

FIRST EDITION, PRODUCTION OF MOFWOOFOO



Artists of Vilcabamba: Ja and Verdiana

Photo: Osha Rivera

Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba.

CHAMBALABLAHBLA

A magazine for fun and illumination. Published by the community of Chambalabamba, the first eco-community of Vilcabamba, since 2012.



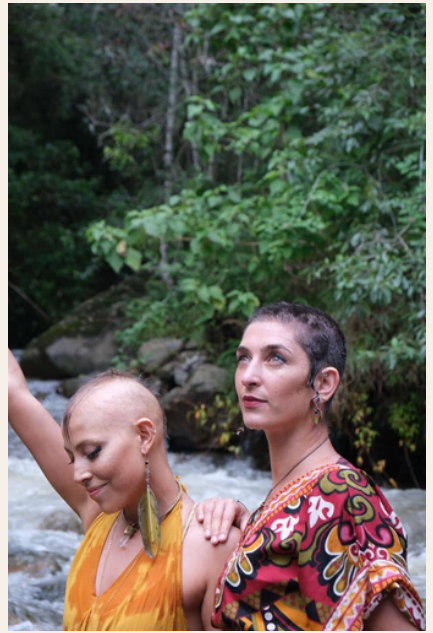
Vilcabamba is a semi-tropical town in the south of Ecuador with a spring climate all year round, in the Andes Mountains. This wonderful territory, apart from its abundant nature, has received people from different parts of the world who, upon learning about its organic life, have decided to make it their home, transforming this town, year after year, into a space of cultural interaction.

In Vilcabamba it hardly matters what anyone wears, as long as you are wearing something, as nudity seems offensive for the local Ecuadorian.

Of course, most of us try to look as presentable as we can and there are many exquisitely dressed people here and there. As well as people who have no pretensions and only wish to dress comfortably.

It's easy to surrender to the solid stillness of the mountains that surround us and their lofty aloofness to the tragic-comedies that we daily play out in what amounts to what we call "our life".

Although imperfection exists, we are microcosms evolving to come closer and closer into balance with the whole. We are in a worldwide pandemic and I am not referring to covid 19, but to mental illness, where narcissistic personality disorder is rampant. From top to bottom in a hierarchical system, where the arrogant are pitted against the humble. But while on the relative scale everyone is different, on the absolute scale everyone is equal and acting incoherence with this premise is the solution to take care of freedom in countries where it has not yet been taken away.



Picture: Osha Rivera

Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba.

Ecuador, like everywhere, is in the midst of a historic and monumental struggle for real freedom vs. an inescapable totalitarian world.

It seems quite likely that every head of state is threatened and intimidated by what is called an “economic hitman.” (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oilxI6Dgoy8&t=84s>).

And in this way governments are corrupted and controlled and have been for centuries.

A solution might be to restructure all governments from vertical to horizontal, that is extremely transparent, rids us of politicians and their influencers, and is virtually incorruptible: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wywMhg604W8&t=10s>.



QR #1

However, we have discovered just by living in our small eco-community, Chambalabamba, that the success of our community surviving and thriving is entirely dependent on the character of the residents. As the character of society is in some ways a reflection of the character of its citizens. I therefore believe that genuinely loving unconditionally all human beings regardless of their faults and behavior, which in some cases may be unacceptable, but by separating their behavior from their essence, that is, the divine spirit that animates and gives us the gift of our uniquely human consciousness, it is not so difficult to do.

With this in mind, one might consider never attaching to beliefs or judging others, but to always remain open to a more comprehensive and accurate understanding.

The reality we share is open to interpretation. Those who claim to know the “truth” are only signaling a certain arrogance and close-mindedness.

Our world is uncertain, tenuous, and full of surprises. No one can know for sure what is coming next. Beliefs can give one a false sense of grounding. Better to correct injustices, stand up for freedom, and be open to recognizing that we are all part of The Human Family.



QR # 2

Someday soon, I hope Vilcabamba will be known as the Valley of Loving Kindness.



Sorangi, Max, Vrinda, Munay y donkey Filimon at Chambalabamba

Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba.



Nicol Švandová

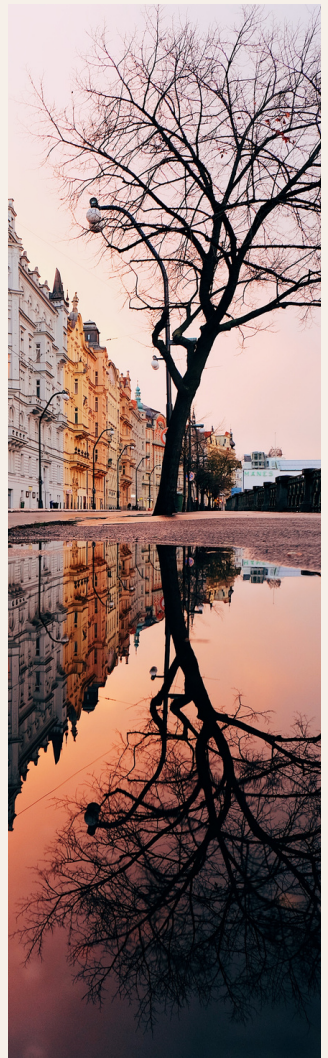
An Autobiographical Essay by Nicol Švandová

Who am I? That's a good question. I am a brave young woman, a lawyer by profession, a gourmand of life, a nature lover at heart and an intuitive painter. During my studies at the Faculty of Law, I had a serious accident that left me blind.

I was 21 years old. At that time, I was living in my home country, the Czech Republic, in the historically beautiful capital city of Prague, on the sixth floor of an old building with a balcony through which my cat would escape to the roof.

One Sunday morning, trying to get the cat off the roof, I was standing on a chair which, wobbling, slipped and I fell over the balcony railing. Still, I instinctively caught myself in mid-air.

I was caught in the canopy, hanging on for a while. A friend who was on the balcony with me at the time saw it and panicked from the shock, ran to the apartment, without shouting to my brother and mother who were at home.



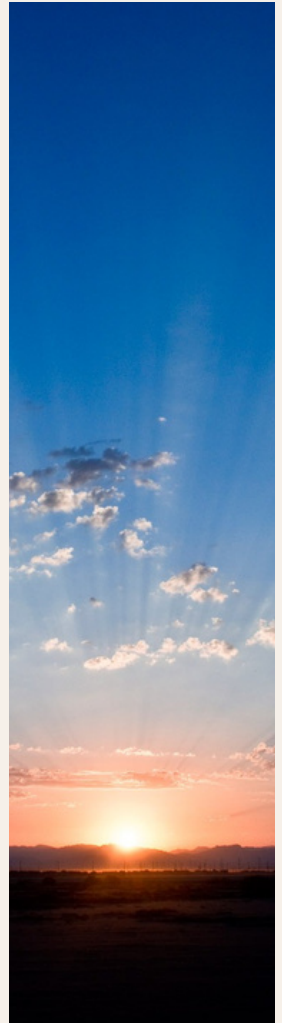


I desperately held on for a while, but I couldn't hold on any longer and fell. It was six stories deep, about 20 meters. My mother remembers being startled by a strange and inexplicable sound, followed it to the balcony where she saw an overturned chair and heard from my friend what had happened. The first thing she did was to call an ambulance.

Then he rushed down the stairs to get to me. When he arrived, I was unconscious and in a pool of blood, still having a small flicker of consciousness.

I heard my mother yelling, "Wait a little longer, help is on the way" and I could hear the ambulance siren in the distance and I said to myself, good, they're coming for me. But I don't remember anything else.

In the following months I was in the hospital, saving my life was not easy at all: I experienced clinical death and was in a coma for a month. The doctors gave me only a one percent chance of survival. However, even one percent is still hope, and when there is hope, there is still life, even if we are not aware of it.



Doctors were resuscitating me all day long and I was constantly falling into clinical death. I was bleeding a lot. I had 25 cans of blood transfusions. They usually end up saving a life after 5-6 cans. Sometimes I go to the hospital to see the doctor who saved my life and he always says, "This is the patient I couldn't keep professional distance from." And I always say, "Thank God for that!". Because I'm still here because of the fact that he didn't give up on me.

Maybe it was karma and a manifestation of a higher purpose, which allowed me not to die at such a young age and give to the world what I came to give.

After waking up from the coma, I had no memory of what had happened. My memory began to recover little by little, I had serious fractures in all my limbs, they had to operate on several internal organs, especially the liver, a broken lung, broken bones in my face, a large hematoma in my brain and other things.



I spent two more months in the hospital and over the next five years I underwent 20 major operations. I left the hospital in a wheelchair and with metal external fixations on my hands. I went from one operation to another, while planning exams for the law school where I was studying at the time.

I rejoiced at all the progress I made: when I got out of the wheelchair, when I could hold my spoon in my hand again and eat on my own, when I could go to the toilet without help, when I learned to use a computer with voice output, when I could tie my shoelaces again....

They were small steps, but thanks to them I learned to enjoy those seemingly insignificant little things, which at first glance seem mundane, but which can brighten up the whole day and the whole universe within. So I enjoy the morning birdsong, the smell of jasmine in bloom, the touches of the summer breeze, the whistling of leaves in the wind, the warm rays of the sun and all the other beauties of Mother Earth that surround me every day and of which I am a part.

Such a serious injury and loss of sight changes your life from the ground up. The feeling of being so close to death led me to a deep respect and humility for life, to treat it as a gift and to experience it fully. To enjoy the precious time that is given to all of us on earth.



Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba.

Changing our attitude means giving thanks for life with joy and playfulness, not wallowing unnecessarily in the difficulties that are just part of being alive, and using our time wisely.

I sometimes joke that my credo in life is: "above all, don't screw it up". I still have difficult challenges, but I always try to look on the bright side. To be able to learn from that lesson and move forward with grace so I don't repeat the same mistakes.

I definitely live much more consciously than I used to, I focus more on what the present moment holds, rather than what happened in the past or what the future holds. I believe that we are the artists of our existence, responsible for our creativity and how good students or teachers we will be to ourselves.

When something so serious happens to a person, for example, they go blind, they always have the option to give up or to say yes to life and awaken that strength in themselves, accepting the challenge that comes our way. I keep saying yes to life and I am trying to overcome all the senseless prejudices, starting with "as I can't see, I can't...".

Sometimes it takes a lot of courage, but then the result is worth it and I go on my way through life strengthened. The reward for my courage are the wonderful, warm people I meet on my path, who support me with love, kindness, help often and make things possible that seem crazy to someone who is blind.

The depth of gratitude for all those who help and support me cannot be expressed in words, it is a deeply warm feeling to feel how beautifully humanity can be expressed by a human being, to be able to feel and experience so much love in so many different ways of being. Thank you so much from the bottom of my heart to all who see me and are with me.

Thanks to the loss of my sight, I learned to really feel and see with my heart. I don't care about the tinsel on the outside, what someone looks like or what they wear, but what they wear on the inside, where I can look directly.



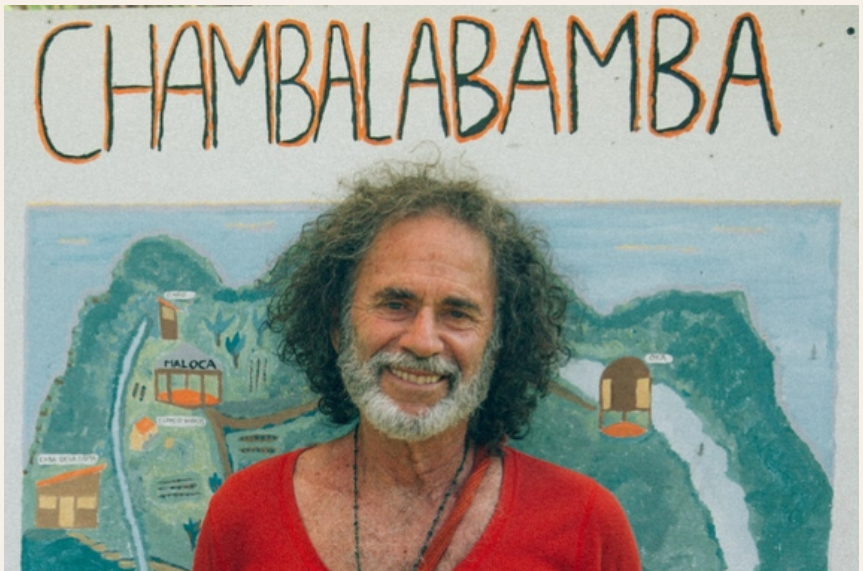
Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba.

People sometimes get nervous with me because they feel that I can see inside them, but that makes them much more open, honest and often quickly enter into trust with me to tell me their deep emotions. I really appreciate that trust, openness and to those who don't have the strength to bear my truth, I recommend that they avoid me to continue our flight into infinity. Love to all.

I appreciate all those who have the courage to share sincerely the deepest part of their soul, to let themselves be vulnerable, naked, true and mysteriously beautiful in their own authenticity. That helps me to be also sincere, to let myself be seen in my authenticity and often in my great imperfection, but simply as I am, no more and no less, because therein lies the true strength and freedom that gives wings in lightness, in trust in life and in the full acceptance of oneself to keep walking straight.

I try to accept the loss of sight as a gift that opens up completely new and interesting dimensions. The paradox is that blind, my life is much more colorful. My adventurous path took me to Ecuador, first to the Amazon and then to Vilcabamba, the paradise of local artistic diversity.

I work virtually as a lawyer and let myself be enriched by all that this wonderful paradise on earth has to offer. What a blessing to live in a community filled with so many talented and beautiful people.



Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba.

A strong need for self-expression and creation also led me to intuitive painting and writing poems. Painting and poetry have been my language of communication since childhood, but the main source of inspiration came with my first trip to South America 7 years ago, when I was attracted by the diversity of life in the Amazon jungle and the wisdom of the majestic Andes.

In the Czech Republic, where I come from, there have already been two very successful auctions of my paintings, most of which were created here in Vilcabamba or directly in the jungle. I have donated the proceeds of the sold paintings to the foundation Bosque Medicinal, founded by my friend Roman Kollar from the Czech Republic, which aims to protect the Amazon rainforest in the area near Gualaquiza (see www.bosquemedicinal.com).

Whoever is interested can join us for a volunteer program. It is an incredible opportunity to get to know an untouched natural paradise on earth. The rainforest strips you naked and shows you your authentic self without any strings attached.

I am currently finishing my book of poems accompanied by photos of my paintings and their stories. I plan to donate the proceeds from the project back to the protection of the rainforest, thus giving back the gift and inspiration I received from nature and Mother Earth.

Diets with Amazonian power herbs and connecting with the spirits of these plants helped me to fully open intuitive painting, when I let myself be guided by intuition while painting and do not intervene in the creation myself, I am just an observer. If my painting touches you, it means it contains a message for you and its healing energy will cleanse you.

Intuitive painting is a wonderful way to be fully present, discovering and listening to my inner landscape, releasing held emotions, binding prejudices, understanding their connections in my life, purifying myself and at the same time recharging myself with the joy of creating.



Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba.

In each present, there are no limits created by the mind or direct sensory stimuli - it is now and here only me, my hand, the brush and the canvas, to let my heart and soul speak freely. Now I am preparing an intuitive painting workshop with my friend Eduardo and I am very excited about it.

And what to say in conclusion? It has been many years since I teetered on the edge between life and death and went blind. My sight hasn't returned yet, but I can't say I can't see. I see differently, with my own heart, and I perceive much more than ever before.

My own life story taught me that no one can take away one of the last human freedoms, and that is the right to decide how we will look at the external circumstances of the life. I feel the urgency of the depth of this wisdom more and more strongly in recent days, as if the time is fully ripe to surrender to death all that no longer serves us, all pain and suffering, so that space can be created for the new, the seed of pure freedom can begin to germinate from a calm and loving place in our heart.

For me, the path of the heart is the most daring path that allows us to rediscover the forgotten temple within us, the source of life, God, the love that we all embody in our pure essence. To see ourselves as who we really are, a pure and also very joyful and playful being.



Models: Ja, Delaïla, y Julia.

Picture: Osha Rivera

Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba.

Each new morning we can say yes to life again and again, filling every cell of our body with pure essence, with immortal eternity, with light and living love. To stop identifying with the false suffering self and living in fear. I know it's often not easy, I am a master at bathing in my own shit, however, still all I can say is to love yourself, your life and be grateful for it every day enjoying it to the fullest, whatever that means to you. But at the same time, don't be afraid to say "what a fucking day" if you feel like it, with all the love of being real.

I do that from time to time too, but that doesn't mean I don't love life. I love it and much more deeply and truly than ever, but at the same time I'm still a person with all the emotions, so sometimes I feel like absolutely nothing, so then I can fully enjoy the moments when I'm happy and share the joy with my loved ones, because shared joy is the greatest joy.

So that's my story, and if you meet me in town, don't say hello, there's no point, but you can call me by name and maybe we'll have a chat.

With love for life,

Nicol Švandová



Poem by Nicol Švandová

When the sun sets and disappears in the waking up night from the sight of
your eyes,

its warm light and power don't end there,

when the ocean exposes its sandy bottom to you in the waves of the ebb,

its depth and immensity keep infinite,

when the wind quiets down and gently caresses your skin,
it doesn't mean he lost his wild power and vanished into thin air,

when you lose yourself in the chaos of your own mind and sink under the
weight of life,

I'm still here, holding you in my heart so that loneliness won't take over you,

when you don't feel me, you reject me and you don't perceive signs of my
presence,

yet I am still here with arms of loving kindness,

when you cry and drown in pain and desperately call my name,

I always hear you and offer a spark of hope when you are falling down on
the bottom,

when you search for me in vain in your soul and in the painful grip of your
heart,

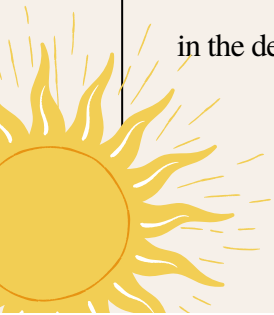
I am always here for you in my strength and give you my helping hands,

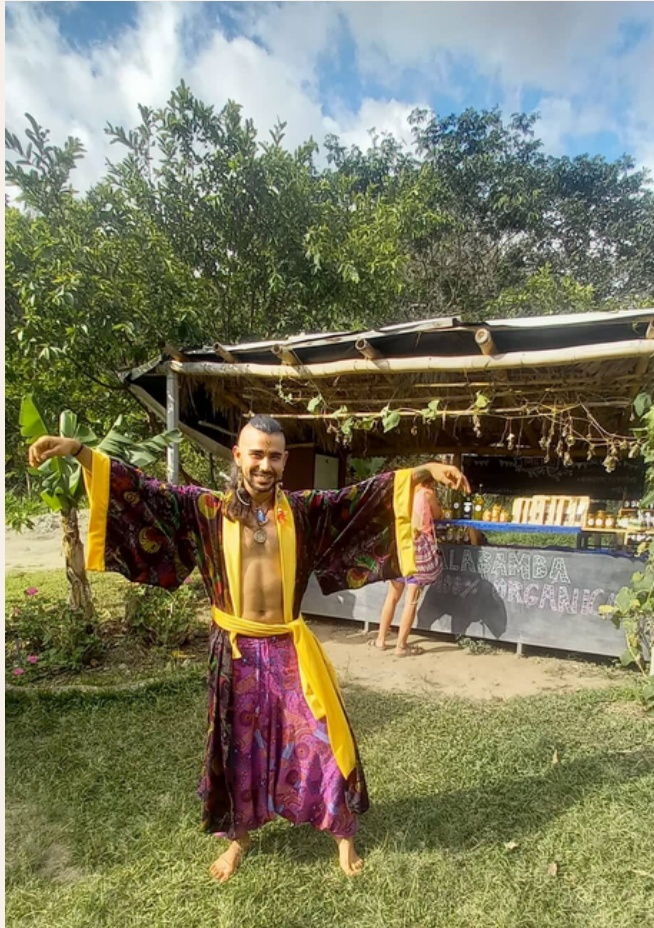
absence of proof is not proof of my absence my dear,

if you can believe the truth that I am still with you, you will feel the touch of
my power,

and a touch becomes an arm, and an arm an immense ocean,

in the depths of which you will irreversibly understand that you are never
alone.





Picture from Chambalabamba community in Vilcabamba .

Every Tuesday, on the stage and in front of the swimming lake, there is Ecstatic Dance, starting at 3:30 pm. Donation of \$5.

Dogs are not allowed.

Homemade food from the Chambalabamba gardens for sale.

The atmosphere is truly ecstatic!!!

Man about town, dj August 2, 2022 at Ecstatic Dance, Daniel.

A SHORT AND FUNNY STORY



The Giraffe and the Worm.



She proudly rode his neck and they had the strongest love of all. They had met in a painting class. The worm was the model, so naked, but so beautiful, the giraffe thought, when she saw him. Then they went out together to enjoy a meal. The worm had a plate full of dirt and the giraffe had some freshly picked leaves. The worm was full of stories about the underground, which fascinated the giraffe, as he shared the insights he had from his lofty perspective.

It was the beginning of a great romance and the worm would snuggle into the giraffe's ear, which she found very erotic. Of course, they were never able to have babies, but they did adopt and had a lovely family of baby giraffe and worm. They were really happy, until one day, a hunter came to shoot the giraffe for his beautiful skin. The worm got into the hunter's rifle and saved the giraffe's life, but disappeared completely, never to be seen again. The giraffe spent many years digging in the earth looking for it, but all to no avail.

Then, one day, while digging, he found a snail. The snail was lonely and was delighted to meet a giraffe. The giraffe carried the snail on his tongue, and that was how they became intimate. There are many stories like this one, of strange combinations, even among humans, because of the great differentiation between them, some very strange couples have formed.

One of the greatest romances I know of was between 2 freaks in the circus. Siamese twins, male and female with the half male, half female person. That was hot and lasted for many years. Double dating was a lot of fun. But was it a "double date" or was it really a threesome, or maybe it was just a couple, it's really hard to know what to call it.

WELCOME TO CHAMBALABAMBA

Videos de referencia - Reference videos

Horizontal Government - The Conscious Solution to End Corruption in 2021
Gobierno horizontal: la solución consciente para acabar con la corrupción en 2021

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wywMhg604W8>

John Perkins on How an Economic Hit Man Operates

John Perkins habla de cómo opera un sicario económico

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oilxl6Dgoy8&t=84s>

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6aopmklhT88&t=3s>

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