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Corpus Arcadia
1992
ReMix2009
Guo-ang release

Arcadia? Oh, of course, just like the ancient *Greeks*.

Perhaps, because it was already necessary at that time, too. Here, we don't really have any *Arcadia*. But, seek and you will find. Like *el-Horto* and *Guo*, however not in the past of *Peloponnesus*, but during the expedition leading to the depth of collective consciousness and its exhumation.

They have succeeded to find an *Arcadia*, but it has nothing to do with the desired but false concept of Utopias, much rather with the world of human soul's real nature transformed into rituals.

This world of antibody or *gravastar* can be reached through chronosynchronized jumping the threshold of speed of light or closing our eyes. At that moment, the moment of somersaulting occurs (*pyncnolepsy*, that is the discharge of the soul's gravity bubbles made up of hexagonal meme-structures) and immediately, we find ourselves in the world of *Arcadia*.

In the *Arcadian* fields, there are withered bodies singing in a praying position with looming hands and feverish shining eyes, and they are waiting for the final enlightenment that will rescue them from the inevitable sequence of rebirths being possible in the corotation circle of galactic domain (*samsara*).

You can hear it in the atom flame light of the final *bodhi* state, where, at the final burning to ashes of every good and evil human spirit, the paroxysm, running all over the bodies, of the materializing individual *Arcadian* joy will explode in the recital of *Arcadian* music and songs.

(László Hortobágyi 1992)