





Recorded at Elfo Studio, Tavernago April 2025
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Mixed by Alberto Callegari, Markus Stockhausen and Fabio Mina
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Booklet's last page photo by Michael Brandenburger
Produced by Max Marchini
Executive production: Max Marchini and Massimo Orlandini

A suggestion:
for full enjoyment of our music please listen with very good headphones.







CD I

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------|
| 01. Who Has Seen The Wind? | 6:03 |
| 02. Finite Infinity | 7:01 |
| 03. Awakening | 4:24 |
| 04. Fractals | 7:46 |
| 05. A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal | 7:30 |
| 06. Harsh Reality | 7:17 |
| 07. Conciliation | 4:39 |
| 08. Between Earth and Sky | 5:18 |

CD II

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| 01. Offering | 5:57 |
| 02. This Moonlight | 5:54 |
| 03. Our Share Of Night To Bear | 10:46 |
| 04. Reflections | 7:59 |
| 05. Ti ricordi? | 18:39 |

*All music composed by
Stockhausen/Barbazza/Mina/Otaviucci/Savoretti*





Between Earth and Sky

A mystery begins. A journey. A vision emerges. Free, intuitive music, played spontaneously in the present moment, without any prior arrangements. I invited musicians, some of whom I've known and trusted for a long time, such as Fabrizio Ottaciucci, with whom I've enjoyed collaborating on and off since 1987. I met Fabio Mina in Bogliasco in 2007, and since then our paths have crossed more and more frequently. He has made a marvellous musical development. Then there's Francesco, whom Fabio knew, and who contributes wonderfully with his percussion. Fabio, Francesco, and I played several concerts as a trio.

And then my discovery: Annie, with her clear, unaffected voice... without any prior improvisation experience, she was able to wholeheartedly embrace this musical adventure. Thus, a previously unheard music was born, which we all brought to life together.

I wish the listener the leisure and patience to truly take the time to follow our inner movements, allowing the images, spaces, landscapes, and sensations evoked by this music to arise within them. Enjoy the experience.

One more thought: There is currently an enormous change in the earth's energy field and in people's consciousness, and this affects all living beings. This all happens „Between Earth and Sky“. New frequencies are coming to the earth. Hopefully they will lead us to a more united and peaceful humanity. A new consciousness is born, and it is our choice to go along with it and embrace the future. We are all co-creators of „what is“.

Markus Stockhausen







Who Has Seen the Wind?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

(Christina Rossetti)







There Is A Solitude Of Space *(Finite Infinity)*

There is a solitude of space
A solitude of sea
A solitude of death, but these
Society shall be
Compared with that profounder site
That polar privacy
A soul admitted to itself -
Finite infinity

(Emily Dickinson)







A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years
No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

(William Wordsworth)





Between Earth and Sky

Life is born
in every moment
through you and me
and all beings.

The unspeakable takes shape.
Every breath and every thought,
every word and sound
creates our reality.

A divine dance,
a cosmic play.
Love in motion.

Beauty.

(Markus Stockhausen)





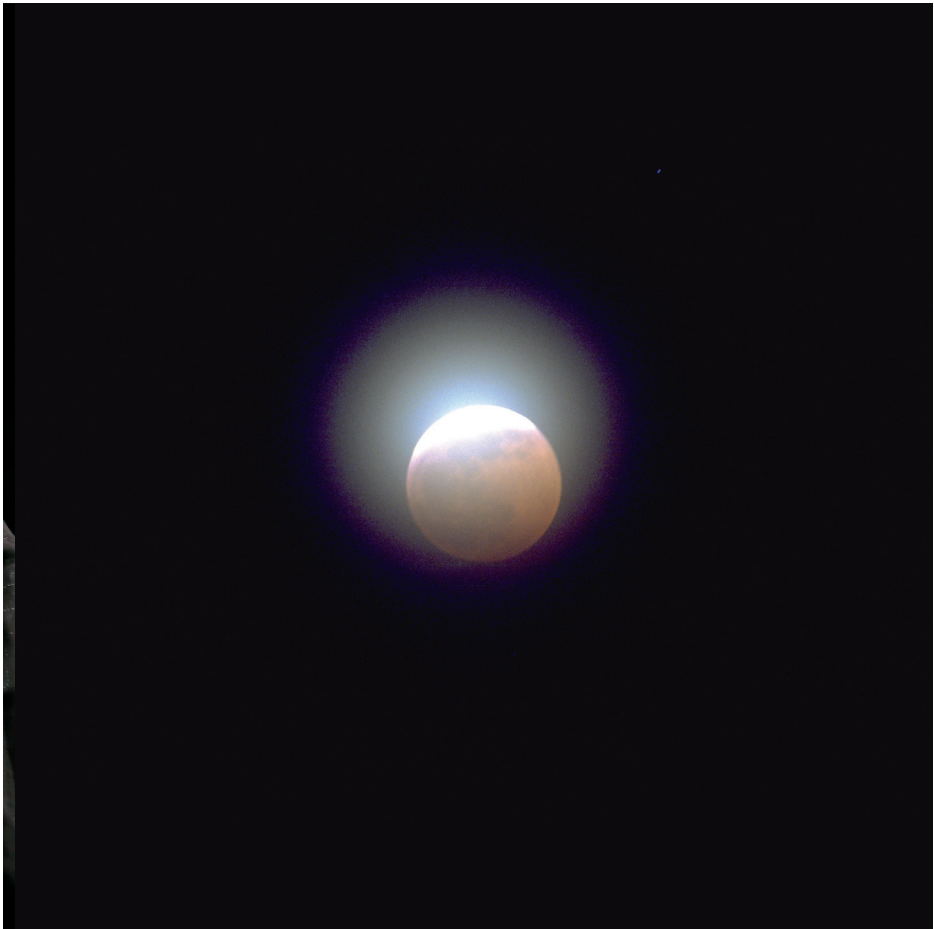
'Tis Moonlight

'Tis moonlight summer moonlight
All soft and still and fair,
The solemn hour of midnight
Breathes sweet thoughts everywhere.
But most where trees are sending
Their breezy boughs on high,
Or stooping low are lending
A shelter from the sky.
And there in those wild bowers
A lovely form is laid,
Green grass and dew-steeped flowers
Wave gently round her head.

(Emily Brontë)











Our Share Of Night To Bear

Our share of night to bear
Our share of morning
Our blank in bliss to fill
Our blank in scorning
Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way!
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards - Day!

(Emily Dickinson)







If Recollecting Were Forgetting (*Ti Ricordi?*)

If recollecting were forgetting
Then I remember not.
And if forgetting, recollecting,
How near I had forgot.
And if to miss, were marry,
And to mourn, were gay,
How very blithe the fingers
That gathered this, today!

(Emily Dickinson)



