

TRANS und so weiter (*TRANS and so on*) (1974)

SYNOPSIS

Most of the material was shot in 1973. Three main materials are intercut :

1. Stockhausen and his family at his house in Kürten, near Cologne (Germany).
2. Answers to a questionnaire, given during a train ride from Cologne to Metz, France, where several of his works were to be performed during the New Music Festival there.
3. Excerpts from the following works (mainly in rehearsal):

Am Himmel wandere ich (Indianerlieder) (1972)

Mikrophonie I (1964)

Ceylon (1972) from **Für kommende Zeiten**

Third Region of **Hymnen** with orchestra (1969)

Refrain (1959)

Trans (1972)

Transcript / Translation

- Performance of **Hymnen**

- *Artist Mary Bauermeister (Stockhausen's 2nd wife)*

M.B. I observe that when dealing with people he often has to put up a defensive barrier, because he's incredibly sensitive. And his whole strength and activity is obscured by this sensitivity. And in order to protect himself he just shuts the door and puts up this solid barrier. It's only when he's making music that he is completely open – then anything can happen.

Hymnen (fragment)

- *Bauermeister with her / Stockhausen's children Simon & Julika; also in her studio.*

Simon: Can I talk to Daddy? Where is he, then?

M.B. It's important. Say it's important.

S.S. It's important. It's very important. ... he's hung up again ...

M.B. We will come across many entities that we can't see, who come from a much greater dimension. You can't talk to someone about a vision that you have, or a voice that you hear, if that person hasn't experienced it himself ... So there are things one just has to keep to oneself, because it would simply confuse people even more if one does something very special, for example, forming a secret 'group brain' to listen to cosmic voices: that's of no concern to the world. Everyone must hear his own voice within himself. And the door must always be open. Life must be the example.

(with Simon)

M.B. Who hung up?

S.S. Krist [Stockhausen's personal assistant]. *You* hung up ... no I didn't ... well, I hung up too. So is Daddy there? But it's very urgent, Mary said.

M.B. So where is he?

S.S. He's gone outside.

Julika: What's Daddy doing outside ?

(Stockhausen on his lands)

K.S. You can take the shrubs away. But you must sow there. That's bordering on the neighbouring plot of land. There must be enough of a gap. ... O.K.

(home)

M.B. What time is the train? That's good – quarter past one is too late for me – one o'clock exactly...darling, that's good. See you tomorrow...would you like to have lunch with us first?

S.S. Daddy, what is it? When will we know where you are? Daddy, who's going along to Metz? And what should we do? Just nothing crazy? Bye!

M.B. And ever since we have been living apart in these two houses, we have had much better contact with one another. The whole life of a family doesn't really afford the solitude he needs to make music. Sure, one's not sharing daily life, but one's sharing the most important things. Both of us, since we...It's a matter of telepathy or the telephone, or letters – sometimes we see one another. That's much nicer.

- *S. on train with M.B. and children (+ garden scenes)*

[on the platform]

K.S. Now the first coaches are coming, but we don't want those. We'd like to have a compartment to ourselves.

[in the train]

S.S....it's in here, one has to get it out.

K.S. Hang on, no, no, you have to... [blows bubble] Leave it – let it live! [Simon tries to blow bubbles] Good, not too hard, really gently.

...

K.S. Around here is the brown coal region – they used to dig up brown coal here. Where Daddy was born, there are no houses left. They excavated the whole village, and now there's just this single house where I was born. It's somewhere near here,

K.S. "... and gave them to Heio, and Heio asked where he could find the oldest brother. These mocassins know where he lives. And Heio took the sandals, the leather sandals, and put them under his cloak, and took a piece of the bark..."

S.S. ...and then the footsteps go away again.

K.S. Right, if you turn them round.

S.S. And then they go back.

J.S. And then the footprints have disappeared.

K.S. Suddenly he goes up to there, and suddenly they stop, and he doesn't know where he is any more.

- **Indianerlieder**

K.S. [Reading questions of an interview] “How is it that you regard noises as music?” - Well, a lot of people cleverer than me have given an answer to that, namely that all vibrations are music. Whether they are man-made is something else: one talks about the music of the spheres, or the music of the birds. All vibrations, all rhythms are music, so noises are music too. So basically, that’s a dumb question.

The great misunderstanding these days lies mainly in the fact that most people think they don’t have to do anything in order to make use of music. I find that one has to do a fantastic amount, in order to open something up for oneself, and that’s very demanding.

... through the music I have made, which I *have* to make – which actually passes through me, and usually – at first – I don’t know myself what it means. I just know that it has to be made, and I don’t even know how it is going to be made.

Mikrophonie I rehearsal (S. with masks etc.)

A.K. You must accompany with a bit more feeling.

K.S. Yes, exactly!

A.K. Just imagine Fischer-Dieskau. But lower, of course ...

K.S. And not for another ten years...Good...And...Terrific...Too Much...That’s too much, it comes out all the same [imitates]. There’s too much difference in pitch – make it less, and with a tendency. The way I see it, you’re going to the middle – go to the top and...otherwise it all comes out the same again. Once more.

A bit higher... higher pitch... right... that’s right!

Who’s doing that? Who’s making the *prrrr*? Is that Peter? Do it downwards... there’s no strength at the bottom... push it more at the bottom... aha... once again... again with a crescendo to the bottom.

Hey, what are you doing there?... Fifth box. Once again, and a bit more. [has put on mask] What are you laughing at, Joachim?

J.K. I thought...

K.S. Just keep going – don’t wait there.

A.K. Do you start? Do we start too?

K.S. You start.

?? I’ll start.

A.K. Such is my earnest wish.

K.S. Aha... single ones – not too much, not too long.

Would you like something like this to wear? We are now disappearing behind a façade. This music is just shameful. Should we do that? What do you reckon?

A.K.? For Metz I’d find that just great.

K.S. I'll also let you disappear afterwards behind a façade if you like. So now let's go on. *Tutti*....Well, I can't listen to that any more; tomorrow we'll have to...that's just appalling.

[In English]

P.E.? You don't like this music?

K.S. No! It's so bad!

[train]

If someone just sits down passively, and says, 'let's see what that's got to offer, or whether it does something to me' – for him, almost nothing will happen. One must really do something oneself, like someone who goes for a long walk to get some fresh air in the countryside, or prays in order to find inner peace. One must really do something of one's own to open up this music, and then real miracles in the truest sense of the word happen through it, and one becomes better.

[continues to read questions of an interview]

K.S. "Haven't you thought yourself that your creation and your influence was a blind alley?" My God! Well for a start, I don't think that much about myself and my creation. 'Creation and influence' – well, I'd use other words. "Do you regard yourself as a contemporary Mozart?" That's a very interesting question. [To Julika: The loo is two compartments down, on the left and right hand sides.]

Well, it's absolutely possible according to my philosophy that someone could appear on this planet with a particular name – let's say Mozart – and in a particular body, and appear at another time with a different name and in a different body. As yet, I've had no vision of being Mozart, but that sort of thing is not out of the question.

[rehearsal]

A.K. Young'uns, we do the prelude first, and then the Tutti.

K.S. O.K., of course we'll do the prelude. With everyone.

A.K. O.K., people, what about that?

[train]

K.S. Anyone who is political belongs to a party, and I don't want to belong to a party. It wouldn't be good if my music was created just for a particular group of people, or with a particular group of people in mind. I have to hold back from that. And then there are other reasons: All too often in my life, I've seen how people – even ones who were very close to me – were obliged to alter their political opinions by force of circumstances. I have a deep distrust of political engagement, because it always excludes other people, and always leads to hate and enmity. My music is for all people.

...
K.S. "How much do you earn, and from whom do you get your income?" Ha-Ha! I'd say that recently I've felt a lot of sympathy for the anarchists, who favour the abolition of taxes. And as for the people who collect tax, naturally I wouldn't tell anyone how much I earn. Even if it was only 50 cents a month, it's none of their business. But I heard recently that they want to nationalise the banks here; in other words, to control each individual like a little bug, or an ant – then I'll emigrate.

[Stockhausen's house; copying room; work on the score of **Trans**]

K.S. Joachim, can you please just check this plan, and see if it matches what you remember.

What's up?

J.D. (Janos Darvos, copyist) ...whether I should write "Continuation of Harmonics", or just "Continuation"...

K.S. No, write "harmonics", so that the conductor can see straight away what it is. That's right.

J.D. Here comes "harmonics", "poco a poco accelerando senza"...

K.S. Or is it still accelerando?

J.D. Yes, that goes up to "ritardando".

K.S. That's where you must write "Continuation of Harmonics".

J. D. Just like this text?

K.S. No, no, up above „sempre accelerando“.

Refrain

- **Ceylon**

[After performance, with Doris Stockhausen]

D.S. Yes, of course.

K.S. But she notices that. Exact duos, trios, quartets.

D.S. One does notice that. Yes, yes, one does notice it.

[giving autographs]

Mary B. Should I give it to you?

K.S. Yes, bring...or should I come along?

[Home celebrations (also with S.'s first wife Doris and her children: Suja, Christel, Markus, Majella)]

K.S. Oh, now the whole window has watered over.

D.S. Majella there, no...

K.S. O.K., let her sit here. It doesn't matter. You can only get two to a side. Good, Majella, Markus,

[Everyone says grace]
"The Earth lives from the sun..."

[Train]

K.S. "Why don't you have a normal marriage?" . Yes, well, I did that twice: one normal marriage for ten years, and then another one for ten years, and now ... Mary, is our marriage normal ? ...

M.B. Wonderful! ...

K.S. I mean now ...

M.B. (laughs)

[Home]

K.S.

“And we wish all good appetite, and thanks all round!”

K.S. Has Maderna really died?

Suja: Yes.

D.S. Bruno?

Jul.: Who’s died?

K.S. Maderna.

Jul.: Who’s that?

K.S. A conductor. You met him a few times.

D.S. He conducted Daddy’s **CARRÉ**.

K.S. Bruno said he wasn’t at all interested in composing any more. He just wanted to play, just wanted to conduct.

D.S. It suited him too. He was a child prodigy, Bruno Maderna was. At the age of 6 he played the violin so well he was appearing in public.

Majella: Julie, it’s already too late!

Julika: What?

Majella: You’d have to have done that last year.

- **Hymnen** (in Paris)

K.S. Oboe! Only when I look you in the eye!

K.S. That’s so typical: musicians no longer have any awareness that they are setting an example. Only when they are sitting there like soldiers in rows, in formal dress under a conductor, who more or less controls them. As soon as they have to do something unusual, they completely lose their decorum. An Indian musician would never do that ... he is absolutely conscious of how he walks, how he stands, how he sits, how people see him. For Japanese musicians too, that is only natural; one only has to see how they come onstage. For half an hour beforehand, they haven’t talked to one another.

Hymnen (rehearsal)

K.S. This is the fifth day, and I ask you again to tune up without playing melodies from other music. I assure you in all friendship that I'm saying this for the last time. Even now, just two days before the concert, it's not too late for me to leave. Tune up, please.

Hymnen

Trans (in Metz)

[In French]

K.S. Can you bring up the purple?

[in German]

K.S. But you can't do that.

Orchestra member: You need at least a stool that I can sit on like this, but then again it can't be lower. Then I should really ...

....

K.S. It's good like that... now the tuba as well...yes, the tuba is hard to hear.

It doesn't sound good when he plays low. There's nothing to be done about that.

(train)

K.S. I simply want to grow. I want to get continually better – not in a moralistic sense: I want to use far more intuition. I want much more empathy for spiritual energy, far more understanding of the whole...

Trans

K.S. Please turn round ... completely bewildered ... right forward ...

(train)

K.S. Once one has decided to set out on the journey in which music is a means to becoming a higher being, then one is sent of own's own accord, sent by one's angels, to wherever one must go to fulfil the task one has been given. ... There are a few crossings between the beings of this planet and higher beings. Man has fallen – there's no doubt about that. The human being has completely fallen away from the centre, from the Divine.

Trans

Indianerlieder (ending)

K.S. Yes – and so on. Good.

(Transcription and translation by Richard Toop, with assistance from Sandra Werner)