

Phasis  
Rea Dubach

#10.17436/etk.c.068  
#Autobiografische Literatur  
#Elektronische Musik  
#Field Recording  
#Mondphase  
#Schallaufzeichnung  
#Tagebuch  
#Wald (Motiv)

DDC: 613.6909152 Überleben im Wald

I dedicated myself to an annual cycle by facing space with my bare voice and tape machine, camera, white paper and pen. A circle, as it is the cyclic movements which keeps me hunting and feeling.

Four tracks  
two equinoxes  
two solstices  
one voice in one room

REA is a musician, composer, producer and artist who works mainly with her voice, electronics, string instruments and visual as energetical rendering of her inner and outer perception of nature. She was one of the associated artists of the Dampfzentrale Bern. In September 2021 REA received a two years career grant of the city of Biel/Bienne, Switzerland.

Besides her own Solo work as well as her band Omni Selassi, she collaborates with a diverse spread of artists within the field of music, dance and film. More: [readubach.com](http://readubach.com)

Es erschien hierzu ein limitiertes und nummeriertes *artist book* in der Reihe *curatorbooks* (ISBN 978-3-03947-011-2) sowie eine Tape / Audio Edition bei Elasticat Records (Bern).

Phasis  
Rea Dubach

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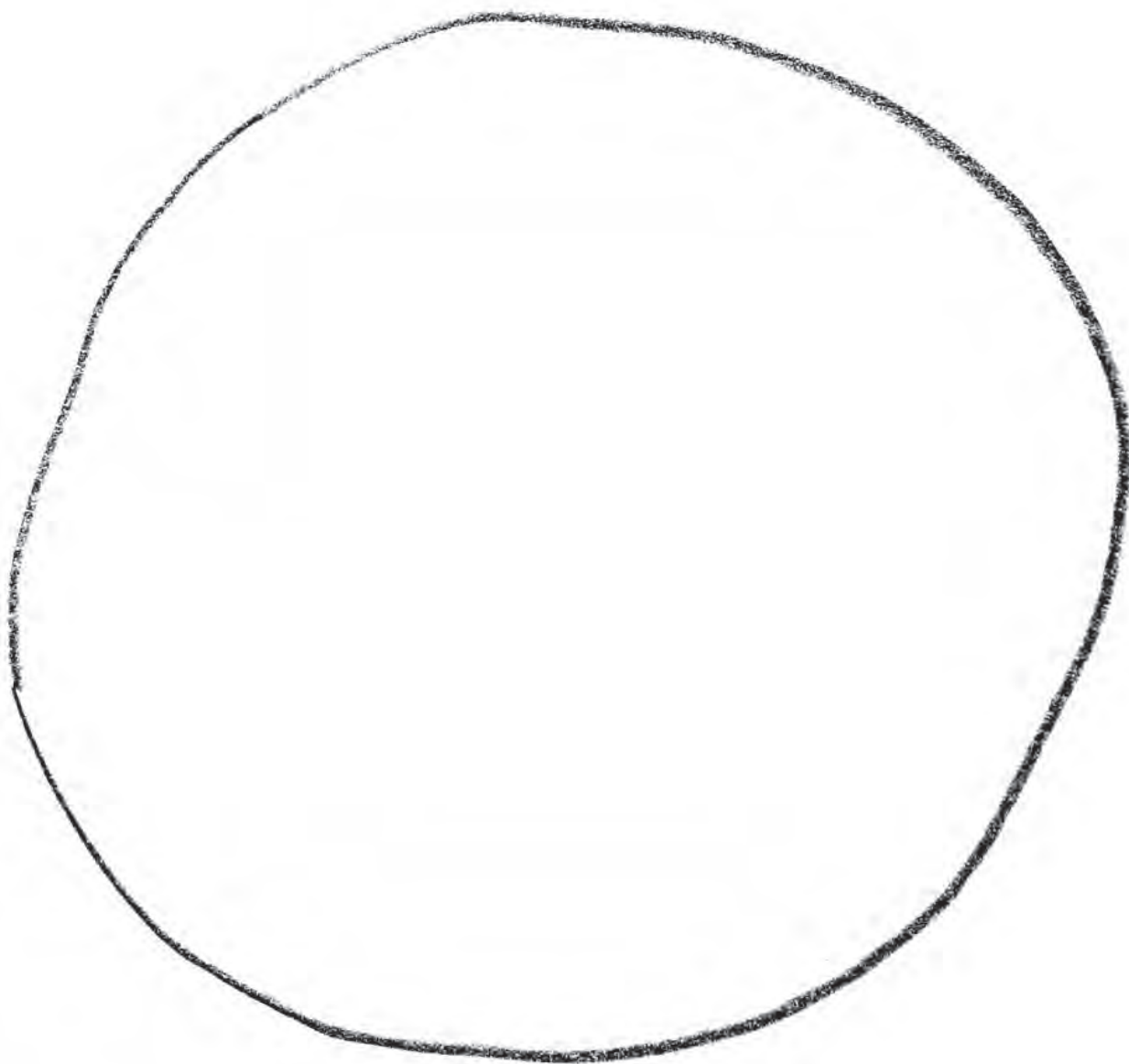
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REA

O—Phásis



I—III



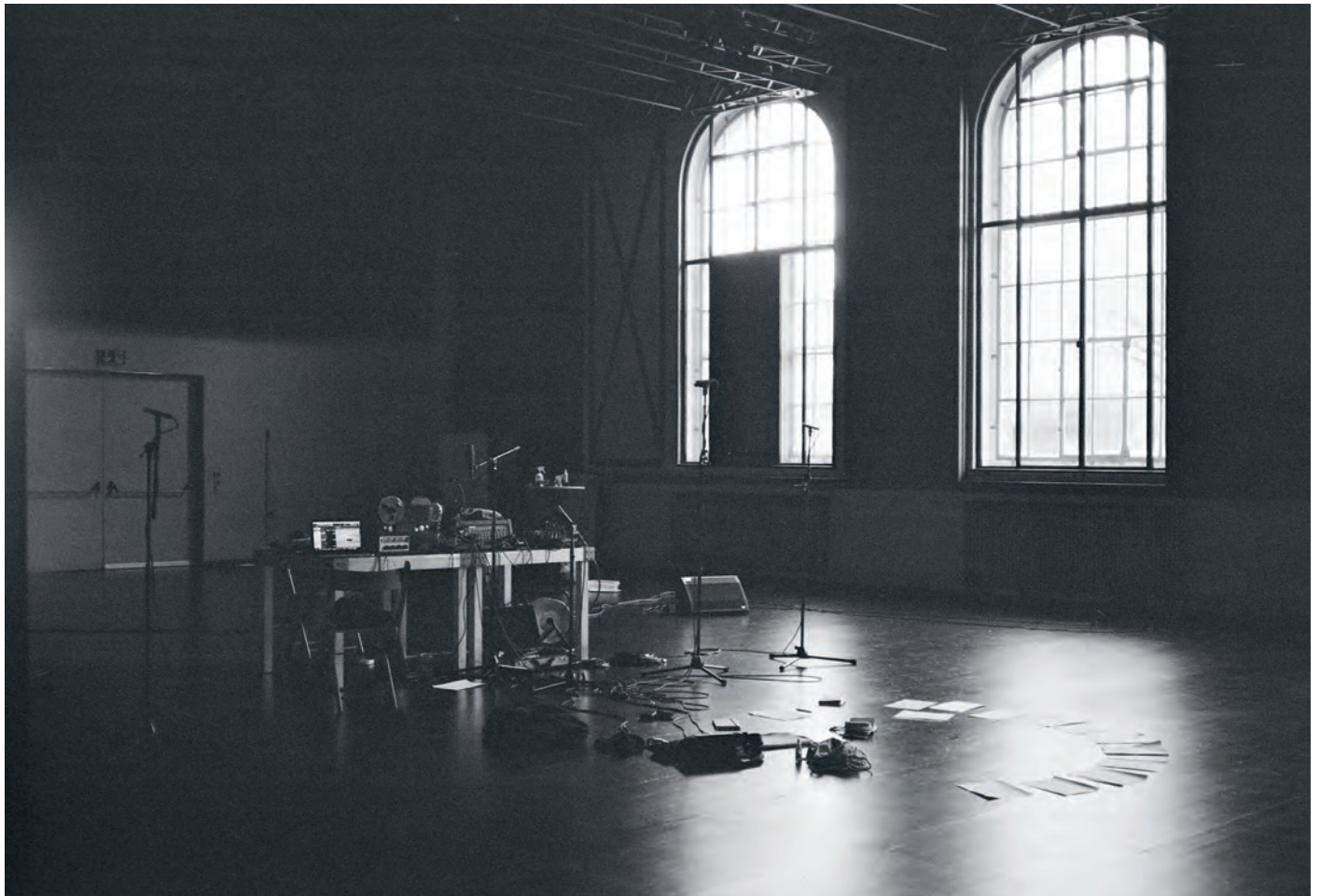
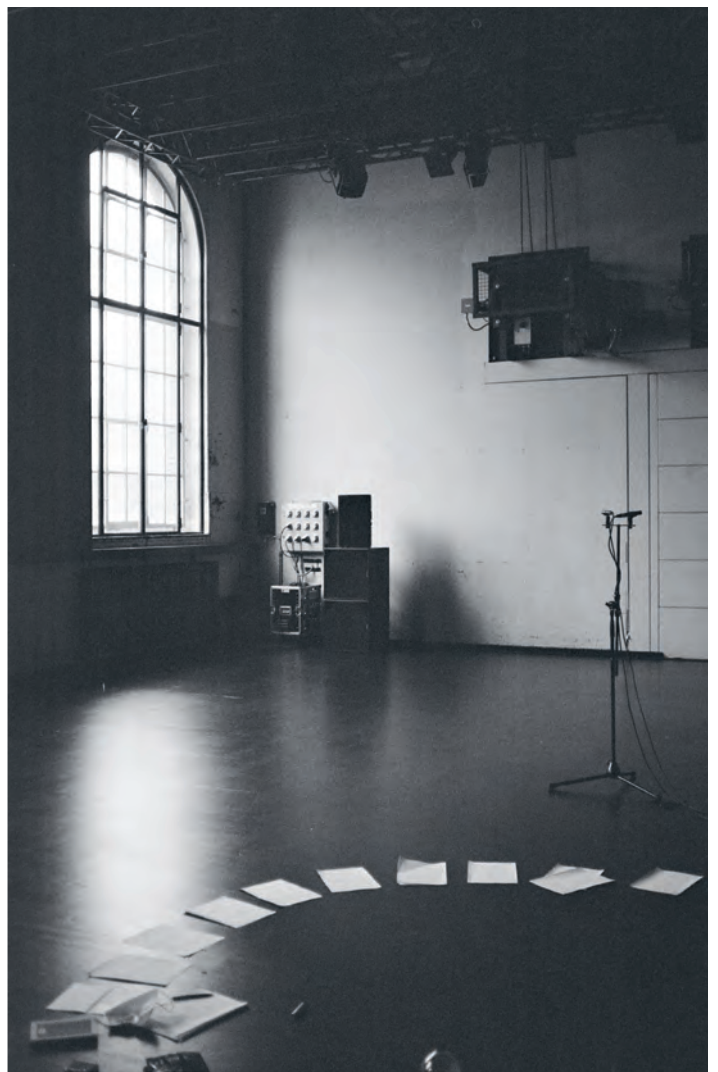




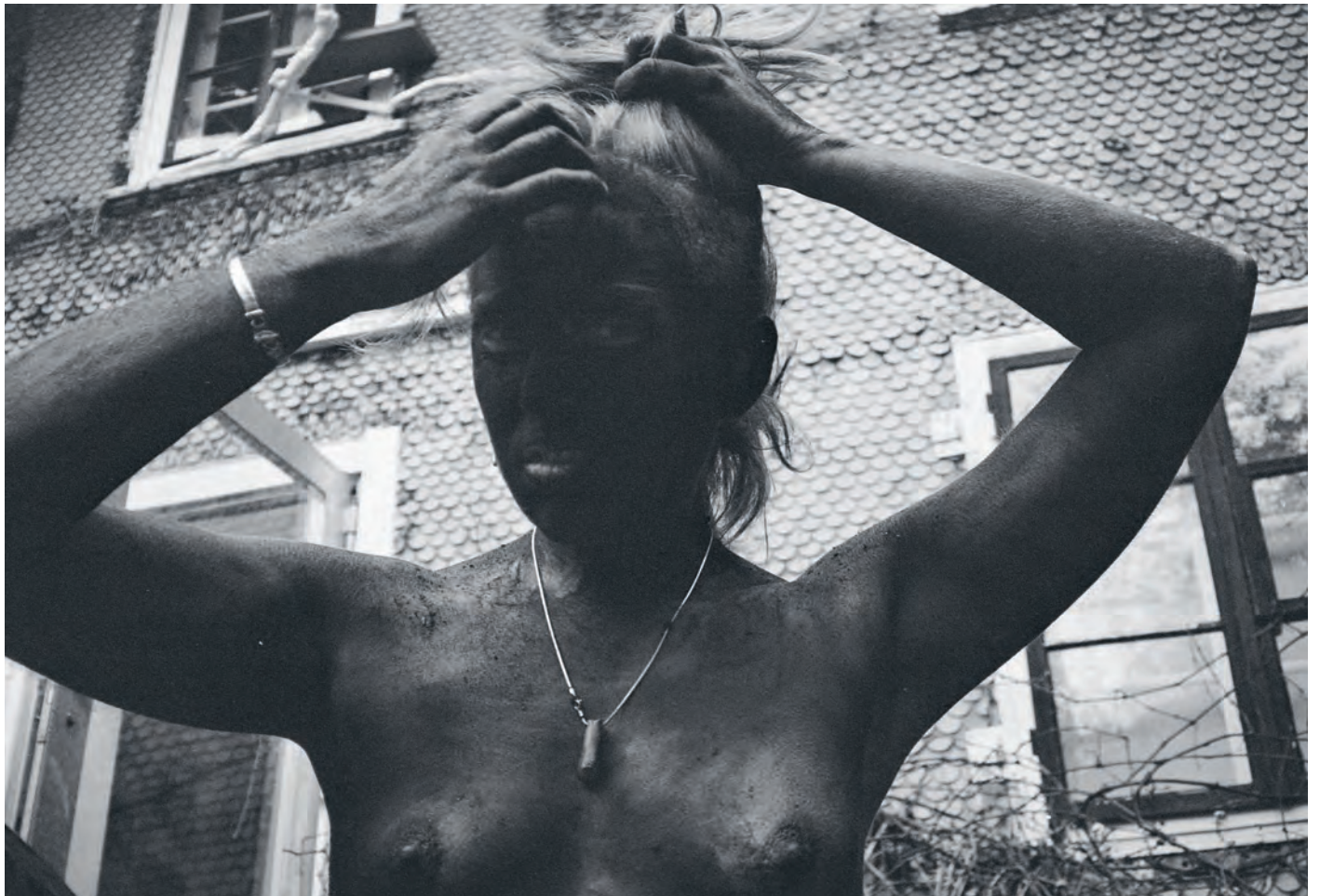
























i

Black. Coal. Past fire, remnants of past warmth. Colorless. Zero point, sameness. I paint myself black, with the past fire. Paint the old on my face, pick up the old from the earth and smear myself with it, coat and protect myself. My roots on my face. No longer lying on the ground before my eyes, the old is now tattooed onto my skin. I carry my traces on me. Dissolved it became part of my skin. Time for new fire. And wash myself clean again afterwards, the air is white and bright. To the east the moon turns, my hands on my chest. I in the dark stream.

I gather together all the blasted stones; left lying around, forgotten, carelessly thrown, heavy stones. Stones from the stream and granite rock. Sandstone. I carry the stones together and build myself a new home. I let go of the old. A protective wall of old and new. I build myself an open wall, an independent realm to lean against, simple but built of old rock. For January is over, the transition into the new year accomplished. How and where do I want to live, I ask myself—-independent, free. But I need lee, the February cold hisses around my ears, creeps under my blanket. I am black, in a yellow robe, naked skin underneath, this is how I build

myself a home. On the roof sits the cat, dark and shaggy fur and she smiles. The grasshopper on the window pane hibernates with me in here. Barnacle geese come to the island before All Saints' Day, a sign of approaching winter. Barnacle geese apparently hatch from trees, maple nuts, or crabs. I don't really know.

The last one was a year of searching for measure. A transit point, with one foot in the old, with the other foot in the new, which is not yet born. Through the exclusion of possibilities, focus emerges, with each decision more essence and humility. A rolling change from winter towards spring. The silent struggle of warmth and light, breaking through the cloud cover and the cold. Nothing comes up short. The cycle has its biological laws.

Ruminants, three stomachs, digesting food three times. Sustainable utilization. Ruminating of the same, an internalization of the potential of energy. Lying fallow —the rotation system of the farmers. Three fields, one with grain, one with potatoes, one lies fallow. In annual rotation the seeds change, with each year another field lies fallow, recovers and regenerates.

Circuits and cycles must be respected. In

them lies the key to a longer-term resource. Time is a humble factor, brings strength. Trust in the soil. Birth, the spatially most confined perception until death frees us. In eternal vastness.

A path from endlessness into the determined space and back again. The scale as a symbol for the relation; consciousness of the relation in proportional correspondence of different realities. A three-edged scale with six different proportions. A symbol for focus and constant freedom.

15.01.2021

I merely forgot. But they are always there. Even if my eyes are closed.

17.01.2021

The morning currently has greater potential for energy for me than the night. New rhythm. And the snow brings silence.

22.01.2021

I, the daughter, his blood is mine. I, built from his bones, mixed with their cells, cellular mélange—from it I hatched.

29.01.2021

His hands in mine. Mine in his heart. I take them out and put them in his.



01.02.2021

A new month. I remain still, lie there calmly. Listen to my heartbeat. Breathe. Look into the sky and fall deep.

05.02.2021

The sun breaks through the canopy of clouds. Its rays seem to be blue. I lie down quietly next to them and listen to them buzz.

08.02.2021

Gaps in my skin mesh, Gaps that I want to fill and mend. Find my voice again. Integrate potential energy. Pick up the threads that have been left behind. Become quiet, to listen, listen to my spirit.

10.02.2021

Be delicate, absorb the purity. Want nothing, let it come into being by itself. Question nothing, judge nothing; acknowledge, accept, Let go of ideas. Listen to the delicate, observe the inconspicuous and feel it on my skin. Love. Breathe. Endure.

14.02.2021

The light is soft, falls through my window, hides on the old parquet floor. Today I miss her. Her. Tens of millions

of kinds of love. Our openly lived femininity. Two animals. An archetype of breathing together.

19.02.2021

My heart was broken open, she opened it for me back then, perhaps without knowing. My heart opened throughout the spring like a flower, I became very light, softer and softer, it became more and more beautiful around me. From summer onward I was liquid, like golden honey. I sublimated with the air around me. A straight line.

In autumn the threads came together, in autumn I had arrived at the summit.

Everything came together, my heart was strong, my body in complete bliss with my spirit. I was active and relaxed. In winter, I became instinct.

I became animal—everything to me was hunting and sleep.

20.02.2021

Today is the first beautiful warm day. Spring is not far. I lie in the sun, wood and coal beneath me, and breathe and sink into this feeling until I am drunk on the putative pain and I just want to let it go and warm myself in the sun. Cyclic grief—hold the old coal in my hands once more.

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27.02.2021

Grief. I see it in your eyes. It will always return if we don't accept it, sit with it and look into its eyes. Fall into its arms—live grief and allow ourselves to drown in it for a moment, internalize and accept it, feel the harshness, the chagrin, and the rage, the self-pity. Until we have had enough, until the measure is full, until we want to embrace each other again. Cyclic breathing. I hold your head in my hands, drink the gray from your brow and blow the white over your eyelids. They will always be here.

01.03.2021

The morning light retrieves me from my dreams. I hear the birds wake up in the garden. It is brisk, I stoke the last embers in the oven and start a new fire. Stand on the mossy hearth, my mother's fur thrown over my shoulders. The long bamboo stick in my right hand, the morning mist at my back. The mirror sends high beams of light across the house to me, blinding me. I blink, from my wall everything seems peaceful and humble. The morning is still young, I can't tell yet what color the day is. Perhaps a rusty red. Although spring is on the horizon, this morning

reminds me of autumn, somewhere at the fringing end of the morning sun, the way the light winds through the branches. A November morning, perhaps. I get wood, drink coffee.

The sun shines through the triangular window in the kitchen, the blue glass is confusing, makes everything milky. I am still listening.

I miss life in the hills and forests. A life so close to the breath and pulse of the rocks. I miss the wind, the cold, the snow flurry and being isolated, snowed in the valley. Being alone, the ice, the storms and the sea—the vast ocean. Timelessness. I miss the basic trust in timelessness. Creating endless space means safety. I miss my bearskin. My fight for survival. Miss the biting cold that made me chop and drag wood, that drove me to white heat, then to pride and bear strength, to endurance and inner will to live. I miss being exhausted. Miss the meaning of my existence. Being able to feel my warm blood. How the snow lies over the Jura range, silent in dim dawn, over the hills and dark winter forests, how it

I never want to leave my high seat again. Would like here eternally only to breathe and listen. Seagulls fly over my head, high in the sky, and screech searchingly incomprehensible names.

22.02.2021

Lying with you all day, floating in the white stream. All strength and hardness dropped, bare skin in white water. Your breath close to my ear—I miss the ocean, I think to myself, I close my eyes and listen to your swishing.

Soft waves, I let go of my thoughts, a free fall into your arms.

My spirit intertwines quietly and gently with connective tissue during these days, blood corpuscles and muscle strands of my shell. Gently threads itself back into my garment. Hibernation is over.

23.02.2021

The serenity. It is too quiet for me to understand it yet. So I stay lying down, accompanied by the morning play of light in the archway, and become quiet, so quiet and calm, until I can hear the soft whisper. The blue comes in waves.

bathes everything in deep silence and silences the world in contrasting white. As the snow hushes the world into a double silence, so it kindles in me my deepest longings, old as rock. Longing for authenticity, real time, the direct. I see my bones lying in the snow and your breath hanging in the air. You, through the cold so clear, so proud and pure you stand in the snow before me. Your look, blue and starlit. Your facial features determined but soft, facing life upright. I stand before you, both of us laden with wood, in our arms, on our backs. My hands, red from the cold wind, the snowflakes dance around my head, become entangled in my hair. Long threads, entire swaths of light, without color or shape, blowing freely, dance around my thighs. My silhouette hums. Your wolf eyes rest on mine. I want to blanket myself with this moment, want to keep warm, crawl away under this bearskin, this state with you here, standing, in the cold, in eternal union at a distance. With you together and our heartbeats. We listen to their throbbing. You very close to my heart, next to me, around us the snow-covered forest, white silence and the wind. I see you running. Through the light birch woods. You run, your gaze un-

erringly directed forward, your muscles in perfect interplay. your fur all dark and thick and the first snowflakes clasp your neck. Your paws, silent and fast. You run through the snowy birch forest, in the depth of winter. I see you tear through the trees past me—and I run after you. I must run with you. My paws carry me silently through the bushes. Once I catch up with you, we reach the dark fir forest. Abreast, at a respectful distance, we collapse together through the undergrowth, into the dusky needle canopy. I hear your breath, a meditative response to my own movements. Both our gazes, fixed straight ahead, but in the reassuring knowledge of each other's presence. We come closer and closer, until we are shoulder to shoulder, navigating forward under the branches, your wolf pelt close to my fur. I see your panting breath rising in white clouds, see mine, hear your growl. We run together, side by side, through the forest.

The shadows become barely noticeably longer. No day is the same as the one before. Absence is my teacher, I breathe darkness.

Music of the dark stream. Dark waves contrasting with the frosty virgin light.

White hands and lips, framed by the hoarfrost of the missing sun. Offerings to the frost, the man who fights against the fire. My hands turn red. A red sky, like red, milky veils. Brown red, the dust settles on the canopy. The light blue, glistening sun burns through the dust wall, breaking through the African sand—billions of old memories of boiling hot days and bone-chillingly cold nights. I wander through these memories today, breathing them in without understanding. Breathe them out without forgetting.

Everything is tree, everything is with everything and simultaneous. The simplicity is sometimes harder to grasp. And I grasp it, lie down in the dusty sky and breathe the blue light. The old moon is frayed, a new one, the second, delivers life.

The simultaneity of my perception is free but also rock.

Not yet as old as the Sahara, but also memory soon.

The month of the man still; the frost still holds the earth captive quiet and congealed. When day and night meet as equals; then Góia will have already passed, The month of sowing begins. Born from the woman, the ice flower blossoms and thaws and brings back

the sun's power. Inshalla we will be able to embrace with the sun again. Skin to skin, in a circle, all together. The night and the day are of equal length—equal amounts of light and darkness. For once, a balance. A cyclical balance for one day. Only to push it steadily away again the next day, into the light, more and more, a lot, the heat hot—with each day more. So with each day less balance, until my breath is taken away in the zenith of the year, until the darkness and cold only dimly flickers around in my head, like memory of a dream, and I long for the cold mercy. All this still in the future, not yet lived, but life experience holds here foreseeability, therefore the upcoming, most rare balance I savor.

Plants push through the thawed earth, drops of color pour out on the still bare garden soil. Garish green sprouts and squeaks from all organic pores—the forest explodes. All breathe at once, all sing at once. Almost a bit too much, this spring. Waking from exile, still drowsy from hibernation. But I hibernated last summer—winter was my summer and now again another one follows. So I gather all my light, bundle it now—this summer I will not sleep away. This summer I want to light fires and shout

iv

v

and dance wild dances and sing loud songs. And I am ready, the axe in my lap. This summer I will chop up trees that have been left lying in my garden and pile them up. So that this time the winter will be warm.

The elongation and silence of the room becomes a burden to me today. Black ravens on the white field, white doves in the white sky. So I lie down on the floor and breathe, feel my legs, my pelvis, my arms resting on the floor. Tense my muscles, relax again. Black and white in my hands, my hands on my chest.

I sit under the hazelnut tree. Its branches hang from the upper left in an ornate curve, in a wide, sweeping arch down to the right bottom, embracing half-way the branches and timidly sprouting flowerbuds of the bush rose and wisteria.

A bird's nest, triangular-shaped and overgrown, hangs in the web of branches, a hanging lodge for glistening creatures.

One could not live more beautifully I think to myself. More beautifully one could not express time expansion as free movement in space. I sit on my cold, self-built wall and marvel at this

organic conversation between branches and animal. I wish I were enabled to draw such poetic movement in space with music. Voice tissue like the whisper of these branches.

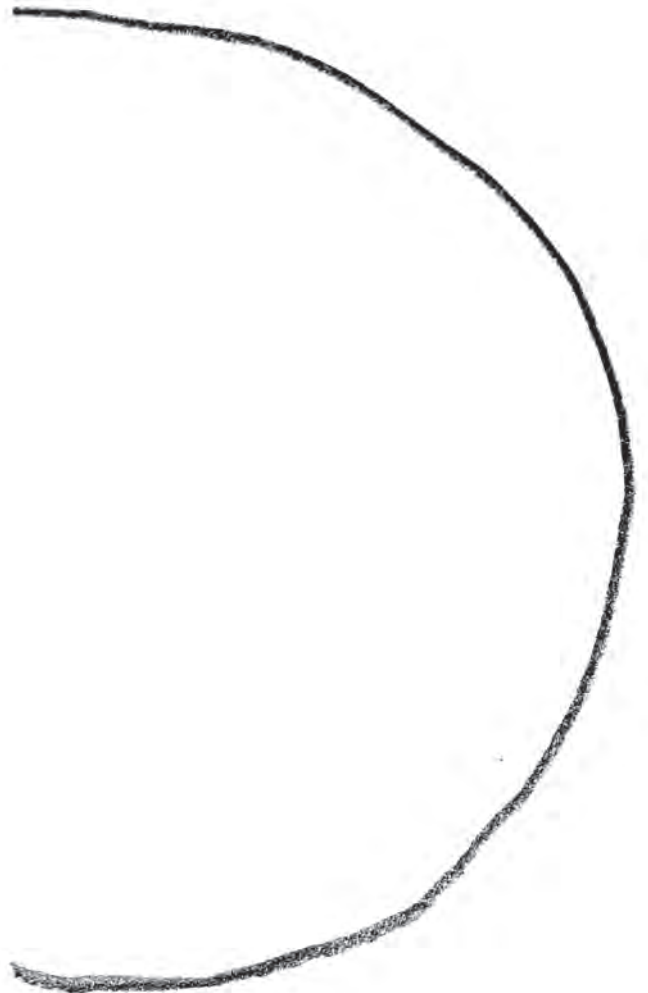
I—III

Recorded by REA at Dampfzentrale Bern, Switzerland, February 2021, mixed by REA at Studio SUZE, Biel/Bienne, Switzerland, mastered by Adi Flück at Centraldubs, Bern, Switzerland, digitally released at 20. march 2021, photography & texts by REA.

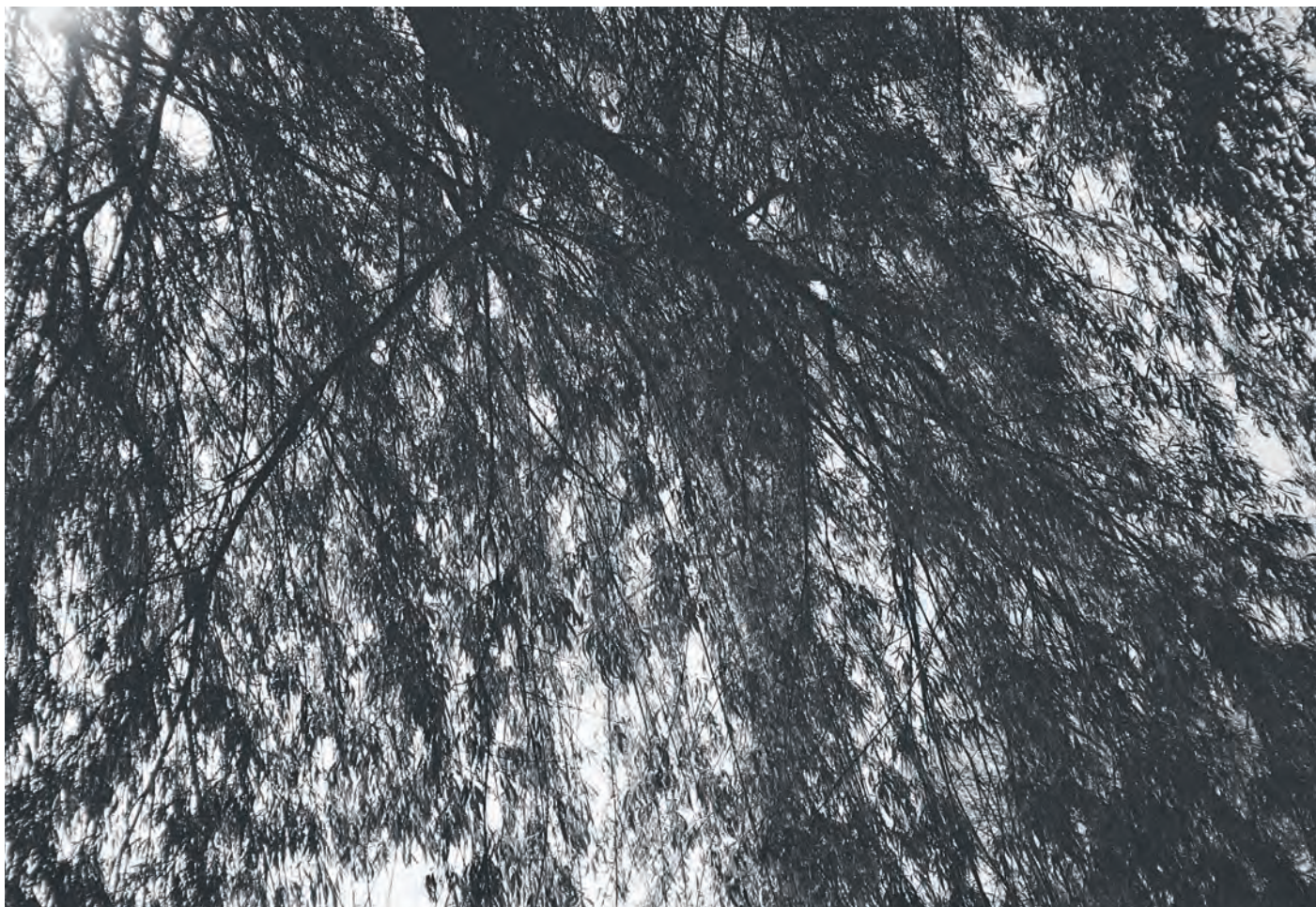
Grâce à Dampfzentrale Bern, Studio SUZE, Roger Ziegler, Dominika Jarotta, Adi Flück, Yannick Mosimann, Joe Volk, Milian Mori & Blaublau Krew eternally.

menses chronos saa at cyclus celestial shen  
ovoid glyph unity completeness divinity alleine infinite line uroborus rebirth, recurrence  
protection nomadism dynamic continuous fluctuation emotion non-manifestation time-  
less spaceless primordial undifferentiation symbol of sun the end is the beginning wheel  
sovereignty kismet regeneration terrestrial globe latitudinal lines parallel zonal meridi-  
an phases equator planetary wave towards the sun cyclic interference ellipse circle mete-  
orology orbit circumnavigation terrestrial body lunation new moon main phase dichoto-  
my phase angle to lag to lead phase delay earthshine aerosphere seasons geological lapse  
of time polar motion geometry of moon phases tellurian lunar eclipse solar eclipse day-  
mare old light new light to drift to oscillate tides eventide gravity equinox solstice aequus  
= equal nox = night solstitium hemisphere of the earth northern hemisphere southern  
hemisphere midnight sun white nights climate klíma = tilt/slope axis tropé = deflection  
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strual cycle in synch/out of synch

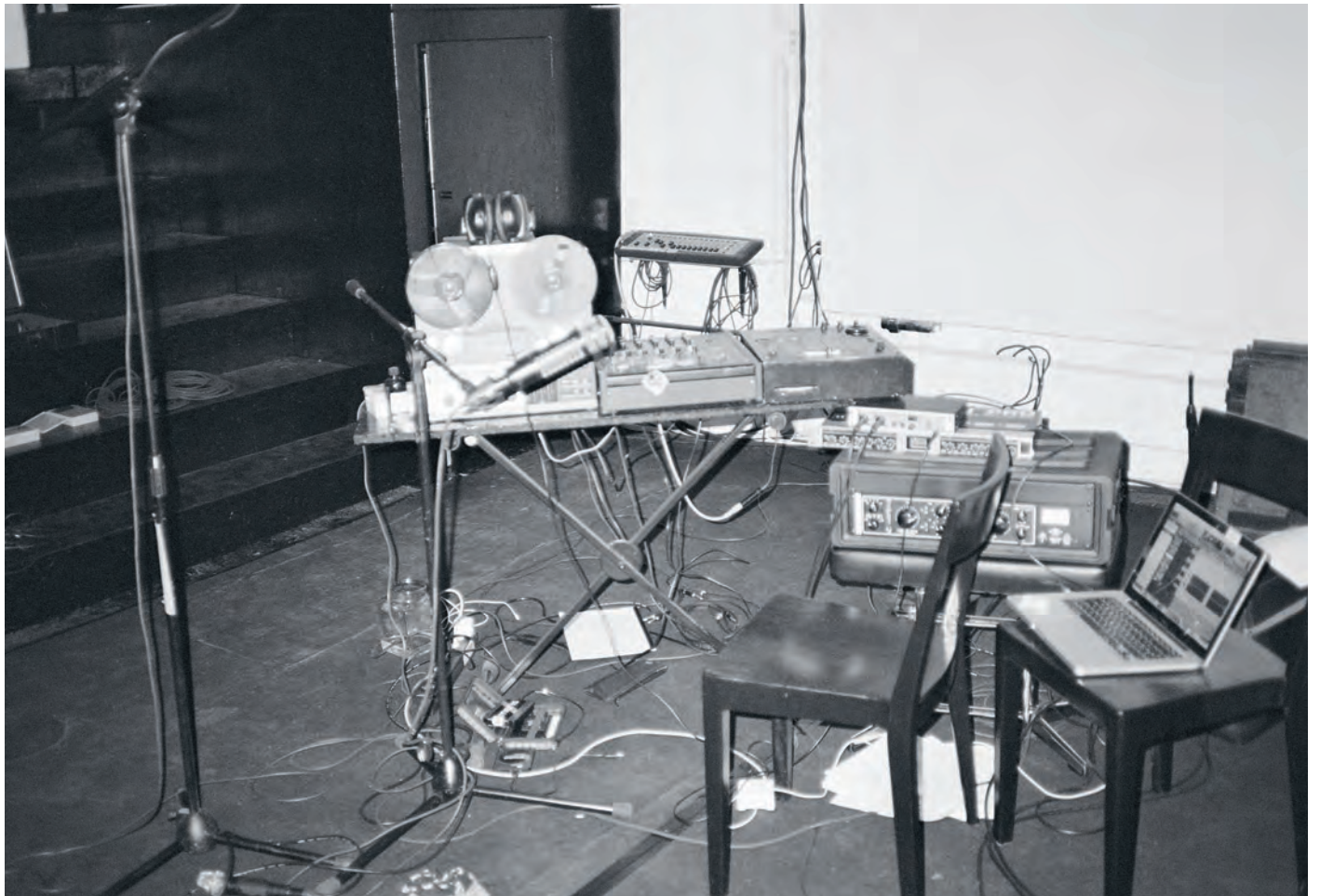
IV—VI



























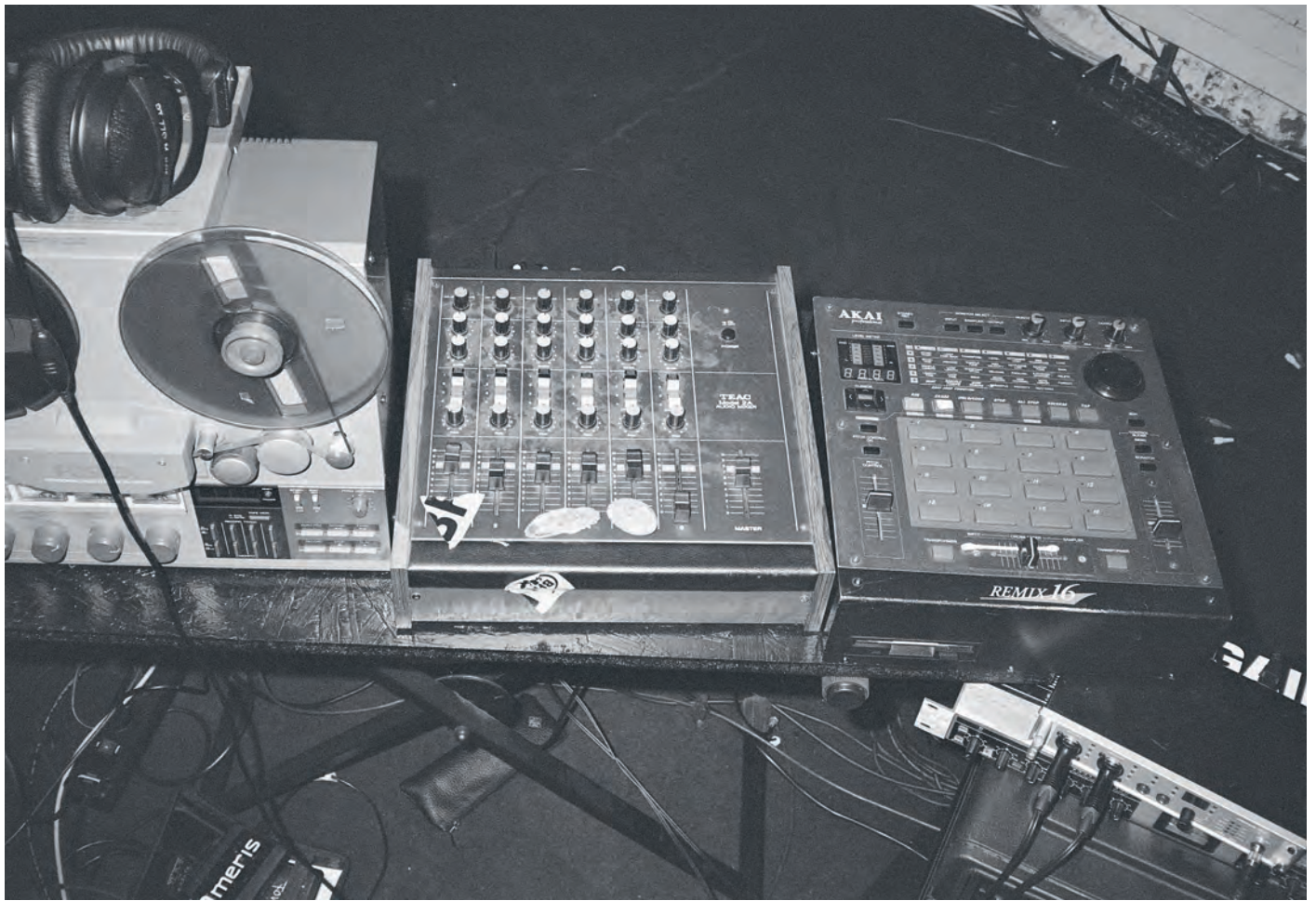




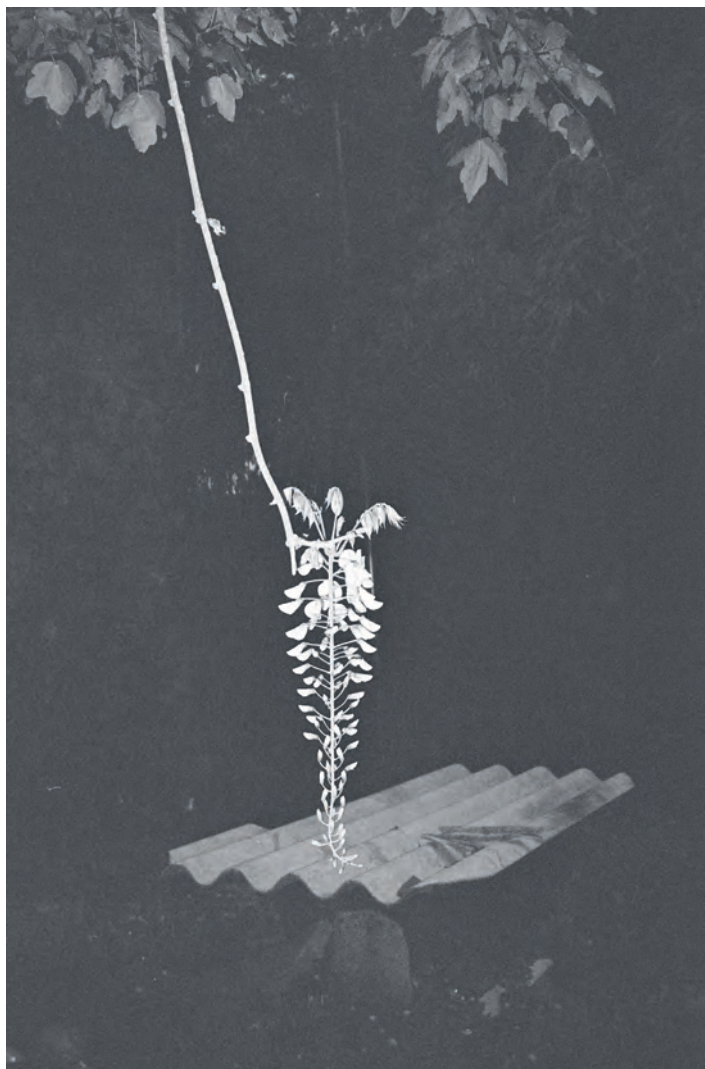












i

21.03.2021

I do not see myself as a woman or a man,  
I am a human being, a mammal—I am  
an animal.

23.03.2021

Eighteen years ago today, she followed  
the dragonflies.

03.04.2021

I sank overnight, with him, into his  
world. Into a realm, which I seem to  
know inside out. It's a place where it's  
dark and comfortable, where nothing  
needs to be explained and the connec-  
tions are nourishing. We fell together  
and embraced each other in the fall,  
united, since then we haven't let go. I  
think we are still falling.

04.04.2021

Easter marks the Passover festival in Juda-  
ism. It is a festival commemorating the  
liberation of the Yurds in Egypt and  
their exodus into the unknown. Tradi-  
tionally, at Easter everything is cleaned  
and cleaned out—the household is set  
to zero. The zero point of the annual  
time calculation. The general, material  
letting go in the year. Letting go of the  
past year, letting go of the prevailing  
structures.

05.04.2021

I surrender. How amazing, the phenome-  
non of time. Time calms me. To know  
that things must thrive, grow from the  
passing of time. That you can't leave  
anything out. There is no escape, no  
possibility for shortcuts. Unless we  
want to lose ourselves in the same cir-  
cle. I was not aware until now; in each  
week the moon is in a different key  
position. It's logical, four phases, four  
weeks, one month. And yet—I am  
amazed how relentlessly time passes  
and runs through its cycles, come what  
may.

14.04.2021

Everything turns black under my feet. A  
black, boggy ground. I get closer to  
it, disappear, am swallowed up by the  
swamp, sink into the black flames.  
And I am all alone. Everything burns  
before my eyes. Outside, the bright  
spring bursts in the late winter wind.

17.04.2021

Bodily orbiting. Farewell to the house.  
And she put the iron sun in my hand—  
there, use and create new things. Lara's  
smile in my hands. Everything is easier  
with the sun. I don't want to burn any-  
more.

19.4.2021

Crystal glass—I bury my old stones, give  
them back, into the earth under the  
old crooked tree, next to its roots. I'll  
come back to you this week once again.  
Want to take a picture of you. Your  
skin is curved and elephantine.

23.04.2021

I smell the summer. Everything is peace-  
ful, industrial idyll in the countryside,  
the lawn mower still hovers on the  
wooden pallet tower. A swift hovers in  
the wind, surfing on air waves. Wheth-  
er it in this state hunts, or simply enjoys  
this mode of being? Both. We come to  
the conclusion, probably both.

24.04.2021

The donkey is still there, in the paddock,  
next to the big old farmhouse at the  
entrance to the village. For about 20  
years. I have forgotten his name. How  
old do donkeys get on average?

Empty rooms. Memories stick to every  
door frame. Every scar in the wooden  
floor is family history. The ugly built-  
in wardrobe made of chipboard and  
imitation wood foil. The seasonal trees,  
drawings by the two of us. The wood-  
en slides that he attached to make the  
cabinet close.

27.04.2021

The swift, he hovers in the wind, askew  
pending still in the air.

28.04.2021

The farewell is uncomfortably approaching and I notice, how I resist the definite letting go. I have to go home, go inside and breathe, breathe the good-bye. Bear it.

Look him in the eye and endure, until the glow subsides. Time slips between my fingers, my hands become useless.

Then where is my home when I let go? Déjà vu. A year has passed, I turn the circle anew, a millimeter offset from the last annual ring. Learning to define home myself, finding it within myself.

The piano is still there, the last object, forgotten in a completely emptied house. A helix of movement in space, suspended on the timeline. I remember. I sit with my back to the window in the middle of the living room, look at the Jura chain. Year in, year out. I sit there with a fixed gaze on the Jura, tears running down my cheeks. Every year, when the daffodils are in bloom, he comes back and asks me

"Well, Rea, what are we going to do with the house?" "I don't know. Give me time" I say.

The years go by, my cheeks sink in, my eyes sink into dark holes, seep into my skull, I tremble, I cry—

"And, do you know now how we'll proceed?"

"No, I don't know. Give me time" I say. Patternwork—breaking patterns. This week we break old patterns. New things need light and water and time.

All the memories in the masonry. I have to collect them and keep them inside me. The house remains just a house in the end.

03.05.2021

We cannot be caught. Because we are light. With eyelashes and voice. A path into the vastness.

09.05.2021

Everything is green now. Luscious green. Thick, fat leaves, delicate apple blossoms on the tree. I sense where I am at home. They dance around my head, sit on my shoulder. Flow develops naturally from not flowing. Create a lack by doing nothing until the lack shifts to the expression and need of discharging. Fixation is the way of death, flow is life. Live close to the water, close to the heart.

10.05.2021

The lilacs bow under the heavy raindrops. Bow. My gaze sings, only lush green surrounds me. I align myself with the new.

Colors and glistening light, light frequency. I see the frequencies of the plants. To make plant frequencies audible, that's what I wish for.

17.05.2021

I have a vision. I want to stand again, staff in hand, at the fire pit. Want to hold my staff in every season, in the same place, and look myself and the world in the eye. The first time, I was in the black stream. Now I stand in the glistening light, aware of my complete freedom.

21.05.2021

It is cold and wet. Everything lush green, snails in the grass and on the edge of the tub in the garden. The birds are hiding under the canopy of leaves. The rain falls in sheets, my long blue coat is soaked. Out of the snail hole, into the fresh air, under wet drops at the Aare we sit at the table and find peace in community. Completely soaked and cold, we lie in the dry, tightly embraced on the kitchen floor, in front of the fire.

ii

iii

22.05.2021

Energy conversion. From hard stone to liquid white, then hardened and cooled as porous chalk. Fire, water, stone. When from hardness liquid emerges, and thereby added value of energy. Reading states of aggregation. Feeling for people. I have reached a new stage of fluid satisfaction. I am always in a certain place for a certain reason. Flowing with the circumstances, merging with the greater.

23.05.2021

A spider thread gleams, floating in the evening breeze and golden light. The wisteria grape with its wrinkled stem and dark and long silhouette in the background.

He props up sticks. Bamboo sticks in the ground. Watches that they don't fall over again, don't fall on top of one another. The sticks sway in the wind. His own world, his monument, his opinion, his statement, his sticks. And he stands next to them and takes pleasure in these high sticks.

I get my reflex camera and arrest the momentary romance, the May light, the bamboo and wisteria-fir-mesh on film. He cuts the bamboo sticks next door, digs up the roots. He is looking for the

childhood box in the ground, memories buried in the ground.

24.05.2021

This morning I broke in two. My thorns burst out of me like seeds from a fruit. Seeds that plant darkness, that essentially fill in the missing light as a placeholder. Because the space is filled, always, by diffusing movement, each from the existing and prevailing, from the most fluid and agile. The space is filled and occupied in each case by the least resistance. So this morning, darkness began to absorb me. Grief began to sing of my lack of light. It began to gently illuminate the light-filled absence of my soul and made me aware of its importance. There is no wrong or right, there is no obligation. Only balance, whatever is able to equilibrate me, I give in to it. Today it is the darkness.

06.06.2021

Surrounded by massive iron sculptures and tall trees, lush green. And then the pure dissolution, fatigue, the urge for infinite love. The height of fall is too high every time.

Then we make a blood pact. He cuts too deep into his arm, I see his severed

muscle tissue. See the dark blood, I feel nauseous. I drink his dark blood, press my bleeding thumb on his bleeding arm. I feel nauseous. Dizziness seizes me. I see him in my mind's eye, with a deep gash on his stomach.

10.06.2021

I shed my skin, cyclic renewal.

12.06.2021

The heat doesn't let go. Summer is here. The stifling density of the air, as if the room were filled more, fuller, overflowing with air that you can't breathe in. Supersaturation. And everything green, everything at the peak—

21.06.2021

The sky seems to extinguish tonight. The light is infinite, the longest day of the year. I miss Iceland. Home. Sitting with her under the wooden roof. And the garden around us breathes with us. I want to only feed on the vision.

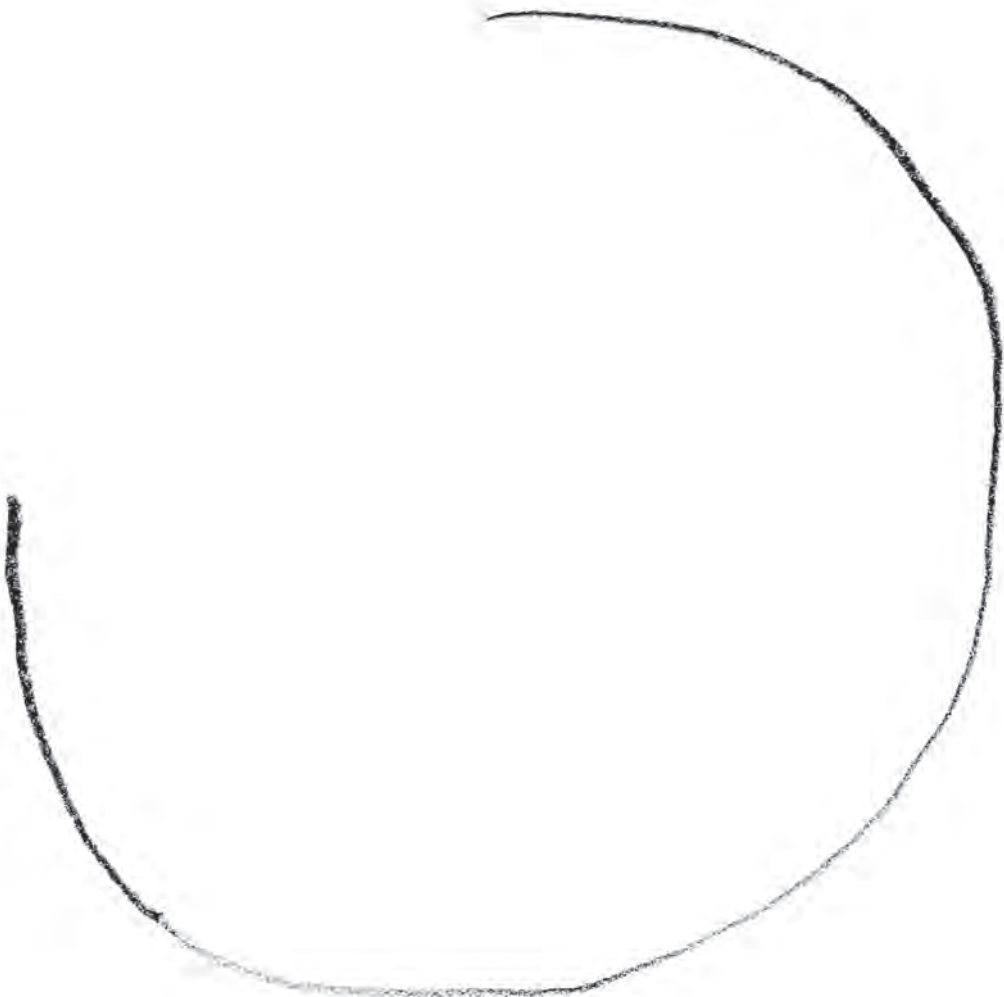
elliptical movement in the room provocation assertion making my stand rod to make my stand gaining strength starting signal dandelion merciless time cycles lowlihead dendrochronology tree ring spiral loop pattern frequency orbital work ring gyration turning tape reel coiled time winding time to capture time on tape rolled and unrolled time axis two sided time bar A+B magnetic fields up and down electroplating wind and unwind to render on vinyl circular movement of time from exterior to interior vortical timeline to record time in helical orbits on shellac to carve time to carve rings to outline time by carving rings music which fills up time reel music makes time audible and visible on tape reel annual rings an amount of time in circles spirals unrolled movement because of space-saving reasons storing time in unrolled position dynamic of self-organisation emergence synergetics fractal music

IV—VI

Recorded by REA at Orbital Garden Bern, Switzerland, April/Mai 2021, mixed by REA at Studio SUZE, Biel/Bienne, Switzerland, mastered by REA at Centraldubs, Bern, Switzerland, digitally released at 21. june 2021, photography & texts by REA.

Grâce à Don Li, Studio SUZE, Orbital Garden, Centraldubs, Nik Hostettler, Adi Flück, Milian Mori, Joe Volk & BlauBlau Krew eternally.

VII—IX











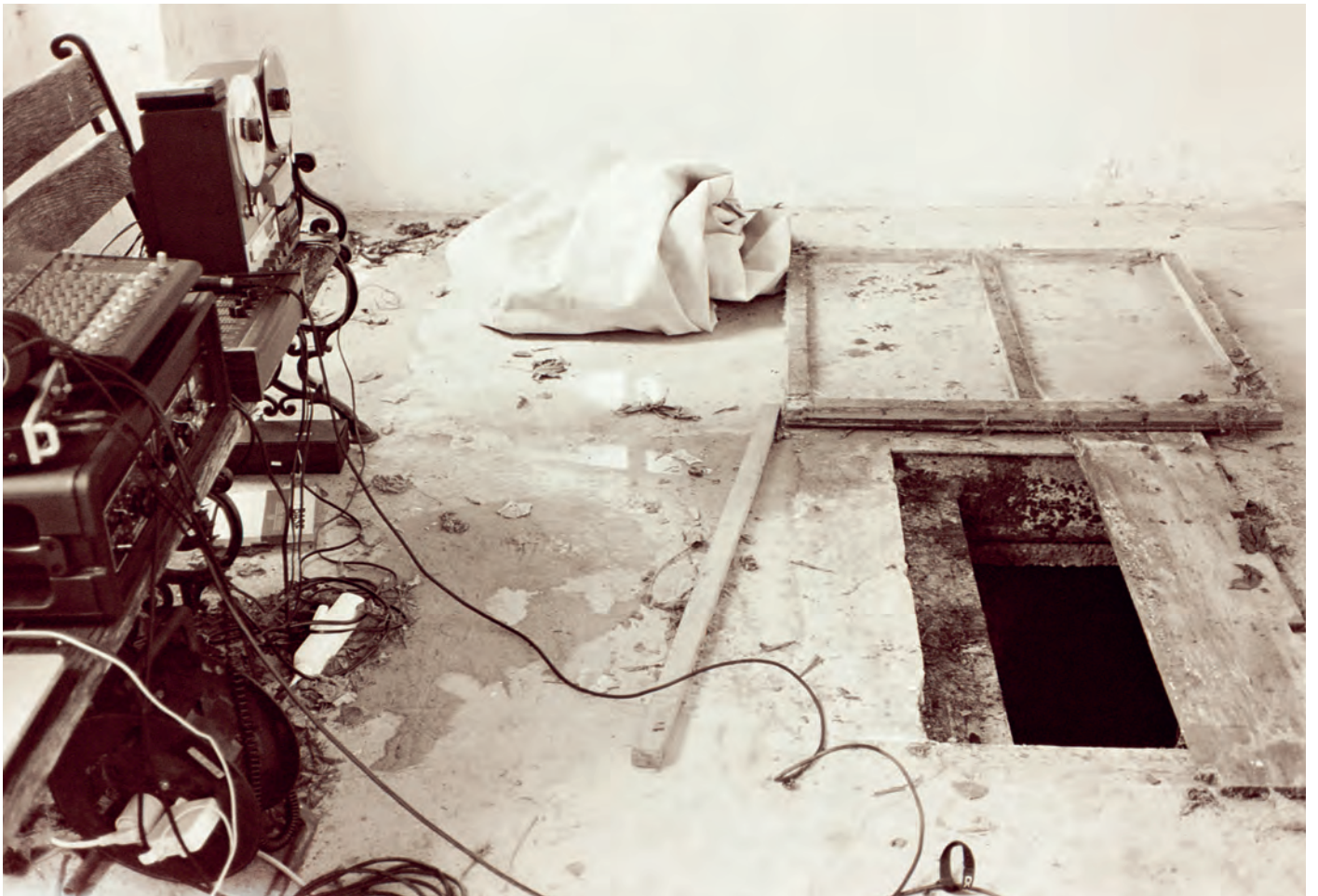








































26.06.2021

Peace. Silence. I am fine and with him I feel light. We are interwoven again. As if we have broken through a thick wall, each separately but then in sum together, a free, clear unity has been created. A new cycle begins. I make fire.

29.06.2021

Energy. The summer rain washes us clean every day anew. Thunder and lightning over my head. Ongoing negotiations. The nights are brightly lit. I keep watch.

18.07.2021

Les cigognes Two storks high above circle around, above my head in the blue sky. Wind blows through the meadow, I see a white butterfly from afar, swaying from one flower to another. Today is a good day. The color of the day has changed, a new cycle of three has begun.

27.07.2021

Cutting the tall grass. Sharpening the blade with the knife sharpener and water. Once through the whole garden, under the rose bush, the apple tree, along the fence, around the bamboo. The long grasses, all the nettles, the bear paws, the dandelions. Around

the fireplace and next to the compost I trim the thorny arms of the raspberry. I cut the head off the offshoots of the bamboo. One should dig them up soon. Invasive plant, the bamboo. It is hot, without the sun really shining. I gather up the cut greenery with the pitchfork, take it all to the compost in the back corner of the garden. During all this I think of Martin and miss him.

06.08.2021

My eyes bright, my hands open. Around me summer light. And outside the window the hazel bush—it doesn't seem so happy. It's a stubborn, wet summer this year.

15.08.2021

"Ubuntu"—the word is derived from the Zulu proverb "Umuntu ngumuntu ngabantu", which is often translated as "A person becomes a person through others". Behind this is the idea that ultimately we do everything together. Ubuntu sees human beings not as individuals, but as part of an infinitely complex network. Paramount is the idea that we are all connected, that the I is always subordinate to the we, that no human is an island. At 6:00 in the morning, the mosquitoes in my room

woke me up. I went outside, swam in the river. Breathed with the rising sun. The steady flow of the river—I unpleasantly noticed how I always aligned myself against the flow of the water. The water bubbled around my body, laughing—or smiling—at me. Jumped on the bicycle, at about 7:30, started riding, once across the village and farther out, towards the rising sun, through the summery hills and the soft light of Franche-Comté. Back in the park, I surrendered to the water a second time. She was there, too. She was just laughing. In the kitchen, a long conversation. Yoga on the porch. Afternoon nap in the hammock under the maple and lime tree. In the evening dark clouds and thunderstorms, then heat and steel blue sky again. He left, back home.

16.08.2021

Trees and mushrooms, among others, seem to me to be the fulcrum. Trees, the mammoth of plants.

19.08.2021

Simplicity carries an ancient, strong and fundamental power. It reminds me of the light and the power of trees. Moon wood. Cycles. The flames of the fire were finite after all.



21.08.2021

Creative fermentation of material. Self-organization. We'll take care of the soil for now. It's time to focus on the root system. Strengthening it, nourishing, consolidating it and letting it dig deeper. Steadfastness.

Resistance. Generate grounding. URUZ. UR. The tree crown can wait—it will bloom and sprout again on its own. As soon as the roots and the soil hold, order will establish itself in the upper story.

22.8.2021

Under the weeping willow it is quite quiet. Flowing, long, green threads of light. Lying in its arms I breathe. Its fine arms and fingers stretch up into the air with steady, flowing movements, they hang to the ground, dance and sway in the wind. A peaceful unfolding of oneself in space. Around the apple trees, on the other hand, the air is more charged. Their gnarled, old fingers reach for the sky, twisting, heavily hung with their fruit. Lying in their arms also has something oppressive about it. You cannot fool the apple trees, they know about the old darkness and the stories surrounding the connections with light. Their energy is

darker, grumpy, gnarled and old, very, very old. By the ash tree, near the water. It stretches its feathered arms thirstily towards the sky and water. You can see its slow motion movements. Growing is a time-consuming act and does not happen overnight. The ash tree illustrates movement in a space on a stretched time axis. 3D diagram.

September is approaching, I smell it in the sun, in the wind. Autumn is not much further. The crickets are still chirping, the mosquitoes are still buzzing over the meadow.

24.8.2021

Today, the breeze rushes through the park, the trees rustle. The rustle of leaves, green sea. Waves on the meadow. I collect sounds on the island, in the pump house, surrounded by the green sea, encircled by green, rushing swells. In the little house without windows. I spend almost twelve hours in the constant rustling and tugging of the wind, I listen into the microphones, hum into the cistern, and sink microphones into the almost empty well. Lying on my belly in the dust singing into the well—in dialog with the whisperers dwelling in the dark water. They rise from the bottom of the well and hum along with

me. I feel a great wave approaching. It has not yet reached me, but it is near. I am ready. Send me the wave.

31.08.2021

Being a woman, with a long, overshadowing, old cloak in tow. I want to throw off the cloak. I have lost my own fur, have stripped off my skin completely, left behind on the way. Can't remember where. Naked and exposed, my nerve cords and blood vessels and muscles lie open and defenseless. I want my skin back.

01.09.2021

Sometimes I no longer know whether I am a man or a woman. Everything is submerged inside me. Everything too close and too glaring.

11.09.2021

Trees grow from my heart. Branches and leaves from my fingers, spread and stretch towards the sun. Roots strike down from the soles of my feet deep into the earth. Everything is and has been there, always. I look back, at the years and see a strong woman before me.

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13.9.2021

I continuously paint circles. One after the other. Large and small ones, red and black and white and green and yellow. I paint them over and over again, filling sheets and books with circles. I breathe in circles and learn to be through their shape. Today I close a bigger circle. I step into my independence. An old song begins to hum in my chest. Have no fear. I am embraced, always have been, by a thousand old arms and hands.

17.9.2021

Nature beams, the garden soon burns in colors. My heart has been replete for a long time. The white doves flutter around my green fingers, dreams lie like veils on my shoulders and down my back. I am past, present and future. I am old and I see.

22.09.2021

Tonight I smelled the approaching winter. The day and the night are equally long today. Half-time, from left to right across the circle—the fourth quarter begins. And with it autumn. White air.

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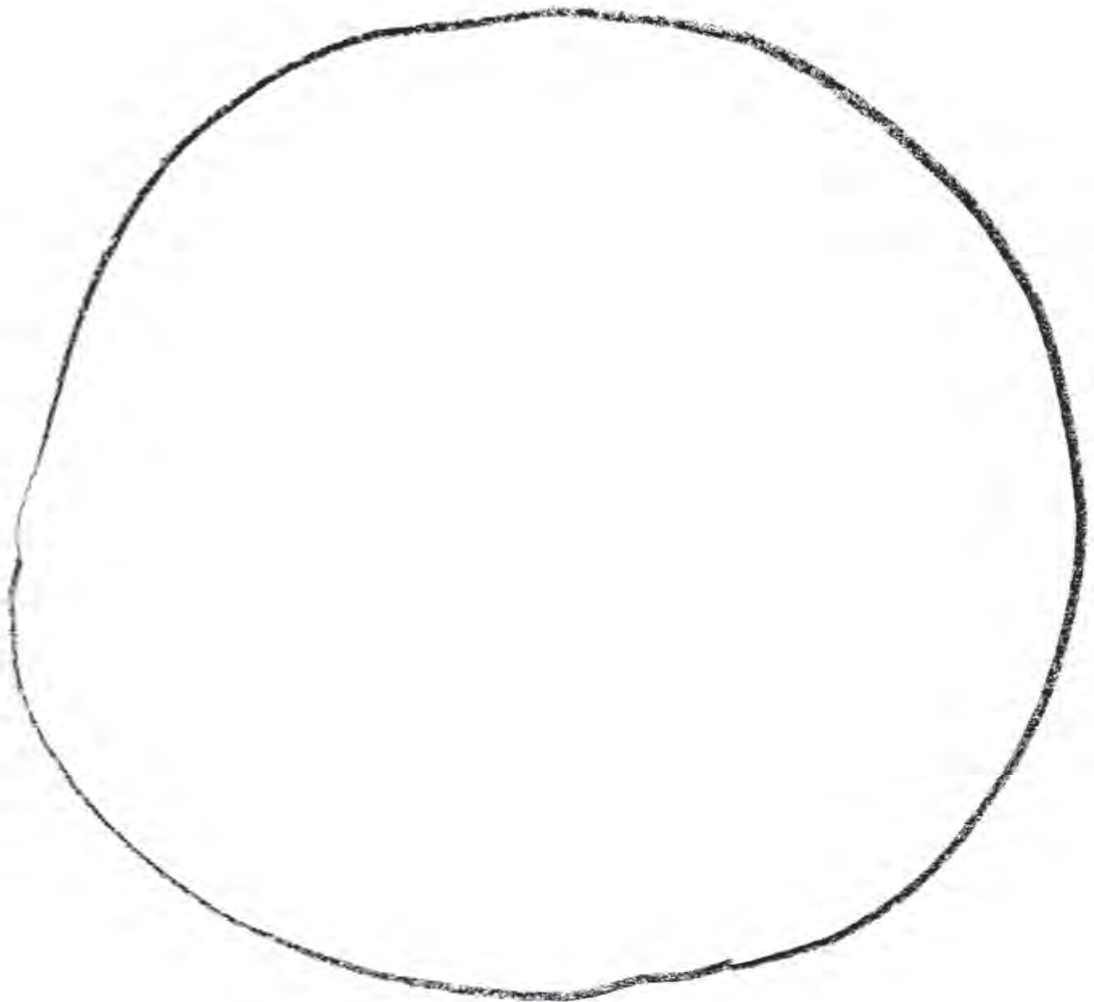
VII—IX

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X—XII











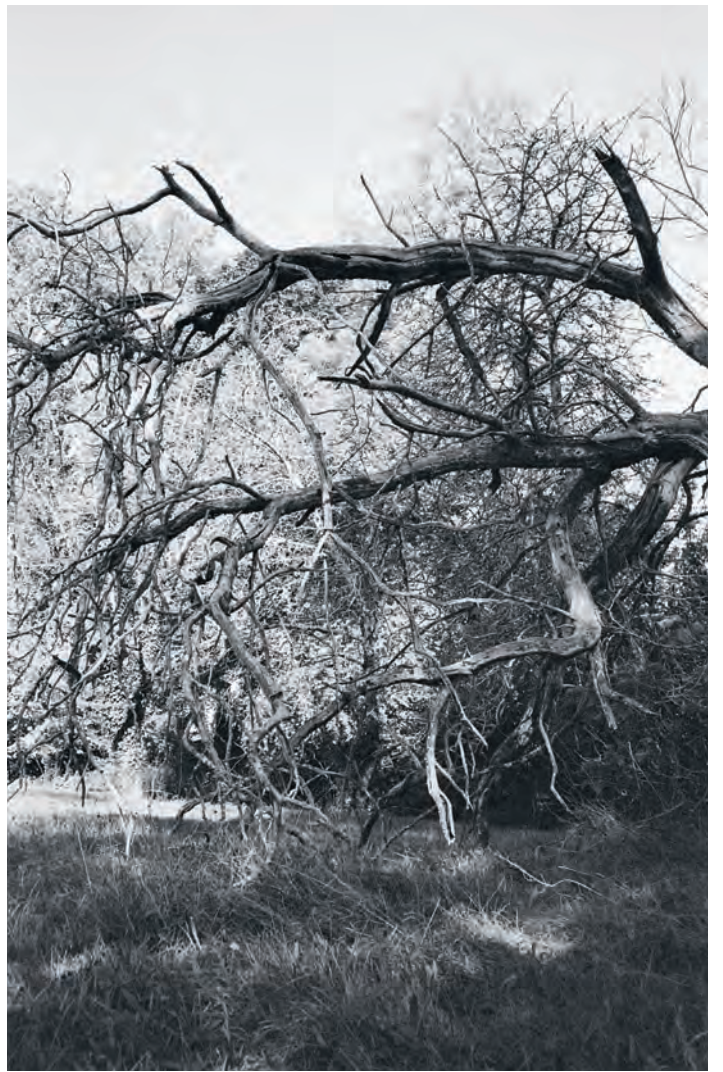




































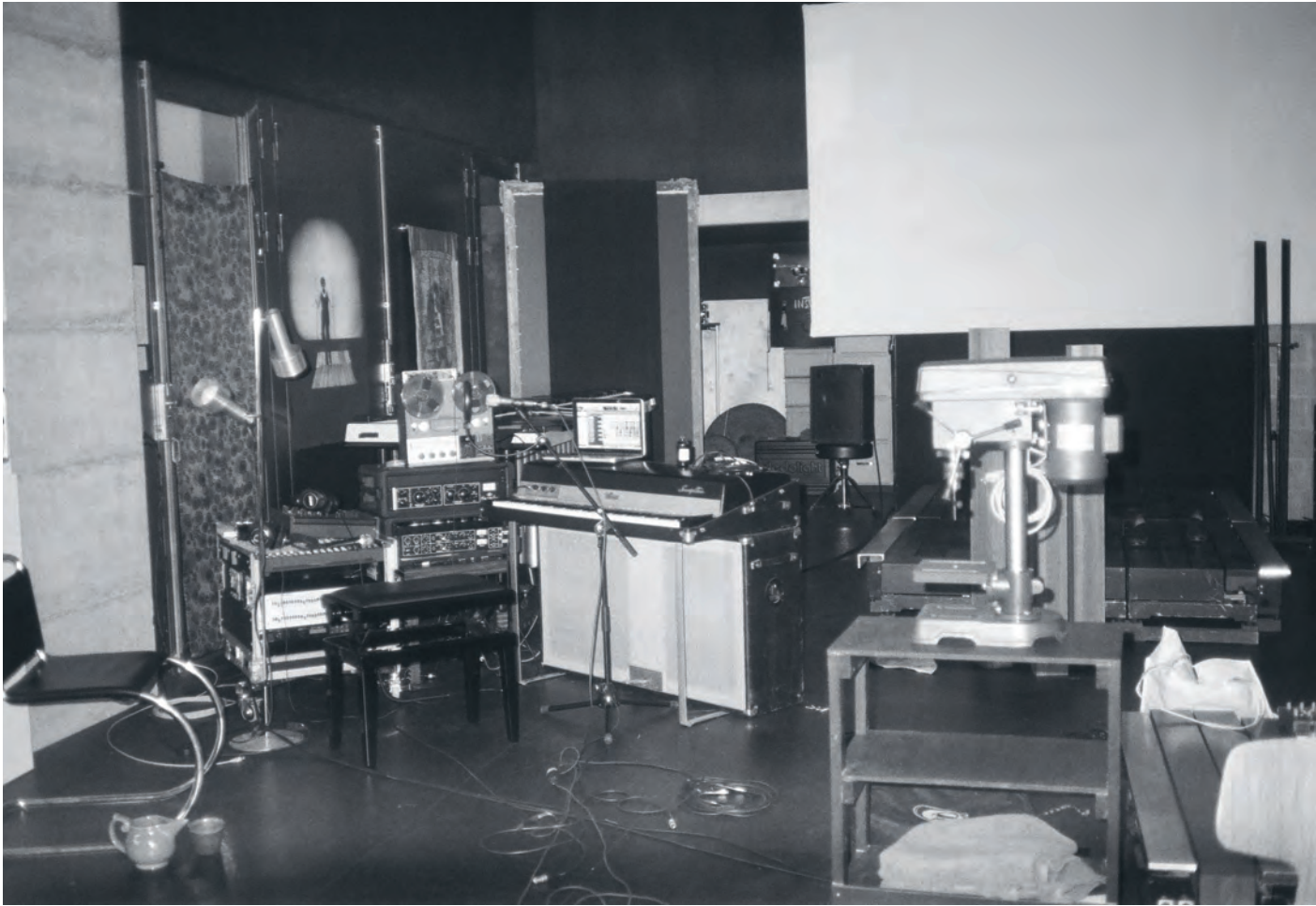
























24.09.2021

I am an animal. I don't need to be tamed.  
Give me air, I create life from it.

29.9.2021

Up here I feel like in a hawk's nest. The wind howled today, the first autumn day with rain and sun. In the forest we found traces of a ravaged chicken.

11.10.2021

How fast the earth cools down, as soon as we annually move away from the sun. Doing laps around the orbit. The nights have abruptly become colder, the days still in gentle reminiscence of of summer. With the cold I am again more confronted with the internal. I feel connectedness, in me, around me, flowing through me, where space and time expand in all directions.

19.10.2021

This morning, a foggy, quiet one. Me and the trees. I could see my roots. That helped me.  
A ray of light shared, later in the morning, with a good person. A shared joy.  
In the afternoon a sharp pain ignited, the head wanted to split in two. I held my breath for her.

In the evening, my own ignited. But differently. My body was set ablaze inside.

20.10.2021

Today a strong, stiff wind blows. It is warm but never-ending. I lie in bed with a fever, watch the eternal swaying of the colorful trees outside, the many colored leaves—they fall, twirl and dance and fall to the ground. I'm on the second floor, in the tree's crown, so to speak, lying in the tree, swaying with the maple, I fight my feverish battle on the windy deck, sit out the madness and sleep it away.

22.10.2021

I listen inside myself, learn mindfulness anew. And the leaves, they beam, colorful and bright. They fall to the ground. The year begins to burn out before it will slide forward and down, then when it is most beautiful and the cornucopia is full to bursting; it smudges in the fall all clear contours in search of a footing, empties out all the tubes and pots and leaves behind a trail of paint, slime and decaying material. In wintry darkness and cold, the traces will rest, fungus-infested, decomposed and returned to the circle, only to be recycled in the spring as a blade of grass or an apple blossom.

26.10.2021

The trees lose their attire more and more, with every gust of wind they let go, drop their ornaments and their robes, until soon they stand there, gnarled and naked and honest and proud. For me it is such a brave existence, the life of a tree. Time so eternally and oleagiously flowing. Timeless arches, in our calculation of time. They stand there as they were conceived, creating physical traces of movement in slow motion. What befalls them of climate and fate, becomes visible through their gait in space, so it seems.

31.10.2021

My favorite night of the year. The wind hisses through the garden, the trees murmur. Everything vibrates and listens. Tonight the walls are thinner than usual. I stand on the bank of the river, feeling my old and new and forthcoming stories within me and around me. They stand beside me, all united. The trees whisper.

16.11.2021

I have the premonition, like every year, that I will probably miss the moment of handover between autumn and winter and suddenly wake up under a layer of snow.



18.II.2021

I miss the forest. I want to escape the scenery around me, to roam through it and move on, retreat into the dark thicket, into the deep forest near the mountain, where I can curl up in the darkness on the mossy forest floor, close my eyes and wait for the snow-drops.

19.II.2021

Three years ago, I spoke about having to shed my skin to be free. Two years ago, I finished shedding my skin. One year ago, I spoke about missing the fire. One month ago, I burned inside in a feverish delirium.

One month ago, I started to talk about the search for my own skin, my own pelt, about burning this foreign skin that I had appropriated. Now my foreign skin is burning. One year ago, I spoke about missing the fire.

Now it is here. After the fire a new pelt will grow.

24.II.2021

I let him pull away, my tears in my pockets. Cover myself with dried meat. I need blood and iron in the undergrowth. Winter is here now, I said it—he came

without notice, grabbed my hands in the morning with its frosty fingers. I smell Iceland in the air. My roots move together, interweave, become a thick blanket that I drape over my shoulder. I curl up on the forest floor, chew dried meat and burn brightly.

25.II.2021

Today two ravens outside my window woke me up. Odin is watching over me. On my last visit, I focused on the behind-me, uphill; on the forest, the meadows, the mountain and the cham-  
ois and dogs. This time I focus on the ahead-of-me, downhill; on the white, thick wall of fog, inscrutable, on the connection with the valley, on the snow, on my fire.

26.II.2021

This morning a raven flew against my window with full force. I opened my eyes. Went to the window, a flock of ravens flew away in a crowing black roar. Outside lay the first snow of the year.

29.II.2021

Staggering between the stone and the water. Enduring uncertainty, a promise of life. In the forest with other living beings, swaying along in collective waves

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ing to lose. Everything else must give way, soften, dissolve, be let go. An Age of Air. Disembodied, selfless time. Altruistic Animism/Animus.

I walk along the path, the wintry air is crystal clear. The leatherleaf viburnum sticks out its tongue, this time without dress, completely naked and pale in the winter wind. But as always sublime, erect. It eats the sparse winter light. I hoped the sheep would still be there, surrounded by the black ravens, rummaging in the snow for grass. But the moment has passed, the now is different—they were probably allowed back into the barn. I want to take a picture with my camera, of the leatherleaf viburnum and the raven. The raven always hops out of the picture. I go on, towards the approaching swell of the tinny waves, see the fir tree, the bamboo, the black circle, the bathtub and the mirror, enthroned above is the all-devouring wisteria, now also naked with its bent and curled arms and fingers—I come home. One of my homes. I smell spring, an inkling of things to come. The inkling, that this place will soon end for me, too, brushes my cheeks.

13.I2.2021

My world is made of fur, wood, skin, feathers, stone, slime, cartilages, bones, hair and blood. It feeds on light and darkness in equal measure, knows the benefits of the cold and heat in equal parts. It is not afraid of wind, thunder, fire, drought, flood, storm or ice. It knows that nothing is lost, that every smallest thought, every smallest movement, everything that is felt and expressed is stored forever in the landscape and is transformed into collective expression. My world breathes in tree time and can therefore endure long winters and drought because it knows about the circular recurrence of the tides. My eye does not shy away from the skeleton, because decay means making room for new, organic life. My body is not afraid of muscle tension, of strain and also not of silence and the eternal whiteness of the snow. My heart knows about the self-organized and self-determined power of frequency; the inner, physical one of breath and the spoken as well as sung one of sound, the own sound as well as the frequencies in any material, any color and form. My world is liquid and constantly moving, every single drop constantly connects with new, other

of uncertainty. I can forgive the movement of the waves. Praise my skin.

01.I2.2021

Mathaye gachh gojiyechhey—a tree grew out of your head

02.I2.2021

The days pass me by, the longer the more I feel like I'm wrapped in threads, coo-  
ning, I perceive the other threads as well, how they reach me, try to reach me. The external becomes more and more strange, less important. I am in my shell and sense my relation to other frequent elements. There is nothing more to try, to seek. It is about love, perception. More is not to be found and if I am able to find it in its purity, then I have come astonishingly close to that without shell, the dream, the light. Everything else, external, enveloped, material, is smoke and mirrors, fades away just as quickly as it appears. It is void and no constant, doomed to decay one way or another. I concentrate on the inside and try to live as purely as possible towards the outside in order to connect—to survive in the collective. When I breathe sincerely within myself, I can breathe sincerely with the collective, because I know I have noth-

liquids, constantly invents new vessels together with other worlds. As long as my world may exist under the vastness of the sky, by day and night, under the green and light-flooded canopy, without any limitation of walls, windows and doors—as long as the wind may always take and carry me away, that is how long I want to be.

Collective undulations. Tree time has longer periods, draws larger arcs, breathes in and out longer. Tree time is generous and in the generosity lies forgiveness.

My gaze in the green leaves and glistening light, my hands on my belly. I listen inside me, around me, into its wooden lungs.

The forest breathes with my voice, my voice becomes tree. Singing tree time.

16.I2.2021

I have found a voice. Living tree time means having patience and humor, being altruistic. This is not about self. This is about their breath. About their understanding of time. This is not about entertainment, but about mind-set—holding and enduring.



18.12.2021

I am bark and leaves. A thick bark that protects and nourishes me. I wish to start my Aranya Parvas now. I wish for tree time in exile.

21.12.2021

The longest night of the year. Darkness, mercifully it lays itself gently on my last burning and rearing up in this heart

year. My circle this year has closed today. In peace I now bury the old mirror. I want to build a new one now full of light, made from my bones and my hair. All light for burned hearts, love for visions. His love, in such a force of nature before me. I hold my hands over his heart. As long as my breath keeps me alive, I may now breathe as the trees.

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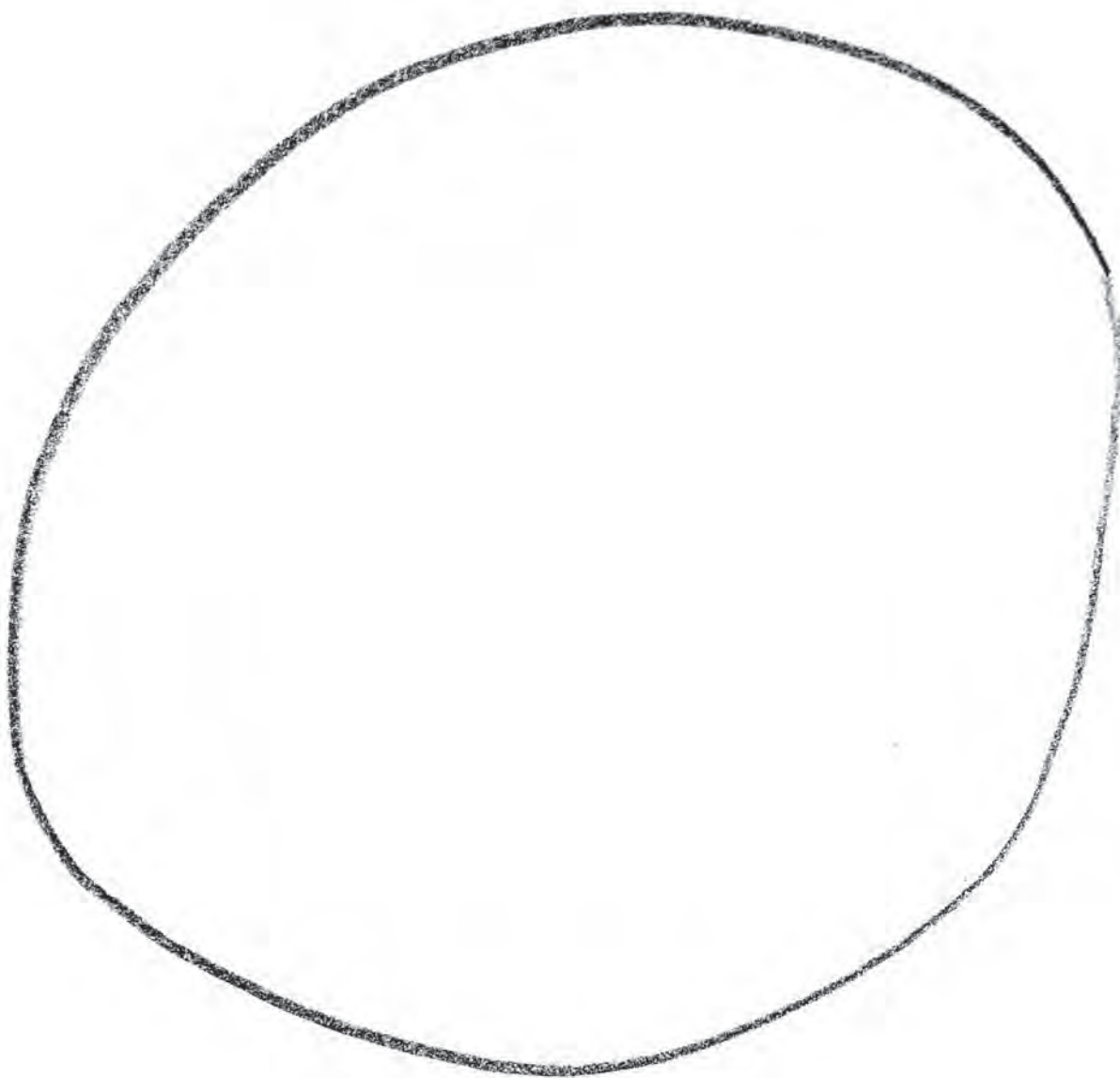
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