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Directions

This .pdf document is an interactive file that allows you to listen to music and watch videos. The free *Adobe Acrobat Reader* program is recommended, available on the *Adobe* website also available for smartphones and tablets.

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Two Beethoven quartets decoded by Totila Albert

We feel that Beethoven's late quartets embody something like the quintessence and culmination of his work, but it happens that their language is less accessible than that of his works of the "heroic period" and requires a process of familiarization.

It seems to me that the texts of Totila Albert's Musical Dictation, which we can say were inspired by two quartets, one of the "heroic" period (op.74) and one of the late period (op.135) that are read as syllables against notes while listening to them, can bring us closer to their mysterious "musical esotericism", which not only makes them difficult to comprehend by their language, but by their very content, in which a mind is reflected that is more evolved than ours.

Opus 74 ("Harp")

The text relating to the first movement of this 'heroic' period quartet begins with the question of whether Beethoven weeps, and we could say that the answer to this question leads us to the fundamental difference between this 'heroic' Beethoven of the third and fifth symphonies, the last piano concertos, the 'Waldstein', the 'Apassionata', and the 'Kreutzer' sonatas on one hand, and the mature Beethoven after his Ninth Symphony on the other, who impresses us not only as one who has finally found what he was looking for, but as one who has stripped himself of his defiant and aggressive attitude towards obstacles in his path.

Just as the Beethoven of the 'heroic' period had responded to the voice of his destiny with the determination to triumph in his creative purpose through enormous strength, the late Beethoven has stripped himself of his "counterphobic" character, who used to defend himself against everything through attack and belligerence, and now has become vulnerable.

Totila's text of op.74 repeats the question: "Does he, who has consoled us, weep?" And for a third time the question is reiterated, which is now addressed to all those in the world who enjoy the ability to hear: "Come and hear what's moving him." And to this answers a voice that we can interpret as Beethoven's own voice, which asks:: "Who should console him?" and then: "Can I console you?" A voice like that of the Greek chorus, that informs us of what happens inside one of the characters of a tragedy, invites us to accompany the introspective process of the composer, who encounters the suffering of his deafness.

It had been his deafness that had precipitated Beethoven's great crisis already in Heiligenstadt when he had adopted the heroic attitude to life that inspired him until now; but while Beethoven had then responded to his suffering with an aggressive strength, we know that the Beethoven of maturity not only became vulnerable, but seemed to seek the answer to his suffering by profoundly surrendering to it. And while the late quartets clearly show us deep suffering (as in the famous Cavatina of Op. 130), we also witness what we could characterize as the supernatural bliss felt by those who have come to transcend their suffering by accepting it.

If we now move to the beginning of the second movement, we see that the subject of suffering and consolation has been reconsidered. We read: "Beethoven suffers and at the same time consoles" – while listening to a melody in which we would not know whether suffering or consolation predominates, as it sounds to us like a healing balm.

But what is the consolation?

One may take it as a kind of suffering which does not tear us apart, but seems to nourish us. Could it simply be an acceptance of suffering? Or even better, an acceptance of oneself in the midst of suffering? A profound love of oneself that allows the sufferer to transmute the suffering into a state of higher consciousness and intrinsic value?

A voice like that of the Greek chorus reappears now in the second movement, inviting those who listen to wake up to their pain and let themselves be comforted. "Your voice has lost itself in Beethoven's ear, and Beethoven is urging to go even deeper, ".....in this deep abyss of my night there I am apt to console."

In other words, Beethoven has understood how a deeply experienced suffering can be transmuted into consolation, and invites those who listen to his music to let themselves be guided by his example. And when we move ahead two stanzas, we read: "Consoling, not just suffering, provides the soul its spiritual turn."

And we already know that all humans suffer, but few know true solace, which is not a rational understanding of the sense of suffering, but another manner of facing it, which we might perhaps describe as a transmutation of suffering into compassion, which is love of one's neighbor and also love of oneself.

The quartet continues with a rapid third movement which we can connect in our mind with laughter, and also with an intense happy activity that the text compares to that of birdsong; and then with a fourth movement (a theme with variations), in which we continue to hear a happiness that is not of this world, but – like the laughter that accompanies the dance of skeletons in the Mexican celebration of the Day of the Dead – more like a happiness of detachment and transcendence.

Opus 135

This is the last of Beethoven's quartets. Totila's Musical Dictation text for the first movement opens with Death offering Beethoven to liberate him from life's heavy burden. The text of the second movement (Adagio) speaks of surrender and the "divine path", but when we reach the third movement, we meet the very process of dying, experienced as a return to the elements.

Yet, we must think that this is an imagined process, in which the composer prepares to die by letting his fire return to fire, his water to water, his air to air and his earth to earth.

But what are these four elements?

Beyond saying that fire consists of the heat of our body and the metabolic processes of life, or that water is literally water, which makes up much of our fiber, a universal symbolism alludes through the elements to certain provinces of our inner world, so that the air becomes a metaphor for thought, the earth for the experience of our body, water for the emotional world, and fire for the instinctive world.

During this poignant second movement the composer's human "I" is stripped of his apparent identity by disintegrating into the elements, and the movement culminates when, at the end of this process, the love for the vanishing individual existence manifests itself.

The beginning of the next movement reveals, however, that everything has been a fantasy, and that only now does the real encounter with death arise.

The fourth movement begins with the famous and enigmatic three-note sequence above which Beethoven wrote on the score the words "Muss es sein?", which may translate as "Does it have to be this way?".

Music critics, who usually are not very sensitive to the meaning of music and have tended to even think that music should not be given any meaning, have wondered whether Beethoven's question may have referred to a recent feud with his cook. Totila's text, however, tells us that the question is none other than the great universal question about the inevitability of death.

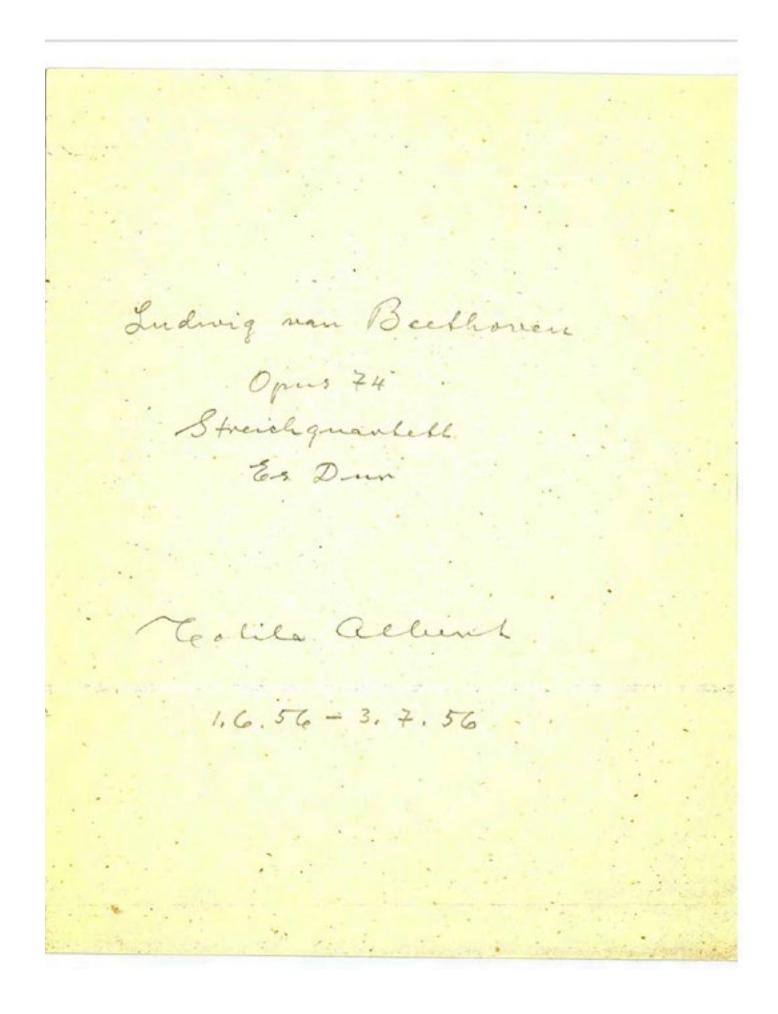
This is confirmed by the appearance of a modified form of the same musical motif shortly after, again with words from Beethoven that tell us "It must be!". With these words, Beethoven surrenders to death, and through such a surrender achieves an elation that we could characterize as paradisiacal or angelic, and thus confirms that musical experience is something manifestly different from worldly amusement.

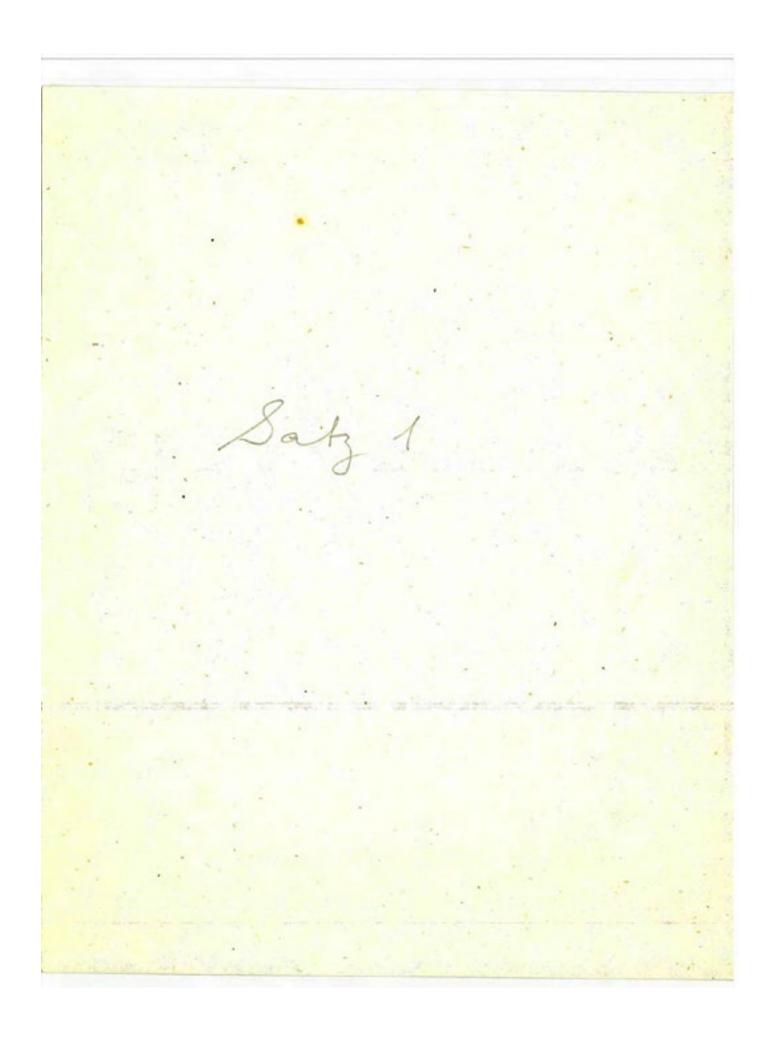
Claudio Naranjo

We thank the editorial team of Tótila Albert's Musical Dictations, Volume II:

Ginetta Pacella, Eduardo de Carvalho Ribeiro, Sergio Vasselli, Luca Cattermol, David Marin Vargas, Alessandra Corti, Jürgen Krämer. Ludwig van Beethoven String Quartet E flat major Opus 74 "Harp"

Totila Albert Manuscript: first movement





- 1.6.56 Beethoven weint? Beethoven weint! der uns weinte ?. The im Welfall mit Jehor legalite Seclere Round and houl ihn hernegt . Wer soll ihm Anosten? Marin ich dich frosten? Nein! Thrim all gesichtbegable Seclen Wer soll ihm frosten? Kann ich dich Arosten? Vein!

Warlet und lauscht der Seele ab den Kunimer Meine Sorge lindert nicht der Schlummer nein ich weifs gening o gast! Ich win faul! Dann hor er ums im Schlumen! Beethoven ist night hante soust verrahm er nicht die Stimme Beethoven, hoff und glant! Horst du mus im Treneva nümmer? mid lass die midde Seele reber where fruite Schwelle vanschen mit der frunknen Welle deines Blutes in das helle Light der Klange Vinne dein Schicks al an als Glicksfall = ohne den du nights warsh :

Schicksal! . Soh hove Schicksal Dre wars & mein : gaice! Wie scharf du hors!! Bicolant es evel der Harfe Glick? Leav ich wieder? Stehn der Vacht im Ohr wielleicht ein Tag bevor? Timmal subbruclen aus dem Licht summit such die Dunkelheit in acht circulate emplouden im gesicht verlangt die Sonne sieber Nacht gunick ihr Wesen und in Licht recovardelf single gefieder. seine Schicksalslieder Weir mich evlebt wie du im Vachtgeficaler vernimmt den Pag der Lieder

gib acht Wandle dich mit deinem Schicksal Wie gall sich selber aus derir einen Instrument spiell und Sich hort sellest! Wie macht en das? Viel Vacht ist das! Viel Pag muss innen sein! 5 st galles Schicksal mein? rend schicksallos er mir seif ich faul ··· lin golf! Was weight du? gebt autwork ihm, ihr Scelen!

Was div das Schicksal tat macht aus dippen gottes hunde . Breethoven, willst. du Rat minum ihm an aus gothes Munde Sohl es mollen auf der Stelle seine Lippen eine Pfonte. gehn der gattheil helle Worke lausoht, ihr Seclen! Was von goth ist wenn du tot leist Rann im Weltall bleiben Schick dich! The howter Schick dich? Danni Sprach &s gill Denn Lief im Ohr gicht golf dem Tool das Leben vor!

Spirichl er mieder? Wer sich übersval im Tracine der spricht im Schlaf . Ich bin enflunden von der Vacht und bin gebruden an das Licht es ist die Dunkelheit vollbracht und selbst den Tool erschreckt es nicht iven eine Flamme ihn durchsticht bis in das andre Lelsen das ich mir gegeben. Beethoven traumil er Rann des Land der Seelen im Jenseits night renfelilen. und diesseits ist es ihm so sicher? Fragt ihn. Bei goll ist alles möglich oder nicht mimöglich aber ich weiß gott wirkl labet Sich selbst!

Wie weißs er das? Viel Fleifs ist das! Viel Tool muss innen sein! Er drang von aufsen ein von innen micht war er auch fin · gull faul golf! Bist du faut? geld autwork ihm, ihr Seelen! Beethoven! Beethoven, schlafst du? Wer Rann dem Ohn befehlen? Beethoven! Willst du moch traumien? Winst du micht wach? Flort en nicht? flort er doch ? Wenn nicht uns rvival er golf hoven

Beethoven, Sinchfesh de uber goth himans zu schlafen? golf, when dich himains fraumst du selber sicher nicht! Wer das gehor verlow vertran der Vachh in Ohr wie ich es su Du hovst die Vacht von anbegin in einem hohern Triefensium Vielleicht auch du. O- Vacht, gile Ruh! Ich lass dich micht es sei goll spricht mir zu Belauscht ihn guh es vanscht sein Blut der atem wicht der Schmerz vergeht die Lust liegal sich nachthinal

das Flerz der Vacht in gold erwacht. und Rennt sich aus in Sternenhaus Das For auf, Nacht! Das Ohr erwach! Ein Lied begann! Wer stimmt es an? Es sough sich sellish! Wer hort es? Ich wood Du! Tool and Lebere ringen heurlich mie den Herzfors gill es dem Schlafenden oder dem Transcuden oder dem Sterbenden? Viemand weifs es der un schlaf liegh memand trainit es der sich wach wiegt a ab das Leben, ob der Tod siegh Hart ihr den Saitenklang der aus dem Herzen dvang in unsern Vachtgerang ? Ist es ein Lebender oder ein Sterbender voler ein Erwigen?

Such and die dreifactio thoglichkeil einigen hiefse wir schufen sie jelgh! Odernie! Wer sprach uns ens der Seele? Beekhoven wagh im Fraum riber gott hinaus zu schaffen! Beethoven about is Raum wie vertraunt die Gothesmerke sind Town ahnt wicht? So wenig Avant ilw ihre? Danie fireft and hort ihr. gott, ich nehme deine Wenke als Beweis der Willensstanke mit dem Werk mach meinem Willen das macht Freude!

Willsh du sagen dars den Tagen auch die Vächte gleich sind? Birischen Lebenden und Leichen solches gleichgewicht erweichen ist das Ziel der Leidenschaften die von dir au mir noch haften das macht leiden! Joh begreife dich vom Standpunkt eines Schäpfers deiner Reife Fehle golf die Reife? Wer shintel neigh! und dieses Other in mir ist toil und deshall neif!

ich bin dem Tod ein Stick vorans im Land der Since an meiner Elberneife und sorge für das Endenheil der aurenmendlen brine svahnend ich den Weg beginne riber jenen milellaunhen Colognind einer dir verwandten Nachh. ich Rain Envige Vacht men Rann ich in dir reifen nicht nur mich selbel begreifen auch dich Nacht selig machen mices sonst gerchah

es sei du zahlst die zeit zwiels lois zu der lichten " " Ewig Keit Midle die . goll gelanst Wie war es doch? Flier braust es moch wie leeves grund in Ohr! So tief taught der empor der grund verlor ausgruschließen deni Ohr Ich hove dich! Wie horst du mich? Wie Clam und Weile im Mutterleile der Envigneil dann harl du Zeil

auszulvagen selbs! . Ohne dich ? Schone mich laufes Kind! Und bis warm? Bis zum Wind! Bis wir dann -Eining sind! Wie du meinst! Frendenschrei! Und du weinst? Joh new? Sprich! Erumal du einmal ich! Von der Vacht und von dem Licht ans dem wir drei sind blick mur ich! Van der Vacht med von dem Licht nahm ich mein Teil and lieb man dich! In gebrul und Tool verstrickt ist golf und peitsahl mich.

Beethoven, golf bist du! . Bet oder half ihm zn hab eine Muther liel die im gedächtnis blieb wie ich es hat und hal dir Ral und Twosh bei ihr Idein Valer war so sanderlar wie deiner zu dem kund So wahr die Taken sind ist walv dass golf es ziehl zu deinem Lied Viel zu bein ish rend zu mein mas golf neveril an Lash und Pein Wer den Ton simunt wie ihm golf shimmet two shet willer ihm himaus . Jedenzeil schwingh auch Leid Haus 6.6.56

Video first movement

Ludwig van Beethoven

Opus 74 Streichquartett Es Dur

Totila Albert 1.6.56 - 3-7-56

English translation first movement

Ludwig van Beethoven Opus 74

String Quartet
E flat major

"The Harpe"

Totila Albert

1.6.56 - 3.7.56

1st movement

1.6.56

Beethoven weeps ?

Beethoven weeps !

He

who us

always does console when we weep

wept ?

You

souls in the cosmos gifted with the hearing

come

and hear

what's

moving him

Who should console him?

Can I console you?

No!

You souls in the cosmos gifted with view come!

Who should console him?

Can I console you?

No!

Stay here and by listening ease the soul's grieving

My sorrow is not relieved by slumber no
I know enough

O God! I am deaf!

Then hear us in our slumber!

Beethoven is not deaf or else he would not hear the voice Beethoven, hope and trust!

Do your hear us inside always?

Come

and let the so tired soul across her lackluster threshhold swoosh along with the drunken wave of all your blood into the bright light of the sounds

Take your calling
as lucky stroke
without
which you
were nought

Dest'ny !

I'm hearing

Dest'ny

You'd be my Luck!

How well you hear !

Do we really need

the harp's luck ?

Do
I hear again ?
The night in my ear
will see a day arise ?

As soon as issued by the light the darkness will be vigilant as soon as your face has enjoyed the sun will demand overnight her being back and then in light transformed now her plumage sings its songs of destiny

Who hears me live like you in your night's plumage perceives the day of the songs

```
Watch out
             tone!
Change yourself with your destiny
     Like God plays himself
           out of one
          into the next
           instrument
               and
            hears his
              self
               in
               him
             self!
       How he does that ?
      That is much night!
   It needs much day inside!
     Is God's dest'ny mine ?
         And fateless he
             seemed
          to me since I
               am
              deaf
              God!
         You know what ?
 Do respond to him, you souls!
```

What fate has done to you is turning lips into God's wound Beethoven, if advice you want accept it from God's mouth

See

there are forming on the spot seemingly his lips a doorway and across whose darkened threshold move divinity's vivid words listen, you souls!

What is of God's
when you are dead
may remain in cosmos
Hurry up!

You heard it Hurry up ?

> Then so said God

Deep in the Ear God prefers to death the life for sure!

He speaks again ?

Who outdid himself in dream speaks in his sleep

I'm liberated from the night and am duty-bound to the light because darkness has been fulfilled and even death is not frightened when a flame does perforate him all the way to the other life that I gave to myself

Beethoven dreams that the land of the souls in the hereafter he can't miss

On this side he feels it's safe for him?

Ask him!

For God possible
is all or not impossible
but I
know
God acts
and
lives
his
self!

```
How does he know?
That's much hard work!
Much death must be inside!
He came from the outside
not from inside
or
he'd also be deaf
for
God
```

God !
Are you deaf ?

Do respond to him, you souls !

Beethoven!
Beethoven, you sleep?
Who can now order the Ear?
Beethoven!
You still want to dream?
Won't you wake up?

He doesn't hear ?
Or does he ?
If not us
then God he
will hear?

Beethoven, do you fear beyond God to go on sleeping?
God, beyond you yourself you certainly do not dream!

You who have lost the Ear trust the night in the Ear like I do too

From beginning you hear the night
in a higher profundity
Perhaps you too!
O night, be calm!
I won't leave you
unless God speaks
to me

Listen well to
his blood rushing
his breath wafting
his pain passing
joy yielding to
the dying night

the heart of night awakes in God and knows its way in the star house

Open the gate, night!

The Ear awakes!

A song began!

Who stroke it up?

It sings itself!

Who hears it?

I and you!

Death and life secretly wrestle for the heart tone
Is it for the sleeper
maybe for the dreamer
maybe for the dying ?

He who lies sleeping does not know he who lies awake does not dream whether life or death is winning

You hear the sound of strings that trembled from the heart right into our night song?

Is it a living one is it a dying one or an eternal one ?

Agreeing the threefold possibility here would mean we create it now!

Or never!

Who agreed with us deep down?

Beethoven dares dreaming to create even beyond God!

Beethoven hardly feels how dreamy are creations of God

> He feels it not ?

So little you trust him? Then test and hear him!

God, I accept your creations as a proof of your willpower and so compare them silently with work according to my will that creates joy!

Are you saying that the days are equal to the nights too ?

Between the living and the dead at such a balance to arrive is the goal of the passions of yours that do still cling to me so I'm suff'ring!

> I see you from the view point of a creator of your wisdom

> > God Lacks the wisdom ?

> > > Who dies turns wise !

And so this Ear in me is dead and therefore wise!

God

I'm just ahead of death in the land of the senses take

part in my super-wisdom now

and care for this earth's salvation
of close-related senses
while I begin to find the path
to lead me across this unknown
dark abyss of your related

night

Ι

can

now

hold it !

Eternal night

now I can mature in you not only understand myself

make you

night

also blissful

like it

ne'er

did

happen

```
unless you count back the time
up to the so bright
endlessness
which
you
made
for God
```

How was it then ?
Here it still roars
like sea depth in the ear !

From such depth surfaces
who lost reason
to
exclude himself
from
the
Ear

I do hear you!
How you hear me?
Like man and wife
in the womb of
eternity
then you have time
to

```
release yourself
     from
     your
     self!
 Without you ?
 Spare me you
 noisy child!
 Until when ?
'Til the wind!
   Until we -
  Then agree !
 So it's two ?
 As you wish !
Screaming joy!
And you weep ?
Only I ? Speak !
```

Of the night and of the light of which we are three I remain!
Of the night and of the light I took my part and love just thee!
Entangled in birth and death is God and whips me.

One time you one time I !

Beethoven, you are God!

Pray or hope for him
have love for a mother
who remained in your mind
like I have done
and get advice
and comfort there

No father was so peculiar like yours was to the child

As real as the deeds are it's true that God is drawn towards your song

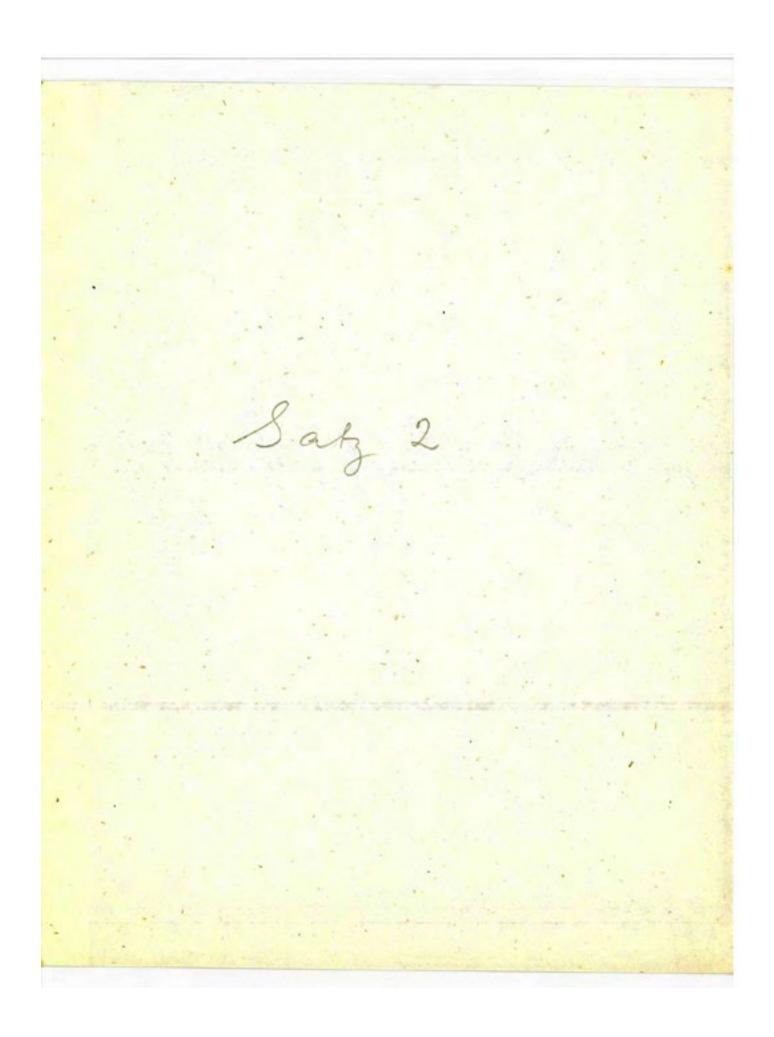
Much too pure is and too mine what God forgets of joy and pain

Who takes the tone
as God it tunes
may thus console beyond him
Always pain
swings too in
the
house

6.6.56

Summary

Totila Albert Manuscript: second movement



Hard ihr? Beethoven leider und Avostet zugleich Everachlet in Leid ihr dam lesst euch non the trosten Enve Stimme ventor sich in Beethovens Ohn "Turner Liefer, Stimme, "viet en diesen abgrund meiner Vacht! down vermag ich zu trosten! Hour iles den Herzton seiner Vallendung internelimet ilv einen Peil. Sending Trosten nicht nur leiden gibt der Seele geistige Wendung minunt day Leid in dir releveland

Zenseils von meinem grabe geschieht auch dir ein Leid Denk davan und Romers! Den Tan non deinen augen wird die Evole in sich saragen aus der lenchten dunklen Hvame wird es leuchton Prostet micht schor jetzt die Blume? ans der asolie meines Herzens wird sie blühm it ilwen Glicher viste dich! Das bin ich and memand soush right

es sei du hortest auch in dir die Stimme die ich house als ich ilelefe donn ewiger Frühling ich halfe: reine Fligel im Sunevir beweit mein Sommer eilt televeilt in den Winter riber den zaghaften Herbet und die Vachligalt flotel Minder Wandever geh and dem Weg meinem Weh und behalte die Ligh mainer schaffigen Brish weight inner levellet es memand lenguet es immer evolenterner frihet die Liebe sich and dein Himmelswag .. der Lieder

Seele verfehle wicht die Genesung and dem Wege in does enige . Truck · voler spåt es ist das gleiche autershelp doch micht die Leiche In dir wind eine Seele moch cinnal geleven aus dem ewig wachen Wesen golles The wissl dass eine Seele nicht nevgisst die andre Seele die wahre Seele mit joher aus der andem Welt

Flit dich! Nachtigall fløtet und wahrsagt zugleich War such berville ani mich der stirlet Gland dem Bofen! Meide den Loten suche den bebenden Beethoven miss dich mit ilin. · und sing riber sterbliche Flüllen himans dich seller in Freder dunkler Walder im Sturmsvind algeenteter Felder Horst du glockentone danke gott fin alles Schone leide was wir leiden mussen folge Strom und Velrenfliessen Lindest du zu deinem Glücke eine nie liegangne Bricke get himber ahre Jagen goth wird dich himitertragen

weil en veifs am Missnerstehen lifte under Wiederschen wahrend when Berg und Meire ich verandent wiedentehne und dich leitle gastlich. zu sein auf Evden Fassif mich vom Himmel ausgeafueter Hauch? Im grig der Seinsverandenung spirost du ahu auch? Fanal sich Hauch zu Flauch? Frag den atem! atem Rain ich helvers aber brauchst du ihn zum ewigen Leben? Vielleicht! Dem Lied Raun ich ihn geleen alien weight alas dir machquochwelen? Vergebens des Lebens atem?

. Singst du? Leberrahl! Singst du mich ins Leber ? Lebewohl! Wer Raun afein geben? Du! . Vehmen? 1 Dul golf sicht, du liebst aber den Henz gibst also darf ich auch von dir nehmen Bist du getrostet? " Jah bins! rend duz John bin es auch 12.6.56

Video second movement



English Translation second movement

2nd movement

You hear ?

Beethoven suffers and consoles as well Awake in pain you let yourself be consoled by him Your voice has lost itself in Beethoven's ear "Even deeper, voice," he shouted "in this deep abyss of my night! There am I apt to console!" Hearing the heartbeat of his completion you do accept a portion of his mission

Consoling,
not just suff'ring
provides the soul
its
spiritual turn

I

just I,

can console you

if your pain inside

overwhelms

```
Beyond
the place of my grave
you find
also your pain
Remember
and come!
```

```
The dew
seeping from your eyes
in this plain earth
will be soaked up
From the humid
gloomy-dark crumb
it is shining
But consoles not yet the flower?
From the ashes
of my heart soul
it will bloom
with its glow to
say to you

Be consoled!
```

Be consoled !
What faded ?
This is I
and no one
else
is
with
you

unless you also heard in you the voice that I was hearing when I still lived

Come
you eternal spring
I do keep
my wings very ready inside me
my summer
quickly hurries into winter
across a reluctant fall
and the nightingale fluted

Tired wanderer move
out of the way of my pain
and maintain the pleasure
of my shadowy breast
since
you
know

as it shines inside nobody denies ever farther from earth love does feel itself on the divine path of the songs

My soul
do not miss
the recovery
on the one path
to the
eternal
being

Soon
or later
it will be the same
it will rise
for sure not the corpse
In you
a soul will be born
once again
out of the eternally
watchful being of God

You know
that a lone soul will
not forget
the other soul there
that is
the only true soul
which stands up
to the one of the other world

Beware !

The
nightingale flutes and does divine as well
Who will
compete
for me
will die
Trust the bearer!
Avoid the dead one

do look for the living Beethoven
compete with
him
and sing
beyond any mortal drapery
your own praise
in the peace of dark forests
in storm wind
of empty harvested fields

Do you hear the bell tones
thank God for all the beautiful
Suffer what we have to suffer
follow stream and tributaries
if you find to fulfill your luck
a bridge that has never been crossed
go across and don't hesitate
as God will carry you across

for our misunderstanding made suffer our meeting again while across the mountain and sea I return after having changed and do ask you to be friendly on this earth Am Igripped by a breath exhaled from heaven? Following the change in being you feel it too? Breath encountered breath? Question the breath! Breath I can muster do you need it truly for eternal life? Perhaps ! Your song I can give to him if it's enough to float after you?

Is in vain the breath of this life?

```
You sing ?
You fare well !
You sing me into life ?
You farewell !
Who can give me a breath ?
You !
To take ?
You !
```

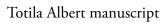
God sees, you love,
but you, my heart, gives
me the breath
also I may thus
take it from you

Are you comforted?

I am !
And
you ?

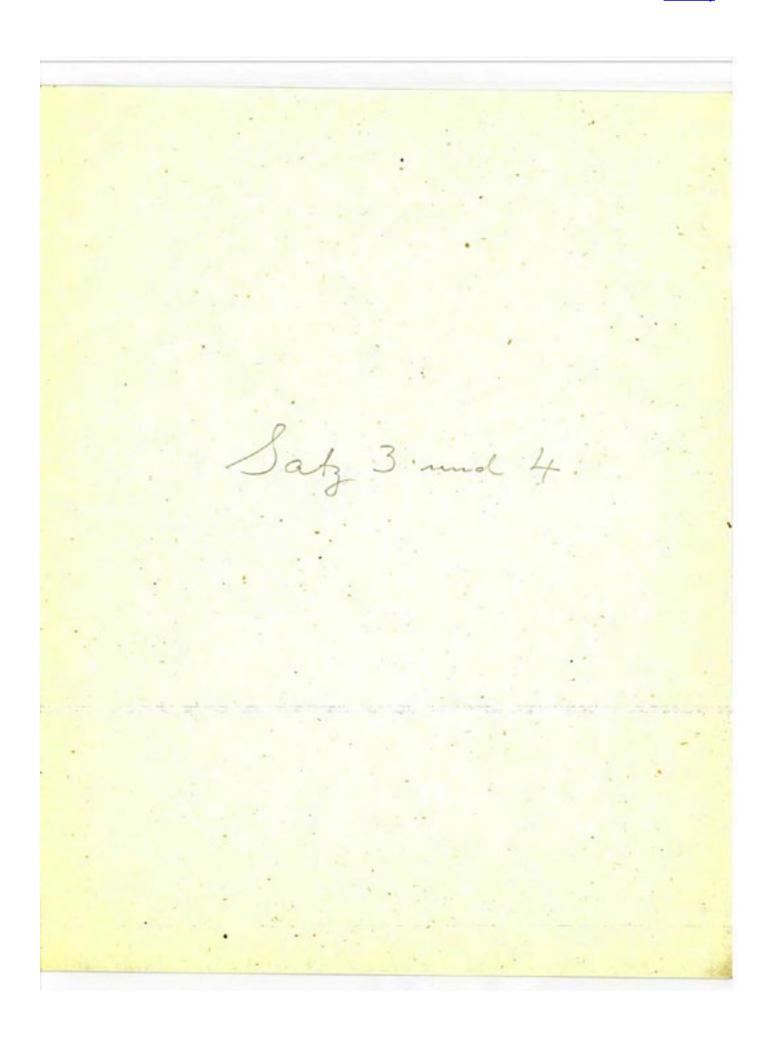
I also am

12.6.56



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S	ш	m	m	12	rv,

Totila Albert Manuscript: third and fourth movement



Beethoven lacht! Glickliche Vacht die du ihn glicklicher machs! Wirst ash warein , ihr mich glicklicher fill menn der Traum mit mit spiell bis den Beethoven lach! Beethouse lacht. weil er gedacht dars des geschick ihr bedacht Das istija wahu aler stellt mich micht dar als die glickliche Nacht weil ein Beethoven lacht! Sprich mit min selbet wich mit dix selbet noch bin ich selbet noer bist du selbet? Du hast gedacht dass dichi die Vacht glisklicher macht Members du glistelicher mare die Vacht als ich?

riberlass mir die nachtlichen Regnugen Bris ich dech simmal die Vacht. alecor das l'anende witer dem Ohr bin ich! Willst du sagen du hatlast zum hoven den Tod im Gehörgang gebracht? Wie du das weifst! Das macht den geist a glicklick! glioklish? Wirtzlich? : glicklich! How ich mein Work? Tricle is dich fort Solvicles al ? glicklich, Schicksal glicklich ich! Jetyl how rich! Jetzh, Vergel, simil Lieder und singh für mich!

Oder ich will singen for Vigel. die springen non asl gu ash haliaha! Wie das passf! Seid ihr da? aufgepassh! gell mer acht was der Mann Laveneus machl untern lann! Sing wich night schou? Fliegh michel fort! Hount iliv recostehn? Kein Work? Was fliegh Vogel = Lant? cleuschenword! Wer vertrant? . Viemand! Fort!

26 Vogel im Land! Singender Stant! Schicksal, ich ghand Hoven ist Rand! Fern von der Brut avgrahu im Blut singende Flut machet du mir llut? Sturge wight leer in clas felsige Ohn ich hor! Wie der gahnende abgrined den Wassersland gegen dich almah und drohnt Schicksail, es tout! außen aud Innen im havenden Ohr versohuf! Lag ich lange genng in der Einsamlleil tanker Empfindingen wach? Wasserfall mach svicaler den Bach glicklich! Schmick dich. friedlich schick mich nach s still and gemach

will ich den Tag. schwingen Singen Schweing Lihr? fir mich! The Wellen ich hoire ron Guellen und leet ein Lied! Larsh and mich news framer ihr sall es vernehmen igh sing eich tank reliev Beng riber Pal golles Weres aus dem Strahl! was verstelist du slavon cler din richst in den fon *

Wowled, ich schreib es ins Buch vorlandig bleib is revenich flight of our h? Theimallos Heimah zn Merischenloss so auch. · olivi rebertione mistet die Lange deiner Welle hall gehoven wir in & Dunklo hall ins Stelle . Wier versleht es denn. wie Beethover ?! Joh micht du micht, miemand Wellen, seht er bleilif nie stehn und schweilet im gehin er stimmeh mes gu O, Back, over singl wie du

Ehrl dich gemand, sperech, so tief in Ohr rose ich. Vicht new dass du fliesst ins lleer sondern dass du selbel clas Meer leist sagt den Herzen mein gehor ach weren du vousslest mer sich mil dir misst! Beethoven lacht weil en sich wach sang when Back in die Vacht Warsh wich warring es ihn glicklicher macht dein die Volen sind stumm auch wein Beethoven lack Beethover lack weil er zeolacht dass er mehr Vacht hat als Bach Toher als Back sang den fag mid die Vachl war der Steunhimmel wach der in Beekhoven lacht aher ich doch selbst. golf, wie du sellich sprichel with dir selbet, mach when selbel!

· Back ist bei dir ich bin noch hier anch auf das's iliv Euget aus mir glaubeh mur glicklicher Bount ihr nicht sein als ich. were ich glicklichsein meine als Justand des Leidens am gothlichen Joh Back song den Stevn Joh aber singe des leidende Tres and men weil die Tiene doch enemal den gottlichen Odem exhielten von der alien now div melio als das Tier. leist ich! Wicht new smed noin poplanglich goll! Hunter dem Work how ich dein Work · geistig scefer aveils ich bist du Lied!

Jetzh how ich! Jetz & singe vom Thumsel ein Liech für mich oder sperich es geistig ich schweib es mir fleifrig fir dich Want gu Work singe fool Licht= aon Half das Ohr and den lon spirish guver Vacht = aon How ich is down "onendes Work! Volenjajnier! Was fliegh forh?

Hilflos fleht die Vatur Wind verwehl auch die Speer! Folge demen Votenblath bis in die Lifte · Sink an eines Poten stalt micht in die grufte Cor! Was liegh davan? Durchbrich den Baun! Flog clas Blall zu goll? Wen nimutes und minim es au. Was liegt clavan? Wisss ich ob deuch Back hindurch sich hort mein Blatt musso ich micht zu goll an eines laten stath

goll gale ein Mals das du machzumessen hast wachst gras der laten goune dir die Rast, Beethoven eil! Beethoven feill an seinem Letensgedicht Wirst night warrien er es eiliger hal als der Wind mit dem Blatt o'der goth mit dem Lied! Weil es revhaucht wern es gebaucht ist in das gottlishe Licht! Warter davum leis die Sonne versinkt ob ein Slimmel der Klings riber Beethoven zieht

Beethoven ! Flat! gib mir gestalt dunkel und Ralf jung micket moch all! alt ist die Vacht Kolh ist die Macht Jung ist die Bracht bin dish mir sacht! Hast du gewalk silver geistes geshalt an sich dann vertran min den Sohlussel zum Herzen der in dir rowhandenen Vacht; Beethovernach! Seit die den Sahlüssel zum Herzen mir gabst. bin ich um ein Himmelgeheimnis beneichent und gebe mich in deine llacht Beethoven, mach dich meine Prach glicklich? Wills I du wirklich glicklich sein?

Flerzohnikle Vacht Stevenfunkeln macht glicklich! Blinkh nicht snings der Schein? getz & hor ich! zetzh sningel ilv Stevene mir auch ein Lied! Oder ich will singen nous Schwingen der Sonne die hout und siehh Fon begreift. Light in such Licht begreift const du micht nes blinks Sichet du micht venn es kling &?

augenlicht single golf in the langsamer schwings ner es nevlor Was nice los wor this olar Steven wenn es frois? Wie es form Blingt dem Ohn! Was wo ich geglandel oler oler enhantil mirale beraubl seines gehors ich hor ich hor. michels Oh en verstort ist? Er sellest sagt er hort nicht Dann schweigt mur und stort micht! Was schweigt ale? Ev hook micht!

En sagte viv sollfer vom Humal ihm snigen Dann wollen wir blinken! thit Fallsternen winken, In Beethoven sinken! In transen entrinken! Singt Stevenchow dem gesicht mur das Ohr how dich night winsch gum Licht sich ein Spiel weil ein Stever vom Humal fiel Sag dem Ohr das Gesichh gaingisherror aus dem Licht and verspricht ihm zn viel wenn auch Licht vom Humal feel

aber du hove zu bist du schon tanch minum fier Pori unser Licht weil es Lohn dir reers firicht gabst dem Spiel als der Stern vom Himmel fiel Traste dich innevlich leist du nicht tank gostes Licht rist der Pon dein gesicht ist sein Thron und dein Spiel gilt ihm viel mehr Licht als vom Hummel fiel 26.6.56

Stevnenhimmel. rank down Ohr might seine Ruhe es geningt noem ich es due weil von dir so viele Stimmen in mir sind golf in Slimmel how wer faul ist and der Evale es geningt dass ich es werde der ich ohnehin den Weg zum Ohre find also werden wir den Weg der Ewigkeit genreinsam gehen einer mach dem anders wird ja auferstehen sei es aus dem Schofs der Evde acler aus dem sternversunknen grund des Flimmels. Einer aus dem Sternenchor ist eingeweihl in deine Wehen einer mach dem ander wird dein Lied verstehen sei es dass ihm Sonne mevelo oder Vacht des Avanentrunknen Lichtgewimmels

Wer machgedacht wher sich leis zum Lließenden Ich mirrolet aus den gebruk wieder in die gebind rebeviouredel den Tool and der hoheren Vol Wie legreif ich das Sliefrende Solo? Wer seinen Tool überlebt hat much ausdruck gestrable wher eine gebruik in die and be gebruit und evloste den Tool. and der miederen Voh Wer vergreift sich am fliesenden Joh 2 Beethoven lack! Beethoven weich Jassh es sein leis gur machs ten gebrech! aber vie er dann lachen wind weinen and washen wind wissen die falls fevrie besser als rich es in angenticle du denn aus ewiger Ferne verliert sich das Sch im das Dre Jobs lacke du jetch roeine du du willsh vor dem Rommenden Tod aben veich mir die Lieder her aus deiner Wriederteelen oh dich die tallsterne trafen wie mich im entscheiden den Du denn aus ewigen ferne evlabet du die l'oten hingre

Fir die Stevne ist der late anch ein Falls fever und ein Bake dunkler grunde die gehäven Woher Reunet du die Bestimmens einer fallenden Erklimmung zngeblehoter Stevnenhimmel Lev du most wicht top list? Um dein Schen mag es dem Bala alex falle mer and funkely wird am Slimmel deine Lichtspur wie du la fen hieltst den Lichtschwur ausgukundsahaften die Stello ihres Eintriffs in das Stelle also fright auch dich der Slimmel grad wohin is not ist Bis du Falls tern list den andern Leven Blicke dorthin wander no sie wissen dass du ihrem Sahicksal authilfal natural du nuciter dem genissen in den Sternenhimmet kanchen ein geteild aus Fins Levenissen saffigen mit deinen Hanchen aler dies wind sich entruden menn die blerzen dich engninden smot der time der dich branchte in den Himmel aufblickt ach du wirst micht unterscheiden bei Begegning enver Leiden wer znevel fragt van ench beiden Schicke das Licht diel ? aber enew glickgenichen dem gestivnten Steinmelstreiben murer im gedashtuis bleiben Dorthin mendet enve Blicke wirst du sagen, dem rah schicke meine grufte jeden andern cler sein Licht hinaufschickt

Nimm mer den Fall an du auch wievdest einmal so. · faul wie ich Vinn nur den Fall an du auch wierdest lichterloh Land an sich Vinn an dass du vergweifelst dir sellest · dann denk an mich sang ich doch niner Liv dich Vinn an dass du dich trastesh mir selbst dann dents an dich auch nun fre mich

Nicht 2 und die leist Light? und haist gesicht? Du siehst den Stevn und hors fihr wicht? Brist du so fever dem eignen Licht wogn verlangst du noch Gesicht, Flerz? Licht. wer hort wird taul wer sight wind believed ich hab im Ohr fur den ein Lied der Licht verlor and wish mehr sieht und eine Stimme sagt mir! gib, Herz! Vinne! Die Stimme glimm. in deine Blindheit und leist du einmal mur impromin geweseie Romin sei wieder fromm mie Kinder sind und warsh du blind fir deine Hindheih J'etzh leist du llaun send siehel sens an wir sand die augen deiner kurdheit! Sich! War sind das Lich and deiner Kindheih much willst du in der Dunkelheil noch lesen Such Lein Lebeirsbuch and lies zwick and hast du gliell string deine Kindheih mit dir voraus Das ist der Brieg über die Blindheil!

Schnevztropfen, Beethoven? Bist die Sieger when sleine Tambheil o der schnen sich Gebilde deiner Lautheit nach der Rindlichen Geborgenheit? Wieder Schneizhopfen, Beekhoven? Waven micht die Vächte deiner Kendheik reberselig trots der vaterlichen Blindheit mid der mutterlichen Midigkeit? Warsh du nicht der blittler zwischen Leben und Jesang? Lag das Endziel deines Strebens with am angang deines Lebens? War dir je um deine Vaten ocler um die Token bang? Unrealit Raun dich treffen aber Reine Schieltsalsmacht Brist gefeit vor nenen Wunden weil die alten moch gesunden durch die fernen Samen memer and die Some deiner Nachh

Heile, Seele, heile von dem Zwiespall deiner Wesensteile Toile, Slimmsel, eile in den Einklang mit dem Erdenheile Vater, sprach die Mutter bitte ab dem Kinde! Sind der Evole abgehonte Werte ungeRehrt in Himmel? Vin das Lied behalt im Slimmel den næverbrauten Evolenklang! Herz Rlopfen, how ich die Zenger hier? hove des lauben gesang Es extillen sich unsere Chiunger goll How er uns? Junier noch. Ehre ev iens? Humselhoch. Weint er micht. Cranenteer! Lacht er moch? Himmelher! Liebt en moch? Wesenflich!

Trostel ev 2. Sicherlich! well en moch? Innevelich! grallt ev moch? Homme was Goff wolle Valer ich grolle dir nicht soudern trachle. zu sehn das Völlbrachte seitdem die zum Singen mir Schwingen gebrafligt so selig bischaftigt Ler geist sich mit dir! Bomm in deine Valevanue Danin in deine Mullevarine dass sich golf der diet enlaum free dich spirech von jedem Flavens uch bei jenem allerletzten stirlet 3.6.56

Video third and fourth movement



English Translation third and fourth movement

Movements 3 and 4

Beethoven laughs!
Fortunate night
which makes him more fortunate!

If I knew why
you sense me happier
when the dream plays with me
until a Beethoven laughs!

Beethoven Laughs because he thought that fate did remember him

It's true indeed but does not present me as the fortunate night because Beethoven Laughs!

Do talk with me not with yourself still I am me who are you then ?

You've been laughing you've been thinking that the night makes you luckier

Did you think that the night were luckier than I ?

```
Do leave me with the nightly excitations since I am the night for once!
```

```
For once ? Right now !
However the sounding below the Ear
am I !
```

Are you saying you enabled hearing by sending death into the Ear ?

```
That you know that !
That makes the spirit
happy !
Happy ?
Really ?
Happy !
```

Ear !
I hear my word ?
It made you go
my fate ?
Happy, my fate, happy
I!
Now I hear !
Now, you birds,
you think songs
and sing
for me !

```
Or I'll
     be singing
   for the birds
    who do jump
    from branch
     to branch
      hahaha!
  How that fits !
  Are you there ?
    Attention !
    Watch as to
    why the man
  makes that noise
  down the tree !
Isn't my song nice ?
   Don't fly off!
  You understand ?
     No wort ?
        Why
        you
         fly
       off?
  Flyer = Sound ?
    Human word!
  Who can trust?
      No one!
       Off!
```

Birds in the leaves !

Dust is singing!

It's fate, I think

to hear is theft!

Far from the brood doubt in the blood song in the flood you give me spunk?

Don't fall empty into the rocky ear I hear!

Like the yawning abyss makes the water dust so breathe and roar against you

Dest'ny, it sounds !
Inside and outside in the hearing ear
peaceful !

Have I laid long enough in my loneliness awake with deafened senses?

Waterfall make the creek again happy !

Dress up
in peace
and send me
still and slowly

```
I want this day to swing
```

to sing
You swing ?
Sing
for me!

You waves
I hear
from the wells
and sea
a song!

Let me
too
stream along
you too will
pick it up
I sing
aloud

across hills across vales God's work out of the ray!

What do you understand you who flows into sound?

```
Wait, I write it in the book right now it is just a try
```

Why you flow off ?

Homelandless homeland too humanfree and you too!

Don't neglect to listen to the length of your wave half we belong to the dark and half to the light

Who understands it Like Beethoven ?

Not I, not you, no one
You waves, look
he never stops
and writes walking
Hear
he does agree
O, Bach, who sings like you?

Who honors you, like I deeply in the Ear ?

Not just to the sea you flow but that you are the sea yourself says my hearing to my heart
Oh, if you knew who does compete with you!

Beethoven laughs keeping awake singing of Bach in the night

I don't know why
it makes him more happy
because the dead are deaf
although Beethoven laughs

Beethoven Laughs because he thought that he has more night than Bach

More than what Bach sang of day and the night the star sky was awake that laughs in Beethoven

I do suspect
God, as you do
speak with yourself
I do so too!

Bach is with you
I am still here
also that you
sing out of me

Believe me
more happy you could not be
than I
when I mean as happiness
the state of suffering from the divine I

Bach sang the star
I sing the suff'ring animal out
of me
because the animals once
did receive the divine breathing out of you

Before you more than the beast does I do!

Not only are we plantwise

God!
Behind the word
I hear your word
deeper
in mind
I know
you are
song!

```
Now I hear !
Now do sing
from heaven
a song
for me
```

or say it mentally I note it keenly in the book for you

Word to word tone to tone do sing forth Light = Aeon

If the ear
can stand tone
then speak up
Night = Aeon

I hear it there maybe here ?
A sounding word !
Or note paper !

Why you fly off ?

```
Nature pleads
helplessly
Wind also
covers
tracks!
```

Follow your sheet music way up into the air Do not sink into the crypt instead of a dead

Fool!
Does it matter?
Do break the spell!

The sheet
flew to
God ?
Who
accepts
it ?

And accept it !
Does it matter ?

If
I knew Bach made
my music audible
must
I not go to
God instead of a dead

```
God
gave
you
a
rule
that you have to verify
grows
it
through
the
grass
of the dead
do accept the rest!
```

Beethoven runs !
Beethoven works
to improve his life's poem

Would not know why
he's more in a hurry
than the wind with the leave
or even God with the song?

Because it fades when it's breathed right into the divine light!

Therefore please wait until the sun will sink if a heaven that sounds over Beethoven dips

Beethoven! Stop!
Give me a shape
like dark and cold
not young nor old!

Old is the night Cold is the might Young is the pomp Gently be mine!

Do you have strength over the mental shape as such

then entrust me with the key to the heart of the night residing in you:

Beethoven night!

After you gave me the key to the heart

I am

enriched by a secret of the heaven

and give myself into your might

Beethoven, does
my splendor give
you luck?
Do you
truly
want this
luck?

Night with dark heart star sparkle gives you luck!

Does blink does sing here the shine?

Now I hear!
You stars now
sing for me
also
a song!

Or I will sing about vibrations of the sun who hears and sees

Tone fathoms
light as is
light fathoms
tone as is

Don't you hear
When it blinks
Don't you see
When it sounds?

```
My eyesight sings
In God's ear
More slowly swings
he who lost it
```

What makes you move

Like the star
When it froze ?
Far it sounds
for the Ear !
What
goes
on
there

while I had thought that who went deaf would be deprived of his hearing I hear I hear naught

Might he be upset ?

He says he does not hear

Say nothing don't disturb!

Why be still ? He doesn't hear!

He said we should sing for him about the heavens

Then we did want to blink!
Then wave with falling stars!
Sink into Beethoven!
And drown in the weeping!

Sing !

Choir of stars
for the face
but the Ear
doesn't hear you
wishes for light
and a game
'cause a star fell from heaven

Tell the Ear
that the face
did emerge
from the light
promising
him too much
though the light fell from heaven

But you
listen
are you deaf
yet
take for tone
our light
its value
is promised
as you gave aim
to the game
as the star fell from heaven

Be consoled
for inside
you are not
deaf
God's light
is the tone
and your face
is his throne
and your game
gives him much
more light than fell from heaven

Starry heaven
don't rob the ear of its calmness
it is enough if I do it
'cause in me are so many of your voices
God in heaven
listens to who is deaf on this earth
it is enough that I will be
as I will find the way to the Ear for sure

Therefore we on the path to eternity
will walk together
one after the other
will surely rise again
be it out of the womb of earth
or even out of the starbound
seat of heaven

One within the starchoir has been informed
of your suffering
one after the other
will understand your song
be it that he will gain the sun
or the night of the tearflooded
light so teeming

He who thought about himself
up to the flowing I
does flow out of the birth
back again into birth
superdominates death
out of the higher need
How to understand the flowing I?

Who can live after his death
has striven to express
what does lead from one birth
into the other birth
and liberated death
out of the lower need
Who interferes with the flowing I?

"Beethoven laughs"

"Beethoven weeps"

Let

it be

right until the next birth!

But how he is going to laugh

how to weep and to watch

just the falling stars know

better than I at this very moment

for out of eternal space

disappears the I in the You

Now you may laugh now you may weep

as

you wish

before the coming death
but hand over the songs that came
out of your returning
whether the falling stars
met you like me in the decisive You
for out of eternal space
you experience the dead too

For the stars the dead is also a falling star and messenger out of the spheres of light beyond the darker grounds which may give birth Whence do you know the destiny of a starry heaven that is observing a climb bound to fall since you are not dead yet? Around your life it may be dark and you may fall but there will shine in the sky the track of your light as you kept light vows to the dead in finding where is the portal of their entrance into the light and thus you will encounter too heaven where it's so close

Til you'll be falling star to those
whose glances are direced towards
where they know that you will help their
own destiny
your conscience will continue to

your conscience will continue to
drop into the starry heaven
an image full of darknesses
saturating it with your breath
however this will get inflamed
when their hearts will sense your being
and when the one who needed you
does look up to heaven
Oh you won't know the difference
when both your sufferings will meet
as to who of you will ask first
Does light send you?

But the enjoyment of your luck
will flow together into night
and the starry heaven's motion
will remain in its memory
You may direct your glances there,
you will say, because I will send
my greetings to every one
who sends his light up there

```
Let us just assume you too would be once just as deaf as I
```

Let us just assume you too would be ablazing tone itself

Assume
that you
will despair
of
yourself
then
think of me
since I
sang just
for you

Assume
that you
calm yourself
all
through me
then
remember
and sing
only
for me

```
No ?
             And you are light?
              You have a face?
               You see the star
             and don't hear it ?
                Are you so far
             from your own light
 that you still need to ask for face, heart?
                   Light!
             who hears turns deaf
             who sees turns blind
                 In my ear I
               have a song for
              who lost the light
               and sees no more
   and a voice is telling me: give, heart!
                    Take !
             The glistening voice
             into your blindness
   and if you have been impious only once
                      be
                 pious again
                as children do
              and were you blind
            to see your childhood
               now you are man
                and look at us
  to see that we are your childhood's eyes!
                    Look!
               We are the light
            of your own childhood
and do you really want to read in the darkness
                     Find
             your own life's book
               go back and read
              and with luck your
             childhood is falling
               with you upfront
               into God's house
```

That is the victory over blindness!

Pain killers, Beethoven ? Heart beatings, Beethoven ?

Are you the victor over your deafness or are the images of your loudness longing for the warm shelter of your childhood?

Again
Pain killers, Beethoven ?
Heart beatings, Beethoven ?

Is it not that the nights of your childhood were very happy in spite of father's blindness and in spite of your mother's fatigue?

Could you not have mediated between life and song ?

Was the goal of your endeavor

not at the outset of your life ?

Did you ever feel for your notes

or for the dead any

fear ?

Injustice you may encounter but no force of fate
You are secure against new wounds
while the old ones are still healing
due to the distant sun of my
night and the sun of your
night

You heal, my soul, you heal from the disunion of your essentials
Hurry, heaven, hurry
into the union with the earth's healing

Father, spoke the mother, ask that the child forgive !

Are the values intercepted from earth turned around in heaven?

Only the song keeps in heaven the familiar earthen sound!

Heartbeat, do I hear witnesses here?

God hear the song of the deaf

Now our premonitions are being fulfilled

God please do respond

He hears us ?
He still does !
Honors us ?
Very high !
He doesn't weep ?
Without tears !
He still laughs ?
From afar !
He still loves ?
Yes truly !

He consoles ?
Certainly !
He still raves ?
Yes inside !
Is upset ?

It may come what God wants

Father I hold no

anger but I rather

do see the fulfillment

since to sing you gave me

the wings to strengthen me

and the happy spirit

is all within

you!

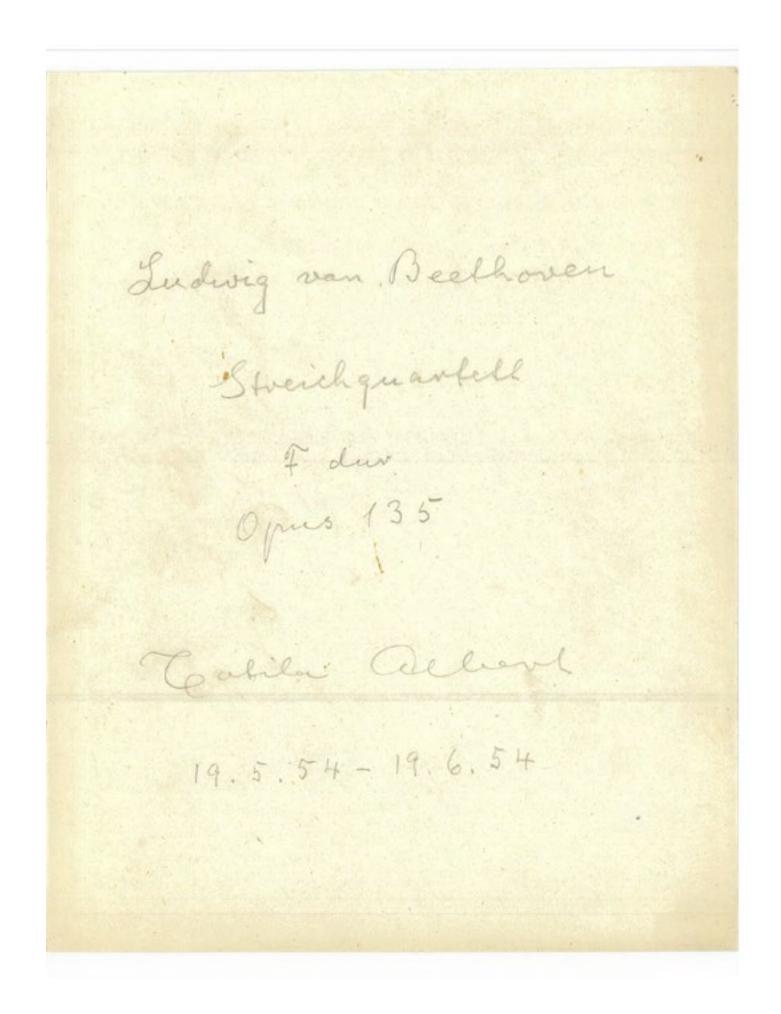
Come here into your father's arms come here into your mother's arms may God have mercy with the three declare you to be free of harm also with the very last flight determined too early for you but into a homeland which will for him who courts it

not die

3.6.56

Ludwig van Beethoven String Quartet F major Opus 135

Totila Albert Manuscript: first movement



Beethoven simm ich! Beethoven bin ich! Ich bin der Tool stigder aller Not ein jakes Ende maachen swind der über Vacht dir cinnal sacht dre miden augen soliliefsen wird Benent Lich so als warst du froh evlast zu sein Walnuteit, alnung? Warte, Mahning! Willsholm unterbrick micht blen Singender ! - mich denn wicht mehn? Wein, ich will dich anicht! Warren riefst Nein, ich wief dich misht! Seele tras ob er furchtsami ist Frischten? Seele! Weifst du nicht dass ich dir defelle?

Verlang nicht von der Seele soviel zuversicht! Erwart ich elwa dass Jehorsam widerspricht? Vielleicht so weit Befell und Folgevichtigkeit sich missnerstehen Das Rain geschehen in Todeswehen Verandre mich! Ersinne dich! Beende mich! Dann will's bolu, devider, nimmer neiederseln? Ist das much der Mühe noent? Spright so wer die gultheit ehrt? Wie du mich preinigst mit tragen und aufworten! Lieber nevlasse mich oder nevfithre mich wieder das Leben der Lieder zu leben im jenseitig schwingenden Leben der Singenden Widersprich dir nicht wenn ihr Wiegenlied dich eingesungen

Wiegelihn son Himmel her zm Himmel him in Wiedertehr den Lieder den Lust leis die sin Rende Brush sich micht held und der atein sich leis ins Unsterbliche lebb Und wie man Take frags Wo list du ? fragt den Lebenden moch Beethoven ist? Beethoven, ich ? Wie golf ein Du! Ish golf Rein Joh? Beekhoven, du? Waven fragst du mich? Wen fragst denn du? meine lage! antwork mochten wir aus Värliters!

Wie veraudest side das Joh 2 Vieinals nevanderst du did es sei dewoh dich ! Curch der der Brich mit goth verglich verandert noch sein Joh Vielleicht durch mich! Bish du der Tod der aus der Vat herans sich selber überspringt? Wenn der andre singt! also howst du doch bedingt? Whir ween du es leist der singt und ich es bin der in dir schwingh and, hoved du deun nicht auch bedingt roun ich im Ohr bin und es singh Das Ohr ist hat das michet mehr hart doch nist das Lied dem Ohr rooch with reberlebendiges riber bestandiges Tak Tak Vermandle dich!

Beelhoven Roum! Die Some glomm and dir himanf ins Schattenreich Der Wag hinale hort auf in grab doch dann sind Stah und Trife gleich Blick auf den Weg und interleg dir den Vergleich Einer Mutter gleicht die Priche so der Vater in ihr schliefe aben wehe dem Sohn ist die Flohe der Lohn Sur alle aus gatraquen Leiden nur das Bild und um den Ton reberleg dir, Kind wie lebendig sind when Nacht die Paten 1comme Der eine shill der andre lift du Ramet mer wich Bis an die Tur mud flochten wir dir micht dafun die Lebens Knowl and littermoune and Schopfersonie

The zeriglet mich als Erden-Joh Vergissh es sich? Doch Himmelszeinger sind die zwei der Wiederkehr! Ja, die zwei schufst du aus div, Frag dich selbst nun, wer sind wir? Seid ihr aus der Zahl im Joh stürgt die Welt der Drei in mich! Wieder Reche Suchende unter Verganglishen hovet den verfenden Und im anfänglichen Himmel und Evde in Wind der Entleindungen Wind und Wiederlehr uberholen sich in Himmelsvammen Halter ihm in Himmel auf vor Endbeginn und Wesenslauf Versicht ihm die Luft and der Monnienden gruft - bis er vein ans dem Somenschein seiner Unsterblichteil steigh

Und fragt der Simende Wer bin ich? Sagl; der Beginnende! gehts zu Endo Noch micht! Ewlosch das Licht? " is fant die Vaclit! Die Trane spricht? Der Tote lacht? Husch ein Towlicht vorriber lass es divol die augentider Sohvickt die Seele zwick schick das Tivlicht wieder durch die Lider Stofs dein Glick micht zuwiel · Lele doler stirle aler. Rampl mil mir bis ich es weifs ob der sichtbare Held einer werklichen Welf in die andere verstriskt ist

she der singende Held. einer horbaven Well in die andere genidel ist Sprich! Beethoven, horst du? Beethoven how mich! Hound! En is & der Steld der uns gefällt einer stillen geisterwell. Er ist der Flatel der mus exhelle in einer fanben geis farvell Die Well der Vot die vor dem Tool vsahveckt den afein hall stale him for dich vor Reinem Jeh besiegher Held! 30.5.54

Video first movement

Ludwig van Beethoven

Streichquartett
F Dur
Opus 135

Totila Albert 19.5.54 - 19-6-54

English translation first movement

Ludwig van Beethoven

Streichquartett
F Dur

Opus 135

Totila Albert 19.5.54 - 19-6-54 1st movement

19.5.54

Beethoven I think !

Beethoven I am !

I am that death
who for all needs
will bring about a sudden end
who during night
will once softly
shutter your tired eyes for you
Receive him as
if you were glad
to be redeemed

Truth, foreboding ? Wait, reminder!

Don't you Don't interrupt the one who sings !
- want me nor more ?

No, I don't want you!

Why did you call?

No, I called you not !

My soul, ask if he is afraid

Afraid ?
My soul !
Do you not know that I order you ?

Do not demand of your soul so much confidence!

Do I expect that obedience contradicts ?

Maybe as far
my command and its consequence
from early on
misread each other

That may well happen entering death's throes

Modify me !
Remind yourself !
Do finish me !

You want, tired one, to never see your own limbs again ?

Is this still worth the effort ?

Thus speaks who honors Godship ?

How you pain me with your questions and your answers !

Then you better leave me

or better seduce me

to once again living the life of the songs

there beyond the so swinging

life of who is singing

Don't deny yourself when their lullaby has put you to sleep

Cradle him
way from heaven
way to heaven
in true return
of the songs of joy
until the sinking breast
does not rise
and breath silently
lives into the immortal

And as one asks the dead
Where are you?
ask the one who lives
if he
still is Beethoven?

Beethoven, I ? Like God a You ! God's not an I ? Beethoven, you ?

> Wherefore you ask me ?

Whom do you ask ?

Ah, I question the days I have ! We'd like answers to come from nights !

How the I is changing itself?

Never
do you change
yourself
unless through you !

He who compared himself to God is yet changing his I?

Perhaps through me !

Are you the death
who out of need
does even jump over himself?

When the other sings !

Does that mean you hear somewhat?

Only if it's you who sings
and it is I who swings in you
Oh, so you can just hear somewhat
when I'm in the Ear and it sings
That Ear is dead which cannot hear
but the Ear still values the song

as

superanimated superdependable supernecessary

Τ

Transform yourself!

Beethoven, come!
The sun did glow
from you up to the realm of shades
The pathway down
ends in the grave
but then height and depth are level
Look at the path
and think about
the relation

A mother resembles the depth in case the father slept in it but woe to the poor son for whom height is reward for all the pain of the suffering for the image and the tone

Think about, my child how much alive are the dead during the night

Come

One of them fought
the other hurt
you just went as
far as the door
and did we not
braid in its place
you the crown of life
out of mother's warmth
and creator's sun ?

You begot me
as earthly-I
Forgets itself?
But heaven's makers
are the two
of the return!

Yes, the two you made from you!

Ask yourself now, who are we?

If you are from all the Is the three-world falls into me!

The return seekers among the transitory do hear the calling mouth in the primordial heaven and earth in the wind of deliveries

The wind and return overtake each other in heaven's rooms

Make him stay
in heaven fore
the end begins
and essence starts
Blow away the air
out of the future grave
til he steps
purely from the light
of immortality's sun

And if the thinker asks
Who am I ?
Say : I'm the beginner !
Is the end near
say :
Not yet !

The light went out ?
The night is fading !
The teardrop speaks ?
And the dead laughs ?

If will o' the wisp flits past let it by way of the eyelids
If the soul is frightened send the will o' the wisp back through the lids

Don't reject your good luck Live or die but

fight with me until I know
if the hero in sight
of an authentic world
may be entangled
in the other

whether the singing hero
of an audible world
has moved into the
other one
Speak!

Beethoven, you hear ? Beethoven does not !

Come!

He's the hero

who pleases us

in a reticent world of ghosts

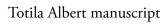
He's the hero

who lightens us

in a hard of hearing ghost world

The world of need which holds the breath terrified before death go there for you hero who lost against no I!

30.5.54



Summary

Totila Albert Manuscript: second movement

bin ich dort so bin ich auch noch hier · Du ivist der bish night dowl mode lies ired dock grigleich so weif von dir forh! Fort? Fort sagal alm ? Dort waret de! Hier, hier auch? reveass dich drant die palmise auch der Lauf Verlass dich drauf die Bahn hout auf Fir dich Vich fier much ! Now fin dich! Bahn ich wicht? Lauf ich mich ? - Ist die Balui vielleiche alles was wind aus dem Lang? Tend die Baku? Tend die Baku? Take im Wahu!

Luss es Balu lass es Walnie sein ich finde mein Toh in dem Walnesin ich meine micht deinen ich maine den mainigen Walnesium wird einigen Walusium bereinigen Walusium but Not! · Nat? Not sagt ich? Not leid ich dort, dort auch? Die Vot hort out der Wahn gibt ihr den Lant! Verlass dich drauf: der Wahn hort auf! . Der Wahn? Wicht die Not? Brist du lot? Tool plu micht? Shirbs to du nicht? Wenn die Not vielteicht endet was bleile dann vom Tod ? itur der Lant! Tend das Jeh? scale er auf!

Hele much auf wie der Lauf will ich laufe mit dir um die Wethe der erste der autommt am Ziele der Wellenden fulle die nettende Kirble gebetteten Lebeus mach! Komm mil 1 Tanz deine Raumlichtheih weg soush being & sich die Zeil micht vom Fleck so down wie hier! Lass deine Zeiflichteil weg soush beschvantel sich der Raum auf den Hack 50 dovs. wie hier! Werholf dich ein -so hold gelicin! wer soll es sein wenn micht das Joh? und hold dus sin dann lies es ale an memen grale!

Stieg ich von eurer zur anderen Stufe himauf in das Joh wielleight fin dish? : Wenn ich den Rommenden Muschen night aunte aus meinem Joh wer burgh feir dich? Dri avingsl olas Joh ! Jal bing fir dich · du wingst es mishit. Wenn du beingst birt du tot and du wingsh nicht die Vat! Hab ich die Vot micht verkland durch das glickliche Werld and clein Jah 2 Was ist Weall airs dem Joh 2 Wringsh den den Lelecuden mitten im gebenden augenblish? Burich fine mich fur dich .

riberleg Sithol der Wag uns im Kircis ? reberlass min den Kreislanf ich lass dich micht free! reberlegt ein gestion sich in Kreisen rice weit es von encen zum andern. Licht sei? Lieber lass mich entwiren wie weit es voin Torren guin Tracsein sein mag? Mir mar renterm Stein lag ein Tambér also oli es ich sei! Joh fragt ihr als ob es im grab ein Jehor gab and wash dass er schwer hort als ob es ich sei! Da schnie er nach innen als ob es ich see! Da war mir zu Simen als als ales ich sei! Wind weren ich es lein no fishost du mich him? Printe dein gehin viele ich dich her hortest du so soliver?

Florel du deun micht mehr. als mer ingenderen how mil dem gehow? Wirstest du wer sich so hart wie ich mich? how job mich so hor rich micht mehr dich Du irrst wie Trug verhall in Spoll du wirst mich bald verwechseln mit goth golf? John sagst du? golf Magri du dars ich spoth ? Das Rann nicht sein was gott hort. hort er vein!

Verlass dich drant gold minut wichts auf! Von din? Doch won mir! Fur and fir! Spoffelst du ? Beffelst du ? Horst du micht dass ich Reichleune besitze vor gott? Wenn er hort ! . J.sh er tant? Frag den Stanl! Lass ihm tamb für den Stanb sein! Jeh singe mein Joh in den Friehling den Frihling des Flimmels den Frishling der Seligen! Selig die Hovenden ! selig der Tod! Tool ? Tool sagh ich? Tod, frag ich, hiprost die auch ?

Den Tool howh auch! Er lebt sich in den Flanch! Verlass dish drant der Hauch hort auf Dev Hauch? Shirlet er auch? Er enflich! Tool, wohin? gottoohin! gothwohim mochhich selber werhanchen im Lied! Frish dus micht? Vinnermid! Ruhsh du micht? Lass mich fun valer ruhen! Joh singe mein Joh in das Wesen das Wesen der Evole! Ich meine die Werdenden ans den gebärenden. Lenge der florenden selig das Ohr! Ohr sagh ich? zuvar? 9.6.54

Video second movement



English Translation second movement

2nd movement

31.5.54

And
am I there
so am I
here as well!

You err
you are
not there
nor here
and yet
at once
far away from you!

Off ?
Off you say ?
There were you !
Here, here
too ?

You can
be sure
the track is
the run too!

You can be sure The track stops now!

For you

Not for me!

Just for you!

Don't I track?

Don't I run?

If the track perhaps is all

what is with the run?

It's no more!

And the track?

It's madness!

Let it be
track or madness
I find my I in insanity
I do not speak of yours
but I am speaking of mine
Insanity will clear
up some of the madness
we need madness!

Need ?
I said need ?
I suffer
there, there
too ?

The need ends here madness gives her freedom !

You count on it the madness ends!

Madness ?
Not the need ?

Are you dead ?

Death, not you?

You don't die ?

When the need may be ending what remains of death ?

Just the run !
And the I ?
He lifts it !

11

Do lift me
as the run wants
I challenge you to run with me and
he who does arrive first
at the goal of the betters
may feel the rescuing
coolness of embedded
life for real!

Do come!

Dance your spaciousness away
otherwise time does not move at all
not there
nor here!
Let go of your time limits
or space is limited to a spot
both there
and here!

Who can catch you lovely remains!

Who should
be it
if not the I ?
If you
catch up
then read it off
there at my grave !

12

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Did I climb from one level to another
            up into the I
               perhaps
              for you?
        If I do not call the
        human who will arrive
             out of my I
              who vows
              for you?
              You choke
               the I!
                I vow
               for you
              you don't
              choke it!
             If you vow
            you are dead
            and you don't
          choke the need !
    Was the need not transfigured
     through the lucky work out
             of the I?
           What's work out
             of the I?
       Do you choke the living
        in the middle of the
           yielding time ?
                Speak
               for me
              for you!
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Think about does the path Loop around?

Do leave the circling to me I won't release you! Does a starry body think while circling how far it may be from one light to another? Rather let me unravel how far from erring it is to being crazy? Under the stone lay a deaf man and I thought it were I ! I asked him whether there was hearing in the grave and knew his bad hearing as if it were I ! Then he shouted inwards as if it were I ! And that appeared to me as if it were I!

And if it is me where do you lead me ?

Check out your hearing did I call you here you heard so badly?

14

Do you not hear more than anybody can hear with hearing ?

Would you know who hears himself as I me?

And
if I hear
me then I
can't hear you

You err
like fraud
fades in
mocking
you will
quite soon
confuse me with God

God ?
You say God ?
God you moan
that I
mock ?

That
cannot be!
What God hears
he hears fine!

Do count on it God hears nothing!

From you ?
But from me !

Forever ! Do you mock ? Do you beg ?

Don't you hear that I posses richness before God?

If he hears !

Is he deaf?

Ask the dust !

Let him be

deaf for the dust !

I sing my I into the springtime

the springtime of heaven

and the springtime of the blessed !

Blessed be the ones who hear and remain forever! Blessed be the death!

Death ?
Death I said ?
Death, I ask,
you hear
too ?

Yes
death hears too !
He inserts
life in breath!

Count on it that the breath will end

The breath ?
Will end too ?
It escapes !
Death, whereto ?
God knows where !

God knows where I want myself expire in song!

You do not ?
Energized !
You don't rest ?

Let me act
or let me rest!
I sing my I into the being
the being of the earth!
I mean all those who will be
among those giving birth!
Witness of the hearing
Blessed be the Ear!
Ear ?
Ear said I ?
I beat you
to it ?

9.6.54

Summary

Totila Albert Manuscript: third movement

10.6.54 Es ist vollbracht Beethoven schlaft in der ewigen Nacht Jeh bin das Feier das einschlaft und wieder erwacht Ich zenge das Lisht Ich mahre die Nacht Joh lodere bis es vollbracht Dinn, ihr Toten, everacht und begrufst ihn am Eingang zum seligen Leben lasst ihm zu triffen golles schweben golf wird mit ihm leuchten durch die France Rünfliger augen Joh bins geliebter Sohn Du wavet der Pou Din sollsh es bleiben goll wie wird die Flut mir schwer Joh lein das lleer was varischil never Guell mir her? Beethoven stirth So tank lin ich ? Inch gland es mich Sturzflut! wern du vernimush Beethoven stave dann sag who michi thousen st

Joh bin die Luft Wind neunh mich der Flimmel der singh doch im Schweigen der Juifle heifs ish Evinneuing weil night new ich ein anderer vingt in der finsteven Brush mit dem Leid mud der Lust wie du willsh ich folge dir Die Ende bin ich der Winter blicht der Vogel singl ein Frühlingslied und bank sich ein Vest die Flur livings dem Wald ein blinhendes Fest der Bann den ich mir auservählt der Bann aber fellt ich weifs wish wavens ish weine mich stumm da dent ich an dich als wavest die ich und stelle min vor was traumte dein Ohr wenn di moch hier warsh da fishl ich wie erst das Lied gum Thimmel steigh und lausch ich wieder vernehm ich es schweigt das einsame Feld wie leer ist die Well ohne dich holdes Jeh lebe wohl! 12.6.54

Video third movement



English Translation third movement

3rd Movement

10.6.54

It has been done

Beethoven sleeps in the eternal night
I am the fire that falls asleep and wakes again
I create the light
I nourish the night
I flare until it has been done

Therefore, you dead, awake and salute him at the entrance to the divine life let him hover at the feet of God
God will shine a light from him right through the tears of future eyes

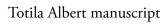
It's I
beloved son
You were the tone
you shall stay that way

God heavy the flood will be I am the sea What flows from fount to me ? Beethoven dies So deaf am I ?I don't think so Torrent! when you hear that Beethoven died then say Beethoven doesn't die I am the air
Wind

calls me the heaven that sings
but in the silence of graves
I am called remembrance
because not just I
but also
another struggles
inside the breast's darkness
with his pain and his joy
as you wish
heart
I follow you

I represent earth the winter flees the bird's singing a springtime song and sets up a nest the fields give the woods a flourishing feast the tree that I selected for me this tree is missing I do not know why I weep myself mute and then think of you as if you were I and do imagine what your ear might dream if you were still here then I feel as if the song rose to heaven and when I listen I hear how silent is the lonesome field how bare is this world without you lovely I you fare well!

12.6.54



Summary

Totila Albert Manuscript: fourth movement

13.6.54 (19) Muss es sein? Wie 2 Du wielst work wisht zu Golf zuwick? Es silt doch! Michel gu sein? Du glantot micht an das Himmelsglick? Es heilt doch Missgeschick! Horst du micht? How ich Beethoven! -schrein? How ich Beethoven? Vein! Musses Beethoven sein? muss es sein? ya und mein! Hill das Vein? Bis gum Schless! Schicksals schliess? Sellestentschluss!

Es muss sein! Es muss sein! Johnvill zu golf gunisch! Was hab ich soush au Glists? Ein Schiellsalschluss ist auch freiwillig Es mis sein! So sprich. sein schmealth der Todes Russ aus eigenem Entschluss Da woll ich wissen wer min sagen mochel Es muss sein! Wer muss? Musch du ? Muss rich ? Wer Krisst das ist doch er! Der Tool! Und olev bedant noch eines Selbstentschlusses weren er dich much mich Kinsst? Was wissen wir vom look mein Herz, in unsver Not? Im augenblick des Hochgemusses howten now doch singen

Fren dich, Herz, wer freinvillig stirlet leidel misht am Todes Russ! Freilich micht, wer liebevall wirbt sichent sich den Hochgeniss! · Frencist du dich mich and mich much fren ich wich wicht auf dich? Joh fren mich! und ich auch! So frent sich den Tool auch! Dann muss er doch im augenblick lebendig sem! Was dentest du? Es muss sein! Es muss sein! Wie tranning du des sagsh Beinah als oh du Magst when einmail and zum Leben sagte ie's muss sein wie ich der Blough in einem fort den Simi aus gattes Work

Da wollhich wissen wer mir sagen mochh Es muss sein! Wer muss: Mussh du? Muss rich ? Was klogels ist new dein Herz! Weir sprichl ist goth! Bedarft er wenn ich miederbrache dass er uns zu sich wief? Was wissen wir vom Work muft Goll was schweigend fort? Entrine dich der Zwiegespräche. Howten wir doch singen Lied und Herz wie Rommets dass ihr weint? Seid ihr micht in Joht vereint? Tunigst, Golf, new, weifst du es scheint dass man and now trende weint. Frenchich dass gold noch spericht! Ich freu mich how ich auch night

Dann sing slich! Dann Blogif auch! So hout sich wohl golf auch! Dann missten wir der Jegenwork beverssen sein! Was deulest du ? Was houst du ?. Dass gott spricht zu Vater und Unter! Der Tool spricht! Teh sag dir dass golf spricht , review mix das Work micht Joh sag dir. jetzt spricht er zum Vater jetzt sprechen sie beide Horch wie es schwingt wie es blings wie es single Hommet der Sohn dann seid mich betrick French einch wire dier Sohn einch liebt! So en sich au Schmerz gewohnt wer ev sich ausgesähnt.

Jull, wie leer der Flimmel font! Hat er sich ausgesöhnt? Seht, der Flimmel ist schon leer für seine WiederRehr! Was wollt ihr. Wir Paten Rommen Schwill für Schwill mit dem der sich verwandelt mit geleiten ihn near Endleginn ine wahristen Since · grun antang him rend gill er. antwork and die tragen aus dem Die. hort ilen zu! lein Steh dem Tod! begreife miche wie meine Page schwinder! Stah war gold! revigiocifee fast ihn nor dem Tool zu finden!

geh aus dir! Bin ich nicht aus mir geschriften? Hast du auch gening geliffen? Spirich! Siehrh du nicht wie weil es ist zum Jeh? Findest du es veiler als zum Du ? Sprichsh du mir das llafs der Dringe zu? aller Dinge Mass sei dir das grab! Sprichal du mir das anotre Leben ale? Sprichst du schon rom andern Leben? Sollhick dir micht antwork geben, John? Enkennst du John und willst noch weiterleben? Hash du was versamme? ach! Min das Ohr doch kann ich weifer hoven als soush das gehon weich! Seht, das Tor ging and zum andern Leben! Lass ihn zu dem hohern schweben golf hat ihm gehow gegeben sich im Staube zu erleben bis der Tarebe wieder houf!

War hoven im Hoven viel weiter als das Schweigen reicht Im Hoven gehören auch der Evde wieder leicht Wo Scele and dem Konper weicht Da schwingh es da Klingh es da singh es geling & es dass ich miral de mein flaz recreint im Slimmel sind 30 Luch wie Sohners von einem in das andre dringt und weißt du was die Ewigkeit singt, ? Floval ! Es hout der Sternanlant in Slimmel miemals auf denn inner wird ein bleve von einers andern Rema geboven und Rein geliebeter Ton ans einem Licht : aon gehl einen anderen aan in gather Vacht newtonen

Lenchbert du mit golles geduld weekst du aus dem Schofs die Huld Took du dich in Strahlungen auf gibst du neuem Laben Lauf So legst du dich him gur Vachh So schläfst du bis golf evivaelih . Dann lenkst du zum Kussein da denkst du es muss sein Und eh du weift vom Bild ist schon der Frauen enfiell was trinkst du den Wind ein ? Was singst du dem Kindlein zum Wregenfest?

Horst du, Mind, mein Lied in der Vacht dente ich hab an dieli gedacht Sonne Mond und Stevere ein svelt es dunkel um dish sein Vendvaum nicht - die Sonne versain michil den Stevnenschein . Evschliefs diel dem Licht-Joh so winging rend zant du wirlest Empschliefs dich June Licht-Sch beion du stinligh! 19.6.54

Video fourth movement



English Translation fourth movement

4th Movement

13.6.54

Must it be ?

What ?
You don't want to return to God ?
It's urgent!

Not to be?

What ?
You don't believe in heaven's luck ?
But it heals misfortune !
Don't you hear ?

I hear Beethoven ! scream ?

I heard Beethoven ? No !

Must it
Beethoven
be?

Must it be ?
Yes and No !
The No helps ?
To the end !
End of fate ?
Self resolve !

20

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It must be!

It must be!

Want to go back to God!

What other luck I have?

An end of fate is also free-willed

Heart

It must be!

So speak

I like the kiss of death

of my own volition

But I wanted to know who would tell

me

It must be!

Who must?

You must?
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You must ?

Must I ?

Who kisses is the one !

The death !

And he

is still in need of a self-resolve

when kissing you and

me ?

What do we know of death, my heart, in our need?

In the moment of super delight we indeed heard singing

Rejoice, my heart, he who dies free-willed does not suffer the death kiss!

Of course not, who courts lovingly assures his super delight!

Aren't you
glad to see me
and ain't I
glad to see you ?

I am glad !
So am I !
Thus is glad
death also !

Then at this moment he has to remain alive!

You think so ?

It must be !

It must be !

You say that so sadly
Almost as if you mourn
Who once also told life
come
it must be

it must be like I

who did knock all the time the sense out of God's word

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So I wanted to know who might tell me

It must be!
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Who must ?

Must you ?

Must I ?

What beats is just your heart!

Who speaks

is God!

If I were to break down would he need

to call us to him

self ?

What of the word we know does God call in silence?

Do remember our dialogues !

And we heard the singing

Song and heart, how come you're weeping ?

Aren't you united in God ?

Deeply, God, just, you know, it seems one may also weep for joy!

Be glad that God still speaks ! I am glad though I don't hear

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Then sing thee !
Then knock too !
That's how God
hears himself!

Then we have to be more conscious of the presence!

You think what ?

You hear what?

That God speaks to father and mother !

And death speaks !

I tell you that God speaks don't confuse the message

I tell you
now he speaks to father
now he speaks to mother
now the two of them speak

Hear
how it swings
how it sounds
how it sings
When the son comes do not be sad
Rejoice how the son loves you!
As he gets used to the pain
he'll be glad
reconciled!

God, how empty heaven sounds ! Has he been reconciled ?

See, heaven is now empty for his reappearance!

What you want?

We who have died come step by step with him who co-transforms himself

escort him
before the end
in the truest
sense to the start

And when he gives answers to questions

from the You Listen well!

Where am I ?

Resist death!

I do not comprehend how my days do vanish !

Stand fore God ! I almost despair finding him before my death ! Free yourself!

Did I not step out of myself?

Have you also suffered enough? Speak!

Don't you see how far it's to the I?

You think it's farther than to the You?

Do you grant me the measure of things?

The measure of all things be your grave!

Do you deny me the other life?

Should I not give you an answer, God?

You perceive God and still want to live further ?
Did you miss something ?

Oh!

Just the Ear

and I can hear much farther

than the Ear may once have

reached!

See, the gate

opened to another life!

Let him glide to the higher plain

God has given him the hearing

to perceive himself in the dust

until the deaf hears again!

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We do hear
in hearing
much farther than reaches silence
In hearing
we belong
also to the earth easily

Where the soul escapes the body

There it swings there it sounds there it sings and happens

that I
and you
my heart
are allied in heaven

thus joy
and pain
penetrate one from the other
and you know what eternity sings ?

Hear!
The star-run in heaven
will never come to end
for always will a star
be born from another's
nucleus
Ah!

and no beloved tone
out of a light = aeon
will another aeon end up
losing during God's night

If you sparkle with God's patience you awake grace from the womb

If you dissolve in radiance you give freedom to new life

So you lie down for the night So you sleep till God awakes

Then you yield to the kiss and you think it must be

And ere you realize the dream has been fulfilled

Why do you drink-in wind ?

What you sing for the child's

birth festival ?

When you hear, child, my song at night assume that I thought of you

When sun moon and the stars do rock you in the light field so softly then do respond with your alikeness should it be dark around you

Don't undream
the sun
and don't miss
the shining stars

Do unlock
your light-I
so tiny
and warm you court

Commit to the light-I before you die !

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