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W.O.W. SERIES - MEMORY PALACE

METAMORPHOSIS W D. PINCHBECK

COMMUNITY COLUMN

DJ TOP TEN



photo - laszlo kun

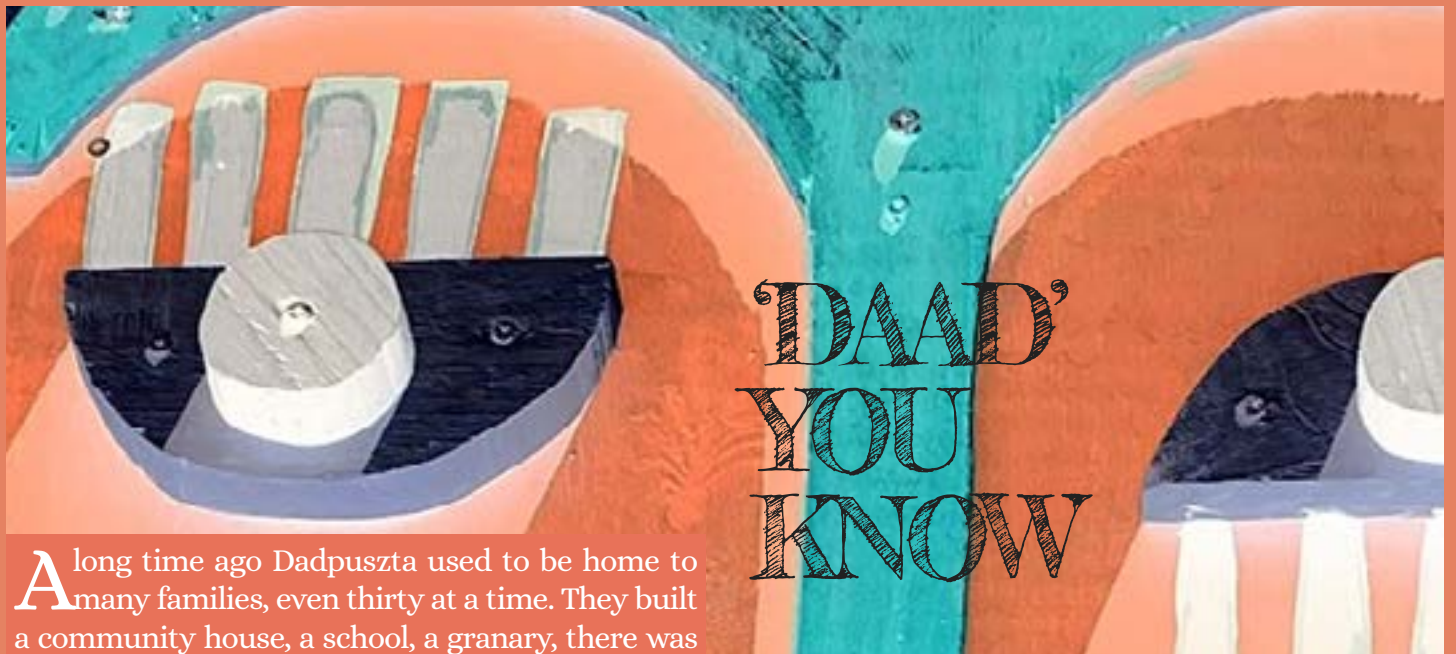
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ONE STEP BEYOND

NEWS
FROM THE
MOTHERSHIP

We see even more clearly now that it was the right decision to make the big wait for our next Ozorian reunion a year longer. Now, when we're reigniting the party engines, we know we'll need the time to put on a larger scale event and welcome the whole tribe back properly after such a long time apart. There's still way too many uncertainties, various restrictions, predictions and risks to sail smoothly for a fully inclusive, global get-together.

So, call it a warm-up or a dress rehearsal, but we feel we're taking one step beyond (all the madness:) with the August 6 Daad Gathering and hopefully get recharged enough to plunge into making OZORA 2022 the best we can imagine, with all of us together again. Travel is still just picking up, solutions that would suit each and every one of us are still chaotic, but if your circumstances allow you, or the chance has you around, we welcome you to join us at Daad and get the show rolling!



‘DAAD’ YOU KNOW

A long time ago Dadpuszta used to be home to many families, even thirty at a time. They built a community house, a school, a granary, there was work for the residents, and a wonderful world for the children to grow up in. They were born, loved, lived, and died here... OZ.Q.R.A.’s founder ‘Danibácsi’ was asked in an [interview](#) about the history and energies of the valley, and he said:

“When I am out working on the land, I don’t readily stop everywhere if I have to get out to pee... There are places where you feel as if you were surrounded, and there are places where you don’t... or is it just the madness...” he twinkles with a grin.

Whatever you choose to believe (it’s true, they say:), Dadpuszta no doubt has special magnetism. Wanderers, artists and music lovers were first drawn here for the 1999 solar eclipse, and the Valley has since been home to OZ.Q.R.A. for almost two decades. In the meantime a small village grew out of the ground again; organically evolving and blending with nature.

The idea of another event had been forming for a long time, another few days when the fields could be filled with those who long here... When OZ.Q.R.A. had to be postponed again, it seemed the right time to set ‘Daad’ on its way and push this new offshoot into the Valley’s and our own history.

The first event here since the lockdowns, this Daad-debut will clearly be different, but still similar in spirit to the events the grounds have hosted so far. But we’ll also be able to see first-hand what challenges the post-pandemic chapter holds, prepare better for the Ozorian big blast, and of course, get some of the piled up hugs and loving out there. So, in just a few days (August 6), life will fill the Valley again. However, the Main Stage will remain closed, until OZ.Q.R.A. ‘22.

Dadpuszta is the location of Ozora Festival, the Zimanyi family’s homestead, filled with history and the many stories that begin there... but for the first time since its ‘99 Solipse-inception, the festivalgrounds will be hosting an event that is not anchored to psytrance...

The Dome will be center stage, hosting Hungarian and international titans of techno, like the minimal-tech-microhouse master of the [\[a:rpia:r\]](#) collective, [Rhadoo](#). The Dragon delicatessen will include the French one-man-band, mad scientist of synth creations, watermelon! playing [Mezerg](#), while ‘electrosensual and melancholetric’ [Christian Löffler](#) is closing the Nest on August 8 with a String Ensemble. [Peter Makto](#) is bringing Truesounds into the Groove, globally illuminated David Vigh’s [Takkra](#) is setting the shamanic spirit-pace at the Bucka stage – which will stand in place of the Ambyss by the Lake, to serve up some ‘traditional’ stomping for goanauts, including the [Psybaba Allstars](#).

You can also spend the weekend in motion at the Pyramid with yoga, contemporary dance and martial arts programs. The little ones can embark on a fairytale adventure in Bushyland, you can dive into the world of minerals and visit scientific lectures at the Microcosmos, do arts and crafts on the Dragon Terrace, and check out the Art Call-winning artworks at the Mirador.

We’ll be putting our best foot forward, fingers crossed: Will it be like riding a bicycle...?

PICKS - RADIOZORA'S LATEST RELEASE HIGHLIGHTS



MISAKI - AAVV
PSYCHEDELIC
CONNECTION
BLAKLITE



FOLIAGE
RÓZSADOMB
VISIONARY MINDS



EMOG
SOLARIS
MERKABA



ANDROCELL
FIB
ANDROCELL



WOLF TECH
THE DREAM
SHANTI PLANTI



GOLANSKI
XXETEXX, VOL. 04
DIGITAL STRUCTURES



JIKOOHA &
TSUYOSHI SUZUKI
UFO PHENOMENON
(ETNICA RMX)
MATSURI DIGITAL



SOME1
FOREST TALES
IONO



MELLONSKOP
VA - BACK 2 BLAST
PSYNON



M.ECKO
CIO7 - VA - STELLAR
THEATHER
ADN



SPECIES
AD ASTRA
TECHSAFARI



HADRA
20 YEARS OF
RESISTRANCE
HADRA



NAUTIS
KOLORFONIA
MANTRA



DHARANA
HUMANS (16 BIT)
ZENON



YABBA DABBA
WEIRD BY NATURE
SANGOMA



WEIRDELIC
ALL TOGETHER
RANDOM

INTERVIEW

OZ.Q.R.A FESTIVAL AND GROUNDS' OWNER, ARPAD ZIMANYI AND PROMOTER WEGHA DID AN INTERVIEW FOR A HUNGARIAN NEWS PORTAL, [24.HU](https://www.24.hu), ABOUT THE FIRST DAAD GATHERING – THIS IS THE TRANSLATION OF THE [INTERVIEW BY DAVID KATZ](#).

THE TECHNO FEST INSTEAD OF OZORA IS GONNA TAKE MORE WORK THAN BALATON SOUND

Ozora is considered one of the five most important trance festivals in the world. The one-week program is mainly attended by foreigners. However, because of Covid, as last year, the event pumping since 2004 has been postponed again. At the beginning of August this year, the organizers are holding a three-day jamboree in the nearby Dádpuszta called the DAAD Gathering, mainly for Hungarians. We interviewed Andras Toth “Wegha” promoter and Arpad Zimanyi, the owner of the estate and the event, at an enchanted venue.



the dome – ozora visitor group fave share

This is my third time at Ozora, and I have to say, it's a remarkable place even without the blasting trance music. What does this land do in between festivals?

Aprad Zimányi: There is preparation in between two Ozoras. Visitors arrive all year long, because of the exciting installations, we also get regular visits from neighbouring schools, kindergartens, retirement clubs and martial arts associations. Friends can also get the venue for weddings.

Were there any other festivals that wanted to rent it?

A.Z.: We wouldn't allow that, because it would disrespect Ozorians.

You decided that there wouldn't be Ozora this year in May. Seeing how the regulations are easing up, have you regretted the cautiousness?

Andras Toth: We weren't being too cautious, as the majority of our guests, mainly coming from other countries, wouldn't be able to come due to various Covid- protocols. We've sold quite a lot of tickets in South America and Israel, our fans there are locked in by Covid. In other words, we made the right decision. It wouldn't have been fair to hold the event without the whole festival tribe.

Have you bought back the tickets stuck in from 2020 and '21?

A.T.: We've developed a ticket exchange system, but the number of people who took advantage of this opportunity was below 1%.

Instead of the week-long Ozora, there will be another new festival called Daad, also organized by you.

A.T.: We would have held Daad even if there was Ozora, we've been talking about it for years.

A.Z.: This is what we had in plan for a season opening. We've been thinking about it for a long time, and it's now that the plans have ripened. DAAD is musically different from Ozora, less goa, more techno.

Are you expecting the usual crowd?

A.T.: Partly. Techno's been present at Ozora for some time too, we think it will work on its own. The setting itself is enough to attract the usual crowd.

Did DAAD become a techno festival to be more suited, in lack of guests from other countries, to the tastes of the Hungarian visitors?

A.T.: Techno wasn't the key point, but to make it different from Ozora. Techno is the genre that could be interesting to an Ozorian, but also to someone who hasn't been here yet. There's so much overlapping today, techno DJs play trance tracks and the other way around. At the end of the nineties, the genres were more separated from each other, trance couldn't even be compared to techno back then. As for the audience: everybody goes to all kinds of parties nowadays.

When you planned to have DAAD before Ozora, you couldn't have known that Balaton Sound, which is quite strong in techno as well, would not be held in the end. However, this way you can hope to have cool Sounders among your guests like Pumped Gabo.

(Ed. -Pumped Gabo is a Hungarian bodybuilding reality starlet who was discovered at Balaton Sound 2015 and has become somewhat of a media presence since.)

A.Z.: We expect people who are nature-friendly, and not necessarily those who are attached to urban conditions. The people who move out here for a few days accept the discomfort. A bit more work goes into this party than walking back to your holiday rental at the end of the night.

Fortunately, the people who come here have either already been before, or get well informed about what to expect. You can't find many ad hoc party people here. Ozora and DAAD demands some preparation.

You count on a tenth of the Ozora participants. For so few people, which Ozorian stage will you be firing up?

A.Z.: We're using all stages except the Main Stage, which is kind of a gesture towards those who are stuck at home, with whom we will hopefully reopen it together next year. Almost half of the original staff will be here, as operating the venue is not directly proportional to the number of festival visitors.

The world's most famous trance DJs perform at Ozora. What will be the techno DJ lineup like at Daad?

A.T.: Due to the lack of time, our job was hard, but we invited big names like Marcel Dettman, Mezerg, Christian Löffler, Rhadoo, Etapp Kyle.

Ozora is considered one of the five best trance festivals in the world. What's the goal with Daad?



A.Z.: Time will tell, what it grows into. However it may be, a lot of people from home and nearby European countries are coming now.

Having read the Hungarian Ozorians FB group, I wouldn't be surprised if some Ozora-fan would pop up one to organize a spontaneous party.

A.Z.: A group had already been, they asked me very nicely if they could 'ozora' a little, not party, just walk around the venue. They sent me a list of names, arrived, wandered around for two hours, they rode the merry-go-round at the Main Stage, had a good time, and went home.

I guess, there were few veteran Ozorians, who got offended that their festival was not being held, while another one is.

A.Z.: Yes, there were a few.

Until now, you didn't need to think too much about marketing strategy, Ozora spun into world fame on its own. Will you trust the promotion of the new event to spread by word of mouth too?

A.T.: We had an ugly affair in 2012 when the police raided the festival territory because of a Hír TV report. Because of this, afterwards, we felt the quieter Ozora goes down, the better. Anybody who wanted to come, knew when, where they had to come even without promotion.

A.Z.: Hír TV and the police did a lot of advertising for us, even if this hadn't been their original goal. In the following year, unfortunately, we had people arrive, who had heard about the festival from the news, and diluted the audience quite a lot. Luckily, in 2015 the government introduced that photo registration with all kinds of data is an entry condition for events with over twenty-five thousand people. Thanks to this, the problematic guests fell away.

But how are you promoting DAAD then?

A.T.: Working from ground up we gathered a few thousand people who want to party.

A.Z.: We're not rushing anywhere, we don't have to take two steps at a time. At the first Ozora in 2004 there were 900 people, at the last one thirty thousand. We would be satisfied with a similar pace at DAAD too.



FESTIVAL OUTLOOKS

“SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO NOW?
SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO NOW?
IF I GO, THERE WILL BE TROUBLE
AND IF I STAY, IT WILL BE DOUBLE”

The Clash



FESTIVAL NEWBIE

“A BEGINNING IS THE TIME FOR TAKING THE MOST DELICATE CARE THAT THE BALANCES ARE CORRECT.
- FRANK HERBERT, DUNE

ARRAKIS

“ARRAKIS FESTIVAL IS OUR SPICE PLANET WHERE THOSE WHO DESIRE TO BE HEALED BY MUSIC CAN MEET. WE AWAIT YOU IN THE REALM OF HOLY WATER, HIDDEN BENEATH THE SANDS OF DUNE, IN CSOBANKAPUSZTA. THE SPICE IS TECHNO, ACID, AND THE ORIGINAL SOURCE IS GOA.”



Besides OZORA, another well-known psychedelic venue has debuted a new minifest – Arrakis, which took place in Csobankapuszta, the home of the S.U.N. Festival at the end of June, and kickstarted the minifest-ed summer season. All eye witnesses agree that it was a perfect gathering of friends and freaks in the limited number possible, fully tribal and underground. The long weekend event was true in spirit to the more traditional sounds of the scene too,

mainly serving up goa, acid, topped with techno, as it seems the trend among trancers in Hungary. But a very unique Arrakis treat was being a vinyl-only blast, with the complimentary analogue feel. One of the organizers, Bartok Barbi also revealed that they definitely plan on continuing to spice things up, but not necessarily tied to a venue. They plan on holding Arrakis in different places around Hungary, kind of like a pop-up fest. Let's hope this tradition lives long.



“THE SPICE EXTENDS LIFE. THE SPICE EXPANDS CONSCIOUSNESS. THE SPICE IS VITAL TO SPACE TRAVEL.”- PRINCESS IRULAN, ‘DUNE’
- FRANK HERBERT

photo – attila bel

"DEEP IN THE HUMAN UNCONSCIOUS IS A PERVERSIVE
NEED FOR A LOGICAL UNIVERSE THAT MAKES SENSE.
BUT THE REAL UNIVERSE IS ALWAYS ONE STEP BEYOND
LOGIC."

– FRANK HERBERT, DUNE

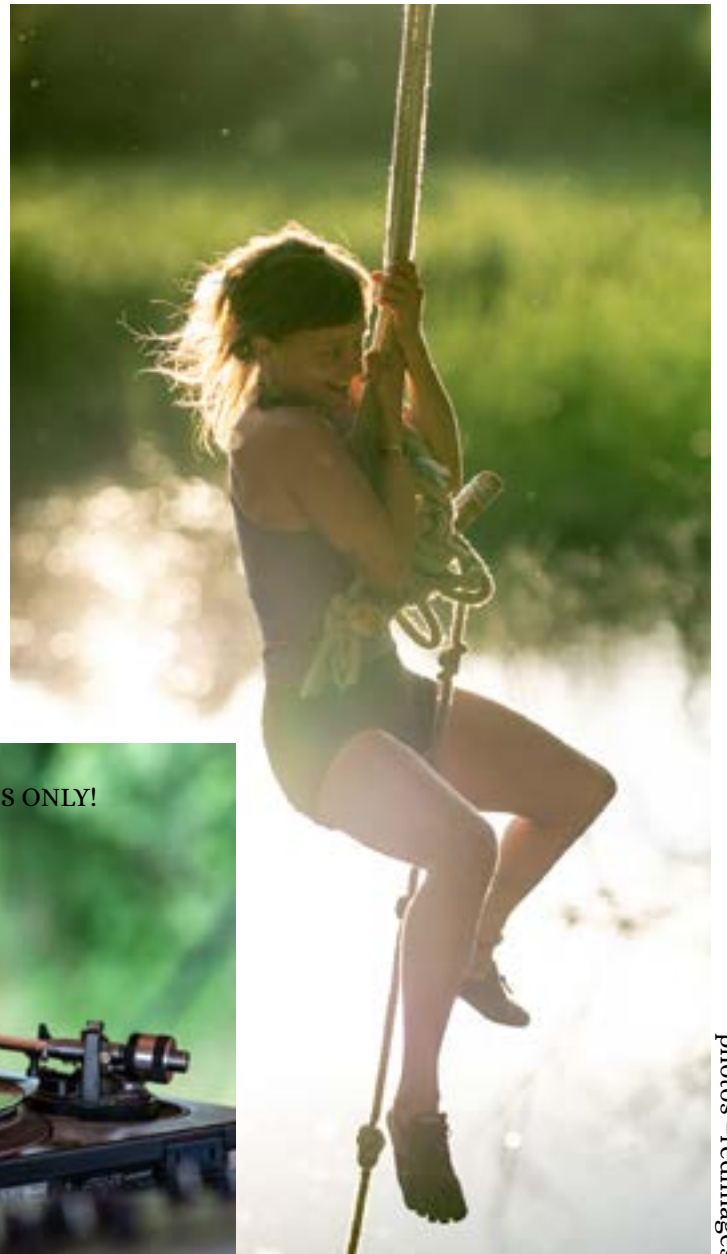


photos – redimages

"WITHOUT CHANGE SOMETHING SLEEPS INSIDE
US, AND SELDOM AWAKENS. THE SLEEPER MUST
AWAKEN."

– FRANK HERBERT, DUNE

"Arrakis Festival, brings to the foreground 'classical' electronic music styles (acid, goa trance and techno) to the great delight of the "veteran" members of the scene. Of course, the event was not only for them, the visitors could also meet a large number of youth curious about the atmosphere of the old days. The theme of the festival was provided by the timeless classic of Frank Herbert' "Dune", which appeared, in addition to the stage names, in the online design elements, and the national record-breaking hottest day we arrived on also amped up the desert feel." (full Hungarian review by [Attila Beli aka Ikoza & Szilvacska](#))



photos – redimages

RECORDS ONLY!





photo -redimages

“THE DIFFERENCE IS AS GREAT BETWEEN THE OPTICS SEEING AS THE OBJECTS SEEN. ALL MANNERS TAKE A TINCTURE FROM OUR OWN; OR COME DISCOLOR'D THROUGH OUT PASSIONS SHOWN; OR FANCY'S BEAMEN LARGES, MULTIPLIES, CONTRACTS, INVERTS, AND GIVES TEN THOUSAND DYES.”

Alexander Pope (1846). “An Essay on Man: In Four Epistles to H. St. John (Lord Bolingbroke). To which are Added, The Universal Prayer, An Essay on the Knowledge and Character of Men, and Other Pieces, with Note”

INTERVIEW

INCLUSIVELY EXCLUSIVE,

UBIKEKLEKTIK FESTIVAL

NOVISHARI

Once upon a time in a galaxy far-far away some kids got together and went out to play... That's just how I would start your story, the story of a seemingly magical organism, Ubik-all, that loves and breathes beautiful freedom. (Which, if ever was a good motto to reflect the more widespread 'love'n'light' or 'plur' ideals in Hungarian, it's how you start and end things with: "SzépSzabadság") But let me not put more words into your mouth, Görög Miki:

- What do you consider the very first steps UbikEklektik took, which were essential for coming to where it is now, the 6th arts and music, and joyfully unbounded subcultural gathering?

GM: The idea and the intention to create a festival was born at a houseparty in Barcelona, during the 2014 tour of the Bohemian Betyars. This was the time when we got to know a lot of different festivals:

Boom, Fusion or Boomtown Fair, which were all sort of precursors to the projects that came later. We organized our first event called UbikEklektik, which was not a festival at the time but a one-day event, at the end of 2014. Many of our friends played live music, others were DJ's and organized parties, many were involved in the visual arts, and we wanted to hold a gathering where all these different micro-communities could celebrate together. Over time as more and more groups and collectives joined we started to organize festivals. Each of them brings their own unique vibes to create an Eklektik and colorful celebration. The constant collaboration among these diverse groups of people, the mutual acceptance among all Ubik travelers is, I think, a strong foundation.

- I called it 'subcultural'... but do you think we have a duty, or the ability, to shoot much-needed new ways of coexisting, caring, thinking, and living from our underground roots into culture in general? Is that also a purpose? Or is it just fun and games? Or perhaps, is it reaching important goals in a different way than had been done before?

GM: I believe in creating a world in which attentive and caring ways of living are emphasized, and inviting people into that world with an open heart. It's fun and games nevertheless, with the aim of making people feel more involved and be more active in the community. They embrace it and hopefully the good experiences are preserved outside the festival as well and passed on to the larger community.



- Along this sideline, I also want to ask your opinion on how we can create beautiful freedom in countries and societies that are stuck in outdated systems and psychological darkrooms where you are hurled obstacles as soon as your nonconformist presence is noticed by authorities and greed-driven profiteers? Should we strive to exist as self-sufficiently as we can, powered by our tribal communities and in low radar survival mode, or should we try breaking the ice age of meaningful and more active social existence...?

GM: To do anything nonconformist, to create something new, is in fact extremely difficult in such societies, but small unique communities can provide a model for a more collective and accepting life with greater equality. We must gradually build a new society. I believe if small communities that come together in different ways but with similar goals connect and form alliances, they can gradually become capable of a much more active social engagement around their common causes. I think we can all learn a lot from Reclaim Club Culture or the Tbilisi demonstrations in connection with Bassiani, where representatives of a subculture were able to act as a real force for shaping society.

- This year's motto is: *Ne Álld El Mások Elöl a Napot!* Don't Stand in the Way of Another's Sun. Is this where your answer lies? What is the problem this could be the solution to? :

GM: The quoted motto is a paraphrase of an old anecdote attributed to Diogenes, the Greek philosopher who, when Alexander the Great offered him anything he could ask of him, said, "Stand out of my sunlight!". This is of course not a straightforward answer to anything, but a part of the Quasi-Policy, a set of guidelines and words of advice for living together. They are:

- IT IS FAIR TO ASK, IT IS NICE TO GIVE.
- YOU ARE YOUR ENVIRONMENT, DON'T STEP ON YOUR OWN FEET!
- WHEN THEY CALL, WE GO, THEY ARE US.
- DON'T BLOCK THE SUN FROM OTHERS!
- BLOW YOURSELF OUT, DON'T GET SUCKED IN.
- AS LONG AS WE CAN GET UP, WE STAY. IF WE CAN'T, WE GO.

- And besides the obvious, what message or meaning does *Szépszabsdság* have for you and your crew? Is it like a password that if someone knows can gain entry through the wardrobe into another universe? Or do you need more to enter? What's that universe like, what can you find there, what can your create there and from it?

GM: *Szépszabadság!*, (or in its international form: *Belle Liberté!*) is a greeting, an invitation or calling, but really a state of mind and consciousness that everyone who enters into the Ubikiverse through the wardrobe experiences. It's the eternal and permanent state of the Ubikiverse that encompasses all the different elements and tribes, the mythology and it's characters, the adventurers and the adventures.

- A few words about the Ubik tribe, then and now?

GM: I. UbikEklektik - setting off, wing attachment
"Some people notice each other. It is noticed by others, who are also noticed by others, but at the same time there are others who are noticed by others who will only become happily aware of it much later. They are the ubiquitous travelers, the Ubikiverse, the ever-moving messengers of slipping realities, who set out to welcome the coming together with words, dance and movement, with thumping rhythms and loud cheers; "when everything - falls into place". Three days - three nights." (2015)

II UbikEklektik - the first outlines

"One crouches down and curiously picks up a sunbeam spinning on the ground. The second one beams as he tells it to the third, who listens in rapt attention. The fourth brings a huge canvas, the fifth and the sixth a magical glowing pillar; on it ancient writing with ciphered signs. The seventh brings games and colours, another hundred enthusiasm and magic; ideas, themselves. Then the same from the beginning, only in alternate line-ups; now he begins with noise and silence, and he continues with planets and marbles, then they follow with ever-voiced deep-field floating, and they answer with the ancient throb of far-off lands. From the increasingly melodious haste and accelerating rotation two elements emerge; the image of wind and earth; Deepfields and TakaTuka." (2016)

The legend of the smouldering cold-well,

"A soft breeze rustles a hazel bush in the cover of a deserted well. The hazelnut bush heats up and gets filled with life. The breeze thickens into a wind, the hazel bush dances, the well is enflamed; from its depths new melodies spring up gracefully; holding hands, the elements of fire and water appear. Azure and Fríz. The constellation is within a wingspan." (2017; February)
And the saga continues..

- Among the changes for this year, is a new venue. Tell us about it, what were some of the crew's expectations for an ideal place and how does Felsotárkány satisfy those?

GM: Felsotárkány is also known as the gateway to the Bükk, an extremely beautiful natural landscape where people can wander and go for trips. The festival is located in a large meadow, which makes the celestial phenomena such as sunset, sunrise and moonrise particularly beautiful. Another huge advantage of the site is the basic infrastructure, with well-maintained roads, running water and toilets.

- Tell us also about another novelty, that you've chosen to leave out FB from the festival promotion rounds and go [Slack yourself](#).

GM: A complete disappearance is still to come. We are trying to ensure that our social media platforms focus not on our performers, but on the values and vibes we represent. It is indeed a big undertaking, with a lot of criticism from within the organisation, but I am confident that in the long run the energy spent on community building will pay off. We chose Slack because it allows us to communicate more directly and transparently with the community than Facebook does for example.

- I recommend everyone to check out the fresh [UbikEklektik webpage](#), and join the Slack-paved Ubikverse, for all the wondrous content, stories of the tribes, and how you became one big family, but could you just tell us a bit about this year's storyboard and ceremonial plans? What are some of the crazy ideas that you're playing out this summer's end?

GM: The four elements of our mythology now return in the theme of the festival days, each day symbolising a different element, in a different order each year. This year we start the festival with Earth Day, a green and brown opening ceremony. The second day stands for the Wind, a huge white party with a real wedding for the first "Ubikfamily". The third day is for Water, that stands for constant change, with blues and fluidity. The last day and the closing ceremony is dedicated to the eternal Fire.

- About being limited to 1000 guests, about doing what you do through restrictions and lockdowns and into the future. How do you intend to keep to this limitedness, why is it important, when undoubtedly, even your Ubik tribe is growing (hip-hip-hooray for the first Ubik baby whose parents are getting married during the Wind day of the festival:)) and we, alternative solution seekers, are drawn to Ubik-kind of realities like moths to light...More and more of us as word spreads:)

GM: From the very beginning, the UbikEklek concept has been about a small-scale festival. The friendly and involving "everybody knows everybody" atmosphere, the mutual support towards each other, the real sense of community can be more effectively created and experienced at such scales. This of course does not exclude the possibility of having an event in the Ubikverse someday that overrides these limitations and makes a common celebration possible for a larger group of people with a different concept.

- "Ubik - omnipresent, eklektik - broad and diverse". How does this year's program, and perhaps all the projects that are connected to your community's and tribes' throughout the year, reflect this? What are the extreme two points of this ars poetica for the 2021 happening? (thinking of Pilinszky recited in the church, Davoria in the bush?)

GM: Ubik is a small community, which is itself a union of small creative communities who do a lot of various things during the rest of the year. This year, for example, we are joined by the Zengeto team, the Mumush festival from Transylvania, and the Eventsure tribe from Belgium. The diversity of these various groups do not create extremes or opposites, they are all mutually reinforcing each other and the concept of the festival.

- What is something that is definitely a no-no at your festival? What is something that is Ubik-guaranteed?

GM: We don't like to forbid things. We created the Quasi-Policy with the aim to direct our everyday actions and connections with our fellow Ubik-citizens. It contains guidelines for living together peacefully. If everyone tries to approach these words of advices as much as they can, I believe there can't be too much trouble.

-If someone is preparing to enter the Ubikverse, what should they definitely know, expect, and come prepared with?

GM: Be prepared to come as a participant and not a spectator, get involved, contribute!

- What are you looking forward to the most at this edition?

GM: We will introduce some new ideas and games that support forming communities, getting to know each other and feeling connected with other adventurers. For now, the exact details are shrouded in mystery.

BELLE LIBERTÉ!



photo - fani sutus



map of ubik-farm 2017 - andrew pissinger

“WELCOME TRAVELLER!
WE MADE IT LAST YEAR, WE GOT
TOGETHER AND DANCED AROUND
WITH JOY. LET’S DREAM BIGGER
THIS YEAR! OLD AND NEW FRIENDS,
REFRESHING ENCOUNTERS, THE BIGGEST
CELEBRATION OF THE UBIKVERZUM: IT’S
CALLED THE ALIGNMENT AND IT WILL BE
BETTER THAN EVER. “



photo - barbara munkacsy

8/25-29
FELSOTARKANY

"THE PAST IS LATENT, IS SUBMERGED, BUT STILL THERE, CAPABLE OF RISING TO THE SURFACE ONCE THE LATER IMPRINTING UNFORTUNATELY--AND AGAINST ORDINARY EXPERIENCE--VANISHED. THE MAN CONTAINS--NOT THE BOY--BUT EARLIER MEN, HE THOUGHT. HISTORY BEGAN A LONG TIME AGO."

Philip K. Dick – Ubik



SEEDS OF PARADISE

“THE
GARDEN
IS COMING
HOME.
HOME
INTO THE
WORLD.

THE
GARDEN
IS FUTURE
TIME.
THE
GARDEN
FILLS
ME WITH
GRATITUDE.

THE
GARDEN IS
LIKE LOVE
- IT SAVES
YOU.”

ANGELA THEISZ

WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS I DOING FOR 26 YEARS?

Of course, I know exactly what I was doing. – I have about 400 kilos of kids and that four hundred kilos will only be more because Barka will be born soon after Mimma too – they are the forerunners of my grandchildren (phew, that sounds heavy, but it’s true!). So there was, and there is plenty to do, but how I managed not to get out into the garden for so long, I simply can’t understand.

More so, because I grew up in a garden. Until my preschool age, I was raised by my grandparents, and a saintly grandfather, who went to Mass at least twice a day, and worked, and went to the woods every day too. In addition, he maintained such a miraculous garden on a crop share plot of land that everyone from the extended family, even the lonely aunts, got plenty from. Of course, Papa was not only well acquainted with plants, and with the good lord and all the saints, and the stars, and all the healing herbs and mushrooms in the forest and fields, but after his politically rewarded imprisonment, he also nicely maintained his life-long maladies with the medicines he made, and the daily home-made

kefir, good Sopron red wine. He was well acquainted with gentleness and moderation too, so in whatever way he consumed “nectar,” he did so only in healing or sacramental ways.

I grew up in a garden and live in a garden, that is, on a church-shaped, very steep fragment of what was once a vineyard by the side of an old house. There is a pretty high and pointy tower, you can see all the way to the Velebits from its top, from there we can look out towards the sea, from under the linden trees, and it's the place I only got up to last spring. My children, thank god, have taken possession of not only this hilltop grove, but also of the unfenced, walkable (untraversable), areas on the hill trekked by wild animals.

Nowadays, I encounter wild animals in the garden too, because I wake with the sun, that is, at 4.44 (it's impossible for me to get up at a “normal” time, say 7.00, but I know there are others too, who prefer to make verse from a wake-up)... I rise with the sun to be “normal” - because I'm very emotional, but you could even say that I'm too passionate - I thought I'd matured enough by now not to be melodramatic, and I figured that if I get up early enough, then by the time the others get up, I'd be already smiling (it works, gottseidank, though my first few hours also include breathing exercises and lamenting in the garden). When I grow up, and I am even more normal, I'm sure I'll call it differently. And it's been a year since there is a garden, that it is a garden!

They say, a garden serves as a good sublimation ground to compensate for love-longing, and well, I always have that too, even next to the 4.44 and the garden. It all started when I cheerfully asked my sons to tackle the hillside and cut out the impenetrable jungle (this is a euphemism, I believe), that our thorough neglect had resulted in. Because this place was once a vineyard enriched with fruit trees. My dear, energetic, and persevering children cleared the garden so thoroughly that by the time I came to my senses, in place of the garden there was the barren sight of terrible extermination, dense with protruding stumps... I got a terrified text message too, from our young, heartfelt friend:

“You've been on my mind for days. I had a dream last night. I saw the house from a drone shot, from a bird's eye view. The house was standing there and you could clearly see the outlines of the plot. You know why? Because there were no trees. No plants. And I was very sad in my dream and worried about



what had happened.” Well that's what happened.

I could barely wait to do away with the ruins and devote myself to the idea I had imagined when I was expecting my first child. The idea that there should be a paradise here, right now! Of course, my husband - who's been living his merry city life as a happy bachelor for the past two and a half years - enlightened me that there was no such thing. And well, unfortunately, as good as we were with our many kids and even more of our friends (I think I have the biggest household in town), this garden thing we were no good at. It's just that whenever I got into the swing of things, because I had broken free a bit from motherhood and jumped on doing something with my usual vehemence, or envisioned huge gar-

bage (plastic bottles polytunnel) installations, he held his head and moaned. In other words, during our glorious 25 years together our intention shrunk to the point where with our own hands (with his, because I cooked the dishes washed mucked out-sewed knitted redeemed the world but also kept up a whole real household) the most we did was mow the grass to be level. The way we levelled it out on a slope was that we didn't have earth removed or brought, but worked with what we had, what we have and as much.

That's also how we designed our house, so that everything there was could be preserved. One night spent in the clouds, I made the house, the ideal house from clay. My spouse also drew one for a similar purpose. And lo and behold, the two in one, though they were forgotten afterwards, nevertheless, they have either been realized, or are yet about to be.

We expanded into the hill behind the narrow house that once leaned on the hillside, with a well in the middle, because we had to catch the waterline for sleeping and water-sourcing purposes. Around the well (since searching for ground water with a stick is absolutely no BS) we built a glass-roofed atrium and an earth-covered room (this is my 3in1 girl's room right now: 15 m², 3.40 m high, a workshop, boudoir and a 3-bed sleeping area on the gallery, there's even space for a lace swing, where my great many future grandchildren will lie around late for sure, because all the kids love my room). The well is working even now, every day. Even today, actually, I was installing a raised irrigation system out through the trees. It's not ready yet, but the fact that I'm fixing a pump and constructing a system is icing on the cake. And this icing gets bigger every day, while I'm in total excitement. Every day. Because life in a garden is a continuous, creative caretaking. The garden of life. When I am cultivating the garden, I have no doubts. It's exactly like when I am baking bread, or cooking, or making art, but much better, because the garden is living and huge, because it is part of paradise on earth and this is unspeakable joy.

As if something had tipped into balance, felt right – like when you find your love, and has a dizzying feeling of the axis of the world being in place, that's what it's like. Very good.

Last year the pickaxe became my best friend. I am very strong, I always have been. I had to be too, so to speak, be very stramm, because my dear father had

suffered from muscle wasting since his childhood, and they didn't think his life was with much, and neither did the doctors predict a bright future for me. My mother was a very brave woman, and had faith in me above all else, which I gratefully thank her for every day and fiercely keep up this tradition, to have faith, and I can say, dear reader, I've never been disappointed! And I won't be either, because I only keep faith – this was the best thing that my Angyalka (Little Angel) named mother gave me.

There was the quasi-mutilated garden, and that's what we started from, hand in hand with the corona lockdown and my colleague, who offices his home office from my home. He also grew up in a garden with his grandfather, expect that he has been going from garden to garden ever since, and takes care.

So, besides our usual work, which we usually do in great spirits, we crawled into the garden. My colleague is the botanist, and I am the hardware. Pickaxe, shovel, saw, meat crate for carrying soil, axe, small spade, rake. This is the set and a planter thingy with a T-handle, and sharpened stick I don't know what it's called, oh, and pruning shears, and the tree pruner and a manual push lawn mower. That's the entire set, just about how much I (as a single hardware woman) can pack into it, the garden that measures towards the tower 80, level almost, but very steep, and altogether - on paper - 1200 m².

I built around a hundred steps. From everything, I tell you, everything that I found I built stairs from (see here: garbage, bricks, stones, cinder blocks, bamboo stakes, iron poles, car tires, planks, concrete debris). Yes, ultimately, you could say it's eclectic.

I also vowed not to build more steps, just better ones. You have to practice restraint, however tempting it would be to build more and more. Naturally, I did squeeze in a couple unnoticed, because every day it's a surprise where it takes you, because life doesn't happen according to some plan here, but spontaneously. There are always plans, and things to do, but nothing is obligatory, perhaps because there is so much to do and everything's so good to do. There is a lot of momentum in it I am soaring and rushing up the hill, I say, 'I chamois-ing'... and my body has slowly learned everything and I also learn slowly-slowly. First I became a hardware, as I was scared a lot that I am totally stupid with plants. That's what I thought about myself, but why?

I could go on explaining, but it's both fact and stupidity. However, first we really had to finish clearing, pickaxe out the roots from the horizontal remnants of what used to be terraces. To take down the trunks of the grapevines that had gone wild on the tree branches, stronger than anything, sometimes 20-30 meters long and as thick as a wrist at the base, and that's when you could build paths. It was a huge, fierce struggle, full of guilt. If I were a more decent woman, I should have cried. It was a nightmare. A criminal record. The horror of things left undone.

In other words, I had the motivation to get stronger for the task: putting things in order. What is order? When I say it's alright. And it's alright because I never have to live without a garden ever again. The best days are when I can be outside from sunrise to sunset. Even in winter I kept thinking of spring even more. And it's truly amazing. The square-experience of every return home is that I also get home to the garden. The garden is alive, and I am happy. I've forgiven myself for the years I dwindled away, because it's not worth not doing this.

Today I planted strawberry seedlings, the modern kind. I hope it works, and though I also have ancient conservatism, instead of the strawberry field cared for with a several years planned ahead and with full devotion, today with less work we will be able to harvest much more without having to bend down. We'll see. And I also planted fleshy dogberries below the little woods, because I love the forest ones very much too, and I think it will be good for all kinds of things, and a white mulberry tree too, and I am already thinking of its shade, that it's not too much and that nothing is too much, because the garden gets populated so quickly, that you really have to slow it down you have to think ahead, that time passes, the trees grow, steadily like children, how they also grew up, and how hard it was when I had to grow into a grandmother. Thank god, the children are also part of the story, and they come straight from the universe. So, I'm learning. Relearning. Kids, garden, love. This is my earthly trinity, and time – I appreciate it as well.

THE ROOTS CLING TO STONES.

THE STONES ARE HELD TOGETHER BY PLANTS.

THE STONES CRUMBLE, THE PLANTS GROW.

FIRST THERE WAS THE SPRING. THEN THE

WELL, THEN THE POND.

THE SKY REFLECTED IN THE POND.

I didn't make the pond to reflect the sky, but because this is what Kriszta suggested, who's already

a gardener, when I asked her what was missing from the garden. She used to be a philologist too, like me. The reflected sky. The water in the pond is variable. A constant variable. Not like the sea, but changing. Slow, but constantly varying. It isn't even a year old, and we definitely had a drought year, I can say that much.

THE GARDEN IS COMING HOME.

HOME INTO THE WORLD.

THE GARDEN IS FUTURE TIME.

THE GARDEN FILLS ME WITH GRATITUDE.

THE GARDEN IS LIKE LOVE – IT SAVES YOU.

Then another message came a year later, from the same place: "In my dream there was a full-day spring party, you inaugurated the atrium. Because you got fed up with the one inside and you moved it out next to the new garden (right about over the old one). Inside everything shone, the whole house was spick and span, and there was a kind of room in place of the atrium, somewhat like the small room used to be, full of retextiles. There were many of us, a lot of kids, the sun was shining."

IN CONCLUSION, A WISH WRITTEN DOWN
IN THE AUTUMN BEFORE THE STORY:

"I'D LOVE IT IF WE ALL LOVED
THIS GARDEN, LIVING NATURE.
I'D LOVE IT IF WE WERE ALL
GARDENERS. I'M AN ARTIST, I
BELIEVE IN ART, I BELIEVE IN
CREATION, I BELIEVE THAT WE
EXIST TO KEEP LIFE ALIVE.
IT'S AN EVERLASTING TASK,
TO PRACTICE OUR CREATIVITY.
NOW I'M COLLECTING SEEDS,
WHICH I WOULD BE HAPPY
TO DISTRIBUTE, TO GIVE, TO
GET, THEN I'D SEE IF I AM
A GOOD GARDENER, A GOOD
PERSON, AND WHETHER I FIND
COMPANIONS."



illustration – [anna csvorics aka NUSO](#)



stairs – [angela theisz and family](#)



OZORIAN

NUSO

ANNA CSVORICS

Anna Csvorics aka Nuso wrote to the Prophet to contribute with her superpower, namely, illustrative joy art. As it turned out she has been coming to Ozora for years too. As she is also busy dreaming and growing to life her own little pocket of paradise at home and is into rabbits right now, it was a no brainer where her visions would find their place in this edition, illustrating Angela Theisz' Seeds of Paradise and The Hare Herder, her pick of Hunfolktales.

-Do you remember your first Ozora? How did you get there?

My better half first took me to Ozora in 2009, we've been there nearly every year since then.

One of my favorite first memories is of sitting where Adam is now, on the hill, and hearing the crowd's wolf howls sweep through the whole valley for the first time. I still get goosebumps every time I remember it!

-How many times have you been? Which was your favorite year?

I've been 9 times so far and every one of them is my favorite year:D Somehow, every year is about something different. For example, one of them was the year of big "pub talks", then there was the "we never leave the Dragon Nest" year, but in the next one we wanted to discover everything, because on this neverending playground there is always some hidden beauty somewhere.

-How would you describe the community to someone who has never visited?

Hmm, a very good example is how the main stage dancefloor works. Several thousand people with eyes closed, joydancing almost in trance, but they still pay attention to one another. There is no pushing here, no shoving, no beer throwing. Moreover! There's water spray from the dancer next to me, or a glass of cold water, or an exchanged smile. In the "outside" world there's less and less of this kind of attentiveness, especially coming from a stranger. It's great to be present, to connect in such a caring environment.

-What was the biggest challenge at Ozora so far? What would you develop or change if you could?

What's great about Ozi is that if something's not good one year, it gets better for the next one, when we had to queue for a long time at the gate one year, next year a new entry "tent" was set up. When a huge puddle formed at the big drinking fountain one year, the next year the water drainage was sorted out. You can see that Ozi is cared for, it's loved, and not only by the visitors.

-How would you introduce yourself, your art in a few words? Inspirations, projects..?

It's always changing, what I consider important at a certain time, at present my main direction is humor and playful detailedness. I recently discovered Adolfo Serra's artwork, it's a kind of joyart what he's making, he creates very freely,

and every one of his characters has some kind of charming silliness about them, which I adore.

I can almost hear as one of them says all wide-eyed: "The 'cocoa snail'? (~cocoa rolls) I haven't seen it!" But the truth is, anything can be an inspiration. At Ozora, for example, the impressions, colors, lights, seep into you unnoticed almost, and then later surface totally unexpectedly from some of my pictures. Ozi in itself is a huge inspiration bomb.

- How did you experience and spend this past period?

I've been preparing for an illustration festival with a Ervin Lázár illustration in which I managed to capture the character of Szörnyeteg Lajos (Lajos Monster) pretty well. This is a bit like when somebody's laughing at their own joke, but the truth is, I could giggle at him for days while I was working. For this, it was already worth it! :D

So, humor, and the garden - the outside, freedom, the plants, a garden truly has a therapeutic effect. Therefore it was even more special to illustrate Angela's wonderful writing!

- What projects are you involved in right now, what are you looking forward to the most?

O! There's a a great thing now: from a friendship made a few years ago at Ozora, there's a very exciting storybook in the pipeline, I am going to be illustrating it!

"ART IS...
THE
CHOCOLATE
COATING ON
TURO RUDI."



HUNGARIAN FOLKTALES

watch

THE HARE HERDER

ONCE UPON A TIME, LONG-LONG AGO AND FAR-FAR AWAY, THERE LIVED A KING.

THE KING HAD A DAUGHTER SO BEAUTIFUL THAT EVEN THE PAINTERS COULD NOT PAINT HER BEAUTY. NOW THERE CAME A TIME FOR HER TO TAKE A HUSBAND, AND THE KING SAID THAT HE WOULD GIVE HER IN MARRIAGE TO THE MAN WHO COULD CATCH THE APPLE SHE THREW AMONG HER SUITORS. SO THEY CAME TOGETHER, THE PRINCES AND THE DUKES, THE COUNTS AND THE GYPSY LADS, TO CATCH THE APPLE. BUT TRY AS THEY WOULD, NOT ONE OF THEM SUCCEEDED... UNTIL ONE DAY, WHO SHOULD TURN UP BUT A VILLAGE LAD. ONCE AGAIN THE PRINCESS FLUNG THE APPLE, AND THE LAD CAUGHT IT AS IF IT HAD BEEN THROWN STRAIGHT TO HIM. BUT THE KING WAS NOT OVERJOYED AT THIS, THAT A COME-AND-GO-AS-HE-PLEASES-LAD WAS TO BE HIS SON-IN-LAW. "WELL, THERE, YOUNG FELLOW, I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF LAD YOU ARE TO CATCH THE APPLE BUT THERE'S ANOTHER TRIAL IN STORE FOR YOU. I HAVE RABBITS APLENTY AND YOU HAVE TO WATCH OVER THEM. IF YOU WATCH THEM CAREFULLY, WELL AND GOOD. BUT IF YOU CAN'T, THEN IT'S OFF WITH YOUR HEAD!"

NOW THE LAD WAS DOWNCAST TO HEAR THAT HE HAD TO WATCH OVER THE RABBITS, FOR NEVER BEFORE HAD HE BEEN A WATCHER OF RABBITS. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, AN OLD WOMAN APPEARED. SHE SAID: "DON'T BE DOWNCAST, YOUNG FELLOW! I SHALL GIVE YOU A WHISTLE AND WHEN YOU GO OFF TO THE MEADOW, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BLOW IT AND YOU'LL SEE HOW USEFUL IT WILL BE."

THEN THEY LET THE RABBITS OUT, AND THEY RAN OFF IN A THOUSAND DIRECTIONS. THE LAD BLEW HIS WHISTLE AND THE RABBITS LINED UP LIKE SOLDIERS ON PARADE! THE KING LOOKED OUT AND WONDERED WHAT KIND OF LAD COULD KEEP THE RABBITS IN DEVILISH GOOD ORDER. SO THE KING SAID TO HIS DAUGHTER: "LISTEN, DAUGHTER DEAR! DRESS YOURSELF UP AS A POOR YOUNG WOMAN AND TAKE A SATCHEL WITH YOU TO THE MEADOW, AND ASK THE LAD FOR A RABBIT, SO THAT IN THE EVENING WHEN HE BRINGS THEM HOME, THERE'LL BE ONE RABBIT MISSING!" SO THE PRINCESS DRESSED HERSELF UP IN THE CLOTHES OF A POOR YOUNG WOMAN, PUT A SATCHEL UNDER HER ARM AND WENT TO THE MEADOW.

"GOOD DAY TO YOU, GOOD RABBIT HERDER!"

"GOOD DAY TO YOU! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, YOUNG LADY?"

"I'M NOT A LADY, I'M JUST A POOR YOUNG GIRL. I CAME TO SEE IF YOU COULD GIVE ME A RABBIT."

"OF COURSE, I CAN," HE SAID. "IF YOUR HIGHNESS WILL GIVE ME A KISS!"

"I'M NOT A PRINCESS," SHE SAID. AND SHE WAS REALLY FIERCE IN DENYING IT, BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T WANT THE LAD TO KNOW WHO SHE WAS. BUT HE KNEW WHICH WAY THE WIND WAS BLOWING, AND SAID: "WELL, JUST ONE KISS AND I'LL GIVE YOU A RABBIT."

SO THE PRINCESS THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT, BUT THEN IN THE END SHE GAVE HIM A KISS.



RIGHT AWAY THE LAD TOOK HOLD OF A RABBIT AND PUT IT IN THE SACHEL FOR HER AND SHE SET OFF HOME.

BUT SHE HADN'T GOT HALFWAY HOME WHEN THE LAD BLEW THE WHISTLE AGAIN AND THE RABBIT JUMPED OUT OF THE SACHEL AND SCAMPERED BACK TO HIM.

THE PRINCESS GOT HOME AND THE KING ASKED HER: "WELL, DID YOU GET A RABBIT?"

SHE LOOKED IN THE SACHEL AND, SURE ENOUGH, THERE WAS NOTHING IN IT AT ALL. SO SHE SAID TO HER FATHER: "I TRIED AND I ASKED BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE ME A RABBIT."

SHE WAS ASHAMED TO SAY THAT SHE HAD GIVEN HIM A KISS.

SO THE KING SAID: "NEVERMIND, I'LL TRY."

THEN KING DRESSED UP AS A POOR OLD MAN, TOOK A SACHEL AND OFF HE WENT ON A DONKEY TO THE MEADOW WHERE THE VILLAGE LAD WAS TO BE FOUND.

WHEN HE GOT THERE, HE SAID: "GOOD DAY TO YOU, YOUNG FELLOW! HOW GOES IT WITH YOU?"

"WELL ENOUGH," SAID THE LAD, "I HAVE THE RABBITS TO WATCH OVER."

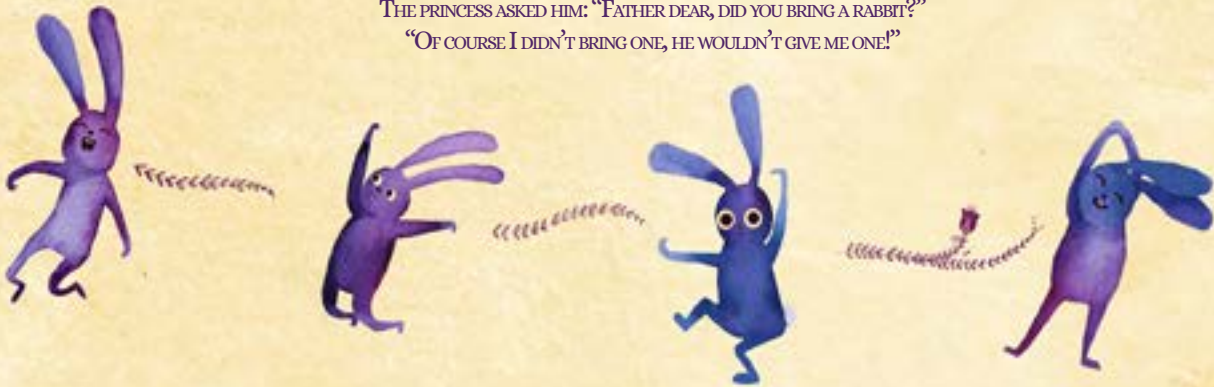
"HAVE PITY ON ME, YOUNG FELLOW, AND GIVE ME A RABBIT, FOR I'M AS POOR AS POOR CAN BE,
AND SICK AND I NEED THE MEAT OF A RABBIT TO GIVE ME STRENGTH."

"WILLINGLY," SAID THE LAD, "IF YOU KISS THE TAIL OF YOUR DONKEY."

THE KING THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT BUT IN THE END HE KISSED THE TAIL OF HIS DONKEY. SO THEN THE LAD GAVE HIM A RABBIT. THE KING TOOK THE SACHEL UNDER HIS ARM AND SAT
ASTRIDE THE DONKEY. BUT HE HADN'T GOT HALFWAY HOME WHEN THE LAD BLEW THAT WHISTLE OF HIS, AND THE RABBIT JUMPED OUT OF THE SACHEL AND LEFT IT AS EMPTY AS THE
DAY IS LONG. THE KING GOT HOME, OPENED THE SACHEL AND SAW NOT A RABBIT THERE AT ALL.

THE PRINCESS ASKED HIM: "FATHER DEAR, DID YOU BRING A RABBIT?"

"OF COURSE I DIDN'T BRING ONE, HE WOULDN'T GIVE ME ONE!"



EVENING CAME AND THE KING LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW TO SEE HOW THE LAD LINED UP THE RABBITS TO COME HOME.

LIKE SOLDIERS ON PARADE, IN THEY CAME AND ALL OF THEM PRESENT AND CORRECT.

"WELL DONE, YOUNG FELLOW," SAID THE KING. "YOU'VE DONE A VERY GOOD JOB! YOU'VE PASSED THE TEST.

NOW THERE'S ONE MORE FOR YOU, AND IF YOU PASS THAT TOO, THEN YOU'LL HAVE MY DAUGHTER AS YOUR WIFE!

NOW I WANT YOU TO TELL ME AS MANY LIES AS WOULD FIT IN THIS SACK."

SO THE LAD BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT WHAT LIES HE COULD TELL. ALL THE KING'S COUNSELLORS SAT AROUND IN A CIRCLE WITH THE LAD IN THE MIDDLE
AND HE STARTED TO TELL LIES. WELL, HE LIED AND LIED ABOUT ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT CAME INTO HIS HEAD. BUT THE KING CALLED OUT:

"THE SACK'S NOT FULL YET! CARRY ON WITH YOUR LYING!"

SO HE CARRIED ON: "WELL, YOU KNOW, WHEN I WAS LOOKING AFTER THE RABBITS,
THE PRINCESS CAME TO ME AND ASKED FOR A RABBIT, AND GAVE ME A KISS IN RETURN."

WELL, DIDN'T THE PRINCESS GROW AS RED IN THE FACE AS A ROSE IN BLOOM. SHE COULDN'T GET OVER HER SHAME.

"AND AFTER THAT," SAID THE LAD, "THE KING HIMSELF CAME AND I TOLD HIM TO KISS THE DONKEY'S..."

"IT'S FULL!" SHOUTED THE KING. "YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANOTHER WORD! A BIG SACKFUL OF LIES!"

SO THE LAD DIDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD. AND THAT'S HOW THE KING GAVE HIS DAUGHTER TO THE LAD WHO WATCHED OVER THE RABBITS.

TOGETHER THEY LIVED HAPPILY AND PEACEFULLY. AND WHEN THE KING DIED, THE LAD BECAME KING.

HIS KINGDOM WAS SO BLESSED THAT IT'S A PITY HE ISN'T STILL LIVING TODAY.

AND THAT'S THE END OF MY STORY.



RAJA RAM INI SCEN CES



“THE
NINETIES
WAS THE
DECADE
WHEN
PEOPLE
FOUND OUT
THAT DANCE
WAS THE
ANSWER..”

BUSTED

Yeah, I had been warned by the police NOT to have a party at my beachfront house in Anjuna, Goa, India. But it had always had the reputation of a party house, in fact, my sweet Landlord Cezar said I could only have the house if I continued to have parties there {what an amazing guy} and so a party was planned... And, well, so many people came that the garden, the house, the yard was filled with fun people, and tho we had to stop at 11pm... somehow... I couldn't stop at the peak.

So we went on and on, partying through the night, when the shout came: “The cops are here” and everyone started stampeding, jumping over walls, into the shrubbery, fleeing the cops and their bamboo {massage sticks} hitting everyone and breaking all the lamps of the Chai ladies... bedlam ensued... But I had gone for a bit of a lie down, especially after just dropping

two Hoffmans, when banging on my door was followed by 5 gruff policeman, asking who was in charge. Well, I confessed it was my party and my house, and so with that, they grabbed me and threw me into a police van, and sped off, to the police station, not far away, and after a rough ride in the back, tripping madly, they deposited me at the station and took me to my cell.

Then, I guess to scare me, they dragged a poor prisoner out of his cell opposite, told him to get on his knees, and then the chief got his rifle and put it in the poor chap's mouth. The guy wet himself on the floor, he was terrified, but stoned as I was, it didn't seem real or frightening, and the officer turned to me and said “Where are all your friends now, Raja Ram? Who is going to help you now?”

And so, in a dark cell I paced up and down waiting for one of my friends to come and help, and finally a good mate, Jimmy Rizla, came, and the cops told him he could bring one item for me, which was cool, and I thought a bit and asked for MY SUNGLASSES, which Jimmy brought round about an hour later to my cell, and then morning came and I was taken to court, fined the sum of £5 and let go.

Then I had a coffee with the arresting officer, and was out into the bright sunshine... ready to party... But when I got back to my house... Empty cans, bottles, a total wipe out, mess, destruction... But we cleaned it up, and everything was cool again... It was just... another night in Goa..



GOA PARTIES

It was in Anjuna Goa, in the first few days of 1990, that I met at Oxford's Grocery store... Chicago, a very tall American, from Chicago, hence his name. We immediately became close buddies, hanging out and going to every party possible. Our plan was simple... we got to the spot where the party was to be held {in secret} and we made ourselves comfortable with rugs and pillows and all the things needed for a 24 hour, dusk till dawn... or dawn till dusk party, and it never stopped. Parties almost every night. Some big and some small...

Anyways, we would sit there, and have a tea and snacks, and watch the pantomime and the whole amazing scene... growing from nothing. Setting up was a delight to the eye and ear... massive speakers, and decoration, trunks of the coconut trees were painted, string sculptures hung from the trees...all in fluorescent colours. It was amazing. And then the music started... full power, non stop, and sometimes at the end of the night, one had dug a small round hole where you had been pounding the earth with your feet...Wow. And the dancers... the Danish girls were the best by far... they had this style, they sort of floated off the ground... a human hovercraft... so delicate, so rhythmic and graceful. The French were good dancers and the Germans... and there were a few London girls...

Elaine and Charlie...who were always on the dance floor. No one had eye contact, spacial awareness was the thing, and to respect everyone's space, no way any sexual vibe... ..just positive great energy of love and music.

Afterwards Chicago and I went back to our spot, and watched the workers dismantle the whole party, pack it upland, drive it away, and then Chikki and I slowly made it back on motorcycles or whatever was available... and of course played together later on... in the band "1200 Micrograms" {but that's another story}. We are best buddies still today.

Anyways, this went on for year after year. GOA was still blasting but by 1997... after all those seasons, 7 or eight in a row, enough was enough... and the Cop story was still hard, so I decided to leave, and try to find new pastures.

I felt an enormous change was coming... South America was calling... and it would be a full 16 years before I returned to my beloved house in Anjuna.

TOE NOTE

Please forgive me for not mentioning all the names around those times...It was a mad time... 3 months in Goa, then 9 months in the UK, doing TIP parties... And to anyone who went to those parties... well? NO Flyers. Secret locations, and always different. No tickets at the door... mega. And to hear the tunes up loud... ah. Turn it ON. Turn it up... and keep it on... some of the wildest parties took pace... and those brothers and sisters are still with us today for the most part... The nineties was the decade when people found that dance was the answer...

/Raja Ram/



EXCERPT FROM
MUSHROOM
MAGAZINE'S 2015
EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW
FROM THE GOABOOK –
PSYTRANCE:
THE HISTORY OF A
COLOURFUL CULTURE

THE BEGINNING

Well, it all started in the Goa 1983-84 season, the first electronic “Goa” music, that is, up until then, and through that season, we were tripping ‘n’ dancing all night to “normal” music – Talking Heads ‘Burning Down The House’, Billy Idol ‘White Wedding’ and ‘Rebel

Yell’, The Cult ‘Born To Be Wild’, Tina Turner. But there were two “crossover” traxx – Sven Väth’s ‘Electrica Salsa’ (a-hah, a-hah) and the transvestite Divine’s ‘Step By Step’. They were the first electronic traxx and we all went crazy for them. They were played at almost every party, and created a very special electricity on the dancefloor. The next season was only electronic dance music at all the parties, the tidal wave had hit! Then we called it “Techno Music” for years as it used the modern new technology of synthesizers and computers. In the 90s, a new category of dance music emerged, called “Tekno”, a different style of electronic dance music. So we suddenly had to change the name of our music, from Techno it became “Trance” music, also called Goatrance and Psychedelic/Psytrance). As Gil said, it was known as “Wave Music”, “Body Music”, “Euro Beat”. It was a super-high and halcyon time – a whole new world of music, and dancing – a whole new party experience opened up.

THE BPM STORY

Until about the mid-90s, the beats per minute were much slower, 120 – 125 bpm was common through the 80s, and 140 was a fast track. Then in the early 90s there was a sudden switch, a big speed-up and suddenly 140 was a slow track and 145 became the ideal dancing bpm. Which is better? Well, below 140, you dance and move your body in a different way, more expressive. Some say it has more hip movement, a more fluid body motion. But there is a special power and dynamism in dancing at 145 bpm, a different excitement level than at the slower bpm's. Both have their magic.

THE SFX YEARS

Also around the same time as the bpm's speeded up, it became a fashion for some years to make traxx with no melody features, instead using only sound-effects on the top of the bass ‘n’ kick-drum bottoms. Producers who had no musical training could now come in, lay down a strong dancey bottom,

and simply add a variety of SFX on the tops. Riktam and Bansi of GMS were the first DJs I heard play an entire set of only SFX traxx (late 90s) – not a single melodic track.

THE HITS

For almost the first 20 years, every season had “its hits”, killer traxx that were played at most parties and by most of the DJs, right through the season. DJs weren't afraid to play them because other DJs were playing them, they all wanted to play these special traxx, because we all looked forward to these highlite traxx at every party. We all knew the names of these traxx and the bands that made them. Each time they were played they created an explosion of NRG, a special magic on the dancefloor. It was a bonding experience, our love for these hits helped create a sense of unity among the party goers. It's sad this has been lost.

The glory-days of mad, wild, full-freedom, all-night “acid parties” in Goa are now gone, not being allowed anymore by the government. We were blessed to have had them all those years, what an amazing experience! But Goa and the Goa experience will go on. You still have dancing and partying going on every day, but only until 10 p.m., sometimes stretching until 11 or 12 p.m. But we always said that the parties were like the icing on the cake but “the cake” – Goa itself – is still there, still magic, still wondrous, still very free compared to the rest of the world, still very open, still quite “experimental”, still so very international with like-minded people from all over the world – coming to an experience. It's a special “alternative life-style” for those of us who want to live a different way than the “normal-life” way. And the beat goes on!

/CHICAGO/



DR. SALLY TORKOS

WHEEL
OF WISDOM

MEMORY
PALACE

Dear Readers: it's been a challenging time for me and I'm sure for many of us, uncertainty reigns supreme. Difficult as it has been, I still have my assignment from Great Spirit: to convey to people the meaning and guidance available from the Wheel of Wisdom. It is especially valuable at this time in the World, where the necessity for clear thinking, conscious discernment of reality from propaganda (or truth from lies), and the ability to contain our emotional reactions, (especially fear) is absolutely essential. Understanding and applying the learning from the Wheel of Wisdom will give you tools for attaining those essential capabilities. Always remember, you are a Sacred Being with a Sacred Purpose, no matter what! You get to know your purpose (there's usually not just one) and live it!

The Wheel of Wisdom (WoW) is a kind of memory palace, constructed to represent each of the directions and their relationships with each other and with us. As such, WoW's stone circle is an external physical structure designed to construct internal mental structures that assist you in remembering the information stored in it. Just as early tribal shamans added ritual to augment and inspire their people's understanding, so do we. Restoring our ability to strengthen our memory is relevant and

important in today's technologically enhanced time that has astronomically reduced our attention spans and thus our intelligence thru making us distractable, impatient, disorganized, and forgetful. But what about when we can't get to the Wheel? How can we access the information then? This essay and several subsequent ones will answer those questions.

A Few Words About Horizontal and Vertical Planes of Existence

There are two basic geometric dimensions (together making a third), Horizontal and Vertical, that make up the planes of existence for all things in a three-dimensional world. We operate and exist both horizontally and vertically in our movements, actions, thinking, and experience; they enable us to have many of the qualities that make us human. The horizontal represents our everyday life and the ordinary experiences and concerns of life on Planet Earth in relationship with each other, nature, and all other creatures. The Vertical plane represents the heights and the depths we can attain as humans; it represents our strivings to attain higher consciousness as well as our unconscious shadows that sometimes lead us into dangerous, unhealthy, and difficult situations.

The Golden Memory Palace

In order to demonstrate how we can access the Wisdom of the Wheel; we will construct a WoW palace for you. The great dome of the palace is gilded in gold and is a very large circular structure which has a central circular chamber (painted purple) having four rooms; stairs go up above to another large chamber (painted blue) also having four rooms; and back from the center another stairway goes down below to similar chamber (painted green) also having four rooms. The rooms in each of the chambers have doors opening to one another and represent four different categories of each direction. We consider these three chambers the Vertical plane of existence (Above, Below, and Center).

The Horizontal plane of existence (East, South, West, North) branches off from the central chamber and four large hallways lead to four great domed wings of the palace, each wing facing a different direction: East (painted yellow), South (painted red), West (painted black), and North (painted white). Each of these Wings also have four rooms with doors connecting to each other and representing identical categories: an earth element; a human element; a phase of human development; and a phase of human consciousness. Though the rooms are named the same, the contents of each category change from direction to direction. Each wing of the palace is connected to the wing to the right and left of it through another large hallway. Thus, this palace is connected to every other part of it, allowing both for compartmentalization of information as well as interconnection and flow. The entrance to the palace is from the Eastern wing.

Can you visualize such a palace? Once you have mastered visualizing the basic structure with its Seven directions comprised of chambers and wings, each containing four rooms, and their connecting hallways and stairs; you can begin developing the contents of each of the rooms.

The colors of the rooms help to keep them distinct from one another and are also the colors assigned to the stone structure of the Wheel of Wisdom. We were fortunate to find rocks the same colors of the four horizontal directions as demonstrated in the photo to the right.

Let's just say for the purpose of expanding our memories, that even if it's not perfectly memorized, we can still imagine how all this information can be contained in the one imaginal structure of the Golden Memory Palace. So, just to complete what we have started, I will add the contents of each of the rooms, beginning with the horizontal directions.

Entering from the East, we turn down the hallway leading to the red South direction containing the rooms with the four categories: 1st room: Earth element Water; 2nd room: Human element Heart and psychologically, the Feeling type; 3rd room: Phase of human development Childhood; 4th room: Phase of human consciousness Mythic/Shamanic. Next is the black West direction: 1st room: Earth element Earth (soil); 2nd room: Human element Body/Soul and psychologically, the Sensate type; 3rd room: Phase of human development Adolescence; 4th room: Phase of human consciousness Philosophic/Soul.

Then comes the white North Direction: 1st room: Earth element Air; 2nd room: Human element Mind and psychologically, the thinking type; 3rd room: Phase of human development Adulthood; 4th room: Phase of human consciousness Modern/Scientific. Finally, we return to the yellow East Direction: 1st room: Earth element Fire (Energy); 2nd room: Human element Spirit and psychologically, the Intuitive type; 3rd room: Phase of human development Elder; 4th room: Phase of human consciousness Multidimensional/Unitive.



Observe how each directions room contents are all related to one another as well as the phases progress from direction to direction, beginning and ending in the East. Recognizing the directions inner relationships as well as their relationships to one another helps with remembering them. Their colors also relate to the directions and their contents: East: Yellow Rising Sun; South: Red Heart; West: Black Setting Sun; North: White Air. For the vertical directions, from the Center, we take the stairs up to the blue Above direction: 1st room: Heaven; 2nd room: Sacred Masculine; 3rd room: Spirit (a different perspective from the Horizontal); and 4th room: Universal Consciousness. Then we go all the way down the stairs through the Center to the green Below direction: 1st room: Planet Earth; 2nd room: Sacred Feminine; 3rd room: Soul (again a different perspective from the Horizontal) and 4th room: The Unconscious. Coming up the stairs to the purple Center direction: 1st room: The Great Mystery; 2nd room: Psyche; 3rd room: Union of Opposites; and 4th room: Now Consciousness. Again, notice the relationships between the directions, their contents and their colors: Above: Blue the Sky; Below: Green the Earth; and Center: Purple because it is the Center of everything and is the intersection between the vertical and horizontal directions; and purple is a combination of blue, representing Above (Vertical), and red, representing the Heart (Horizontal.)

I have now given you a general outline of the contents of the Wheel of Wisdom Memory Palace. Hopefully this way of visualizing it will make it easy for you to remember the basic meanings of the seven directions. One way you can think about this information is to place yourself in the Purple realm of the Center and identify with the seven directions as they apply to you.

Humans (and perhaps all living things) are both physical beings of the Earth and spiritual beings of the Sky. And in later essays I will develop this theme further, because the Center also represents the True Self, one who is conscious in all directions.

Subsequent essays will address each of the directions and their rooms in greater detail, giving you a deeper meaning and greater understanding of the significance of this structure in your life. We will be presenting you with many ways you can use it as a guide for your life, developing yourself to your fullest potential and discovering your own True Self.

A Few Words About Free Will vs. Determinism

Philosophers have been arguing about these two subjects for centuries. They tend to come down to absolutes on both sides, either we definitely have free will, or our choices are fully determined by our unconscious programming and brain function. I want to propose that both are true. What enables us to emerge from our unconscious programming is our own development of consciousness.

When we become conscious of how we are behaving automatically, unthinkingly, just like our parents, or our culture, religion, economic status, etc. dictate; then we begin to have the capacity for free will. The Wheel of Wisdom Program, and Memory Palace is designed to give you ways to become more fully conscious. This work is not for everyone, but it will certainly help you develop your free will because it requires a degree of discipline, perseverance, and desire to know yourself fully in order to accomplish it. We hope to inspire you to become one of those who are willing to do the work. The future needs you!

“THE FUTURE NEEDS YOU!”

THE PROPHET'S ARCHIVES

METAMORPHOSIS:

A NEW OPERATING SYSTEM FOR HUMAN SOCIETY

W/ DANIEL PINCHBECK
/on site the 2014 festival/

– BLAZE

*One of the most exciting participants of the Chambok House lectures is undoubtedly the head of the Center for Planetary Culture, author of the cultic books *Breaking Open the Head* (Broadway Books, 2002) and *2012: The Return of Quetzalcoatl* (Tarcher/Penguin, 2006), Daniel Pinchbeck. The Ozorian Prophet is asking him a few questions just a week before the festival.*

– Your book *Breaking Open the Head* explored psychedelic shamanism with visits to the Bwiti in Africa to take iboga, as well as the Secoya in Ecuador who use ayahuasca as a sacrament, and the Mazatecs in Oaxaca, Mexico, who work with psilocybin. What do you think about psychedelic culture today, including festivals like Ozora?

– Tribal people and traditional cultures around the world have used visionary plants as sacraments since ancient times. They use them as tools for initiation and for opening their consciousness. Scholars now think that the Eleusinian Mysteries in Ancient Greece involved a psychedelic potion. Modern civilization lost these practices as we became fixated on materialism, science, and rationality. Over the last 50 years, we have been rediscovering the value of the psychedelic experience – for art, literature, music, science, self-exploration, and psychotherapy. Although psychedelics are still illegal, a tremendous amount of scientific research by organizations like MAPS and Heffter is substantiating their benefits. At the same time, ayahuasca – the sacred medicine of the rainforest, brewed from Banisteriopsis Caapi and Psychotria Viridis – seems on its way to gaining acceptance. The US

“I suppose, yes, I am optimistic!”



Supreme Court approved the use of ayahuasca as a sacrament for one Brazilian religion, Uniao do Vegetal (UDV). I think we are entering a time when we will realize the value of visionary experience for our post-modern civilization.

– Your Ozorian lecture is titled, *Metamorphosis: A New Operating System for Human Society*. What are you going to talk about?

– I just launched a new think tank, [Center for Planetary Culture](#) out of New York City. I cofounded a nonprofit, The Evolver Network (www.evolvernetwork.org). With the think tank, we are exploring the inevitable impact of the ecological crisis in the next decades, with rapid climate change and loss of biodiversity. Most people are not yet aware of how critical and urgent the station is, with the estimate of a 4 – 6 degrees Celsius temperature rise over the next decades. We believe that human society can transform itself into a regenerative instrument, using technology as well as indigenous wisdom to restore nature, while we repair our political and economic system. I am going to talk about our research project and our plan.

– So you have an optimistic view of the future?

– In many areas, we are seeing a huge amount of progress – the world is totally connected by trade networks and social networks now. People are living longer and healthier lives. I think there is the potential for a metamorphosis of our civilization to create a social system that gives everyone sufficient support to live and

thrive. This won't be capitalism, socialism, or anarchism but a new hybrid based on participatory democracy and local autonomy. I don't know whether we will realize this potential, due to our ideological blind spots. I hope that we can. I also see the global revival of shamanism as part of a process, leading to a global awakening of consciousness. I suppose, yes, I am optimistic!

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

THOUGHTS FROM THE COURSE DESCRIPTION
OF DANIEL PINCHBECK'S 2020 ONLINE WEBINAR

We have reached a threshold of ecological and social crisis. By embracing this time as both an initiation and an opportunity, you can fulfill your greatest potential and thrive in our new, fast-changing reality. The Coronavirus pandemic shows us the fragility of our current civilization. What comes next?

Collectively, we must make the transition to a regenerative society, where local communities develop greater resilience and self-reliance.

Proper nutrition is the fuel for awakening your highest potential.

Soil, good food, and water are the essence of life and must be protected. Food security will become a defining factor in the next decade, impacting not just poor countries but rich ones also.

BUILDING OUR

REGENERATIVE

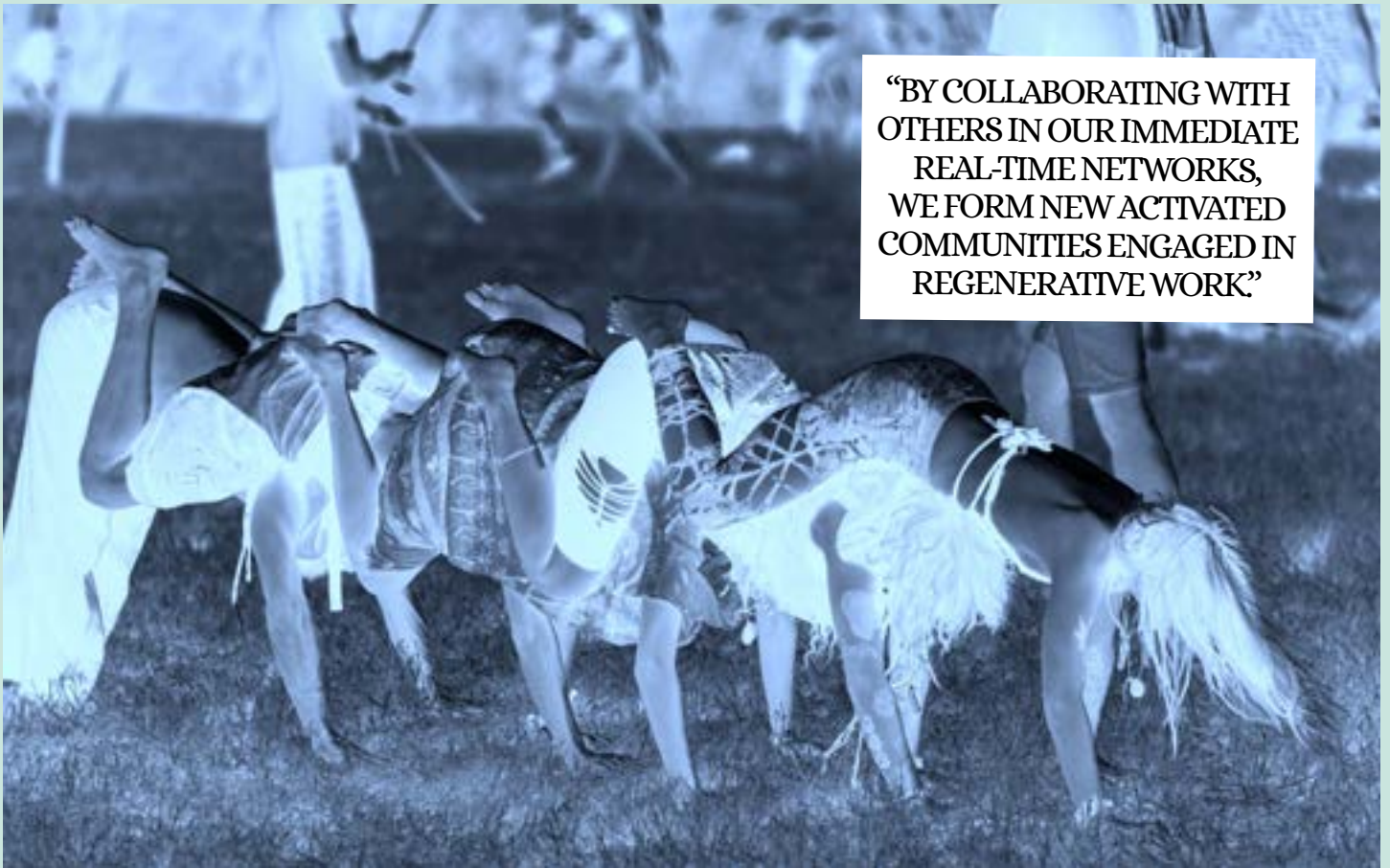
FUTURE

EMBRACE THIS TIME

AS AN INITIATION

AND OPPORTUNITY

How do you maximize your personal as well as your community's well-being within a system that is, in itself, sick? What practical steps should you take now to boost your immune system, heal your micro-biome, and detoxify from industrial pollutants?



“BY COLLABORATING WITH OTHERS IN OUR IMMEDIATE REAL-TIME NETWORKS, WE FORM NEW ACTIVATED COMMUNITIES ENGAGED IN REGENERATIVE WORK.”

To be healthy, we need a healthy environment. This means removing pollutants from the air, food and water, and protecting yourself from the dangers of EMFs as well as new untested technologies. Individually, our options are limited. Together, we can build a global movement to bring about systemic change.

How do we mesh our economic activity with the needs of the planet? Our current economic system requires endless growth on a finite planet. Money is issued into existence as bank debt. This system has destructive impacts on our planet, our personal lives and relationships. In fact, it is inherently unsustainable and, without fundamental changes, will soon drive us to annihilation. So what do we do?

How do we build healthy communities based on ecological principles, cooperation, and good governance? As traditional institutions lose their authority, we are all currently engaged in a process of collective “sense-making.” But it often feels that we lack the tools for this. As a result, some people retreat into conspiracy theories. Such theories provide the comfort of a dualistic, good-versus-evil vision of the world, while avoiding overwhelming complexity and uncertainty.

We propose that a new, coherent “story of the people” is emerging now. As we define a new, shared understanding of our world, we have a solid foundation for purposeful, collective action. Many people talk about an ongoing “Consciousness Revolution.” Quantum physics experiments over the last century affirmed the principles of Eastern mysticism. We now know that consciousness — “mind stuff” rather than matter — is the foundation of reality. Yet materialism is still dominant among the technocratic elites.

You can expand or deepen your consciousness by engaging in practices like meditation, mindfulness, ritual, psychedelic experience, prayer, and pilgrimage. These activities transform our sense of self. They change our relationship to one another, to nature and to the universe itself. Our personal journey inward finds its true value when it joins with the outer movement toward building a regenerative civilization, giving expression to “sacred activism.”

How do we unify our human family behind this shared mission and vision? By collaborating with others in our immediate real-time networks, we form new activated communities engaged in regenerative work.

Source: Daniel Pinchbeck:
[Building Our Regenerative Future](#)

COMMUNITY COLUMN

66

Hello dear Ozora people,
My name is Mischa and I am visiting the Ozora Festival since 2011.

At the end of the Ozorian Prophet May 2021 you wrote that you are looking for stories and art about Ozora to share with our community.

I have written a Fantasy Story about Elves and a Dwarf visiting Ozora Festival. There they meet some Ozora people and Mr. Pink and Raja Ram ;-)

The story is 10 pages long (yes, very long to read) and is written in German.

I am sorry that my English is not good and precise enough to translate the whole story into English - but maybe you are interested and know somebody who can translate it.

(...)

Stay safe and stay free - we will dance together next summer!

Cheers,
Mischa



“The unicorn is called ‘Ozoria’ and was given to our camp by a friend who was not able to participate - so he gave us his little unicorn. It had been on so many festivals already... If you push a button on it, it makes that typical horse sound (‘snicker’, ‘whinny’ ;-)”

BELOW IS THE FIRST PARAGRAPH OF MISCHA’S STORY IN GERMAN. IF ANYONE FEELS LIKE TRANSLATING IT, SO THAT WE CAN ALL READ IT AND SEE HOW IT CONTINUES, PLEASE WRITE TO THE PROPHET!



Die Magie von Ozora

“Und du bist sicher, wir fallen hier nicht weiter auf unter all diesen Menschen?“, fragte Grolim.

Der Zwerg schaute sich neugierig zwischen den Ständen um, während sie zu dritt durch die Gasse schlenderten. Rundherum boten Händler Bekleidung, Schmuck und Essen an.

“Nein“, erwiderte Aneesha. Die schlanke hochgewachsene Elfin überragte den stämmigen Grolim um mehr als einen Kopf.

“Solange Flexa in meinem Beutel bleibt und wir sagen, dass Fionn mein Sohn ist, fallen wir kaum auf“.

Zumindest in ihren braungrünen Gewändern und ihren Holzperlenketten passten sie in das allgemeine Erscheinungsbild der Menschen hier. Grolim trug einen dicken abgewetzten Lederwams mit schweren Stiefeln.

“Aber ich bin doch mit meinen 36 Jahren viel zu alt, um als jugendlicher Mensch durchzugehen“, sagte Fionn, der etwas größer war als Grolim.

“Und was ist mit unseren spitzen Ohren?“, fragte Fionn.”



BUT THE STORY (ALWAYS) CONTINUES... MISCHA WROTE BACK SAYING: "I HAVE ALSO WRITTEN A VERY SHORT STORY ABOUT ALICE IN WONDERLAND MEETING LUCY (IN THE SKY). AND YES, RAJA RAM IS AGAIN INCLUDED. HE IS SUCH A WONDERFULL PERSON AND PERFECT AS A CHARACTER IN FANTASY-STORIES. AND THIS TEXT IS IN ENGLISH! YOU CAN HAVE IT TOO. I AM NOT SURE IF EVERYBODY IS ALLOWED TO PUBLISH THE SONGTEXT FROM "LUCY IN THE SKY" FROM THE BEATLES, BECAUSE MY SHORT TEXT IS REFERRING TO THE ORIGINAL SONG TEXT!"

"IT IS
BETTER
TO INVERT
REALITY
THAN TO
COPY IT."

ALICE AND LUCY IN THE SKY

Alice was astonished, as a little girl fell with a loud splash into her teacup. With kaleidoscope eyes she looked around.

"My name is Lucy and I've fallen out of the marmalade sky."

"Marmalade? I love sweets!" the Mad Hatter shouted. He put a cross flute into his cup and drank some tea. "If we help you to get back into your sky, would you give us some marmalade?"

"As much as you like", Lucy said.

"And marshmallow cake as well."

Alice helped Lucy out of her teacup and gave her a small piece of a mushroom to eat. Immediately the girl grew to the same size as Alice and was sitting on top of the table of the tea party.

The March Hare was laughing so overtwisted that he fell off his chair. The Cheshire Cat was grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

"I will put on the right soundtrack for our trip and then I will bring you back, my dear Lucy. And you, Alice, will join us." The Hatter took out a disc from under his top hat.

"It's Shpongole. In my disguise as Raja Ram I have composed sooo many crazy songs." He threw the record on a gramophone and out of the funnel colorful and loud soundwaves floated everywhere. "Please, everybody get on board", the Hatter shouted.

Suddenly he was sitting on a gigantic flute. Alice and Lucy took a seat and a huge cloud of smoke emitted from the flute as it was ascending. The Mad Hatter turned some valves on the flute and they sailed on the musical frequencies incredibly high like an eagle on hot air currents.

"What's this music called?" Lucy asked.

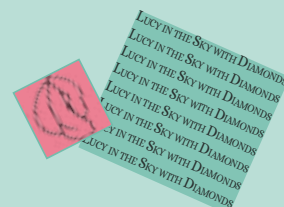
"It's some kind of Psytrance," the Hatter answered.

"Great, John, Paul, Ringo and George will love it!"

And in the twinkling of an eye – they all reached the marmalade sky.

(07.2017)

Mischa Latwesen



DJ BOTOND

TESSERACTSTUDIO

"IT IS QUITE DIFFICULT TO NAME ONLY 10 TRACKS THAT I REALLY LIKE NOWADAYS BECAUSE SO MUCH GOOD MUSIC HAS COME OUT RECENTLY. THEREFORE I THOUGHT I WOULD I COME UP WITH A LIST THAT REPRESENTS MY CURRENT TASTE THE BEST."

- 1 SUNTREE - FREQUENCIES & TONES (BOGA RECORDS)
- 2 SHEGAN - INTO THE NEXT WORLD (TESSERACTSTUDIO)
- 3 DOPPLER - ALIGNMENT (TETSAPARI RECORDS)
- 4 LADIA & KALKI - LIBERATION (BOGA RECORDS)
- 5 INVISIBLE REALITY - SPECTRAL DIMENSION (DEEP VIBRATION REMIX) (BLUE TONES RECORDS)
- 6 ONE FUNCTION & MATIKA - PRINCIPLES OF UNITY (DOPPLER REMIX) (ONO MUSIC)
- 7 FLEGMA - NUMEN (VERTEX REMIX) (TESSERACTSTUDIO)
- 8 ANTHEX - ACID ROCKER (ANTINOMY REMIX) (SHAMANIC TALES)
- 9 INNER SPHERE - ASTRONOMIA (TETSAPARI RECORDS)
- 10 SONIC ENTITY - FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE (EXPO RECORDS)

TOMMI PIXAN

PIXAN RECORDINGS

"IT WAS SO DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE 10 TRACKS OUT OF THE INCREDIBLE MUSIC THAT SOME UNBELIEVABLY SKILLED ARTISTS AND INCREDIBLY STIMULATING LABELS ARE PRODUCING NOWADAYS. SO, HERE, IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER, I'VE SELECTED SOME OF THE ARTISTS OF THE LABELS THAT MAKE MY BRAIN BEAT WITH LOVE... ENJOY!"

- 1 DESH & EERIEGEIST - WARRIORS
- 2 GABB - POINT OF YOU
- 3 DISSOCIATIVE - METEOR RAIN (APOCALYPSE TV RMX)
- 4 TETRACHROMACY - ONE UPONE A LINE
- 5 SKILLER - MIND CONTROL
- 6 TSKUN - COMBINED WAVES
- 7 NOCTUNE & GABB - CLOSE ENOUGH
- 8 WOBBLER VS SPIRIT SHIFTER - RAVE & ROLL (Z3NKAI RMX)
- 9 FUNGUS FUNK - 400 DROPS (REZONANT RMX)
- 10 COCODRILLO - HYPERCROCATIVE SPACE

DJ TOP 10

NAAN

SHANTI PLANT

"LATEST SELECTION CONTAINING TRACKS THAT REALLY MAKE MY SOUL VIBE... ENJOY IT WITH HEART!"

- 1 DRRTYWULVZ - RUMBLE (DRRXYWULVZ)
- 2 CYBERSERUM, TOPIC - ORBITAL HYGIENE (ASPIRE HIGHER)
- 3 MYSTIC STATE & J-KENZO - COMPETITION (ARTIKAL MUSIC)
- 4 ORGANIK, DJ VARIANT - STRANGE PLACES (SURE STATE)
- 5 SALTUS - FUTURESELF (SALTUS)
- 6 ATYYA - RITUAL (DISTROKID)
- 7 MR SQUATCH - THE SQUATCH EXPANDS LIFE, GROUCH IN DUB REMIX (SHANTI PLANT)
- 8 NANOSPHERE - VOID (SHANTI PLANT)
- 9 XENOLINGUIST - CHEEUEH (STREET RITUAL)
- 10 BIOME - HEAVY EYES (DEEP HEADS)

DJ TOP 10

IPRESS

IBOGATECH

"A SELECTION OF SOME OF MY FAVOURITE PSYCHEDELIC TECHNO BEATS - DIFFERENT FLAVOURS AND BITS & BOBS THAT GO TOWARDS MAKING UP MY CURRENT DJ SETS."

- 1 BOSTON 169 - VAPOR
- 2 OUT OF SORTS - WORZEL GUMMIDGE
- 3 EXTRAWELT - AUTOMATIK AKROBATIK
- 4 JAMES MONRO - CACOPHONY
- 5 JAMES HARCOURT - LILITH
- 6 BOOKA SHADE - BLAZE OF UNITY
- 7 GREGOR TRESHER & PETAR DUNDOV - HEADLESS
- 8 AUDIO ANONYMOUS & IPRESS - CARJACKER (LUIS M REMIX)
- 9 BARRY JAMIESON - PHAZE LOOP (TRIPPED OUT MIX)
- 10 JOHN MONKMAN - KETOSIS

VOLCANO ON MARS

SACRED TECHNOLOGY

"FRESH CHART INCLUDING INSIDE NEW MUSIC FROM US, ALONGSIDE UPCOMING RELEASES AND MUSIC FROM ARTISTS WE LIKED RECENTLY."

- 1 VOLCANO & ACE VENTURA - THE AMERICAN DREAM (SACRED TECHNOLOGY / UNR)
- 2 KAYA PROJECT - SAN PEDRO RISING (VOLCANO ON MARS REMIX) (SACRED TECHNOLOGY / UNR)
- 3 VOLCANO ON MARS & ELECTRIC UNIVERSE - HUMANOID (DM7 RECORDS / UNR)
- 4 VOLCANO - ROLLERCOASTER (SACRED TECHNOLOGY)
- 5 TRISTAN & MANDALA - ALL LIVING THINGS (NANO RECORDS)
- 6 ASTRIX - UNDERBEAT (IMAGINE MARS & OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSE REMIX) (SHAMANIC TALES)
- 7 AJJA - GOA HEAD TED (SUPERFLUID SOUND)
- 8 GMS & JIMBO - DUNE (STEREO SOCIETY)
- 9 IMAGINE MARS & FADERS - CHAITANYA (SACRED TECHNOLOGY / UNR)
- 10 MIDIVAL PUNDTITZ - RAANJHAN (VOLCANO ON MARS REMIX) (SACRED TECHNOLOGY / UNR)

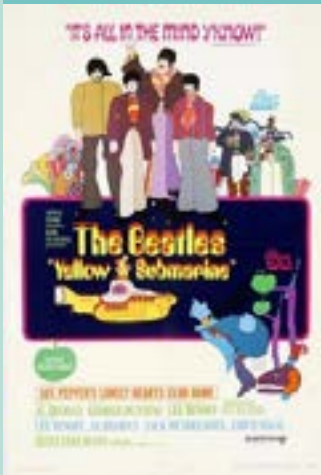
SCRAPS:

THE BEATLES:

LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

THE YELLOW SUBMARINE

(1968 animated musical adventure film inspired by the music of the Beatles, directed by animation producer George Dunning)



“The music-loving inhabitants of Pepperland are under siege by the Blue Meanies, a nasty group of music-hating creatures. The Lord Mayor of Pepperland (Dick Emery) dispatches sailor Old Fred (Lance Percival) to Liverpool, England, where he is to recruit the help of the Beatles (John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr). The sympathetic Beatles ride a yellow submarine to the occupied Pepperland, where the Blue Meanies have no chance against the Fab Four's groovy tunes.”

Source: [wikipedia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Beatles:_Yellow_Submarine)

“IT’S ALL IN THE MIND Y’KNOW!”

WATCH THE ‘LUCY IN THE SKY’ VIDEO
FROM THE 1968
‘YELLOW SUBMARINE’
FILM DIRECTED BY
GEORGE DUNNING

Picture yourself in a boat on a river
With tangerine trees and marmalade skies
Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly
A girl with kaleidoscope eyes
Cellophane flowers of yellow and green
Towering over your head
Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes
And she’s gone
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Ah

Follow her down to a bridge by a fountain
Where rocking horse people eat
marshmallow pies
Everyone smiles as you
drift past the flowers
That grow so incredibly high
Newspaper taxis appear on the shore
Waiting to take you away
Climb in the back with your
head in the clouds
And you’re gone
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Ah

Picture yourself on a train in a station
With plasticine porters with
looking glass ties
Suddenly someone is there
at the turnstile
The girl with the kaleidoscope eyes



“HEY YOU, DON’T WATCH THAT, WATCH THIS!
THIS IS THE HEAVY HEAVY MONSTER SOUND
THE NASTIEST SOUND AROUND
SO IF YOU’VE COME IN OFF THE STREET
AND YOU’RE BEGINNING TO FEEL THE HEAT
WELL LISTEN BUSTER
YOU’D BETTER TO START TO MOVE YOUR FEET
TO THE ROCKIN’EST, ROCKSTEADY BEAT
OF MADNESS
ONE STEP BEYOND!”

WATCH OUT FOR THE SUN.

RISING UP
GOING DOWN
CARRYING THE LIGHT
ALL THROUGHOUT THE SKY

BURNING AND TURNING

DO YOU BELIEVE
THE EARTH IS ORBITTING AROUND IT?
DOES IT MATTER?

OR YOU MAYBE SEE,
AS YOUR ANCESTORS DID,
THE GREAT KING OF THE SKY,
BLESSING US WITH HIS PRESENCE
DAY IN DAY OUT?
CAN YOU FEEL THE TOUCH
OF THE MOON SISTER
IN YOUR LONELY HOURS
AT NIGHT?

GET OUT OF YOUR HEAD,
SINK INTO YOUR HEART.

WHAT OR WHO
MAKES YOUR HEART BEAT?
WHO TAKES YOUR BREATH
IN AND OUT?

BREATHE.
BREATHE.

WE ALL LIVE IN A UNITY
BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION.

TIME HAS COME.
TO RISE.
WE RISE.
JUST BREATHE.

Spiderosa
Zsuzsa Bakonyi

ENDNOTE

“SAME, SAME, BUT DIFFERENT”



Hi, you!

Let's do something together,
like the Prophet community
column:)

If you have any stories to share,
any messages, memories, photos,
anything that warms your heart,
lifts the spirit, anything you feel
can be good to know or nice to
spread, just like we do when we
can be all together in one place for
many-many days, please feel free
to send it to or contact the Prophet
at:

INFO@OZORIANPROPHETE.U

The Prophet will do its best to
spread the word and the love to
the tribe.

P.S. MEANWHILE...
**NEVER PLAY
LEAPFROG WITH A
UNICORN**

/Tibetan proverb/

...the rest is picstory ...

