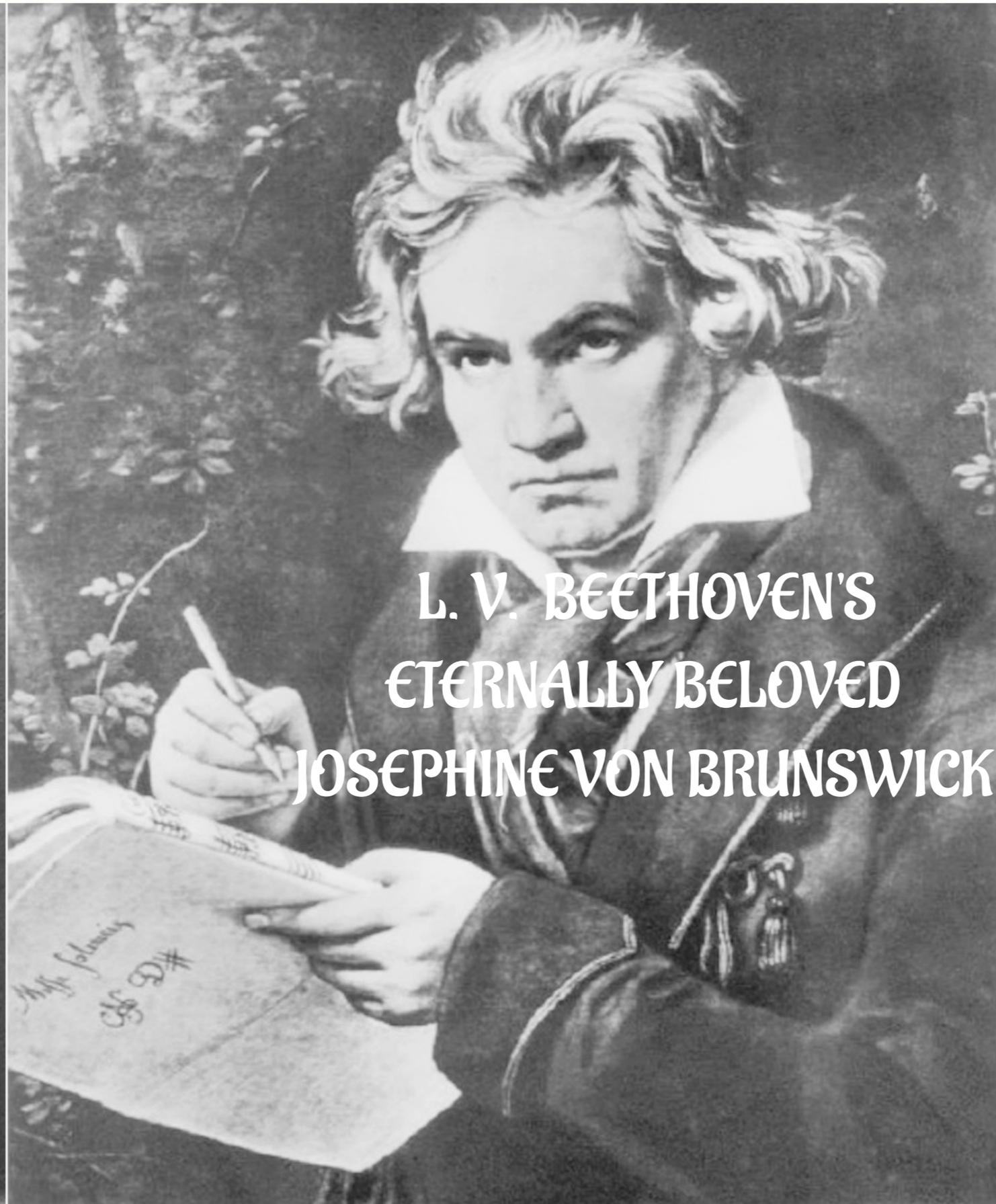


L. V.  
BEETHOVEN'S  
ETERNALLY  
BELOVED  
JOSEPHINE  
VON  
BRUNSWICK



L. V. BEETHOVEN'S  
ETERNALLY BELOVED  
JOSEPHINE VON BRUNSWICK



**LUIS VAN BEETHOVEN'S  
ETERNALLY BELOVED  
JOSEPHINE VON BRUNSWICK**

- 1 -

*Beethoven, Josephine's One and Only Beloved.*

"Yom Kippur Eve and Shabbath Eve on Friday, September 13, 2013."

"In a very clear astral vision inside our hermitage, I saw a very beautiful Lady, all dressed in White like an "Angel" and with a white scarf covering her head. I saw that the Beautiful Lady was addressing Beethoven and she said to him with much emotion and begging for forgiveness:"

"I was married to my husband Joseph [Deym], but I owe all my Glory to You!"

This fine and beautiful Lady is Josephine's Angelic Soul, Luis van Beethoven's Eternally Beloved.

Josephine had been "married" off to count Joseph Deym, without being in love with him, as that marriage was arranged by her mother for social and economic purposes.

In a book published in German in 1909, titled "Beethovens Unsterbliche Geliebte..." ("Beethoven's Immortal Beloved Countess Brunswick's Secret and her memoirs") written by "La Mara" or "Ida Maria Lipsius", Therese von Brunsvik, Josephine von Brunsvik's sister, tells in her "Memoirs" some details since they arrived in Vienna and met Beethoven until Josephine's marriage to Joseph Deym. The translation from German into Spanish has been kindly made by our dear Friends and Brothers Manuel Coello Arias and his Wife Mrs. María Antonia Manzanares Manzanares.

The texts translated are the following:

"During those extraordinary 18 days we stayed in Vienna, my mother wanted to obtain for her two daughters, Therese and Josephine, the invaluable music lessons from Beethoven. Adalbert Rosti, a schoolmate of my brother's, assured us that Beethoven would not be quite willing to accept a mere invitation; but if Her Excellency agrees to climb the three flights of winding stairs of the house in St. Peter's Place and to make him a visit, he would vouch for a successful outcome. – So it was done."

"Like a schoolgirl going to the college, with my Beethoven's Sonata with violin and violoncello

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accompaniment under my arm, we entered. The immortal, dear Louis van Beethoven was very friendly and as polite as he could be. After a few phrases exchanged, he sat me down at his pianoforte, which was out of tune, and I began at once to sing the violin and the cello accompaniment, playing valiantly. This delighted him so much that he promised to come every day to the hotel Archduke Carl—then The Golden Gryphon. It was May in the last year of the past century [1799-1800]. He came regularly, but instead of an hour, he frequently staid from 12 to 4 or 5 o'clock, and never grew weary of bending and holding down my fingers, which I used to hold straight and lift high. The noble man must have been satisfied, for during the 16 days he never missed one. We did not feel hungry until 5 p.m. Our good mother fasted with us – but the hotel owners were very angry with us because it was not yet customary to have lunch at 5 p.m."

"It was then that the intimate and close friendship with Beethoven began, a friendship which lasted till the end of his life. He came to Ofen; he came to Martonvásár, he was welcomed into our social republic of selected people. A round space was planted with high, noble lindens, each tree had the name of a member of our society, and even in the sorrowful absence of some of

them, we conversed with their symbols, we talked with and were instructed by them. Very often, after giving the good-morning greetings, I asked the tree concerning this and that which I desired to have explained and it never failed to answer me!"

"We were very busy during the 18 days we stayed in Vienna. Mother took us to the workshops and studies, we were shown everything accessible. Aunt Finta, a wordly lady with 4 daughters, organised tours: Prater, Augarten, Luscgarten in Dornbach. We had breakfast everywhere. Theatre; we danced at her home at night and even at about 10 or 11 we ate ice cream in the Graben on the way back home, we joked and laughed. We got up again at 4 in the morning, we dressed and we made trips to the countryside at 5 – that was life, and Beethoven, who was attending the parties as well, ought to be pleased; this was a passion! So, we practised at night. The neighbours were desperate and went away. We were young, fresh, innocent, naïve. Whoever saw us, loved us. We also had admirers – the 50 years old Count Joseph Deym was among them."

"It was about five in the afternoon when we arrived in Vienna, with the same horses of Martonvásár, having passed through Raab, die Haide, Bruck an der Leytha, in simple white cotton dresses. After a break, mother

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took us to see something more at night, at the then very popular Müller Art Gallery in the Red Tower. Without the slightest idea, we entered; two liveried servants joined us, (indeed, we were dressed in simplicity), we gave them our shawls. We had barely taken a few steps in when an elderly man came and joined us. He was informed of everything and talked with us very kindly – he was Mr. Müller (Count Deym), the owner, my future brother-in-law! He later told us that we had drawn his attention, precisely because of our old-fashioned dressing. Josephine's appearance had caused him the deepest impression, and he said to himself: "She has to be my wife. Perhaps it is the mother, the widow of an officer, who seeks financial relief." He had even noticed a small tear in the sleeve – "that means, poor!" When we finished the itinerary and were about to exit, the servants came to us and asked if her excellency wanted to put on the shawl? – Deym was surprised at this. This title of excellency costed him a restless night."

"However, he was at the guesthouse at 9 a.m. already, he announced and offered himself for whatever he could be of service or would be allowed to in order to accompany us in this great city. In the most skilful and refined way, he managed to gain mother's good opinion. He provided us tickets to visit all the imperial collections;

everywhere the doors were open to him. He became our daily companion. At the end of our stay, he came at 9 a.m. as usual (unless a tour had been organised) and asked mother for an interview. After a few minutes Josephine was called in the adjacent room and my mother introduced her to Count Deym known as Mr. Müller. "He will be accredited as imperial administrator; you can", she said, "dear Josephine, make me and your brothers happy!" Josephine's great soul, her generous heart, did not need anything further - after a short inner struggle a "yes" came faintly from her trembling lips - and with this "yes", she sacrificed her lifetime happiness, the noble Josephine! She was barely aware of what she was doing, of what she was accepting! Shortly after, she threw her arms around my neck and wept a flood of tears. "It is not true", she said, "... you break the word, you marry him; you make us happy, I cannot!"

"My mother left Vienna with us without telling even a single person about Mr. Müller and his financial situation. Unfortunately! He and she were both misled by their unfamiliarity with people and things. 6 weeks later, Josephine was married at the Altar by the bishop of Weissenburg in Martonvásár. Just at dusk the chariots stopped ahead and Josephine, snatched from her brothers' arms, left for the west, where there was a deep

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black storm in the sky. Therese, the Cassandra of the family, the priestess of truth, sensed it and said: "She makes her way towards a hard fate! As black as the sky!"

"So it happened! Josephine hardly accustomed herself to the strange and old husband, who soon came to fall into a very critical financial situation and social complications. Previously, he had broken up with the aristocracy, when he was not a man yet and when, as a result of a duel, he adopted the surname Müller that he kept for 30 years. Now, when he married a Countess and regained his social position and title, he was ruined by the rich bankers and other bourgeois houses. He lived isolated, happy to contemplate his beautiful young little woman in the hours he did not have to work, since now he had to struggle for his livelihood."

"She did not feel the same satisfaction when she had to sit in front of him; he watched over her in any social interaction very jealously. Some old friends who remained faithful to him used to come at night: Baron Gastheim and his wife. Our Josephine had to play a game of whist throughout the evening. He took all the books out of her hands – he was unlearned in literature. Music was unpleasant to him. But soon she became a mother – on May 5 she bore a baby girl, who was named Victoire in honour of the aunt, Countess Golz;

the well read, witty Victoire herself, the most beautiful girl in Vienna, whom death stole from us suddenly at the age of 23! And she also lost this husband, oppressed by worries and sorrows but kind, to whom she had barely got used, after a short illness and having given her two more boys and leaving her pregnant with the fourth child..."

"Immediately after the wedding, Deym believed, as it happens in all civilised countries of the world, he would receive the 30.000 Fl. Mz. mother told him about as dowry; – he was completely misguided in his calculations, for my mother had no intention whatsoever of giving anything; the trousseau [was] also as little as possible. She was used to modest living and even to being an enemy of the luxury. Formerly she used to put on my sister the short Hungarian dolmans used by the brother when [it was] cold, or when the sleeves were broken! Later, she assigned to us 200 Fl. W.W. per year for everything, clothing, footwear, gloves and household textiles. In Vienna we wore the same new silk dress for 18 days. She liked this simplicity and remained always so. But Deym wished his wife Countess to live in luxury. He was accustomed to seeing it that way. Splendid rooms, double bed with a lamp inside; splendid carriages, and the dressing table had to be well-supplied

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etc. The dowry reward in the marriage contract amounted to 50.000 Fl. This time, mother, unfortunately cautious, requested Intabulation\*; indeed, he promised it, but he knew very well this would lead him to his own ruin, since he had many debts as assets. He prudently postponed it."

"For the first birth, or rather, after it, we (I already before) went to Vienna. Then, the terrible storm unleashed when my mother became aware of everything; she immediately hired a lawyer, there was no way to convince her – she insisted on getting the daughter separated and taking her back with her again. But Josephine, nobler and more reasonable, stood firm. "I have sworn", she said, "to share with him fortune and misfortune, I will not make him thrice unhappy." The awful scene continued for six weeks, and Josephine was a very good mother; she herself fed her daughter. Beautiful like an angel; only then the bud came to full bloom, with her beautiful baby girl on her lap, she was enchanting. She soon adapted herself, as much as she was allowed, to the Viennese life. "Beautiful like an angel and ready to be portrayed", all the elegant people said of her when she appeared in the Prater in cabriolet, or walked in the streets arm in arm with her husband. Social meetings were not attended. Aristocracy turned

its back on him because he exerted a bourgeois profession. He could not go to visit his earliest known rich. Beethoven was the most frequent visitor of the young Countess – he gave her free classes, and one should be Beethoven to be so patient. The numerous relatives, her father's sisters and their children, often visited the friendly niece. Sometimes theatre plays were performed; Deym, being an artist himself, understood all this very well and enjoyed it. The little Victoire was soon able to perform. There were musical evening events. Brother came on holiday and met Beethoven. Both musical geniuses bonded closely and my brother never left his so often financially ruined friend until, unfortunately, his early end!"

[ "\* Our note: registration or inscription in the Cadastre under the Land Registration Law at that time in Hungary." ]

"When Deym began to put some order into his incomes, he made a short trip with his wife and his young brother-in-law Franz, who had just finished college; it was October and November 1803. The intention was to live in Prague during the winter, where sister Golz (without children) and now brother Casimir with two daughters, who was president of Lemberg, lived. Everything was packed for the move. The two boys,

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Fritz and Carl, one and a half and two and a half years-old, were left in Ofen with us, they took the little girl. They made the trip through Prague to Dresden and Leipzig and then returned."

"Yet, Brother Franz continued travelling alone to Berlin. He came close to losing his life on the return trip. That is, he bought a riding horse with saddle and rig in Berlin and rode all alone from Berlin to Prague. An awful snow blizzard rose towards sunset and my mother's only son lost his way, only with an all-out effort of the horse and his sagacity, Franz was able to save his life as if by a miracle of the Divine Power."

"Meanwhile, brother-in-law Deym travelled again to Vienna and, on December 4, to Ofen in order to pick up his two boys. He arrived with a terrible cough. We took care of him as much as we could for a few days, but he unfortunately travelled to Prague in the worst season day and night with the two children and their nanny. As soon as he arrived, he had to go to bed – the doctors diagnosed galloping tuberculosis and after seven days of appalling agony, the good one was a corpse! Josephine, who was about to give birth, remained at his bedside day and night and looked after him with exemplary patience and perseverance. He made his will whereby he gave his wife the most beautiful testimony to her selfless

love and faithful affection. He transferred children and family's assets care to the young woman, he informed her how to behave as German widow before the state laws, before this and that. One can imagine the burnout he had to go through with all this. After some words he was out of breath – the lung was falling apart."

"How the young wife suffered seeing her protector and adviser coming to an end in such a complicated state; so suddenly, so unexpectedly! Her brother was at her side like an angel and did not abandon her"

"Once all the ceremonies and farewells were over, in late January, they undertook the trip to Vienna. The caring of the little brother was enormous. Every night he believed to be awakened by the children's cries. In 1804 travelling was not so easy and fast as it is nowadays by railroad; it was a very tiring trip with three young children and a woman in advanced pregnancy. However, they reached Vienna successfully. Deym had good friends in Bohemia: a certain Wrtby, a noble person, a certain Friedrich Nostiß – the latter, Fritz's godfather, the eldest boy (who is now taking a great role in Prague), offered the unhappy widow, Josephine, his beautiful house in the Prater as a home to stay in. As soon as she arrived, he had rigorous black mourning suits made fast for her and her three children and went to meet the

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Emperor, who had always been Deym's protector (the only one who knew his rank), and who recommended him in critical situations. The Emperor, in his way, was moved and kind: "Cry not, your children are my children", he said, – but he never kept his word."

"The letters from Prague startled us – that time and that scary impression remain unforgettable. Mother was at the time on the way to Vienna with the two daughters. Near Badendorf the bad weather caught up with us in a dreadful glass coach and the abundant snow accumulated in heaps, and only through hard work the coach could be released and we arrived at the coach stop. Four days after her arrival in Vienna, Josephine gave birth to a healthy baby girl, who received the name Josephine. We found ourselves that everything had already passed. But now the young mother was in difficulty, with four children, overwhelmed by business that first of all she had to learn to manage: an art gallery with daily incomes to be recorded, 80 rooms of a magnificent building to rent. As the Emperor and the Works Directorate granted Mr. Müller the permission to construct (that is, an art gallery) on the small fort, but not for rental housing, and the ground floor, wherein the Bergkammer had its dreadful magazines, wherein even flammable materials were stored, was promised, by the

way, in exchange for the construction of another building of like size, but it was never fulfilled, despite the imperial word. Deym could only get four of these magazines in order to build a large stairwell and two more stairs. The dying man appointed Count Sauer as co-trustee, an honest man, indeed, but terribly phlegmatic and pedantic who caused the genial mother a hard time. Count Carl Zichy, the minister for finance, our countryman, spoiled everything Administrations had already approved! So were treated the children of the fatherland! Under these circumstances it was difficult to rent the accommodation annually, although the situation of the house next to the Red Tower with magnificent mountains views was particularly beautiful; it was built with style, with tall windows and doors, and sumptuous access. It had to be therefore furnished and rented monthly to strangers. When winter passed, Josephine hired an apartment in Hietzing to restore some of her health that was already damaged, and she asked Charlotte, the sister, to accompany her..."

[...]

"In 1806 Josephine returned to Hungary..."

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The previous words from the "Memoirs" by Therese von Brunsvik convey the reality of Josephine's feelings towards Joseph Deym.

Josephine's true and only Love was, is and will always be Luis van Beethoven's Soul and Josephine's Soul, that is his "same Being", is his "Angel" and his Eternally Beloved.

In the Letters that "Luis" or "L" (van Beethoven) wrote to the "Eternally Beloved" dated July 6 and 7, 1812, the "name" of their addressee does not appear, but it does appear in the words that Beethoven writes to Her: "My angel" "Angel" (twice), "my all" (thrice), "my Eternally Beloved" (once), and referred to both of them "our Love" (twice).

This Letter (consisting of three letters) could be therefore called with one or more titles: Love Letters by Luis (van Beethoven) to His Angel, His All, His Eternally Beloved.

In the 15 Love letters that Luis (van Beethoven) wrote to His Beloved "J"[osephine], the word "Beloved" is written 17 times, "my Beloved" (once), "Angel" (twice), "my All" (twice), "Eternally" (thrice), "Eternally You" (twice), "our Love" (twice), "only Beloved J." [osephine] (thrice).

"Josephine" is Luis van Beethoven's "Eternally" "Beloved" and "One and Only Beloved".

Wherefore, to whom are addressed "The Letters to the Eternally Beloved" by Luis van Beethoven? The answer is: To Josephine!

So stated her sister Therese in her "Diary" in 1860 that the letters to the "Immortal Beloved" written by Luis van Beethoven on July 6 and 7, 1812: "... must have been addressed to Josephine whom he [Beethoven] passionately loved..."

In 1957 the 13 Love Letters written by Beethoven to Josephine were published in German by Joseph Schmidt-Gorg and the "Beethoven-Haus Bonn" in a Facsimile Edition.

In the first of the three volumes titled "The Letters of Beethoven", they were published in English by Emily Anderson in 1961.

Later, 2 more Letters were incorporated to the 13 letters for a total of 15 Letters.

In the year of 1970 the book "L' 'unique bien-aimée' de Beethoven, Joséphine Von Brunsvik" ("Beethoven's Only Beloved, Josephine Von Brunsvik") was published in French by "Massin Brigitte & Jean."

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In 1983 another book titled "Beethoven Und Seine Unsterbliche Geliebte Josephine Brunswick Ihr Schicksal Und Der Einfluss Auf Beethovens Werk - Marie-Elisabeth Tellenbach" ("Beethoven and His 'Immortal Beloved' Josephine Brunswick Their fate and the influence on Beethoven's Work – Marie-Elisabeth Tellenbach") was published.

In 2007 Mrs. Rita Steblin's investigations were published in English, wherein she concludes that "Josephine was Beethoven's one and only "Immortal beloved".

Only in 2011, with a new edition in 2012, a book in English titled "Beethoven's Only Beloved: Josephine", written by "John E. Klapproth", came out.

In our study titled "Las Cartas de Beethoven y Josephine" ("The Letters of Beethoven and Josephine") and in this one: "La Eternamente Amada" ("The Eternally Beloved"), we publish in Spanish from translations made directly from German: 15 Love Letters from Beethoven to Josephine, 7 Love Letters from Josephine to Beethoven, and the 3 Beethoven's Love Letters to the Eternally Beloved: Josephine, for a total of 25 Letters.

"Josephine" or "Countess Josephine von Brunswick" (\*1) (1779-1821) is called "(Countess) Josephine (von) Deym"

from the moment of her marriage in July 1799 (\*2) to Count Joseph Deym (who died in January 1804), and later "(Baroness) Josephine (von) Stackelberg..." starting from her marriage in the month of February 1810 to Baron C.Von Stackelberg (1777-1841).

(\*1) In these works -unless we are quoting other sources-, we prefer to call her "Josephine", "Josephine von Brunswick" or "Countess Josephine von Brunswick".

(\*2) The commonly given date of June 1812 has been corrected by Mrs. Rita Steblin, according to authentic documents found during her investigations, into the date of July 29, 1799.

The texts of the 15 Letters written by Luis van Beethoven to his Eternally Beloved Josephine between 1804-1809, of the 7 Letters written by Josephine (von Brunswick) to Beethoven, and of the 3 Letters of July 1812 written by Luis van Beethoven to the Eternally Beloved, published in this work (for a total of 25 Letters), have been kindly translated directly from German into Spanish by our esteemed Friends and Brothers Manuel Coello Arias and his Wife Mrs. María Antonia Manzanares Manzanares.

The translations of the 25 Letters of Beethoven and Josephine are accompanied by our studies both in this

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publication: "The Eternally Beloved" and in the study:  
"Las Cartas de Beethoven y Josephine" ("The Letters of  
Beethoven and Josephine").

– II –

## Josephine, Beethoven's Eternally Beloved

*"Angel of my heart,  
my all,  
the totality of your Being,  
Today I can only write a few lines"*

**A** new translation of Beethoven's Letters to the  
"Eternally Beloved" written in July 1812 and whose texts  
begin by saying:

"My angel,  
my all,  
my very being. –  
only a few words today"... ?

These are words of "Tender Love" written by Luis van  
Beethoven to his Eternally Beloved "J", Josephine (von  
Brunswick widow of Deym) in several of the 15 letters  
he wrote between 1804 and 1809...

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"Angel of my heart",...

Luis Van Beethoven calls his "Eternally Beloved" Josephine as such in two of the letters (of the 15 letters) that he wrote to her in the Spring of 1805.

"my all"...

So says Luis van Beethoven to his Beloved Josephine, in "[1805] first quarter", in another of the 15 letters: "You my All my supreme bliss – [...] - only You – eternally You – to my grave only You – My solace – my All..."

"the totality of your Being",

[Vienna, March/April 1805], and

"Today I can only write a few lines",

[Vienna, perhaps after September 20, 1807].

So wrote Luis Van Beethoven in these two other letters to his Eternally Beloved Josephine...

"My angel, my all, my very being. – just a few words today, ..." ("Angel of my heart, my all, the totality of your Being, Today I can only write a few lines...")

Thus began to be written the Declaration of Love of Luis van Beethoven to his Eternally Beloved in Heaven (his Spiritual Beloved.), and on Earth to his Eternally Beloved Josephine.

Eternally Beloved, Immortal Beloved, Spiritual Beloved:

"Contemplating eternity..."

Before the foundations of the earth were laid. You were.

And when the subterranean flame

Shall burst out of its prison and devour the form,  
You shall still be, as you were before, Without suffering  
any change, when time shall no longer exist.  
Oh, infinite intelligence, divine Eternity!" (Rig Veda).

## The Eternally Spiritual Beloved

The world of the three-dimensional physical forms is a fleeting, changing, transient, limited one, wherein everything has a beginning... and... an end... What today relatively is, not always was, and will not always be...

Beyond the physical, three-dimensional dimension, there exists the Fourth Dimension... Time... opening itself in a curved line to find itself again at the original starting point with all the experience of the cycle; reopening itself in a new recurring cycle... where "One time ends and another begins,..."

In the Fourth Dimension there is the Etheric World... "the Earthly Paradise"... "The Eden...", "The Garden of the Hesperides"... "the Elysian Fields"..., "the Promised Land"..., "the Fourth Dimension of our Planet Earth"..., "the Land of Jinas"...

"Really, the World is threefold; there exist the World, the Underworld and the Supra-World. The epidermis of the earth, the Cellular region wherein we live is only the intermediate zone; below the earthly crust there exists the Underworld, the Roman Avernus, the Greek Tartarus, the Hades, Helia, Dante's Inferno, the Infernal

Worlds. Above the cellular regions there are the Elysian fields of the Supra-World, the Molecular and Electronic Realms, the heavens, Devachan, Amenti, Paradise, etc." (V.M. Samael Aun Weor.)

"The DIVINE MOTHER is ISIS, the CERES of the ELEUSIAN MYSTERIES, the CELESTIAL VENUS, the one who, in the beginning of the world, originated the attraction between the opposite sex and propagated with eternal fertility the human generations. She is PROSERPINE, of the nocturnal barks, the one who, in her triple CELESTIAL, EARTHLY and INFERNAL appearance, oppresses the terrible demons of the AVERNUS, keeping the doors of the underground prisons closed and travelling triumphant through the SACRED FORESTS. Sovereign of the STYGIAN DWELLING, She shines in the middle of the darkness of ACHERON, the same as on the earth and the Elysian Fields." (V.M. Samael Aun Weor.)

"... So then, the Buddhic or Intuitional World is where we find our true consort [the Valkyrie, the Eternally Spiritual Beloved]. It is a region of extraordinary splendors..." (V.M. Samael Aun Weor.)

"... In the Buddhi, in the Eros, in the Valkyrie, the Maiden, ... Atman, the Ineffable, is found contained; but

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after all, Atman-Buddhi, as the MONAD, are radical..." (V.M. Samael Aun Weor.)

Beyond the Fourth Dimension that is Time... there exists the Fifth Dimension that is Eternity... with its Superior and Inferior levels...

"Beyond the Fourth Dimension there exists a FIFTH VERTICAL (Eternity); and far beyond the Fifth Vertical there is a SIXTH DIMENSION (it is that which is beyond Eternity and Time); and finally, there exists an unknown ZERO DIMENSION or Seventh Dimension. I mean the World of Pure Spirit"..."

"In Eternity... "past and future join in an eternal now..." (V.M. Samael Aun Weor.)

Within the limits of the cycles of time, opening and closing themselves to reopen themselves in Eternity, anything that has been before is to be later on...

"In eternity everything develops within the eternal now..."

"... The curve of time turns inside the perfect circle of eternity, but it is clear that these two wheels are different. That which is beyond the two mysterious circles is the SIXTH DIMENSION..."

The Sixth Dimension is the Causal World, the World of Natural Causes, the World of Will, the World of Heavenly Music...

"The Great Reality ... is beyond Eternity and Time." (V. M. Samael Aun Weor.)

What is Eternal

"will continue to exist throughout Eternity..."

## Luis van Beethoven and Josephine von Brunswick

### *"The Eternally Beloved"*

**T**he Countess Josephine von Brunswick was forced by her mother to marry a man whom she did not love (Count Deym), because she wanted to marry her daughter to a rich person not taking into account Josephine's feelings... Nevertheless she felt affection for him as the father of her children.

But Beethoven always occupied the Sublime Love in her heart.

This marriage was consummated on July 29, 1799.

"... She was not aware of what she was doing, of what was laying ahead of her! Shortly after, she threw her arms around my neck and wept a flood of tears." ("Memoirs of Therese", in "La Mara 1909, p. 66.")

Even if Josephine grew fond of him and worried about his health and welfare (partly for his dedication and care to her and their children and her economic dependence on him), she could not Love him...

When Josephine returned to Vienna to live there with her husband Count Deym, Beethoven used to visit them at home, not only as Josephine's Music Teacher, but also as the Friend of Hers, and even of Count Deym's. Beethoven was faithful at all times to His Love for Josephine's Soul, and to the Friendship with Count Deym.

Some years passed and Josephine had got used to her new life now...

"...it is also quite correct that we look a little after my husband, as he does everything for me and my children. If he is not anymore, we will have no one else who strives for us earnestly...", -Josephine asked her mother once-, "when Deym travelled during the cold winter to fetch the children."

Her fears came true... On January 27, 1804, Count Deym died in Prague, victim of pneumonia, leaving Josephine a widow with three children (one girl and two boys), plagued by debts, and pregnant with another baby girl who was born a little later.

At the end of 1804, and until 1809, Beethoven wrote 15 Letters to the then young widow Josephine, the first ones in terms of Friendship, and the following ones, of Love.

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But... on February 13, 1810, Josephine got married again... This time with baron "Stackelberg"... Marriage that did not last long either...

In 1811, Countess Josephine, after her "disastrous marriage of two years" to baron "Stackelberg" decided to leave him for good, without returning to sleep with him again or to live intimately together with him.

At the end of the month of June 1812, Luis van Beethoven travelled from Vienna to Teplitz, passing through the city of Prague...

Not far away there is the city of hot springs, Teplitz (in the Czech Republic), about 90 kilometers from Prague (approximately 55 miles).

At that time, in the month of June 1812, the "Eternally... and only beloved Josephine" (Josephine von Brunswick, widow of Deym, and separated from her second husband baron Stackelberg) needed and wanted to travel to Prague and was determined to make this trip: "I want to speak with Liebert in Prague..." because she needed his help to avoid her children from being taken away from her by Stackelberg. ("Josephine's Diary, June 1812, in Rita Steblin, "A New Look at Beethoven's Diary Entry and the 'Immortal Beloved', "Bonner Beethoven Studien", "6", 2007, pp. 158-162."). But it

was also a way to help shield her secret meeting with Luis van Beethoven on July 3, 1812 in Prague... Josephine needed and wanted to go to Prague to seek help and to meet Beethoven.

On July 3, 1812, Luis van Beethoven met his Eternally Beloved in the city of Prague. On 6 and 7 July 1812, he wrote three letters to the "Immortal Beloved" (to the "Eternally Beloved") from Teplitz. (Rita Steblin, "A New Look at Beethoven's Diary Entry and the 'Immortal Beloved', "Bonner Beethoven Studien", "6", 2007, p. 157").

Nine months later, on April 8, 1813, Josephine gives birth to a baby girl, to whom they gave the name "Minona".

In a letter that Beethoven wrote to Joseph von Varena, on April 8, 1813, on the exact day of the birth of Minona, he says:

"Unfortunately, I will not be able to stay in Vienna as my place of residence anymore..."



*-The Town of Teplitz -*

It was in Teplitz where Luis van Beethoven wrote the three Letters to his Eternally Beloved in July 1812.

It was in 1812 when Luis van Beethoven completed his Symphony # 7 in "A major", Op. 92, with its allegrissimo "Festival of Bacchus" in its last and fourth Movement "Allegro Con Brio" and when he declared "I am Bacchus incarnated..."; and his Symphony # 8 in "F major", Op. 93, after a four year break... from the completion of his Symphony # 6, Op. 68 in "F major", "Pastoral" (1807-1808).



*-"Mail Coach"-*

Luis van Beethoven reached Teplitz on July 5, 1812, at 4 o'clock in the morning. He described his trip in the first of the three Letters, which was written on July 6, 1812:

"– my trip was horrible, I arrived here only at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, as due to lack of horses, the coachman chose another route, but what a horrible road, at the penultimate stop they warned me against travelling at night, they wanted to terrify me with a forest, but this only attracted me – and I was wrong, the coach broke down on this horrible road, a mere deep



*- "Mail Coach" -*

rough country road, [crossed out: and the] without 2 such postilions, as I had, I would have been stranded on the way. – Esterhazi had the same fate on the usual way hither, with 8 horses, as I with four. – Still I felt a certain degree of joy, as I always do, when I happily overcome something. –"



*- Mail Coach -*

[Note: The mail coaches or carriages ran at an average speed of between 11-13 kilometres per hour in summer and approximately of 8 kilometres per hour in winter... Fresh horses were provided every 16 to 24 kilometers. The stops to collect mail were short and sometimes the coach did not even stop and the mail bags were

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delivered and collected passing slowly in front of the Post Office, where the postmaster was waiting.]

July 6, in the morning. –

My angel, my everything, my very being. – only a few words today and, by the way, in pencil (with yours) – my residence will not be settled with certainty until tomorrow, what an unnecessary waste of time in all this – why this deep sorrow where necessity speaks – Can our love exist without sacrifices, by not demanding everything, can you alter this, that you are not completely mine, that I am not completely yours – Oh God, look upon the beautiful nature and reconcile your spirit with what has to be – love demands everything and completely with good reason, so is it for me with you, for you with me – only you forget so easily, that I have to live for myself and for you, if we were completely united, you would feel this pain just as little as I should – my trip was horrible, I arrived here only at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, as due to lack of horses, the coachman chose another route, but what a horrible road, at the penultimate stop they warned me against travelling at night, they wanted to terrify me with a forest, but this only attracted me – and I was wrong, the coach broke down on this horrible road, a mere deep rough country road, [crossed out: and the] without 2

such postilions, as I had, I would have been stranded on the way. – Esterhazi had the same fate on the usual way hither, with 8 horses, as I with four. – Still I felt a certain degree of joy, as I always do, when I happily overcome something. – Now quickly from the outer to the inner, we shall soon meet, today I cannot convey to you my observations, that I made about my life during these few days – if our hearts were always very close together, I would make none of the kind, my heart is filled with many things to say to you – Alas – There are moments when I feel that language is absolutely nothing. – cheer up – remain my only faithful treasure, my all, as I for you, the rest the Gods will send – what is further to be and shall be for us. –

Your faithful ludwig. –

On Monday evening, July 6 –

You are suffering, you my most precious being – right now I realize that the letters must be delivered very early in the morning. Monday – Thursday – the only days on which the mail goes from here to K. – you are suffering – Oh, wherever I am, you are with me, I talk to myself and to you, I arrange things so that I may live with you, what a life!!!! As it is!!!! without you – pursued by the goodness of people here and there, which I think – I just wish to deserve as little as I deserve it – humility of man

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towards man – it pains me – and when I consider myself in relation to the universe, what am I and what is He – who is called the greatest – and yet – herein is again the divine of man – I weep when I think you will probably not receive the first news of me until Saturday – as much as you love me too – I love you even more deeply – never hide yourself from me – good night – as I am taking the baths I have to go to sleep – [crossed out: oh go with, go with –] Oh God – so near! so far! is not our love a true heavenly edifice – but as firm as the firmament.–

Good morning, on July 7 -  
when already in bed thoughts urge to you my eternally Beloved, now and then happy, then sad again, awaiting whether fate will grant us a favorable hearing – I can live either wholly with you or not at all, yes I have decided to stray about in the distance for such a long time, until I can fly into your arms, and call myself entirely at home with you, and can send my soul embraced by you into the empire of spirits – yes unfortunately it has to be – you will resign yourself and all the more, since you know my faithfulness to you, and never will another possess my heart, never – never – Oh God why has one to stay away from whom he loves so much, and my life in V.[ienna], as it is now, is a wretched

life – Your love makes me at once the happiest and the unhappiest – at my age I would now need some regularity, consistency in life - can it exist in our relationship? Angel, just now I realise that the mail leaves every day – and so I have to close it, so that you may quickly receive the L. – be confident, only through quiet contemplation of our existence can we achieve our purpose to live together – be confident – love me – today – yesterday – What tearful longing for you – for you – for you – my life – my everything – farewell – oh keep loving me – never ignor[e] the most faithful heart of your beloved

L .  
forever yours  
forever mine  
forever ours

## "My Angel, My All, My Very Being"

The 3 letters that Luis van Beethoven wrote to his Eternally Beloved on July 6 and 7, from Teplitz, were written in the year 1812.

The 15 Letters that Luis van Beethoven wrote to his Eternally Beloved Josephine were written between the years 1804-1809.

When Josephine von Brunswick "was married" to Count Deym on July 29, 1799, her sister Therese von Brunswick wrote the following in her "Memoirs":

"6 weeks later, Josephine was married at the Altar by the bishop of Weissenburg in Martonvásár. Just at dusk the chariots stopped ahead and Josephine, snatched from her brothers' arms, left for the west, where there was a deep black storm in the sky. Therese, the Cassandra of the family, the priestess of truth, sensed it and said: "She makes her way towards a hard fate! As black as the sky!" (Therese's Memoirs, in La Mara 1909, pp. 66 ff.).

In "A New Look at Beethoven's Diary Entry and the 'Immortal Beloved', "Bonner Beethoven Studien", "6", 2007, p. 157., Rita Steblin," says that, according to her researches in archives, the usual date of "June 29, 1799"

based on Therese Brunswick's "Memoirs", date that has been given in the literature related to Beethoven and Josephine's marriage to Count Deym, is incorrect. Ms. Steblin, according to her researches in archives in her "Chronology of Josephine Brunsvik-Deym-Stackelberg (28 March 1779 - 31 March 1821)", determines as location and date of Countess Josephine's wedding to Count Deym: "Martonvásár, Hungary, 29 July 1799". Then, the two "travelled to Prague for their honeymoon"... Then they returned to Vienna where they lived for the next three years; at Count Joseph Deym's house, art gallery and museum, they had many private concerts with the participation of Luis van Beethoven.

In 1803, they travelled to settle in Prague.

In January 1804, Count Deym dies.

From 1805 and until 1809, Beethoven reveals his feelings to Josephine declaring her his Eternally Beloved in his Love letters.

In February 1810, Josephine married baron Stackelberg..

The three letters to the "Immortal Beloved" (July 6 and 7 1812), were written by Beethoven when Josephine had already separated, from 1811, from baron Stackelberg.

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"St(ackelberg) Ein Egoist! An diesem ersten Urtheil Jo(Josephine)s mag doch viel Wahres sein... es ist als ob eine schwere Hand auf uns liege; ein Mangel an Seegen Gottes ist durchs ganze Haus zu spüren... Ich muss zwar sehen, dass Stackelberg der mir zum Canon diene und Muster, ein sehr schwacher und beinahe schlimmer Mensch ist er hat uns geschmeichelt und betrogen, er macht Jo(sephine) nicht glücklich." (Tellenbach 1983, p. 92. 93.)

"36" St [ackelberg:] An egoist! In this judgement first by Jo[sephine] [...] there is much truth ... it is as if a heavy hand is pressing upon us; a lack of God's blessing affects the whole house ... I now have to acknowledge that Stackelberg[,] who served me as my tenet and canon, is a very weak and almost evil man[;] he has flattered and deceived us, he does not make Jo[sephine] happy." (Therese's Diary, September 1810, in Tellenbach 1983, p. 92 ff). "

"... Die Uneinigkeit Jo(sephine)s und St(ackelberg)s es war eine Auflösung! es war ein Nichtbestehen der schönsten Ahndung! ein Betrogensein in den schönsten Erwartungen!" (Tellenbach 1983, p. 93.)

"... The discord among Jo[sephine] and St[ackelberg] – it was a dissolution!" it was a non existence with the

most beautiful pain! A being deceived in the most beautiful hopes!" (Therese's Diary, March 21, 1811, in Tellenbach 1983, p. 93.)

"49 Wir sind nicht mehr vermählt."

"49 "We're not married anymore." (Josephine's Diary February/March/April, 1812, in Tellenbach 1983, p. 108.)"

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– VII –

## "My Very Being"

**F**rom the three Beethoven's letters written to his Eternally Beloved on July 6 and 7, 1812, we will quote the texts that correspond to other texts of the 15 Beethoven's letters written to his Eternally Beloved Josephine between the years 1804 and 1809 as well as some texts from Josephine's letters and Beethoven's compositions such as, for example, the "Lied to Hope", "I Think of You" among others. The texts from Beethoven's and Josephine's letters and from other Beethoven's Works are in "burgundy".

" M y a n g e l "

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "on July 6, in the morning", 1812].

(belov[ed] J.[osephine]... angel – of my heart – of my life.)

[Beethoven's Letters to Josephine, 219, Vienna, end of April 1805]; and [220, Vienna, maybe April/May 1805].

Ms. Rita Steblin in "A New Look at Beethoven's Diary and the "Immortal Beloved" published an entry dated June or July 5 in a "Diary":

"Josephine's Diaries of 1812", whose German words translated into English are the following:

"Sey dir, Sey deiner Welt so viel du kanst ein Engel, so wird sie dir so viel sie kann ein Himmel seyn. [new entry:] 5t Jy Reichthum giebt nicht Verstand. Armuth und Edelsinn wollen wir ausüben."

"([translated literally: Be to yourself, be to your world, as much as you can, an angel, thus [the world] will be to you, as much as it can, a heaven. 5th Jy. Wealth does not give understanding. We wish to practise poverty and noble feelings.) 53" (Rita Steblin, "A New Look at Beethoven's Diary and the "Immortal Beloved".)

Beethoven calls Josephine "My angel" and "angel – of my heart" in the Letter to the "Eternally Beloved" of "July 6, in the morning"1812], and in his "Testament" Beethoven says that "virtue" alone "not money, can give happiness":

"... recommend virtue to your children, this alone, not money, can give happiness, I speak from experience, it was virtue alone that upheld me in time of suffering,..." (L.V. Beethoven in his "Testament".)

" m y e v e r y t h i n g "

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "on July 6, in the

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m o r n i n g", 1812].

("You You my Everything my supreme bliss...")  
[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 214, Vienna, 1805 first quarter].

"my very self."

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "on July 6, in the morning", 1812].

("...my happiness through your love, oh! beloved J., ... only you, the totality of your Being")  
[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 216, [Vienna, March/April 1805].

"only a few words today"

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "on July 6, in the morning", 1812].

("Dear, beloved, only J.! - again just a few lines of yours...")

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 294, Heiglstadt on September 20, 1807].

("Dear, dear J. Today I can write a few lines only")  
[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 297, Vienna, probably after September 20, 1807].

"and, by the way, in pencil (with yours)"  
[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "on July 6, in the morning", 1812].

In a work published in English titled "A New Look at Beethoven's Diary Entry and the 'Immortal Beloved'...", in the Volume # 6 of the "Bonner Beethoven Studien", published by "Verlag Beethoven-Haus Bonn" in the year 2007, Mrs. "Rita Steblin" writes on a finding made in her scientific research on "Entries" in the Countess "Josephine Brunsvik's" "Diary", many of which were written in "pencil" by Josephine...

It is about a great deal of documents found at "Deym estate", "castle at Jindrichuv Hradec", ("Neuhaus"), in the Czech Republic", in 23 large boxes.

Among the documents found, Ms. Rita Steblin quotes and comments, among others, some notes written by Josephine in her "Diary" on "June 8, 1812", where Josephine writes among other words:

"...- The hand of fate rests ominously on me -..."

and she regrets the difficulties, suffering and anguish she was going through, imploring God's help. In another entry of her "Diary" published by Ms. Rita Steblin, we read that Josephine, begging for God's help, says that it was on account of "Stackelberg" (her husband from her second marriage) that she had "ruined herself ... physically", the poor health conditions she was in following her first marriage with Count Deym:

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"On account of Stackelberg I have ruined myself physically..."

In Luis van Beethoven's letter written to his Eternally Beloved on July 6, 1812, Beethoven tells her that he was writing to her "in pencil":

"My angel, my everything, my very self. – just a few words today and, by the way, in pencil (with yours)..."

Beethoven also tells her in the letter written "On Monday evening, July 6 -:"

"You are suffering, you my most precious being -"

As can be seen in the above-mentioned documents, in 1812, Josephine wrote many notes in her "Diary" with her "pencil". Besides, she put on the record in her same "Diary" that she was going through much suffering.. And on July 1812, in his Letters to the "Eternally Beloved", Beethoven says that he was writing to her with her "pencil" and, calling her "my most precious being", he says "You are suffering"...

"... can you alter this, that you are not completely mine, that I am not completely yours"

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "on July 6, in the morning", 1812].

("Beloved dear Beloved, – -- J. ... I try to meet you

tonight, dear beloved, dear J., if not, then I curse your relatives to be swamped by all misfortunes up to their neck – "

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 307, Vienna, maybe 1807].

"if our hearts were always very close together, I would make none of the kind, my heart is filled with many things to say to you – Alas – There are moments when I feel that language is absolutely nothing. – cheer up – remain my only faithful treasure, my everything, as I for you "

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "on July 6, in the morning", 1812].

"... For you – [for Josephine] the only beloved [Beethoven] – why is there no language that can express what is far above mere regard – far above everything – that we can still name– oh, who can talk about You, and not feel that however much he could speak about You – – that would never attain to You – only in music – Alas, I am not too proud when I believe that music is more at my command than words – You You my Everything my supreme joy – Alas, no – even in my music I cannot do so, although in this respect <the> thy Nature <hast> not stinted me with gifts, yet this is too little for You. Beat only in silence <oh> poor heart – you cannot do

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otherwise – . For You – always for You – only You – eternally You – only You until I die– My solace – my Everything...

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 214, Vienna, 1805 first quarter].

"Your faithful ludwig. -"

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "on July 6, in the morning", 1812].

"Your faithful LBethn"

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 307, Vienna, maybe 1807].

In the Letter that Luis van Beethoven wrote to Josephine von Brunswick on the month of April 1805, he tells her that she is his most precious being, in other words:

"... that which is dearest – to me in this world... the dear belov[ed] J[osephine] – ... she is to me more dear and precious than anything else –..."

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 219, Vienna, end of April 1805].

"Ah, wherever I am, you are with me, I talk to myself and to you, I arrange things so that I may live with you, what a life!!! As it is!!!! without you –"

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "On Monday, July 6, in the evening –"].

"... when already in bed my thoughts press to thee my eternally Beloved..."

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "Good morning, on July 7 –"]

"For You – always for You – only You [alone]– forever You – only You until I die..."

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 214, Vienna, 1805 first quarter].

"... a thousand voices whisper to me that you are my only friend, my only beloved – I am no longer able to obey what I am imposing upon myself, oh! dear J., let us walk again without worries on that path where we were often so happy – Tomorrow or the day after I will see you, may heaven bestows upon me an undisturbed hour, when I can be with you to have the long awaited talk, when my heart and my soul can meet you again –"  
[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 294, Heiglstadt, September 20, 1807].

"as much as you love me – I love you even more deeply"  
[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "On Monday evening, July 6 –"]

"I love you as you love me".

[Lied "Zärtliche Liebe" ("Tender Love"), WoO 123,

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composed by Luis van Beethoven in 1795 and published in 1803].

"My Dear, Beloved, -- J[osephine]... I love you so much as you do not love me. Your faithful LBethn" [Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 307, Vienna, probably 1807].

"never hide yourself from me"  
[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved" "On Monday evening, July 6 –"]

"Dear J.[osephine]", since I must almost fear that you no longer allow yourself to be found by me – and I no longer want to be subjected to the rejections by your servants – then, there is nothing I can do other than not go to your home – Unless you reveal to me your opinion about this – is it really the case – that you do not want to see me anymore –"

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 295, Vienna, maybe after September 20, 1807].

"... even if this happens, perhaps, more at the behest of others – .."

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 404, Vienna, maybe in the Fall of 1809].

"Oh God – so near! so far! is not our love a true celestial edifice – but as firm as the firmament. –"

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "On Monday evening, July 6 –"]

"Who (Mi) are these (Eleh) that fly as a cloud and as the doves to their windows?" (Isaiah LX, 8). The Name without any separation, that is to say, Elohim. [...] ¿What is this "great Name"? It is the name that was at the beginning, the first of all names, without it there cannot be any edifice. "Mi" will never be built without "Eleh". For that reason, at that time, the Messianic time, "Mi" and "Eleh" will "Fly as a cloud" and all the world will see that the Superior Name is restored to its perfection;..." (The Zohar).

"... I have won your heart, oh! I know it with certainty, I have greatly appreciated it, my activity will increase again and – here, I promise you solemnly that here, in a short time, my dignity and yours will stand up – oh! give it some value to found – to increase – my happiness through your love, oh! beloved J., it is not the drive to the opposite sex that attracts me to you, no, only you, the whole of your Being with all its singularities – has my respect – all my feelings – all of my sensibility is linked to you – when I came to you – I was firmly determined not to let even a spark of love germinate in me, you have overcome me – did you want it – or did you not? – some day you could solve this question J. –"

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Oh! Heaven, how I wish to tell you everything – how I think of you – what I feel for you – but how weak, how poor is this language – mine at least – Long – long – time – may our love last – it is so noble – so founded on mutual respect and friendship. – even the great similarity in so many things, in thoughts and feelings – oh! let me trust that your heart – will beat for me for a long time – mine can only – stop beating for you – when – it no longer beats – beloved J." [Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 216, Vienna, March/April 1805].

"... you know my faithfulness to you, and no one else will ever be able to own my heart, never – ever – Oh God why has one to stay away from whom he loves so much," [Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "Good morning, on July 7 –"].

"Dear, beloved, only J.! – again just a few lines of yours – make me feel great joy – how often, beloved J., I have struggled with myself not to violate the ban I am imposing upon myself – but in vain, a thousand voices whisper to me that you are my only friend, my only beloved "

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 294, Heiglstadt, on September 20, [1807].

"Your love makes me at once the happiest and the unhappiest"  
[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "Good morning, on July 7 –"].

"... I have won your heart, oh! I know it with certainty, I have greatly appreciated it, ... – oh! give it some value to found – to increase – my happiness through your love, oh! beloved J.[osephine], "  
[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 216, Vienna, March/April 1805].

"... Angel... be confident, only through quiet contemplation of our existence can we achieve our purpose to live together – be confident – love me – today – yesterday – What tearful longing for you – for you – for you – my life – my everything – farewell – oh keep loving me – never ignor[e] the most faithful heart of your beloved

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eternally yours

eternally mine

eternally ours"

[Letter to the "Immortal Beloved", "Good morning, on July 7 –"].

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"oh, hope!  
comfort the sufferer  
and let an angel collect his tears."

[Beethoven, Lied To Hope" (Opus 32)].

The song "An die Hoffnung" ("To Hope"), Opus 32, was dedicated and gifted to Josephine von Brunswick by Beethoven in 1805, after Josephine widowed Count Deym, her first husband. And about a decade later (1813-1815), Luis van Beethoven composed it again ("An die Hoffnung", Opus 94)..., (when Josephine von Brunswick had already definitely separated from her second husband baron Stackelberg...), with the addition of a new stanza at the beginning, one of whose verse says:

"Man must not lose hope!"...,

"... You my Everything, my supreme bliss – Alas,... Beat only in silence <oh> poor heart – you cannot do otherwise – . For You – always for You – only You – eternally You – only You until I die – My solace – my Everything, oh Creator watch over her – Bless her days – all the adversity upon me first, only You – Force bless her, comfort her – in the unhappy and yet so happy existence of mortals – – if it was not You who chained me back to life, even without it, you would be everything

to me –"

[Beethoven's Letter to Josephine, 214, Vienna, 1805 first quarter].

The 15 Luis van Beethoven's Letters of Friendship and Love written to Josephine between the years 1804-1809 are written in the same "language" as the 3 Letters on the month of July 1812 to the "Eternally Beloved" with a difference between the term "You" in the former and "You" in the latter.

In a Beethoven's letter written to Ferdinand Ries on May 8, 1816, regretting the misfortune of having found and lost the one and only woman (Josephine) whom he wanted to be his Beloved Wife, he says to him:

"... - My best greetings to your wife. Unfortunately I have no wife. I have found only one whom no doubt I shall never possess..."

Josephine's health began to enter a prolonged terminal phase, away from his Only Beloved Luis van Beethoven. But He never abandoned her...

In the summer of 1820, Luis van Beethoven composed his last song (Lied) "Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel," WoO 150 ("Evensong under the Starry Sky").

In that same year (February 1820), Beethoven wrote in one of his "Conversation Books":

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"The moral law within us, and the starry sky above us. Kant!!!" (Luis van Beethoven, "February 2, 1820 [Candlemas] Conversation Book 7".)

His last Sonatas: "Opus 110" and "Opus 111" (Farewell to the Piano Sonata) ... were created for his Only and Eternally Beloved Josephine by Luis van Beethoven (1821-22)... "believed by many musicologists to be clearly like requiems, with discernible reminiscences to 'Josephine's Theme', the Andante favori..."

Josephine, Luis van Beethoven's Only Eternally Beloved, is Whom is both near and far:

"... Oh God – so near! so far! is not our love a true celestial edifice – but as firm as the firmament. –"

– VIII –

## "My Angel"

*"Margaret" in Faust - "Beatrice" in Dante - "Rachel" in Jacob -  
"Josephine" in Beethoven*

**L**uis van Beethoven is "Bacchus incarnated", like Beethoven said of Himself: "I Am Bacchus incarnated..." And Bacchus is Jacob-Israel, as we have seen in our studies: "Beethoven-Bacchus".

Through Luis van Beethoven's Music and Words, Jacob's Words are hence expressed, which are "The Voice of the Torah" as the Zohar so explains: "The voice of Jacob, who is the Torah, that way binds two Females, the inner voice [Leah] that is inaudible, and the external voice [Rachel] that is heard."

These "Two Females": Leah (Who is the one "so far") and Rachel (Who is the one "so close") are the "Two Wives" of Jacob-Israel, forming A Single Unit through Mutual and Tender Love, "a true heavenly edifice - but as steady as the firmament. –"

In the Christic Drama of Beethoven, the one who is "so close" is represented by Josephine on Earth (Rachel), and the one who is "so far" is represented by Josephine's

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Soul in Heaven (Leah), which does not correspond to any other woman, because the soul of "Josephine Josephine" is Rachel and is Leah, integrated into A Single Unit, in a Firm and Celestial Edifice, Luis van Beethoven's Only and Eternally Beloved, being him Bacchus incarnate or Jacob-Israel.

In the Letter that Beethoven wrote to Josephine in the "first quarter of 1805", he calls her "You" twice: "You You my All my supreme bliss...", words that are equivalent to: "Josephine Josephine, my all my supreme bliss..."

The Love of Beethoven's and Josephine's is a "true heavenly edifice... steady as the firmament": "a wonderful edifice" that arose from the midst of His Thought ... as Rachel and Leah are the "Earthly" Temple and the "Celestial" Temple of Jacob-Israel.

In the Zohar the Heavenly "Edifice" is also called "a steady edifice" (The Zohar, Volume I, "Introduction"), and consists of the two Words of the Holy Name Elohim: "Mi" which is "Leah" and "EleH" that is "Rachel" integrated in "Leah".

"... When the most Mysterious wished to reveal himself, he first produced a singular point which was transmuted into a thought, and in this he executed countless designs

and engraved countless engravings. Then he engraved in the sacred and mystic lamp a mystic and most holy design that was a marvellous edifice arising from the midst of thought. This is called MI, and was the beginning of the edifice, existent and non-existent, deeply entombed, unknowable by name. It only was called MI (who?). It wanted to become manifest and be called by name, and then it dressed in a refulgent and precious garment, and created EleH ("these"), and EleH acquired a name. The letters of the two words intermingled forming the complete name ELOHIM ("God")." (The Zohar).

In the 3 letters that Luis van Beethoven wrote to his Eternally Beloved, the identity of Their Addressee was, by Beethoven, "deeply" hidden and "unknowable by name...". But at the beginning of His Letter She "was Only" called: "My angel"...

"R. Judah said: There were two houses, the first house and the second house, one higher and one lower. There are two Heis, one higher [Leah] and a lower one [Rachel], but they all form a single unit. The highest Beth opens the doors on each side, and when combined with reschit it forms the "beginning" [Bereschit] in the list of the components of the edifice."

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"And about the future time it is written, "The Lord is the one who builds Jerusalem", He, and no other one. This is the [celestial] edifice we are waiting for, not a human structure that cannot resist. The Holy One, Blessed Be He, will send us together the first House [Leah] and the second house [Rachel], the first secretly and the second openly. The second one will be revealed to show the world the work of the Holy One, Blessed Be He, in perfect joy and gladness. The first one, that will be hidden, will rise high above the revealed one, and all the world will see the clouds of glory surrounding the revealed one and wrapping the first one which ascends to the height of the glorious heavens. That is the edifice we are waiting for. Even the future city of Jerusalem will not be the work of human hands, and all the more so the Temple, God's dwelling. This work was meant to be completed when Israel first left Egypt, but has been delayed until the last days in the last liberation."

The words of Bacchus Beethoven or Jacob Beethoven: "... Oh God [Elohim] - so close! so far! is not our love a true heavenly edifice - but as firm as the firmament. -", refer to the construction, through the Love between a man (Luis van Beethoven) and a woman (Josephine), of the "true heavenly edifice... [Leah and Rachel] as firm as the firmament".

"... the firmament is a resplendent glory, a vision of all the visions, which resembles the hidden, the Shechinah,..." (The Zohar).

"The heavens are telling the glory of God, and the firmament displays the work of His hands." (Psalm XIX, 2).

The words that Luis van Beethoven addresses to the Eternally Beloved "My Angel" have their correspondence in the words that Faust (in "Goethe's Faust") addresses to His Eternally Beloved "Margaret": "My Angel":

"FAUST [to Margarit].

My angel, often what doth pass for sense  
Is self-conceit and narrowness.

MARGARET. [to Faust]

H o w   s o ? "

("Faust", Translated by Anna Swanwick, in "Dramatic Works of Goethe...", 1875.)

Faust's Beloved Margaret fulfils a mission similar to Dante's Beloved Beatrice.

In Dante's Divine Comedy, Rachel represents Beatrice and Leah represents Matelda.

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The "Angel" or Margaret whom Faust calls "My Angel", in its esoteric meanings, is equivalent to Dante's Beloved Beatrix, to Jacob's Beloved Rachel, and to Beethoven's Beloved Josephine.

Shabbath Eve on Friday, July 8, 2011

- New revision completed with the Help of God  
on September 19-20-21, 2013 -

We love all Beings, all Humanity. Every Human Being is  
also Humanity.

"May all Beings be Happy!"

"May all Beings be Blessed!"

"May all Beings be at Peace!"

With all my Heart for all the Poor Suffering  
Humanity

Luis Bernardo Palacio Acosta

Bodhisattva of

V.M. THOTH-MOISÉS

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