berlin.







This is later, when I was already working with music.

Here he sculpts a person he met.



This woman is the wife of that other person.



This is a familiar photo, he is the little one on the right. I remember he told me to remember this moment and that he was crying, crying, and did not cooperate to take the picture ... until he was given a small piece of paper that was symbolically meaningful to him: a paper in his hand because he wanted to be a poet .

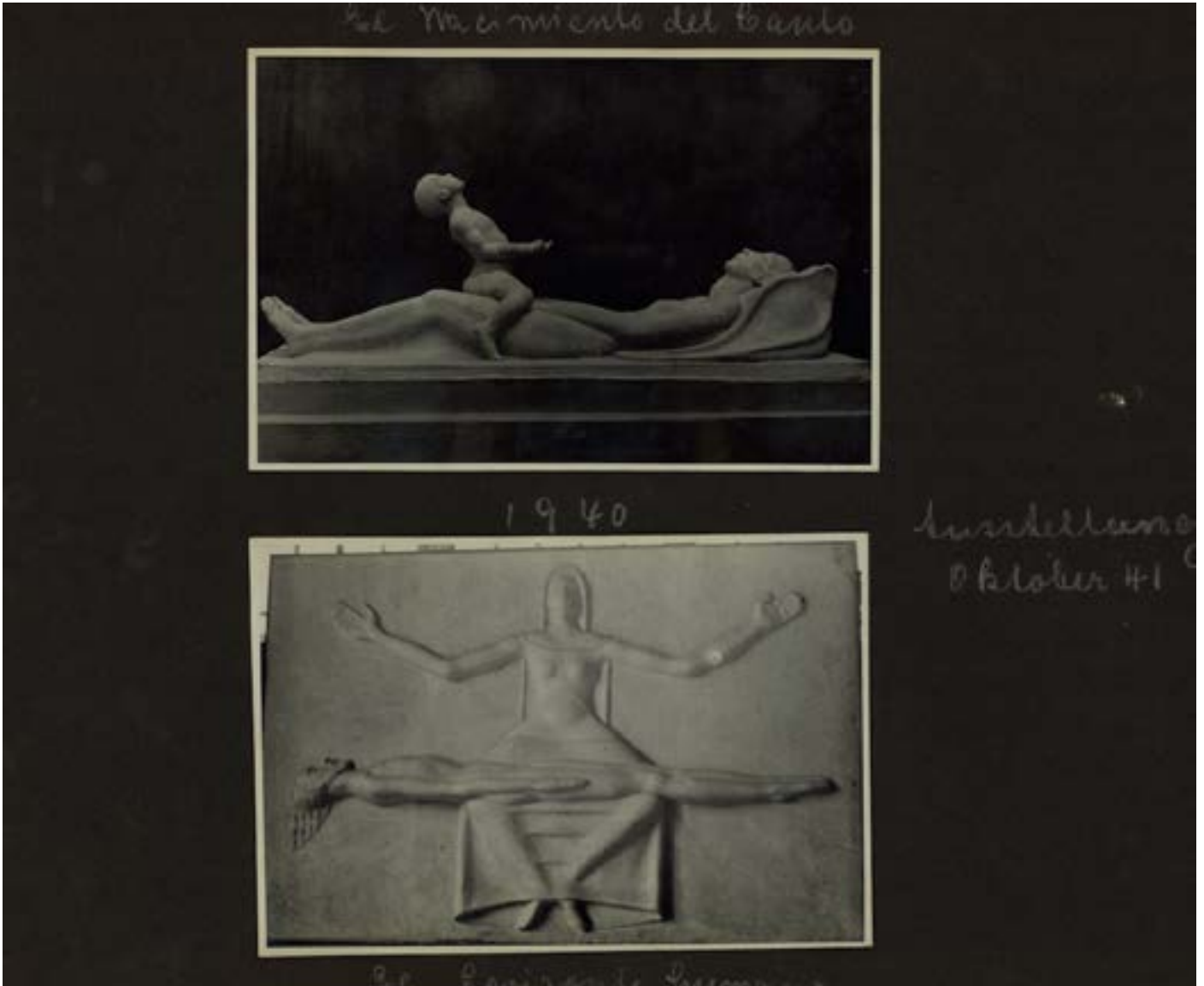
The same situation, a little later.



He was the son of a naturalist.

His father had exported trout to South America, he had planted dunes, he had created lobster reserves, pearl farms, oysters. It could be said that he was an ecologist before ecology was defined as a field of study.

The sculpture above was made for a woman who died giving birth. The girl survived, but not her. Totila saw this as symbolic, he called it “the birth of the song”, “the superior birth”. The part that is like a compass becomes a past existence.



This is Claudio Arrau, our common friend. My name, Claudio, comes from the fact that he was a regular guest in my mother's house and she told him: “if a man is born, I will call him by your name”.

His activity as a young portrait painter.

All his life as a sculptor ended when his father died. For him, the loss of his father was so painful that it led him to the inner journey. At the beginning it was like Orpheus, who goes to hell to redeem his father. He had such a strong love for his father that he followed him beyond this life. There began a period in which we could say psychiatrically of madness. Doctors are not very open to the reality of these phenomena, but thanks to these, he began to feel, to listen. He no longer made sculptures; One day to the next. And he began to write verses that came to him as lyric poetry



This is Totila Albert at the age of 37 when he made this transition from sculptor to poet. And the poetic work took the form of an epic, an “epos”. And he himself felt the first author of an autobiographical epic in which the hero is not a mythological hero, as in Homer, as well as in Dante; yes, there is a personal hero, the I is the hero, but the content of the Divine Comedy is Greco-Roman mythology and, say, Christian images. The meaning of Totila was to make a phenomenological epic, in which everything is personal experience, although universally it has become a parable.

This is one of his last works, perhaps the last. It is well known in Chile. I wanted to rebuild it to give it to the museum. It took me more than twenty years to give the gift to the museum, to make a metal base to preserve it. Chileans are very suspicious, their mindset from the start is that the other always wants to steal something. Let's leave these photographs of youth as a sculptor.



When Totila wrote his epic “Die Geburt aus dem Ich,” “The Birth of the Self,” it was like the echo parallel to his inner development. It was a guided tour where every day was a surprise and where every day I had something to write about the history of this trip. It is a story that is not purely a literary activity, but is also an internal activity of transformation guided by the unknown. I did not know him during these years; I met him later. Only from his stories did I learn about this new birth, when his trial ended, when he gave birth to himself, “with the pain of childbirth,” he told me. In the sequence, he felt as if he had finished his task. I did not know what to do and said it was like living floating, floating, without being completely on the ground. He had finished his inner journey, his inner birth, even his literary work and did not know what to do among the living, until someone gave him the recording of a Beethoven quartet. He was convinced that Beethoven had followed a similar path, that he had gone through internal states similar to his own.

And he thought: “maybe listening to the music of Beethoven could interpret and poetically reconstruct his process of psycho-spiritual development?” He took on this task, to make an epic about the development of Beethoven through his work.

It’s time to start showing the music.

Let’s start with the music of the last movement of Beethoven’s last quartet? Playing a bit the beginning of the fourth movement. The last quartet of Beethoven, the last movement begins with a motif of three notes, a very enigmatic reason. Not so musical in the sense of melodious.

*Beethoven Dictation Quartet op.135 start 4th mov. (audio)*



A little dissonant! Beethoven writes in the notes of the score: “muss es sein?”, “Is it necessary that it be?”. The musicians are not very metaphysical, they have not thought that maybe the meaning of this question is: “Is it necessary to die?”. And they wonder if he was referring to an altercation with his cook: “Beethoven was very irritable, maybe he really had an argument with his cook and put it in his music”. Curiously it is the last work he writes. Let’s see what Totila does with these notes. To give an idea of the Musical Dictation. He spoke of “Musical Dictation” because he did not feel the author of the poem that came to his ear so impressively. The first time he was successful, he hit the music device, the gramophone, hit him in a state of terror similar to Hamlet’s in front of the spectrum.

*Beethoven Dictation 4th mov. Quartet op. 135 (video).*



I will make you hear something before this last quartet of Beethoven, when Beethoven enters his heroic journey. We are going to listen to the Funeral March of the Eroica; It is easier to read.

Let’s see, how many people do not understand German?

Maybe it’s the case that we stop at some moments to translate and understand well ... and illuminate the music with the meaning of the words.

Beethoven called this movement “Funeral march for the death of a hero”. It is clear that the hero is himself. Even if he is alive. It is a way of talking about inner death.

*Beethoven Dictation March Funebre - Eroica (video)*



When I read this for the first time I was maybe 21 years old and I did not know German well.

Thanks to some similarities with English, I only understood some things. I was very impressed by the parallelism of the form. How the poetic form makes the musical form more explicit and how even the phonetic coincidence is so exact. I imagine that if I had listened to the music more deeply, I might have felt that this was the “E” of “sehr”, or that this was “Über”, or that this other one was “O”. How can there be such a precise parallel?

When a musician writes music for a poet, as Schubert does so well, neither can this precision be achieved. But the reverse situation does not seem allowed by the musical culture. It is considered normal to write music for a poem, but it is not considered legitimate to give words to music. Some people resist a lot and say: no, this is not music, music should not be mixed with words. But there are other people who feel that this is not just an art, a new art, but a teaching that speaks of things we barely know and that become clearer, even if we do not yet recognize them directly, in a similar way to the Stories of fairies that tell us about things that we have not clearly experienced but that are recommended by culture. We could say, using the Jungian language, that music speaks at an archetypal level.

I did not want to interrupt the continuity of the listening ... but perhaps to compensate I say something about Schubert and how Totila, who believed that he had left Beethoven's work unfinished after leaving Germany, was interested in exploring his work, he used to say “auscultate”. I do not know if in Italian this term exists, it is used in Spanish to say, for example, “auscultate the heart of the patient”. Auscultas with a stethoscope. He said: “I should listen to Schubert's Unfinished, maybe he'll talk to me too, maybe I'll get a text.” I remember that he told me that during his life in Berlin someone had made him listen to Schubert's Unfinished. The image of an Aztec sacrifice came to him, in a pyramid where the prince goes, step by step, to the priest who is waiting with the obsidian knife in his hand, to take his heart and offer it to the Sun. It is known that the Aztecs were people who sacrificed slaves and prisoners of war ... but at the beginning there was the prince who sacrificed himself. It was a supreme spiritual exercise for which he prepared all his life. Totila did not understand why this Aztec image in Schubert's Unfinished. He understood when one day he decided to listen to the Unfinished. This was the moment we became friends. I was about sixteen or seventeen, and he was fifty-something. He could have been my grandfather because of the difference in age. I looked at him with great respect, but he criticized me for looking at him with such respect. He used to tell me: “I allow you to look at me, but it would not be good if you looked at me from the bottom up.”

We have developed a relationship of great friendship, of great intimacy. I felt like a student of Socrates, as when in the Symposium, Aristodemo said that he followed Socrates and even observed how he put on his sandals: everything was a teaching. I wanted to understand his way of understanding things. In this sense I became his disciple, one who wants to learn something that is in another dimension. I was very clear that my rational mind could not understand it. But I witnessed how he knew nothing about Schubert. He was not a person who read a lot. Once I went to visit him; He had just finished the first page of his work on Schubert. It became very clear to me that the first sentence was a very obscure question: “Denkst du vielleicht an einen frühen Tod?” As if Schubert was referring to himself. I already knew he was sick. Schubert had syphilis, which was like AIDS today.



*Schubert Dictation Symph 8 Unfinished 1st mov. (video)*

*Claudio speech in audio*

*1 - And tremble, "ziterrn"*

*2 - And the voice of the soul arrives*



Through this work, Totila discovers Schubert's sacrifice: sacrifice to his art. Schubert was not like Beethoven, a man of titanic spirit who attracted the admiration of rich and noble who protected him and gave him the means to compose. Schubert had the opportunity to be a teacher at his father's school, but he preferred to be a musician. There was no career being a musician. Just before him, Haydn was a kind of "musical employee" in the court. Beethoven was an exception, but Schubert did not even have a piano. Sometimes he wrote about the tablecloths and napkins of the outdoor restaurants. He suffered a lot. He could not even marry his girlfriend, because his father did not want to give his daughter to someone who did not have enough money to offer her a comfortable life. He renounced everything except the musical vocation, the sense of his vocation. I know this word in German, because Totila used it for himself when he said that the sculpture was his "beruf", while the poem his "berufung", his call. We are called but betrayal of the call is more common than obedience or sacrifice to the call. Then, listening to Schubert, Totila discovered that this inner transformation was not a phenomenon unique to Beethoven; that even through death, the certainty of premature death, this transformation can take place.

Listen to the last pages of the last movement of the great ninth symphony of Schubert. The biggest symphony before Beethoven's novena.

The end of the ninth symphony is a journey through the bards.

Show the first page first and then continue to the end.

*Schubert Dictation Symph 9 La Grande 4th mov. (video)*



Now it advances in the middle of the movement.

*Schubert Dictation Symph 9 La Grande 4th mov.*

*from theme of organistrum with horn to the end (video)*



After this exploration of Schubert, Totila felt that the musical tradition is not just an imitative and stylistic tradition of music itself. It is like an internal transmission, a transmission of experiences ... that is a lineage, like other spiritual lineages.

And to continue after Schubert, Schumann. Totila discovered that Schumann was also close to madness. For Schumann, psychosis was the path to depth and the possibility of transformation, although it can be said that it was an accidental transformation. Today we know that the accident was not only spiritual but also biological, also because of syphilis. When the pathological anatomy of Schumann's brain was known, it was found that he had no cerebral cortex, but composed with his subcortical brain.

It was not known that this could be possible. It's a bit like saying that in old age our cerebral cortex is not as strong anymore. Some people have harmony, they have reached their being beyond the

conceptual, they have a healthy old age, an age of fulfillment. Others, on the other hand, when brain control disappears, become a caricature of themselves and all that remains is how incomplete life has been. So Totila explored Schumann. I do not think we have time to listen. However, I will say that Totila saw in Schumann the archetype of the fallen angel. A person who identified deeply with this archetype. We are all fallen angels, but it seems that Schumann gave voice to the melody in his music.

Finally, Totila met Brahms. In Brahms he found the closest thing to his vision, to his life experience. Brahms was a person who was lucky not to have to fight hard to reach his fullness. The life of Brahms was not titanic, but based on the love of his parents, with the good fortune of not having fallen so much from Paradise. A more harmonious life at the beginning of his life allowed him to illuminate himself only through the experience of the death of his loved ones. A bit like Dante with Beatrice, if we take the metaphor as such.

I want to do two things: make us feel a bit aof Brahms, the end of the first symphony, and make some final considerations.

Meanwhile, I tell you that, sitting in the middle of the first row, there is Eduardo Ribeiro, a Brazilian orchestra conductor who helps Sergio Vasselli to make this text synchronized with music, because in the times of Totila he showed me poetry - every week, when I visited him, one day a week - he guided me with a pencil or something to indicate. But this is not easy to convey in a publication. Imagine publishing these texts without music and then buying music to see what phrase is synchronized? It is not so easy. You get lost ... Sometimes, an orchestra conductor gives more voice to the bass, another one to the clarinet! Even in a string quartet, sometimes one gives more voice to the first violin and another to the viola. You get lost and it's hard to find oneself again. I had the miracle of being able to recount what I could remember, of what he showed me with music.

It's been two years since I started guiding Sergio in this job ... and Eduardo began to help me, because I did not have that much time and energy left to practically decipher the coincidence (of sounds and words). Normally help is required. The only case of a person who read without wanting to be guided was Celibidache. Celibidache was with Totila around the 1950s. He arrived in Chile, still young, from Romania. After reading all of Schumann's fourth symphony (he was covered in sweat), he said: "This is fantastic, but do not say that this is not yours! He did not want to take this position, that the Dictation came from the level of the Muses. , from a level that is not of the ordinary mind, so today it is available, I used the skills of Sergio Vasselli to do something like a "Karaoke", which can be transmitted, it is a new art that requires a new technique.

But this did not enter the German-speaking public. I've tried it in Germany.

I think that in Germany they hate Goethe, or Beethoven, because they were very idealized by the Nazis, because their ancestors were proud of the sense of greatness of the German genius. I think that for this they prefer Kitaro or punk. One can not write poetry in rhyme in Germany.

This is rejected as being too similar to the classical originals. I think this was an interference and for this reason I felt, when I saw Bolzano, that it might be different here; There is an admiration for classical music that has not suffered the same German phenomenon, the rebellion of Germans from the style of their grandparents. This explains why I am here, hoping that someone will take this project to put it on the market, in music stores, in bookstores, I do not know where. One does not expect to create a general interest, but perhaps (one can find) enough audiences to market something and allow those who commit to this commitment to live. Eduardo is the person who is

most interested in understanding these things. He teaches these ideas on musical hermeneutics, but he does not speak German and does not have much commercial sense, I think. Therefore, it is part of my motivation to tell you that, if someone is interested in being part of this project, you can contact Eduardo at this email address: ribeiro1685@gmail.com.

Ginetta can be a reference, or you can try to contact me through my website, even if I'm not very in touch with my website ... but I say important things and this would be important.

Let's go to Brahms. I consider him an invisible saint. I consider him a realized person. They published an interview with Brahms made in the presence of Joachim, a famous violinist of the time, to whom he had dedicated the concert for violin. An American music journalist, Arthur M. Abell, asked Brahms his secret: "What is the secret of its composition?" Because when you make music there is something different from Bruckner, and something different from all the predecessors, something really Brahminian. It is not clear what it is: a harmonic formula, a way of making a counterpoint? "Brahms replied:" I am willing to answer this question if there is a commitment not to disclose it before fifty years after my death. "

I remember years ago I met someone, Harnold Kerserling of Vienna, (he taught mathematics, a man of great culture) who told me that the interview with Brahms had been published and that it was legible. And what does Brahms say to posterity? "The secret of my music, it's just not my music, I just empty my head, everything is divine, it's what's called" Revelation "when it comes to writing, the phenomenon of revelation, the phenomenon of inspiration within. He was a very modest man and this was not something he could say, he always spoke contemptuously of the importance of his works, it was his sin, he was too modest.

But let's hear the last movement of the first symphony.

I do not know what the public prefers. Listen to the music and meditate a bit with the music, before the text? We have time? Just listen to the music, with Horenstein. Horenstein was a friend of mine, he believed in me when I was still a teenager. He was my mother's friend, he was the conductor of the Amsterdam orchestra.

*Brahms Sinf 1. op 68 4th mov. (audio)*



How does it sounds? What does it say? It's like the beginning of "cante hondo", the gypsy song in Spain, always begins with an "ahiiiiiii". In German "Ahhhhh".

Sometimes even Shakespeare uses the "Aye".

Ahiiiiiii, a great lament. Let's hear it again.

*Brahms Sinf 1. op 68 4th mov. (audio)*



*Claudio speech in audio*

*00:22 min Reflection on mortality. - 00:37 min when there is only death, (.....) ghost ... as in the grave, with a background of ghosts, fantasies, fears. - 01:14 min The memory of what has been lost, the nostalgia. - 01:41 min Ahiiiiiiii. ... ... begins to come alive. - 02:25 min As someone who in pain opens up to another dimension. As if the doors of heaven were opening and saying something. Something about transcendental peace. - 03:11 min... acceptance.*

Here comes something that I call “the Bodhisattva song”, the state of fulfillment in which the person is already healed and begins to heal others and take care of the world.

*Brahms Sinf 1. op 68 4th mov: “the Bodhisattva song” (audio)*



But let's move on to the Musical Dictation, and listen to this and a little more, as a final.

*Brahms Sinf 1. op 68 4th mov. complete (video)*



Thank you. (Applause)

For how many people has this musical listening of poetry been meaningful? Who feels that this is a treasure? Maybe half. It is not for everyone.

(A member of the public comments on difficulties with the language)

**Claudio:** This is a very important natural factor. I have not learned German well until now, but every time I listen I understand it better and it feeds me. It's like ... it's not just what's called beauty. I did my part, I do not want to say much more. But as I say often, I have finished many things in life, I have completed many of my projects. This is the most incomplete of all, it is from a great friend who was a mentor, he was a spiritual father, although I did not consider him a guide, a teacher, because he discouraged this attitude. Because he was not someone to tell you what to do or what not to do. He was not like Gurdjieff, whom I had as a professor after him. He sang alone, he sang from the other side, he did not tell you how to go there with your boat. How to improve your internal hydraulic system, in your boat.

Then, he left these works in my hands, not only ... he told me the last day of his life ... The day before, just like the day before the war, he took the ship. The day before a mesenteric embolism that ended his life, he greeted me at the door of his house and said: “Adiós Totila”. I thought it was mental confusion and he reiterated: “No, now I'm leaving, you're Totila.” I said: “But I can barely understand you, you speak of the message of the three, you have had a death in life, a rebirth in life, I can hardly imagine these things”. And he said again: “You only need one thing, and you do not have to do anything to have it: pain, which comes alone, you will have it in two years”. Two years later, my son died and everything opened for me, as he said. He felt he knew where to put his seed. Not only was he a great artist, for me he was a prophet. I have always felt it, I perceived him as a Prophet. A failed prophet, with only one disciple. And I felt like a pretty unsuccessful disciple. Barley anything. Until recently, I began to feel a great transformative effect on people, but it took me a long time. It's as if all my work is inspired by his understanding of things. He never taught me anything. That is why it is a mysterious influence in my life. I think I will have the satisfaction of seeing this enter the world ... and I have the intuition that it will happen here. So everything depends on email ... (Laughter).

If someone wants to say something before leaving?

**Question 1** - I would like to know more about the subject of the call. When he said for the first time that more times a person refuses and does not accept it, he does not sacrifice himself to the call. What does it mean to sacrifice for a call?

**Claudio** - It is said that many are called and few are chosen. I will say more precisely: we are all called! It is the human vocation: to make the great Journey. We are here on this planet as if we had been sent to purgatory to progress, to have an evolution in consciousness. But very rarely does a person arrive, I do not say that it is fruitful, but that it flourishes. Most people fall asleep with the air of the country. There are cultures like in South America where a large percentage of people are shamans. The shamanic vocation is not so rare: perhaps it is more than the medical vocation among us. It is like a human capacity that people who have helped themselves enough, who have progressed in their own way, have to heal, to help. Today the values are all subject to the value of the benefit. What dictates the world is an economic dictatorship. They are not people, they are not personal interests, they are mathematical interests. The machine walks alone and people attend. One can think of an oligarchy that agrees and that this oligarchy is like being delivered to the machine, as in science fiction, in so many novels in which they say that a great computer takes over the world. I believe it is true: We all have a metaphysical vocation, even if few people take it into consideration or give it a capital importance.

**Question 2** - Words and music sometimes seem like one thing. Even in the so-called light music, listening to Lucio Dalla, Battisti, it is as if the music and the word were one.

**Claudio** - Yes, they are all one, as he says.

**(The question continues)** ... and even in the ninth symphony of Beethoven's Hymn to Joy, even there, you feel that music ... what is your feeling? When you heard these songs with these words, were they words from Totila or did you feel that Totila was giving a word to something that you also felt? That is, what is the universality of this work, that Totila will give words to these notes?

**Claudio:** It would be a bit long to answer ... but ... I think Totila himself did not have the same opinion at the beginning of his dictation work, as more recently, later. I think that when he heard the words that came from the music of Beethoven, as in "Muss es sein" or in the Eroica symphony or the first sonata, when the voice appeared for the first time, he was terrified! I compared him to Hamlet when he saw the ghost ... Totila hit the gramophone. He surrendered like a living specter. So his experience was that of a medium. I think he had an implicit opinion that what he heard came from Beethoven or Schubert, or Schumann, or Brahms, or Mozart, or Bach, because he also explored other musicians. I think that with the passage of time it changed ... it was no longer the individual voice. He said that his work was like that of a diver who goes to the ocean to take the logos of "melos". And under the music itself, the musical logic and its melodic, ideas or concepts. He said: "The language sleeps in the ear of the composer". He observed how Mozart (Móztart, Móztart) uses this serious accent a lot. How Jóhánnes Bráhm - Jo hánnes Bráhm - signs his works. O Jóhann Sebástian Bách signs his music with this cadence, Jo hánn Sebá stian Bách. He had this belief: that the musical process is not completely disconnected from the language. And he did not allow himself to listen to Chopin or Debussy because he did not speak their language. I could not do a similar job. That's why I think his interpretation was more universal. The reason is very mysterious.

I think I must say that I witnessed some great coincidences. Just like when he was questioned about a Beethoven quartet and someone brought him the answer, telling him that he had dreamed about Beethoven that night. Even in Schubert's Unfinished, I think a dream ... was reflected in what he wrote. And sometimes Beethoven said something like "look at the storm"; On a piano sonata we need Shakespeare's "Tempest". Or in the fourth piano concerto, Beethoven said "look at Orfeo and Eurydice." He accepted that there were references in his work to contents already present in other works of art. Therefore, this is the reason why I say that I do not care so much about knowing the mechanism, where it comes from ... because I have the certainty of the value in itself (of the Dictation) as art; and these works touched me more deeply than the rest of the art. I was a musician, I was a classical pianist before I met Totila. My way of playing Brahms has improved a lot without talking about Brahms, just by understanding these works. If I say that I felt like a spiritual son of Totila, it's not so much about the things he told me personally, but about this kind of transmission through his work. It had many effects on me, but, in a certain sense, I received a blessing through his work. The miracle of the coincidence between words and music reminds me of the miracle of Elijah in the Old Testament. During the dispute with the priests of Baal who fail to light the fire for sacrifice. When it's Elia's turn ... He calls the fire. Lightning comes and everything is on fire. The precise moment is like a resonance with the divine will. Very mysterious

Let me say that I had an intuitive conviction. I am not a person who believed so much in my intuition, a weakness of mine that stems from the fact that I was raised too scientifically, but my intuition tells me, and always told me, that Totila was Elia, the reincarnation of Elia.

Thank you

# Robert Schumann Klavierquintet Es Dur Opus 44

Totila Albert Manuscript: first movement

Robert Schumann

Opus 44

Klavierquintett

Es Dur

Totila Albert

5.5.56 - 22.5.56



Satz 1

5.5.56

①

Ost!  
West!  
Nord!  
Süd!

Steigt aus meiner Herzensmitte!

Nacht!  
Tag!  
Gott  
spricht:

Teilt euch in die Ewigkeit!

Wie gern  
lag ich in deiner Herzensmitte  
Gott  
wie fern  
lag mir in dir die dunkle Ewigkeit  
und jetzt wie nah  
geht mir dein aufgeteiltes Herz  
mein Gott  
wie schnell  
es wechselt zwischen Lust und Schmerz  
Warum?  
Sprich!

(2)

Weil ich  
 du  
 zugleich in mir gewesen  
 hatt ich  
 Ruh  
 vom Guten und vom Bösen

War ich gut  
 als ich in dir gelegen?  
 War ich schlecht  
 entziehe mir den Segen!  
 War ich beides  
 waren wir deswegen  
 Lust und Leides  
 völlig unbewusst?  
 Sprich!

Licht  
 war in uns noch Nacht  
 Nacht  
 war in uns noch Licht  
 Nichts  
 war zu unterscheiden!

③

Nichts  
hatten wir zu leiden  
als  
Ewigkeit der Freuden!  
Dies  
wäre in uns, beider  
nichts  
als ein Grund zu leiden?  
Dies  
also war der Grund die Nacht  
vom Licht  
abzutrennen?  
Und zu brennen!

Spiel  
mit dem Element!  
Fühl  
wie die Wahrheit brennt!  
Lüg  
willst du an dir leiden!

Licht will ich -

Sprich  
Geliebter!  
nach dem dunklen Feuer  
Lust will ich -

Sprich  
Geliebter!  
umso nachgetreuer

(4)

als  
 mich die Sehnsucht deiner Nacht  
 zum Licht  
 deines Lichts nach der Nacht  
 in dir selbst zengte

Ist  
 dir die Nacht bewusst  
 Licht  
 aus der eignen Brust  
 mein Lucifer  
 dann zünd die Sterne an!

Einen hier  
 einen da  
 einen dort  
 Gott!

Aber um die Nacht  
 in Brand zu setzen  
 brauch ich

Deine Ewigkeit  
 und die liegt aufgeteilt aus dir  
 in Tag und Nacht  
 wie mach ich beide wieder dein  
 um dir ein Lucifer zu sein?

(5)

Mein Sohn  
 wie streng muss dir der Vater scheinen?  
 Von den Engeln  
 sollst du mir der nächste sein!

Wie fern  
 will ich die andern Engel sehen  
 Gott  
 wie fern  
 muss deine Nähe mir erscheinen  
 dass von Stern zu Stern  
 ich nur die Engel können seh  
 mein Gott  
 wie schön sie sind  
 Kann ich es auch sein?

Gott  
 warum  
 nicht?  
 Kennt er mich  
 doch seiner Engel nächsten  
 hob er mich  
 nicht auch zum allerhöchsten?

Gott, wie schön  
 du bist, geliebter Bruder,  
 anzusehn  
 fast wie die andern Brüder.

(6)

dein Gesicht  
 ein wenig allzutruuwig  
 bist wohl nicht  
 gewohnt allein zu sein?  
 Sag!

Truuwig?  
 Warum auch nicht?  
 Einsam  
 ist auch das Licht  
 heilsam  
 es anzuzünden

Einsamen brauchst du nicht zu sein  
 als wir Engel alle  
 heilsamer ist es schon zu zweien  
 wieviel mehr im Falle

Gott  
 durch die Dunkelheit der Nacht  
 aus Licht  
 zu uns spricht  
 ach!  
 und erlischt

Spricht  
 und danach erlischt?  
 Wer  
 ihm das Wort erfrischt  
 weiß auch  
 woher es leuchtet!

(7)

Sag  
was du -

Schweig  
Geliebter!  
etwa wissen solltest

Frage  
wenn du -

Schweig  
Geliebter!  
es noch wissen wolltest

Gott  
weiß wie er  
den Abgrund  
überbrückt  
aus der Nacht  
in das Licht  
und zurück  
findet

Ich  
weiß wer überbrückt  
wer  
er damit beglückt hat

Ich bin Luzifer!  
Von Stern zu Stern



überbrück  
 ich die Nacht  
 mit dem Licht

(8)

Gott  
 gab mir den Befehl  
 von Anfang an  
 als ich noch  
 lag im Schoß der Nacht  
 die mich aus sich geboren  
 weil Gott Raum und Zeit  
 aus seinem Herzen ausgeht

Bis  
 Gott  
 im Herzen weilt  
 sind  
 wir  
 nicht ausgeht  
 könnt  
 ihr  
 nicht leben

Eilt!  
 Ihr müsst  
 Gott  
 sammeln in die Ewigkeit  
 Ihr wisst wo Gott zu finden ist

(4)

Gottes Nähe!  
 Gottes Ferne!  
 Sonne wehe  
 aus dem Sterne!

Nimm die Höhe  
 lass mir Tiefe  
 Gott, ich sehe  
 was ich schüfe!

Nur in meine  
 Seele horchen  
 nicht in deine  
 zum Gehorchen

Frei, zu leben!  
 Frei, zu sterben!  
 Sagt ich leben?  
 Sagt ich sterben?

Lass den Tod frei  
 zum Gebären  
 aus dem Notschrei  
 in den Sphären

Tod  
 muss sein  
 wie Gott gebären!  
 Sterben? Nein!  
 Sich Gott erklären!

(10)

Flör  
 Luzifer!  
 Komm zurück  
 spricht der Flör  
 überbrück  
 ihm die  
 Nacht  
 und  
 gib  
 den  
 Engeln  
 Sternenwiederkehr!

Ihm ist die Nacht in mir gewiss  
 Ich tauch in meine Finsternis!

Gott gehorchen  
 nach Geboten  
 ist ein Flörchen  
 in die Töten

Ich befehle  
 meinem Flörchen  
 aus der Seele  
 Lust und Schmerzen

Gott ist Zeuge  
 dass dem Tod ich  
 mich nicht beuge  
 bis die Not mich

(11)

Gott, ich sehe  
 Tod der Geister  
 auferstehe  
 ihrer Meister

Alle heiße ich  
 Gott entbinden  
 also weiß ich  
 dich zu finden

Gott  
 nicht finden  
 das  
 ist Sünde  
 Helft  
 mir, Winde,  
 dass  
 ichs Ründe!

Willig, Engel, Kommt ihr wieder?

Gott  
 mit  
 dir!

Sei brüderlich mit deinen Brüdern!

Nicht  
 nur  
 Gott!

Auch uns gehörst du  
 Luzifer!

(12)

Wie fern  
 ihr seid Gott recht zu lieben  
 zeigt der Stern  
 der in der Nacht geblieben  
 Dunkler Stern  
 ich will auf dir das Licht entfachen  
 erdenfern  
 will ich euch selber leuchten machen  
 dein  
 der  
 Geist  
 spricht

Feuer lebt  
 im Blut der Herzen -  
 und der Tod innen?

Feuer lebt  
 in Lust und Schmerzen  
 aus der Not sinnen?

Wieviel Schmerzen  
 braucht die Lust zum leben?  
 Wieviel Lust  
 will Gott uns dafür geben?

(13)

Gott ist Liebe  
 sagen uns die Sterne  
 doch wie wie  
 sie aus dunklem Kern?  
 Sprich!

Das  
 ist ein leichtes Spiel  
 Setzt  
 euch nur erst ein Ziel  
 Dann  
 gibt es auch viel Antwort

Ausweichend muss die Antwort sein  
 stellt die Zukunft Fragen  
 Ausweichend muss die Antwort sein  
 auch in unseren Tagen

Ausgleich  
 von Lust und Leid war

Gott  
 ein  
 Ziel

schon im Himmel!  
 Und auf Erden?

(14)

Gott  
wenn es ihm gefiel  
setzt  
uns ein andres Ziel  
lässt  
uns auch wiederkehren

Wie?  
Wenn ich -

Ach  
Geliebter!  
niemals wiederkehre?  
Liebt  
er mich -

Drei  
Mal, Geliebter!  
wenn ich lieblos wäre?

Das  
kann dem Ursprung aus dem  
Licht  
in  
Gott  
nicht geschehen  
du wirst ihn  
wiederschn!  
Dreimal!

(15)

Sprecht  
 ihr von der Geburt?  
 Schwächt  
 ihr den Sternengurt  
 dann  
 will ich  
 Luzifer  
 auf Erden sein  
 von Geburt  
 zu Geburt  
 über den  
 Tod!

Sag was ist der Tod  
 was ist der Tod im Leben?

Tod  
 ist  
 Neugeburt  
 in einem andern Leben

Gott  
 will  
 auch  
 geboren sein!  
 Nicht Geist allein  
 auch Seele sein  
 Selbst Fleisch und Bein!



(16)

Schauerlich sind unsere Zeichen!  
Habt ihr Furcht vor euren Leichen?  
Wollt ihr Engel wiederssehen  
lasst die Mütter in die Wehen  
kommen und zeugt!

Aus dem Ur = Gewissen  
niemals aus dem Ungewissen  
niemals aus den Finsternissen  
immer aus dem fürchterlichsten  
Licht

Kommt  
der  
Tod

9.5.56

Video first movement

*Robert Schumann*  
*Opus 44*  
*Klavierquintett*  
*es dur*  
*Totila Albert*  
*5.5.56 - 22-5-56*

## English Translation first movement

*Robert Schumann*  
*Opus 44*

*Piano Quintet*  
*in E flat Major*

*Totila Albert*

5.5.56 - 22.5.56

*1<sup>st</sup> Movement*

5.5.56

1

*East !  
West !  
North !  
South !*

*Rise from the center of my heart !  
Night !  
Day !  
God  
speaks :*

*You two share eternity !*

*I Loved  
to be lying in your heart's center  
God  
how far  
from me was dark eternity in you  
and now how close  
to me is your divided heart  
my God  
how fast  
it changes between lust and pain  
Why ?  
Speak !*

*For I  
was  
you in me at the same time  
I had  
peace  
from both good and from evil*

*Was I good  
when I was lying in you ?  
If I was bad  
withdraw the blessing from me !  
If I was both  
were we because of that  
not aware of  
the lust and the pain ?  
Speak !*

*Light  
was in us still night  
night  
was in us still light  
No  
there was no distinction !*

The  
only suff'ring we had  
was  
eternity of joy !  
This  
would be for both of us  
just  
a reason to suffer ?  
This  
therefore was why the night was  
from light  
separated ?  
To be burning !

Play  
with the element !  
Feel  
how the truth does burn !  
Lie  
to suffer from yourself !

Light I want -

Speak  
beloved !  
after the dark fire  
Lust I want -

Speak  
beloved !

so more true to the night

*when  
the Longing of your night to  
the Light  
of your Light after the night  
in you begot me*

*Are  
you sure of the night  
Light  
out of your own chest  
my Lucifer  
then do ignite the stars !*

*One here  
one at hand  
one in view  
God !*

*Yet to set the night  
alight with fire  
I need  
Your eternity  
which is divided out of you  
in night and day  
how do I make both yours again  
to be a Lucifer for you ?*



*My son  
how severe must father seem to you ?  
Of the angels  
you should be closest to me !*

*How I'll  
like to see the other angels  
God  
how far  
does your closeness have to seem to me  
that from star to star  
I just see the angels arrive  
my God  
how nice they are  
may I be so too ?*

*God  
but why  
not ?  
Did he name  
me closest to his angels  
and raised me  
way above all the others ?*

*God how grand  
you are, beloved brother,  
you nearly  
look like the other brothers*

*your face  
a little too mournful  
you are not  
used to being alone ?  
Say !*

*Mournful ?  
Should it not be ?  
Lonely  
is the light too  
wholesome  
is to ignite it*

*You need not be more Lonely than  
all of us angels here  
more wholesome it is for us two  
how much more so in case  
God  
through the darkness of the night  
in light  
speaks to us  
Ah !  
and goes out*

*Speaks  
and goes out after ?  
Who  
refreshes his word  
does know  
from where it's shining !*

*Tell  
us what -*

*Shush  
Beloved !*

*you probably should know*

*Ask  
if you -*

*Shush  
Beloved !*

*still would want to know it*

*God  
knows how he  
may bridge over  
the abyss  
between night  
and the light  
and return  
safely*

*I  
do know who has bridged  
and  
who has been made happy*

*I am Lucifer !  
From star to star*

*I bridge the  
night over  
with the light*

*God  
gave me the order  
from the outset  
when I was  
still inside night's womb  
which gave me birth of itself  
because God handed  
out space and time right from his heart*

*Till  
God  
dwells in our heart  
we  
aren't  
recovered well  
and  
you  
cannot live*

*Quick !  
You must  
save  
God into the endlessness  
You know where you may locate God*

*Nearness of God !  
Distance from God !  
The sun may fly  
out of the star !*

*You take the height  
Leave me the depth  
God so I see  
what I would form !*

*Just to listen  
into my soul  
not into yours  
just to obey*

*Be free, to live !  
Be free, to die !  
Did I say live ?  
Did I say die ?*

*Let death be free  
to create birth  
crying for help  
within the spheres*

*Death  
must be  
Like God must give birth !  
To die ? No !  
Vouch yourself to God !*

*Hear  
Lucifer !  
Come back here  
says the Lord  
overbridge  
him the  
night  
and  
give  
the  
angels  
return to the stars !*

*For him the night in me is sure  
I disappear in my darkness !*

*Obeying God  
by commandments  
means listening  
into the dead*

*I'm ordering  
my heart to take  
out of my soul  
pleasure and pain*

*God is witness  
that I was not  
bending to death  
till need gave way*

*God, I see  
the dead spirits  
of their masters  
resurrected*

*I tell you all  
give birth to God  
so that I know  
how to find you*

*Not  
to find God  
that  
is a sin  
Help  
me, you winds,  
to  
announce it !*

*Angels, do you want to come back ?*

*God  
with  
you !  
Be fraternal with all your brothers !  
Not  
just  
God !  
You are ours too  
Lucifer !*

*How far  
you are from Loving God well  
shows the star  
that has remained in the night  
darkly star  
I want to kindle the light on you  
far from earth  
I want to render yourselves to shine  
for  
the  
force  
speaks*

*Fire Lives  
In the blood of hearts -*

*And the death inside ?*

*Fire shakes  
us in lust and pain*

*and need makes us think ?*

*Say, how much pain  
Lust needs to be living ?  
How much Lust  
God wants to give us for this ?*



*God is all Love  
the stars are telling us  
but how may it  
grow from a dark core ?  
Speak !*

*It  
is an easy game  
Just  
set yourselves a goal  
Then  
many answers will come*

*The answer has to be vague if  
the future asks questions  
the answer must be sufficient  
even in our days*

*Even  
weight for Lust and pain was  
God's  
own  
goal  
yet in heaven !*

*And on this earth ?*

God  
when it suited him  
set  
us another goal  
and  
let us also return

What ?  
If I -

Ah  
Beloved !

never come back again ?  
He  
Loves me -

Three  
times, beloved !

what if I were loveless ?

This  
will the source out of the  
light  
In  
God  
not let happen  
for you will  
see him again !  
Three times !

Do  
you speak about birth ?  
Should  
you dim the star belt  
then  
I will  
Lucifer  
be on this earth  
from this birth  
to that birth  
beyond my  
death !

Tell me what is death  
what signifies death in life ?  
Death  
is  
a rebirth  
in a life beyond this one  
God  
will  
too  
want to be born !  
Not just spirit  
but soul as well  
and flesh and bone !

*Horriying are our signs !  
Are you afraid of your corpses ?  
You want to see angels again  
Let the mothers enter labor  
Come and breed !*

*From primeval insight  
never from an uncertainty  
never from those obscurities  
always from the most terrible  
light*

*comes  
the  
death*

## Totila Albert Manuscript: second movement

Satz 2

(17)

Erschreckt  
nicht vor  
euch  
selber!

Ich komme  
zu mir  
über Leichen  
und ich heiße  
den  
Tod

Bleibt!

Ich kann  
euch noch  
nicht erreichen  
über euch  
ist  
Gott

Er schickt  
mich erst  
in das Leben  
wenn er  
es von  
euch nimmt

Seht!

(18)

Ich kann  
- euch nicht  
übersehen  
weil Gott  
in euch  
erglimmt  
auch nicht  
überhören  
weil es Gott  
in euch  
vernimmt

Hört!

Ich kann  
mich selbst  
überhören  
wenn mich Gott  
so  
stimmt

Ich weiß  
für Gott  
eine Laube  
und braucht  
kein Laub  
zu sein

Ach!



(19)

Vielleicht  
liegt Gott  
in dem Staube  
und braucht  
Kein Staub  
zu sein  
es gibt  
nichts zu rauben  
sondern nur  
das Licht  
im Schrein

Ach!

Ich könnst  
mich selbst  
überglücken  
ginge Gott  
drauf  
ein

· Vielstimmig ist der Tod

zumal  
in Fleisch  
und  
Bein

(20)

Wacht auf  
 die ihr noch schlaft im Schoß der Nacht  
 so sacht!  
 So sacht  
 wie man im Schlaf von einem Traum  
 erwacht

Wohin  
 ihr Kamt erinnert euer Herz  
 nicht mehr  
 Wohin  
 ihr geht bekümmert es vielleicht  
 zu sehr

Versteht  
 es gibt ein Wiegenlied für den  
 der kommt  
 Versteht  
 es gibt ein Wiegenlied für den  
 der geht  
 glaubt!

(21)

Die Nacht  
verliebt  
ihre Lieder  
denn sie lullt  
euch  
ein

glaubt!

Wer geht  
der kommt  
nimmer wieder  
denn er weilt  
im  
Nein

Und wolle  
sich Gott  
nicht bejahen  
als Er  
euch rief  
ins Sein?

Ja!

(22)

Dann soll  
nur das  
untergehen  
was schon  
in Gott  
verblich  
nur das  
auferstehen  
was der Tod  
versprach  
dem Ich

Ja!

Was ich  
gemacht  
aus dem Leben  
überlebt  
auch  
mich

Was  
schon  
war  
machte ich!

(23)

Was  
noch  
Kommt  
mache ich!

Wer? Ich?

Hast du denn noch ein Ich?

Noch du  
der mit sich selber spricht!

Gib zu  
du hörst dich selber nicht,  
denn wer mit einem spricht  
verwechselt nicht das Ich  
wie die!

Wer wechselt aus dem Ich?

Nur du!

Wer wechselt aus dem Du?

Entsprich!

War denn mein Körper Ich?

War meine Seele Ich?

War nicht der Geist mein Ich?

Der Geist?

Der Geist

an dem ich dich erkannte

er lebt!

Er lebt?

Als Geist im Geistesland!

(24)

Du starbst!  
 Ich starb?  
 Du kennst nicht den du starbst  
 den Tod?  
 Den Tod?

Dann sprich von dem Geben  
 aus diesem Leib im Licht  
 in jenen für die Nacht  
 in Gott!  
 In Gott?

Du lebstest doch in ihm  
 so lang!  
 Ich sang!

Wie jeder Engel singt  
 den Luzifer beschwingt  
 wie jeder Engel schweigt  
 wenn Luzifer sich zeigt  
 und mit dem Tode ringt:

Zuvor!  
 Ich sang!  
 Dann war doch Luzifer  
 in dir?  
 In mir?

Trumpeten Klängen dir  
 im Ohr!  
 Zuvor!

(25)

Dann gibt es ein Danach  
wovon?  
Tom Tom!

Im Tom schwingt alles mit  
voraus und auch zurück  
wie es der Augenblick  
erlitt!

Ich litt?

Dann weißt du nicht du warst  
sokkrank?

Ich sang!

Dann sang in dir der Tod  
dann rang in deiner Not  
auch Luzifer für dich  
und das nennst du dein Ich?  
Erklär es mir und sprich!

Ich sing  
und ring  
um dein Leben  
und du weißt  
es  
nicht

(26)

Es brennt  
im Ohr  
nur das Beben  
aber nicht  
das  
Licht

Du spürst  
den Kampf  
mit dem Engel  
und siehst  
noch nicht  
den Glanz  
Erfüll  
die Zahl  
deiner Mängel  
dann siehst  
du ihn  
auch ganz  
und wirfst  
deine Klabe  
in den  
Totentanz  
Es liegt  
einmal  
auf dem Grabe  
auch ein Totenkranz



(27)

Leb wohl  
 der du dein Leben ausgehaucht  
 Wir auch!  
 Wir auch  
 empfangen über Gott von dir  
 den Hauch

Gedrost  
 wir kommen alle an wo du  
 jetzt bist  
 Gedrost  
 es ist ein Atemzug bis zu  
 der Frist

Bleib!

Es ist  
 mit dir  
 nicht vorüber  
 denn es kommt  
 die  
 Zeit

Bleib!

(28)

Da nimmt  
auch Gott  
deine Lieder  
sich zu Lust  
und  
Leid

Dann nimmt  
er auch  
deine Liebe  
für das  
was sie  
uns war

Gott!

Es war  
ein Herz  
voller Triebe  
und rang  
mit dir  
sogar

wie der  
deiner Engel  
der dir einst  
der liebste  
war

(29)

Doch

Von nun  
an sei  
ihm gewogen  
für die  
Lust  
am  
Sein

Schlug ihn  
der Tod  
dafür nieder

sind doch  
sein Grab  
seine Lieder  
wieder  
dein

11. 5. 56

## Video second movement

*2. Satz*

## English Translation second movement

*2<sup>nd</sup> Movement*

*Don't be  
scared  
of  
yourselves !*

*I come  
to me  
over corpses  
and my name  
is  
death*

*Stay !*

*I can  
as yet  
not quite reach you  
above you  
is  
God*

*He sends  
me just  
into the life  
when he  
takes it  
from you*

*See !*

*I can  
not fail  
to notice you  
for God  
in you  
does glow  
and not  
fail to hear you  
because God  
in you  
hears it*

*Hear !*

*I can  
hear me  
myself quite well  
when God it  
so  
wants*

*I know  
for God  
an arbor does  
not need  
foliage  
to be*

*Ah !*

*Perhaps  
God lies  
within the dust  
and does  
not to  
be dust  
there is  
nothing to rob  
but there in  
the shrine  
is light*

*Ah !*

*I could  
have me  
overbelieve  
if God would  
Let  
me*

*Death is polyphonic*

*for sure  
in flesh  
and  
bone*



Wake up  
you who still sleep in the night's lap  
gently !  
Gently  
as if waking up asleep from  
a dream

From where  
you came your heart does remember  
no more  
Where to  
you go does bother it perhaps  
too much

Believe  
there is a lullaby for him  
who comes  
Believe  
there is a lullaby for him  
who goes

Trust !

*The night  
Loses  
its melodies  
for it lulls  
you  
in*

*Trust !*

*Who goes  
will come  
never back for  
he floats in  
the  
No*

*And would  
not God  
confirm himself  
as he  
called you  
to be ?*

*Yes !*

*Then shall  
just that  
come to an end  
which yet  
faded  
in God*

*just that  
resuscitate  
what death did  
promise  
the I*

*Yes !*

*What I  
made  
out of my life  
will survive  
also  
me*

*What  
was  
there  
I made !*

*What  
will  
come  
I'll make !*

*Who ? I ?*

*Do you still have an I ?  
Not you  
who's talking to himself !*

*Admit  
you do not hear yourself  
because who speaks to you  
does not confuse the I  
Like you !*

*Who changes from the I ?  
Just you !  
Who changes from the you ?*

*As well !  
So my body was I ?  
Or was my soul the I ?  
Was spirit not my I ?  
The spirit ?*

*The spirit  
I recognized in you  
he lives !  
He lives ?  
Spirit in spirit land !*

*You died !  
I died ?  
You don't know whom you died  
your death ?  
My death ?  
Then remember the birth  
from body full of light  
in the ones for the night  
in God !  
In God ?  
But you have lived in him  
so long !  
I sang !  
Like ev'ry angel sings  
whom Lucifer elates  
like all angels are mute  
when Lucifer appears  
and when he fights with death:  
He fought !  
I sang !  
But then Lucifer was  
in you ?  
In me ?  
The trumpets sounded in  
your ear !  
Before !*

*There is an afterwards  
from what ?  
From tone !  
In the tone all resounds  
ahead and also back  
as suffered the moment  
indeed !  
I hurt ?  
Then you don't know you were  
so sick ?  
I sang !  
Then sang in you the death  
then struggled in your need  
Lucifer for you too  
and you call that your I ?  
Explain to me and speak !*

*I sing  
and I  
fight for your life  
and you don't  
know  
It*

*It burns  
in my  
ear just the quake  
but not  
the  
light*

*You feel  
the fight  
with the angel  
and see  
not yet  
splendor  
Fulfill  
the count  
of your failings  
the you  
see him  
fully  
and throw  
your assets  
in the  
death dance  
There lies  
for once  
on the grave mound  
also a death wreath*

*Farewell  
You who expelled his last breath  
We also !  
We also  
have received via God from you  
the breath*

*Calmly  
do all of us arrive where you  
are now  
Be calm  
it's just a breath away from the  
deadline*

*Stay !*

*It is  
for you  
not over yet  
for there is  
the  
time*

*Stay !*



*And God  
also  
takes all your songs  
for his lust  
and  
pain*

*Then he  
also  
takes all your love  
for what  
it was  
for us*

*God !*

*It was  
a heart  
full of desire  
and fought  
with you  
even*

*Like the  
one angel who  
once was the  
one you loved  
best*

Yet

*From now  
on you  
should favor him  
for the  
Lust  
of  
Life*

*If death  
did down  
him for all that*

*then gain  
his grave  
and all his songs  
back for  
you*

## Totila Albert Manuscript: third movement

Satz 3

(30)

Wir kehren als erste zum Himmel zurück  
 Wir haben die Erde noch immer im Blick  
 Versucht nun, ihr Engel, das irdische Glück  
 Es ist etwas seltsames um das Geschick!

Wie friedlich ihr aussieht im leeren Himmel!  
 Als wehten die Träume der Schlafenden her!  
 Als sei das Erwachen im Himmel euch fremd!  
 Das kommt von der Erde! Erzählt uns noch mehr!

Wir schließen die Augen von innen erfüllt  
 Wir nehmen die Lust der Vollendung genau  
 Wir haben der Erde den Himmel enthüllt  
 Wir nannten es einfacher: Mann oder Frau!  
 Wie leicht ihr euch fühlen müsst ohne die Last!  
 Entfaltet die Flügel der Herkunft: Erwacht!  
 Wie habt ihr den Himmel zusammengefasst.  
 Wie frei sich umarmen der Tag und die Nacht!

Es haben sich Himmel und Erde begrüßt:  
 Erzählt uns nun von Luzifer!

Ich hab mein Gedächtnis noch nicht eingebüßt  
 Auf meinen Namen komm ich her!

O Wunder, du kommst wenn man nur von dir spricht,  
 Ist meine Geschwindigkeit nicht die vom Licht?

So strahlender vagt über uns dein Gesicht!  
 So heiliger ist mir die ewige Pflicht:

Die Erde braucht noch viel mehr Licht!

(31)

Die willigsten Engel versammelt um mich!  
 Ich brauche viel Kraft zur Geburt aus dem Ich!  
 Verändert die Erde die Engel an sich?  
 Dann streiten wir mutig in Luzifers Fleer!  
 Vor Gott sich verändern fällt Luzifer schwer!

Und kommen wir an, was erwartet uns dann?  
 Geburt und Tod, wie ihr schon wisst!  
 Und sind wir geboren als Weib und als Mann?  
 Geprüft, bewährt, geliebt, geküsst!

Beeile dich, Luzifer, säume nicht lang!  
 Ist euch vorm Werden und Sterben nicht bang?  
 Verspich uns Erinnerung bei der Geburt!  
 Der Tod stellt Erinnerung über Geburt!  
 Ich führe hin, er führt zurück!

Ein Lichtträger werden wie du, welch ein Glück!  
 Ermesst euer Glück nicht nach Lust oder Leid!  
 Das Messen beginnt erst in Raum und in Zeit!  
 Dann wartet Kopfüber im Mutterleib ab!  
 Für Gott in die Wiege! Für Gott in das Grab!

(32)

Gott, du weißt ich hab empfangen  
aus unendlich tiefer Lust  
Seit die Engel es mir saugen  
bin ich dessen mir bewusst

Hilf dem Kind im Mutterleib  
dass es leb und bei dir bleib  
Sollt es mehr nach dir verlangen  
hilf dem armen schwachen Weib

Schenk dem Vater ein Gebet  
das mir mehr zu Herzen geht  
Hat ein Weh erst angefangen  
weiß man nie wohin es weht

Sie spricht mit dem Engel  
im Schoß ihrer Mängel  
und denkt sie bespricht sich mit Gott und mit euch!  
Wie findet, ihr Engel, mein himmlisches Reich?  
Es windet ein Wurm sich in blindester Nacht  
und ist doch ein Engel der wiedererwacht!  
Es fliegt auch ein Schmetterling aus einem Wurm!  
Nun sagt mir wie wir lagen in Gott wie im Ei!  
Dann war auch im göttlichen Ei schon der Wurm!  
Es lag auch die Nacht darin und fruchtete bei!  
Wieviel ihr von Engeln und Würmern versteht!  
Verpuppt sich nicht der Wurm vorher?  
Damit auch der Engel in Gott überweht  
verpuppt er sich in Luzifer!

(33)

Verpuppt euch, ihr Raupen, in Luzifers Schein!  
 Gelüstet dem Schmetterling Engel zu sein  
 verdient er die Flügel aus eigenem Licht  
 und strahle verwandelt in Gottes Gesicht!

Was träumt ihr zusammen in flammender Hast?  
 Ihr habt schon das Wesen der Erde erfasst!  
 Es fehlt nur das Feuer aus Luzifers Land  
 gebraucht es ein jeder nach seinem Verstand!  
 Hinein in den Mutterleib, göttliches Glück  
 und Raum mit der Sehnsucht zur Gottheit zurück!

Rüttelt an der Erdenkruste  
 unten liegt das Selbstbewusste  
 fördert es hinauf ins Leben!  
 Schwimmen! Schlängeln! Laufen! Schweben!

Künden! Brennen! Sprühen! Glimmen!  
 Altes muss zum Neuen stimmen!  
 Sterne, Blumen, Atem, Flügel!  
 Leben auf dem Aschenhügel!

Wasser, Feuer, Luft und Erde  
 dass ein neues Wesen werde  
 außen, innen herzgeboren  
 Augen, Nase, Mund und Ohren!

Ist es schön im Mutterleib?

Zu tief innen!

Fühlst du schon den Engelleib?

Mit fünf Sinnen!



(34)

Dulde innen, sinne, warte!  
 Weiches braucht den Zug ins Klante  
 dass, was einst sich aufsen paarte,  
 innen sei das Offenbarte!

Wachse, feuchte, leuchte, strebe  
 halt dich ruhig in der Schwebe  
 dass ein Ausmaß sich ergebe  
 für das stolze Wort: Ich lebe!

Ist das nicht in deinem Sinn?  
 Geht nichts drüber!  
 Wendest du zum Himmel hin?  
 Auch Kopfüber!

Schlafe, träume, singe, wache  
 Traurig sein ist Gottes Sache  
 Schweige, schwinge, weine, lache  
 jetzt schon bist du Gottes Sprache

Deiner Herkunfts Engel wehen  
 durch die Herztür und verstehen  
 auch die atemlosen Worte  
 bis der Luftdruck dir die Pforte  
 innen schließt

und du schweist weil das Blut anders flie<sup>ht</sup>  
 e<sup>st</sup>

(35)

Wir haben von Luzifer nichts mehr gehört!  
 Da bin ich doch, Engelvolk, seid ihr verstört?  
 Du warst wohl im Fleizen der zwerdenden Nacht?  
 Beliebt euch zu scherzen? Ich hab sie entfacht!

Erst zündet er Sterne an, nun auch das Fleiz!  
 Das tut er noch immer auf Gottes Befehl?  
 Was wisst ihr von Luzifers Lust oder Schmerz?  
 Ihr sollt ihn nicht ärgern, sonst blickt er noch scheel!

Was tuschelt ihr hörbar im Luzifers Ohr?  
 Ein Wort voraus ist mein Gehör!  
 Ich komm auch im Tuscheln euch immer zuvorn  
 Ich fädle Licht ins Kleine Ohr!

Dann können wir rechnen mit göttlichem Licht!  
 Es sei denn dass Gott noch aus Luzifer spricht?  
 Es geht doch ein Rauschen der Gottheit voraus!  
 Wir hören es eben im irdischen Haus!

Was habt ihr zu suchen im neuen Geschlecht?  
 Ich komme noch grade zum Helfen zuwecht!  
 Die Mutter entbindet in kürzester Zeit  
 da muss ich ihr Lust machen zu so viel Leid!

Er sorgt sich schon wieder und lässt uns allein?  
 Dann wird wohl das Kind auch ein Luzifer sein!

(36)

Es winden die Wehen dem Himmel die Höhen!

Wer holt aus der Tiefe das Finstere, sprich!

Ich hol aus der Tiefe das leuchtende Ich!

Wieso aus der Finsternis wähltest du mich?

Denn nur in der Finsternis sehe ich dich!

Erkennst du mich hier  
auf der Erde nicht wieder?

Bist ich nicht Luzifer,  
Engel in Luzifer?

Rufst du nur einen der Engel in Luzifer  
rufst du die anderen Engel in Luzifer mit!

Und diesen begrüßen  
heißt alle einschließen  
die Künftigen grüßen  
im Fließendem

Luzifer!

Du lebst!

16.5.56

## Video third movement

*3. Satz*

## English Translation third movement

*3<sup>rd</sup> Movement*

*We are the first to return to the heaven  
though we still retain the earth in our vision  
just try, you angels, the earthly happiness  
there is something foreign about destiny !*

*How peaceful you appear in your linen shirt !  
As if the dreams of the sleeping drift to here !  
As if waking up in heaven would be strange !  
That originated from earth ! Tell us much more !*

*We shutter our eyes fulfilled from the inside  
We do care about the lust of fulfillment  
We have revealed heaven clearly to the earth  
We defined it more simply: man or woman !*

*How airy you must feel without the burden !  
Unfold the wings of your origin: Wake up !  
How you have put the heaven in a nutshell !  
How tightly day and night embrace each other !*

*Heaven and Earth have saluted each other:  
Now tell us about Lucifer !*

*I have not given up my memory yet  
I still can refer to my name !*

*Oh wonder, you come if we just mention you !  
Is my speed not equal to that of the light ?*

*So much brighter your face rises above us !  
How sacred is eternal duty for me:  
Earth requires so much more light !*

*Gather the most willing angels around me !  
I need much strength for the birth out of the I !*

*Does the earth modify the angels as such ?  
Then we fight bravely in Lucifer's army !  
To change before God is hard for Lucifer !*

*And when we arrive there, what awaits us then ?  
It's birth and death, as you know well !*

*And have we been born as woman and as man ?  
Examined, tested, loved, and kissed !*

*Hurry up, Lucifer, and do not delay !*

*Aren't you afraid of being and dying ?*

*Promise us a memory when we are born !*

*Death places memory above being born !  
I lead him there, he leads me back !*

*To become a light bearer like you, what luck !*

*Don't measure your luck against your lust or pain !*

*Measuring begins only in space and time !*

*Then wait being upside down in mother's womb !*

*With God to the cradle ! With God to the grave !*

*God, you know that I have received  
out of an immensely deep Lust  
Since the angels sang it for me  
I am fully aware of it*

*Help the child in mother's womb  
that it live and stay with you  
Should it long much more for you  
then help the poor weak woman*

*Give the father a prayer  
that touches my heart yet more  
If a pain has just started  
you never know where it goes*

*She talks to the angel  
in the womb of her faults  
and she thinks that she talks with God and with you !  
Do you, angels, like my heavenly realm ?  
A worm writhes in the completely blind night  
it is but an angel who reawakens !*

*And a butterfly emerges from a worm !*

*Now don't say we lay in God like in an egg !*

*Then there was in the divine egg the worm yet !*

*And the night was there also and added fruit !*

*How much you understand of angels and worms !  
The worm does not pupate before ?  
So that the angel may waft into God too  
it pupates into Lucifer !*



*You larva, pupate within Lucifer's glow !  
If the butterfly longs to be an angel  
it justifies the wings out of his own light  
and radiates metamorphosed in God's face !*

*What do you dream together in flaming haste ?  
You already have understood earth's being !  
Just the fire from Lucifer's hand is missing  
and everyone use it in his mind !*

*Enter the mother's womb, divine happiness  
and return with longing for divinity !*

*Shake the exterior of earth  
self-confidence lies beneath it  
elevate it thus into life !  
Swim ! Ramble ! Run ! Be suspended !*

*Incinerate ! Burn ! Spray ! Smolder !  
All must be fitting with the new !  
The stars, the flowers, breath, the wings !  
Living atop the hill of ash !*

*Water, fire, air and the earth  
so that there be a new being  
outside, inside, born from the heart  
with eyes, a nose, a mouth, and ears !*

*Is it pretty in the womb ?*

*Too deep inside !*

*You feel the angel's body ?  
With five senses !*

*Tolerate inside, sense, and wait !  
Softness needs the move to rigor  
that which once connected outside  
may inside be what was revealed !*

*Do grow, humidify, sense, wait  
calmly remain in suspension  
so that a measure may emerge  
for the dignified word: I live !*

*That is not what you designed ?  
Nothing like it !*

*Do you turn towards heaven ?  
Head over heels !*

*Do sleep, dream, sing, and be awake  
to be distressed is god's concern  
Be silent, do swing, weep, and laugh  
now you are already God's voice*

*Angels of your origin waft  
through heart's door and understand  
even the breathless words until  
air pressure shuts the gate for you*

*from inside*

*and you scream because your blood flow changed*

*We have not heard any more from Lucifer !  
I am here, angel people, are you confused ?  
Have you been in the heart of the growing night ?  
You like to be joking ? I did inflame it !*

*First he inflames the stars, now also the heart !  
He continues doing that on God's orders ?  
What do you know of Lucifer's Lust or pain ?  
Don't irritate him, or he is envious !*

*What I hear you whisper in Lucifer's ear ?  
My hearing is a word ahead !  
Even in my whispering I am ahead  
I thread light into the small eye !*

*Then we can count on receiving divine light !  
Unless God is still speaking through Lucifer ?  
There is a rush ahead of the deity !  
We just heard it in the terrestrial house !*

*What do you search in the new generation ?  
I am arriving just in time for helping !  
The mother delivers in the shortest time  
so I have to relieve her from so much pain !*

*He is concerned again and leaves us alone ?  
Then the child may also be a Lucifer !*

*The winds blow the heaven into upper heights !*

*Who pulls the darkness out of the deep, do tell !  
I pull the luminous I out of the deep !*

*Why did you select me out of the darkness ?  
For only in the darkness can I see you !*

*Don't you recognize  
me here on this earth ?*

*Am I not Lucifer,  
angel in Lucifer ?*

*If you call just one angel in Lucifer  
you call the other angels in Lucifer as well !*

*And to salute this one  
means to include them all  
to greet the future ones  
in the flowing*

*Lucifer !*

*You Live !*

## Totila Albert Manuscript: fourth movement

Satz 4

(37)

Gott  
dieses Flieg  
aufgeteilt in Raum und Zeit  
war einmal deins

Dieses Flieg  
ausgeheilt in Lust und Leid  
ist wieder eins

Aus dem Vater  
aus der Mutter  
aus dem Kinde  
ward es deines

Gottes Flieg  
nimm das ausgestrahlte Licht in Gnaden an

Lucifer  
ist ein Engel der dir nie zu schaden kann  
der nur wollte  
was er sollte

als du ihm den Namen schenktest  
unbewusst sich auch bewusst zu sein  
wie du die Engel lenkstest

Und was ich  
von ihm lernte  
hab ich wiederum gelehrt  
dass man dich  
nicht entfremde  
sondern in der Schöpfung ehrt

(38)

Ich, dein Gott spricht,  
 sollt ich zürnen  
 einem Engel den mir willig  
 dreimal wiederbringt das Herz?

Hör ich Engel wieder singen?

Schickt sie Gott  
 mir her?

Seh ich Engelflügel schwingen?

Nichts ist Gott  
 zu schwer!

Wo ist Luzifer geblieben?

Sucht den Engel den wir lieben!

Gott, wir suchten in den Winden  
 hofften Luzifer zu finden  
 aber nichts!

Nur das Nichts  
 das die Schweigenden entblinden  
 aus der Gruft  
 dreißt die Luft!

Sucht ihn dann in feinen Schatten  
 wo sie Tote nicht bestatten  
 wo die Lebenden genesen  
 von dem Sterben und Verwesen  
 in den traumverlorenen Stunden  
 die der Liebe günstig sind



(39)

Das kann sein!  
 Wandelt irgendwo die Seele  
 ganz allein  
 holt sie ein!  
 Dort wird Luzifer erwartet aus dem Stein!

Einsamkeit  
 machst mir die Erde schwer!  
 Ewigkeit  
 ruf mir den Himmel her!

Luzifer!

Steigen aus dem Erdenschafse  
 Namen in das Nameulose?

Nur die Liebe weiß es!  
 Riefe mich nicht auch die Liebe her?

Luzifer!

Erkennt vielleicht der Liebe  
 nicht ein anderer Name mehr?

Keiner mehr!

Weiß es Sonne Mond und Sternlicht?

Ja!

Weißt du dass ich Luzifer bin?

(40)

Wer? Du?  
ja, ich -

Bist du  
nicht am Sternenhimmel  
mein Du  
in dem Lichtgewimmel?

Auch du  
hast den Engel innen  
im Du  
sind wir Luzifer!

—  
Habt ihr Luzifer gefunden?

In den feierlichsten Stunden  
fühlen Engel sich verbunden

Wer erwacht  
wenn es Abend wird als Erster?  
Luzifer!

Nach der Nacht  
wer hält stand dem Tag als Letzter?  
Luzifer!

(41)

Wer erwartet ihn am Abend?

Wer empfiehlt sich ihm am Morgen?

Wird es Nacht  
sucht die Liebe ihren Morgen.

bis es tagt  
Wenn es tagt  
fühlet die Liebe sich geborgen  
bis zur Nacht.

Wollt ihr sagen  
dass die Liebe über Nacht sich schut es tage?

Wollt ihr sagen  
dass die Liebe morgens anhebt ihre Klage?

Wenn sie klagt  
Kann sie Luzifer noch trösten mit dem Schein  
Wenn er sagt  
dass er wiederkommt begnügt sie sich allein

So zu lieben kann auch Sünder  
Solch ein Tröster kann auch lügen

gibt es keine Sicherheit?

(42)

Können Engel Teufel werden?

Lass es Gott  
nicht  
zu!

Immer schnüffeln sie auf Erden  
um das Ich  
und  
Du!

Wo ist Luzifer geblieben?

Wolkenhimmel, lass mich lieben!  
Vor dem Sonnenaufgang stehen!  
In den Abendhimmel wehen!  
Und um nichts!

Dieses Nichts  
halt ich nun in meinen Armen!  
Ich bin leer  
Luzifer!

Könnten Engel sich erbarmen  
fliegen sie zu mir hernieder  
Küssten mir die Augenlider  
wie sie Luzifer in seinen  
engelsischen breuen Stunden  
seiner Liebe mir geküsst!

Stört euch an  
was die wandelbare Seele  
von uns will  
Staltet still  
denn zum lieben braucht ein Engel  
Keinen Mann!

(43)

Gott sei Dank!

Hab ich doch von ihm ein engelweines Kind!

Lass mich weinen an der Wiege  
um den Mann im Engelkriege  
einen andern brauch ich nimmer

Wer singt so sacht?

Sollst nicht weinen an der Wiege  
Engel führen keine Kriege  
Sinkt die Sonne bleibt ihr Schimmer

Wart ab die Nacht

Der Mond erwacht

unterm Mond

strahlt ein Stern!

Dann ist Luzifer nicht fern  
lasst uns suchen Stern um Stern

Mond und Stern

habt ihr Luzifer im Himmelsraum gesehn

Frägt das Licht!

Das wird mehr von Engelwanderung verstehen

Gottes Licht!

Hast du Luzifer gesehn?

(4)

Meint ihr den  
der die Sterne angezündet im Entstehen?

Nein nicht den  
nur den  
der uns die Herzen angefaucht

Der liebt die Nacht  
der scherzt und lacht  
mit Weib  
und Kind

Hört ihr an:

Süßes Kind  
gib  
immer noch  
mehr  
Licht wieder  
als ich  
senken kann  
in  
die  
Lieder

Gott  
will immer mehr  
Herzlicht  
sein

(45)

Das  
 Raum  
 er  
 sein  
 denn er fordert immer Licht  
 von  
 Groß  
 und  
 Klein  
 und von Gott verlangt er nicht  
 ein winzig Teil  
 von seinem Heil  
 im Gegenteil  
 er führt ihm zu  
 er gibt noch ab  
 selbst übers Grab

Siehst du Engel glücken  
 jenseits aller Mücken  
 sind es Engel die auf Erden  
 sich der überirdisch hellen  
 Sehnsucht weihn  
 wie einst  
 zu sein  
 als Gott erkauft ihr Fleis  
 in Lust und Schmerz  
 Seht!  
 Dort winkt Luzifer!

(46)

Nun  
singt  
das  
Lied  
von der Erde!

Gott  
will  
dass  
ich  
göttlich werde!

Gott  
will  
mehr  
Licht  
aus dem Herzen!

Gott  
sucht  
es  
nicht  
in den Schmerzen!

Gott  
will  
dass die Freude  
nur  
still  
sei im Leide



(47)

Gott  
selbst  
ist die Freude

Gott  
schwebt

Gott  
schwingt

Gott  
lebt

Gott  
singt

---

Geburt  
und Tod  
ein Lied

das im Weltall kreist  
allen Wesen Wege in den Himmel weist

und der Geist  
kehrt zurück zu seinem Ursprung  
aus dem Licht?

(48)

Geliebte Nacht  
es ist vollbracht

Meine Wiedehr empfehle  
ich der schöpferischen Seele

Der Schopf  
in der Erde  
ist groß  
wie der Himmel

Wer weiß wie bald  
der Tod verhallt  
der Ton sich fort  
pflanz in das Wort

Sich ein göttlicher Gehalt  
gibt die göttliche Gestalt

Raum und Zeit  
bröckelt, weicht  
bis von uns nicht eine Silbe  
übrig bleibt  
Ewigkeit  
sammelt Engeln ihre Lieder!

Keiner weiß wer sie erfunden  
Jeder fühlt sie sind empfunden  
Einer hört sie sind gesungen aus der Sprache  
eines gottgenauen Herzens  
Jeder Ton ein Wort!

Sing und sprich von deinen Nächten  
oder auch von deinem Tag  
in Gott!

22.5.5

## Video fourth movement

*4. Satz*

## English Translation fourth movement

### *4<sup>th</sup> Movement*

God  
this my heart  
divided in space and time  
before was yours  
This my heart  
reconciled in lust and pain  
again is one

Out of father  
out of mother  
out of the child  
it became yours

Heart of God  
acknowledge the radiated light with grace  
Lucifer  
is an angel who never thought to harm you  
who just wanted  
what he should have  
when you presented him his name  
and unconsciously to realize  
how you guided the angels

And what I  
did learn from him  
on the other hand I taught  
that you should  
not be removed  
but praised in the creation

*I, your God speaks,  
should I detest  
an angel who willingly is  
bringing back the heart three times ?*

*Do I hear angels sing again ?  
God sends them  
to me ?  
Do I see angel wings swinging ?  
God can do  
all that !*

*What did happen to Lucifer ?  
Look for the angel whom we love !  
God, we have looked in all the winds  
full of hope to find Lucifer  
but nothing !  
Just the void  
to which the silent ones give birth  
from the grave  
skims the air !*

*Look for him then in those shadows  
where they do not bury the dead  
where the living recuperate  
from the dying and the rotting  
in the hours lost to dreaming  
which are encouraging love*

*That can be !  
If the soul is strolling somewhere  
all alone  
do catch up !  
There Lucifer is expected from the No !*

*Loneliness  
you make earth hard for me !  
Endlessness  
call heaven here for me !*

*Lucifer !*

*Are arising from this earth's womb  
some names up into the nameless ?*

*Only Love does know that !  
Is it not that love called me here too ?*

*Lucifer !*

*Perhaps Love may deserve  
much more of another name ?*

*No more name !  
Do the sun moon and starlight know ?  
Yes !  
Do you know I am Lucifer ?*

*Who ? You ?  
Yes, I -*

*Are you  
not in the star heaven  
my You  
in the swirling of Light ?*

*You too  
have the angel inside  
in you  
we are Lucifer !*

*Have you encountered Lucifer ?*

*In the most dignified hours  
angels feel bound to each other*

*Who awakes  
first when the evening begins ?*

*Lucifer !*

*After night  
who is last to withstand the day ?*

*Lucifer !*



*Who is expecting him at night ?  
Who's greeting him in the morning ?*

*When night comes  
Love is looking for its morning  
til day comes.  
When day comes  
Love feels itself well protected  
until night.*

*You want to say  
that Love along the night is yearning for the day ?  
You want to say  
that Love in the morning will begin to complain ?*

*When she moans  
Lucifer can yet console her with the Light  
When he says  
that he will return she is content alone*

*To Love thus can deceive as well  
Such a comforter can lie too*

*Is there no security ?*

*Could angels turn to be devils ?  
God let it  
not  
be !*

*They are always snuffling on earth  
for the I  
and  
You !*

*Where could I look for Lucifer ?  
Cloud heaven, let me be in love !  
Be standing before the sunrise !  
Be drifting into the night sky !  
And for naught !*

*This nothing  
I now am holding in my arms !  
I'm empty  
Lucifer !*

*If the angels could have mercy  
they would fly down to where I am  
they would kiss these eyelids of mine  
like Lucifer used to in round  
hours of faithful angel trust  
and his love be kissing them !*

*Listen to  
what the unpredictable soul  
wants from us  
Be quiet  
for to love an angel does not  
need a man !*

*Thanks to God !  
Because I have from him an angelpure child !*

*Just let me weep at the cradle  
for the man in the angel war  
another one I will not need  
Who sings so soft ?  
No need to weep at the cradle  
angels do not fight any wars  
When the sun sets the shimmer stays  
Wait for the night*

*The moon awakes*

*Under her  
shines a star !*

*Then Lucifer is not far  
Let us seek star after star*

*Moon and star  
have you seen Lucifer in the heaven's space*

*Ask the light !  
It understands more of angels' wandering*

*God's Light !  
Do you know where's Lucifer ?*

Do you mean  
the one who lit the stars in the very beginning ?  
No, not him  
just who  
illuminated our hearts

Who Loves the night  
who jokes and laughs  
with wife  
and child  
Hear him out:

My sweet child  
give  
always some  
more  
Light in turn  
than I  
can immerse  
in  
the  
singing  
God  
always will more  
heart light  
be

*That  
he  
may  
be  
because he demands still more light  
from  
old  
and  
young  
and from God he does not claim  
a tiny part  
of his hale  
contrariwise  
he leads to him  
he still gives up  
past the grave*

*You see the angels glow  
beyond all their efforts  
they are angels who here on earth  
give themselves to unearthly bright  
nostalgia  
as once  
to be  
when God endured their hearts  
in lust and pain*

*Look !*

*There waves Lucifer !*

*Now  
sing  
the  
song  
about the earth !*

*God  
wants  
that  
I  
become divine !*

*God  
wants  
more  
light  
out of the heart !*

*God  
does  
not  
seek  
it in the pain !*

*God  
wants  
that the pleasure  
just  
be  
calm in the pain*

God  
is  
*pleasure himself*

God  
*floats*

God  
*swings*

God  
*Lives*

God  
*sings*

*for birth  
and death  
a song*

*that circles in space  
to point all towards the paths into heaven*

*and spirit  
does return to its origin  
out of light ?*

*Beloved night  
It has been done  
I recommend my return to  
the so creative soul of mine  
The womb  
in the earth  
is great  
Like the heaven*

*Who knows how soon  
death fades away  
tone propagates  
into the word  
and such a divine content  
gives itself the divine form*

*Space and time  
crumble, drive  
until of us no syllable  
does remain  
Endlessness  
collects for the angels their songs !*

*Nobody knows who conceived them  
Everyone grasps they are felt  
One can hear that the songs are the expression of  
a heart that is faithful in God  
each tone is a word !  
Sing and speak all about your nights  
or as well about your day  
in God !*

22.5.56