



BLAISE UBALDINI

IN BETWEEN

1	Foreword (Ubalдини)	1:53
2	The Garden's Slope (Sine Nomine, Ubalдини)	4:12
3	The Heart Beating (Sine Nomine, Ubalдини)	3:47
4	L.A. Mystics (Ubalдини)	6:02
5	Ineffable vide, Incantation (Simone, Ubalдини)	3:38
6	Ineffable vide, Revelation 1 (Conus, Simone, Ubalдини)	2:58
7	Ineffable vide, Revelation 2 (Conus, Simone, Ubalдини)	4:29
8	Ineffable vide, Revelation 3 (Conus, Müller, Simone, Ubalдини)	5:02
9	Gone With The Noise (Ubalдини)	3:40
10	Little Time (televangelist version) (Müller, Ubalдини)	4:00
11	Little Time Song (Ubalдини)	4:00
12	The Valley of Nothingness (Sine Nomine, Ubalдини)	10:38
13	Mot de la fin (Ubalдини)	1:46
14	As Fluid As Water (Sine Nomine)	5:56

Valentin Conus baritone and soprano saxophone

Luc Müller drums

Zoéline Simone voice

Sine Nomine string quartet

Blaise Ubalдини cello, modular synth, chimes, piano, voice

Total Time : 62:00

Music by **Blaise Ubalдини**, texts by **Henri Michaux** (6,7,8,13) and **Blaise Ubalдини** (1,4,9,10,11,12)

To my Holy Trinity,

Farid uddin 'Attâr, the blaze of shadow that uncovers the unseen, whose voice travels through the wind like an echo preceding our words,

Henri Michaux, the burning sun that devours the void, fertilizes it, adores it, the one who teaches that being starts when being ceases,

David Lynch, the revealer of the articulation point between reality and reality, the gateway that leads from one side of darkness to the other.

They are unborn and undead, they show us that eternity can only be accessed through finity, that the ant and the tree, the bird and the elephant, the masculine and the feminine are interchangeable, one unique biological matter that we came to differentiate for surviving purposes.

To my wife, Layla, whose sole name - which means "night" - shows how deeply she inhabitates my soul,

To the night, precisely, and my late walks in the vineyards above the lake,

To the hills of L.A., to the mystical paths of love between the skies and the earth, at dawn, when orange sinks into dark purple, when the horizontal turns vertical, when the city bursts like billions of stars in the gaping belly of the dry land, and the howling coyote invokes unknown spirits.

Foreword

Humans are nothing more than a colony of simple ants and nothing less than a forest of tall trees. You should love yourself both as a human and an individual as much as you love ants and trees. Do you love ants and trees?

Don't spend too much time trying to see clearly, to understand and control. You can't. Rather, encompass the whole biological world in its diversity. Get used to blurriness, indeterminacy, and discomfort. Stay on the path in between, in the everlasting dawn of existence. There, alone, emancipated and self-sufficient, you have no choice but to become light for yourself. Remember that you hear better when you're blind.

L.A. Mystics

Packs of houses have seen and heard shit,
Window panes, sick, witness,
Blinds stirred up,
Sidewalks of blood-shame and swallowed tears,
Fear in the cracks, hiding
On the lookout,
Buildings extruded up from metal,
Mirror cubes of tinted skies,
Sense of be cool and sunglasses,
A man is yelling,
And souls dance,
Dust.

Funky rowboats queuing at the redlight, blinking,
Like plastic ducks aligned,
Others, roaring boars are gonna eat you up
As green appears and bring transcendence up
In a horizontal dash forward,
Sirens gliding around like flabby celestial laces,
Everything happens in a coincidental warp,
Dust.

Ghost-people floating,
With their faces pinched out and stretched,
Like movies, torn apart and scattered,
Transparent seeds from above descending in a stream, soft
Flowers are blooming in the cloud

Words, not worn out,
Like material hands,
They come across and slap,
And you shut your mouth
And you let your thoughts
Spread out like an everlasting release of
Dust.

On your way to the hill,
Where people go vanish,
You look back at the city, in the distance.
All you see is dust.
Dust everywhere.

Kneel down and take a handful.
See past and future,
same, leak out from your fingers' holes.
Observe, focus, discern, and sink in the flow of atoms.
The so-called time
concedes before the humble wind.

Like in a wash of rainbow in honor of the night
An opal eye bloomed under the veil of your sight.
Now you can breathe dust and desert your body.
Now you can turn off your eyes and walk in the void.

Take a leap of faith
With L.A. mystics

Take a breath, get lost
With L.A. mystics

Take a bath of tears
With L.A. mystics

Up the hill, the door
To L.A. mystics

Take a break, and fly
Like L.A. mystics

Take the risk to fall
Like L.A. mystics

Take the vow of truth
Like L.A. mystics

Up the hill, become
an L.A. mystic

Ineffable Vide - Révélation 1 (H. Michaux)

Quelque chose partout, rétrocède. Une impression aérienne remplace l'impression du compact. La matière a cessé d'être indiscutable. Simultanément, il s'insinue une insituable, immense, indicible, injustifiable importance... incroyablement naturelle.

Criblé le physique, le métaphysique apparaît, est seul ressenti. Une onde métaphysique, une certitude métaphysique, un univers métaphysique.

Le profane alors se retire. Rien ne le retient plus. C'est le tour du sacré maintenant, de l'immatériel.

Ineffable Vide - Révélation 2 (H. Michaux)

On était quelques minutes encore auparavant un possédant et, comme tout homme, un possédant constamment en voie d'acquérir et de s'approprier davantage. On était occupé à ces fonctions d'acquisition, de rétention et - ruminant mental - d'élaboration, d'intégration.

Serait-ce, comme il semble, l' "Avoir" qui maintient l' "ego", "hic et nunc", qui permet à chacun de continuer à être ?

Ineffable Vide - Révélation 3 (H. Michaux)

Maintenant, qu'y a t'il ? Le vide ? Un vide, tellement différent de celui que l'on connaît, vide violent, actif, vivant. Nappe qui serait sphère aussi et indéfiniment prolongée pour faire un vide augmenté incessamment, à dépasser, toujours nouvellement à subir, averse de Vide, qui sans cesse revient, re-vide, ne dépend de rien, n'a pas de raison de s'arrêter, qui dissipe tout ce qui est autre que vide et souverainement oblige à n'assister qu'au Vide, à se rassasier de Vide.

Cependant ce vide immensifié, si excessif, qui devrait être insupportable, est merveilleusement bon.

Gone With The Noise

I'm the opposite, the contrary, the upside down, the forgotten, the mistaken, the wrong, the false that says a truth that cannot be heard. I'm the problem, the question, the insecure, the undefined, the unexpected, the everlasting paradox. I'm the space between particles, between your fingers, between your lips, between words, between letters, between the curves of the symbol, between each phase of your breathing. I'm the clash of forces vying for balance.

I'm will, I'm power, I'm determination. I'm the bird and the elephant, I'm the light of the moon, the shadow of the sun, time falling off the cliff of matter. I'm extreme, I'm the center. I'm the salt in the teardrop, I'm the last unfolding of bitterness at the very end of a sip of wine. I'm the condition for any thing to happen within the frame of time, for any shape to expand within the frame of space. I'm oblivion. I'm what you flee from and you're the only one who knows why. I'm the noise. I'm gone with the noise.

Little Time (televangelist version)

Man on TV: There must be a way to define it! What is emotion? ... so everybody can say: "oh yeah, that really is emotion, no doubt!" Wait, wait, wait! ... It comes from the night inside me. From the hidden corridors of my body, of my belly, of my brain ... My emotion. It's my heart. The jewel inside my heart. It's what makes me human. And you, disgusting nasty little rat, little time, you don't even exist! ... You're like the shade of life. Look how I expose myself to the full light of my interior night ... The kingdom of emotions lies beyond logic, beneath culture. And what is culture? That's a kind of costume that is dispensed to us while we are given a life! ... Look at me. As naked as when I wasn't existing. As naked as when I wasn't even a dream. When I wasn't even a possibility. When I wasn't even a plan, or a project. As naked as when I wasn't even an idea in my genitors' mind. Here is my song for you, little time. Let's insert a coin in the jukebox.

Little Time Song

Go, little time, go.
Sow, little time, sow.
Mow, little time, mow.
Wow, little time, wow.
No, little time, no.

The Valley Of Nothingness

Individuality is a mirage in the desert of the mind. An unfortunate consequence of life's bestial play. What are we humans? And all the strange fantasies that we see? Animals, plants, colors, music, mathematics. Biology calls the shots. It leaves us with no say.

Each new life is a game. And each new game is a celebration. The victory of life over life. And a perpetual defeat. But a defeat fruitful. A necessary loss for a vital good.

The waves look at us, intermingled in the supreme frenzy of organic fate. The stones, cold, bold, and calm, the universal wind, the sacred fire of a non-existential realm. Nothing, nothing exists. There is nothing but an absolute vacuum. All fake. All vain. Yet we believe. We believe.

Consciousness is a dream come true and the source of your pain. Attached to this fake world, even your pain is a lie, even your tears are an illusion. And your broken heart is nothing more than an empty shell crushed by the weight of matter.

Tear up. Cry. Embrace the light. Love flows beyond. Love flows beyond. Love flows.

Mot de la fin, Michaux's *Le style*.

Les style, cette commodité à se camper et à camper le monde, serait l'Homme ? Cette suspecte acquisition dont à l'écrivain qui se réjouit on fait compliment. Son prétendu don va coller lui, le sclérosant sourdement.

Style : style (mauvais) de la distance inchangée (mais qui eût pu, eût dû changer), la distance ou à tort il demeure et se maintient vis à vis de son être et des choses et des personnes, bloqué !

Il s'était précipité dans son style ou l'avais cherché laborieusement. Pour une vie d'emprunt il a lâché sa totalité, sa possibilité de changement, de mutation. Pas de quoi être fier !

Style qui deviendra manque de courage, manque d'ouverture, de réouverture. en somme, une infirmité

Tâche d'en sortir. Va suffisamment loin en toi pour que ton style ne puisse plus suivre.



Ackowlegement

A million thanks to Zoéline Simone, Luc Müller, Valentin Conus, and the Sine Nomine String Quartet – Patrick Genet, François Gottraux, Hans Egidi, and Marc Jaermann – for their artistry, friendship, dedication, and wonderful craziness; to the association HOMAY, the Service culturel de la Ville de Lausanne, and the Service culturel du Canton de Vaud for their generous support; to Marcin de Morsier for his patient and musical ear; to Asymmetric Sounds and Yoann Le Dantec for the inspiration they brought and for making this album possible; to Jean Lamoot for his sensitivity, experience, and mastery of mixing; to Andrew Garver for his talent; to Alberran Cabrera for their art and kindness; and to Françoise Clerc for her help in promoting this album and accompanying me on my journey.

Production : Asymmetric Sounds & Blaise Ubaldini

Producer : Blaise Ubaldini

Executive Producer : Yoann le Dantec

Recording : November & December 2024, February 2025

Recording location : Studio Phonotope (Renens, CH), temple de Chêne Pâquier (CH)

Recording Producer : Marcin de Morsier

Editing : Blaise Ubaldini

Mix : Jean Lamoot

Mastering : Andrew Garver at audio144.com

Graphic Design : Blaise Ubaldini

Liner notes : Blaise Ubaldini

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www.asymetricsounds.com

www.blaiseubaldini.com

Go, little time, go.