



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 ecstasy
that's my desire, only desire
for us
and all

Camu

Madga Mandala



1. shelter (2:07)
Süel Saraçoğlu, saz; Jürgen Matzner, madga
2. towards the karmic peak (6:20)
Süel Saraçoğlu, madga, flute; Camu, djembe;
Emmanuel Wolfram, madga, taval
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, taval
6. your invitation (2:57)
Süel Saraçoğlu, madga, monochord; Kazım Tutmuş,
vocal; natur life

7. 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
9. journey (8:33)
Süel Saraçoğlu, flute, keyboards; Camu, guitar, vocal;
Emmanuel Wolfram, taval
10. roots, wind and sky (9:13)
Süel Saraçoğlu, madga, yaylı tambur, flute, gopichand;
Jürgen Matzner, madga; Fritz Heise, keyboards; Alfred
Mühlbach, drums
11. back to shelter (3:02)
Süel Saraçoğlu, saz; Jürgen Matzner, madga; Camu,
guitar



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Süel Saraçoğlu and friends



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

It was 1976 and my first trip through Turkey. I had arrived with a group of close friends at a legendary place called Mana, a small bay in the Menderes Delta. Nature presented a contrast both its suavity and roughness with sparkling warm underwater springs, an abandoned bamboo-hut, swarms of insects; an amazing wilderness far from the frantic, destructive world of my Middle European life. I was determined that I would not yield and become an automaton to this life. I was absorbed into this alternative Robinson Crusoe setting and even spoke the native language!

It was through this seduction that I came to fall in love with the ancient village of Doğanbey and its enchanting surroundings. The allure, vague in the beginning but so strong now, has meant not missing a single year in revisiting and building another solid home amidst, what has now become a national park. In all these years I have enjoyed mingling with the remarkable people that inhabit the local villages, especially the children, by whom I had been mobbed at the entrance to the grocery store in Doğanbey leaving no chance of escape without at least buying a big packet of chewing gum!

In the 80's I witnessed a remarkable migration of the people of Doğanbey transforming the village into a ghost of its former self. A thousand year old shelter was surrendered to jackals and wild pigs and Poyraz, the so called powerful north wind that spirals down the mountains ... nobody seemed to care anymore. Life had stopped. There was no one there to enjoy the amazing, awe-inspiring view over the bay and the Mediterranean Sea

with its countless Greek islands. Regularly visiting the area two or three times a year, we saw the collapse and devolution of a once thriving and functioning habitat. Dozens of beautiful houses were seen to fall into ruins through a sort of time-lapse photography. Although ruins evoke a weird force of attraction, surely, true beauty can only exist through that special force brought by Life. Aren't we all just searching for the traces of that Life ...? Now, happily more than twenty years later, we see Doganbey being restored in large parts with a feeling in the air that the rebirth is being witnessed of a place that has an inevitable charm and charisma. My gratitude and thanks are extended to the inspiration of all those people who have recognized the value and quality of living in such a place.

Why do I feel like this? Does it come from a love of nature, or the sight of a billion stars studding a clear black sky? Is it from the depths of love that I wish to share with those people who surround me, or is it from the »energy« of that place and its age? I don't know, but whenever I have the opportunity I add my sound to the sounds of Doğanbey, especially in the hot season, to provide some background music for the crickets symphony, as you will hear in this album. Some tracks are recorded in Doğanbey and the circle of madgas was to be heard by many ears in the valley and forest ...

So this album is dedicated to Doğanbey.
Süel Saraçoğlu, November 2005





Doğanbey



Kazım Tutmuş



Mandı



Andreas Lamey

Madga Mandala

CD-Inlay außen



CD-Inlay innen



CD-Druck

