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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

Eduardo Ribeiro has a Bachelor's degree in Composition (1989), Orchestral Conducting (1992), a post-graduate degree in Musicology (1995), a Master's degree in Musicology (2011) and is currently a doctoral student in Education and Musical Aesthetics (started in 2019) at the UAM / Madrid. He is a concert recorder, singing and harpsichord player. He conducted orchestras in Brazil, Romania, Italy, Chile and Argentina and has several musical compositions for singing, orchestra, piano, recorder and other instruments.

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:

David Marin Vargas,
Alessandra Corti,
Fabio Siuni,
Mascia Mariotti,
Stana Nezval,
Charlotte Henley,
Susan Sylvester,
Antonella Sabia,
Jürgen Kramer.

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.

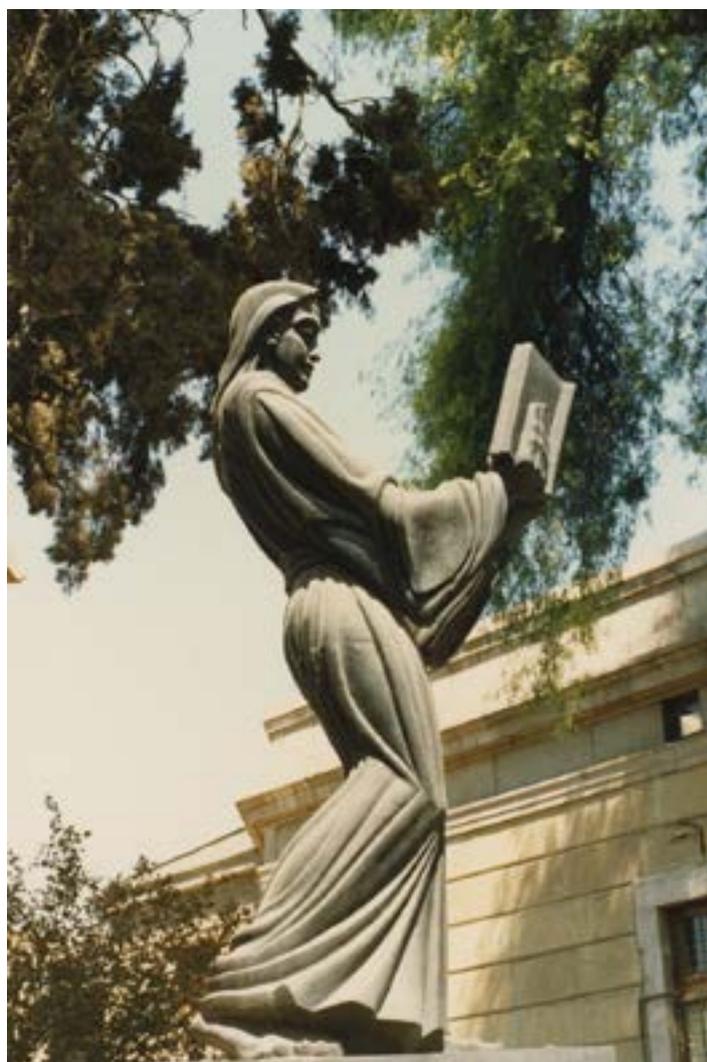
But music is also a story, music is an architecture of sounds in time, with a narrative that sometimes seems to say something. I have been very interested in the language of music. Some people have written that music can not be defined as a language because it has no fixed words, because it does not 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.



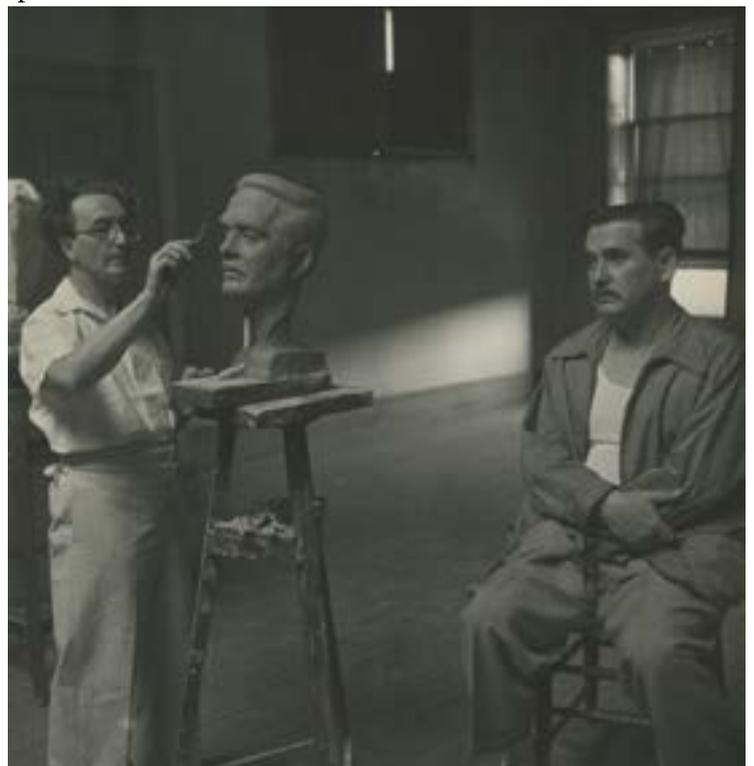
The same Your study in Berlin.





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 .

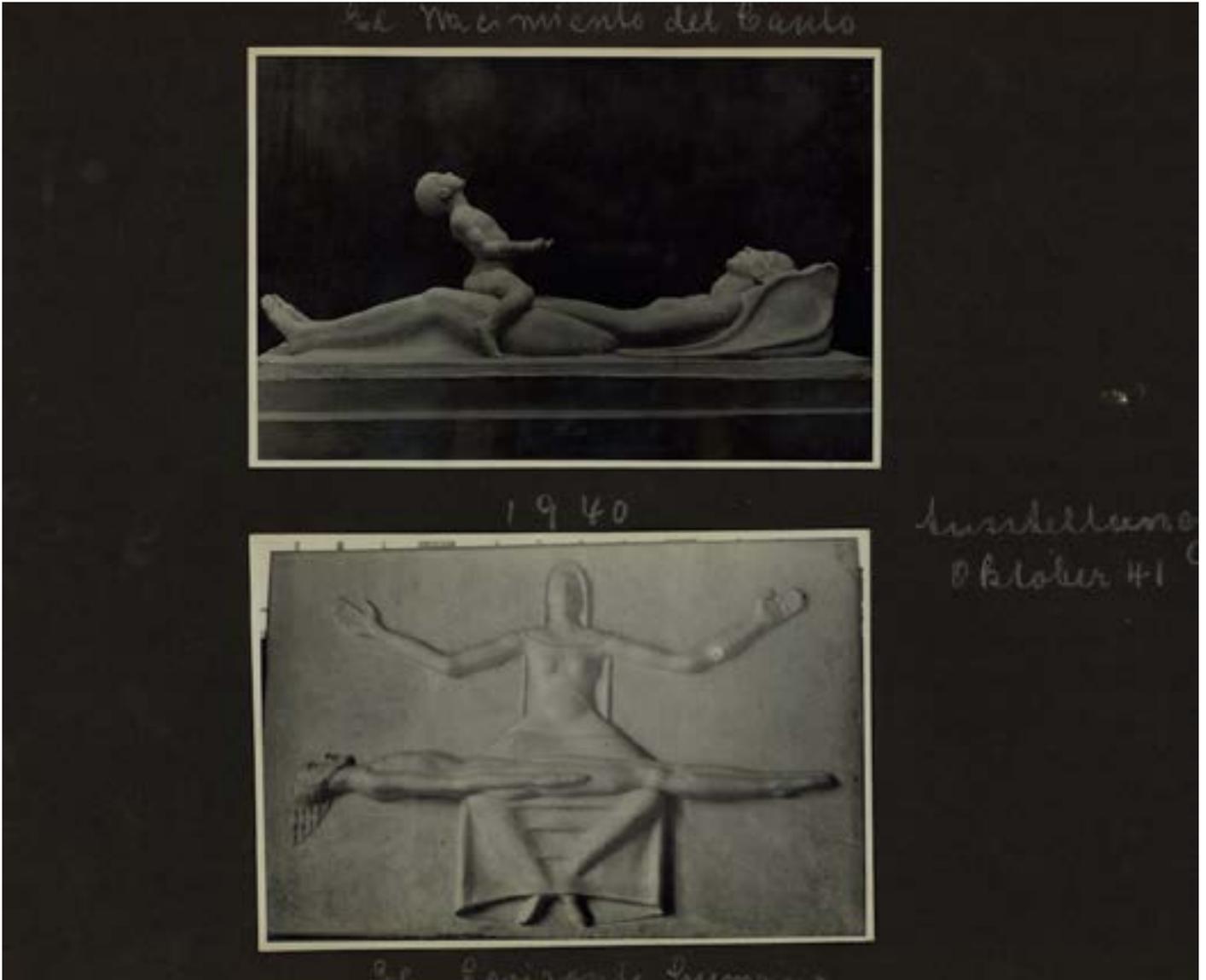
The same situation, a little later.



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 Ahiiiiiii. 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 nachgebener

(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 seinen 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 Toten

Ich befehle
 meinem Flörchen
 aus der Seele
 Lust und Schmerzen

Gott ist Zeuge
 dass dem Tod ich
 mich nicht beuge
 bis die Tot 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
 Wergeburt
 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

1st 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 !

*Horrifying 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 du!

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 lebst 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 Platte
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

2nd 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 Fleis!
 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 sangen
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!
 Gelüstets 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 Kommt 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 herzugeboren
 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^{ht}
 est

(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 Fließenden

Luzifer!

Du lebst!

16.5.56

Video third movement

3. Satz

English Translation third movement

3rd 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 Väter
aus der Mutter
aus dem Kinde
ward es deines

Gottes Flieg
nimm das ausgestrahlte Licht in Gnaden an
Luzifer
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 entfernte
sondern in der Schöpfung ehrt

(38)

Ich, dein Gott spricht,
sollt ich zürnen
einem Engel der 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
schießt 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 Erdenschosse
 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 trügen
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
engelsichen 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 verstehn

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 angefaecht

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 Klüften
 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 font
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

4th 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