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**Nigredo, Albedo, Rubedo  
My Sense of Alchemical Gold**

Assessment Component 2

Module Myth and Ecology  
Module Code HPPH7001  
MA Ecology and Spirituality

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the sense of the alchemical gold I glimpsed  
performance and photographs by Tania Hoesli (partly automatic release), 11 July 2017,  
in and on the mountain lake: 'Black Lake', canton of Fribourg, Switzerland  
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### PIECE OF ARTWORK ☉ LANGUAGE

LOVE LETTER TO THE ALCHEMICAL GOLD

written by Tania Hoesli during the module 'Myth and Ecology: Wedding the Wild', 12 April 2017,  
Schumacher College, Dartington, Totnes, Devon, Great Britain  
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NIGREDO, ALBEDO, RUBEDO - CITRINITAS: BE-HOLDING THE PARADOX  
e-mergence of the opposites

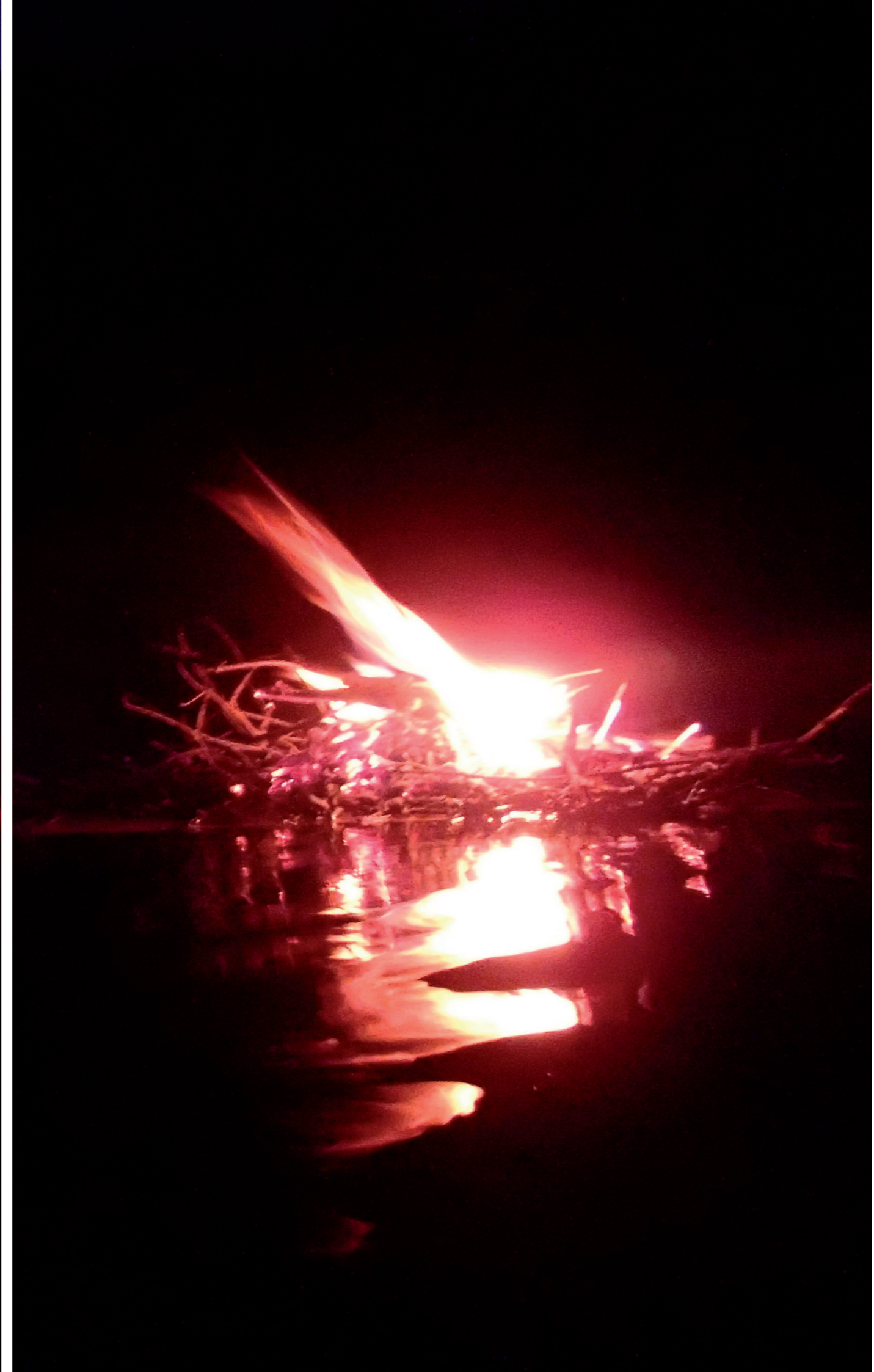


















## Love letter to the Alchemical Gold

### Waking

... once upon a time

the first steps into the garden  
a rabbit reminds me to pure love  
bringing my rabbit to the nicest grass I could find  
when I was a child  
let her graze and returning home  
childlike playfulness

shall I go upstream or downstream today?  
passing the threshold  
walking out  
the water as quite at night as not before  
not even a breeze  
vitreous depth  
overcoming my fear  
day by day

black is moving over water  
moon shadows  
listening to the wing beats of the bats

making my offering  
stepping into the black cold water  
I swim  
the water carries me

lying on the ground  
here I am  
dear place, here I am  
naked, vulnerable  
thank you for all beauty  
thank you for life

following the ecstasy  
I'm awake

Stella Polaris  
I behold you tender  
letting the light enter me  
Jupiter, tin, ruler of the sky now  
big planet, see your beauty through my eyes

gladiatorial Mars, iron and Venus, morning star, copper  
thank you for your visible presence



Years and years passed  
searching the separated other half  
long substantial travels through Asia  
by my half self  
to deserts, mountains and dark forests  
crossing the seven seas

urging for conflation  
glimpses of wild ecstasy  
momentariness  
disillusion

the call to return to Europe  
trailing myself into my sisters arms  
in fever trance on the edge

lying, insubstantial  
where I first try only certain remedy  
I later take all drugs, whatsoever  
gain knowledge of the dying of things

as I come back to life  
the death of my grandfather comes closer  
we go through this transformation together  
in opposites directions

still as half, I start again  
following my soul song with deeper commitment  
finding my star brother  
he dies before he was born

the quest on this side comes to an end



Lyrics from Mari Boine<sup>1</sup>  
*Reagákeáhtes*  
*Song For The Unborn*

I feel the wind that whispers through my skin  
melodies of ancient broken dreams  
I feel the air and crossed the seven seas  
seagulls bring the voices back to me

I recognise the song they sang to me  
when I was a child and could not sleep  
I open up my heart and start to sing  
to your little wing under my skin

So here I am, singing with the wind  
Tenderly this melody to you  
may you live in peace in this old world

and one day may you sing this for your own child



I find healing in warm water  
childlike playfulness  
finding myself



When the ecstatic woman behind me meets the ecstatic men behind you  
shared life  
dreaming  
and before I leave the hut at night,  
I give my pelt away in order to stay  
I tarnish, broken

I belong to the ancestors  
impossible to live without their call  
I pack, I leave  
I fall

loosing home in many dimensions  
where to go?

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<sup>1</sup> Online reference, <https://www.justsomalyrics.com/2378438/mari-boine-song-for-the-unborn-lyrics.html> [last accessed 9th of July 2017]



rebuilding life  
rising again  
and slowly slipping in my pelt  
as my best friend is crossing the line

I cry at his non-existing grave  
brother, why did you go?

There is no way back  
humans voices become silent  
it is the wild that calls



Wiping the leaves behind the hut  
weaving the worlds in one  
unseen in forgotten dreams

who knows my old names?  
Old love language dances over the meadow  
I remember



Quiet on my boat  
looking at the coast  
is there a tent being put up?  
Do I have the courage to fail again?  
If the current is washing me ashore  
I give it a try  
the love for the rabbit in my heart

a song for the 'marinheiros'<sup>2</sup> in Brazilian<sup>3</sup>

*Pedi ao céu  
uma estrela para me guiar  
e o céu meu respondeu  
que minha guia  
é a estrela do mar*

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<sup>2</sup> The marinheiros are a lineage of spiritual entities coherent with sailors celebrated in the religious tradition of Orisha worship. In the tradition of terra sagrada, a community performing the Orisha worship-practice in Switzerland, Germany and Austria the author was initiated for seven years. This spiritual path and the organisation terra sagrada are described on their homepage: [www.terrasagrada.info](http://www.terrasagrada.info). There is not much literature about this community in particular because it is mainly transferred as a mutual tradition.

The marinheiros are seen as faithful friends in the depths of suffering. They are described as unsteady, babbling and rough with a profound wisdom about grief and solitude, which pulls to the depth as lead. [Kreszmeier, A. H. 2009. *Ilê Axé Oxum Abalô, Zur Arbeit in und mit Orixátraditionen*. Stein AR Schweiz: terra sagrada]

<sup>3</sup> Translated to English by Tania Hoesli on the following page

*I ask the sky  
for a star to guide me  
and the sky answered  
that my guide is the sea star*

I trust  
I deeply trust  
I sing the old song



The golden bowl rises over the horizon  
I lie between the worlds  
dazzled by brightness  
dissolving through paradox  
beauty and loss  
am I able to embrace it?

My blanket my lover  
dancing with the dream  
at the edge of existence  
hide and seek  
what can I convey to the other shore?  
Am I awake?

Nigredo, Albedo, Rubedo  
Citrinitas  
Yellowing

my offering  
the yellow doorway  
polenta  
Gold  
it allows us to go deep  
Magnum Opus  
philosopher's stone is in creation

Panacea  
the call to heal

the robin greets me when I arrive at my spot  
and before I leave he returns to say goodbye  
the last day  
he bounds that circle around me  
chalk

I see you  
you are part of me

Ludwig van Beethoven's *For Elise* reaches my ears  
this is more beautiful I ever could have imagined  
what I loved as a child

honoured  
blessed  
deepest union  
be★holding the paradox