



NOT IN VAIN

BY PONY

Those difficult times, those struggles and fights, the hardships that force you to leave your comfort zone, those times usually transform into the most important periods in life. When a year ends, we tend to sum up all the significant events in our heads, we look at the setbacks, the progress, the achievements, the success that those 365 days have had for us.

Success, it has always seemed like such a hollow word to me. Something that we've been taught to aim, work and even fight for, a state to arrive in where our goals are accomplished and our plans achieved. Yet, the whole concept of success appears so one-dimensional, since it's narrowed down to simple financial prosperity. Is that really it? Or could success actually mean the balance one can find within themselves and the ability to quiet down one's ego and find meaning in service rather than self-gain? The equilibrium of consciousness and instinct, of learning and teaching, working and relaxing. What would evolution really indicate?

I don't know how we're going to remember this year and what effects of this situation will stand out years from now, but I do know that it sure did awake my appreciation for many things. We can all make a difference now between the things we want and the things we need. 2020 has been a teacher, a strict and relentless educator, and maybe one day it will become our savior. Only time will tell.

However the near future unfolds, we will always have our cherished memories to keep us going. Smelling the sunlight, walking barefoot, grooving to the vibes of the vast and vibrant psy village are the souvenirs that will never escape our minds.

On December 21, the longest night of the year brought a rare astrological event of Jupiter and Saturn, appearing to almost merge in our night sky. The "great conjunction" occurring between the two largest planets in our solar system while we're here on little old Earth transitioning into a new year and a new reality. Whatever the future looks like, we remain who we are, with our heads full of ideas and our hearts full of beats.



photo by idliko repackzy

"Whatever the future looks like, we remain who we are, with our heads full of ideas and our hearts full of beats."

"When you start to feel like things should have been better this year, remember the mountains and valleys that got you here. They are not accidents, and those moments weren't in vain. You are not the same. You have grown and you are growing. You are breathing, you are living, you are wrapped in endless, boundless grace. And things will get better. There is more to you than yesterday."

– Morgan Harper Nichols

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FACES OF OZORA – ATTILO BALOGH

SEEING ONLINE PHOTOS OF ONE OF MY FAVORITE ARTWORKS ON THE FESTIVAL GROUNDS BEING DRIVEN AWAY, I HAD TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON AT ONCE... TO QUICKLY MAKE SURE THAT OUR HOME OZORA WAS NOT BEING SILENTLY DISASSEMBLED WITHOUT US KNOWING, THAT THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF OUR PARADISE WOULD BE THERE, PERMANENT UNLIKE MANY OTHER THINGS IN LIFE AROUND US, AS SOON AS WE CAN RETURN TO IT.

I FELL IN LOVE WITH "THE INCA PHANTOMESS", AS I CALL HER, THROUGH THE EYES OF OZORA PHOTOGRAPHER, TAVATA FIGUEROA, AND HER PICTURE OF THE 'LITTLE PSYHOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE', STARRING ATTILA BALOGH'S GRAFFITI FACE ON THE HORIZON.

WHEN I REACHED ATTILO, STREET & GRAFFITI ARTIST, WHO HAS BEEN PART OF THE MIRADOR FESTIVAL CREW FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW, HE TOLD ME THAT ZSOFI AND BENJI, BUILDERS OF THE LARGE-SCALE WOOD INSTALLATIONS AROUND THE VALLEY, THE HANGING, SHAPE-SHIFTERS IN THE DOME, AND WHO OWN THE CONTAINER, HAVE TAKEN IT HOME TO A NEARBY VILLAGE.

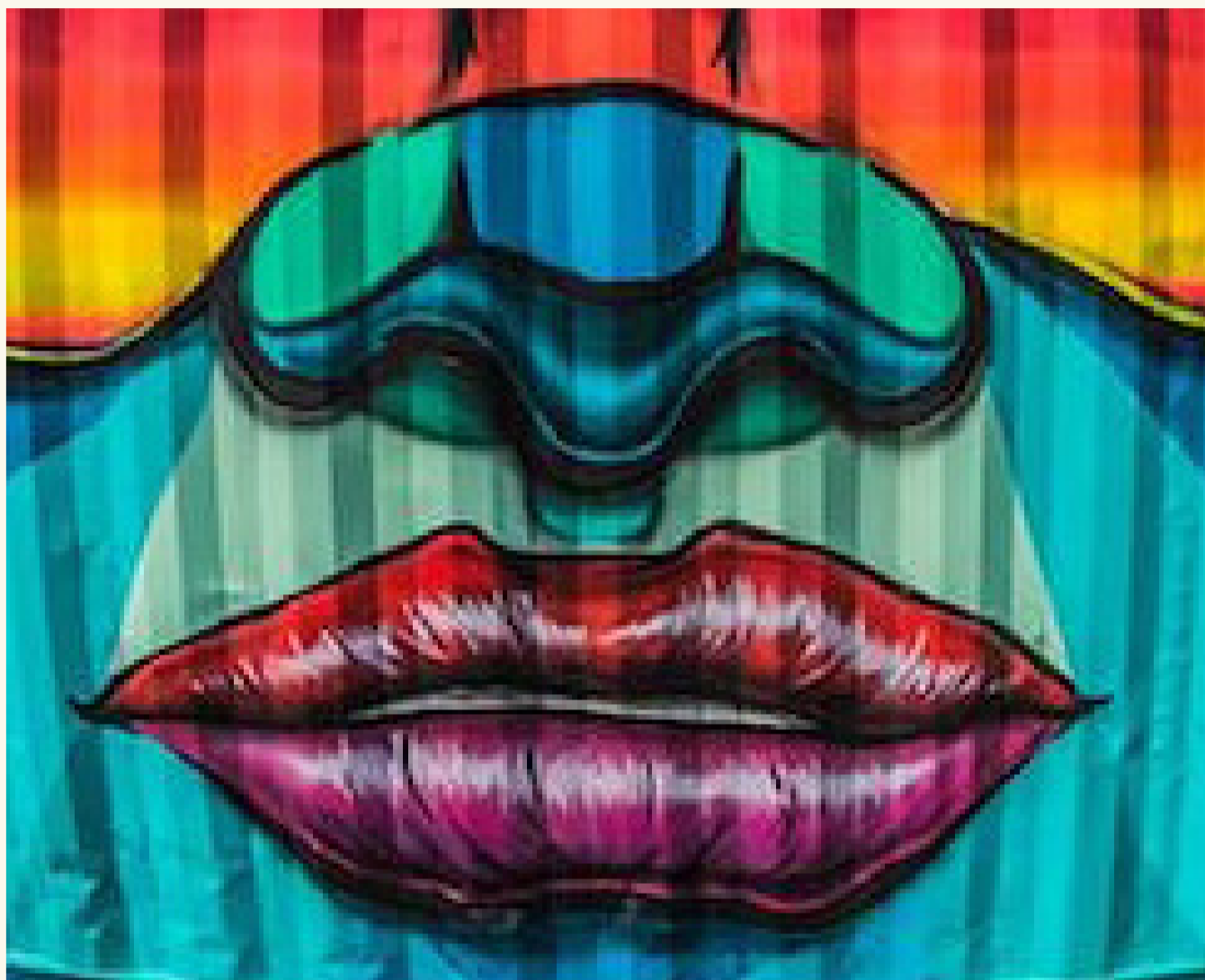
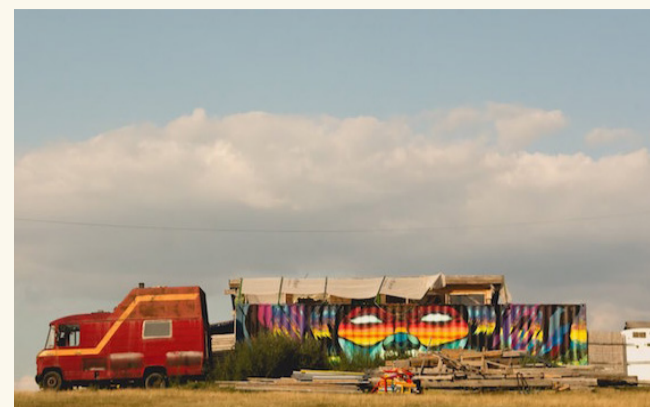
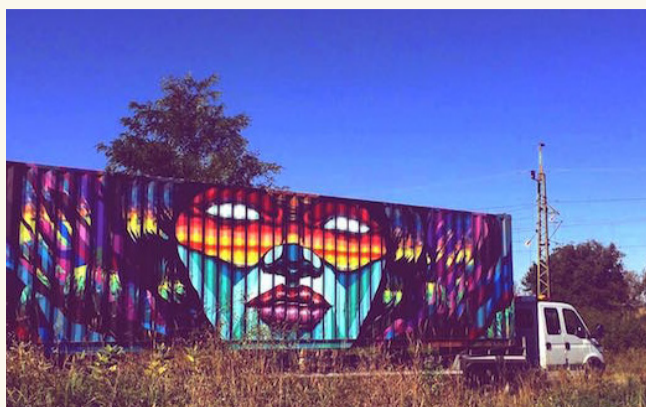


photo by max ambio

novishari: Will they ever bring it back to OZ, do you think?

Attila: Probably not. Zsofi and Benji have their own land to live on now, I think it will stay there...

n: What was the concept behind the container portrait, by the way? Who is she anyway?

A: When the office building was finished, and I saw its huge walls, I wanted to paint there, and I was planning to after talking with Neko Nori about it, but nothing came of, so I headed towards the master builder, Benjamin's and his girlfriend (who I had known since earlier) Zsofi's house, or rather their building complex, standing on top of the hill, always catching my eye. The first object I was drawn to was the vehicle built from a Mercedes minibus, but Benji did not want me to paint all over it, because he still considered going on the road with it. But they couldn't say no to me painting on the enormous,

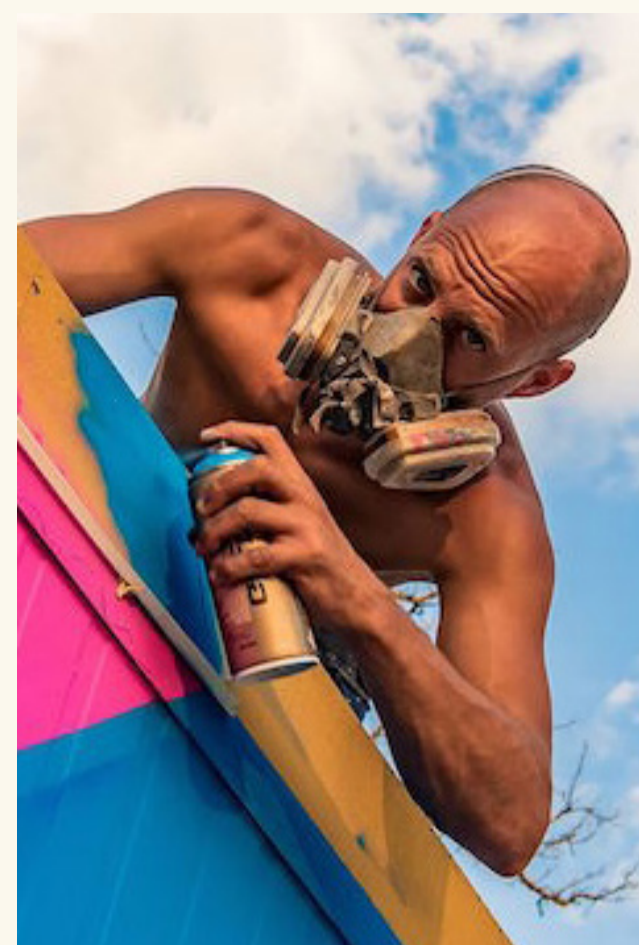
rusty, dented, weather-beaten shipping container... I wanted to paint something totally different on it, and as we were holding the final rehearsal, with a projector, and with some of my works on my laptop, including some sketches, this female face popped up... we scaled her and felt satisfied she was to be the base of my art piece. Originally, this picture was a tattoo design, but it got totally transformed.

The inspiration was a South American indigenous tribal face painting that I had seen in some book as a kid. They live together with nature, like our ancestors did, which I really appreciate opposed to today's fast-paced and misleading world. The girl's eyes are glowing because they are the windows of the soul. She radiates light, in the dark of the night, which she becomes one with. The way I achieved this effect was that in places where the light hit her black hair and it's lighter, should have been

white spaces, I painted in bits of sky and landscape as the background, as if they were little windows, and through them you can see what's behind her, or rather what she is in, where she is. Through her I expressed my respect for Mother Earth, for all women. And I could also satisfy some of my intense creative urges that I had not been able to. Nori, please! If there's a festival, let me create something on a building finally, please. Thank you:D

n: What are some of the other things around the Valley that carry your imprint?

A: The first thing that comes to my mind is Mirador's Volkswagen minivan that I got to paint the second year, I think. At first it didn't sound easy at all, to paint 'something ozora-compatible' on it. But then I thought, all women like flowers and similar folk art motifs, and since I had to get Marti's approval, this is the direction I went with... Of course,



I got the usual 'just do you, it's going to be great', but then it had to gain Arpi's approval too, but eventually it passed all the tests because you can still see it, every year, and it's still in pretty good shape.

I know that Arpi's wife at the time saw it and said at once that she would like it if she had something similar on the van she was using on site too. The first one, made for the Mirador, was more masculine and outflowing. I cut beehive shapes from the tiny, geometric patterned pieces of the previous year's main stage and used it as a stencil, detailing and refining it as you can see the motif on the van. I feel it turned out great all in all, and it's much loved to this very day.

Originally, my main project consisted of the structures later named the Hallucinator, which found their home by the Compass next to the Mirador. An Op Art-themed installation tricking eyes and mind, activating the spectator, since it only moves if you interact with it, which is the easiest way to get those interested involved. Just as I finished, I noticed my first spectator, a toddler who was just learning to walk, coming closer with the help of his mother and baby stroller. The field in front of the Mirador was empty at the time, especially as the festival had not yet started. I spun all three wheels and stood back watching them. As soon as the kid spotted it, he pointed in my direction to his mother and they came up and



stood by me. We looked at each other, smiled. One of the structures wasn't turning like the other two, and was slowly stopping. The kid pointed at it, I went and spun it, we sat back, watched and smiled, enjoyed the effect together. Half an hour passed like this. The woman was Japanese and had been returning for years with one of the music crews... no words were needed for us to understand each other.

Then there was a year when Arpi [Zimanyi, the festival landowner] ended up not liking the Main Stage design, and I had to paint it, but in a 'Hungarian folk fairytale'-style... no

UV colors, nothing too loud but very catchy at the same time... and all this from what's left over, in 2 days the festival was starting, but maybe there wasn't even that much time, maybe it was like just that night until opening day... As usual, sunrise caught me in the cherry picker.

But there were also the 12 Volkswagen hoods, and the astro signs that I made directly for Ozora and are displayed somewhere around the Mirador every year. I'd love to refresh, renew and take those further...

Then there was a year when I continued an artwork from the first year and all I wanted was to create some more. It was a piece drawn and colored with markers on plywood, which has been adding color to the Mirador area ever since. There I also made all kinds of problem-solving creations, corrections to the Dome's stage then-onion-shaped backdrop, all kinds of decorating on shops and stalls... Last year, I just enjoyed doing nothing much and only showed up for the workshops...

n: How did you end up at Ozora in the first place? When was that?

A: My first Ozora was in 2015. My girlfriend at the time, Kamilla Nagy, got me in touch with art department head at the time, Marti Antal, who was looking for somebody to carry out some of her plans, that's how I came into the picture. We built the spin table for the painting workshop based on a childhood memory of a marketplace where there was an old centrifugal spin dryer, you put paper in it and you could drip paint on it. That's what we wanted to recreate, and bring a simple, quick art technique and easy entertainment for the festival people, especially as many come with their kids and families.

n: What were your first impressions?

A: Impression: who are these people and what am I doing here? :D

Who are these neon hippies? The gathering of goa smurfs and the national association of paupers... At the time my mind was still running programs that were strongly limiting, and filtering all that I was seeing through these, that's all I could perceive. I liked the venue, and that I could do things on my own, being there in the calm before the festival.

n: What do you like about Ozora? What not that much...?

A: I like the freedom the most. That state of being when there isn't anyone anywhere except the builders, the cream, for me. The quiet and tranquility, the intimate moments, new and old friendships, kind words, great conversations, breathtaking night skies...

The main direction of music has never done much for me, back then during the solar eclipse, the reason why we didn't come here to party was because the music didn't interest or move us much... But as with everything else, you can find beauty in it, you only have to look, be open, be interested. And that's how the solutions come.

There's always somebody who tells you or calls you to go here or there, you haven't seen this or that yet, and you go and check it out. And then these become your best experiences... when you go with a non-judgemental attitude to listen to something... that you had never done before...

Then there are the parts I call "islands of peace" during the festival. Number one is 'blacksmith-ess' Csilla's workshop where you can always hear some rock music blasting from the past millennium. This saves me many times, or rather, always. I can experience the same at Benji's and Zsofi's place, with punk music coming from their neighbour, Mark, also saving my soul from all the digital noise. And of course, there are the artists of the Dragon, where electronica has more to do with sound quality than with generating the sound...

n: What are you up to nowadays? What are you creating?

A: There wasn't a lot of creating recently. I'm preparing for a December street art exhibition mostly, on the side I'm keeping all kinds of applied arts alive, in restaurants and clubs. I'm also planning another exhibition because I'll be 40 in February...



photo by laszlo kun

Outside the radiOzora and Prophet headquarters in the Artist Camp, Obari Masaaki of ageHa Tokyo and Marciana Back to Mars are talking while Philipp Philoso Spanring takes a well-deserved nap. In the background it's Attila Balogh's psychedelic tiger lilly... or is it a species of the Ozorian venus people-trap?

Bencze, who's been OZORA's graphic designer for several years now, and who comes up with each year's visual representation, has recently given a facelift to this cancelled year's design. It's to symbolize this year's atmosphere, but also to mark the beginning of a new chapter. Neko is responsible for the art department of the festival, also owner-creator at dream accessory and headwear brand, The Flying Heads. The year wasn't too active in entertainment and arts, but this only boosted their creative productivity. Welcome the Malekin! The dreamchild of Bencze and Neko, comfortable wear & functional accessories inspired by Nature, infused with Art. We asked Neko to tell us a bit more...

MALEKIN

The Spirit Animal Collection

ŌKAMI - The Wolf

"TO LOOK INTO THE EYES OF A WOLF IS TO SEE YOUR OWN SOUL ...

I AM WOLF. IT IS MY CRY YOU HEAR IN THE NIGHT. IT IS MY EYES THAT GAZE AT YOU FROM THE SHADOWS. IT IS MY HEART THAT BEATS IN YOUR SOUL.

IT IS MY STRENGTH THAT MAKES YOU WHOLE.

I AM WOLF. YOU ARE IN ME. I AM IN YOU. WE ARE WOLF.

WE ARE ALL THE GREAT SPIRIT." / WOLF DREAMER /

How was Malekin born?

We have always been inspired by each other's visions with Bencze, and wanted to create something together, some art as an indispensable ingredient of your Lifestyle. We first started thinking about it as merchandise for Ozora... Then when the festival plans got paused, we decided to keep going with the dream, and made it happen on our own.

Why a kimono?

We wanted something other than the usual T-shirt, and kimono means 'the thing to wear'. But the Malekin is not a traditional kimono, it's more like an extra comfy layer that makes you feel nice.

How about the color palette?

We have a lighter, more feminine, darker, more masculine, and a monochrome version, all unisex wear of course. But I don't know in advance what the shades will be, because Bencze doesn't show anyone his work while in progress, only when it's a final product basically, so it's going to be a surprise for me too when I see what color choices he comes up with for the next mini-collection.

'Malekin'?

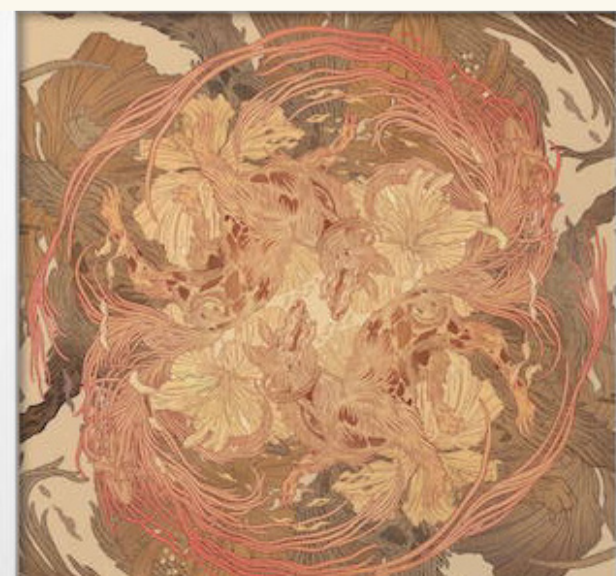
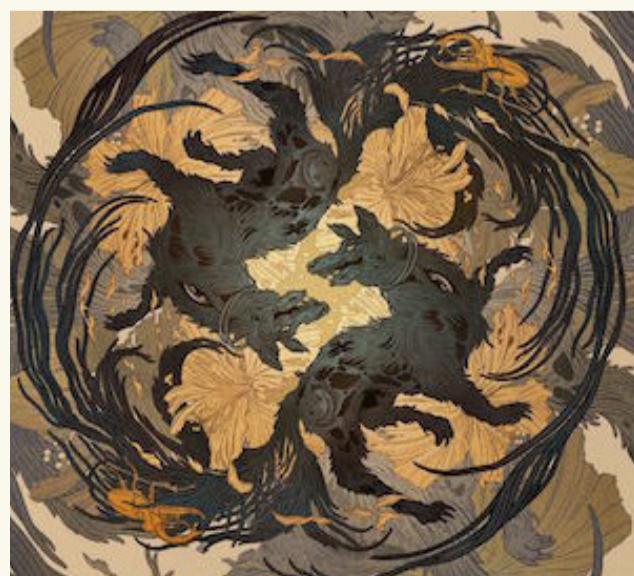
Yeah, we tried to invent a word, a fantasy name, but it turns out, there's almost no order of letters that isn't already a word in some language:D It turned out that 'malekin' actually means 'children with magical powers that have been brought up by fairies and

gnomes'. This is our magic child, and so many friends helped bring it to life, everyone's magic helped create it... so, the name fits perfectly.

We've seen the Ōkami, wolf spirit animal malekins. Are you planning others?

Yes. A whole collection of spirit animal kimonos are in plan. We were trying to think of spirit animals that are perhaps less commonplace, but it's a list that can go on forever, there's nothing fixed... Bencze chose the first one, the wolf, because it stands for freedom, fierceness, but also team game and the pack... Next one, guess what? It's going to be the cat:) But by the time we get to Ozora, we'll have a whole Noe's Ark of spirit animal kimonos.

2021 OZORA - AFTER THE TURNING POINT by BENCZE





A DR. SALLY SELECTION

THE JOURNEY

ONE DAY YOU FINALLY KNEW
WHAT YOU FINALLY HAD TO DO,
AND BEGAN
THOUGH THE VOICES AROUND YOU
KEPT SHOUTING
THEIR BAD ADVICE---
THOUGH THE WHOLE HOUSE BEGAN TO
TREMBLE
AND YOU FELT THE OLD TUG
AT YOUR ANKLES.
"MEND MY LIFE!"
EACH VOICE CRIED.
BUT YOU DIDN'T STOP.
YOU KNEW WHAT YOU HAD TO DO,
THOUGH THE WIND PRIED
WITH ITS STIFF FINGERS
AT THE VERY FOUNDATIONS,
THOUGH THEIR MELANCHOLY
WAS TERRIBLE.
IT WAS ALREADY LATE
ENOUGH, AND A WILD NIGHT,
AND THE ROAD FULL OF FALLEN
BRANCHES AND STONES.
BUT LITTLE BY LITTLE,
AS YOU LEFT THEIR VOICES BEHIND,
THE STARS BEGAN TO BURN
THROUGH THE SHEETS OF CLOUDS,
AND THERE WAS A NEW VOICE
WHICH YOU SLOWLY
RECOGNIZED AS YOUR OWN,
THAT KEPT YOU COMPANY
AS YOU STRODE DEEPER AND DEEPER
INTO THE WORLD,
DETERMINED TO DO
THE ONLY THING YOU COULD DO---
DETERMINED TO SAVE
THE ONLY LIFE YOU COULD SAVE.

– Mary Oliver, *New And Selected Poems*, Boston: Beacon Press, 1992

visual visitations

BY VICTORIA ANITA KITA

After attending in 2018, and volunteering for the W.O.W program the next year, I became inspired to explore my my own visual astral plane, and participated in various awareness projects around the world: developing meditation with movement for surfers and yogis in Portugal, community building with sustainable resources towards higher, connected consciousness in Guatemala...

I am sharing my own experiences with visual visitations from realms I do not yet fully understand, but that I have experienced throughout my life. I hope to shed light and clarity upon a common experience for humankind for the past thousands of years, which continues to perplex us.

PART II

It's important to understand when opening your meditative focus to messages from the universe: you don't control your visualizations any longer. In order to receive external answers in any given moment, you have to surrender to them and their unknown outcome. This surrender is difficult, especially when you are experiencing something tricky and desire an answer for instant gratification—but you also need to understand that you will not receive visual answers from visions unless that's exactly the way the universe feels ready for you to see. I played with this concept for years, never fully surrendering to any sort of meditative practice or sobriety, and did not progress further into understanding the visual transcendence capacity of my psyche.

Two years after I adopted a consistent yoga practice, my doors of perception were cleansed. At the time, I was sharing a yoga/meditation flow in the sacred valley of Peru with one other woman. In my deep state of meditation, a powerful green light presented itself despite my closed eyelids—the green light became lighter and lighter, a lime color, transcended into a light blue, and then became a deeper and deeper blue. As the colors changed, the temperatures and emotions within my meditation did so drastically as well. The light became bright white, and I felt a hot pressure, like a finger, pushing down into my third eye.

I opened my eyes, gasping for breath, startled at the range of senses affected by this visualization that had come out of nowhere during my meditation. But when I opened my eyes, the woman I was sharing my practice with was sitting beside me, holding a rapidly shaking clear quartz above my head. There was no wind in the surrounding air. Despite not being able to speak her indigenous language, we were able to communicate about what just happened with a mixture of words and body movements. I had no idea she was practicing Reiki on me, and had not been curious about that energy practice until the moment when its presence overcame me. The green and blue colors alleviated pain within my chest and throat—shattering blockages around those chakras I had held for years. Perhaps this visualization experience is how I was able to communicate and understand the Reiki experience, despite not sharing a common tongue.

A few weeks later, I ended up at a Shaman's house to participate in an Ayahuasca ceremony; I felt it was one of the most important goals of my lifetime and time in Peru that would enable me to further explore my visual abilities. The day before the ceremony, I took my hammock to a spot in the valley where I could rest privately while looking down on the Shaman's house and all surrounding cows, vegetation, and beauty. I rested in my hammock—sober, might I remind you—and closed my eyes. I began seeing colors, feeling sen-

sations and emotions, rippling through my body, taking shapes: spirals, deep with animals and faces, some of which I cannot fully describe because they felt as if from another astral plane entirely. I continued to breathe and keep my eyes closed, fully trusting in these visions and letting them take over my body until I had no idea what human form my spirit was existing in any longer.

Then the spirit of Ayahuasca came to me and asked why I had come all this way in my travels to drink her fruits. She then took me through a reel of all memories during which I had turned to intoxication to reach divine bliss/realization of visions, and showed me how inebriating these psychedelic substances were at times to my natural visual abilities.

She showed me how I had not done the work after these psychedelic experiences to incorporate their lessons into my sober life, flashing memories of past trip discoveries through my eye, and how I was fading away my own visual power by diluting them with drugs and distraction, looking for answers that were already there.

She showed me how the fear of surrendering to my own natural abilities and vision held my mind in paralysis of growing at all, letting me feel the stopping points in my short sightedness towards living.

As the spirit exited, a hot white light overcame me, and just like my last experience with Reiki in the valley, she exited with a hot finger sensation pressing down onto my third eye. This time when I opened my eyes gasping for air, I saw the sensation on my third eye actually became a raindrop—the only one that had yet fallen. The weather surrounding me had completely changed during my astral plane travel—insanely large black storm clouds rolled in, and the ground beneath me shuddered as the earth prepared for an extravagant storm. This warning was just in time for me to gather my things and head back down to shelter.

I did not end up participating in the Ayahuasca ceremony—after years of trying to make it to Peru to fulfill this purpose, the spirit came to me and told me this was not the way. Instead, I need-

ed to learn to trust myself sober and surrender to the visions, and expand my mind in this plane. Intoxication with psychedelics could no longer bring me to understanding a deeper truth, as the deeper truth was already realized within me, I was just ignoring it. I understood I had to do the work consistently to keep aligned to a quest of a higher divinity to present itself to me.

Currently, I continue on a deeper quest in meditation, yoga, sobriety, solitude, and focus on Zen Buddhist studies. The deeper I travel within, the more barriers I begin to break down to make room for external forces to guide my consciousness. This steadier routine has opened and cleansed my doors of perception and allowed a variety of predictive visions to present themselves to me and protect me. When the coronavirus pandemic began, my visions led me to



Photo by Laszlo Kun:
Torus Energy – Sun of God

safety multiple times. Without trusting and letting go during these times of terror, I would not have been able to get on the last embassy flight out of Guatemala to safety in the United States. My visions helped me out of conditions vital to my personal safety and in the coming months afterwards, my family's health.

However, it is also important to understand that there are negative forces of energy in the universe as well; and it can be challenging to discern which forces are presenting themselves to you and their purpose. At times, protection is necessary as a preventative measure against these forces, so that there is room and focus for positive forces to guide you. I use an altar with photos of my ancestors, crystals, rocks, and the elements to channel a sacred space of guidance and protection I can take safety in, or ask for help when unsure in discerning these forces. I learned to do this after misinterpreting a vision's mission last year.

This particular visual experience led me into an extremely scary and unsafe situation, all because of my own misunderstanding. It is vitally important to invest time into protective practices for discerning positive and negative forces, and interpreting their missions. It is up to you in deciding to take the red pill or the blue pill, but if you decide to delve deeper into these forces, negative energies are bound to present themselves. Be ready to practice and learn from these encounters.

What would have happened if I had not started trying to develop a routine to open up my receptors and receive help in visual practice? I am not so sure of my fate. I am not so sure I would have made it to this moment to write about these experiences. I believe it is worth the time to trust in your intuition and develop open access points, wherever they might be in your own body and experience, to a higher awareness. When the time comes for external energy to enter into your field for whatever reason, you want to be able to pick up on what this force is sharing with you. The tricky part is surrendering to a combination of your experiences and intuition to develop unbiased awareness of positive from negative forces, and how to read them accurately. Happy, safe visualizing :)

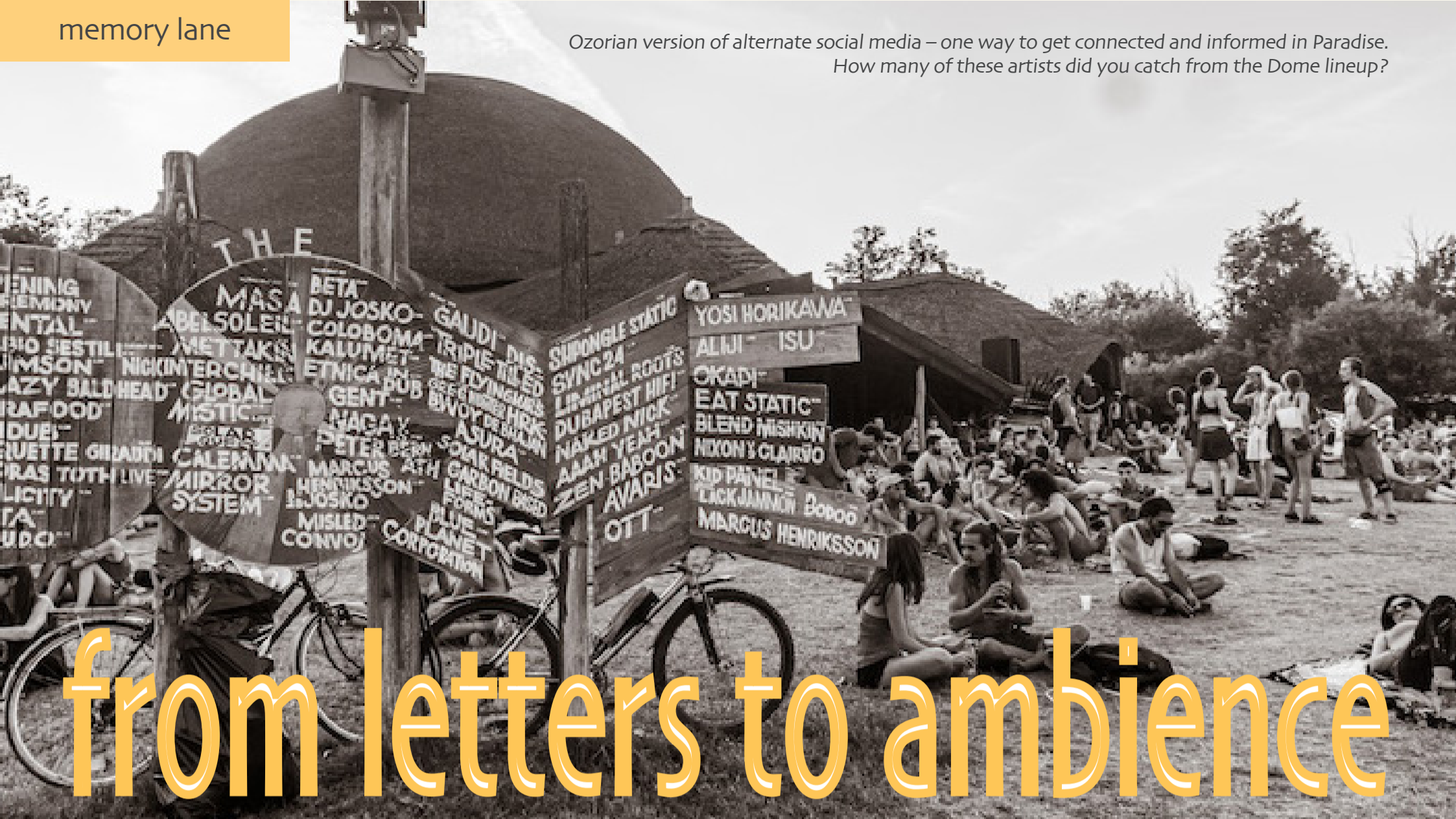


photo by laszlo kun

from letters to ambience

HEAD OF AMBYSS, GRAPHIC DESIGNER AND DJ BODOO, THE FESTIVAL'S OWN LETTERING GURU IS INVITING YOU DOWN MEMORY LANE, STEPPING STONE BY STEPPING STONE, AS HE REMEMBERS THE OZORIAN REALITY UNFOLDING... A STORY FOR TURNING POINT SEASON.

From Letters to Ambience

Stepping in the whole scene in 2012, straight at Ozora, was and still is an ongoing amazement field trip to the secret land of the valleys and stages, like it's a parallel universe. The job was simple: write up the programme and lineup on a pile of wood or whatever I choose. We made real boards and decorated the Magic Garden's colorful area with texts and letters. The Pyramid had a full schedule, just like the Artibarn and the freshly built Dragon Nest. There were so many artists and musicians, lecturers, teachers of all kinds, and healers involved, that I nearly ran out of fingers and markers to write them out.

The village on the hill was alive from the first moment I stepped on its green lawn. I remember dancing to goa trance music for the first time in my life after eating a "Power Ball" and drinking a bottle of Club Maté in the afternoon heat by the Main Stage. Then jumping straight to the Chill Dome and dancing for another few hours... I was truly set for an Ozorian way for life.

Know Thy Observation

I knew I have a lot here to learn, to work, to play, to give and to get, and experience, and observe. The same year, Tomi, our team member and technical supervisor, Gerely and

Tsubi asked me to make something like a radio program, an informative show with music. The Observation Radio Show was born, with a [homage mix to Suns of Arqa](#), the band as old (young) as me, the group that had their concert earlier on the freshly nailed Dragon Nest, whose music totally blew my mind. Their album [Know Thyself](#) is still on repeat on my device.

Soul Chambers

The closing day of the 2012 festival, when I met with the Fire People, and Pocok and their flaming Circus crew, I remember screwing the order of tracks for their final fire show. I even remember playing with my band, Soul Chambers under the tiny roof of the Dragon Agora. The stage was not properly set by strict rules, and we could play a few hours after all other stage programs were over.

The Dragon's Voice

The second round in 2013 was the same, but with stage host status, since the Dragon Nest as a live stage, just finding its sound and perspective alongside with an enthusiastic audience, needed a so-called 'toaster' or MC who could talk to the people and perhaps announce the upcoming performances. With a fearful smile on my face, I accepted the challenge from Mata and Pusker, and ever

since have been the responsible and humble speaker for this, beyond-class psychedelic world music stage.

A never-ending experience started that year with personal meetings and hard-edge moments backstage with musicians from all over this planet and beyond. So before we roll on, first and foremost, this is a message of immense gratitude towards the school of Ozora and Her habitants.

Each year brought new experiences, growing communities and more work. The team melted together, the tribes and families of the valley came into a new existence. The Dragon Nest was becoming a world music stage of its kind. Standards were up, and the lineup expanded into a distinctive bunch of musical acts from all over the planet. [Matsumoto Zoku](#), [Thaalavattam](#) made their way up during the Ozorian years as we welcomed [Rising Appalachia](#), [Beats Antique](#), [Baba Zula](#), and [Suns of Arqa](#).

Magic Garden Bloom

The Magic Garden enriched its purpose with the Circus, Healing area, the Teashack – a teahouse built from earth materials offering a variety of tea blends from handpicked local herbs, the Cooking Grove, the Artibarn,

pulsing with the programs at Pyramid and the old Chambok House, and widened its social spaces with Bushyland and Mirador. From art to recreation, to workshops, lectures and exhibitions, yoga classes, kid's space, all became a retreat on the hill, while Pumpui, the Chill and the Main Stage kept Ozorians moving their body and mind along the main vein.

Logical Progression

Years fly by at Ozora. As the summer heat and turbulent, social explosion of the festival fades into calm summer's end, then to vivid green autumn with sweet smells of the trees and plants, then rainy months of December to snowy, silent, breathtakingly calm Ozorian winter, to the glamorous springtime, all around, and around the Sun in a few hundred days, we fly together with time in space into this eternal existence.

Thanks to the innovative development and the logical progression from the owners and the team/community, many parts of the site have been enriched with areas and objects that give more space and playground to the festival-goers. A diamond shaped glass belvedere and the renewed merry-go-around by the main stage, and the decoration of the main stage itself has changed the shape and mood of the valley to detailed delicacy. A lake of great size brought fresh breezes and new experiences with a magnificent musical stage at the end of the road. Two years of mind-blowing coordination, planning, vision and work, sweat and tears brought some unbelievable performances into the Ambyss, the ambient space of Ozora.

New Chapter, New World

The shape of a crescent moon, the size of a small crater and the feeling of a desert oasis gave home to luminous musicians of all kinds. Sometimes it seemed like an energy gate, a channeling spot for all ambient and chill sounds from the vast universe. Collaborations, live instruments, never-heard performers, newborns of the scene with giants of electronic masters on a small stage made out of sand... maybe it was, it is a portal for intergalactic travelers of Music, Great Humans speaking the common language.

Just next to the Ambyss came the spacious and well-designed Healion, for the happiness of us all. With this long-awaited part, a new borough came alive, with the triangle of the lake, stage and healing space. A new chapter - to a new World.

– Bodoo

BESIDES DJ BODOO, MORE RECENTLY THE DRAGON'S STAGE HOST HAS BEEN SINGER, SONGWRITER [MOLEQUE](#) AKA MOLEK KERI, WHO YOU MAY HAVE BEEN GETTING TO KNOW AS GRANDPA CHARLES IN THE RENEGADE [SPIRIT MINUTE](#) RADIO TALK SHOW, BUT HE'S ALSO JOINED THE BAND [TAKKRA](#), THE CINEMATIC MUSICAL PROJECT OF VISUAL ARTIST AND PRODUCER [DAVID VIGH](#), WHO'S ALSO THE FOUNDER OF [GLOBAL ILLUMINATION](#), THE CREW WHO DESIGNED SEVERAL MAIN AND DOME STAGES AT OZORA TOO. IT'S ALL CONNECTED. AS IS THE MESSAGE OF THE LYRICS BELOW BY MOLEQUE FOR THE PRESENT MINDSET... LYRICS OF THE CHORUS USED IN TAKKRA'S ['SOUL QUEST'](#) TITLED SONG ON THEIR NEWEST ALBUM OUT ON [SOFA BEATS](#) RECENTLY, CALLED: ['UNIVERSAL MEDICINE'](#).

PARADISE

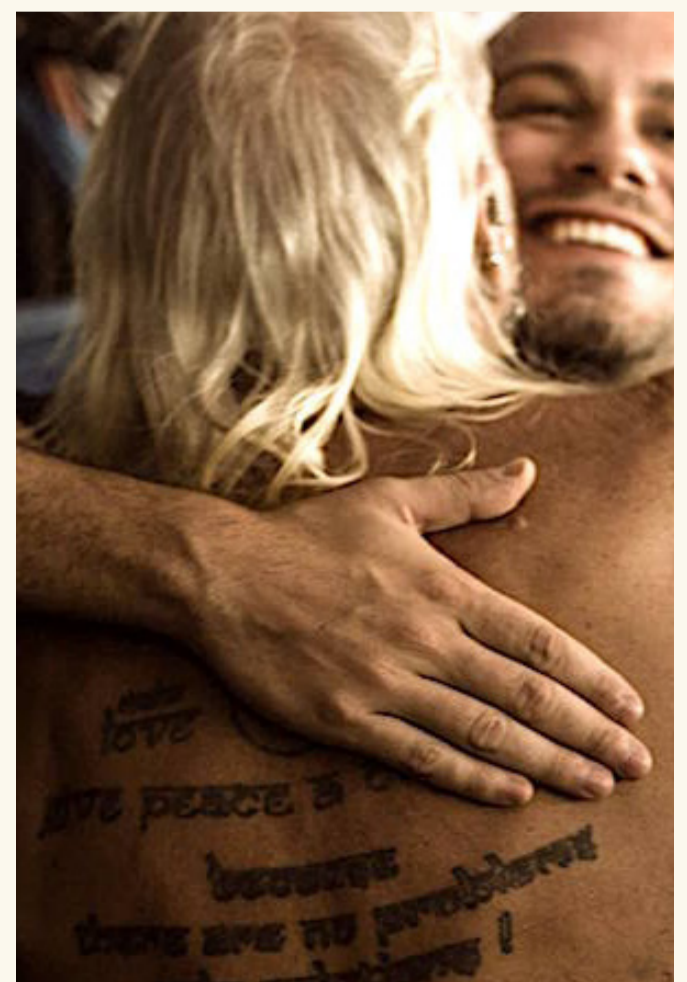
I'm asking you to change your life
Let's do it before we all collapse
We all can make it, just open your mind
Just believe it, you're more than fine
You're able to touch the painted sky
Come out of your room and switch on the light

The world we all believe in
Living in peace and love
Where we are one
In the Paradise

We have all been told we are not good enough
That's bullshit, forget the hell of past
No future, no ego, just be present
We are the creators, so we all decide
We've got the bottom line or the highest high
You know the light is always stronger than the dark

The world we all believe in
Living in peace and love
Where we are one
In the Paradise

— Molek Keri – Chorus used in Takkra : Soul Quest



THIS MONTH'S SELECTION FROM HUNGARIAN FOLK TALES' (MAGYAR NÉPMESÉK), THE 100-EPIISODE ANIMATED CARTOON SERIES DIRECTED BY MARCELL JANKOVICS RECENTLY AWARDED HUNGARIKUM STATUS, ABOUT LOVING, LIKE PEOPLE LOVE SALT...

THE SALT PRINCESS

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED AN OLD KING WHO HAD THREE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS. THE OLD KING WANTED TO FIND HUSBANDS FOR HIS DAUGHTERS BEFORE HE DIED. BUT HE COULD NOT DECIDE WHICH DAUGHTER SHOULD RECEIVE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF HIS THREE KINGDOMS. SO HE DECIDED TO GIVE HIS MOST BEAUTIFUL KINGDOM TO THE DAUGHTER THAT LOVED HIM THE MOST. THE OLD KING ASKED HIS DAUGHTERS AND THE ELDEST REPLIED:

"I LOVE YOU, DEAR FATHER, AS A DOVE LOVES GOOD GRAIN."

"WHAT ABOUT YOU, MY CHILD?"

"I LOVE YOU, DEAR FATHER, AS A HOT SUMMER DAY LOVES A COOL BREEZE."

"AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, DAUGHTER?"

"I LOVE YOU, DEAR FATHER, LIKE PEOPLE LOVE SALT."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'SALT'? YOU UNGRATEFUL CHILD, IS THIS WHAT I RAISED AND LOVED YOU FOR ALL THESE YEARS?! GET OUT OF HERE, GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!"

HIS DAUGHTER TRIED TO EXPLAIN THAT PEOPLE LOVE SALT VERY MUCH INDEED. SHE SOBBED AND BEGGED BUT HER FATHER SHUNNED HER FROM HIS PALACE. THE POOR PRINCESS WALKED AND WALKED, SHE WAS TERRIBLY SAD. SHE WALKED UNTIL SHE REACHED A VAST FOREST. THERE SHE FOUND A LARGE, HOLLOW TREE AND SHE HID HERSELF INSIDE IT. SHE LIVED BY GATHERING DELICIOUS NUTS AND RIPE BERRIES FROM THE GREEN FOREST.

ONE DAY THE PRINCE FROM THE NEIGHBOURING KINGDOM WAS OUT HUNTING WHEN HE HAPPENED TO PASS BY. HE WAS CHASING A DEER WHEN HE SPOTTED THE PRINCESS. BUT WHEN SHE SAW THE PRINCE, SHE HID IN A HOLLOW TREE. THE HANDSOME PRINCE SOON FOUND THE TREE AND SHOUTED INTO THE HOLLOW: "WHO IS THERE?" BUT THE PRINCESS REFUSED TO REPLY.

WHO'S IN THERE? SPEAK UP OR I'LL SHOOT!" THE TERRIFIED PRINCESS EVENTUALLY APPEARED. SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL BUT SHE COULD NOT STOP CRYING. THE PRINCE WAS SO OVERCOME THAT HE EMBRACED THE SAD PRINCESS, SAT HER ON HIS HORSE AND TOOK HER HOME TO HIS PALACE.

THEIR WEDDING WAS SO GRAND THAT EVEN THE DOGS ATE BEEF BROTH. AND THE YOUNG COUPLE LIVED HAPPILY AS TWO DOVES. TIME PASSED UNTIL THE YOUNG KING ASKED HIS BRIDE ONE DAY:

"TELL ME, WHY DID YOUR FATHER CHASE YOU AWAY?"

"BECAUSE I TOLD HIM THAT I LOVED HIM LIKE PEOPLE LOVE SALT."

"WHY, IS THAT ALL?"

THEN THE YOUNG KING HAD AN IDEA... AND SENT A LETTER TO THE OLD KING, INVITING HIM TO COME AND VISIT. THE OLD KING CAME THE VERY NEXT DAY IN A GOLDEN CARRIAGE. THE YOUNG KING LED HIM TO HIS GRANDEST CHAMBER AND SAT HIM DOWN AT THE TABLE. HIS SERVANT SERVED SOUP, BUT IT HAD NO SALT IN IT. AND THE MEAT HAD NO FLAVOUR EITHER. THE KING ATE A GREAT DEAL, BUT WAS STILL LEFT FEELING HUNGRY. HE REMAINED SILENT FOR A WHILE, BUT EVENTUALLY HAD TO SPEAK:

"WHAT KIND OF COOK DO YOU HAVE, SON, WHO MAKES FOOD WITH NO SALT?"

"I HEARD YOU DON'T LIKE SALT, SIRE."

"WHO TOLD YOU THAT?"

"WHY, YOUR DAUGHTER, OF COURSE."

THEN THE PRINCESS APPEARED. THE KING'S DAUGHTER SMILED AT HER FATHER WHO SHED TEARS OF JOY. FATHER AND DAUGHTER EMBRACED, AND THE KING GAVE HIS MOST BEAUTIFUL KINGDOM TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER. AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

THE HAPPINESS JAR

IF YOU HAVEN'T YET MADE, STARTED OR GIFTED A HAPPINESS & GRATITUDE AKA GOOD THINGS JAR, 'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY, A GOOD TIME AS ANY TO GET THIS PROJECT GOING.

FOR KIDS, IT'S A WAY TO TRAIN THEIR MINDS TO LEARN TO SEE THE POSITIVE SIDE OF SITUATIONS AND SOLUTIONS MOVING FORWARD IN LIFE, FOR US, IT'S A WAY TO RE-EDUCATE OURSELVES.

OUR BRAIN LEARNS BY REPETITION AND ERROR, PROGRAMMED TO AVOID ANYTHING THAT COULD HURT US. (INTERESTING FACT: SADNESS IS 240 TIMES A MORE LASTING EMOTION THAN ANY OTHER). STARTING THE DAILY PRACTICE OF FOCUSING ON POSITIVE THINGS AS WELL — FINDING AND WRITING DOWN ANY MOMENT OR THOUGHT THAT WE COULD FEEL GRATEFUL FOR OR HAPPY ABOUT — TEACHES OUR BRAIN TO FOCUS ON POSITIVE ASPECTS, BEYOND SEEING JUST BLACK OR WHITE, AND LEARN TO DISCOVER SEEDS OF CHANGE IN PROBLEMS, OPPORTUNITIES INSTEAD OF OBSTACLES. NOT EASY, BUT WORTH THE FOCUS. IT DOESN'T MAKE PROBLEMS GO AWAY, BUT IT CAN MAKE DEALING WITH THE BURDEN EASIER.



SO, HERE'S THE BEST PRESENT! TO GIFT TO ANYONE, INCLUDING YOURSELF:

1. GET A COOL MASON JAR
2. GET SOME MAGIC MARKERS OR RAINBOW PENS
3. CUT UP SLIPS OF (COLORED) CARDBOARD PAPER (HINT: ABOUT 182 FOR EACH DAY FOR 1/2 YEAR)
4. DECORATE JAR
5. LABEL THE JAR: "GOOD THINGS"
7. WRITE DOWN A GOOD THING EVERY DAY, EVEN IF IT'S REALLY HARD, AND COLLECT IN JAR
8. CHECK AFTER HALF A YEAR, OR NEXT XMAS TIME... THEN KEEP DOING IT FOREVER AND SHARE AROUND!)

YOU'RE TRAINING YOUR MIND TO MAKE A HABIT OF NOTICING BOTH SIDES OF LIFE, BALANCING THE BAD WITH THE GOOD, TRANSFORMING ATTITUDE AND LIFE PERSPECTIVE.

— THE CARETAKER

RAJA RAM NISCENCES

LONDON IN THE SIXTIES

THEY SAY IF YOU CAN'T REMEMBER IT, YOU WERE NOT THERE, BUT IT'S FRESH AS A DEWDROP ON A CABBAGE LEAF AT DAWN... YES. LONDON WAS SWINGING... INCREDIBLE VIBE. CARNABY ST WAS LIKE A FASHION CIRCUS. EVERYONE WAS IN FULL COLOUR, MINI SKIRTS, LONG HAIR. KING'S RD... GRANNY TAKES A TRIP... AND THE MUSIC... WOW. THERE WERE AT THAT TIME 40.000 BANDS PLAYING AROUND. YES, THAT MANY. IT WAS THE TIME OF MUSIC, DRUGS AND LOVE...

SO, AFTER PLAYING OUR DEBUT AT THE ARTS LAB, THINGS STARTED TO MOVE VERY QUICKLY, AND OUR MANAGER MANAGED TO GET ME ON THE COVER OF TIME OUT. (JUNE 1969) AND WE GOT THE RESIDENCY AT THE ROUNDHOUSE IN CAMDEN TOWN, A KILLER VENUE, WHERE THE VERY FIRST RAVES WERE BEING PUT ON BY HOPPY HOPKINS, A PIONEER AND VISIONARY, AND EVERY SUNDAY THIS MAD MEGA EVENT WAS THERE... AND WHAT A SCENE... THE BLACK LIGHTS AND STROBES FLASHING, PEOPLE GETTING UNDRESSED, AND PEOPLE FREAKING OUT. IT WAS ALL A CORNUCOPIA OF HEDONISM, AND DELIGHT, AND SOMEHOW WE GOT THE RESIDENCY TO PLAY THERE EVERY WEEK, SO OUR POPULARITY GREW RAPIDLY... AND IT WAS TIME TO GET A RECORDING CONTRACT.

SO I RANG ALL THE DUDES AND ACCOUNT EXECUTIVES FROM DIFFERENT LABELS... YOU COULD DO IT THEN FOR IT WAS EASY, AND I ASKED THEM TO COME DOWN THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY AND HEAR THE GIG. WELL, AT LEAST 6 OR 7 CAME TO WITNESS SOMETHING REALLY EXTRAORDINARY AND WHEN THE CHANTING STARTED... INDIA MANTRAS WITH WAILING GUITAR FEEDBACK ON TOP... POWER RHYTHMS... AND SHIVA DOWN ON ONE KNEE... SORT OF PREACHING TO THE CROWD... WHILE I CAVORTED AROUND THE STAGE WEARING AN INDIA WHITE SHIRT AND DHOTIS, AND WE DANCED AND YELLED... ENOUGH FOR THE CROWD TO GO MAD, AND THEN AFTER THE GIG ALL 7 OF THE RECORD DUDES CAME BACKSTAGE AND OFFERED US CONTRACTS... AND AFTER A LOT OF DELIBERATION, CHRIS BLACKWELL FROM ISLAND RECORDS CAME ON WITH A GREAT OFFER... AND THERE IT WAS, 1969, AND WE ALL GOT AN ADVANCE, AND WE RUSHED OUT AND BOUGHT SMALL SONY TV'S, AND OUR GIGGING CAREER WAS STARTING... AND 300 GIGS LATER ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY, WE WERE

"HAVE A GREAT DAY... TELL SOMEONE YOU LOVE THEM..."

BEGINNING TO REALISE IT WAS A SLOW FORM OF TORTURE... BUT MORE OF THAT LATER... WE HAD A MANAGER, MATERIAL, GIGS, AND A VAN, WHICH WE BLAGGED OFF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY FOR NOTHING. WE WERE ON OUR WAY...

QUINTESSENCE

OK, I GOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE MEMBERS OF THE BAND. I HAD THE NAME "QUINTESSENCE" AND I INTERVIEWED A COUPLE OF HUNDRED GUYS... (DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR A DRUMMER TO UNZIP HIS KIT, THEN SET IT UP, PLAY A SHOCKING SOLO, PUT IT AWAY, ZIP IT UP AND "NEXT"?) MANY HOURS OF TORTURE... IT WAS TOUGH TIME ON MY WIFE AND NEIGHBOURS... SO, THAT WASN'T THE ANSWER.



SAMBHU, MY DEAR FRIEND FROM PARIS AND US, WAS LIVING DOWNSTAIRS, AND HE PLAYED A FINE ACOUSTIC, SO HE ENDED ON BASS. SOLID TAURUS AND BEST FRIEND. THEN THERE WAS JAKE THE DRUMMER. I HIRED HIM BEFORE I HEARD HIM PLAY. BY THE WAY, HE WALKED VERY LIGHT AND NIMBLE... THEN THERE WAS DAVE CODLING, THE NICE MAN IN THE BAND... COULD MAKE A CHILLUM. OUT OF A CARROT... I SAW HIM DO THIS MANY TIMES, ALWAYS SMILING... DAVE... THEN ALLAN. CURLY LIP. HE CAME ROUND ONE DAY TO MY HOUSE IN LONDON WITH A HOMEMADE, WHITE WOODEN CABINET WITH A SPEAKER, AND A RED GIBSON. HE HAD HAIR LIKE JIMMI HENDRIX, BUT MORE SO. IT WAS A BUSH. AND HE CAME IN, PLUGGED HIS AMP IN, TURNED IT UP, AND PROCEEDED TO IM-

PROVISE FOR 20 MINUTES... FEEDBACK SPEED RUNS... TOTAL CONTROL AND WILD... AND WAS JUST SIXTEEN. AN AMAZING MUSICIAN. HE JUST DISINTEGRATED INTO PURE SOUND... A BRILLIANT FRONT MAN. BUT SHY... THE FRONT MAN WAS SHIV... AN OZZY BY BIRTH, AND LIVING ROUND THE CORNER IN THE GROVE. HE WAS IN A TOILET, SOMEWHERE, AND THERE WAS NO PAPER, AND AS HE PICKED UP A DISCARDED MUSICAL PAPER FROM THE FLOOR, AND JUST BEFORE THE FATAL DEED, HE READ: "WANTED ROCK/INDIA/JAZZ MUSICIANS. MUST LIVE IN THE GROVE" AND HE STOPPED THE SWIPE AND CAME ROUND TO THE AUDITION ON HIS BIKE... A TRUE OZZY. HE LOOKED LIKE JIM MORISON, PREACHED LIKE BILLY GRAHAM, AND WAS A SHOWMAN OF THE HIGHEST CALIBRE, DOWN ON HIS KNEES PRAYING, COACHING THE CROWD INTO TRANCE AND CHANTS, WITH THOUSANDS SINGING ALONG, AND ALL I HAD TO DO WAS BLOW SOME FLUTE ON THE TOP... WAS SORTA FUN, BUT THEN THE GIGS STARTED...

WE PLAYED EVERY SHITE HOLE IN THE UK, EVERY PUB, DIVE, JOINT, MINI FESTS, AND AFTER 200 GIGS OR SO WE STARTED SELLING RECORDS AND GETTING MORE MONEY. WHAT A LAUGH! IT WAS ABOUT £ 15 POUND A WEEK. YES, WE WERE ON ISLAND RECORDS, AMONGST THE LIKES OF THE KILLS, BOB MARLY, FREE, KING CRIMSON, THE STONES, TRAFFIC, JETHRO TULL... TO NAME A FEW, AND WE WERE THE WORST... SERIOUSLY, 10.000 LPS IN THOSE DAYS WAS NOTHING... AND WE WERE THE BOTTOM OF THE PILE, AMONGST ALL THOSE GREAT DUDES, BUT WE PRESSED ON, AND WE STARTED TO GET GIGS A HIGHER CALIBRE... NORWICH CATHEDRAL AND HEIDELBERG CATHEDRAL...

THINGS WERE CHANGING... IT WAS 1971, AND IT WAS ONLY THE START. WE DECIDED TO HIRE THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL AND DO A SOLO QUINTESSENCE NIGHT, 5 DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS, IN 1972. WHAAAT?! THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL HELD 7000 PEOPLE, BUT IT SOUNDED COOL AND WE PUT A DEPOSIT DOWN, AND IT WAS DECIDED... WE WERE GOING TO PLAY THE POSHEST VENUE IN THE LAND.

HAVE A GREAT DAY... TELL SOMEONE YOU LOVE THEM...

– Raja Ram

Have the Happiest New Round Trip!

RELEASE PICKS

RADIOZORA HEAD DJ TSUBI'S MONTHLY MUSIC HIGHLIGHTS



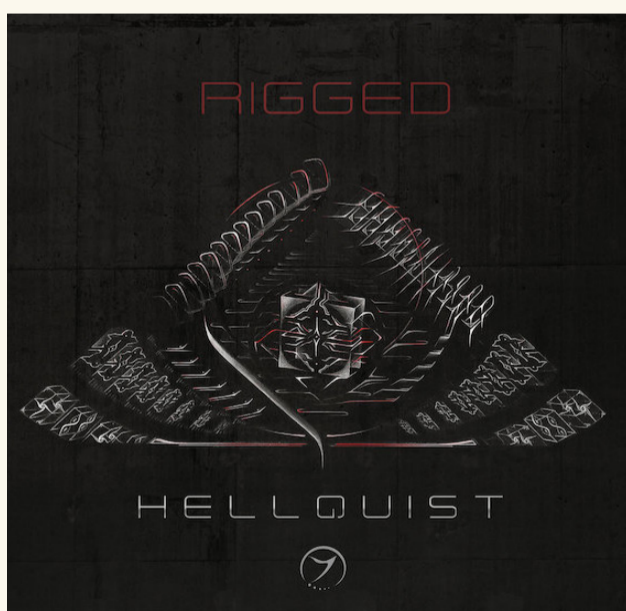
"We at Wildthings Records sit back in joy as Rowan Da Goan steps up again to showcase his unique style and production mastery in Headworks latest sonic brainstorm, Cerebral. This release is a 148-152bpm foot stomper, set to get even the laziest dancers on their feet and gyrating to this onslaught of chunky brainwaves. Fully saturated with the stuff we love - riffs galore, awash with acidic atmospheres and bass you can sit on - the Cerebral world of Headworks will no doubt have you firing on all synapses!"



"This is uncompromising deep blasting psychedelic trance! Fleshed out with futuristic sounds and electrifying tones, as well as 147 to 149 bpm noise sculpting and effects engineering. Masterfully designed for high-fidelity amplifiers, this ep has been produced with 3 sound specialists in the name of UkaUka, Render and Sense Datum. The combination is simply astonishing! This is the new Endeavour EP: Noise Engineering! Blast it loud!"



"When lockdown hit Europe in Spring 2020 we decided to make some tracks available for remixing in the hope that some friends of the label will have something to take their minds off the impending apocalypse. We thought we might get a track that we can put onto the next Bom Shanka comp. We were sent over 70 remixes. From that we condensed it down to 17 tracks All with the classic Shanka style, but all made by fresh new artists from around the globe. We really are breaking news!"



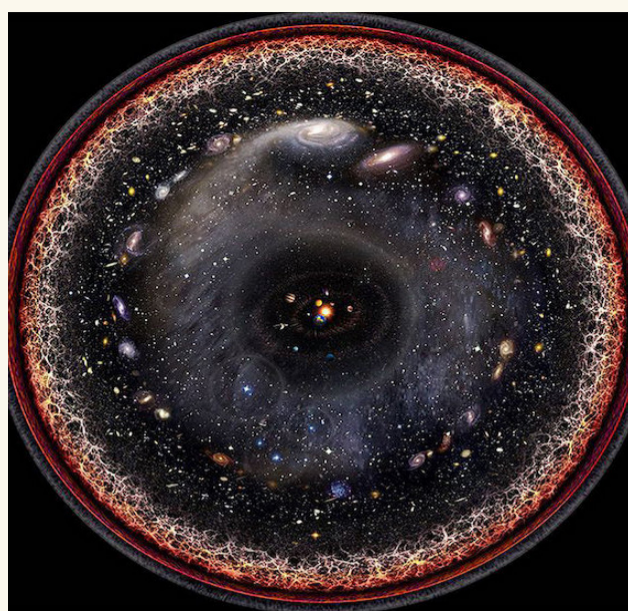
"Boss Hellquist is back with a vengeance with his new album "Rigged"! This is a new standard of dark prog excellence and features next level collaborations with Pspiralife, HypoGeo & Krumelur!"



"GusTill returns to the fray with a spectacular collection of mixes of 'Sanctuary' from his BUS project. The EP offers up remixes by Jossie Telch, Youth, Tripswitch, Gabriel Le Mar and is the first single from his forthcoming release on Dragonfly called 'Past Present, Future Tense', it even has a cheeky production and mastering injection from Neil McLellan (producer of The Prodigy)."



"We are happy to present you our 21st release. This time we bring you SAIKOZSAURUS who is from Ukraine. This EP consists of 4 tracks, 3 solo tracks and 1 remix by Saikozaorus of Face Of Space project (Shivattva & Saikozaorus). Saikozaorus had taken a short break from writing music and now he is back with his EP consisting of mystical melodies, driving & funky bass lines with organic touch to it."



"Today Dec 14th is the day of the total solar eclipse in South America. Here we mark the last great solar eclipse in Aug 2017 where we played with Marcus Henriksson at the eclipse festival in Oregon USA. The track is Million Suns, our collaboration with Marcus, released in 2018 on our Café Seven album." – System 7



"These Noodniks boys rarely come out, except in the truffle season. They're semi-hermits, unwashed, unshaved, long haired and strange...in a feral sort of way.... However, they know the difference between a Burgundy and a Bordeaux, between a Rembrandt and a Rubens. The noises that they produce in their lair are certainly strange.. deep underground synthesis...modular..4D....holographic, spirals of holograms.... twisting..... a maelstrom of ideas and landscapes... In fact, the Noodniks are gardeners in your mind.. of this strange weird planet. helium filled vocals, stream through your consciousness like coloured incense smoke..... The melodies are haunting, nostalgic of a pre-placenta experience.. Their life's mission is to pervert and stretch the boundaries of this thing called art.. so with elegance and a whiff of full psy-power, the Noodniks present their first combined collaboration with Jamie Grashion (Cosmic Trigger), Simon Posford (Shpongle) and Raja Ram (Shpongle) all together. Jamie has the best hair and Si the best hats.Raj has a patent on his moustache twister and we are all set to disappear into the unsightly world of Pagan trance. One fast number, one slow number...versatile as a trapeze artist from Utah,,, and ready as a savage hound...."



"Here is our final release for this crazy year 2020. A digital-only compilation carefully crafted by our label heads Emiel and Daksinamurti. This release is the first chapter " winter" of a new series covering the seasons. While the whole world seems to go crazy - we stayed active, focused on what we love most, and spent a lot of time working on music. In a time where we could slow down, focus on ourselves, and travel to our inner states many chose the path to a parallel universe full of stupidity, propaganda, and misinformation. Lost souls in an ever-evolving world which simple minds can't comprehend. With this release, we shift the focus to ancient and archaic techniques of ecstasy and honor those who work for the benefit of others in these times. Amba Saman (The Big Shaman) is in homage to those healers who have been with us since the birth of mankind and who's rich and colorful tradition is still alive today, visualized in the stunning cover by Rosenfeldtown. 12 Trance inducing tunes, mastered by Scorb (TRK Mastering) to send you through the three worlds and help you see the light at the end of the tunnel. The soundtrack of your sanity. Sangoma Records - Medicinal Music"



"PM" includes daytime, evening vibes with Advanced Suite's signature psydub sound – a make it up take on down to mid-tempo tripped out jilted techno from the dub streets of 5280. "Light Of Day" is a free single from Advanced Suite's recent album "PM"



LOOK FOR THE DJ TOP TEN SERIES ALSO FROM DJ Tsubi IN THE NEW YEAR!

UNTIL THEN, AND ALWAYS! IF YOU CAN, SUPPORT YOUR ARTISTS! CATCH [BANDCAMP FRIDAYS!](#)

metamorphosis 2020

BY NEDDA MAGIC ADVISOR

There is no doubt that 2020 was and is an extraordinary year in many ways. We had a lot of special events astrologically speaking, as well. We all experienced an unusual lifestyle and we have changed in a very different way than before.

Last week there were two main changes in the sky. Saturn and Jupiter have changed their positions finally, bringing a relieving wave to their effects. This meaningful metamorphosis actually activated with their great conjunction on the day of the Winter Solstice, December 21, with Jupiter and Saturn standing the closest to each other – only 0.1 degrees apart! Meanwhile, a beautiful double sextile formed between the two planets of destiny and Juno, who recently entered Sagittarius. Jupiter-Juno relationships describe events that are like a “marriage in the sky”, and Saturn-Juno meetings create lasting, long-term bonds.

Saturn, the planet of challenge, authority, and responsibility, was changing his “own” home, and from Capricorn and entered the revolutionary sign of Aquarius on December 17. Saturn in Aquarius is about organizing for the future. It is the best time to clarify our goals. It also can help us to find all the groups we belong to. Saturn had a brief stint in Aquarius earlier this year from March 21 to July 1. Now, it’s heading back into the sign of the water-bearer, staying there from December 17 until March 7, 2023, which means, again, things are just about to change.

“Saturn is the taskmaster planet of the solar system, explains Narayana Montúfar, senior astrologer for Astrology.com. It often pushes us in order to enact meaningful change. “It’s like the old sage whose teachings are sometimes dreaded, but that are so necessary for our growth and our life structure,” she says. “As he moves into Aquarius, however, his presence is expected to be a little lighter because he departs from the traditional and cold ways from Capricorn towards a much lighter and future-forward influence.”

On December 19, Jupiter, the planet of expansion, luck, growth and optimism, also moved into the innovative air sign of Aquarius, where he will stay until May 13, 2021. We needed this shift so much! In Capricorn, Jupiter gave us limitations in our options because his abundant energies were on hold. Aquarius resonates

much more with the quality of Jupiter, where his eccentric energies are supported and there’s flowing abundance, and also where our personalities become liberated. Aquarius likes to bring out our inner rebel and allows us to be unique. We can now start to feel a more positive growth and evolution in our lives. We need this encouraging energy to make our new circumstances liveable and loveable.

The Great Conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter occurred on Winter Solstice’ Day – December 21. The last time the largest planets in our solar system orbited as closely as they did this day, and were visible in the sky, was in 1226. They call this event the “Christmas Star”. Astronomers and other sky-watchers could witness a once-in-a-lifetime event, astrologers herald it as a time of rebirth. For centuries, scholars have suggested that the “Star of Bethlehem” may have actually been a “great conjunction” of bright planets. Such truly special and rare celestial phenomena call upon us to find their deeper, divine messages within our soul and mind as well. They are occasions that can bring us the opportunity for a spiritual rebirth, to experience the liberating power of divine consciousness.

The conjunction occurred in one line with Altair, the alpha star of Aquila - the Eagle constellation. According to the Greeks, the eagle is the best celestial sign, promising victory and success. It is on the Milky Way, the Path of the Gods, therefore symbolizes the eternal and indestructible soul. Altair is a world where the soul gets prepared to make quick decisions that require courage, strength, and undertake our differences compared to the masses and the usual.

We needed to surrender this year, more than ever maybe, but these big and radical changes were forcing us to build new foundations for our lives. When Jupiter and Saturn are conjunct, there are enormous shifts in power and fortune. We are and were more together, and ONE this year, in all its meanings, than any of us had experienced it before. For sure, all of us will remember this year as a very unusual one, but we can choose how and what we implement from its messages. May these rare and wonderful events remind us of how magical the universe can be.

Airy Existence for All of You in 2021!

CHANGE

CHANGE IS LIFE,
DEATH IS STILL.
YOU CHANGE
WITH EVERY BREATH
YOU TAKE.

EVERYTHING IS GONE.
NOTHING WILL BE THE SAME.

GO DEEP WITHIN
IN THIS SWEET DARKNESS
AND LIE STILL
WATCH THE CHANGE
DEEP WITHIN

EMBRACE THIS DANCE
OF EVERY MOLECULE
IN THE UNIVERSE.
ENJOY YOUR ROLE,
YOUR DANCE.

AS YOU EVOLVE DEEP INSIDE,
SO WILL YOUR WORLD MATERIALIZE.
YOUR WORLD
OUR WORLDS

ANIMALS DREAM DAY IN DAY OUT
HUMANS LOST THEIR DREAM
YOU CAN BE THOSE
WHO AWAKEN THIS SKILL
LONG LOST IN HUMANITY.
DREAMS HAVE NEVER BEEN FURTHER AWAY.
ELEVATE YOUR MAGNETIC FIELD
TO ATTRACT ALL WHAT YOU NEED.

YOU NEED TO BE THOSE WHO TEACH,
FOR YOU HAVE SEEN LOVE AND CONNECTION,
JOY, LAUGHTER AND COOPERATION UNDER THE SUN,
EMBRACING THE BODY AND ALL ITS PORES.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS TO RADIATE.

UNDERSTAND, BE COMPASSIONATE:
MOST OF YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW THIS FEELS!
MOST OF YOU HAVE NEVER FELT THIS INNER RAY.
HUMANS WANDER WITH HALF-LIT LANTERNS
DARKNESS CAN BECOME EVEN MUCH DARKER.

TEACH AND SHOW,
IN THIS NEW CHANGE.
FORGET ALL THE FORMS YOU HAVE KNOWN
AND DRAW A NEW VISION FROM THE CONTENT
YOU FEEL
DEEP WITHIN.
BUILD A HOUSE ON IT, GROW FOOD,
TALK TO THE TREES, MAKE OTHERS DREAM
AND LOVE, LOVE, LOVE,
LOVE THYSELF THE MOST.
WITH TRUE LOVE.
NO PAIN, NO GAIN.
AS YOU LIKE TO SAY.

– Zsuzsa Bakonyi aka Spiderosa

HOLIDAY REMIX

“the more, the merrier”

Once upon a time some natives chose to save some foreigners from starvation by giving them a gift, and a present, of the Three Sisters (corn, beans and squash). A story like in the proverb ‘teach a man to fish and you feed him for a lifetime’. In gratitude, there was the legendary 3-day feast of goose, cod, lobster and deer, (but not so much turkey).

From Thanksgiving we can quickly skip to December’s holiday pack that celebrates the mythical variations of a sainted gift bringer, Bishop Nicholas of Myra (= “scent of Myrrh”), who happened to be born in the 3rd century AD on what is now the southern coast of Turkey.

The most popularized version of St. Nicholas, however, is the pictorial lovechild of 19th century political cartoonist, Thomas Nast, and 20th century Swedish-born artist, Haddon Hubbard “Sunny” Sundblom, who depicted Santa for Coca-Cola ads.

Both Nast and Sunny had been inspired and created Santa Claus based on Clement Clarke Moore’s description of St. Nicholas in a popular xmas poem “[Twas the Night Before Christmas](#)”, with notable similarities to the Dutch ‘Sinterklaas’, in name and beard.

Out and about since much earlier though, the Anglo-Saxon god Wóden (who you might know as the Norse Odin) also rises in midwinter at Yuletide (synonym = Christmas), to lead the Wild Hunt across the sky on his 8-legged white steed called Sleipnir (=“The Sliding One”!), long beard flapping and all.

(Off-on topic: ‘Yule’ is from pagan winter festival ‘Jol’... down the wormhole further, it sounds just like Hungarian ‘jól’ = “good, well”. Back to ‘tide’, it’s related to the Old English for ‘time’, and to ‘tiding’ = to happen by fate’, so ‘good tidings’ would translate to ‘wish you good fortune’.

Unlike Wóden, Coke-loving Santa Claus had no ho-ho-ho-horse, but instead had a sleigh and 8 reindeer, up until a Chicago department store commissioned the 9th into being – that’s how the ruby-red-nosed Rudolph popped up, out of commercial purposes.

It turns out that some [Arctic reindeer actually have red noses](#) due to densely packed blood vessels near the skin’s surface to supply blood and regulate body temp in extremely cold places. But just to shake

things up a bit, Sinterklaas, you know, the Dutch guy, supposedly wears this nice big red ruby ring though. He also rides a white horse, who’s called... you’d never guess: Amerigo!

How do the elves come into the picture then? Well, first of all, St. Nick was originally fabled to be spooky, dark elf-like himself before he transformed into jolly ol’ Kris Kringle.

Yes, Kris Kringle. Another name Santa goes by, (in danger of multi-polar disorder), which originates from German immigrants to America and their ‘Christkind’ = “Christ Child”. C.C. Like Coca-Cola, and Coco Chanel. But she’s irrelevant to this discussion now... Coca-Cola, on the other hand, is predominantly responsible for how you’d imagine Santa in most places today.

We can also thank Coca-Cola for Santa’s elf helpers. The company commissioned Sundblom (you know, the ‘Sunny’ Swedish who drew him for the ads) to give Santa a sidekick. This was how in 1942 Sprite Boy was born. (Sounds better than Elf Boy, true that. Imagine drinking an ‘Elf’ now.)

Coincidentally, the date of the death of the Byzantine ‘protector and helper of those in need’ Nicholas is commemorated on December 6. Here things get jingle-jangled up a bit... Because in some homes St. Nicholas, who looks like Santa Claus, leaves stuff in clean boots kids put out for him on December 6... But then he revisits for Christmas Day as Father Christmas aka Santa Claus, bringing gifts to good, and bad kiddies. (But how does not having a postcard-perfect chimney open for traffic affect the events, do you know?)

I heard if you leave out cookies and milk for Santa, you earn extra points. But then what about the angels and their crumbs of sweet poppy seed noodles that you set out in tiny saucers on windowsills? Or is that just in my family? Like the fluffs of Father Christmas’ beard, (much like cotton in texture, if you’re wondering), that get caught on the Christmas Tree.

A-n-y-w-a-y, Christmas is also when, though biblically not recorded or set until the 3rd century, baby Jesus was born. You know, the Christ Child, Kris Kringle... Nevermind this now... The three wise men from the East, following the The Star of Bethlehem, (supposedly the last visible great conjunction of its kind before this

December’s Christmas Star, which we hope floods us in celestial enlightenment), took him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh (symbolizing kingship on earth, deity, and death). Accordingly, J.C. grew up to be quite wise and spread teachings fit for a Buddhist monk. And his mother was Mary and her son, the Lamb of God.

Now, if I haven’t lost you in the thick boughs of holly yet... we get to the exciting loop part! It happens that the same Josepha Hale who led a one-woman campaign for Thanksgiving to become a national holiday through 17 years and four presidencies until President ‘Honest-Abe’ Lincoln proclaimed it as such in 1863, is also the writer of the nursery rhyme we know as ‘Mary Had a Little Lamb’.

Do you know who else had a lamb, and was by chance born on December 25, to a virgin, they say? Mithra, ancient Indo-Iranian god of light, (mentioned as Vedic Mitra as far back as 1400 BC, “mitra” meaning “friend” in Sanskrit). He is often represented carrying a lamb on his back too. His followers, however, celebrated spring equinox, which remains an annual astronomical event to this very day, when the northern and southern hemispheres of Earth are equally illuminated in March.

So, while some rejoice at the rebirth of nature and springborn new life, others celebrate the resurrection of “the light of the world” (John 8:12) by way of Westworld’s moveable feast named after Eostre, the Teutonic goddess of dawn and fertility, symbolized by the rabbit and the egg.

Who’s who, when is what, and who’s got it right and who does not, you’re tempted to ask. I mean, with all these layers, loops and effects, you do start to wonder about stuff that might have got lost in the remixes. Alongside focus.

For isn’t it all, and aren’t we all simply synonymous fractaling expressions within a cycle of rebirths, like the karmic cycle of Samsāra denoting the “cyclicity of all life, matter, existence”?

And while we question what the true stories are, where reality starts and ends, we keep losing sight of what all the human remixes are about... Love & Light must have something to do with it all...

GOOD TIDINGS!
– Lady Holly Anyway

Prophetishu

– Soul Dessert with a Sprinkling of Poppy Seeds –

Since The Prophet went monthly paperless to bridge the distances between us, and not let the clockwork get too rusty while we wait to dive back into making the festival's daily 'proper' Prophet, we marked an obvious Turning Point, and both a Leap in our calendar year and our Paradise. But it did not stop the Horsemen from Lighting Our Fire. Then in August we focused on more Sacred Moments, reported about some truly underground events that saved a bit of the summer season, and reminded us of our beginnings and headings. In September we started exploring 'what's happening when it's not', welcomed willow babies in our Valley, and tried to keep spirits from plummeting, to put some faith back into the power of our connectedness. October's gold was harvest time with psycultural food for the mind and music for the soul, but also news from the mothership finally. Then November came and rained in more music from our multiverse with a special Prophet-issue, calling you to visualize next year's reality as we would be so very, very relieved and overjoyed to experience it together. It's December. And then... Ta-ta-ta-taaaaammmmm... 2021.

“meta morph oz is meta morph is us”

Our tribe was never about giving up, we're a crazy, passionate bunch. Even before we found out about each other, before we got connected, we've been struggling, creating and living for our alternate versions of reality for decades. All the challenges and changes so far have just brought more of us together, more of us spreading 'plur' ideals and mindset. This can't suddenly change overnight... Overnight, because when we are there, looking back to where we are now, it will seem like a blink of an eye... Maybe a pretty heavy-lidded eye blink, but still... A blink in human history. And I can't imagine opening up our eyes to the same sight as when we had to shut it for this blink...

It's our nature to dream big, feel deeply and manifest towards better, time bends around our matter, and what matters. Our Heart may have skipped a beat, but it's still beating... (Can you hear it, right now, as it beats, everywhere around the world, little pulsing signal lights, to the same rhythms and desires and sorrows and fears and joys, together with the one in your chest?) We'll push on through this cosmic birth canal yet. Take a deep breath. See you on the other side.

Cmokk, novi

