

Journey

This is a journey across the waters of soul far beyond this mind creation keeping us in dependency

so my lord, please set us free in silence and ecstacy that's my desire, only desire for us and all

Camu

- shelter (2:07)
 Süel Saraçoğlu, saz; Jürgen Matzner, madga
- towards the karmic peak (6:20)
 Süel Saraçoğlu, madga, flute; Camu, djembe;
 Emmanuel Wolfram, madga, tavil
- 3. cosmic drive (5:30) Süel Saraçoğlu, madga, flute, vocal; Camu, guitar
- 4. offshore dark clouds (5:52) Süel Saraçoğlu, monochord
- 5. late rain percussion (2:54) Süel Saraçoğlu, madga; Emmanuel Wolfram, tavil
- 6. your invitation (2:57) Süel Saraçoğlu, madga, monochord; Kazım Tutmuş, vocal; natur life





- eyes closed in the sun (1:48)
 Süel Saraçoğlu, madga; Andreas Lamey, monochord; natur life
- 8. flying morning (9:09) Süel Saraçoğlu, madga; Camu, sitar; Emmanuel Wolfram, madga
- journey (8:33)
 Süel Saraçoğlu, flute, keyboards; Camu, guitar, vocal; Emmanuel Wolfram, tavil
- roots, wind and sky (9:13)
 Süel Saraçoğlu, madga, yaylı tambur, flute, gopichand;
 Jürgen Matzner, madga; Fritz Heise, keyboards; Alfred Mühlbach, drums
- back to shelter (3.02)
 Süel Saraçoğlu, saz; Jürgen Matzner, madga; Camu, quitar

Madga Mandala



Süel Saraçoğlu and friends



Doganbey - an old village, nestled at the foot of Mount Mykale

language!

strong now, has meant not missing a single year in such a place. revisiting and building another solid home amidst, what buying a big packet of chewing gum!

surrendered to jackals and wild pigs and Povraz, the so by many ears in the valley and forest ... called powerful north wind that spirals down the mountains ... nobody seemed to care anymore. Life had stopped. So this album is dedicated to Doğanbey. There was no one there to enjoy the amazing, awe- Süel Saraçoğlu, November 2005 inspiring view over the bay and the Mediterranean Sea

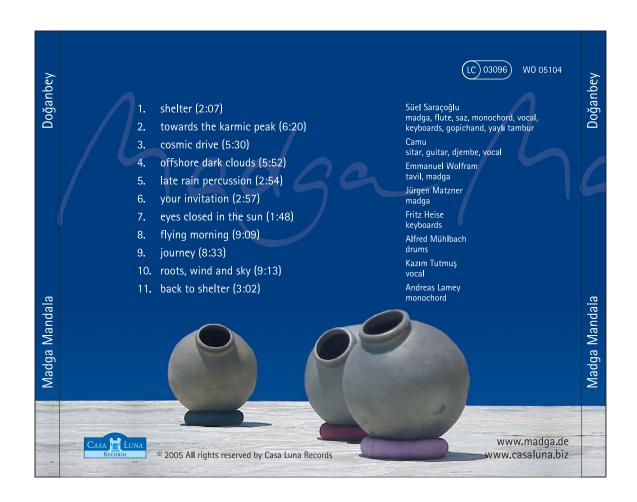
It was 1976 and my first trip through Turkey. I had arrived with its countless Greek islands. Regularly visiting the with a group of close friends at a legendary place called area two or three times a year, we saw the collapse and Mana, a small bay in the Menderes Delta. Nature presented devolution of a once thriving and functioning habitat. a contrast both it's suavity and roughness with sparkling Dozens of beautiful houses were seen to fall into ruins warm underwater springs, an abandoned bamboo-hut, through a sort of time-lapse photography. Although ruins swarms of insects; an amazing wilderness far from the evoke a weird force of attraction, surely, true beauty can frantic, destructive world of my Middle European life. I only exist through that special force brought by Life. was determined that I would not yield and become an Aren't we all just searching for the traces of that Life ...? automaton to this life. I was absorbed into this alternative Now, happily more than twenty years later, we see Robinson Crusoe setting and even spoke the native Doganbey being restored in large parts with a feeling in the air that the rebirth is being witnessed of a place that It was through this seduction that I came to fall in love has an inevitable charm and charisma. My gratitude and with the ancient village of Doğanbey and it's enchanting thanks are extended to the inspiration of all those people surroundings. The allure, vague in the beginning but so who have recognized the value and quality of living in

Why do I feel like this? Does it come from a love of has now become a national park. In all these years I have nature, or the sight of a billion stars studding a clear enjoyed mingling with the remarkable people that inhabit black sky? Is it from the depths of love that I wish to the local villages, especially the children, by whom I had share with those people who surround me, or is it from been mobbed at the entrance to the grocery store in the "energy" of that place and its age? I don't know, but Doğanbey leaving no chance of escape without at least whenever I have the opportunity I add my sound to the sounds of Doğanbey, especially in the hot season, to In the 80's I witnessed a remarkable migration of the provide some background music for the crickets symphony, people of Doğanbey transforming the village into a ghost as you will hear in this album. Some tracks are recorded of it's former self. A thousand year old shelter was in Doğanbey and the circle of madgas was to be heard





CD-Inlay außen



CD-Inlay innen



