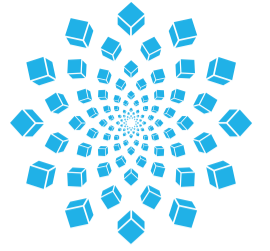


The Ozorian Prophet



UNIVERSALLY OWNED | OUR 5TH YEAR. ISSUE No.31 – WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 2016 – INDEPENDENT AND FREE



WEATHER FORECAST

DAY 28°C | 83°F
NIGHT 17°C | 63°F

TRIXX WEATHERMAN REPORTS

Following a fresh and cool start to the day, expect some clouds in the morning interspersed with sunlight. This will be followed by mainly sunny spells with some cumuli formation during the day. However, they will disperse; the expected rainfall for the day is zero. Temperatures will hover between a pleasant 26°C and 31°C – all in all, a truly pleasant day in the Valley.

INSIDE

LINEUP OVERVIEW
WEDNESDAY BY TANINA & AJJA – P4
GASTRO
COOKING GROVE – P3
EGOTRIP
OZOORA – P4

ASTROLOGY

PEOPLE BORN WHEN MOON IS IN LEO AFFECTED LESS THAN OTHERS, THE SUN AFFECTS THEM MORE. THEY'RE USUALLY OPEN, LIKE ATTENTION, LEADERS. THEY'RE GREAT STORYTELLERS AND CAN EASILY IMPRESS PEOPLE.

BE GENEROUS TO OTHERS, AND YOURSELF, EVERYTHING WILL COME BACK MULTIPLIED. THIS DAY IS PERFECT FOR BEGINNING A LEARNING PROCESS, READING OR LEARNING. ACTUALLY, HERE IN THE VALLEY YOU CAN CHOOSE YOGA, SHAOLIN KUNG-FU, BELLY DANCE AND A LOTS OF OTHER EXCITING MOVEMENT. THERE ARE ALSO A PLENTY OF LECTURES AND WORKSHOPS IN WICH YOU CAN PARTICIPATE.



THE ROOTS ARE US



photo by Juhász István

THE SPIRIT WITHIN WE CANNOT DO WITHOUT

WORKSHOP

WE GO SUBTLE, WE GO META.

by Blaze

Darija Baric is holding a thrilling 6-day workshop at the Witch House that deal with understanding and using life's natural energies. We talked to Darija in Zagreb from the RadiOzora tent to find out more. The workshop kicks off, on the first day by talking about vital energy and how it works, how our body uses it. Then, the next day we go more specific, and you learn about the various sources of this energy such as sun, air, water, earth, food, and sleep. Darija told us

how good and high quality sleep can help us clear our perception and expand our awareness. Have you ever woken up really early in the morning, say, at five o' clock, and felt that you could do anything? This is linked to the fact that each part of day corresponds to a part of the body. Revellers beware! On the third day, after learning about its specifics, it is all about understanding the flow of this energy. This usually takes the form of cycles.

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INTERVIEW

WE SHOULD USE THE POWER THAT MUSIC CAN GIVE US...

by novishari

RADIOZORA MADE AN INTERVIEW WITH YAMINAHUA ON HIS WAY TO OZORA

– What would you say were the key milestones so far in your life in shaping who you are today, as Yaminahua and otherwise?
– Music was always a big Part of my life and I already knew at a very Young Age that this is what I want to do in my Future – express myself with the Music I create. My Mother inspired me with her good Music

taste, for example, Pink Floyd was one of the first Bands she showed me. Back then I already had in my mind how I want to Experiment with different Synthesizers and Instruments.
– What have been some of your major influences and inspirations musically speaking?
– My biggest Inspiration has always been Old-Psychedelic-Rock-Music and Classical Music because I think this is the real Psychedelic Music. The Doors, Pink Floyd, Deep Purple, Mozart,

Beethoven, Debussy, etc.
– What led you to create your solo psytrance project in 2008? Why Yaminahua?
– I had a Psytrance-Project with a very good Friend for a Long time, after Years travelling together our taste in Music changed and our Imagination of Music grew apart. He started developing Electro-Minimal-Techno Sounds and my Music direction went in a different way.

[continues on page 3 >](#)



FELLOW OZORIANS!
DONOT FORGET TO SET YOUR PARKING/EMERGENCY HAND-BRAKES AND FIND SOME WHEEL CHOCKS, ROCKS, BRICKS, LOGS, ETC TO PUT BEHIND OR IN FRONT OF YOUR TIRES!
SMALL CHILDREN CAN ONLY USE THE TOILETS WITH PARENTAL GUIDANCE. DO NOT THROW ANYTHING EXCEPT TOILET PAPER IN THE TOILETS. TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER AND WATCH OUT FOR YOUR FRIENDS! CAMPFIRE TAKE CARE OF THE CAMPFIRE! ALSO CHECK FOR ANY FIRE-RELATED UPDATES IN THE OZORIAN PROPHET OR ON RADIOZORA FM 91.6.
PLEASE MAKE SURE THAT YOUR DOG/S ARE ON A LEASH AT ALL TIMES. YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR LOVED ONES!

TRANSPERSONAL TECHNODELIC DANCE FLOOR VERSUS ENTERTAINMENT STAGE SHOW

"IT IS AN INTRODUCTION TO MY LECTURE AND AN EXTRACT FROM MY UNPUBLISHED NOVEL: MOON JUICE STOMPER, SET IN GOA IN THE 80S AND 90S, THE NARRATIVE OF ILLUSTRATES SOME OF THE TOPICS OF MY LECTURE.

Moon Juice Stomper / Extract from a novel by Ray Castle – Three day Badem bayan tree party (Full Moon February 1988 Goa)

Prancing, shimmering, costumed gods and goddesses cast dancing moon shadows with fluoro glow highlights in the luminescence of the lunar light. The most astral of all had silver spiral armlets that were like astroids wound around her arm. She romped about in a thigh-high split-cut silver mini skirt with matching metallic silver sports bra. She emanated chroma radiance with blonde hair streaked green and gleamed lustrous like a female android from Planet Claire.

The DJ, wearing small Vestax headphones hunched over cassettes snatched sneaking glances of the Planet Claire goddess out of the corner of his eye. The green streak highlights of her mane flickered and glowed phosphorescent in the black light as her spring loaded body bounced and pivoted omnidirectional. 'Black Planet' by Two Frenchmen, a remix of a B52's track, was playing. Preparing the next track it dawned on the DJ—as he hunched over the candle lit table with mini Shiva shrine, portable Jap tech, mixer and amethyst crystals—that Asta's Cyberella aura was like that of a new celestial goddess in his metaverse.

It was the DJ's debut playing tapes at a Goa party. His nerves were on edge. He'd expected his buddy to join him, at least to share a joint, but he suspected his buddy, Zane, had lost the plot on double dip Gorborsch acid. Ceremonial chillums had been offered the DJ, one he touched to his forehead and took a puff. But he needed to stay focused singly manning multiple spinning tape decks whilst keeping an eye on track times and retrieval of tracks off cassettes needing to be cued. A sangfroid grip on the machines and steadfast precision mixing tape to tape was required for a hysteric dance floor gagging for appetising audio. DJ Jules was on a constant conveyor belt of in-the-moment on-the-spot decision making. A pressured stretching of wired gut instinct, a devil may care flying on the seat of his spandex pants. There were private moments of personal congratulations in finally experiencing himself doing it, segueing clever track connections with smooth mixes having his foot on the throttle of the party and, judging from the response of the dance floor, all was groovy—hunky dory.

A track—'The Tinger'—with an annihilating twisting acid thump gripped the dance floor like the pounding teeth of a heavy earth works front end loader. Bodies tipped upside down. Some dancing on hands feet in the air, heads bouncing on a pulverised dance floor, limbs flailing disconnected from torsos, sweaty heads with hair-matted dislodged from necks by the piercing roar of the razor edged electronic body blows that sliced and diced and guillotined them. Heads rolled like a coconut shy gone amok. Dancer participation with The Tinger became polarised like metal iron filings in a magnetic field. The head strong ate it up like a rotary hoe with rapid twisting feet churning up the dance floor. The maniac centre of the dance floor became a frenzy like piranha feeding on sirloin. Whilst others were seriously flattened by the take-no-prisoner caterpillar wheels of the ferocious futuristic techno sonics of the The Tinger, it becoming for them, in their hallucination, a decapitating towering technosaurus dump

truck laden with ballistic basalt boulders that threatened to crush their skulls and pommel their bodies into pulp.

Jules shook at the knees, stricken with consternation. What the fuck is going on? Had he collapsed the party? Hang the DJ. A lynching mob must be on their way? He understood music, he'd weeded out the dross and clearly identified the gems, he'd sequentially played key popular pieces, the journey had a connective narrative. He'd built continuity with appealing tracks, but also pushy tracks, all serving to fill and invigorate the dance floor. He'd incrementally nudged up intensity thresholds according to the body heat he was reading. He'd risen to the occasion. He knew he could do it, besides there were plenty of shambolic would-be DJs in Goa who got to have a go fumbling around at smaller parties with tape decks off their faces with no idea. But this was an entirely different occasion. It was prime time—a Goa full moon party. He was indebted to Zsu, the organiser, for her trust in him and whom he'd been bewitched by with green eyes that held a universe of secrets. Many music collectors didn't want to DJ, it was too stressful, they just obsessed about finding the music, possessing it, exchanging it with other collectors and DJs like a fungible currency, who just wanted to dance to it in the magic euphoric space of the party without the pressure of knitting it together making a dance floor allegory hunkered over tape decks. Better to let others put their neck on the party chopping block and aspire to DJ it and appease high expectations of ravenous, hardcore, Goa dancers.

The dropping of The Tinger by Jules had been premeditated, it was one of the most chewy pieces of new music and it was doing

was psychically transporting as much as it was danceable, all played off cassette decks like a mosaic of musical-machine-post-modern-cut-up. Revolutionary rave signal sounds opened up new transpersonal transcendental experiences on revelatory beaches in electric jungles and past life ruins and under numinous banyan trees.

The music was so different and strange and weird that the DJ had to weather castigating comments like, techno witch. And so after a thermometer reading of The Tinger's impact on the party Jules made a tactful decision to follow it with something contrasting, something less gnarly, something soothing like a sonic smoothie—a cucumber and yogurt track, an easing-up palliative after the fierce chilly rush of The Tinger. The perfect track sprung to mind in a split-second eureka aha moment, as if a spirit guide had suddenly appeared on his shoulder. Hastily he scrambled to find a cassette titled, RESCUE REMEDY. Pulling it out of its case he became distressed to discover that the ideal track was at the end of the tape and required a rapid fast forward. Anxiously he wondered whether he could cue it on time in the JVC boogie box player before The Tinger ran out?

After checking the numbers on the tape clock of the Sony Walkman Professional and comparing the track time he'd written in neat felt tip pen next to The Tinger's title on the inner sleeve of the cassette he had to make a crucial decision. Two and a half minutes worth of The Tinger remained. Could he make it?

Jules slotted the RESCUE REMEDY cassette into the JVC to cue it. Tiny wheels rapidly fast forwarded it to just near the end of the 'A' side. Jules hit the stop button and nudged the rewind button to the beginning of the yogurt and cucumber track, then ejected it and transferred it to the empty Walkman and hit the play button to pulse the strip lights on the mixer just as The Tinger ground to a halt.

The resuscitated P.A. with the cucumber and yogurt rescue remedy track surging through it lurched the dance

floor back into full trot with all moon juice stompers jumping on board. The DJ had weathered flak from some dishevelled dancers. Asta stood at Jules side like a guardian angel. Her cute celestial prettiness had the effect of a coolant on the hot flabbergasted air around the DJ.

"Jules your play was fabulous," she lent into his ear to reassure him. "Don't be phased by those twisted trippers off their tits. Partying here is a wild ride. It's just Goa histrionics. It gets so crazy. I love it when the music takes the dance floor into the unknown." His mind was in a squeeze. Dancers demanded his concentration and tapes were winding, there was no dropping the ball, he couldn't afford to fuck up. He latched a dutiful eye onto the Walkman that was playing and another eye he fixed onto the JVC boogie box and hit its

stop button; then listened with headphones for the first beat of the track by toggling the rewind and forward buttons. He stole a quick glance back at Zsu. Her face had completely changed, like quicksilver. He thought of alchemy and how quicksilver was associated with Mercury, messenger of the gods, a metal of enormous density, yet so liquid. For a brief moment he felt himself levitating above the humble wooden DJ table on which was installed a burning candle and incense, a small brass dancing Shiva nataraj, a lingam and the two nifty Walkmans that delivered a quality signal from his chrome TDK tapes. The DJ's eyes seized upon a cassette case, the spine of its inner sleeve bearing the title—SOUND MIRROR. He deftly manipulated the buttons on the portable Jap-tech devices like that of a slight of hand conjuror. He was totally at one with these devices, he'd been sleeping with his Walkmans since he arrived in Goa this season. Jules released the pause button on the cued track he had loaded into the other Walkman. As he did so he was hit with a flash realisation. You can be whoever you want to be, and here, the most alpha smoking god of all is Shiva. He then felt a warm glow of empowerment as the track he had just set in motion had an Om Namah Shiva mantra inside it and was gaining traction on the dance floor triggering brand new responses like an elevator to new galaxies.

Then a remarkable revelation took up residence in DJ Jules head: Other than when the music stopped, or the track sucked, no one looked at the DJ, the DJ was not there to put on a show, was not there to entertain, was not the centre of attention. The DJ table with bamboo and palm fronds around it was not a temple with lots of lights illuminating it and eye catching art and decor. It was a private place, kind of shrouded in secrecy, where cassette tarot cards were shuffled. Where special sequence spreads were laid out, where tracks were selected like magical cards that the dance circle of the party had evoked and the DJ had picked up on and channeled like a co-creative collective feedback loop. DJ-ing in Goa in 1988 was a new experience for Jules. Totally unlike singing and playing keyboard in a band on a stage performing a show flanked by a P. A. The more out of the picture the DJ was the better the dynamism of the dancing. No one facing a stage. If there was a show, it was on the dance floor. Everyone dancing in multiple directions, the sound spread around the space just like the open air of the super nature where the play space was freed from the square box of a dark night club where speakers were set up like a stereo hi fi rather than a holophonic sense surround experience, just like the cosmos above and so below. The whole free fluid feeling flow of the group emotion in motion on soma other than booze and powders was liberating compared to a stage and cubic night club with a bar. The essence of the experience was what was happening on the dance floor. It was a dance floor far from reality inhabited by a spectacle of inimitable entities: time travellers, humanoids, occultists, wizards, gurus, prophets, seekers, devotees, dance dissidents of all ages from all over the world whooping it up in digital dust.



photo by Gábor Gottwald

with a t its faceless creators (midi maverick Atari boffins in a North European home studio in the depths of winter) never dreamed possible on a psychotropic dance floor in India. The Tinger was fulfilling its reason to exist: i.e.—tip a party when everyone was full loaded on a full moon in Goa in 1988, the year before the Berlin wall came down, the apogee of the second summer of love. The ferociousness of the force of The Tinger's never-heard-before freakquencies was such that it could become a game changer or, at the worst, clear the dance floor, which it nearly did. But this was music of the future, it was shock of the new. It took guts to play it. The East-West ancient-futuristic hybridisations of Goa acid parties celebrated the cutting edge in existential electronica that

WE SHOULD USE...

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- "High quality is an important point for Lukas' music", so here's a nerdy question: **What equipment, work process makes this possible?**
- My opinion is that you don't need to have the most expensive equipment, if you have a good Feeling for Music and a good sense of Hearing you already have good Basics to make what I define as high quality Music.
- I set great value on Analog Sounds - in the last few years I invested my Money in Analog Synthesizers (Nord Modular G2, NordWave, Virus TI Snow, Waldorf Q)
- One year ago I started building my own Analog Modular System.
- **If you can describe your music as a "journey through body and soul", what has been a truly unforgettable journey through body and soul that you have experienced?**
- For me every live Gig is a experience for the Body and Soul.
- **Do you have time for any side projects?**
- Yes my side Project is Tegmentum - with my good friend Manuel better know as Calyptratus. We have been collaborating for 3 Years now.
- **And if you had time and energy, what else would you invest it in, what else would you do?**
- I think there are many different good Music-Styles I would love to try out and experiment with and see what comes out. In the last years I tried many different techniques - Ambient/Chill and EDM Sounds so I would definitely be interested in starting a New Project as soon as possible.
- **Looking back at Vibracoustic-Dark Skies, your first debut album, how has your sound changed since then?**
- There are worlds between Vibracoustic - that was wicked late night Psytrance - and Yaminahua because that is something else.

My Style developed with every experience I had and with every Track I created something new. I think that's what it is all about, you have to grow through the Music and improve yourself.

- **What are some of your all time favorite or stand-out releases so far?**
- There are so many great Releases from different kinds of Music it would be to much to list here.
- **What are you working on at the moment?**
- I am working on my 3rd Album "Yami da Friends" that I want to release by the end of this Year.
- **Do you have any collaborations in mind?**
- Through my 3rd Album I am working with different great Artists, for example, Kindzadza, Sectio Aurea, Dark Whisper, Calyptratus, Infra,...
- And in my mind I have the idea for many other collabs but I can't tell you more about that now.
- **You'll be playing at O.Z.O.R.A. this summer... What are your expectations, what have you heard about the festival?**
- If you don't expect anything, the pleasure will be even bigger. So I know it will be a wonderful experience, because I only heard great things about the Festival.
- That's why it's a big honor to be part of it this year and I'm really looking Forward to being a part of it.
- **What are you most looking forward to right now?**
- For an unforgettable Summer 2016 with all of my Friends and beautiful People on the Dancefloors. And I'm sure I will meet many great People to connect with.
- **Any wise words that you would share?**
- There are so many bad things around us at the Moment - the Media is manipulating us all day Long via every possible Network. We should use the Power that Music can give us, because it allows listeners to immerse ourselves in another world and forget about all the bad vibes.
- Let's celebrate this Happening together on every Dancefloor around the Globe and spread good Energy.

COOKING GROOVE

LET THEM EAT CAKE

by Blaze

Angéla Thiesz is responsible for plaiting the Main Stage in all its festive glory this year. Here, however, she zooms in and uses the braiding technique in a whole different dimension: in making kalács, another Central European speciality next to pogácsa, a festive, plaited bread or cake eaten on special occasions.

It was my grandfather who I remember when I think of kalács. He was the baker. He did pickles, fruit syrups, was the gardener, did preserves, and baked. János, he was called. He had a wonderful garden.

His kalács was beautifully plaited. He dealt with plaits them like an artist. First he laid down the plaits next to each other, the four together, and then rolled them with the palm of his hand on the wooden board. This helps the kalács to fall apart when you take it apart. It falls apart like a dream. Butter is responsible for this, and the plaiting. If you just baked it in one piece.... pff.... it wouldn't fall apart.

There are basic structures. The plaited kalács. The pretzel. Bread. I am sure that through the ages, many different patterns were used to decorate these. Plaits are not decoration, they are structural.

In the case of leavened dough, the great magic lies in the leavening or raising. That depends on the goodness of the dough, on how I could knead it, to what it will raise or leaven... The volume starts to expand and then it is always excitement as to how it will turn out? There is a children's song here about waiting for the kalács to be baked. That expresses this excitement.

It is a festive bake. As opposed to bread, kalács is definitely festive. Normally however, all meals should have a setting, should have respect.

There is flour, salt, water and yeast. And you can combine these in infinite ways. Think about it: bread, pretzel, lángos, pizza bread. There is a kind of pretzel not far from where I live which is prepared for a week. It is beaten with chains on a stick... that will make it perfect, the way it should be.



RECIPE: KALÁCS. MAKES TWO LOAVES.

INGREDIENTS.

- PLAIN FLOUR - 1 KG
- 50 GRAMS FRESH YEAST
- 400 ML LUKEWARM MILK
- 100 GRAMS ICING SUGAR
- 100 GRAMS MELTED BUTTER
- 2 SACHETS OF VANILLA SUGAR
- 2 EGGS
- 1 BEATEN EGG TO PAINT THE TOP WITH

MIX THE YEAST IN SOME LUKEWARM SUGARY MILK. LEAVE FOR 10 MINUTES. MIX THE INGREDIENTS TOGETHER INTO A SOFT DOUGH. "YOU NEED TO KNEAD IT A LOT, AND LET IT RAISE A LOT", AS ANGÉLA SAYS. DO THE PLAITING AND LET IT RAISE AGAIN, ALWAYS COVERING IT WITH A CLOTH. PAINT THE TOP WITH THE EGG AND BAKE IN A PRE-HEATED OVEN "FOR A LONG TIME. IF IT'S A KALÁCS MADE FROM 2 KGS OF FLOUR, BAKE FOR 2 HOURS".



photo by Magu Sumita

TEASHACK. "THE BEST TEAS FROM HERBS."

WE GO...

< continues from page 1

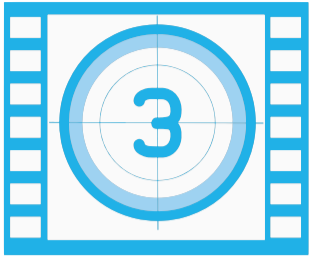
Think about the four seasons, the cycles during the day, and how, by understanding them, you can harness these processes. A method to deepen this process is through the use of herbs, which soften or strengthen certain forces. The Witch House, a small circular building behind the Pyramid, was also used as a herb drying facility during last year. So on the fourth day that is what will be on the menu at the location. Darija informed us that the source of witch is "wise woman", someone who understood herbs, etc., and she will prove her "witchcraft" on the fifth day by

preparing herbal mixes for various imbalances, or for the place in the cycle where we are at the moment are. Bring your hiking boots - you will be going around the Valley to find herbs. Then, on the sixth day, we go subtle, we go meta and it will be all about meditation, releasing of blockades, cleaning our bodies through connecting with nature.

Every day starting Tuesday at 15:00 at the Witch House (in the radio interview with Darija it was wrongly stated that the workshops start at 13:00)

TANINA & AJJA WEDNESDAY

PUMPUI CINEMA

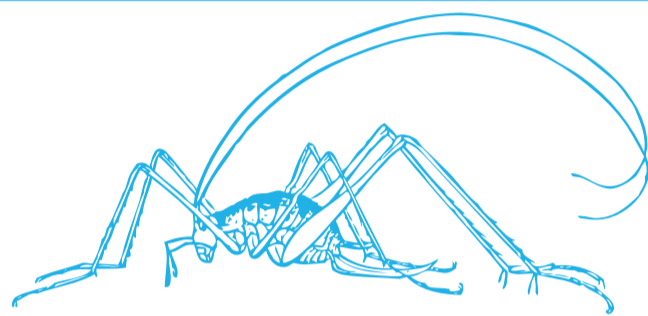


21:00 CHILD FRIENDLY
CARTOONS
22:00 SHORT MOVIES
22:30 LIFE OF PI
00:30 SAMSARA
02:10 THE MEANING OF LIFE
03:50 ROCKERS
04:50 WALL-E

We asked our favourite psy couple Ajja and Tanina about the music stages on Wednesday to hear which sets they are especially interested in and would recommend to check out from the program.

AJJA: On the Main Stage I wouldn't miss SOUTHWILD's set, he is one half of the RAS-TALIENS project and his sets are always very interesting. In the afternoon HALLUCINOGEN live set is a must of course and I would also recommend SHANE GOBI's dj set is which is always good! After the break SHPONGLE is going to open the stage and although its not going to be a full live band concert, MICHELLE ADAMSON is coming to sing with them so its another one not to be missed for sure. SPACE TRIBE VS MAD MAXX is also very good, they just started their new project and already released an album together under the name MAD TRIBE...

TANINA: I am not always in the mood for going to dance on the Main Stage but I love that every time I go to the Chill Dome I hear something beautiful I enjoy. Today there is going to be a BANCO DE GAIA dj set there, right before they give a full live concert in the Dragons Nest stage. We just got asked last minute to also play a surprise dj set together there as AJJA VS TANINA right after the Banco de Gaia set. We do chill sets very rarely, and usually we don't prepare beforehand we rather just go with the flow. It's unfortunate that stuff gets forgotten so quickly nowadays so we love to mix old chill with new chill in our sets. It's going to be very short but we look forward to it. Also really looking forward to hear SEBASTIAN MULLAERT & EITAN REITER's set which starts at 10pm.



OZOORA

A species of the **FIELD CRICKET** (*lat: Gryllus camp-estris*) used to be common over most of Western Europe.

Interesting fact - Several types of cricket songs are in the repertoire of some species. The calling song attracts females and repels other males, and is fairly loud. They have a calling, a courting, a triumphant and an aggressive song.

ZOÁRD SAYS:

**IF SOMEONE CAN,
THEY SHOULD LOOK
AT THE LIGHTS ON
THE MAIN STAGE,
BEHIND THE DJ?
BECAUSE THEY ARE
AWESOME.**



photo by Tamás Kónya

CHAMBOK HOUSE

SAND PARADISE

by Blaze

SURPRISES ARE ALWAYS EXPECTED IN THE OZORIAN DIMENSION. PREPARE TO BE AMAZED! HE IS THE 'MAN', HE IS THE "FATHER OF THE ORANGE SUNSHINE", HE WAS SPEAKING AT THE CHAMBOK HOUSE AT 13:30 ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3RD.

Revered by psychonauts and alchemists worldwide, Nick Sand casts a near-mythological shadow across the history of cognitive liberty and consciousness exploration. With some forty years experience running underground and overground labs, Sand represents an unparalleled body of knowledge and entheogenic ethos. Hailed as the father of Orange Sunshine and a seasoned explorer of the spice realms, he is a true pioneer of taking direct action to promote societal shifts in cognition.

Sand grew up in the US and cut his teeth on entheogenic chemistry as an Anthropology student at Brooklyn University in New York. During his time there, he met Richard Alpert, who invited him to visit the commune at Millbrook, established by Alpert, Leary, and the other Harvard researchers. While at Millbrook, Sand met Owsley "Bear" Stanley, audio engineer for the Grateful Dead. Bear, an accomplished chemist in his own right, encouraged Sand to improve the purity of the products he was producing and took Sand under his alchemical wing. Through this mentorship, Sand was soon introduced to Tim Scully, and their West Coast collaboration led to the creation of the famed Orange Sunshine.

Sand's ongoing quest to enable consciousness shifts through the facilitation of cognitive liberty eventually led to considerable attention from the government and as with numerous other alchemists under prohibition, he eventually found himself locked behind bars. The judge who sentenced him to 15 years in jail called him "the degradation of mankind," likely unable to comprehend that, if anything, the opposite was true. Through a fortunate series of events, Sand was released from incarceration early and managed to escape to Canada, where he continued his alchemical endeavors for many years, before running afoul of the Canadian police and again finding himself behind bars. Amusingly enough, Sand's alchemical creations tested over 100% pure, a seemingly impossible phenomenon, which likely indicated that his products were of higher purity than the Canadian government's reference standards. As a result of his capture, Sand spent additional time in Canadian and United States prisons, before finally being released in 2000.

Following his release from incarceration, Sand has made several public appearances giving talks on entheogens and pharmacology, in addition to writing articles on set, setting, and the optimal utilization of spice. A longtime proponent of utilizing entheogens for personal enhancement, Sand has expressed an attitude "not about curing ill people, but about making well people weller," stating, "We're not just beasts brought to walk in one path all of our lives: we are here to fly."

TIMETABLE CHANGES ON CHILL STAGE

00:00 BARAC
03:00 POLARIZE
06:00 DJ HIGH VS YUMI
10:00 AKASHA PROJECT
13:00 DELAY
16:00 BANCO DE GAIA
18:00 SURPRISE: TANINA AND AJJA
19:00 NESS
22:00 SEBASTIAN MULLAERT & EITAN REITER